

The Canadian
Courier
 THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



First Instalment of a
 New Serial Story



**Panthers of British
 Columbia**

By Bonnycastle Dale



**Absolutely the
 Emperor**

By Professor O. D. Skelton



Canada to England

(Poem)

By Arthur Stringer

Read in
**Nine
 Provinces**



Artistic Arrangement of the Coiffure

The splendid development during the present season of the art of arranging the hair has made it necessary for the well dressed woman to place herself under the care of someone who makes it a study. The subtle style modifications demand the trained hand of the hair dresser and a wealth of materials, such as are provided by our extensive hair goods department.

ON THE SIXTH FLOOR

we have private fitting rooms, and here are capable attendants who will work out your personal requirements, evolving the most becoming and suitable effects demanded by costumes, millinery and personal style.

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

Stop, Madam! Do not throw out that old piece of furniture.

It's marred and the worse of wear, true, but some of your fondest recollections are associated with it. "Lacqueret," the specially prepared Lacquer, will restore its original beauty, concealing the mars and blemishes of wear and tear and making it as good as new. The next best thing to a new suite for any room in the house is a coat of "Lacqueret"—the wonderful furniture renewer.

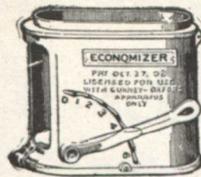
Our free booklet, "Dainty Decorator," tells the story of "Lacqueret"—the home beautifier. A post-card brings it. Interesting and informing. Write for it to-day.

Leading Hardware and Paint Dealers sell "Lacqueret."

International Varnish Co.
Limited 2362
TORONTO—WINNIPEG



NOTE—"LACQUERET" is sold in full imperial measure packages only



Never again need your baking or roasting worry you.

Never again—after you have labored over a fine batch of biscuit or a delicate pie crust—need you fear that it may be spoiled in the oven.

Never again need you get anything less than *best results*.

The Wonderful Oxford Economizer

found only on Gurney Oxford Stoves and Ranges—*guarantees* good cooking.

It gives you an even, steady fire that can always be depended upon—that will never burn red hot one minute, then out the next—that can always be regulated and will stay regulated.

The Oxford Economizer will also make a big cut in your coal bills. Its even fire burns only four fifths the fuel burned by any other stove. You save 20% in real dollars and cents.

In addition to the Oxford Economizer

Gurney-Oxford Stoves and Ranges

contain many other features found no where else.

Gurney-Oxford divided flue ovens cook anything in any part of the oven evenly, and best.

Gurney-Oxford reversible grates mean perfect combustion.

Gurney-Oxford oval fire box, means no dead corners in fire.

The Gurney-Oxford interchangeable parts save time and trouble in getting repairs.

Send attached coupon for our book of hints for saving time and money in *your* kitchen.

The Gurney Foundry Company
500 King Street, West,
Toronto, Canada

Please send me your Book of Hints for saving time and money. 44

NAME.....
ADDRESS.....

The Gurney Foundry Company,

500 King St. West

Toronto,
Canada.



\$30,000 remains

Out of a \$500,000 issue of Capital Stock for allotment.

Par value \$100 per share
Selling at \$110 per share
Pays 6 per cent, payable half-yearly
Reserve increasing yearly

Subscriptions will be received for blocks of five or more shares.

For full particulars and 17th Balance Sheet write.

THE PEOPLES LOAN & SAVINGS COR'N,
LONDON, - - ONTARIO.

Don't Ask Merely For All Wool ;

Ask For JAEGER Pure Wool Underwear

Much alleged all wool underwear contains shoddy and even cotton. There are other lines of real all wool garments, but they are not JAEGER.

For purity and durability JAEGER UNDERWEAR is standard throughout the world. If you value health and comfort, you will insist upon having it and will take no other.



DR. JAEGER'S SANITARY WOOLLEN SYSTEM CO., LIMITED

231 YONGE STREET, TORONTO
316 ST. CATHERINE ST. WEST MONTREAL
STEELE BLOCK, PORTAGE AVENUE, WINNIPEG.

NATIONAL TRUST CO

LIMITED

18-22 King Street East, Toronto

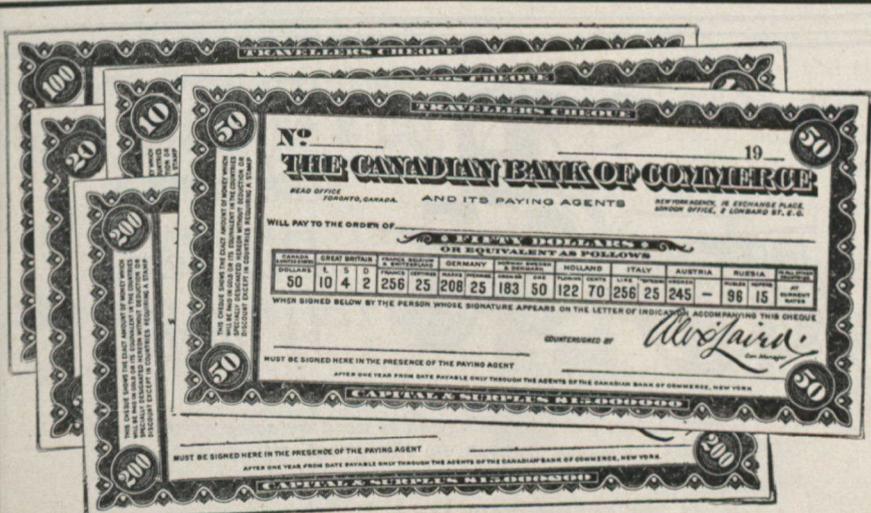
CAPITAL and RESERVE \$1,650,000

Funds received in trust for investment in first mortgages upon improved farm and city properties.

Correspondence and interviews solicited.

J. W. FLAVELLE,
PRESIDENT.

W. T. WHITE,
GENERAL MGR.



FACSIMILE OF . . . TRAVELLERS' CHEQUES

ISSUED BY

The Canadian Bank of Commerce

These cheques are a most convenient form in which to carry money when travelling. They are **NEGOTIABLE EVERYWHERE, SELF-IDENTIFYING** and the **EXACT AMOUNT PAYABLE** in the principal countries of the world is shown on the face of each cheque.

"BRITISH" MATERIAL



"BRODERICK" TAILORING

THE NEW OVER- COAT

The Overcoat for this fall is different from the "Broderick" overcoat of last year in every thing but quality. The cloth is, as of old, the best that is produced in Great Britain, but the "cut of the coat" is different simply because the London and New York designers have decided that it should be so, and the "well-groomed" man has fallen cheerfully into line.

**MADE-TO-ORDER
BRODERICK OVERCOAT \$25**

"Broderick" overcoats carry with them the recommendation of the Canadian who believes in being well costumed at a reasonable price. When we assure you that every inch of cloth going into our clothes is imported from the "old land" and that we cut them to your particular measure, and by hand, you will understand why "Broderick" suits and overcoats are appreciated from "coast to coast."

All the new patterns from every good Mill in Scotland or England or Ireland will be found in our new stock of Coatings.

Write to us to-day for a splendid set of samples and for our self-measuring chart and fashion plates.

Frank Broderick & Comp'y
113 West King Street TORONTO

MURRAY-KAY Limited

W. A. MURRAY & CO., Limited

17 to 31 King Street East - - TORONTO

A Few Words Concerning
Our Special Satin Lined
Tailor Made Suit at \$25.00

Shipped Carrirge Paid to any Address
in Canada on Receipt of Price

Q We are safe in claiming that nowhere will you find so much of high class tailoring and so large a choice of fashionable materials as we are showing in our special twenty-five dollar Suits for women at anywhere near that price.

Q These stunning Suits are made in our own workrooms by expert tailors. The coats are hand padded and basted and the canvas under lining is properly shrunk, which insures the Coats keeping their shape. Let us repeat—these are not factory-made Suits but well tailored garments that have our full guarantee. They are lined with fine quality silk and satin and are easily value for \$35.00. Our special price **\$25.00.**

Q Residents away from Toronto can be served through our letter order department with every satisfaction to themselves. A copy of our self measurement form and samples of material will be sent to any address.

Our new Autumn and Winter Catalogue No. 16 is now ready for mailing. It is printed on fine coated paper and contains numerous half tone illustrations of Dresses, Suits, Costumes, Millinery, Lingerie, Furs, etc. Readers of the Courier interested in fashionable and well made Clothing for women are invited to write for a copy.

17 to 31 KING ST. EAST, TORONTO, ONT.

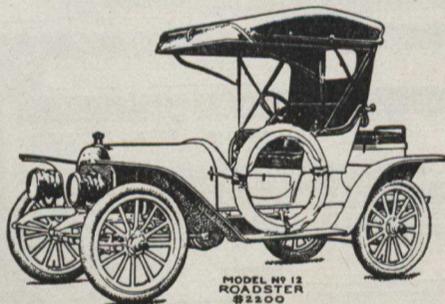
To Subscripton Specialists---

Write to us regarding our terms for special representation of the Canadian Courier in your territory.

CIRCULATION BUREAU,
Canadian Courier, Toronto.

If you have the goods to sell now is the time to talk to the farmer. He has the money to buy. We reach a representative class of prosperous farmers in Ontario, the West, and the East, Send for sample copy and advertising rates.

CANADIAN FARM
12 Wellington St. E., TORONTO



The
Electric
Business
Waggon

The Electric Business Waggon is used by some of the largest business houses in the great cities of the United States, notably—

R. H. Macey of New York.

Hearn, the Dry Goods Man.

Lewandos of Boston and many others.

at the low rates which electric power is had in Toronto local merchants can no longer afford to use the horse for transportation purposes.

PHONE MAIN 3975

The Toronto Electric Light Co'y, Limited
12 ADELAIDE STREET EAST
THE "ELECTRIC BUILDING"



SOME OF THE CHARACTERISTICS WHICH HAVE WON POPULARITY FOR THE

Gourlay Piano

ARE

- ITS BEAUTIFUL SINGING TONE
- ITS EVENNESS OF SCALE
- ITS RESPONSIVENESS OF ACTION
- ITS BEAUTY OF DESIGN, and
- ITS CAPACITY TO WITHSTAND HARD USAGE WITHOUT BECOMING "TINNY."

The Gourlay Piano is supreme in all those qualities which are the desire of musicians and music lovers.

Write for Catalogue and Prices

GOURLAY, WINTER & LEEMING
188 YONGE STREET, TORONTO



Mothersill's Remedy for Sea and Train Sickness. Guaranteed safe and harmless. Certificate in each box from one of the world's leading analytical Chemists. We have the finest testimonials from many of the leading people and institutions of the world.

Write For Particulars

50¢ and \$1.00 box at Drug Stores. If your druggist does not have it in stock he can obtain it for you from the leading Wholesale Druggists of Canada or United States.

MOTHERSILL REMEDY CO., Limited
Montreal, Can. - - 19 St. Bride St.
London, E.C.

Hotel York
New York



NEW AND ABSOLUTELY FIREPROOF
Seventh Ave., Cor. 36th St.
EUROPEAN PLAN

RATES \$1.50 to \$2.50, with detached bath
\$2.00 to \$4.00, with private bath

Occupies the geographical centre of the city, near the vortex of travel. Within from one to five minutes' walk of twenty-one theatres. Cars pass the door, and within five minutes of all the large retail shops. Norman Grill Room. Cuisine of superior excellence. Moderate prices.

H. G. WILLIAMS, Manager

By Royal Warrant



to His Majesty the King
G. H. MUMM & CO.
EXTRA DRY

The most exquisite dry Champagne imported

Selected Brut
A superb Brut Wine of unsurpassed style and flavor.

There is probably not a club in the world where men of taste gather where the name of **G. H. MUMM & CO.** is not a synonym for the best champagne that can be had.

The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

Published at 12 Wellington St. East, by the Courier Press, Limited.

CONTENTS

Women Moose Hunters in New Brunswick	6
Full-page drawing by Arthur Heming.	
In Football Time, by Roden Kingsmill	7
A Republic In a Day, by Augustus Bridle	8
Absolutely the Emperor, by Professor O. D. Skelton	12
The Gardens of Victoria, by Ernest McGaffey	13
The Mystery of the Tower, Serial Story, by Andrew Loring	14
The Panthers of British Columbia, by Bonnycastle Dale	16
A New Brunswick Pioneer, by Stanley Smith	17
With Interest, Racing Story, by W. A. Fraser	18
At the Sign of the Maple	20
Demi-Tasse	21
People and Places	22
Money and Magnates	24
The Scrap Book	25

Editor's Talk

DO you ever read mystery stories? If you do you will appreciate the one which begins in this week's issue. It has many unusual features. It is brightly written. The action is brisk. The surprises are numerous. The solution cannot be foretold even by shrewd guessers. It is almost equal to any tale which has emanated from the whimsical brain of the author of "Sherlock Holmes" or that of the author of "The Prisoner of Zenda." Andrew Loring has written half a dozen stories, but this is his latest and best.

ARE you interested in advertising? If so, we have a suggestion to make. We will give a year's subscription to the Canadian Courier to the person who will send us the best hundred word answer to the question, "Which is the most convincing advertisement in this issue?" The emphasis is on the words "most convincing"; no other feature is to count. Answers must be in our office not later than October 26th, and must be addressed "Advertising Competition, Canadian Courier, Toronto." One hundred words is the limit.

THIS is the subscription season. Every reader may help in getting new subscribers. If you are willing to aid us in this way, let us know, and the circulation manager will tell you what your reward will be. There are also some special offers to new subscribers, and a post card will bring the information. We appreciate any help our present subscribers may lend us, because it enables us to publish a larger and better national weekly.

PURITY FLOUR



Use it for bread, pies, cakes, biscuits, everything

It's the champion all-purpose brand.

Western Canada Flour Mills Company, Limited



WINDSOR TABLE SALT

"You are very lucky girls to have Salt like this"

"When I was just starting housekeeping, the only good thing about the salt we had, was its salty taste."

"But you girls can get"

Windsor Table Salt

—that excellent salt which stays fresh and dry in all kinds of weather—and never "cakes" or "hardens." You will never have any trouble with Windsor Table Salt."

14



Mail Contract

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until Noon, on FRIDAY, the 4th November, 1910, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years six times per week each way, between EPPING and MEAFORD from the 1st January next.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tenders may be obtained at the Post Offices of Epping, Meaford and route offices and at the Office of the Post Office Inspector at Toronto.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,
MAIL SERVICE BRANCH,
Ottawa, 19th September, 1910.

G. C. ANDERSON, Superintendent.



BY APPOINTMENT.

WHITE HORSE WHISKY
Established 1742.

Great age and fine bouquet with guarantee of purity are its recommendation.

Always ask for **WHITE HORSE** specially if you want it.

Sold by all Wine Merchants, Grocers and Hotels.



Mail Contract

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until Noon, on Friday the 4th November 1910 for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails on a proposed Contract for four years six times per week each way, between CHATSWORTH and WALTER'S FALLS from the 1st January next.

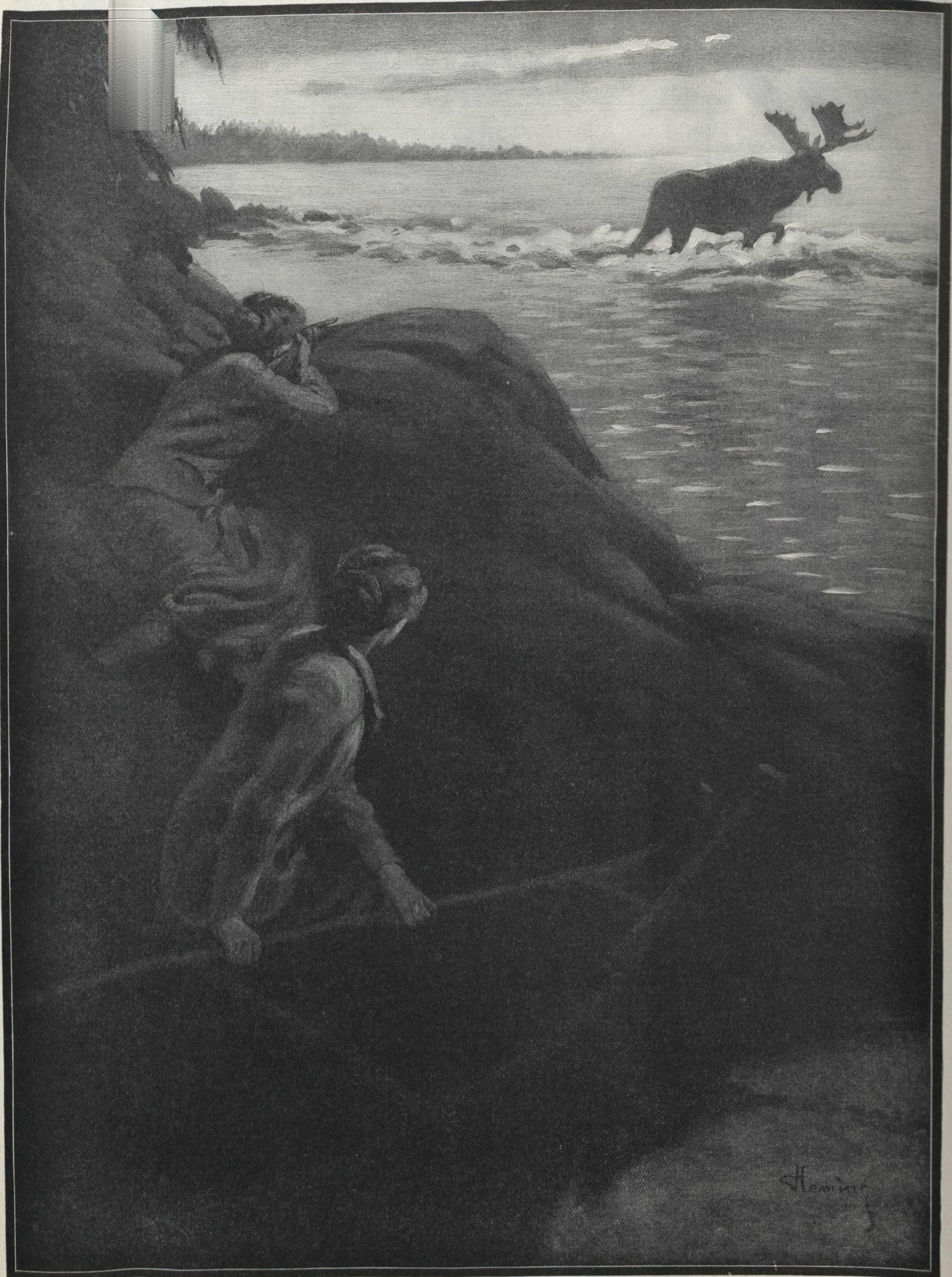
Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Office of Chatsworth, Walter's Falls and route offices and at the Office of the Post Office Inspector at Toronto.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT
Mail Service Branch.

Ottawa, 22nd September, 1910.

G. C. Anderson, Superintendent

HOW CANADIAN WOMEN ENJOY THE WILDERNESS



Drawn by ARTHUR HEMING
No. 3—MOOSE HUNTING IN NEW BRUNSWICK

THE
Canadian Courier
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Vol. 8

Toronto, October 15, 1910

No. 20

IN FOOTBALL TIME

By RODEN KINGSMILL

CLEAR across our three thousand miles of Canadian territory the oval pigskin is being pursued by thousands of young men. In Great Britain the Association code gets the crowds. Nearly a hundred and fifty thousand was the attendance at the professional league final at the Crystal Palace grounds in London a year ago. But on this side of the water, both in Canada and the United States, the games based on the Rugby code draw the crowds. Association football has its devotees—most of them English immigrants. In Fall River, Mass., where the great cotton mills are full of former Englishmen and Scotsmen who were imported by the American manufacturers because of their knowledge of the business acquired in Lancashire, is played perhaps the best Association football in North America. But when the average Canadian or American in these edgy Fall days says that he is going out to the football game you may bet your taxi fare that he refers to the Rugby game. Association has no charms for him. Which, of course, proves nothing, but that in football, as in everything else, tastes differ.

The rapid rise of our own variety of Rugby football to popularity is the best proof that it is a game eminently suited to Canadians, whether they manhandle each other on the field or perform assaults on the welkin as they sit in the grand stand swathed in railway rugs. And yet it is less than twenty years since the first attempt was made to charge gate money at Canadian Rugby games. Before that the men who played put up their own travelling and hotel expenses, and bought their own uniforms. If there was enough money in the club treasury derived from non-playing members' fees to help out, so much the better. But that seldom happened.

Veteran lacrosse men were the strongest opponents of the proposal to charge gate money. They argued that the people did not know football; that all the loose change had been spent on lacrosse, and that the football men were really making arrangements to get themselves into debt.

The lacrosse men guessed wrong. Men who had never seen the game before became enthusiasts, and within the first two years thousand-dollar gates—at a quarter a head—became common in Montreal and Toronto. The people had caught on. Since then Rugby football has become the recognised Fall sport in Canada. Game for game, it draws bigger crowds than lacrosse. The eight big clubs in Central Canada—the four College teams of the Intercollegiate Union and the four city fourteens of the Interprovincial League—have receipts running away up into the thousands of dollars every year; and expenses that come pretty nearly as high—sometimes higher. Perhaps a little too much money is made and spent. It does not look well for amateurism when crack players announce in the most business-like manner that they will play with such-and-such a team if the executive will get them good positions—salary, presumably, considerable of an object; work, not quite so much in that direction. That way professionalism lies, sure. From the condition of affairs where a star half-back gets a well-paid job, with nominal duties, in a new town, to the system under which the same man, and others of his kidney, demand and get the cold cash, is only a short stride. It must not be understood that the Colleges go in for any such doubtful tactics. The Collegians are Simon Pure amateurs. The honourable traditions of Ottawa College, Queen's, Toronto and McGill are such that in two of them at least, men who desired to enter college with the main object of playing football were turned down hard. The heads of the Intercollegiate Union have no use for veiled professionalism—and they are the men who are turning out the citizens of to-morrow.

The salaried coach is a comparatively new arrival. When clubs have overflowing treasuries or rich and enthusiastic friends who can always be

depended upon for a cheque for a few hundreds "to help out," the coach who does not draw at least fifty dollars a week is very moderate in his demands. Being a paid man, and anxious to give his employers good value, he strains every effort to secure a winning team. Moreover, he probably has an eye to future engagements. Here we may see the reason of certain recent changes in club allegiance. It cannot be called good sportsmanship, but from the coach's standpoint there is nothing to condemn. He has to make good or lose his reputation. And, as you will remember, the late Lord Byron remarked that fame is to be found dead in a ditch or to be a football coach who has spent bundles of his club's money without producing winners. It is a condition of things that needs to be, and will be, remedied.

The purely Canadian game is played only in Central Canada—including Winnipeg, which comes rightly under this geographical description. On both coasts the old-fashioned English Rugby game, elsewhere discarded, is played. Nova Scotia's colleges and the Halifax Athletic Club have all excellent fifteens. Many of the clubmen learned the

POPULAR FALL SPORT



Steeplechasing at the Toronto Hunt Club's Gymkhana.

game in England and are towers of strength to the team. In Vancouver and Victoria the fifteens are said to be excellent. Last winter they visited California and beat Leland Stanford and California universities. These latter institutions, with the University of Nevada, have abandoned the American college code, with its dull brutalities, in favour of the English rules. They seem to have taken kindly to the new system.

In Prairieland both the Canadian and English rules are followed. Canadians from the east have brought their game with them. The conservative Englishmen stick to their own code. It is not often that a player of one game will switch to the other. In Winnipeg, though, where both codes are followed, there was a red-hot struggle at the close of last season. The Englishmen challenged the Canadians to play a game under our rules. The Canadians accepted and walloped the gentlemen from over the water to a fare-you-well. It was alleged that the Canadians had had the discourtesy to train hard for the event. The hope is that the charge was true. When Canadians stop playing games to win they will deserve a place in the back number class. It has been said by some very superior critics who

have visited us that Canadians are "too anxious to win" in their athletic sports. So long as they play fairly—they can not be too anxious to win. No athlete who is worth his salt is not glad to be victor or is not sorry when he is beaten. The charge that Canadians play rough football is true. But football is not a game for ladies' schools or for the philosophical societies. It is regrettable that the probability is that it will never be combined with afternoon tea after the manner of cricket nowadays. Our friends in New Zealand and South Africa seem to have much the same ideas about the desirability of winning as we Canadians have the shamelessness to possess.

Canadian club trainers make their men train, and train hard. They do not smoke cigarettes between periods. They do not smoke at all. If they do not care to play the game in every sense, off the team for theirs. There are others who can take their places.

Although the game is deservedly popular from east to west, it is in Ontario that it has the greatest number of admirers. This, of course, is purely on account of the denser population. The cities included in the Big Four—Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto and Hamilton—total more than a million population. The men and women are there to pay for admission tickets, and tickets bring the money that makes the wheels go round. Last Saturday both townsmen and collegians began to maltreat the pigskin in the championship series. With the exception of Argonauts' smothering defeat by Montreal by a two and a half to one score, nothing remarkable happened. Varsity, last year's Canadian champions, played what was a virtual tie with McGill, and game Ottawa College went down to defeat at the hands and feet of Queen's. Honour to whom honour is due. With the smallest student-body to pick from, Ottawa College has more championships to her credit than any other club in Canada. And take it from a back number player, Ottawa College in the past twenty-five years has won more games in the last fifteen minutes than all the others put together. And it was the Rt. Rev. Michael J. Fallon, Bishop of London, who showed them how.

The rules are practically unchanged. The most important alteration provides that substitutes may be employed in the first half. Afterward, if a player is injured, the opposing side must drop a man unless the captains have otherwise agreed.

Automobile Tests

AUTOMOBILE racing is as foolish as it is criminal. No one doubts the ability of an automobile to go faster than a horse. To sacrifice human life in the wanton manner in which it was done at the Vanderbilt Cup races is to bring automobiling as a sport into disrepute. There is some sport in horse-racing, although the scientific results may be no greater than in auto racing. Horse-racing has the advantage of being less dangerous to the participants and not at all dangerous to the spectators.

A few days ago Winnipeg had an auto race designed to show the endurance qualities of the various machines. Speed did not count except that there was a time limit. Accidents and stoppages and any technical defects in the machine after the race brought down the score. The course was 139 miles, Winnipeg to Carman, to Rowland, to Morris, to Winnipeg. The winning machine, a McLaughlin-Buick, took five hours and forty minutes to cover the course, an average of thirty miles an hour. A Ford car was second, losing six points on its road score, but having a perfect technical score. A Maytag was third, an Oldsmobile fourth, and Mrs. Nicholson's Packard fifth. Mrs. Nicholson won in 1908 and 1909.

This Winnipeg idea of an auto race should satisfy all legitimate desires for pre-eminence in auto driving. It submits the machines to a useful test and gives the driver plenty of opportunity to display his skill. It is neither dangerous nor murderous.



Panorama of Oporto. On the right is the second largest suspension bridge in the world.

A REPUBLIC IN A DAY

The Portuguese Revolution Throws a Shifting Light on World Governments.

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

REPUBLICS, unlike poets, are made, not born. Portugal holds the record for swift making. Last week a party of Americans—including Canadian—writers for the press, sailed up the St. Lawrence from England; out less than six days when a packet of newspapers was landed on board from the pilot boat at Father Point.

"Well, what's the news? Anything startling—from the Old World or the New?" enquired half a dozen of one who had most of the reading matter.

"Portugal declared a republic," was the reply. While the ocean liner had been coming from the Old World to the New the thing had been done; a complete revolution, king a fugitive, president appointed, cabinet slated, streets of Lisbon controlled by Republicans, loyalist troops scattered and won



The Royal Castle at Cintra, near Lisbon.

over, a Republican flag flying and a Portuguese Marseillaise adopted as a national anthem; a whole chapter of history written in a single night; summing up centuries of restless king-rule over a singular people.

Not so was France turned from monarchy to a republic after years of civil war. France has developed no symptoms of a return to monarchy. The United States ceased to be a colony and became a democracy after years of fighting the troops of King George the Third. Since which event the Fourth of July has been a spectacular and half-unconscious revival of king-hatred in the greatest of all democracies.

Fickle, however, is the history of democracy. Said one eminent Canadian Imperialist the other day to a couple of travelling Americans:

"No doubt the United States has become an oligarchy. Monarchical England is the great democracy."

Such are the paradoxes of history. Last week a shrewd Englishman talked to an observant American on tendencies in the American democracy. He alleged that the signs of the times in the United States point to the evolution of an oligarchy on one hand and a mob rule in the other. The American pointed out that a revolution might arise; that between the tyranny of the trusts and the domination of labour unions the rights of the great middle class are in danger.

Said the Englishman: "I should not be surprised to see Roosevelt seize a new power against the existing political parties as the champion of the great middle class, thereby becoming a sort of American king."

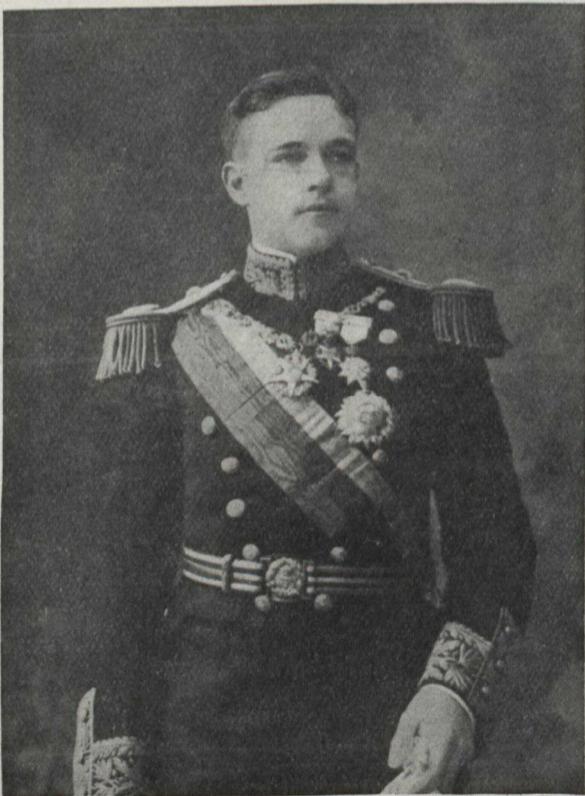
This of a democracy but a little more than a century old.

Recent developments in England demonstrate that while kingship in that country is as strong as ever, the privileges of a great landed aristocracy are being severely questioned by the working classes, including the socialists. Germany also has her signs of the times. The Kaiser finds it necessary now to re-declare the divine right of kings in the teeth of an unprecedented upheaval of the plain people, more especially the socialist element.

The causes and conditions of revolt in Portugal are radically different from those existing in the United States, but not entirely independent of conditions in South America. Indeed, Senor Lima, a chief in the Portuguese Republican party, anticipates world-wide results from the turnover in Portugal. He expects a federation of all the great Latin republics in South and Central America, where revolutions are as frequent as changes of wind. He predicts that Spain will become a republic and join the confederacy, thus exerting a profound influence upon the whole civilised world.

Which is after all only a gigantic merger of a political sort; even though it be a vast chimera.

Meanwhile, the youth King Manuel the deposed, is reputed to be glad of a chance to escape the com-



King Manuel of Portugal.



The late King of Portugal and Edward VII. of England.

plications of a troublesome rule. He is personally safe, under the protection of Great Britain, mother of autonomies. The young king has had no direct personal connection with the revolt. He is said to be an exemplary young man who, whether as prince or king, has been quite conspicuous for acts of philanthropy, gallantry and devotion. He is a student and a sportsman, an expert billiardist, a good linguist, fond of music, an excellent shot, a fine tennis player and a good fencer. He reads newspapers assiduously and has a strong penchant for travel literature. All of which diversions he has been abundantly able to indulge in on his kingly allowance of a thousand dollars a day—now, alas! much reduced.

The *Temps* newspaper in Paris, however, has its own Republican opinions about Manuel. It says:

"The savage murder of King Carlos and the Crown Prince placed upon the throne a child incapable of individual initiative and judgment—the plaything of men and events in the royal drama—who could not purify the corrupt political atmosphere. Incapable ministers struggled through financial scandals, with the old monarchical framework cracking and falling. This collapse was the Republican opportunity."

The *Temps* wonders whether in the event of the success of the republic Spain will decide on armed intervention to restore the monarchy.

The *Journal des Debats* considers that the real cause of the revolution was anarchy, which, it says, has been destroying the nation for more than a generation. The paper adds:

"Never was a country so deplorably governed. Ministries changed, but the system never. It was always a division of the spoils. It was the same rotation in office and corruption as destroyed Greece. Every economic and financial interest of government was prostituted to serve the personal interests of the reigning group and their clans, who were obliged to feed a crowd of hungry followers."



"Liberdade Avenue," the most beautiful street in Lisbon, and one in which there has been much excitement during the past fortnight.

So Portugal has nothing radically new to add to the story of revolutions; except that mediaevalism could have endured so long without protest.

Railways in England

SINCE the wreck on Salisbury Plain four years ago there has not been a single fatality on English railroads. In that four years the number of people killed on Canadian and United States railways would populate a fair-sized town. Railways are by no means scarce in England. A man's ordinary chances for getting killed on a British road are easy enough. Seventy miles an hour is a common rate of speed on some of the main lines running into London. But seventy miles on an English road feels no faster than forty on a good average American track. The rails are laid with

much greater care. They are also much heavier than American rails. On one of the main lines in the west of England the rails are said to be of the 145-lb. weight; in spite of the fact that the rolling stock weighs little more than half the American variety. The roadbed is much better. Spread rails are almost an unknown thing on British roads. The method of fastening rails to the ties is different. The work is more thorough.

Grades are easier. In England they know very little about bad grades. Tunnels are frequent, and some of them very long. Land is scarce in England. It is better economy to burrow under a hill and grow crops on top of the tunnel than to cut a gorge with a steam shovel.

Locomotives are easier to tend than in America. Rolling stock generally is simpler; much less expansive and very light in weight. On a good British road the wear and tear is very slight compared to traffic and the rate of deterioration in America. One's first glimpse of an English railway train inclines him to think of toy-land. Yet more people may be carried in an average English train according to length, and very many more relative to weight and cost than in America.

Railway operation in England should be a profitable business. Once the initial cost of a road is overcome the equipment and operation cost is relatively very light. Traffic is heavy. There is a very low percentage of idle road. Wages are lower. The cost of fuel is less. It costs less for raw material to build and equip the road.

And travel on a British road is much less wearisome than in America. The motion is very easy. The scenery has always a variegated charm. There is less than half the noise and jolting of an American train.

First-class sleeping cars in England are a luxury—and something of a rarity. The ordinary Englishman has no conception of travelling while he is asleep, even in a single-compartment berth.

AN OLD RAILROADER AND A MILE-POST



Last week a notable gathering of Railway Men from all over Canada, did honour to Mr. Robert Kerr, the retiring passenger manager of the C.P.R., who, for forty-five years since he shunted railway cars in Toronto with a horse, has been in the business of transportation.

REFLECTIONS

BY THE EDITOR

MOST Canadians who have read about Portugal's troubles during the past fortnight have probably decided once more that they are glad they live in a country where the government is stable, where the constitution does not require changing and where there is national harmony. Yet, without being pessimistic, one might easily argue that Portugal's case is not much worse than Canada's, though ours is not acute at the present moment. Our advantage lies in the hope that being Anglo-Saxons, we shall probably solve all our problems without revolution or civil war.

In the first place, we have not yet decided whether Canada's future is to be bound up entirely with that of Great Britain or whether in the distant future she shall become an independent nation. For the present, we all agree that we desire to remain a part of the Empire, but when anyone talks of sharing the Imperial burdens and of sending representatives to an Imperial parliament, most of us shake our heads in a decidedly negative fashion.

When we talk about Canada's flag, we find differences of opinion. There is a small section of our people who have not yet adopted the official flag of the country and are not prepared to do so.

There is an equal divergence of opinion with regard to a national anthem. "The Maple Leaf" is not accepted everywhere because of its imperial sentiment; "O Canada!" is condemned because it is "associated with diversity of creed rather than unity of citizenship," as the Toronto Telegram puts it.

Again, there is a great divergence of opinion as to the official language of the country. In some of our schools, French is the official tongue, in others English. This is further complicated by the divergence of opinion between the Roman Catholic and Protestant bodies as to whether educational should be religious or secular.

Again, sectionalism remains strong in spite of a more than nominal confederation. The governing of the country is only possible by playing off one section against another, and a constant juggling of legislation and administration. A unified citizenship has not yet been evolved.

UNDoubtedly these points of difference, this lack of harmony in national ideas and ideals, are not as important as those which have disturbed Portugal, and are likely to disturb Spain. No one of them is so acute as to disturb the outward harmony of our national life. Nevertheless, these problems are not growing smaller. Only national prosperity and the tremendous exertions necessary to national development have kept these points of difference in the background. Unquestionably they exist and the must furnish much food for thought and speculation in the minds of those who are accustomed to look ahead. It does not require a fertile imagination to foresee what may happen should any determined and able agitator force any or all of these questions into the arena of political discussion.

Not that there is anything in the situation to dismay us. Every nation has its problems, as has every individual and every family. No two men think alike, and no nation can have absolutely unified ideals. Divergence of opinion spells progress so long as that divergence does not overshadow the points on which all are agreed. So long as we have faith in our country's present constitution and are convinced that its geographical boundaries must be preserved before all else, the minor differences may be discussed patiently and calmly. In the meantime, let us not be either superior or supercilious.

A WRITER in the Canadian Farm estimates that the three prairie provinces produced last year enough wheat to keep 33,000,000 people in bread for twelve months. In other words, they produced enough bread to feed eight million Canadians and had enough left over to feed more than half of the people of the United Kingdom. Nor does this take into account the wheat grown in Eastern Canada. From these figures one may easily reach the conclusion that Canada will shortly be put to it to discover a market for her grain and flour.

Will Great Britain take all the wheat and flour we can spare ten years hence? Manifestly not. Canada cannot monopolise a wheat market to which India, Australia, Argentine and Russia have equal access. Will the United States take what Great Britain does not need? It may take some, if its population continues to grow faster than its food production and if it finds that a lower tariff on wheat is advisable. If, however, Canadian wheat is shut out of the United States market, where will it go? Here is a problem worth serious consideration.

There is only one man who is willing to answer this question off-

land, and that is the protectionist. He will tell you with a smiling confidence that the solution is simple. "Build up a great industrial population and consume the bread at home." Theoretically, he has much in favour of his argument. In the home market, the wheat producer has no competition; in the foreign market he meets the competition of the world. Yet the building up of an industrial population may be a long, difficult and expensive process.

CANADA'S annual mineral crop, like wheat, grows apace. Every mineralised district is being developed gradually but surely. This is not nearly so wonderful, however, as the steady annual crop of fools who expect to make a sudden fortune out of a new gold or silver mine. Walk into the King Edward Hotel, Toronto, or the Windsor Hotel, Montreal, and you will have no difficulty in finding a dozen men who have mines to sell, each worth anywhere from a hundred thousand dollars to a cool million. The mines are never sold; they are always just about to be sold. The prospective purchasers are usually a syndicate of New York or London capitalists. Perhaps the most curious part of the drama, is the optimism of the prospective sellers. They are always confident, always optimistic, always waiting patiently for the opportune moment.

Somewhat similar is the stampede which occurs whenever a new mineral region is discovered. Last June, some unscrupulous person announced that free milling gold ore had been found on Bitter Creek in the Portland Canal district. There were also several mountains of silver in the same district. The usual stampede occurred and Bitter Creek is staked from end to end. But apparently no one has found the gold. Mr. McConnell of the Geological Survey has just returned and states that the reports were mainly falsehood. There is mineral throughout the district, but, like nearly all other mineral, it is obtainable only after the building of roads, careful surveying and planning, the importation of machinery and miners, and the investment of much capital. It is the same old story.

THE SUMMIT

Every Canadian artist aims to have an example of his work hung in the National Gallery at Ottawa. When he succeeds, he feels that his career is rounded out. The selection is in the hands of a committee appointed by the Government. Last week, three of the drawings made for the "Canadian Courier" by Arthur Heming, were selected for this purpose, through Sir Edmund Walker, chairman of the committee. Mr. Heming is to be congratulated upon this unusual distinction.

THERE is probably more money to be made in the automobile industry than in the mining industry, yet how differently people look at industrial stocks and mining stocks! When a man invests in a mining stock, he expects to sell it shortly afterwards at four to ten times its value. When he buys industrial stocks he is wonderfully content if they do not depreciate and continue to pay at least eight per cent. per annum. Some day the small investor may learn that the average industrial is five times as good as the average mining stock, and the value of either depends upon conditions which cannot be fully estimated.

There is a royal road to wealth, but not more than one in a hundred thousand finds it. The other 99,999 must invest carefully and judiciously and be content with modest returns. Indeed, for most small investors the only "sure thing" is a life insurance policy or a government annuity. If all the Canadians who have lost money chasing mining rainbows had invested in government annuities, there would be many thousands of happier homes. The safety and certainty are unequalled even by British consols, and the ultimate return is nearly double.

MOST people will sympathise with the criticism of our banking system as made by Professor Johnson of New York University, is so far as the rate of interest is concerned. Three per cent. on notice deposits is low, and the methods adopted by the chartered banks to keep the rate at that point is not wholly in the public interest. It looks much like an application of brute force on behalf of bank profits.

Canada is proud of her banking system and proud of the able corps of men who direct her banking institutions. On the whole, it is one of the best systems in the world. Nevertheless, on this one point, it does not seem to be above criticism. Professor Johnson points out that in the United States, depositors get four per cent. even in the larger cities, and that real estate mortgages and bonds give a higher return than in that country. Therefore, he deduces, the Canadian banker pays less for his money and receives more than the United States banker.

If Canadians have not complained much on this score, it is because we have recognised that there were other benefits to more than offset this unsatisfactory condition. Nevertheless, it would be more satisfactory if our banks would worry less about the growth of their "rest" accounts and more about the returns they are making to their savings account depositors.

On no other point has Mr. Johnson anything of importance to urge against the banking machinery of Canada. He is not sure that our branch system plays fair with the smaller communities, but on this point there has always been a difference of opinion among experts. Like all other critics and students who have investigated the system he finds it, speaking generally, worthy of emulation.

SPORTS OF AN AUTUMN DAY



This year the Sophomores and Freshmen of McGill University had a push-ball match as the feature of their annual "scrap." The Freshmen won.

THE VERY LATEST THING IN COLLEGE "RUSHES"



Bonnet and Skirt Race at the Annual Gymkhana and Steeplechase of the Toronto Hunt Club, held last Saturday.



The Intercollegiate Rugby Season opened last Saturday, with a close match between McGill and Varsity, the latter barely winning by 10 to 9. McGill (striped stockings) are here shown fighting desparately on their own goal line.

ABSOLUTELY THE EMPEROR

The Kaiser Makes a New Triumvirate of "I, My Great Grandmother and God"

By PROF. O. D. SKELTON

THE political forces that are grappled in conflict in Germany were brought into dramatic juxtaposition last month. On one day the red flood which is sweeping the Fatherland reached its highest mark: the Socialists scored their eighth unbroken victory of the year by carrying the by-election in Zschopsau-Marienberg, turning a minority of 3,000 into a smashing majority of 10,000. On the next, the Kaiser, breaking the restless silence of two years, was inspired by his return to the old town of Königsberg, where his Prussian ancestors were crowned, to proclaim to the sceptical twentieth century the divine right of kings. Frederick William I, he insisted, was king by the grace of God alone, and not by Parliaments or meetings of the people. His great-grandmother, Queen Louise, was held up as a model of domestic virtues for the too ambitious women of these degenerate days. Finally the Kaiser proclaimed himself an instrument of the Lord, who would go his own way without heeding the views and opinions of the day. The speech was only of a piece with former utterances. "There is only one master in this country and I am he; I shall suffer none beside me," or, "We Hohenzollerns accept our crown only from Heaven, and are responsible only to Heaven for the performance of its duties." And not only was it consistent with his own opinions of other days; it was a sufficiently true account of historical fact and of the letter of the constitution. What it does not match is the new temper of a majority.

The dominant issue in Germany to-day, the issue in which all minor questions are merging, is the old one of responsible versus personal government. The Kaiser's utterance is important not merely as an expression of his individual opinion but as voicing the determination of the monarchial and semi-feudal powers in Germany and their bureaucratic instruments and allies, to resist all attempts at democratic control of the state. From the western point of view German political develop-

ment has halted at an anomalous stage. The Kaiser not merely reigns but governs. The Chancellor, head of both the German and the Prussian administrations, is responsible to his imperial and royal master alone. The Bundesrath or upper house, representing the federated states, has the lion's share of power, particularly in initiating legislation, and wields it under the influence of the Chancellor, backed by the solid delegation of the predominant partner in the Empire, Prussia. The Reichstag or lower house, elected on a basis of universal suffrage, has in the main only a negative influence in government; it may criticise the administration or amend the legislative projects laid before it, or even reject that portion of the supplies not provided for by permanent laws, but the Chancellor owes it no responsibility and may at any time meet its opposition by inducing the Bundesrath to exercise its constitutional power of dissolving it. The present Chancellor, Herr Bethman-Hollweg, was entirely on constitutional ground when in defending the Kaiser's speech he sneered at "the fiction, unknown to the constitution of Parliamentary government, depending on a fluctuating vote or on the absolutism of the masses."

Such a system of government, with the Chancellor responsible only to the Kaiser and the Kaiser responsible only to the Lord, could of course not have endured unless it had solid foundations in the interests and sentiments of important sections of the German people. It rests on the traditional monarchial sentiment which is rooted in a recollection of the national achievements of the Hohenzollern line from the Great Elector to the present Kaiser's grandfather. It is buttressed by the feeling that in international affairs it gives Germany an advantage in quick unfettered action over countries whose ministers are controlled by Parliamentary majorities. It fosters and is fostered

by a powerful, well-trained and highly educated bureaucracy. It has the unflinching support of the Conservative and Agrarian parties, content to trust rather to the identity of sympathies between King and Chancellor and themselves, than to a legalized control which would inure equally to the advantage of their opponents. And not least does it find excuse in the multiplicity of political groups which take the place of the two or three great parties traditional in the Anglo-Saxon world and make a stable parliamentary majority difficult to maintain. No where so nakedly as in Germany do party lines follow class-divisions: the Conservative and Agrarian parties draw their support from the great landowning classes, the National Liberals from the manufacturing and commercial class, the various Radical groups from the small shopkeepers and artisans, and the Socialists in the main from the organised workingmen. Poles, Danes and Guelphs are responsible for small factions, and the powerful Centre or Catholic party, the largest in the Reichstag, supported by the peasants of the south and the bulk of the Catholic workingmen, plays a frankly opportunist game with great adroitness.

In opposition to these forces a strong revolt is spreading directed against the Kaiser's autocracy, the non-parliamentary system of government and the parties which for the nonce provide the ministerial majority. The Kaiser's assumption of universal authority, his endeavor to regulate every sphere and every detail of national life from the shape of the buttons on his soldiers' uniforms to the type of music, drama, painting, poetry, religion, or aeroplane which should be adopted, and his recent indiscreet speeches, have strained even German patience and German admiration of the undeniable brilliance and versatility of William the Second to None. The growing sentiment in favour of a halt in naval armament, evidenced by the favourable reception accorded by middle and working class papers to Mr. Asquith's suggestion of a future understanding on shipbuilding programmes, makes in favour of those political parties least jingoistic.

The Liberal and Radical parties have attacked the present franchise vigorously, the Centre has given them a fluctuating support, while the Socialists have organised protest meetings attended by hundreds of thousands of workingmen. Yet the only result so far has been the introduction by the Prussian government of a tinkering measure which left unredressed the most serious anomalies, and the rejection by the Conservative majority of even this concession. Accordingly the democratic forces are roused to white heat.

Even more widespread has been the popular reaction against the Imperial budget of last year. Germany, like Britain, faced a huge deficit, amounting to \$125,000,000. In Germany as in Britain the party most eager for imperial expansion was the party least anxious to pay its share of the Dreadnought bills. But in Germany, unlike in Britain, the Conservative party, backed by the Centre, had its way, rejected the modest inheritance taxes the Chancellor suggested as the privilege of wealth, and to increased taxes on beer, spirits and tobacco, added taxes on tea, coffee, railway tickets, matches and other articles of daily use by the masses. This crass misuse of political power, the burdens of the new taxes, the pressure of the old food taxes imposed for the benefit of the same landlord class, the rise of prices, popularly attributed entirely to the budget and tariff impositions, has roused popular discontent to a height unprecedented in Germany. The Radical and Liberal forces stand to gain from this agitation, but it is the Socialists, as the most uncompromising opponents of the powers that be, who are reaping the chief benefit; friend and foe alike are forecasting an increase in Socialist members in the 1911 Reichstag from the present fifty to one hundred or even one hundred and fifty. With a Liberal-Radical-Socialist majority in the Reichstag, responsible government will be a long step nearer realisation. The movement will meet with hard-fought opposition from without, but perhaps the chief obstacle in the way of the success of such a coalition will come rather from the difficulty of getting the Socialists to work in harmony with the other more or less democratic parties. Every day, however, the German Social-Democracy is moulting its revolutionarism, becoming more and more willing to work for reforms here and now instead of waiting to enter the Promised Land the day after the overthrow root and branch of Capitalism. Growing experience of parliamentary life on the part of its leaders, middle-class accessions, working-class eagerness for immediate betterment, are driving the party along the path of opportunist reform. In any event the politics of Germany promise for the next few years to be of unusual interest. And in that struggle the peace of the world is at stake.

CANADA TO ENGLAND

September, 1910

By ARTHUR STRINGER

THE New World sunlight slowly wanes,
The Nor'land summer closes,
And all the maple leaves turn red,—
Th' autumnal red of roses.

The youthful touch in time must pass,
The green range back to golden;
And back we fare from new-found homes
To homelands that are olden.

For though we wandered far, and seemed
To break the ancient tether,
Time yet shall bring the Mother Land
And far-flung Child together.

And hill by hill the maple leaves,
As summer wanes and closes,
Shall turn and burn and e'er become
The red of England's roses.



Many of the Gardens of Victoria are panoramic in extent—acres of dreamy Lotus Land.

THE GARDENS OF VICTORIA

Victoria, the Beautiful City of English Culture and Babylonian Magnificence

By ERNEST MCGAFFEY

ALL that remains of the celebrated Hanging Gardens of Babylon is a myth. Yet there must have been some haunting beauty to have carried even the legend of them down to these strenuous days. Modern gardens in many lands have flourished since that dim era, and the Gardens of the Tuileries, the Jardin des Plantes, the famous Kew Garden, and the Royal Botanical Garden are all household words in every land.

Nearly every city of modern times boasts of its parks and conservatories, and in some metropolises the culture of flowers and the love of the decorative in blossoms, shrubs, plants and tree-life is manifested in a very high degree. Perhaps in uniqueness and artistic effect there is no single city in the world which has made of its gardens such dreams of loveliness as Victoria, British Columbia, the capital city of the province, and Canada's most individualistic metropolis.

The mystery of the gardens is unsolvable. Analysis, demonstration, classification all elude one in wandering among their bewildering array of colours, shaded and divided with hedges and century-old oak, now pale with a myriad drift of sad lilies, tall and fair, now set on fire with a blaze of popped magnificence. All the unriddled charm of the flowers is here, hypnotic in its drowsy spell. The almost cloudless sunshine of the city, combined with the scent of the sea air drifting across, suggests an uplifting, a mirage of flight, as though these glorious gardens were suspended in space, the re-incarnation of the hanging gardens of Babylonian days.

No one can look on these gardens and not be moved to the soul with their beauty.

"For flowers have been known to heal
A common man's despair."

and the miracle of colour and perfume, the sweet purity of green leaf and tender bud are more than spoken words; more than music, or dreams.

It is doubtful if these places can mean as much to their builders as they seem. For to look on them long would be to linger in them constantly, lured by the lotus-eating enchantment of their exquisite environs. And you do not see many people in them. They are mainly alone, not empty, for such caskets could not be empty, and they have, indeed, a rare sense of solitude, as some marble statue might, at midnight, where the leaves lie furred and the plash of a fountain sounds faintly.

No two of these gardens are alike; and so they seem as separate individualities. Some peoples write books, some compose music, some paint pictures or model in clay or marble. Cultured as Victoria is, nothing more clearly shows its artistic taste than its gardens. You will see this in a thousand way so unobtrusive that the carelessness of apparent nature shows the preciseness of instinctive art in arrange-

ment, detail, space, modelling, colour-schemes, background, and infinite genius of loving sympathy.

The very lawns and hedges are thought out with a care and patience which bespeaks the artist. There are no false notes, no discords in these symphonies of colour. There is a blend of many beauties carried

to a harmonious whole, so that the entire effect is instantly and lastingly impressed on the spectator.

Everywhere the smaller gardens are seen, so that there is really an atmosphere of flower culture the whole city over. And it thus might seem as though the more stately ones were the outgrowth of a school of beauty, a classic advance from the beginnings of the little plots on the side streets to the wide and spangled radiance of the lawns stretching seaward and sunward in noon-day brilliance, for the sea reaches up longingly to many a cove and inlet where these gardens hang breathless in the spring and summer days, and the slant of the gulls' wings throw grey shadows down where the roses flash like jewels in a queen's diadem. Always there is the sense of an ocean nearness about these gardens, even when the sea is hidden beyond the far line of shelving downs or crested headland.

Variety is constantly apparent, as the seasons melt into one another. From the dainty hues of crocus and daffodil, the heavy perfume of the narcissus and the lilled freshness of spring, the gardens flame into marvellous rose beds and ranks of roses, with sometimes a silent old gardener working among them.

"The rose in the garden slipped her bud
And she laughed in the pride of her youthful blood,
As she thought of the gardener standing by,
'He is old, so old, and he soon must die.'"

A man may stand midway of pastured blossoms, in a miniature sea of daffodils or tulips, surrounded on every side by the flowers.

Sheltered as these lovely gardens are from nearly every hint of wandering sea breeze or land zephyr, the ensemble presents a sense of luxurious quiet. The air is weighted with odour of rose and narcissus, of lilac and hyacinth as the days come in and go by. And steeped in the sunshine these cloistered spaces dream, unruffled by the challenge of the years. The song of a bird, an occasional soft-spoken voice among their blossoms, the glint of a stray band of lost ribbon, or the white hair of some ancient gardener might only hint of the outside world.

"The melancholy moonlight, sweet and lone,
That makes to dream the bird upon the tree,
And in their polished basins of white stone
The fountains tall to sob with ecstasy."



"The air is weighted with odour of rose and narcissus, of lilac and hyacinth, as the days come in and go by. And steeped in the sunshine, these cloistered spaces dream, unruffled by the challenge of the years."



The Mystery of the Tower

By Andrew Loring

Author of "Tom King of Nowhere," etc.

A NEW SERIAL STORY

CHAPTER I.

"IS Mr. Lee at home?"

The maid of the top-floor flat looked at the pretty girl in surprise. Such a visitor had never come before.

"No, miss," she answered.

"You expect him soon?"

"He may come at any time."

"I will wait, then. I am his daughter." A cheerful, confident smile played on the youthful lips, and bright grey eyes, flecked with gold, looked with serene composure on the embarrassed servant.

"I beg your pardon, miss. I didn't know."

"Bring in my things." Miss Lee turned to the caretaker, who stood in the lift. Then she marched with the stately dignity of twenty years down the passage, into what she guessed to be the drawing-room. She flashed a quick, curious look about, surprised at the luxurious taste displayed in the furnishings, at the perfect order. She was almost disappointed. There was so little for a daughter's hand to do.

Within five minutes she had inspected every room in the flat, had surprised and cajoled the cook and housemaid into complete subjection, had hustled them into astounding activity, and had taken temporary possession of her father's room.

She threw off her mouse-coloured wrap, flung her Paris hat on the satin coverlet of the bed, caught up a towel, pinned it around her shoulders, her hands flashed to her head, and the soft brown hair fell like a cloud about her.

She looked at her father's gold-backed brushes, shook her head, and ran to her dressing-bag. She dared not risk a scratch on those burnished surfaces.

She brushed away in frantic haste; he might come at any moment. She must conquer this stranger father in the first instant of their meeting. She was sure he would forgive her flight from France. He had paid Mrs. Gascoigne to take care of her, to chaperon her, not to marry her to a horrid elderly Frenchman.

A gurgle of muffled laughter came from beneath the soft masses of hair as she thought of the fat, olive-skinned man who had followed her about the deck of the Channel steamer, thought of the imposing protector who had suddenly appeared and quietly taken her in charge. This tall, bronzed young Englishman had spoken no word to her, had only hovered about unobtrusively, and the little tenor—the girl was sure he was a tenor—had understood.

Then had come the scene on the Dover Pier. Margaret laughed again as she recalled the sudden appearance of the little man at the railway carriage door, and his rapid flight as the broad-shouldered young man hustled him unceremoniously aside and calmly got into the carriage himself. Ought she to have thanked him? There was something absurd in their having travelled alone from Dover to Charing Cross without exchanging a word.

A sudden flush spread over her cheeks as she recalled the one hasty glance she had stolen at him. She had met a pair of clear hazel eyes watching her face from behind the shelter of a newspaper.

"JUST in time!" she exclaimed, five minutes later, as she heard a footstep in the hall. She drew in a deep breath, swept her hand upward from the nape of her shapely neck, then brushed her fingers over the top of her small ears, where rebellious rings clustered in tiny curls.

She walked to the door with quick, firm step, and put her hand on the knob. Then she stopped, trembling. Should she wait for his summons? The excuse of a coward, she cried to her beating heart. She rushed out, taking her courage in both her hands.

"Does he know. Have you told him?" she whispered to the maid, who was just coming out of the drawing-room.

"Mr. Percy Marshall—to see you, miss."

But the astonished girl was already in the room. She stopped, staring. A young man, tall, broad-shouldered, hazel-eyed, stood before her.

"You left this in the railway carriage." He held out a book, but she did not move.

"You took it on purpose," she flashed, her eyes looking into his with disconcerting directness.

"No, I found it," he answered. "I followed you through the station to your cab just in time to hear your address. The temptation was too great."

"It was impertinent," she said, loftily.

"It was," he admitted, ruefully. "I realised that as soon as the cab had gone. What could I do? I had the book."

"You could have left it with the maid at the door."

"Your name was in it. It might have had some special value to you. I wished to be sure it got into the right hands."

"Thank you," she said, bowing in dismissal. She had been listening all the time for the sound of footsteps. If her father came—that father who was a stranger to her, to whom she wished to pour out her heart in a passionate demand for shelter, for a share of his love—oh! how awkward was this impertinent intrusion.

She moved backward a step to point her dismissal, and put her hand to the knob of the half-open door. He crossed the room slowly.

"I am very sorry to have offended you. Good-bye."

He bowed and made a step forward. She dropped her lids that he might not perceive the twinkle in her eyes.

"As you said you came to bring my book," she murmured, in her demurest voice, "perhaps you had better leave it."

"Oh, I forgot."

Their fingers touched as he handed it over. The book fell. He picked it up, and this time delivered it safely. He looked up suddenly, and caught the last flicker of a covert smile on the girl's lips.

Instantly he took courage. "Can I hope to be forgiven?" he said, humbly.

"If you never have to ask again." Her voice was kinder, the grey eyes less condemning.

"What is forgiveness to me if I am not to see you any more?" he said, with an audacity which surprised himself.

"Oh," she appealed, bending forward, "you were very kind to a girl travelling alone for the first time in her life. I should like to think only of that."

He looked straight into her eyes, silent for an instant. "I am very sorry," he repeated. "I didn't mean to be impertinent."

Impulsively she stretched out her hand. "Thank you for your kindness in the boat and the train," she said.

He clasped it gratefully, his face brightening. "Thank you for showing me that I have redeemed myself a little bit. I'm sure to know someone who knows your people," he pleaded, with eager persuasion. "If I can meet you in the ordinary way, will you remember only pleasant things of me?"

"I shall never forget the little man with the

olive cheeks," said Margaret. She smiled; she could not help it. Such persistence was disarming.

He laughed and understood. "I shall come again soon," he said; and he hurried away lest she forbid.

She listened. She heard the door close behind him, then broke into merry laughter as she opened the book and looked at her name.

"I wonder when?" she murmured.

She waited with ever-growing impatience. One, two hours went by. She spent much of the time in scanning the pictures on the walls of the various rooms, in opening anything which might be an album, but she searched in vain for the photograph of the mother she could not remember, and of whom she knew nothing. She was surprised at length by a summons to dinner.

"My father?" she protested.

"He won't come in, miss. Dinner is always served at half-past seven. If he is not here to the tick it comes off again."

Determined that no impressions of this unknown father should come to her through the servants, she resolutely held back the flood of questions she would have liked to pour out.

"Mr. Lee generally comes in to coffee, miss," said the maid, "and he takes it in the conservatory."

"What?"

"I will show you, miss, if you would like yours there."

Margaret uttered a cry of surprise as she found herself passing through an open door on to a large flat roof. It held a small house crowded with exotic blooms, a room, half workshop, half elaborately-furnished lounging place, and a large mounted telescope covered by an awning.

"He doesn't think of nothing else but that, miss," said Mary, as she pointed vindictively towards the long brass cylinder, while Margaret dropped into a luxurious chair under the awning with a sense of overwhelming bewilderment. What kind of man could this father be who lived amid such extraordinary surroundings?

The maid came in a few minutes bearing a silver tray on which was coffee in two old Nantgarw cups, and an exquisite decanter holding a light-coloured liquid.

"Mr. Lee has come in, miss," she said, breathlessly. "He will be here in a minute. He sends his compliments. He asks that you will be good enough not to get up from your chair, and not to speak until he has spoken to you."

Margaret, who had leaped to her feet at the first hint that her father had come, sank back into her chair in astonishment. The maid turned and hurried away as though to avoid explanations.

HE came almost in the instant, a bent man, looking much older than she had thought him, and walking with a certain feebleness. His face, thin, cameo-like, was very white, almost ghostly in the twilight. Her heart was in her mouth, but he did not come to her directly. He put his hand inside the open door of the room behind them, and the whole place was illuminated with a flood of electric light.

She felt as though she must scream out loud as this singular father seated himself deliberately in a chair by her side, never once looking at her.

At last, when he had settled himself quite comfortably, he spoke, gazing out over the twinkling lights of London.

"I must tell you," he said, in a voice which grated on her ears, not because it was rough, but because of its strange, passionless tone, "that I suffer from valvular disease of the heart—"

"Father!" She started and stretched out her hands.

"Sit still. I thought so. It is just such sudden movements and emotional cries which I must not see nor hear."

"I am sorry father." Her voice was almost as expressionless as his own, though her hands grasped the arms of the chair with a fierce intensity.

"That's right. Modulate your voice with great care, and move quietly. Get that little table, please. You may put my coffee on it and pour out some brandy."

Her hands trembled so as she obeyed his command that she feared she would drop the cup, but she managed sufficiently well to receive no censure.

He drained the brandy, then lighted a cigarette, leant his head back in the chair, and stared for a long time at the awning above.

The girl felt as though she was suffocating. She could hear the pumping of her heart; she almost feared he would too. She ventured no word.

"I am better now," he said at length. "Your

coming was, of course, a shock. My life hangs in a thread."

"I am sorry, father."

"I don't blame you too much. You didn't know. I have not wished to cloud your life."

"Yes, father."

"Still, you have been rash and ill-advised."

"I had to come," she said, fighting desperately that her voice should be that of an automaton. "Mrs. Gascoigne was determined to force me into a marriage—"

"You are here," interrupted her father, "that's quite enough. Explanations excite emotion. Do you wish to remain—for a time?"

"Yes, father."

"If you will meet the rules of my establishment you may stay. You don't sing, I suppose?"

"I will not, father."

"Very good. I dislike noises. I have no piano. You move quietly, I hope? You knock nothing over? You lay things down carefully? You open doors softly?"

"Yes, father."

He turned for the first time and looked at her. The appeal in her eyes faded away as she read unmistakable aversion in his face.

"I thought so," he said, and he turned his head. A flash of intuition told her his meaning. She was like her dead mother, and he hated the memory.

Poor Margaret! Craving a father's affection, she had come to kneel at his feet and pray for love. She had found a stranger with a heart of stone.

CHAPTER II.

"YOU know nothing of the stars, I suppose?"

"No, father."

"You should learn. They are truer friends than human beings. They are never cruel nor ungrateful. They never change. I feel myself safe among them. This telescope is all my own make, though I did not grind the lenses."

His voice softened. Margaret realised now what the maid had meant when she said he cared only for his telescope.

"I should like to learn about them," she said.

"You shall look through the telescope later," he answered, as though conferring an inestimable privilege. "Will you get my cigarettes, please? They are in the top pocket of the light overcoat. I should not trouble you, but I allow the maids to go out at this hour of the evening. It is the only way I can keep my cook. She is superb, but she requires much management. Whatever you do, Margaret, don't interfere with her."

"I will not, father."

She rose as though she were a clock-work figure, and walked quietly into the flat. When she returned to his side she told him in the impassive manner he demanded that it pleased her to do little things for him, that she hoped he would allow her to make herself useful.

"I thank you for your offer," he returned, coldly, as he lighted his cigarette at the match which she held. "I say frankly, though, I prefer paid service. It is more certain, more faithful, and if it does not please me I can get rid of it."

"Do you wish me to go?" she asked, standing by his side and looking down into his eyes.

"At my convenience," he answered. "I had not realised that you were no longer a child. We will arrange something that will be satisfactory to you and to me."

"Have you no relations, father?" Despite her iron self-control, she could not hide the quiver in her voice.

He frowned and held up a protesting finger. "Not one—thank Heaven. You have only me."

"My mother?"

She held her breath for the answer. She had known the question greatly daring, but she had not hesitated. She had a right to know.

He did not answer for some time, and when at last he spoke his voice was more coldly impersonal, if that were possible, than before.

"She died when you were a child," he said. "She ran away from me under circumstances—but such things are not for you to hear. She tried to take you, to steal you—"

"And she died—"

"By her own hand. Pardon me, I thought I warned you against unnecessary display of emotion."

"I am sorry, father."

"You trouble me. I am on the watch for your useless outbreaks, and this vigilance tries me. There is a lady—let me think—she lives at Horsham; I have not seen her for some years. She was charming, accomplished."

"You wish me to go to her?"

"It is best, I think. She is of excellent family, and in touch with the world—"

"I must judge for myself. You left me to Mrs. Gascoigne. She was not a lady, and she was bribed by a horrid man—"

"I had forgotten the years. I thought of you as a child."

"May I go back to my old schoolmistress in Paris? She was kind—"

"No. You should live as befits your age. I will write to Mrs. Carlingford to-morrow."

"She must be very different from Mrs. Gascoigne," said Margaret, firmly, "or I will not go."

"She will be all you expect, and more. You will be near at hand, and you may come and see me sometimes—if you let me know beforehand."

"Thank you," replied the unhappy girl, with ice in her voice, and a burning throb in her heart. He would not have sent away his telescope with so little ceremony.

"You see those brilliant lights," said her father, as though turning to more interesting subjects.

"There are fireworks at the Crystal Palace to-night. It will amuse you to watch them. Bring your chair here. You can focus—yes, that's the way—is that right?"

"Yes, father. I see streamers of gold falling upwards."

"They would appear to do that. You see every thing upside down through a celestial telescope."

"There is a storm over there, father. There are vivid flashes of lightning." The distant rumble of thunder came as she spoke.

For what seemed to her interminable hours, but in reality were only ten or fifteen minutes, she peered through what was an instrument of torture to her, pretending absorption, uttering restrained little exclamations of affected pleasure. It was the only thing she could do that seemed to interest her father in the slightest degree, and she felt safe from those cruel rebuffs which he so unmercifully and indifferently gave when she ventured personal subjects.

The thunderstorm over beyond the Palace really attracted her at last. Twice she could distinctly trace the vivid flashing streak.

"It is coming this way, I think," she said, enjoying a spectacle which put the puny efforts of man at the Crystal Palace to shame.

Then she uttered a cry and leaped to her feet. The telescope was caught by her shoulder, and badly bent.

Her father started up, then his hands wildly clutched at the air as he fell back into a huddled heap.

MARGARET stood trembling like a leaf, her trembling fingers pressed to her eyes.

"Father, father!" she cried. "I saw—"

Then she turned, and was by his side in a flash. She knelt by the chair and put her hand to his heart. She could not feel that it beat. She lifted his head gently; it rested heavily, inert. She ran through the flat, calling out. No sound came. She remembered that she was alone.

She flew out and down the stairs, and pounded on the door below, and the noise she made sounded hollow as if through vacant rooms.

A horrible fear crept over her at this silence, a sensation of unutterable loneliness, of dread; but she ran on—down, down, ringing each bell in turn.

On the ground floor she called, but no answer came from the caretaker. She realised that the house was empty. She was alone in this great cavernous place. And her father—

She opened the heavy front door and ran out, and looked wild-eyed up and down the street. Then from across the road a man ran toward her.

"What's the matter, Miss Lee?"

"Oh," cried the girl, "my father—he is ill, dying—perhaps dead."

She did not stop to wonder why Percy Marshall was there.

"Who's with him?"

"Nobody," she breathed.

"Go back," he cried, quickly. "I'll bring a doctor. Leave your door open."

She turned and sped up the long flights. The door had blown shut behind her. She took off her slipper and crashed the heel through the glass panel, then unlatched the door from within.

She ran to the roof. He was sitting, bent, huddled, just as she had left him. She caught up a cushion, and pressed the drooping head back against it, then knelt chaffing the cold white hands, although she knew now how useless were all efforts.

And thus it was, that Percy Marshall found her.

"The doctor?"

"He's coming. I ran on."

"He's dead, I know it," she cried, wildly. "Death is there too," pointing over the parapet away off to the south. "I saw it through the telescope." She shivered and swayed as though she would have fallen, and caught the outstretched hand of the young man. It was something human, alive. He drew her unresisting into the drawing-room. One glance at the figure in the chair had told him that aid was useless there. She sank on to a couch, and buried her face in her hands. The young man stood hesitating, he did not know what to do. She raised her head suddenly.

"We've left him—out there—alone."

"You stay here," he said. "You mustn't come. There's the doctor; I hear him."

She sank back obediently, and he closed the door behind him.

THE two men went out on to the roof together. "Dead, of course," said the doctor. "I wonder it didn't happen years ago. He was a patient of mine."

And so they carried the frail body and laid it gently on the bed where so short a time before Margaret Lee had gaily thrown her cloak and hat.

"I must hurry away," cried the doctor. "I was going to an urgent call when you came."

And the bluff doctor hurried away. Marshall opened the door of the drawing-room so quietly that the girl did not hear him. She sat by a table, her white fingers moving quickly over a piece of paper. What could she be doing? He drew closer. She turned, quickly rose, and came towards him, scanning his face with anxious eyes.

He shook his head. She understood.

"Whom shall I bring to you?" he said, gently.

"There is no one. I have no relatives. I don't know anybody in London. Oh, yes, he spoke of a Mrs. Carlingford, who lives at Horsham—"

"I'll wire to-night, but I must stay until the servants return. Then I'll see to all details for you."

But she did not seem to hear him. She had gone back to the table, and was staring at the paper over which her hand had so swiftly moved.

"I—killed him!" she burst out. "I came when he did not want me. He loved his telescope more—and I broke it."

"You must not think of that," he began.

"Ah! but you do not know what I saw through it. Look."

He saw the drawing of a steeple, upside down. "There," she cried, pointing to an open arch in the spire—"it was there. The lightning came. A woman was bending over a man, he had fallen, and she was plunging something—a knife or a dagger—into his heart. I could even see the yellow dress she wore. She had diamonds too. I could see them shimmer; and then," she said, speaking in a whisper, "everything was dark—and I broke the telescope and killed my father."

The young man stared into her eyes. She knew the meaning of his look.

"I am not mad," she said. "I did see it."

He pretended to accept her words, believing her to be hysterical. "Look here," he said, suddenly, "none of my people are in London, but I know two or three ladies—"

"Oh, no, no. That spire—it was murder."

"Is there an address book? May I look?"

"Oh, I know nothing, nothing about him," she answered, almost impatiently.

HE went hurriedly through such drawers as were not locked, but found not even a letter. In rummaging one he threw out a lot of papers. His work was sharply arrested by a cry from the girl. She snatched up a photograph and placed her drawing by its side. He looked from the photograph to the drawing incredulously.

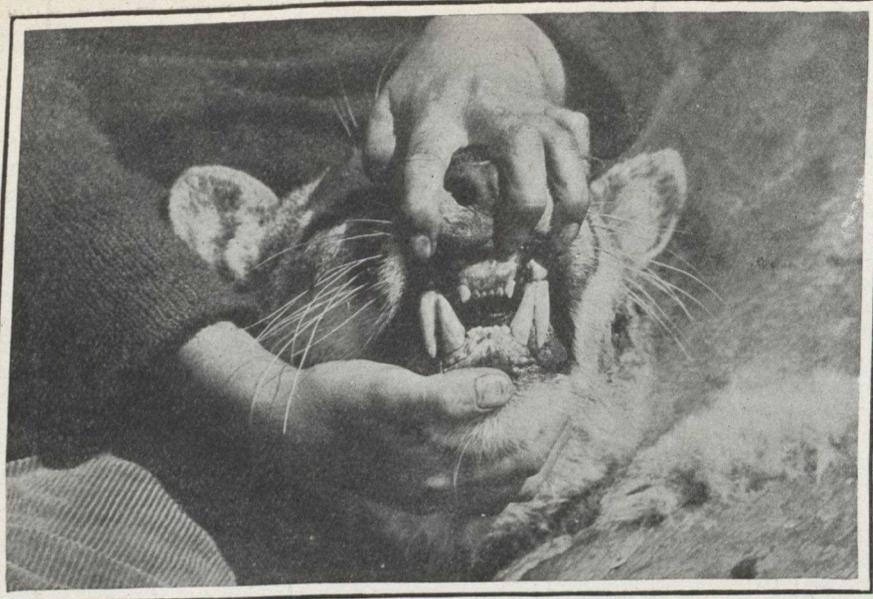
"It is the same," she said, in a low voice. "See what he has written, 'A curse on this church, and on her that built it.' The curse has come. There was murder there, I saw it. Do you believe me? And you will find out?"

"I will find out. I promise."

She put her hand to her head and reeled. Just in time he caught her in his arms.

Then the sound of muffled laughter came. The servants had returned.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 28.



When a Panther grins, he shows his pretty white teeth—an inch and a quarter long.



“Three inches long were the two thumb claws of the forefeet, the others a good two inches, as sharp as daggers.”

PANTHERS OF BRITISH COLUMBIA

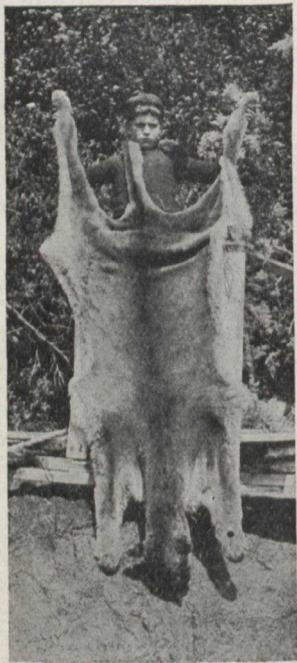
Wildcat Adventures of a Naturalist along the Salmon Creeks of the Outpost Province

By BONNYCASTLE DALE

TO my good friends that read often of British Columbia and its mighty mountain ranges, its great fir forests, and swiftly rushing rivers I would like to tell this story of the panther.

You no doubt have read tales of the very ferocious pumas, mountain lions, panthers—as this beast

goes by all these names on the long stretch of Pacific coast from British Columbia to Mexico. I know of stories of men kept clutching on to some trembling treetop all the night long, while this lithe monarch of the American forests kept watch and ward below. So, when Fritz and I left the forests of mid-continent and its harmless bears and wolves and wild cats, and started to study the fauna out here we did it with fear and trembling.



The hide makes a pretty floor rug.

are like long blue beads on a string; in fact the water between them can be readily leaped. These pools are rarely more than four feet deep and some dozens of feet wide, yet they are filled with trout of all sizes. To catch these trout is the object of the two little sons of a nearby settler, whom we now see scampering along the dry bed of the creek. They want some to feed a pet crow—the only way to stop its incessant “caw, caw, caw” is to cram its greedy mouth full of fish. The elder is about twelve years of age. They soon get to work with pole and worm-baited hook and the cut-throat trout and young dog and salmon greedily rush at the luscious morsel. It speedily takes to flight and lands on the hot stones of the creek.

“What’s that?” says the younger lad. (Oh! had I the pen of the true nature fakir, how I could make the goose pimples run up and down your back now!) “What’s that thing rustlin’ in the bushes?” again asks the lad. The elder boy is busy with a particularly large, greedy trout at this moment. For answer, as soon as he gets his hands free, he hurls a big round stone in the underbrush. Out steps a fully grown panther. There stand the two little kiddies, alone on the bed of the stream, and there, with the sunlight shining on its sleek yellow-brown coat, is the great beast, a full eight feet from nose to tip of tail. Now is the moment when the boys should flee shrieking from the scene, and the terrible panther get in his dread work. The lads have the spunk of their mother in their bodies. She is descended from the people of this coast, who have lived by the chase of the beasts of the forests and the fishes of the sea from time immemorial. They seize the round smooth stones of the creek and pelt the big, growling beast. A few of these well-directed stones make the panther run into the bush again; another shower sends it farther back, and then the



Skinning and preserving the Panther is a long and expert operation.

lads run, but not to escape the beast. They had fled to get Johnny White and his rifle and dog. Soon the excited boys and the hunter and his dogs are on the spot. The panther is traced for fifty yards and then the dogs give tongue and the beast can be heard scrambling up a tree. He could kill the dogs by a couple of long, reaching dabs from his great fore paws, just as readily as he could finish the two youngsters if he were not such a natural born coward. A couple of shots from the gun stretches him along the branch—caught. The hunter has to climb up to release the body and throw it to the ground. Here is where the narrator appears upon the scene.

I met the young hunter driving in to claim his bounty—fifteen dollars—and purchased the beast from him for a five-dollar bill. It was worth twice this had it been the winter season. Then began the great delight of dissecting the head and paws of this truly magnificent beast. One thing I always preserve, the eyeballs of all the greater mammals I get, as well as the bigger fishes. The lens of this great cat’s eye was oval and oblong in form, about the size of a plum stone. It was a large, greenish-tinted eye, like the eye of the house cat magnified about four times, placed with the pupil running perpendicular, as it is in all the felines.

The big beast was of a tawny colour, running into white on the breast and black on the tips of the ears and the tail; the foot pads were big, soft, black cushions, and the claws these concealed were perfect weapons of destruction. Three inches long were the two thumb claws of the forefeet; the others a good two inches, as sharp as daggers.

This great powerful panther that ran from two little unarmed boys was seven feet ten inches long from tip of nose to tip of tail. The wonderful over-covering network of tape-like muscles that covered the bones of the feet make me believe it can readily kill its prey by a swift dash of the paw with the mighty claws extended. It should be able to leap a full twenty feet on a running jump—its nimble supper, the deer, ahead. The mouth of this big cat was seven inches long. The tail measured three feet. The forelegs, seventeen inches long, and the hind ones twenty-four inches. Its sharply-pointed incisors were an inch and a quarter long. In fact, it has a most alarming set of teeth, if it grins as the museum specimens do. But a friend of mine who has killed many of them tells me he has only seen one that showed its teeth. He has heard them growling. He also says that out of the numbers he has killed, some seven or eight, there was only one female. Is she even more shrinking and cowardly than the male?

The hide of the panther tipped the scales at eleven pounds and the head alone weighed five, while each paw marked about a pound weight. This will give a weight of about a hundred pounds for a fully grown adult, and if you figure that the black-tail deer out here only exceed this by twenty-five or fifty pounds, you can form some idea of the pursued and the pursuer. Yet I have had many a hunter tell me that the buck can beat off a panther with his sharp front hoofs and horns. I feel more

pioneers have built homes and cleared lands, a hard task on the level bottoms of rich aluvial soil. Here the great trunks of the Douglas fir and the red cedar rise hundreds of feet into the air. The feet of these giant vegetables are entwined with a dense undergrowth of salmon berry, flannel berry, and hemlock—an impenetrable mass. Through this the trails of wapiti, blacktail deer, bear, wolf and panther wind up hill and down dale all over the immense island. Take the little sandy points, where the currents of ages have ground up the crystals of the rocks, and every one of these solitary strands is deeply imprinted with the big soft hoofs of the great wapiti, the arrow points of feet, the big widely spread imprint of black bear paws, and the long, well-padded feet of the panther (*felis concolor*). The rivers are filled with spawning salmon in the fall months; here the bears sit and throw out the big silvery fish as they struggle ever upwards towards the spawning grounds over the shallows. Here the deer drink, and here the wolves and panthers watch for their prey.

It is to such a creekside I am tending. Just a little creek in this, the summer season. Here the bed of the once rushing torrent is now but a sun-glinting reach of water-worn pebbles. The rocks

sure of this in the case of the big wapiti, but I have been assured by eye witnesses that the black-tail buck can also drive off this cowardly cat.

A word as to the skinning and preservation. Salt and more salt is excellent, once you have taken the skin off without leaving much saddle clinging to it. Then give it a good bath of alum and saltpeter mixed. I use about three tablespoons of each (powdered) to a pint of boiling water. Put this on with a small paint brush, after you have well stretched the skin. I use wire shingle nails, stretching the main parts first, then going over and stretching the secondary parts. Then, by drawing the skin out between each nail, and again between each new nail, you will have a skin, when dried, of fairly even edges. Then allow for three or four days in the sun, an occasional rubbing with saw-dust (the Indians taught us this by using rotten wood), also a rubbing with some flour mixed with one part in ten of wood ashes. Both of these tissue removers must be well rubbed in with the smooth side of a brick or stone. For a floor rug I cut the tail open; for a mounted specimen, never.

Now you will wonder why so great and strong a beast has left no record of ever, unmolested, having attacked a man upon the Pacific coast. That is to say, man in his natural attitude. You well know that the greatest of beasts, when fighting fiercely, stand upright, assuming a combative position. No sooner does the floor creeping infant get sufficient power in its chubby legs than it stands erect, and thus assumes the fighting or upright position, so now when this big panther, whose skin will form an humble, but beautiful, floor rug, saw the two little lads on the creek side he saw them erect; that is a fighting attitude, a position hostile to him. This is



The youngster takes in the Panther's good points—when he is dead.

my solution of the matter, and it has taken a lifetime to come at it. The only time we know of an

attack on human beings by this misnamed lion was when a klootchman was tying her shoe and when an Indian was gathering something off the ground, in both cases they had assumed the quadruped position on all fours.

I remember Fritz coming into camp one dark night in a dire state of alarm and dis-array. His torn clothes told of his speed through the bush. A panther had been close to him, he said, and off he dashed. The next morning we took a shotgun and went back over the trail. We sat down near the creek to rest. Here, amid the rippling of the water, I distinctly heard a cat cry. So, bidding Fritz to follow closely with the gun, I set the big Reflex camera and headed in the direction of the caterwauling. It sounded exactly like the cry made by the domesticated cat. I pushed my way through the ferns and landed on a big red rock, all aglow with many coloured rock cross. Perched on the top was the cat, a vagrant house cat, that greeted us with waving tail and arched back; and before we could close the camera or uncock the old hammer gun this wee bogey of the night before was purring contentedly as it rubbed itself against our legs, evidently wondering what we were roaring with laughter about.

After all, cats are a great deal like men whom you meet down at business every day. Some men are stout in the neck, have got the knack of wheeling themselves round in their swivel chairs like young whirlwinds and of wriggling their jaws fiercely—they are like the B. C. panthers, all bluff. Other men have sinuous lives, and an air of peace and composure about them—indeed, they seem to purr. Those who have smooth hands and a "nice way of talking—there are claws beneath the velvet.



Fifty-five years of married life are worth celebrating, and this New Brunswick pioneer did so. With him in this group is his wife and ten of their eleven children. There are thirty-five grandchildren and one great grandchild.

A NEW BRUNSWICK PIONEER

By STANLEY SMITH

THERE are pioneers in every province—wonderfully strong men and women who have laid deep the foundations of the nations.

Titled gentry and idle rich, society ladies and actresses do not make a nation, though they may contribute something to its gaiety. Like the millionaires of the stock market and the railway, the industrial magnates, and the merger-princes—they arrive after the pioneer has done the hardest and most uncomfortable portion of nation-building.

Down in New Brunswick, the other day, one of these wonderful pioneers held a celebration to commemorate the fact that he and his wife had lived together "for richer and for poorer" for fifty-five years, had raised eleven children, had been blessed with thirty-five grandchildren and one great grandchild. All these were in attendance on this occasion but one son in California. Wedded to the soil of his native parish for eighty odd years, Vincent Wilson, of Cambridge, Queen's County, is a strong type of the New Brunswick pioneer who, born in this eastern province, stayed at home, and is glad of it. He is one who is satisfied with the country.

Hewn out of the forest with his own hands by cutting and burning and cultivation, his splendid farm, now manned by one of his sons, affords him a comfortable home for his declining years.

Recently he was a visitor to the Dominion Exhibition at St. John, and the writer met him there. A descendant of the U. E. Loyalists, he seems to have fallen heir to some of the indomitable spirit which characterised that heroic people. "My grandmother," he said, "drew loads of grain to a mill many miles away on a rough hand sled that her children might have bread to eat."

His own achievements he did not consider of any great moment. "Yes," he said when questioned, "there was plenty of work to do in those days. We cleared our own farms and had very little to work with. Our ploughs were made of wood with a straight piece for a handle and a pin stuck through it to hold on by. We always carried tied to the plough a flattened stick to scrape off the mud at the end of the furrow. Nowadays the farmers throw away the iron ploughs and are buying sulky ploughs.

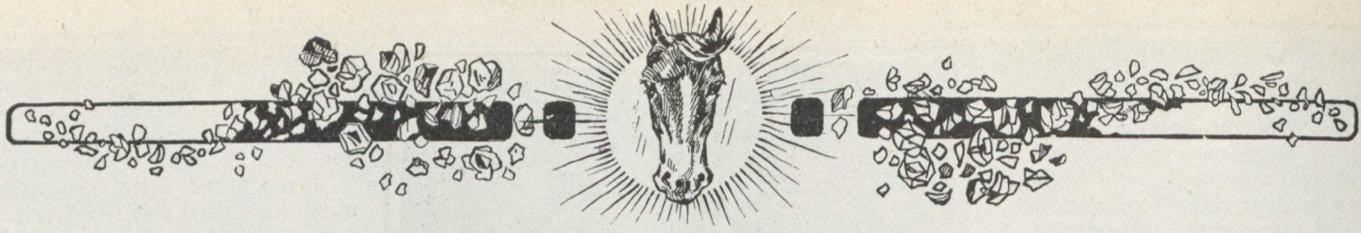
"Flax was a very important crop for us, and it

was the work of the women to prepare it. My wife made her own tablecloths and sheets, besides turning the wool taken from our dozen sheep into clothes for our own backs. Wood boating was our means of travel. We carried not only our own goods to market, but did quite a business for the neighbours and carrying passengers. All depended on the wind. To St. John it was a six hours' trip if we had favourable wind, but sometimes it took two or three days to return.

"We sold very little but cordwood, which brought high prices in those days, and bought very little excepting flour.

"All these years I was never laid up, and we only had a doctor once since we were married."

To Mrs. Wilson the aged pioneer attributes the successful bringing-up of the children. "The candle was blown out at night," he said, "and not lit again until morning. After the third child was born we never took the older ones out with us, but left them to keep house. I can remember our coming back in the evening and peering in the window to see the little things sitting by the light of the candle with their arms about each other, waiting for our return. Yes, they were good children," concluded Mr. Wilson, with a huskiness in his voice which was not altogether due to his eighty-four years.



WITH INTEREST

A Tale of the Turf—Of a Youth who was Swindled, and a Man who had Revenge.

By W. A. FRASER

RAGLAN HEMPTHILL, third son of Sir John Hempthill, was eighteen, tall, peach-complexioned, and, so far as that is concerned, peach-complexioned in the ways of the world.

One bright June day, with £5.10 in his pocket and cut clear of his tutor, Raglan found himself in a third-class compartment on his way to Alexandra Park to view the races. It was a race-train; the atmosphere was redolent of "2 to 1," "Ought to win the handicap," and such items of momentous interest.

A shrewd-faced, plainly dressed man had taken a seat facing Hempthill. He wore a silent, pre-occupied expression, in addition to a pair of leather-encased race-glasses. Once this man shifted an enormous roll of Bank of England notes from one pocket to the other. Young Hempthill though he had never seen quite so much money in any one's hand; the stranger must be a person of importance. His exclusive reserve corroborated this impression.

Presently a little wizen-faced man, sitting in the corner seat, asked hesitatingly of the opulent one, "Shall we be starting The Abbot to-day, Mr. Coombs?"

"No, Blake; The Abbot doesn't like this corkscrew course; it's like the neck of a bottle, in and out again."

The speaker had not raised his eyes from the serious perusal of a betting-book as he answered. He lapsed into silence for a full minute, then added casually: "But we'll start the other one, Blake; he won here before. When you go to the stable tell Henry that I'm having a plunge, and to make no mistake about the horse. I won't go out to the paddock myself; the bookies' runners 'll be watching, and I want good odds this time."

Hempthill had crawled deeper and deeper behind the Daily Telegraph, feeling that somewhere the barrier of the newspaper kept the speaker unaware of his presence, at least of his attention. The shriveled man in the corner shrank almost into obliteration after this passage of speech, and the owner of the "other one" once more buried himself in the contemplation of the morocco betting-book.

The son of Sir John folded his paper, put it behind him, lighted a cigarette, coughed and shuffled his feet, incidentally massaging the big toe of Coombs in a futile endeavour to break the ice. His manoeuvre was useless; the wealthy owner was oblivious to everything but contemplation of his coup.

THE train stopped, and Hempthill, keeping his eye on Coombs, followed down the long grassed lane that led to the racecourse. It was a lucky touch of fate, this overhearing of the owner's words; and possibly some other turn would give Hempthill the key to his cryptogram—the carded name of the horse. He flattered himself that he had trailed the square-shouldered man unobserved. Originally he had thought of buying a ticket to the five-shilling enclosure, but if Mr. Coombs went even into the grandstand most certainly he would follow, even though it took half a sovereign. But it appears, as they approached the high-board fence of the course, with its pigeonhole openings through which men sold tickets, that the rich owner was veering to the left toward the seller of five-shilling tickets.

Hempthill was almost at Coombs' heels when the latter turned abruptly and stood staring back over the way he had come. Startled, flushing with a suspicion that he had been detected, Hempthill continued on to the wicket. Almost immediately Coombs' voice shot over his shoulder, saying to the man within, "I have an owner's card for the big stand, but I want to go into the five-bob enclosure, my good man—have I got to pay?"

The seller was a taciturn, heavy-faced individual, and by the way of answer he passed out a

ticket, saying to the questioner, "Five bob, sir." The latter banged a silver crown angrily on the ticket ledge, and as he turned away at Hempthill's side, said—and he might have been addressing the sky—"A robber's game, this racing; the public gets nipped at every turn."

It was the chance that Hempthill had flattered himself was to come, and he seized somewhat eagerly upon it, saying: "We travelled down in the same compartment, sir; it's a pleasure to meet an owner of racehorses—I love them."

Coombs started in a surprised manner as though he had been totally unaware of the youngster's proximity. "Aye, lad," he said, "you look it; you have the cut of the sporting gentry. Does your family race a bit?"

"Sir John did, but"—Raglan broke off abruptly, and Coombs, nodding his head wisely, added: "I understand, lad; the bookies give him the worst of it. I race in a small way myself, and I've got to plan a bit to hold my own with them. I have a winner to-day, and if I went into Tattersall's Ring, where I'm known, the minute I made a move to put the brass down the odds would be cut to nothing."

Hempthill strove to subdue all evidences of eagerness, assuming an air of extreme casualty. Inwardly he pictured the five sovereigns in his pocket proving the nest egg for a goodly sum. Quite in silence they passed through the gate, and as they made their way, elbow to elbow, through the throng, Hempthill sought to rivet the, as yet, casual acquaintanceship by an invitation to partake of a glass of beer. Coombs accepted, and after the libation he said abruptly: "I like your way, lad—By George! man, blood will tell. I'm generally a close un—I've got to be, but bless me if I don't put you in the way of a winner to-day. Let the first race go by, lad; I think it's a gift for Orvieto, but just stand on the ground and watch the game these jockeys have got on—I heard a bit about it. I'm starting a horse in the second that'll win, lad."

He pointed to a red-faced man of enormous girth who wore a leather sash studded with five-shilling pieces, adding, "That's Jem Smith that was champion of England; it was my brass backed him then and puts up for his book now; just stand in front of him, lad, before the second race, and I'll tell you the good thing."

Then Coombs disappeared, and Hempthill, when the first race was over, took up his position in front of Bookmaker Smith.

A touch on the arm and the voice of his new friend was saying: "It's all right, lad; the bookies in the big ring are saying 'Coombs is not here for a plunge, so Ludgate will finish down the course.' He's 20 to 1 in Tattersall's."

The speaker's voice was drowned by a bull-like roar from the fat-throated ex-prizefighter, "Ere ye are, lads! I'll lay six ponies, Ludgate; even money the field!"

"He's only 6 to 1," Hempthill said innocently. Coombs smiled indulgently. "Jem don't take no liberties with my horse when he sees me about."

Like a Hindoo fakir esoterically mushroomed from the earth, Blake's mummified form appeared at the owner's elbow; and the latter drawing forth the enormous roll of bank-notes, passed it to the little man, saying: "There's a thousand quid, Blake; hurry into the ring and nobble all the 20 to 1 you can get. Just bait them, man—a bit here and a bit there, till you have it all on; these shilling men have it cut to sixes—they've spotted me."

He turned to the young man, advising: "You'd better have your bit on, lad, for Ludgate's very fit; and it's the greatest thing in racing ever was."

Hempthill hesitated; the alluring odds of 20 to 1 would make a huge difference in his winning. His companion was now making a note in his betting-book.

"Perhaps the Lieutenant would like a bit of the ring odds, sir," Blake interposed; "if ye say the word, Squire, I'll do the commission for him."

Coombs looked inquiringly at Hempthill, answering: "I've no objections, Blake—the young gentleman might give you a fiver out of it. It's just robbery to lay a man sixes when a horse is at twenties all over the big ring."

Coombs' manner suddenly changed to one of cordiality as, putting his hand on Hempthill's arm, he continued: "I might a made free to put the money on for you, lad, but I was thinking of my own bet. You'd better 'ave a hundred pounds on this one; give it to my man; I'll stand security for him—he'll bring back the brass when Ludgate's won."

Apologetically Hempthill drew forth his crinkly five-pound note, saying: "If I'd known about this, sir, I could have brought more, but I've only five sovs with me."

The owner's face clouded for an instant; then it cleared as he said: "That's too bad, lad—the chance of your lifetime; the favourite's nailed to the wall—he's not out for the brass to-day. I know the owner well—we're in the same stable. 'Ere, I've taken a fancy to you, young gentleman, and I'll lend you four ponies. The young gentleman is on that much in my bet, Blake. If Ludgate drops dead—that's the only way he can lose—you can give me an I. O. U. for the £100," he added, turning to Hempthill.

But the latter objected strenuously, and passing the five-pound note over to Blake, said: "I'll just bet the five sovs."

Coombs' face assumed a benign expression as he commanded: "Hurry away, Blake, and bet a pony of my brass for the young gentleman. Get it all on; and when Ludgate's won collect the yellow boys and bring them to me here."

Blake disappeared on a dog trot, darting through the mass of humanity with subtle twists and turns that indicated he was an old hand in the betting-ring.

"I'm going to slip out and tell my jock the money's down," Coombs said. "You can see the race from here, and I'll know where to find you when Ludgate's won."

Hempthill watched the back of his benefactor as the latter shoved his way stubbornly through the mob, a flattered feeling of equality with this owner or racehorses giving him a sense of superiority to the others in the enclosure, who, devoid of his knowledge, would most certainly lose their money.

PRESENTLY eight thoroughbreds came on to the course from beyond the grandstand, and by the colours he picked out the horse that was to fill his pockets with clinking yellow sovereigns. Ludgate was carded as being owned by Mr. Lester Bland, but that meant nothing; on a race card what was in a name—nothing. True, Ludgate was not an imposing creature; he was an angular, worn-out-looking quadruped that must certainly have passed his speediest days. However, horses did not win on their looks; if they did, such information as he had just happened upon would be totally unnecessary.

The start was from in front of the stand, and presently, amid the tumult of the momentary interested bettors, the horses scampered away down the course that was of the form of a bent safety-pin. As they disappeared into the bushes Hempthill could see the predominant crimson of Ludgate's jockey somewhat prominently in the rear. They were lost to view for a full minute; and then from the bushes on the run-in emerged black and green and blue, and finally (with unnecessary deliberation Hempthill thought) the blood-like splash of crimson that was a banner of many sovereigns.

Depression deadened the cheery feeling of insistent luck that had suffused the boy's heart. He cast a quick look about—there was no sign of the

man who had coached him in this enterprise. A suspicion that perhaps he had happened upon a racing sharp flashed through the youth's mind.

The enclosure was in an uproar; a solid array of fat backs and bull-like necks obliterated the view. Unusual cries of "He's down!" "Oh! What is it—what fell?" came in hoarse gasps from all over the ring. Then the course, that was up-hill, gave to the eye the horses—some of them, for there were only three left in the race. The boy rubbed his eyes half doubtfully—there was the crimson silk jacket in the lead. Now Ludgate had won; yes, he had won, for a bookmaker, with a satisfied chuckle, sputtered in a fat voice: "I've bloody well skinned the cat this trip—Ludgate's got it, an' I 'aven't got a shillin' to pay out—never wrote 'is name once!"

Hemphill felt a pang of remorse for his momentary suspicion of the man who had befriended him. He fell to discussing mentally that twenty-five-pound bet; had he definitely agreed to its placing—would he receive five hundred sovereigns in addition to the hundred for his own five-pound note? By jove, what a win—six hundred pounds! He'd give Blake not five, but twenty-five.

Then he waited for the coming of Ludgate's owner, and the rabbit-faced Blake, whose attenuated form would be bowed down with its load of golden wealth.

The youth waited ten minutes—half an hour; other races were won and lost as he waited, an hour—two hours.

At the end of five years of waiting the rooked one, now matured into a magnificent specimen of athletic manhood, loitering through the paddock at Kempton Park, heard a voice that stirred a reminiscent memory, say: "By jove, how are you, Captain?"

One look into the piercing grey eyes that were rather deeply set in the speaker's face convinced Hemphill that at last he had chanced upon his quondam friend, Coombs. There was an extraordinary difference in attire that, in itself, would almost have upset this conviction, for Coombs was dressed with an exact conventionality of smart outfit; he would have passed for a rich brewer, or a city alderman.

INTO Hemphill's mind crept a tiger-like sense of capture; the very security of his position imbued him with a desire to wipe off the outstanding debt slowly and at leisure. Worldly sophistication had rubbed the peach-bloom somewhat from his cheeks during the past five years. Ordinarily he would have returned such a greeting with a cold stare, but he knew that Coombs had not recognised him as a former victim, and so, with charming naivete, he held out a strong hand, saying, "By jove! glad to see you again. Really—pon my word, though, to be candid, I confess I've"—

Coombs nodded pleasantly, smiled and answered: "I thought you'd forgotten me, Captain. We met last year in London. My name is Brainerd—Squire Brainerd. I've been over in America organising a big brewery company, so I suppose that's why we've not met oftener."

"I wondered where you had disappeared to," Hemphill remarked, truthfully enough. "You had a money-making deal on when we last met. You remember my name, of course—Captain Enwood?"

"Ha! ha!" Brainerd laughed. "Remember your name? I should say so, after that dinner at the 'Troc.' And touching the subject of viands, I've got a snack in my box. What do you say to a glass of Simpkin, a leg of capon, and perhaps a salad? The truth of the matter is, Sir Charles Barton and a cousin of President Roosevelt, with his wife and daughter, a charming girl, were to have been my guests, but at the last moment Sir Charles was taken ill, and I'm all alone."

"By Jove! awfully good of you, old chap. I'm all alone, too. Our fellows have a cricket match on to-day"—

"What luck," Brainerd enjoined, as the two, huge in the delight of this charming and altogether apocryphal reunion, swung along from the paddock up into the stand, and down the aisle to Brainerd's box, which was actually in existence.

"Of all the cool audacity!" Hemphill muttered, as, following the back he had last seen disappearing from the five-shilling ring at Alexandra Park, he passed into the box and observed the elaborate luncheon his host was master of. He cast furtive glances all about, half suspicious that Brainerd, Coombs-like, had taken momentary possession of some other man's castle. But the quite-at-home demeanor of Brainerd as he opened a bottle of champagne and filled Hemphill's glass, dissipated this idea. He was simply playing a bigger game, that was all.

So the guest with a chuckle of satisfaction, settled himself down to an enjoyment of the goods and the situation his recrudescing benefactor had provided, thinking as he sipped a glass of Pommery, "I can get five pounds' worth of entertainment out of this anyway."

"Ave another glass, Captain." The elided aspirate, so unexpectedly truant, startled both speaker and listener. Brainerd, in his eagerness, had been caught off guard. "You'll excuse my rushing you, Captain," he interjected hastily, "but an American owner, one of the big wigs from across the pond, who dined with President Roosevelt's cousin and me last night, has a horse starting to-day that they're going to make one of their Yankee killings with, and just to oblige the gentleman, I promised to bet two thousand pounds for him."

"I seldom bet over a thousand, myself," Hemphill remarked, sprinkling his salad with a dust of cayenne; "devilish risky game, you know, to say nothing of the infernal crush of the betting ring. I'd rather go through a football scrimmage."

"Ah, but you really must have another sip, Captain." Brainerd pleaded, as he tipped the gold-necked bottle over his guest's glass, which the latter in expostulation had covered with his hand.

Brainerd had his way; as the wine frothed, remarking: "As you say, Captain, it is risky if one doesn't know something. Now I seldom bet a thousand pounds myself, even on my own, but this Yankee horse they brought over to win the Derby, he went off and they never started him. Then they kept his form dark for a killing that would make the Britishers talk. They're a havericious lot, the Yanks, and would rather win a big bit of brass (ah 'brass': how reminiscent of Coombs that is, Hemphill thought) than take the Derby home to New York."

"By Jove! and they do clean up over here every now and then. I saw that Plunger Walton chap sitting on the lawn after Iroquois won the Derby, and a market gardener's basket wouldn't have held the sheaf of bank notes he had about him."

"There you are Captain!"—Brainerd's eyes gleamed with satisfaction; his victim was actually an accomplice; he was so easy. "Yes, Captain," Brainerd continued, "and that's just what we'll be up to to-day."

"What's the horse's name?" Hemphill asked, innocently.

"Ah, Captain, don't make me break me word. I passed it that I wouldn't breathe it to a soul, and it don't make no difference if we're on, does it?"

"Not a bit," Hemphill concurred, dissecting a cherry tart.

"It's no sign of a gentleman to be in a rush," Brainerd delivered, "but, as Shakespeare puts it, 'Time's money,' and my trainer's starting a horse in this race that he thinks pretty well of. I'm going to have four ponies on him, just for pastime. 'Ere, I'll tell you his name, my trainer wrote it down in my betting book, Lysander—yes, that's the horse. He's a bit tricky, but if he's in the humour he'll gallop home. I expect 10 to 1 for mine."

BRAINERD hung expectantly after rising from his chair, but Hemphill, lighting one of the large Havanas he had taken from an open box, said, indifferently: "Good! You're a thorough sport, Mr. Brainerd; think I'll wait a bit; this extraordinary good luncheon has made me lazy. We'll see what's doing in the next race. Anyway, we'll go at the Yankee good thing in proper shape."

Brainerd slipped out, and a little later returned, saying: "Tom tells me not to have a bet on Lysander to-day. The horse is in a bad mood and didn't clean up his corn last night."

Tom, whoever he might be, was certainly a very wise individual, for Lysander was hopelessly beaten.

"There you are, Captain," Brainerd cried complacently as Lysander wobbled in last, "inside information is the only thing is racing. I never bet without it. The clever division 'ad their brass down on Lysander, but Tom saved mine."

"What's doing in this race?" Hemphill asked, scanning his programme for the next.

"Now what would you think, Captain?"

"I hardly know," Hemphill drawled; "our fellows were all quite cocky over Ormula for this handicap."

Brainerd's face lighted up with satisfaction. "There you are, Captain, and to-night at your club you'll be the only winner in your regiment. This is the race for the Yankee good thing."

"By Jove! really?"

Brainerd nodded. "Yes, this is the place to have your thousand pounds down. But we mustn't forestall Colonel Blackman—that's the owner. We'll

just have to work the commission quietly. I can whisper to Bookmaker Fry and he'll take a thousand quid, Cooper'll take another, Harris and Thompson a thousand each. That's be two thousand for the Colonel, your thousand and a thousand of my brass."

"The very thing!" Hemphill declared, enthusiastically. "You save a chap all worry. Wish I'd met you five years ago."

"I dare say you'd have been money in pocket, Captain, if you had."

"Well, it's never too late to mend. Unfortunately I've only got a hundred pounds in my pocket, so I'll have to bet on the nod. Just tell Fry to book a thousand pounds to me on—What did you say the horse's name was, Squire Brainerd?"

"It would never do," the other objected. "We're betting the 'ready' this trip. There might be an objection before next Monday, settling day, and we'd never get a penny," and Brainerd winked mysteriously at Hemphill.

"I don't understand," the latter objected.

"Well, this horse won in America as a 2-year-old, and the handicapper doesn't know about that, so he's just thrown him into this handicap with a bus driver's badge on him—made him a present of the race. It isn't the owner's fault, but there's sure to be a jolly row about it when it leaks out. But we'll have the brass in hand if we bet ready money now, and if you only have a hundred pounds handy, I'll put that on for you, though you ought to have a thousand down. Nevada is the horse—he's in with six-stun-ten, and he could win with nine-stun on his back."

H EMPHILL had shifted his chair fair across the entrance to the box. Now he deliberately lighted a fresh cigar, blew a cloud of smoke upward, smiled good humouredly at his host, and said quietly: "Well, Mr. Coombs, I've enjoyed your most excellent luncheon—Pommery is my favourite wine; your taste in cigars meets mine exactly—this is a capital Cubana; I've enjoyed your company, as you will understand when I say that I've waited the matter of five years for this pleasure."

Brainerd stared. Even as yet no recognition had flashed upon him.

"Ever since Ludgate won at Alexandra Park, Coombs, I've had a tremendous desire to finger that six hundred pounds."

"Ludgate?" The shrewd face of the racing man had gone dull grey. The name Ludgate had acted as a shibboleth proving his guest to be the victim he had rooked five years before.

He made a weak bluff. Rising, he said: "You've 'ad a bit too much wine, I'm thinking; let me pass, please. I'm in a hurry to have a bet on this horse."

"Coombs!" Hemphill's voice was quietly compelling, backed up by broad shoulders that now towered above the racing man. "You never bet a shilling of that five pounds I gave your accomplice, for you thought Ludgate had no chance, and you know that Nevada is outclassed in this handicap, and thought to rook me for five hundred more, so you'll hand over five pounds or I'll take you by the collar and march you out to a bobby. The luncheon goes by way of interest."

Coombs stood for a second eyeing Hemphill solemnly; then he drew forth a five-pound note and handed it to the other man, saying: "You needn't have wasted the whole bloomin' afternoon on me, sir; that's what I call Whitechapel."

How Punch was Impressed

MR. WILLIAM LOCKE'S new play, "The Man From the Sea," recently had its first night in London, with Robert Lorraine, the actor-aviator, in the lead. "M," in Punch, takes a fling at the performance.

Mr. Locke struck the wrong note for me in the first act, when he persuaded Ruth and Daisy to skip into the dean's garden at Durdleham, announce with a swing of the racquet that they were about to play a set, and then skip out again. There are certain stage conventions which I am just learning to overlook; as, for instance, that every man who has read a letter taps it before he puts it back in his pocket; or that it is impossible for a man to tell the time without extending his watch in the palm of his left hand and supporting both with his right. But when a stage lawn tennis player skips into no matter how realistic a drama, then, as far as I am concerned, the illusion goes. Ruth, I am sorry to say, was always skipping about the stage.

AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

A DEPARTMENT MAINLY FOR WOMEN

Oh, Grey and Tender is the Rain.

OH, grey and tender is the rain,
That drips, drips on the pane!
A hundred things come in the door,
The scent of herbs the thought of yore.

I see the pool out in the grass,
A bit of broken glass;
The red flags running wet and straight,
Down to the little flapping gate.

Lombardy poplars tall and three,
Across the road I see;
There is no loveliness so plain
As a tall poplar in the rain.

But oh, the hundred things and more,
That come in at the door!—
The smack of mint, old joy, old pain,
Caught in the grey and tender rain.

—Lizette Woodward Reese.

Some Modern Homes.

THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL, to judge from some recent achievements in this direction, seems to be changing its character and becoming more or less the House Wonderful. Memories of Hanlon's "Superba," with the agile acrobats who discovered doors in the ceiling, cupboards on the floor, and beds behind pictures are conjured up as we walk around one of these extremely modern structures, where not an inch of space has been lost, where endless contrivances in the way of drawers, shelves, "hangers," "hooks" and pegs attest to the ingenuity of the architect (usually the owner himself) and make other people who may chance to live in a large, square, unimaginative house jealous of these conveniences. Still an immense improvement has taken place in do-

the daily gossip with the milkman and baker; bells that ring on tables and lights that flicker in the darkest parts of cellars; all these are part of the modern House Wonderful. The magic carpet and the "magic" lamp are nothing beside these everyday marvels now installed in many houses. A door in such a mansion is no longer just a door; it may be masquerading as a door, and be in reality something entirely different, and it may fulfil its function as a door and yet be the "open sesame" to haunting mysteries behind. A cupboard may hold two more cupboards within, like the wonderful ivory ball of the Orient. A large recess that looks like an ingle nook can be opened and made to reveal countless stores of glittering silver and flowered china; it is really the sideboard. The tables and chairs look normal; let us hope that they may prove so. The windows slide in and out of the side of the wall—a startling innovation—and as they are small and set high up with latticed panes, hardly any curtains are required; a point scored in economy, to be sure, when we remember the heavy and elaborate hangings of our youth. Very little furniture is required in such a house, for everything is "built in"; recesses and shelves for books, cupboards for china and the ingle seats are receptacles for newspapers and toys. In justice, one must assert that much dust, much work and much anxiety are thus abolished. Only one thing seems to move about on legs as of yore, and that is the piano. No doubt the "built in" instrument will shortly arrive which would indeed be a saving of toil on the part of the expressmen. We also suggest the moving staircase as the very latest cry in construction of dwellings, and commend the idea to housekeepers as well as visitors to departmental stores. In the meantime, the paradise of domestic help seems to have arrived. What will the stage parlour maid do when there are not more "legs" to dust, as she so smartly does in a cap and apron with pockets, for fully ten minutes in the first scene before the members of the family appear? This is a point for the stage manager of the future to observe and act upon.

"SERANUS."

Melba in the West.

MADAME MELBA has scored a great success in Western Canada on her recent trip. In Winnipeg she was accorded a great reception and the box office receipts amounted to seven thousand dollars. This is said to constitute a new record for Canada. Further, it is said that two thousand people were turned away, and many mail orders from outside points could not be filled. Indeed, her manager was so well satisfied with the generous support accorded to the famous prima donna that he announced at the close of the concert that Melba would return to Winnipeg on October 11th.

In Saskatoon, Melba had a similar experience. The opera house was almost mobbed, although seats were five dollars each, without regard to their geographical location in the hall. Melba's manager must have carried at least five thousand dollars out. These experiences prove two things. First, that the people of the West appreciate a first-class artist in the musical line, and secondly, that the small crop of this year has not effected their ability and willingness to pay prices which would intimidate Toronto and Montreal music lovers.

Feminine Influence.

PARIS—and the rest of the world—had its laugh when a few women undertook to earn their living by cab-driving. But the women have succeeded; they make the living they are after, and incidentally better the lot of the Paris cab horse—never a very happy one—as far as they can. It is said in one of the cab stables that a certain horse regarded as so vicious that no man driver would use him, has by a woman's kind and gentle treatment been so tamed that it is one of the best animals in the stable.

Soldier and Cabinet Minister.

THE Rt. Hon. Winston Leonard Spencer Churchill, who became a Cabinet Minister the same year he became a benedict, is famous both as soldier and author. He entered the army in 1895, and had taken part in no fewer than five campaigns before he had attained his thirtieth year. He was a lieutenant in the South African Light Horse

when taken prisoner by the Boers. The row of ribbons on his breast in the accompanying photograph indicate the extent of his services. In 1908 he married Clementine, daughter of the late Colonel Sir H. M. Hozier. Her mother was Lady Blanche Ogilvy, daughter of the seventh Earl Airlie. Mrs. Churchill is said to be a well-balanced woman, and to exert a considerable influence both in her home and in the circle in which she and her husband move.

Work of Women's Council.

AN outline of the excellent work accomplished during the past four years by the Local Council of Women, Toronto, was given by the president, Mrs. Huestis, in an address at Victoria, B. C., during her recent visit to the West, in which she ac-



PRINCESS PATRICIA, OF CONNAUGHT.

Rumour stated she might be married to King Manuel of Portugal, but the Revolution has settled that. Perhaps she will soon be a hostess at Rideau Hall, Ottawa.



MR. AND MRS. WINSTON CHURCHILL.

They attended the recent Army Manoeuvres at Salisbury Plain, as the guests of General Sir John French.

mestic architecture during the last ten years, and no one quarrels with these delightful additions that meet one at every turn. Automatic letter boxes that are ready to deliver a missive right on to your lap wherever you may be seated; automatic furnaces and refrigerators; contrivances for evading

complicated the members of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association. Mrs. Huestis stated that it was due to the efforts of their body that trained nurses had been provided to visit the public schools in Toronto, to examine the children and advise mothers with regard to the health of their children. In May last sixty women attended a meeting of the trustees with the intention of convincing the board that the whole work of public school inspection should not be placed in the hands of one person. As a consequence Dr. Helen MacMurchy was appointed to assist Dr. Graham in his work in this respect.

They had been instrumental in providing that mentally defective children should be removed to private schools, where they would receive proper attention and not interfere with the progress of others. Also in securing the by-law to provide for pure water supply. The pure milk question has been dealt with and progress made toward procuring better conditions of stables and a cleaner supply of milk. Investigation has been made into the crowded districts of Toronto, and many of the old buildings have been pulled down and new houses erected. A home has been built for working girls at a cost of \$50,000, and plans for a similar institution are being discussed. Playgrounds have been established—ten in four years—with young, energetic, and resourceful supervisors in attendance.

The address was received most enthusiastically and a hearty vote of thanks was tendered to Mrs. Huestis, who urged that work of this kind should be taken up by the women of other Canadian cities, and especially in Victoria.

DEMI-TASSE

Newslets.

MONSIEUR HENRI BOURASSA simply refuses to keep quiet. Now, he wants the French-Canadians to do business with French-Canadian banks only. His next move will be to ask his fellow-countrymen to propose to none but *demoiselles* of their own blood. We recommend to Henri the famous lines by Tom Moore:

"Shall I fly from the heretic girl of my soul
To seek somewhere else a more orthodox kiss?
No! Perish the laws or the standards which try
Truth, valour, or love, by a standard like this!"

The Toronto Globe has a correspondent in Haldimand County who gathered a crop of strawberries on September 28th. There's a tree in Ottawa which bears plums all the year round.

The Canadian cruiser, Rainbow, has arrived at the Punta Arenas in Chili. It was a cold day when it flashed into that harbour.

Just as we have nicely recovered from the Halley's Comet scare, the cholera makes us sit up. Life is nothing more than one microbe after another.

A reporter interviewed Sir Henry Pellatt on his return from England with the Q. O. R., concerning the stock market, and was quite disappointed because the worthy knight knew nothing about English business conditions. The next think we know, one of those imaginative reporters will be asking Colonel Sam Hughes about the crops.

There has been a row on the Rhine and the police have been called out. Now, if it had only been the Liffey or the Boyne, we could understand it.

A man in New York State was almost buried beneath a mass of granulated sugar. "Who's afraid to die?" sighs the small boy.

Gifford Pinchot in a recent oration in Tennessee declares that there is a spirit of unrest in the United States. We know. Its name is Theodore Roosevelt.

Whitney Comes Home.

SIR JAMES has come back to the Park. The flag is flying free; He shakes the hand of J. J. Foy. While Hanna smiles in glee.

Sir James talks not of politics, Nor does he loudly blow; But merely says the London fogs Are beastly, don't you know.

Correspondence.

ANXIOUS AMELIA: "Would you kindly tell me whether I had better marry a theological student with a bad cough or a young man in a law office who smokes cigarettes?"

Dear Amelia, you have indeed given us a dangerous and difficult task. A theological student is so apt to develop into a young minister, and the clerical salary is a mere drop in the bucket when it comes to settling with the butcher and pacifying the iceman. Then a bad cough is a distressing complaint, which is invariably an expensive habit, as cough-drops easily run away with a dollar in the year. Yet we hardly like to advise the legal gentleman who displays a fondness for cigarettes, as he may become a slave to the nicotine habit and deprive you of an allowance for chocolates and ice cream sodas in a mad frenzy to obtain more cigarettes. Men are sometimes lamentably selfish, and, altogether, we think it would be better for you to set your affections on an editor who leads the simple life.

Merry Widow: "How long should I wear weeds? Of course I do not wish to appear unfeeling or anything like

that. But I am sure that poor, dear George is better off, and I am getting rather tired of heavy black. It makes me look decidedly sallow."

Mrs. —, you have our sincere sympathy, as we know just how trying unrelieved black can be, unless one's complexion is feeling as fresh as paint. Weeds are a relic of barbarism, like rice at a wedding. Still it is just as well to preserve a few relics. Do not discard the weeds until hope begins to flower in your desert heart.

* * *

As It Seems To Us.

ONE of these days our cousins across the line will settle down enough to realise that all this time they should



Constable: "What are you saluting for? I'm not your officer."
New Boy Scout: "I know; but you'll do all right to practise on."—M.A.P.

have been referring to the new political element as insurgentlemen.

Archdeacon Madden, of Liverpool, says that the British Empire stands for peace, progress and purity. That's all right, but what we're not tickled to death about is that the United Kingdom stood for Roosevelt.

How can the trip of the Queen's Own Rifles have been a success seeing that they failed to set Ireland free?

Prof. Adam Shortt, of Ottawa, thinks that wireless can be used for locating ore bodies. Wireless, it appears, is to become an ore oracle.

Radium is now valued at \$2,100,000 an ounce. Aren't you glad that the furnace is satisfied to burn coal?

"Ante up, Andy," says *The Telegraph*. of Welland, which town wants \$20,000 from Carnegie for a library. And Welland immediately put its ear to the ground, hoping to hear the founder of libraries saying, "I'll raise you."

The French Governor of Madagascar is to inaugurate a postal service on the island. Now looms up for the happy Madagascarite the prospect of having a husky book delivered, from a height

of two miles, on the back of his neck.

The newly-constituted Chinese Senate was opened a few days ago. Canada's tip to China is that it's one thing to constitute a Senate and another thing to reform it.

If the earth were equally divided, each of us would have about 23½ acres. What's the use? Our share would probably be somewhere in the region where Dr. Cook says he discovered the North Pole.

"Motorists must stop speeding," is the latest order in Toronto. The next will be "Dogs must stop barking."

The troubles in Portugal and the rumblings in the land of the Don settle it—after this our "castles in Spain" will be "made in Germany."

* * *

Childhood's Bugbear.

DOWN the main street of the big city walked the little lad and his dad, but the little fellow seemed sad or thoughtful.

"What's wrong with Bobby?" asked dad.

"I wish I was an electric sign, daddy," was the surprising answer.

"An electric sign?"
"Yes, daddy. They never forget how to spell."

* * *

Working Knowledge.

ALTHOUGH the joke is on himself, a prominent Brantford, Ont., manufacturer considered this one too good to keep. He and a man who is head of another Brantford industry spent the summer on the continent, and while in Italy they decided to take in Grand Opera.

They were feeling at peace with the world and happy in it, so while they should have been helping everybody else in the audience to preserve absolute silence, they carried on quite a conversation. Their feeling of good fellowship taking in more than themselves, the one who tells this incident turned to the Italian in the next seat and, with a view to starting a conversation, asked, "Do you speak English?"

The Italian's answer promptly closed the conversation. He said, "Yes, I know very good English. Shut up!"

* * *

Didn't Want Roosevelt.

THROUGH our own exclusive, copyright, patented, protected service we have just received the following:

In an African jungle a patient professor, who for years has made a study of monkey language, obtained, a few days ago, an item of news, the getting of which marks the opening of a great new field of news gathering. In conversation with an exceptionally intelligent monkey he learned that when Teddy Roosevelt left Africa the wild animals gathered together in a huge open space and held a celebration, at which speeches congratulating the animal audience on still being alive were given. When a giraffe stated that Roosevelt had returned to America, a zebra called for three cheers, which were given as follows: "Hip, hip, hippopotamus! Hip, hip, hippopotamus! Hip, hip, hippopotamus!" And as the cheering died down a gnu cried out, "And a tiger!"

* * *

Happy Mr. Brown.

"**MR. BROWN'S** in good spirits," they said, and we knew there was cause for his not feeling down;

'Twould have been rather queer if he hadn't felt glad

When the best of good spirits were in Mr. Brown.

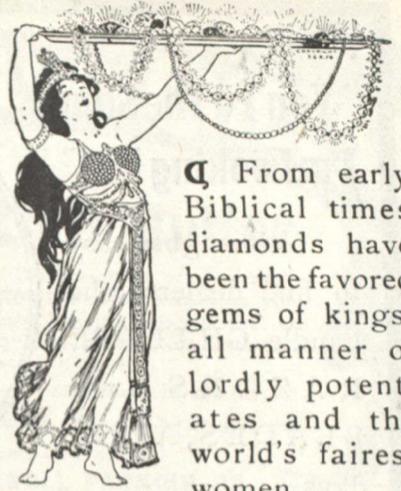
* * *

To Him Who Waits.

"We don't take father to the theatre any more on Saturday nights."

"Is it because by the end of the week he's too tired for that?"

"No. He laughs out in church."



Q From early Biblical times diamonds have been the favored gems of kings, all manner of lordly potentates and the world's fairest women.

Q Diamonds depreciate in value less than money itself—they have a fixed worth everywhere.

Q Whether you wish to purchase for investment or adornment, you'll find our stock replete with groups and single stones of marvellous brilliancy.

KENTS' LIMITED
DIAMOND MERCHANTS
144 YONGE STREET
TORONTO

MENNEN'S
NARANGIA
Talcum Powder

For sale everywhere or mailed on receipt of 25c. Sample Free.

Delicately Scented with the rich fragrance of Orange Blossoms

FROM THE

OLD COUNTRY

Everything for everybody, from a tin-tack to an air-ship, at the world's lowest prices. Send for our Catalogues and save money. Departmental Lists post free anywhere. Our big and comprehensive general list sent post free anywhere on receipt of 25c.

GAMAGES
HOLBORN, LONDON, E.C., ENGLAND

Shaw's Schools

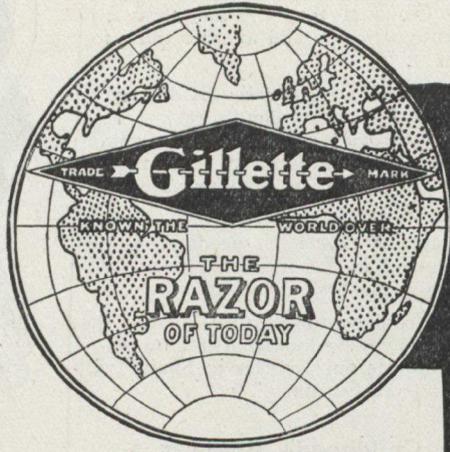
Central Business College and Branches
Central Telegraph School
Shaw's Correspondence School
Toronto

all prepare young people to succeed in life. Catalogues on request. Address
W. H. SHAW, - - PRESIDENT.

In answering advertisements mention Canadian Courier

**"You're The Sign
I'm Looking For"**

It's mighty easy to find dealers who handle GILLETTE RAZORS and BLADES, these days.



**The big blue, yellow and black signs of
The Gillette Safety Razor**

stand out like the head-light of a locomotive.

Dealers were quick to put up these attractive signs, because the men have gotten the daily-shave habit and they want GILLETTE RAZORS and BLADES.

"GILLETTE" is the pass-word that admits you into The Order Of Easy Shavers.

Gillette dealers will gladly explain all the exclusive features of the "Gillette", or write us for booklets.

**GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR CO.
OF CANADA, Limited,
63 St. Alexander St., Montreal.**



174

PEOPLE AND PLACES

Tariff Extravaganza.

WRITERS on tariff who war from morn till night about articles exported and articles imported—who think in wire nails, turn out the driest copy of journalism. But sometimes, you know, in common-places there is humour. Just now there is a high comedy presented by Toronto *Telegram* and the *Globe* of that town.

You will remember that last spring the *Globe's* chief penman supped with the great of the Republic, and, it is said, whispered some very suggestive tariff sentiment into the Chief Executive's ear. And now for the past two weeks the clerical editor has been supporting a missionary on Broadway, and Boston's tubes, keeping in touch with the tariff religion of the Americans. This apostle has written home glorious epistles to his own people. He tells of terrible strife slumbering in potentiality; of the prowess of Theodore.

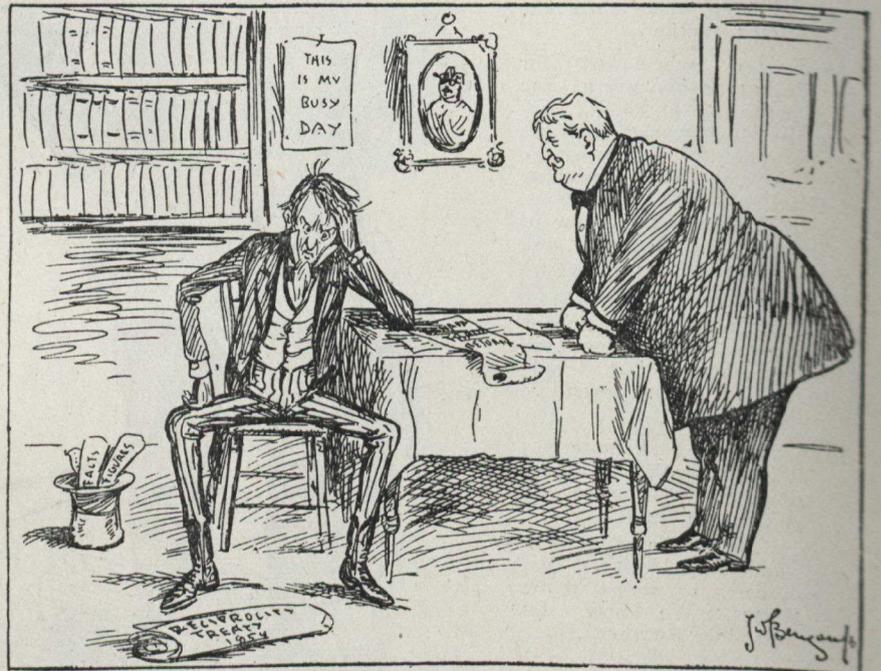
And the *Telegram's* editor shivers in his boots. At Theodore—who shall say it? But the pithy fashioner of

procity should fail. The success of such a line of action would bring Canada directly into the politics of the United States. And the less prominently Canada figures in the politics of the United States the better for the safety, peace and prosperity of our beloved land."

* * *

Sweet Girl Graduates.

WHILE the women of Canada have no voice to speak for them on the Government's Industrial Training Commission, yet they are making some heroic efforts to get their views over the platform. In Hamilton the other day the experts a-touring listened to some of the most lucid technical thoughts that have as yet penetrated their learned ears. That was a suggestion in regard to the servant girl. The ladies of Hamilton have it all mapped out—Barbara is to have a "degree." A degree is said to add dignity to life, to keep the possessor's head high and heart bold. Because they have a sheepskin packed away somewhere—that is why lawyers and nurses are influen-



THE INITIAL DIFFICULTY

Taft—What's the trouble, Uncle? You seem to have struck a hard proposition. U.S.—It is a tough point, William—how to propose Reciprocity to Canada without takin' the first step, and git them to give us somethin' fer nothin'—*Toronto Globe*

brief opinion sees the scent of battle in the *Globe's* Celtic chieftain's nostrils; and his myrmidon, the *Star*, lined up, rattling in his armour. And he cries, his prophetic lashes wet with tears, "Oh, my country!" and more in the same sad strain.

Under the heading "Foes to Canada's Safety," the editor of the *Telegram* lashes his typewriter furiously as follows:

"Canada's worst enemy is the *Globe-Star* type of organ, with its efforts to make this country an issue in the politics of the United States.

"Assume that Canada made a bargain with the United States, and the workings of that bargain were accompanied by depression, stagnation and hard times across the border.

"Canada would be cursed outside the doors of every idle factory in the United States. Canadian imports would be blamed for the misfortunes of American agriculture and industry in the market place of every depressed town across the border.

"Canada would be blameless. These curses would be unjust. Depression and hard times in the United States would be in no sense due to Canada's command of a share in the American market. The *Globe-Star* policy of bargaining and huckstering over reci-

tial citizens. Yes, it is all a question of degree. The stenographer tries exams., the school madame tries exams., but the servant girl has to pass no tests in cooking or bed-making—therefore she is unskilled labour; until her job demands certain requisite qualifications it will be done by underlings. And there will ever be the servant girl problem. Why such an important function of human endeavour as looking after the home should not be placed on the same plane as, for instance, nursing the sick, does not seem to have occurred to anyone seriously before—till certain ladies expressed themselves at Hamilton.

Mrs. Robert Evans, of that town advocates the establishment of a system of training for girls in the charge of homes. Some people thought at first Mrs. Evans was merely proposing an extension of the domestic science movement, which as yet has produced no servant girls. Not so, Mrs. Evans. She made it quite clear that what she wanted was the granting of diplomas to domestics who would try examinations calculated to raise the standard of their calling. Mrs. Evans made another good point. She would separate the residence of servant girls from their work. That was a move toward improving the



Mail Contract

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until Noon, on FRIDAY, 11th November, 1910, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years three times per week each way, between COLLINGWOOD and GIBRALTER from the 1st January next.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Offices of Collingwood, Gibraltar, Banks & Maits Mills and at the Office of the Post Office Inspector at Toronto.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,
Mail Service Branch
Ottawa, 23th September, 1910.
G. C. Anderson,
Superintendent



Mail Contract

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until Noon, on Friday, the 11th November 1910, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years six times per week each way, between FEVERSHAM and FLESHERTON from the Postmaster General's pleasure.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Offices of Feversham, Rock Mills, Maxwell, Flesherton, and at the Office of the Post Office Inspector at Toronto.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,
Mail Service Branch
Ottawa, 27th September, 1910.
G. C. Anderson, Superintendent

**"CEETEE"
UNDERWEAR**

**Once worn—
Always worn**

Those who know the comfort and perfect fit of "Ceetee" Underclothing will wear no other.

Ask your dealer to show you "Ceetee." In all sizes for men, women and children.

The C. Turnbull Co. of Galt, Limited
Manufacturers—Estb. 1859 2805 Galt, Ontario





That your UNDERWEAR is "HEWSON" means just this

you're wearing a knitted garment of pure, soft, flexible wool; you have the guarantee of perfect fit and wear, and you couldn't have made a wiser choice in any event.

The Hewson label is only affixed to Underwear that is thoroughly inspected before leaving our mill and thus fully interprets everything we claim.

Hewson Underwear costs no more than other makes, whereas, its real "value" cannot be estimated. See that you get the best.

HEWSON WOOLEN MILLS, Limited
AMHERST, N.S.

KELSEY

WARM AIR GENERATOR

The great battery of Zig-Zag Heat Tubes gives the Kelsey more than double the heating surfaces of the ordinary furnace—Reducing coal bills 20 to 30 per cent.—Distributing immense volumes of evenly warmed air uniformly to every room. No cold rooms—no overheated rooms. The Kelsey system costs less than steam or hot water to install, less for fuel, repairs and operation, and you have fresh air all the time, not the same air heated over and over a Kelsey is durable and easy to operate.

35,000 KELSEYS have been installed in home of all sizes, the finest residences, schools and churches.

The Jas Smart Mfg. Co. Limited. Brockville, Ont.

COSGRAVE'S HALF AND HALF



is rich in food value and its delightful flavor is the result of the finest grains and hops scientifically brewed

At all dealers and hotels.

Bottled Only at the Brewery

METALLIC CEILING
WRITE FOR PRICES
METALLIC ROOFING CO.
LIMITED
TORONTO, CANADA

caste of domestics. There was one thing that Mrs. Evans did not tackle and it's a sore subject with servant girls, and that is the question of hours. The office girl works from nine to five. The servant girl is on her feet from seven—till the whims of her mistress are satisfied. The time question involves to some extent that of residence. The servant girl is always in the house within easy call, which is the reason she is summoned to tasks so often. She should have office hours.

* * *

Tracing the Alaskan Boundary.

THE rod men, the transit men—long on mathematics—the chain men, the Canadian chaps who are busy figuring out Canada's boundary line up by Uncle Sam's Alaska, are filing one by one down from Dawson to Vancouver. The mercury is dropping. The season of 1910 is over. They are going home to camp fires on the transcontinentals—soft snaps those eastern jobs! And some of them are going to stay up there on the circle with the lure of the greedy devil Roulette.

The work of 1910 almost ends the boundary marking. The line of the nations which divides British Columbia and the Alaskan side—from Portland Canal to Mount St. Elias has been staked out. Between Yukon Territory and Alaska from the mount to the north governmental tracery trails along the one hundred and forty-first meridian into the icebergs of the Arctic. This summer, north of the mountains up to the Porcupine River, the engineers have been giving an account of themselves—progress excellent. Northward now to the ocean, and *au revoir* to the Alaskan boundary.

How is the Arctic farmer to know when he is in his own country? The surveyors carry monuments with them. These are placed along the line and are of sufficient size to absorb the whole content of a patriot's consciousness, weighing often three thousand pounds. Cutting a slice out of the vista is another method in vogue. The topographical features of the country for two miles on both sides of the line are written down on maps.

The big Alaska job is no cinch. Difficulties of transportation is one of the least of the setbacks before the international surveyors. Canadian and American engineers smooth out the boundary together. The government of the United States and that of the Dominion each puts up half the price.

* * *

Studying Democracy in the Rough.

HERE is a chap with stuff in him. His name is Kuno van Holstein-Rathlon. Can you pronounce it? He is a Count in his own right; owns an estate and hounds at Rathlonsdal in Jutland; and could strut about with a monocle. But he wants neither the estate, nor the hounds nor the monocle—at least at present. Kuno von Holstein-Rathlon is a bricklayer in a certain Canadian town. His family just lately got wind of it. Two Danish chaps, the other day, met him mixing bricks out in the sunshine. His face was smoky, his overalls and hands red with brick dust. He doesn't care. He won't come home. He says he's studying democracy—in the rough. Not until he graduates will he ship across the Atlantic again.

What Kuno should really do if he wants to be a real Canadian pioneer with all the luxury of adversity and soul-hunger and all that sort of thing, is to open a studio and paint Canadian pictures for sale in Canada.

INGERSOLL CREAM CHEESE

Spreads Like Butter

You can buy twice the quantity of Ingersoll Cream Cheese in blocks for the same money as you would receive in jar cheese, besides, there is just as much difference in the quality in favor of Ingersoll Cream Cheese as there is in the price. Never becomes hard. Every particle can be consumed. Sold only in 15c and 25c blocks. For sale by all grocers.

Manufactured by
THE INGERSOLL PACKING CO. Limited
Ingersoll, Ontario
Canada

Water and Whisky

The delightful flavor of "Old Orkney" Whisky is due much to the pure water used in distilling it. Just as champagne owes its flavor to the peculiar conditions of soil and climate under which the grapes are grown, so "Old Orkney" Whisky owes much of its superiority to the pure water springing from the heather-clad hills of Orkney. We can honestly guarantee "Old Orkney" because we always hold a 10 years supply in our bonded warehouses and bottle every drop of it ourselves.

McCconnell's Distillery Limited
Dacre House, Arundel St.,
London, England.
Proprietors of
STROMNESS DISTILLERY
Orkney, Scotland.

OUR SUBSCRIBERS will confer a favor by reporting promptly any failure in the delivery of their copies of the Canadian Courier. City subscribers should receive theirs by not later than Friday evening. Out of town readers may assist by kindly giving the number on the label.

CIRCULATION DEPARTMENT

ECONOMY was our idea when we invented OXO Cubes.

Don't pay for water nor for bottles—get the Cubes. They hold all the nourishing and stimulating properties of rich beef.

Sold in Tins containing 4 and 10 Cubes. Two Free Samples sent on receipt of 2c. stamp to pay postage and packing. OXO is also packed in bottles for People who prefer it in fluid form.

25 Lombard St. Toronto. 41 Common St. Montreal.

Reasons for Buying Bonds

1. They afford, when properly selected, ample security.
2. Several different classes are available, the investor being able to suit his individual needs.
3. The interest on them varies from 4 to 6 per cent. per annum payable half-yearly.
4. They have a ready market and may be promptly sold if funds are required for other purposes.
5. The bonds we offer are the obligations of Municipalities and Corporations having assets of value many times exceeding their bond indebtedness.

Municipal Bonds yield 4 to 5 per cent.
 Corporation Bonds yield 5 to 6 per cent.
 Full particulars on request

A. E. AMES CO., LIMITED
 Investment Bankers
 7-9 King St. East, Toronto

Very Significant

AT THE LAST ANNUAL MEETING OF



the following very significant statement was made by the President of the Company, Mr. E. P. Clement, K.C. :-

"We adhere to the opinion so often expressed at our meetings that the **Security of the principal should be the paramount consideration.** As a result of this policy we are able to report that after **forty years of operation we have not lost a single dollar of our invested funds.**"

HEAD OFFICE - WATERLOO, ONT.

GOVERNMENT, MUNICIPAL and CORPORATION BONDS

Our lists comprise carefully selected offerings of the above securities, affording the investor from 4% to 6% interest return.

CORRESPONDENCE INVITED

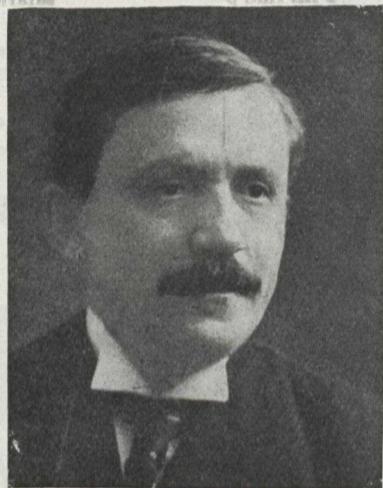
WOOD, GUNDY & CO.
 LONDON, ENG. TORONTO, CAN.

MONEY AND MAGNATES

Power Propositions Eastern Capitalists Are Carrying Out In Western Canada.

LOOKING out on what the Montreal capitalist is doing towards the industrial development of western Canada it quickly occurs to one on a trip through the West that just at the present time he is devoting particular attention to public utility concerns that come under the heading of electric power and electric lighting propositions.

Three points in particular he seems to have selected. They are Fort William, where the Kaministiquia Power Company is making arrangements to increase its power development in order to supply the growing market there is for electrical power in Fort William and Port Arthur.



Mr. C. R. Hosmer
 President C.P.R. Telegraphs

The power development which the Kaministiquia Power Company has out at Kakabeka Falls, some twenty miles out from Fort William, is one of the neatest and most attractive power developments to be found anywhere in Canada. Favoured in a very marked manner by the natural advantages in and about the falls, the engineers have taken full advantage of them in order to secure an installation that would be absolutely freed from such annoying troubles as ice and lightning. When an electrical power company was first talked of for Fort William and Port Arthur a great many Easterners expected it would be some time before the company would find a market for all the power it would secure from its first installation, but during the past few years industrial concerns have been giving particular attention to the advantages of locating either at Fort William or Port Arthur in order to cater to the great market of Western Canada, with the result that the Power Company is forced to go right ahead and arrange for the development of additional power. The Montreal men who were the first to act in their belief that there was a great future in store for an electrical power proposition at Fort William were some of the leading interests in the big Ogilvie Flour Mills Company, including Mr. C. R. Hosmer, the president of the latter company; Mr. F. W. Thompson, its vice-president and managing director, and Mr. S. H. Holt, one of the directors, who is also president of the Montreal Light, Heat and Power Company.

Farther west, the next point at which the Montreal capitalist is busy getting ready for the progress, a great centre is making, is Calgary. This proposition is one that was started by Mr. W. M. Aitken, the president of the Royal Securities Corporation, who has already successfully carried out some eight or nine electrical propositions in different parts of the world. The work on the plant of the Calgary Power Company is now being pushed rapidly forward at Horseshoe Falls, about fifty miles west of Calgary, and the transmission line into the city is being got ready so that everything will be in readiness when the power is turned on early in the spring of 1911. Few, if any, points in the provinces of Saskatchewan and Alberta are showing more substantial progress than Calgary, and out West the man who is in a position to know is satisfied that Calgary is destined to become just as great a city as Denver, resembling the latter already in one great respect inasmuch as it is the centre of some of the largest irrigation projects that are being carried out anywhere in the world. When one sees the substantial buildings erected in Calgary by the leading Canadian manufacturing and importing houses and has admired the handsome structures placed along its principal business thoroughfares by the leading chartered banks of the country one cannot but feel that before carrying out such big projects the men behind them satisfied themselves that there was a great future ahead of the city. Of course the power proposition that is being worked out at Calgary is not on the same scale as many of those one sees about the commercial centres of Eastern Canada, but it is one of those tidy ones that right from the outset should with comparative care show its bond interest earned a few times over. In other words, after the payment of its bond interest it should have a nice surplus over to be applied towards either the creation of a reserve or the payment of dividends on its stock.

Still farther west, at the extreme west, practically, the same Montreal group that is pushing things ahead at Calgary are also busy at Vancouver. The power development here is being constructed out at Stave Lake by a company that will be known as the Western Canada Power Company. When the company started out, again the average Easterner wondered how a market would be secured, more especially as it was known that the British Columbia Electric had been in the field for some years, and was already supplying a considerable amount of the available business. But then again Vancouver is going ahead at a rate that would seem incredible to almost everyone who has not had a chance of seeing it, with the result that it is understood the officials of Western Canada know pretty well where they will be able to place every single horse-power the company will secure from its first installation.

From the looks of things out West the Eastern capitalist manufacturer is evidently satisfied that the whole West is going to go ahead at a very rapid rate and in a manner that will justify the investment of a large amount of capital.

* * *

Winnipeg Electric and Municipal Opposition.

WHEN it became known that the city of Winnipeg was going in for an electrical power plant of its own the average shareholder of the Winnipeg Electric down in Ontario immediately decided that the company would lose one of its best customers. At first sight it seems almost natural to jump at such a conclusion.

An opportunity, however, of studying the conditions that exist in the

McCuaig Bros. & Co.
 MEMBERS MONTREAL STOCK EXCHANGE

Studies of leading corporations published weekly in circular form. General market review also given.

COPY MAILED ON APPLICATION

157 St. James St. - Montreal

PELLATT Members Toronto Stock Exchange
PELLATT Exchange

401 TRADERS BANK BUILDING

TORONTO

BONDS AND STOCKS also COBALT STOCKS BOUGHT AND SOLD ON COMMISSION

Private wire connections with W. H. GOADBY & CO., Members New York Stock Exchange.

Rodolphe Forget

Member Montreal Stock Exchange

83 Notre Dame St., Montreal

Carefully edited studies of leading Canadian securities mailed on application. Facts and figures compiled by experts.

Paris Office
 60 Rue De Province

St. Alban's School A Residential School for Boys. Three miles from Toronto. Visitor—Lord Bishop of Toronto. Large and beautiful grounds. Boys prepared for the University and Royal Military College. Special attention given to juniors and boys entering commercial life. Reopens Sept. 13th. For prospectus apply to M. E. Matthews, Head Master.

Chief Office for Canada: TORONTO
 ALFRED WRIGHT, Manager



IRISH & MAULSON, Limited
 Chief Toronto Agents

In answering advertisements mention Canadian Courier



Business Sense in Rifle Buying

Business sense backs up the feeling in favor of Canadians buying rifles built in Canada.

Ross Sporting Rifles

being made in Canada the duty is saved to the buyer. Then duplicate parts, new barrels, repairs, etc., can be secured promptly and without customs complications. And on merit alone "Ross" Rifles, both sporting and military models, hold their own against any rifles in the world. Dealers throughout the British Empire sell "Ross" Rifles.

\$25.00 and upwards

Free Illustrated Catalogues on request.

THE ROSS RIFLE COMPANY
QUEBEC, P.Q. 3-9-0



Insist that your dealer always send O'KEEFE'S "PILSENER"

"THE LIGHT BEER IN THE LIGHT BOTTLE" (Registered)

The O'Keefe Brewery Co. of Toronto, Limited

CANADIAN HOTEL DIRECTORY

The New Russell

OTTAWA, CANADA
250 rooms
American Plan \$8.00 to \$5.00.
European Plan \$1.50 to \$3.50.
\$150,000.00 spent upon Improvements

La Corona Hotel

(Home of the Epicure)
MONTREAL
European Plan \$1.50 up. John Healy Manager

King Edward Hotel

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

Grand Union Hotel

TORONTO, CANADA
Geo. A. Spear, President
American Plan \$2-\$3. European Plan \$1-\$1.50

Hotel Mossop

TORONTO, CANADA. F. W. Mossop, Prop.
European Plan. Absolutely Fireproof
RATES
Rooms without bath, \$1.50 up
Rooms with bath, \$2.00 up

Palmer House

TORONTO, CANADA H. V. O'CONNOR, Prop.
RATES
\$2.00 TO \$3.00

Calgary, Alberta, Can.

Queen's Hotel Calgary, the commercial metropolis of the Last Great West. Rates \$2.00 and \$2.50 per day. Free Bus to all trains. H. L. STEPHENS, Prop.

city of Winnipeg quickly leads one to the view that this municipal plant idea in Winnipeg is just about one of the best things that could have happened the Winnipeg Electric, and instead of being seriously affected by the installation of a municipal plant to look after the street lighting, it will benefit very greatly thereby.

The total amount of power which the city engineers expect to obtain from the proposed municipal plant is about 17,000 horse-power.

Now, the market for the output of the Winnipeg Electric is increasing at the rate of about 10,000 horse-power per year, so that it will be evident that just as soon as the city stops taking power from the company it will be able to find a very ready market for it. Besides, as a rule, about the most unsatisfactory contract a power company usually has is the one with the municipality in which it is operating, and in almost every instance the same amount of power could be marketed at a better rate and under more satisfactory conditions to a large number of small manufacturers. With the demand for electric power increasing at the rate it is in and around Winnipeg, it cannot be thought that the municipal project will in any way become a competitor for the Winnipeg Electric. The city for its various departments will require just about all the power it will secure from the proposed installation which will leave the entire industrial and mercantile field as well as the household and the street railway system for the Winnipeg Electric.

* * *

Canada, Bread Basket of Empire.

LAST week's issue of the *Canadian Farm* contains an interesting computation as to the bread possibilities of Canada's wheat crop. The article runs thus:

"Manitoba, Alberta and Saskatchewan produced last year almost 119,000,000 bushels of wheat. It takes five bushels of wheat to make a barrel of flour. Therefore that wheat crop is equivalent to 23,800,000 barrels of flour. Each barrel of flour makes 180 loaves of bread, weighing one and one-half pounds each. That flour, therefore, would make 4,284,000,000 loaves of bread. It is estimated that each person eats, on an average, about 130 of such loaves in a year. Finally, then, that amount of flour would keep almost 33,000,000 people in bread for a year. And as Canada's population is probably under 8,000,000, Canada could have spared bread last year for 25,000,000 people, or more than half the United Kingdom's population of between 45,000,000 and 46,000,000. Not only would Canada's wheat crop of last year have given bread to so many millions; the by-product of that great wheat crop would feed 212,000 horses for a year.

"In figuring out the foregoing no account has been taken of the wheat produced in the other provinces of Canada. Were that added, it would be seen that Canada could keep considerably more people of the Old Land in bread than has been stated. Canada's wheat-growing belt is four times the size of the United States, and, whereas the days of the prominence of the United States as a wheat exporting country are done, Canada is rapidly coming to the front in exporting. Western Canada's wheat production is five times what it was ten years ago. And Canada has sold Great Britain \$264,925,420 worth of grain in ten years."

Canada is certainly making progress in wheat production, and if immigration continues at its present rate, Professor Mavor's famous pessimistic report to the British Board of Trade will look like a last year's editorial in a party newspaper.



Boys Wanted!

To fill fine positions at good salaries as **Stenographers, Bookkeepers, Secretaries, Invoice Clerks and Office Assistants.**

We Can't Supply the Demand

for ambitious boys who have had our training. We have on file an even dozen unfilled calls from the leading business houses for such boys, at salaries ranging from \$6.00 to \$12.50 a week to start. We can't fill these vacant positions because all our boys are employed at good salaries. What we want is more boys to educate for these and other good paying positions. We need some bright girls too.

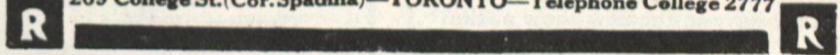
BETTER WRITE TO-DAY

for our rates and courses of study. Ask us for a list of our recent calls for office help. We will send you our new booklet and give you a

LESSON IN SHORTHAND OR PENMANSHIP FREE

REMINGTON BUSINESS COLLEGE

269 College St. (Cor. Spadina)—TORONTO—Telephone College 2777



The Associated Board OF THE Royal Academy of Music and Royal College of Music London - - England For Local Examinations in Music in the BRITISH EMPIRE Patron--HIS MAJESTY THE KING. The Annual Examinations in Practical Music and Theory will be held throughout Canada in May and June, 1911. An Exhibition value about \$500 is offered annually. Syllabus, Music for the Examinations, and all particulars may be obtained on application to M. WARING DAVIS, 87 Shuter Street, Montreal (Resident Secretary for Canada.)

The CANADIAN OFFICE & SCHOOL FURNITURE CO. PRESTON, ONT.
Manufacturers of High Grade Bank & Office Fixtures, School, Library & Commercial Furniture, Opera & Assembly Chairs, Interior Hardwood Finish Generally.

Lait-Larola
"Lait-Larola" is a perfect emollient milk quickly absorbed by the skin, leaving no trace of grease or stickiness after use. Allaying and soothing all forms of irritation caused by Frost, Cold Winds and Hard Water, it not only PRESERVES THE SKIN but beautifies the Complexion, making it SOFT, SMOOTH AND WHITE, LIKE THE PETALS OF THE LILY. The daily use of "Lait-Larola" effectually prevents all Redness, Roughness, Irritation and Chaps, and gives a resisting power to the skin in changeable weather. Delightfully Cooling and Refreshing after MOTORING, GOLFING, SKATING, CYCLING, DANCING, ETC.
Men will find it wonderfully soothing if applied after shaving.
M. BEETHAM & SON - - - CHELENTHAM, ENG.

"DAT NEW CENTURY WASHER SUAH DO CET DE DIRT OUT."—Aunt Salina.
The easy-running principle on which this washer is built is correct, and it will extract every particle of dirt from all descriptions of wearing apparel and household fabrics without injury to the goods, and without the use of acids. Sold by dealers everywhere. If you's doesn't handle it write direct.
"Aunt Salina's Wash Day Philosophy" is our new FREE book, and gives valuable hints and secrets about washing. Send postal for it to-day.
CUMMER DOWSWELL Limited HAMILTON - ONT.

Mail Contract
SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until Noon, on Friday the 18th November 1910, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails on a proposed Contract for four years 18 times per week each way, between LAMBTON MILLS and C. P. RAILWAY STATION from the 1st January next. Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Office of Lambton Mills and at the Office of the Post Office Inspector at Toronto.
POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT
Mail Service Branch.
Ottawa, 4th October 1910.
G. C. Anderson, Superintendent.

THE SCRAP BOOK

Modest Freshman.

A MEMBER of the faculty of a New England university tells of a freshman, who was asked by one of the professors whether he had proved a certain proposition in Euclid.

"Well, sir," responded the freshman, "'proved' is a strong word. But I *will* say that I have rendered it highly probable."

* * *

And Dad Was Wearing a Wig.

"YOUR father looks very nice with his grey hairs."

"Yes, dear old chap! I gave him those."

* * *

"Of Two Evils," Etc.

"I SEE your wife is wearing one of the new hobble skirts." "Yes. She gave me my choice between letting her wear a hobble skirt or do a barefoot dance for charity."

* * *

Sure Sign of Good Show.

BLOBBS.—That's a great chorus they have in the new show at the Hoity Toity Theatre. Slobbs—Yes, I knew the piece would be a success before the curtain had gone up two feet.

* * *

A Mark Twain Favourite.

A GOOD example of the kind of story Mark Twain used to like to weave into his after-dinner speeches was the tale of the drinker who unwillingly put in an application for a membership in a temperance society, sailed the next day on a three years' voyage, on which he kept his pledge in spite of longing and temptation, and returned to resign only to find that his name had been blackballed originally.

* * *

Too Early for Us.

"WHY do you call your new picture 'Dawn'?"

"Because," replied the young impressionist, "few people know what dawn looks like; hence they are likely to take my word for it."

* * *

His Only Virtue.

LITTLE Eleanor, who was very fond of chickens, stood crying over a dead rooster. Thinking that something good ought to be said, she remarked between her sobs: "He was always so glad when one of the hens laid an egg."

* * *

Legal Boomerang.

SOME years ago there was a trial for murder in Ireland in which the evidence was so palpably insufficient that the judge stopped the case and directed the jury to return a verdict of "not guilty." A well-known lawyer, however, who wished to do something for the fee he had received for the defence, claimed the privilege of addressing the court. "We'll hear you with pleasure, Mr. B—," said the judge; "but to prevent accident, we'll first acquit the prisoner."

* * *

Bernard Shaw at a Musicale.

BERNARD SHAW, who is not overfond of music, happened to be beguiled to a musicale given by a prominent London society woman, who, during the evening, found the author sitting disconsolate and bored in a corner of the room.

"Now, really, Mr. Shaw," said the

hostess, "don't you think this orchestra plays beautifully? These men have been playing together for eleven years."

"Eleven years?" repeated Shaw. "Haven't we been here longer than that?"

* * *

Ma and Pa Clash.

NEIGHBOUR—"What is all that row?"

Willie—"Ma's canning fruit, and pa's a food inspector, and he's trying to tell her how she ought to do it."

* * *

An Antiseptic Child.

LITTLE Walter was always carefully guarded against germs. The telephone was sprayed, the drinking utensils sterilised, and public conveyances and places were forbidden him.

"Father," he said one night, in a tone of desperation, "do you know what I am going to do when I grow up?"

"What?" asked his father, preparing himself for the worst.

"I'm going to eat a germ."

* * *

Getting Even.

O'I tell ye, Mither Mulcahy, there's only wan way to get aven wid a wumman, an' that's to pay her back in her own coin, wid a little bit av intherest added to ut."

"Thru' fur you, Mither Rafferty, but it's moighty few av us min as hev anny av that same coin to pay thim back wid."

"Mebbe so, mebbe so. Thin they're unfort'nit craythurs that's all, an' there's no hilp fur thim. But listen, an' Oi'll tell ye how Oi avened wid the missus wan toime. Now Oi niver carrve the mate at the dinner-table. The missus has alwuz done ut. On wan uv me birthdays, however, the missus gev me fur a prisint a beautiful carrvin' set. Sez Oi: 'Thank ye koindly, darlint'; but all the same, Oi winked me oye inside me head, an' Oi sez to mesilf: 'It's a quarther fur me, an' three-quarters fur yersilf, Mavoureen.' After a whoile the missus's birthday came round, an' Oi sez to mesilf: 'Here's a foine chance to aven up.' So Oi wint down town an' Oi bought a noice little lookin'-glass, an' Oi tuk it home and gev ut to the missus wid me compliments. She wuz delighted, an' said ut wuz the swatest lookin'-glass she had iver clapped eyes on. But, Mither Mulcahy, that same little lookin'-glass Oi had set me heart on fur more nor a month; fur it wuz nothin' more nor less than a shavin' mirror."

D. A. F.

* * *

His Home Town.

A LOCAL minister had had a serious time in fighting the saloon element in his town and had not been backed up in his efforts by the members of his own church. This with other troubles had led to his resignation and in announcing his departure at his farewell sermon said:

"I am going to do something the devil has never done." They wondered what it could be. "I am going to leave C—"

P. R. H.

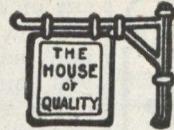
* * *

Evil Words.

(A Jingle.)

BY DEBORAH EGE OLDS.

Evil words are like the thistles,
Flying on their downy wings;
Small they are, yet, when they're
planted,
Grow to ugly, hurtful things.



Fairweathers FURS

Furs should not be judged merely by their strong features but by their record of service.

Critical examination of our furs, and their performance during 40 years of continued satisfaction to our customers shows they excel in ALL essentials.



- Mink Sets - - - - 55.00 to 350.00
- Mink Muffs - - - - 35.00 to 175.00
- Fur Hats - - - - 30.00 to 100.00
- Ladies Fur-lined Coats 35.00 to 175.00

Write for Fur Catalogue "W"

See also our Fall Styles in Paris Millinery, and Ladies' Outer Apparel.

Fairweathers Limited

297-299 Portage Ave.
WINNIPEG

84-86 Yonge St.
TORONTO

485-487 St. Catherine W.
MONTREAL

Home DYEING
Is the way to
Save Money
and
Dress Well
Try it!
Simple as Washing
with
DYOLA
ONE DYE FOR ALL KINDS OF GOODS

JUST THINK OF IT!
Dyes Wool, Cotton, Silk or Mixed Goods Perfectly with the SAME Dye—No chance of mistakes. Fast and Beautiful Colors 10 cents, from your Druggist or Dealer. Send for Color Card and STORY Booklet, 76 The Johnson-Richardson Co., Limited, Montreal.



Mail Contract

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until Noon, on Friday, 18th November 1910 for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years 3 times per week each way, between BOOTHVILLE and PROTON STATION from 1st January, next.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Offices of Boothville, Proton Station, Swinton Park and Birdall and at the Office of the Post Office Inspector a Toronto.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,
Mail Service Branch
Ottawa, 4th October, 1910
G. C. Anderson
Superintendent

THE "BROCKTON SHOE"

It is the product of one of the greatest of the world's shoe factories.

New models require new and expensive machinery. The "Brockton" is sent out from a factory that spares no expense and overlooks no new ideas.

Exclusive in design
Rich in Quality
Finished by Experts

Handled direct from the factory to the wearer—a shoe of high value at a price that does not include the wholesalers' and agents' profits.

The "Brockton" is made in the famous "Goodyear Welt." This great process of shoe-making is only used on exclusive shoes.



\$3.50

NO MORE—NO LESS

BROCKTON SHOE CO'Y, LIMITED

Write for Catalogue. Our Mail Order System guarantees satisfaction.

119 YONGE STREET, TORONTO

FOR THE CHILDREN

Back to the Fairies Again.

By JOHN HOWARD JEWETT.

HAVE you seen my chummy-chum?
Tangletop's his name;
Out-of-doors or indoors
He loves a jolly game;
We let the world wobble upside or
down;
Whatever comes, we are good
chums—
Best chummies in town.

When this little Tangletop
Is big enough to ride,
Then we'll go a-galloping,
Galloping side by side.
On our pony-broncos we'll have lots
of fun—
Clickity-click, clickity-click,
How those ponies run!

We will ride to Fairytown,
Ever so far away,
To the fields of summer-time
Where the fairies stray;
There we'll find the fairy homes
never seen before,
There we will play—perhaps we will
stay
And never come back any more.

When the friends we leave behind
Miss us while we roam,
If they write to Fairytown,
Saying, "Please come home,"
We will mount the ponies there in
the fairy glen,
Over the miles we'll go for their
smiles,
Then, back to the fairies again.

—New Idea Magazine.

* * *

The Fairy of the New Forest.

ONE midsummer's eve an old
woodcutter was trudging back
to his hut in the New Forest, with
a small, empty sack on his arm. He
had carried two pennyworth of fire-
wood in it to a distant farm, and as he
approached his hut he began to com-
plain aloud of his unhappy lot. Sudden-
ly a beautiful little lady appeared,
and said:

"Now, would you really be con-
tent if I filled that sack with gold
for you?"

"Yes, lady," said the woodcutter.

The beautiful little lady touched
the sack, and it became filled with
gold. The woodcutter lifted it on his
shoulder, and then he put it down,
saying:

"But wait a minute! I have a large
bag at home.

But when he ran to fetch it the
beautiful little lady touched the sack
again, and when the woodcutter re-
turned he found that the gold had
been changed into yellow moss. So
he was sorry he had not been con-
tent with what the lady had first given
to him.

* * *

Two Novel Pets.

By ELIZABETH PRICE.

ONCE upon a time—not a long
time ago, either—there was a
wee bird's nest in the lower branches
of a eucalyptus tree, away out in
sunny California. Humming birds
had made it; first a round cup of
cotton and then a lining of feathers
all soft and downy. It did not seem
as if anything could ever use a nest
only about half the size of the shell
of a hen's egg. But the little hum-
mers knew quite well that their
babies would be lost in a larger one;
so they built it most carefully, put
two tiny bits of eggs in it, and later
hatched two mites of birds.

At first there was plenty of room;
it really seemed as if they had not
needed such a spacious bedroom un-

til they began to grow. But they had
not had time to grow much when
something happened. Suddenly
Father and Mother Hummer disap-
peared, and did not come back. No-
body knew what happened to them,
but somebody's sharp eyes found two
wee hummer orphans all alone in the
queer little hammock, and very hun-
gry. So the somebody lifted the nest
down and took it home.

Humming-birds are very shy, you
know. You can see them sometimes
poised over a flower, their long bills
reaching for the honey in its heart,
and their rainbow wings fluttering so
fast they look like gossamer instead
of feathers. But if you reach a hand
toward them they are gone so quickly
and so far you wonder if they really
had been there, or if you dreamed it.
So you can understand that a tame
humming bird is a very unusual sight.
But the babies were too little to flut-
ter or fly, and too hungry to be
frightened. They could only open
their bits of beaks wide, hoping
that somebody would fill them.

They were not disappointed. They
were fed on sugar and water, and fed
with—what do you suppose?—a med-
icine dropper.

They grew very fast, and soon got
too large for their nest, so some one
had some little sticks fixed for them
to perch on. They have learned to
feed themselves now, and sip their
sugar-water out of a glass saltcellar.
They are strong enough to fly, and
are as happy as possible in their pret-
ty bungalow home, where the screens
at doors and windows keep them from
going away. There are plenty of
flowers on table and mantel for them
to enjoy, and they go about just as
they please. They were named Mid-
get and Tiny, and do not act as if
they ever should want to leave for an
outdoor life.—Youth's Companion.

* * *

Poor Little Toes!

Mother—"How do those shoes feel
on your feet, Margie?"

Margie—"Oh, the shoes are com-
fortable enough, mother, but my toes
aren't quite happy!"

* * *

Some Filipino Riddles.

THE mother says "Let us stand
up," but the children say "Let
us lie across."—A ladder.

At night they come without being
fetched and by day they are lost
without being stolen.—The stars.

Here he comes with glowing char-
coal on his head.—Rooster.

Come up and let us go, go down
and here we stay.—Anchor.

Two stores are open at the same
time.—Eyes.

There is a small brook filled with
shells.—Mouth.

A slender tree which bears only one
leaf.—Lighted candle.

His words are audible but difficult
to understand; when you look at his
face you will understand what he
says.—Clock.

I saw two boats; only one person
was aboard.—Shoes.

A sweet lady among thorns.—Pine-
apple.

"Here, here!" he says, but has no
mouth.—Forefinger.

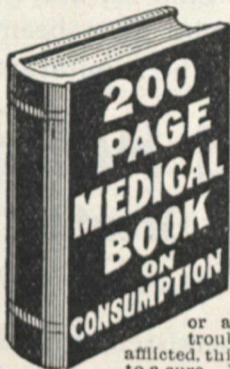
The letter C becomes O, O becomes
C.—The moon.—From *Philippine
Studies*, by Frederick Starr.

YOUR VITALITY MAY BE LOW
ALTHOUGH YOUR HEALTH
MAY APPEAR GOOD
YOU NEED

BOVRIL

in the Fall. It will remove the feeling of lassitude and exhaustion
caused by the heat of Summer.

Consumption Book FREE



This valuable med-
ical book tells in
plain, simple lan-
guage how Consump-
tion can be cured in
your own home. If
you know of any one
suffering from Con-
sumption, Catarrh,
Bronchitis, Asthma
or any throat or lung
trouble, or are yourself
afflicted, this book will help you
to a cure. Even if you are in the
advanced stage of the disease and feel
there is no hope, this book will show you
how others have cured themselves after all
remedies they had tried failed, and they be-
lieved their case hopeless.

Write at once to the Yonkerman Con-
sumption Remedy Co., 1609 Rose Street,
Kalamazoo, Mich., and they will send you
from their Canadian Depot the book and
a generous supply of the New Treatment,
absolutely free, for they want every sufferer
to have this wonderful cure before it is too
late. Don't wait—write today. It may
mean the saving of your life.

TWO NEW AND WONDERFUL BOOKS

"Lady Molly of Scotland Yard,"
by the Baroness Orczy, author of "The
Scarlet Pimpernel," etc. This book
out-Sherlocks Sherlock Holmes. 4th
edition..... \$1.25

"What's Wrong With The World,"
by G. K. Chesterton. There is much
food for thought in this. The author
is as courageous as ever, and he could
not have chosen subjects better fitted
to reveal his philosophy and what his
faculty of criticism..... \$1.75

AT ALL BOOKSELLERS. Order at once for
yourself. Best possible suggestions for gifts
to your friends and relatives. Published by

CASSELL & CO., Ltd.
42 Adelaide St. W., Toronto.

London, New York, Toronto, Melbourne.

Fall catalogue sent gratis for the asking.



It Comes
Before the Soup

Before sitting down to your evening
meal, free your hands from the grime of
work and the germs picked up on the
cars, by using the original hand cleaner

SNAP

It quickly and gently frees the hands
from dirt and microbes, leaving them
feeling and looking soft and spotless.

All dealers---Blue and White Cans---

SNAP COMPANY, LIMITED, - MONTREAL.

TRISCUIT

(Shredded Wheat Wafer)

For luncheon is incomparable. Wholesome, nourishing
and appetizing—vastly superior to white flour pastries.
Delicious as a toast with butter, cheese or marmalade.
Always ready to serve.

Biscuit for Breakfast—Triscuit for Luncheon

At all grocers, 13c. a carton, two for 25c. 2108

Gerhard Heintzman Pianos Pianos of Prestige

YOU are trying to decide even now which piano to buy. Little wonder you are confused, for the best of claims can so easily be made for the worst of instruments—the English language is free to all.

The guide which has for more than a generation led buyers who have been puzzled, like yourself, has been the reputation of the

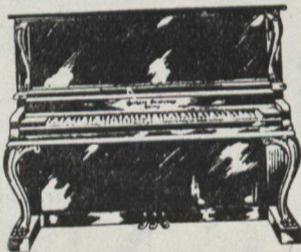
Gerhard Heintzman Canada's Greatest Piano

A Reputation that has been Earned—not purchased

That definite, persistent impression back in your mind, behind all your indecision, that the Gerhard Heintzman is really the best of the good pianos is right.

If you will call or write us before making your decision, we will be very glad to talk the problem over with you.

Our reputation is your protection, and our knowledge and experience are at your service.



Gerhard Heintzman, Ltd.

New Salesrooms

41-43 Queen St. West Opposite City Hall TORONTO

Hamilton Salesrooms: 127 King Street East

Mystery of the Tower

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

CHAPTER III.

"She's out on the roof garden, sir." The maid lead the way through the darkened hall and softly opened the door into the conservatory.

Percy Marshall paused ere he stepped out on to the flat roof beyond. The scene before him was so peaceful that he could almost have imagined the fatal happenings of the night some vivid dream. But the bent telescope stood there, mute witness of the tragedy; and over all there hung a vague, intangible air of mystery, of awe, which announced that Death, the despots' despot, held his court.

Margaret was bending over a map spread on a table close to the parapet. The morning sun poured down on her uncovered head, the faint breeze played lightly with the curls that clustered around her neck and ears. So absorbed was she that she did not hear the opening of the door. He watched her with admiring eyes. Twenty-four hours ago he had not even known of her existence, and now. * * * Ah! he would prove worthy of the trust she had shown in him; he said that softly to himself.

Suddenly she turned and saw him. She did not seem surprised at his presence, but moved forward to meet him, a little smile of welcome lighting up her face.

He caught his breath. Yesterday, on the boat and in the train, when high spirits and hope had brought dancing merriment to lips and eyes, he had thought her the most beautiful girl he had ever seen. Now, when the curved lips drooped, and the gold-flecked eyes were sad, how infinitely more lovely she was in her unconscious, pathetic appeal.

She held out her hand gratefully. "Thank you so much, Mr. Marshall, for all you have done. I find you have arranged—everything."

"I wired to Mrs. Carlingford and put notices in all the papers, Miss Lee," he said. "I thought that if there should happen to be any other relatives of friends that Mr. Lee had lost touch with they might see it."

"You are very good," she answered, simply. "I have not heard from her yet. Perhaps she will not come at all."

Her appealing loneliness struck him afresh. She looked so young, so unfit to cope unaided with all that lay before her. He came close, and pleaded anew that he might send someone until Mrs. Carlingford came. He knew a lady, he said, so kind and so sympathetic; but she shook her head with a shy hesitation. He pressed her with questions. Did she not at least know the name of her father's solicitors? When she again shook her head he wished to ask her about money, but he did not dare. Every now and again as she listened her eyes wandered off over the roof tops, and he saw that she lifted long-lashed lids and stared, preoccupied, towards the south. She still believed, then; and if she did, he, too, must. At last she spoke of it.

"It was true—I saw it," she breathed; and even in the bright sunshine the pupils of her gold-flecked eyes dilated as she looked at him.

"You've not slept," he cried. "You've thought of it all night."

She nodded, and he saw that she shivered.

"Tell me again about it," he said, "here, in the shade."

But she would not sit down in the chair in which her father had died. She led the way to the little table by the parapet.

She bent troubled, anxious eyes at

GANONG'S

THE FINEST G.B. IN THE LAND

CHOCOLATES

THE PARTING GIFT

DELICIOUS YET WHOLESOME



him in open scrutiny, and he understood.

"I believe—now."

She drew a deep breath of relief. "How could you, last night?" she said, in slow hesitation. "I doubted myself, afterwards. But when the sun came this morning I knew I was not mad."

"Oh," he cried, "you thought that—you feared—"

"Yes, but I know now." She stretched out a slender arm, pointing. "I was looking there," she said, "through the opening between the roof of the hotel and the houses. I was watching the fireworks at the Crystal Palace. I've drawn a line here"—she put a finger on the map—"between the street and there. The church may be somewhere along that line, but I can't be sure. I might have moved the telescope a little to one side or the other up or down."

"Then it might be anywhere on the other side of the river—anywhere among fifty square miles of houses and streets," answered Percy, studying the map.

"No," answered Margaret, decisively, "that couldn't be. The church must be nearly as far away as the Crystal Palace. The focus proves that."

"You're right," he cried, "it must have been from five to eight miles away. And another thing, Miss Lee," he continued eagerly, "if you were looking through that opening you could not see very far to the right or left—only—"

"Yes," answered Margaret, "I allowed for that." And she pointed to two lines diverging from the flat. They formed a triangle whose base was along the hills south-east of the Crystal Palace.

"By this," he said, bending over the map, "the church must be somewhere beyond Norwood, between Chislehurst and Streatham."

He picked up the photograph, examining it carefully. No photographer's name was on it, no mark save the bitter words scrawled across the face.

"There's no clue there," he cried, "but I'll find that Church, Miss Lee—"

Her face lighted up. "This very day," he added. A swift, impetuous movement; she stretched out both her hands; he clasped them eagerly.

"Try and forget until I come with news," he said. "I'll go now." He dropped the fingers which pressed his in silent thanks and turned, but stayed his steps as the maid came through the conservatory.

"Mrs. Gascoigne, miss."

"What?"

The maid repeated the name. "I can't see her. Tell her, please. Oh—"

Mrs. Gascoigne had followed on the heels of the maid. She glided across the roof, one hand lifting the long, sweeping skirt, the other grasping the handle of her parasol. A portmonnaie of gold cloth and a large fan swung from side to side as she moved.

"Don't go," breathed the girl, as Percy took up his hat.

"My dear Margaret!" Mrs. Gascoigne stretched out her arms to the girl, the parasol falling with a clatter to the ground.

Margaret stepped back and out of reach of the inviting arms and bowed coldly, but she did not speak. Percy picked up the parasol of black and gold, laid it on the table and moved aside.

"How fortunate that I came," continued Mrs. Gascoigne, ignoring her reception. "Your dear father—what a shock for you, my poor child!"

The ospreys in her black hat seemed to quiver with the intensity of her sympathy. Then she raised her eyebrows and looked interrogation at



Now Get DOUBLE-Value Hosiery

SURELY there is double the value in hosiery you can be absolutely sure will wear and fit better than any other kind costing the same price. You ARE sure of exactly that when your feet are clad in PEN-ANGLE Hosiery. For this is the kind sold under that notable guarantee printed below.

Read the Guarantee printed here. You will then be sure that the largest hosiery mill in Canada would not risk its capital on such a Guarantee unless it had the goods to make good. Reasons for this Guarantee are few and simple:

FOR LADIES
 No. 1760—"Lady Fair" Black Cashmere hose. Medium weight. Made of fine, soft cashmere yarns, 2-ply leg, 5-ply foot, heel, toe and high splice, giving strength where needed. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.50; 6 pairs, \$3.00.
 No. 1020—Same quality as 1760, but heavier. Black only. Box of 3 pairs \$1.50; 6 pairs, \$3.00.
 No. 1150—Very fine Cashmere hose. Medium weight. 2-ply leg, 4-ply foot, heel and toe. Black, light and dark tan, leather, champagne, myrtle, pearl gray, oxblood, hello, cardinal. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.50; 6 pairs, \$3.00.
 No. 1720—Fine quality Cotton Hose.

Made of 2-ply Egyptian yarn, with 3-ply heels and toes. Black, light and dark tan, champagne, myrtle, pearl gray, oxblood, hello, sky, pink, bisque. Box of 4 pairs, \$1.00; 6 pairs, \$1.50.
 No. 1175—Mercerized. Same colors as 1720. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.00; 6 pairs, \$2.00.

FOR MEN
 No. 2404—Medium weight Cashmere. 2-ply Botany yarn with special "Everlast" heels and toes. Black, light and dark tan, leather, champagne, navy, myrtle, pearl gray, slate, oxblood, hello, cadet blue and bisque. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.50; 6 pairs, \$3.00.

No. 500—"Black Knight" winter weight black Cashmere half-hose. 5-ply body, spun from pure Australian wool. 9-ply silk splice heels and toes. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.50; 6 pairs, \$3.00.

No. 1090 — Cashmere half-hose. Same quality as 500, but lighter weight. Black only. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.00; 6 pairs, \$2.00.

No. 330—"Everlast" Cotton socks. Medium weight. Made from four-ply long staple combed Egyptian cotton yarn, with six-ply heels and toes. Black, light and dark tan. Put up in boxes. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.00; 6 pairs, \$2.00.

ORDER THIS WAY

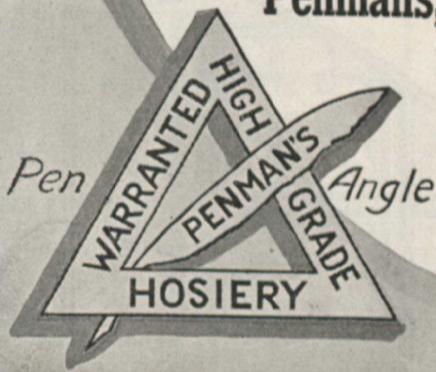
Ask at the store first. If they cannot supply you, state number, size of shoe or stocking and color of hosiery desired and enclose price, and we will fill your order postpaid. Remember we will fill no order for less than one box and only one size in a box. **BE SURE TO MENTION SIZE.**

ADDRESS AS BELOW:

READ THIS REMARKABLE GUARANTEE

We guarantee the following lines of Pen-Angle Hosiery to fit you perfectly, not to shrink or stretch and the dyes to be absolutely fast. We guarantee them to wear longer than any other cashmere or cotton hosiery sold at the same prices. If, after wearing Pen-Angle Guaranteed Hosiery any length of time, you should ever find a pair that fails to fulfill this guarantee in any particular, return the same to us and we will replace them with TWO new pairs free of charge.

Penmans, Limited, Dept. 40 Paris, Canada



PEN ANGLE Hosiery



PLANT NOW

TULIPS

For Next Spring's Flowering

There is nothing to equal a bed or border of Tulips in bloom in the spring. The colors are exquisite; they are hardy and inexpensive, besides being good for 3 or 4 years. Bulbs must be planted in October. We offer, prices postpaid:

	Doz.	100
Tulips, single, named, 6 colors.....	30c	\$1.75
Tulips, single, best mixed, all colors.....	25c	1.25
Tulips, single, good mixed, all colors.....	20c	1.00
Tulips, double, named, 6 colors.....	35c	2.00
Tulips, double, best mixed, all colors.....	30c	1.50
Tulips, double, good mixed, all colors.....	25c	1.25
Tulips, parrot, mixed, all colors, late.....	25c	1.25
Tulips, Darwin, mixed, all colors, late.....	30c	1.75

Also a full assortment of Bulbs for winter blooming in the house and spring blooming in the garden, such as Crocus, Frezias, Hyacinths, Lilies, Narcissus, Snowdrops, Scillas, etc.

Also Bird Seed and Supplies, Poultry Supplies, Flower Pots and Fancy Vases, Lawn Seed, Popcorn, Lawn Cleaners, Plants and Flower Seeds of all kinds.

Write for our 28 page Illustrated Fall Catalogue.. Free.

John A. Bruce & Co., Limited - - Hamilton, Ont.

The Quality of CALABASH

HIGH GRADE

SMOKING MIXTURE

Makes it an ideal pipe tobacco.



Every tin is equipped with patent moistener.

2 Oz. Tin Costs 25c.
4 Oz. Tin Costs 40c.
8 Oz. Tin Costs 75c.
16 Oz. Tin Costs \$1.50

G. H. MUMM & CO.
EXTRA DRY

IS THE MOST EXQUISITE DRY CHAMPAGNE IMPORTED
S. B. TOWNSEND & CO. MONTREAL SOLE AGENTS FOR CANADA

NA-DRU-CO Headache Wafers

stop the meanest, nastiest, most persistent headaches in half an hour or less. We guarantee that they contain no opium, morphine or other poisonous drugs. 25c. a box at your druggists', or by mail from

National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Montreal.

Preston Steel Ceilings

SUPERIOR ACOUSTIC PROPERTIES

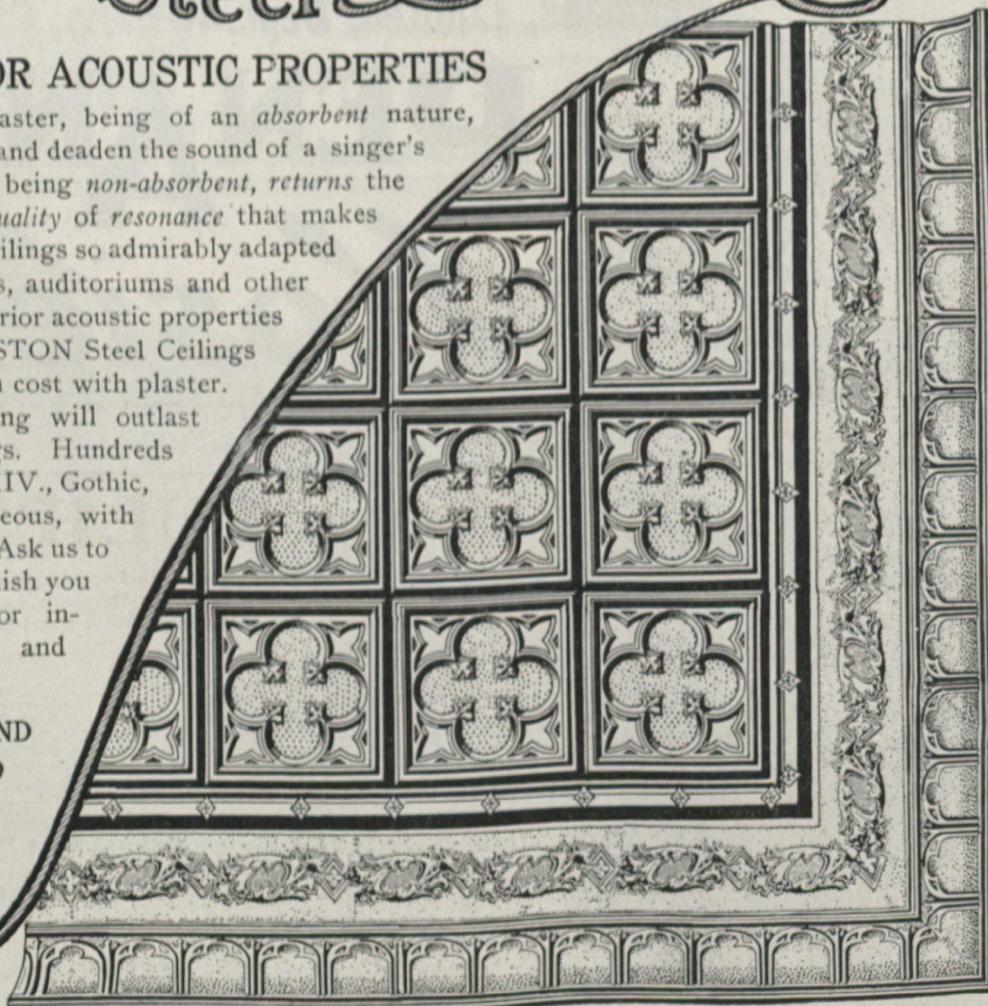
Wood and plaster, being of an *absorbent* nature, naturally *absorb* and deaden the sound of a singer's voice. But steel, being *non-absorbent*, *returns* the sound. It's *this quality of resonance* that makes PRESTON Steel Ceilings so admirably adapted for schools, churches, auditoriums and other buildings where superior acoustic properties are desirable. PRESTON Steel Ceilings compare favorably in cost with plaster. And one steel ceiling will outlast many plaster ceilings. Hundreds of designs in Louis XIV., Gothic, Colonial, Miscellaneous, with sidewalls to match. Ask us to have our experts furnish you with suggestions for interior decorations, and estimates on same.

METAL SHINGLE AND SIDING CO., LIMITED

PRESTON, ONTARIO

Branch Office and Factory
Montreal, Quebec

12



For sale by G. P. BRECKON & CO. - Rear, 210 Victoria Street, Toronto

IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION THE "CANADIAN COURIER."

the broad-shouldered young man who was studying the tops of the neighbouring houses with such apparent interest.

"Mr. Marshall—a friend—" Margaret's word reached him, and sent a quick thrill of delight through his veins; from his face no one would have guessed that he had heard, or having heard, cared. He stood, leaning negligently against the parapet, one strong brown hand dangling carelessly over the edge. He was puzzled. Who could this study in black and gold be? he wondered. Why should the girl have fear? For fear was in that sudden cry, that whispered plea to him to stay. He watched from the corner of his eye. He saw that Miss Lee led the way to the awning, that Mrs. Gascoigne sank into the most comfortable chair, that Miss Lee stood and faced the sitting woman as once faces an enemy; but the words that were exchanged did not reach him.

"I do not understand the meaning of this intrusion, Mrs. Gascoigne." Thus Margaret declared war immediately.

"Intrusion! Margaret, my dear—" "Yes, I said intrusion, Mrs. Gascoigne," repeated the girl, and her rounded chin was lifted slightly. "I think that is the right word to use. The letter which I left for you was sufficiently clear. I wished to close our short acquaintance."

"You are naturally upset, Margaret," answered Mrs. Gascoigne, softly wiping her eyes with a miunte square of cambric, "and under the circumstances, I forgive you your hard words. Who would not come to your aid if not I, your natural guardian, after your poor father's death?"

"I have no guardian," answered the girl. "You were merely my chaperon; my connection with you is severed."

"Oh, no, my dear child," murmured the elder lady, flipping open the fan and slowly waving it backwards and forwards. "Fortunately for you, my responsibility did not end with your abrupt departure. I am your guardian until you reach the age of twenty-one, or until you marry."

Margaret did not answer immediately. This was what she had feared as she had seen this woman, whom she both despised and hated, sailing towards her across the roof. Margaret studied the tip of her dainty slipper for a moment or two in silence. Then she raised her eyes, looking into Mrs. Gascoigne's face.

"I should like to see proofs of your statement, Mrs. Gascoigne."

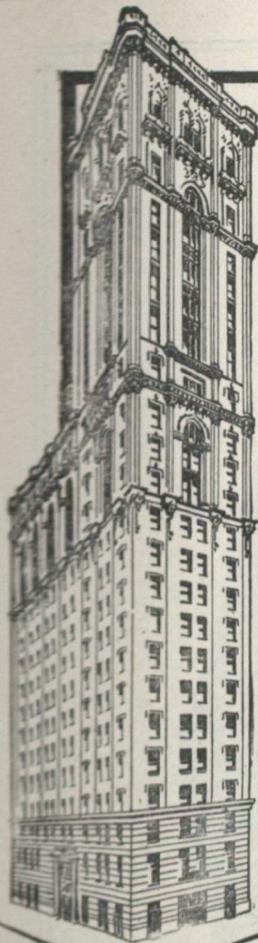
Mrs. Gascoigne flushed angrily, and her full red under lip was furrowed for just one flashing second by sharp white teeth.

"I should be only too glad," she answered sweetly, "but all my papers are in Paris. I had no idea when I left—anxious only that Mr. Lee should not think I had betrayed my trust—that I should find such sad news awaiting me. I will send for them at once, of course; but until they come I must insist upon taking you into my charge."

"I refuse, Mrs. Gascoigne, absolutely," answered Margaret, decisively.

"But, my dear Margaret"—though Mrs. Gascoigne's voice was sweet and caressing there was an angry glitter in her narrow eyes—"it is impossible for a young girl like yourself to be here alone under such painful circumstances. You have no friends in London—you have often told me so. Already, in your ignorance of the world, you have, I see, been acting unwisely. It is hardly the thing for a young girl to be receiving a good-looking young man alone, in the first hours of her bereavement."

TO BE CONTINUED.



\$15.50
 ROUND TRIP TO
New York

Thursday, Oct. 20th

Visit the Parks, see the "Skyscrapers," Art Galleries, the Battery, Wall Street, the Docks and Ocean Liners. The Hippodrome, Theatres and Vaudeville Houses are all open with new plays and performances.

Tickets good on Hudson River Steamers between Albany and New York (in either direction) without extra charge.

Reserve Accommodations Today

Tickets will be good on all regular excepting limited trains.

For railroad tickets and sleeping-car accommodations, call at T. H. & B. Ry., Hunter Street station; Grand Trunk Ry., Stuart St. station or address

FRANK C. FOY
 Canadian Pass. Agent
 80 Yonge St. Toronto



"For the Public Service"

NOW THE THIRD CITY IN CANADA

WINNIPEG

(MANITOBA)

The Supply City of Western Canada

Offers greater combined advantages to manufacturers and capitalists than any city in Canada. The remarkable development of this great central market is creating an unprecedented demand for home industries.

Winnipeg wants these Manufacturers

and offers cheap power, cheap sites, low taxation, varied raw materials, the best of labor conditions, unexcelled railway facilities, and the earnest support of a community that recognizes the importance of its industries. Over a billion dollars produced by the farms of Western Canada in the past five years, and this with only eight per cent. of the available land under cultivation. Consider what this development makes possible for the home manufacturer.

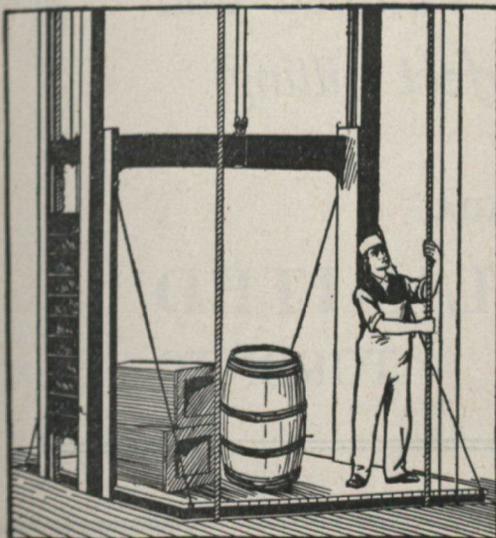
YOUR OPPORTUNITY

Get Close to this Market.

Special openings for manufacturing farm and agricultural implements, including gas and steam tractors; paper and strawboard mills, men's clothing, ladies' ready-to-wear goods, food stuffs, starch factory, boots and shoes, felt wear, metal goods, wire nail factory, hardware specialties, flax and jute works, beet sugar factory, elevator machinery, electrical fixtures and appliances of all kinds, automobiles and commercial motor carriages, home and office furniture, leather goods, cereal foods, dairy supplies, building materials, stoves, ranges, furnaces and heating plants and twenty-five other smaller lines.

Special reports prepared and mailed free of charge on the manufacturing possibilities of any of these lines of industries, by addressing CHAS. F. ROLAND, Commissioner of Industries, Winnipeg, Canada.

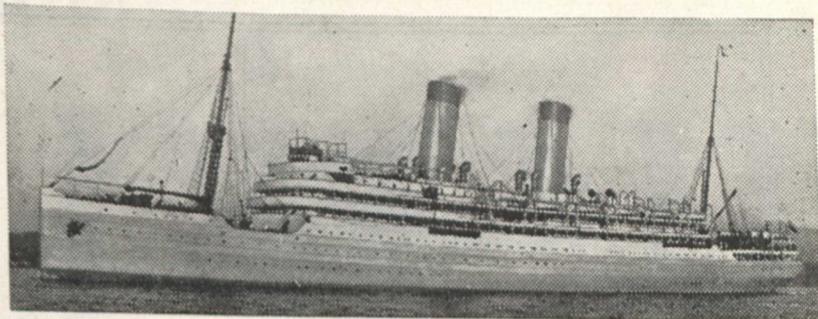
Hand Power Elevator--\$70.00



**Otis-Fensom
 Elevator
 Company
 Limited**

Head Office, TORONTO, ONT.

BRANCH OFFICES:
 Montreal - 368 St. James St.
 Ottawa - 9 O'Connor St.
 Winnipeg - - McRae Block
 Vancouver - 155 Alexander St.



The
ROYAL LINE

CANADIAN NORTHERN STEAMSHIPS

Steamers sailing fortnightly from MONTREAL and QUEBEC to BRISTOL are the fastest and finest appointed Steamers sailing between Canada and Europe. They hold the

3 days
 14 1/2 hours from
 land to land

Trans-Atlantic
 Record

5 days, 20 hours
 from
 Bristol to Quebec

THE STEAMERS

"ROYAL EDWARD"

AND

"ROYAL GEORGE"

are driven by the newest type of turbine engines, insuring a maximum of speed and minimum of vibration. Their equipment is the finest ever seen in the St. Lawrence--large state-rooms, spacious, social apartments, sheltered promenade decks, artistic furnishings, perfect service, and ventilation by thermo-tank system.

For full particulars of rates, sailings, etc., write Wm. Phillips Acting Traffic Manager, Toronto, Ont.; Guy Tombs, Acting General Passenger Agent, Canadian Northern Steamships, Limited, Montreal; or Wm. Stapleton, General Agent, Winnipeg, Man.



**"Highlands of Ontario"
 FOR BIG GAME**

Deer and Moose abound in all that district known as the "Highlands of Ontario", reached by GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM.

Open Season

DEER--November 1 to November 15 inclusive.
 MOOSE--November 1 to November 15 inclusive. In some of the northern districts of Ontario, including Temagami, the open season is from October 16 to November 15 inclusive.

Open Season for Small Game in Province of Ontario

DUCKS--Sept. 15 to Dec. 15 inclusive. SNIPES--Sept. 1 to Dec. 15 inclusive.
 GEESE--Sept. 15 to April 15 inclusive. WOODCOCK--Oct. 15 to Nov. 15 inclusive.
 PLOVER--Sept. 1 to Dec. 15 inclusive. HARES--Oct. 1 to Dec. 15 inclusive.
 QUAIL--Nov. 15 to Dec. 1 inclusive. SQUIRRELS--Nov. 15 to Dec. 1.
 PARTRIDGE--Oct. 15 to Nov. 15 inclusive.

Write the undersigned agents for a copy of "Haunts of Fish and Game" containing maps, game laws and all particulars.

J. D. McDONALD, Union Station, Toronto, Ont.

J. QUINLAN, Bonaventure Station, Montreal, Que.

W. E. DAVIS,
 Passenger Traffic Manager,
 Montreal.

G. T. BELL,
 Ass't Passenger Traffic Manager,
 Montreal.

GEO. W. VAUX,
 General Passenger Agent,
 Montreal.

NEW

Ottawa-Montreal Express



DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY.

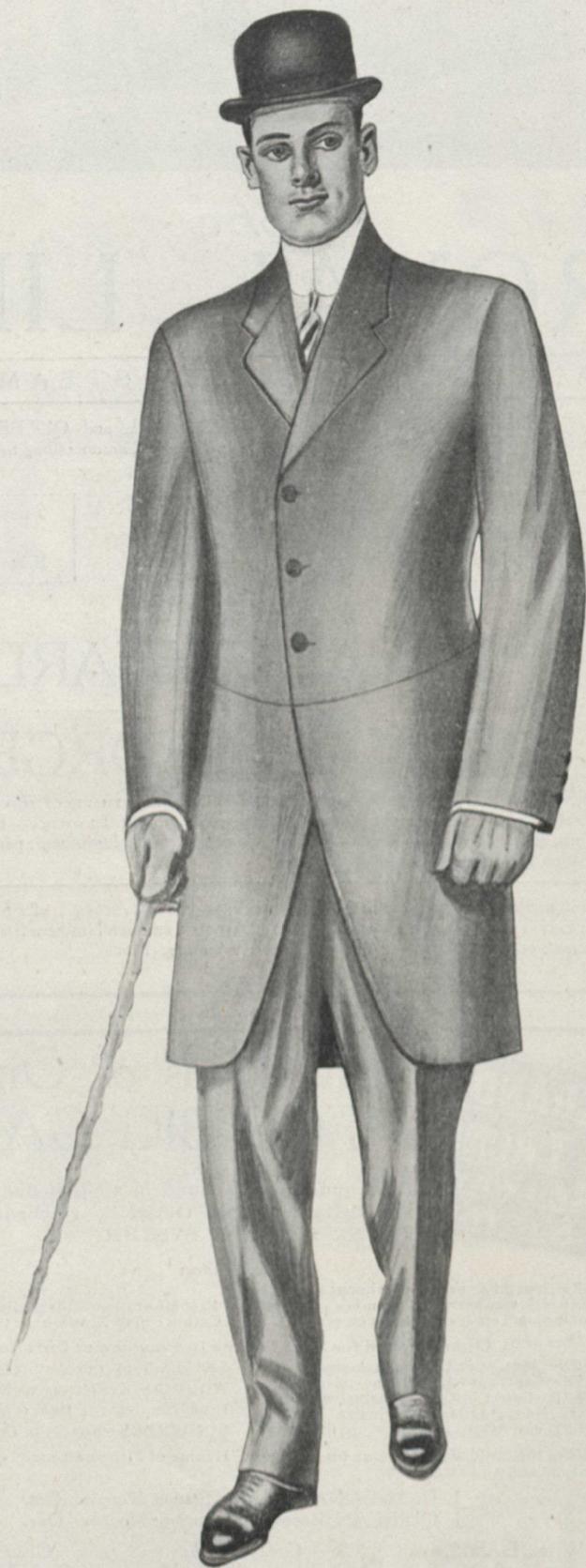
Lv. West Toronto.. 9.45 p.m.	Lv. Montreal..... 10.45 p.m.
Lv. North Toronto. 10.00 p.m.	Ar. North Toronto. 7.50 a.m.
Ar. Montreal..... 7.00 a.m.	Ar. West Toronto. 8.05 a.m.

Through Coaches and Sleepers to Montreal and Ottawa.

**Train for Ottawa and Montreal
 from Union Station, 10.30 p.m.
 Instead of 11.00 p.m.**

Through Sleepers for Montreal and Ottawa.

Tickets, Sleeping Accommodation, etc., West Toronto, North Toronto, Toronto City, Ticket Office: King Edward Hotel.



*Fine Semi-Dress
Garments For Men*



*Hand Tailored and
Perfect Fitting*

AGENTS IN EVERY CITY AND TOWN IN CANADA.

THE LOWNDES COMPANY LIMITED

142-144 West Front Street = = = = TORONTO