

# The Canadian Courier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



In Defence of the Mormons

By MRS. ARTHUR MURPHY

Canada's New Naval College

By L. R. RICHARDSON

The Spirit of Thanksgiving

By MARGARET BELL

When the Gods Arrive

By CAMERON NELLES WILSON

Men of the Day

*With Photographs*

The News in Picture





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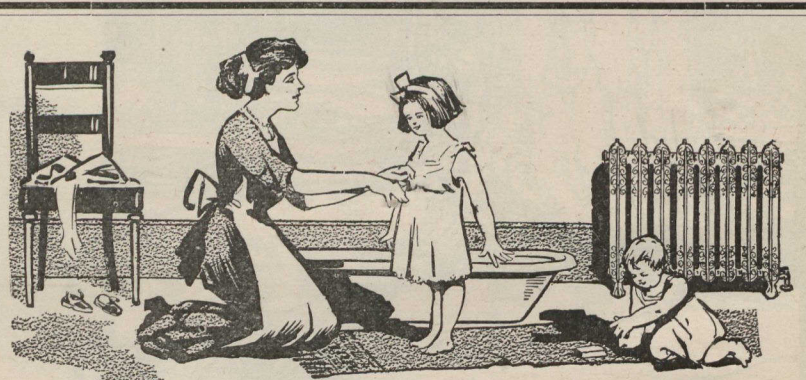
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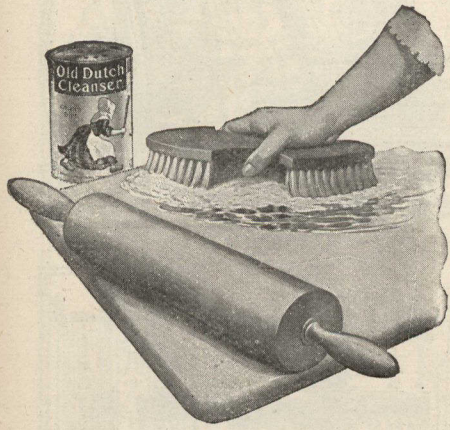
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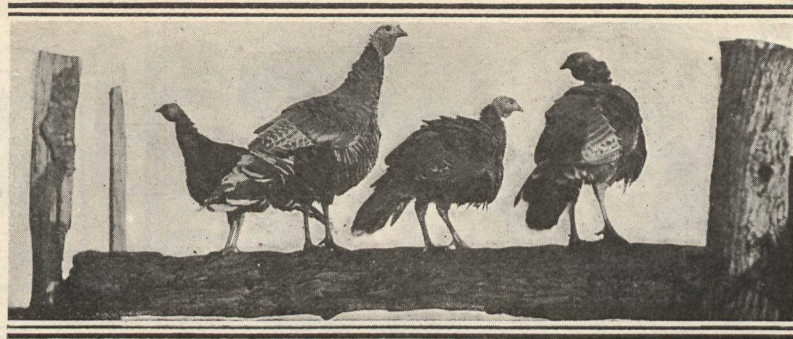
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## The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

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

VOL. X.

TORONTO

NO. 22

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### Editor's Talk

NO department of a weekly paper is more important than its fiction department. In Canada the publishers of periodicals have found it exceedingly difficult to keep their fiction features up to the standard set by the New York and London publications. There are two reasons behind this difficulty. The smaller population means smaller circulation, and smaller circulation means less ability to pay the high price which first-class fiction commands in the English-speaking world. In the second place the publishers desire and the people demand a certain amount of Canadian fiction although Canadian story writers are less numerous and less skilled in the art of creating good stories.

We have made an earnest effort to use Canadian fiction whenever it was available. When it was not to be found, we have substituted fiction produced by British writers. We were quite delighted to be able to publish "The Wildcatters," by S. A. White, a Canadian author, who had already won some reputation at home and abroad. The interest taken in the story, which is now complete, has been quite satisfactory. It is equally pleasant to be able to announce that the next serial story in the "Canadian Courier" is also by a Canadian writer. "The Runners of the Air," by Charles G. D. Roberts, is a European story of universal interest. Its background is an adventure which befell some ambitious aviators who had political designs on one of the Balkan states. In literary quality and story interest it is quite equal to anything Professor Roberts has yet produced. This story will commence in our issue of November 11th.

The fiction feature of next week's issue will be a short story entitled, "Concerning a Child," by W. A. Fraser, the well-known Canadian novelist. This is a strong story and deals with a topic which is too often discussed behind closed doors. Its beauty and its strength are so overpowering that we feel sure it will make a profound impression.

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**Aeroplane Gossip**

**W**ILL the airship vanquish the warship, is the question which is stirring the scientific world. Perhaps to the Italians goes the honour of being the first people to use aeroplanes in a real military campaign. They have sent some to Tripoli and are trying them out for scouting purposes.

Every person interested in aeroplanes will want to read Charles G. D. Roberts' thrilling story entitled, "The Runners of the Air." This is a new line for this famous author to take. He has been in Europe for several years and has apparently become greatly interested in the latest science. One can easily imagine him visiting the aerodromes and aviation fields of Europe, to see the new discoverers at work and to gather material for a striking story.

Professor Roberts has been giving us animal stories of such excellence for so many years that it may seem strange that he should turn to the airship for the theme of his latest novel. Yet "The Runners of the Air" is a title which would fit either an animal story or an aeroplane story. Moreover, there is something of kinship between the birds of nature which wheel in flight wheresoever they will and the daring birdmen of the aviation field. In any case, Professor Roberts has made the crossing from the one study to the other.

The exclusive Canadian serial rights for this story, "The Runners of the Air," have been secured by the CANADIAN COURIER, and the tale will begin in the issue of Nov. 11th. It will be completed in ten numbers. The scenes are laid in Paris, Vienna, Belgrade and the mountains of Servia. The background is the anxiety of Servia to get back Bosnia and Herzegovina from Austria. A Servian Count, a British officer and a United States manufacturer are the leading characters, with a beautiful and accomplished French woman playing the part of heroine in a decidedly unusual way.

The story is intensely thrilling, in spite of its scientific setting. It is the most powerful bit of fiction that has ever appeared in a Canadian periodical. The adventures of the Runners of the Air are so strikingly novel and stirring that the reader is kept almost spell bound.

Commences November 11th

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# The CANADIAN COURIER

*A National Weekly.*

Vol. X.

October 28, 1911

No. 22

## IN DEFENCE OF THE MORMONS

*Strong Criticism of the Action of the Presbyterian General Assembly*

By MRS. ARTHUR MURPHY

("JANEY CANUCK")

THE discussion with regard to Mormonism and polygamy will not down. The subject seems so important that early last summer the "Canadian Courier" sent a special commissioner to Southern Alberta to write a series of articles on Mormonism in Canada. That commissioner was Miss Nan Moulton, a well known Winnipeg journalist. Her instructions were to describe things as she saw them, and to speak on behalf of the Mormons or condemn them as the evidence warranted. She found them a peaceful, progressive and hard-working people, but she also discovered that in their colleges and churches they were preaching polygamy. As for the practice of polygamy, she found that if it were being done it was carefully hidden. On the whole her investigation made her feel that Mormonism, as a religion, was a menace to Christianity if not to Canadian civilization as a whole.

The Presbyterian Church has taken up the fight and is encouraging opposition to Mormonism as a religion. As recently as October 6th a lecture on the dangers of Mormonism was delivered in a Presbyterian church in Ottawa, by a man who claims that his father was a Mormon with two wives. He stated that the Mormons have not and cannot stop polygamy. "To do so would be to acknowledge that Joseph F. Smith is a false prophet."

The following article, by a well-known Alberta writer, living in the city of Edmonton, presents the other side of the case. Mrs. Murphy is as good a witness as Nan Moulton. Their conflicting testimony only goes to show that this is a peculiar case and one well worthy serious study.

THE recent, ungenerous, hasty and ill-considered action of the Presbyterian General Assembly of Canada in regard to the Mormon Colony of the Province of Alberta has been received in Western Canada with extreme disapprobation.

The Assembly has placed itself on record in favour of an active campaign against the Mormons. Mark you! not because the Mormons are law-breakers (for they are probably the most law-abiding community in Western Canada), but because the principles of their religion is not wholly to the taste of the General Assembly. This is the identical spirit of the Galilean's self-willed disciples who said of a certain miracle worker, "We forbade him because he followed not with us."

Perhaps I made error in saying "the identical spirit." Substituting the word "Mormon" for "Carthage," the spirit is rather that of Cicero, who ended all his speeches with the declaration *Delenda est Carthago*—"Carthage must be destroyed."

He who runs may read that the General Assembly has been drawn into a regrettable and untenable position, and has need to whistle in its dogs with as much despatch as possible. The position it has assumed is not consonant with the spirit of Protestantism. Not many years have passed since six women who embraced the Roman Catholic religion were expelled from their country by the Swedish government. It is markworthy that in England, the most pronounced opponents of Catholicism drew up an address protesting against this intolerant action of the Swedes, which address was signed by the Archbishop of Canterbury. In it the expatriation of the women was denounced as an outrage on the first principles of Protestantism. As a result of this address, the women were recalled and the Swedish law straightway amended. As this case would seem to be analogous, in some respects, to the campaign the Assembly has declared itself in favour of, I here submit it for their respectful consideration. Too many people have had to lay down their lives for the vindication of liberty of opinion in matters religious for us to hold the prin-

ciple lightly, and it should not be necessary for any Protestant body to be so reminded.

Neither is it consonant with the national spirit of Canada. Canadians must not array church against church, or direct feuds against those under our own roof-tree. Such a course is the sowing of dragon's teeth that will presently arise and rend the national life. Without our gates, we have welcomed all classes, all nationalities, all creeds, irrespective of their political or religious opinions, the only act of disability being against the Chinese. The sole restriction we lay upon those who have come into our country is that they shall implicitly obey the laws. Should they fail in this particular, it is the duty of the State to punish them and not that of any church.

Before being allowed access to Canada, the Mormons agreed with the Federal Government to obey the Canadian law by abstaining from the practice of polygamy. If they have failed in the keeping of this agreement, the church has merely to bring the instances to the attention of the Hon. C. R. Mitchell, of Edmonton, the Attorney-General of the Province of Alberta, who must see to it that the charges are investigated by the Royal North-West Mounted Police.

Have the Mormons kept this agreement and obeyed the law?

For answer, I shall quote from a brochure on Mormonism which has been issued by the Woman's Home Missionary Society of the Presbyterian Church. "Polygamy," it says, "has not yet openly shown its hand in Canada. Canada's marriage laws are even more strict than the education laws, and the Mormon settlers are generally inclined to respect them. . . . There are many of the younger race of Mormons who will speak out frankly both against the doctrine and its practice, but so long as the Mormon Church refuses to disavow its belief in polygamy, and keep the doctrine as a divine revelation in its sacred books, so long Canada has a right to feel anxious, lest in sheltering this curious sect, she may be nourishing something which may later become a menace to her own peace."

Hearken now to that! These people are not polygamists, but some of them believe in it, hence Canada should not shelter them because, in a problematic future, there is a vague possibility of their practising it.

But why does the General Assembly object to the Mormons? Even the Rev. Dr. McLaren, of Vancouver, who is the leader of the campaign, has confessed that, as a rule, they are a sober and industrious people. No settlers that have come into Canada have been nearly so prosperous in the same period. The Woman's Home Missionary Society have acknowledged this. They write that "The Mormon system of tithing labour for the benefit of the community has made them among the most profitable settlers industrially, that any country could have. Their towns go up rapidly; their farms are admirably managed and both alike are prosperous in a wonderful degree. In Alberta, they are profitably growing wheat and fruit, making beet sugar, and stock-raising, and such good farmers are they, that they have once or twice secured the best prices ever known in Southern Alberta."

Why, then, do the Presbyterians object to them as residents?

Their chief objection would seem to arise from the fact that the Church has not been successful in making converts among them. Their mission to the Mormons has been a flat failure and the Church is in the position of having to support expen-

sive and unprofitable posts or else retire in humiliation from a field upon which they entered with a very considerable assurance.

My proof of this assertion is to be found in the same brochure quoted above: "To offset the spread of this alien creed," it further states, "the Christian churches of Canada have established churches right in the heart of the Mormon settlements. Our own Church has two mission fields in Cardston and Raymond, with outposts. The work is among the most difficult which the Church has undertaken, the Mormon influence is so overwhelming and the Gentile population so small and so isolated. Yet there is encouragement in the fact that there have been some converts from Mormonism."

The reader may urge at this point that the Woman's Missionary Society may not be sufficiently posted to express an opinion on the matter. The point would not be well made, but, allowing it to stand, I would turn to a paper read by the Rev. A. N. Gordon, of Lethbridge, several years ago before the General Assembly of the Church. Speaking of his pastorate at Raymond, Mr. Gordon says, "Never in all those nine months was I invited into a Mormon house."

This does not sound hospitable, but need not necessarily be urged as a serious plea against the Mormons. It is equally possible that the Mormon elders were not invited into Presbyterian homes. Indeed, it is not at all likely.

Going on to speak of the Presbyterian mission, Mr. Gordon says, "Men appointed to such work must be ready in the Western phrase 'to stay with it.' Some may doubt whether we as a Church should have undertaken the heavy Mormon work. All must agree that having begun and carried it on for years we must not drop it now."

Ever since the Mormons came to Canada, they have, from time to time, been accused of polygamy. It has been charged that they were bringing women from the British Isles and Europe, ostensibly as relatives, but actually as wives. This may be so, but here I wish to emphasize in the most robust manner possible that the charge has never been substantiated—not in a single case.

Now, all may be fair in love and war, but this by no means holds true concerning religion. If we fight, it must be on the square and not like Milton's angels with "villainous saltpetre." I hold it a cowardly act to defame any woman, or any community of women, on the safe but slippery phrase, "It is said." In this view I am supported by all fair, clean-minded Presbyterians, and am persuaded that even those of the Church who have been led into an absurd and illogical position by sectarian interests, or by misinformation, will ultimately come to accept this view of the matter.

Because of certain representations made to the Canadian National Council of Women, I was, two years ago, requested as Convenor on Laws for the Better Protection of Women and Children of the Edmonton Local Council, to make enquiries into the status of women among the Albertan Mormons. At that time one of the documents placed in my hands was a paper on the Canadian Mormons, read before the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church. In it this clause occurs: "The second woman in a household is always the wife's cousin, or friend, or visitor, or her presence is explained in some other way."

It is evident that the writer of this paper had reason to change his opinions, for, when written to at a later period by me, and asked if this "second woman" became the mother of children, he replied as follows: "I should certainly say it was the habit of the Mormons to introduce a second wife under the guise of a friend, cousin, or servant. Most of the Mormons probably keep the marriage law as



carefully as any 'Gentiles' or 'white people,' and some are in principle opposed to polygamy or at least would prefer to see it dropped from the tenets of the Mormon Church. . . . There are cases of a second woman living in a house beside the legal wife, but such a woman, even though treated as a wife, rarely, if ever, bears a child in Canada."

Other gentlemen who had made charges—Presbyterians, Methodists, and Anglicans—were corresponded with, but, when pinned down, each showed a discreet, not to say elegant, reticence, on matters Mormon. They had "little specific information"; they found it "hard to state facts exactly," or "Mormon tactics are difficult to understand." In a word, these gentlemen would rather be safe than—shall we say, accurate? To sum up the whole matter, not one man made good his insinuations or charges, so it would seem that polygamous practice in Alberta is only so much smug talk, the uneasy dream of a few would-be Bumbles.

I repeat again, that anyone is at liberty to call upon the police to investigate the case of a man with plural wives, and until this is done we should keep "tongues off."

There was, however, one point upon which my correspondents came out flat-footed. They said the Government should not allow the Mormons to preach their "pagan Christianity" in Canada, nor allow them to leave Canada and preach it in other lands.

This matter of the freedom of opinion, and freedom of expressing it (so long as such opinion be not blasphemous or traitorous), is one that goes very far back and beyond either the Presbyterian or Mormon tenets, and we are greatly mistaken if, at this stage of civilization, the authorities at either Ottawa or Edmonton will undertake to say to the Mormons, or to any other law-abiding body, "Thou shalt not."

It has been urged that the success of the Mormon settlement is largely based upon its power to attract to the community men who are only imperfectly monogamous. "How else," asks the critic, "does this organization hold together? Is there any special benefit in being a Mormon? How do you account for their marked prosperity?"

Even the most dispassionate critic cannot but be interested in these questions.

I hold no brief for Mormonism and have a pronounced antipathy to the doctrine of polygamy, which doctrine I believe the Mormons have largely outgrown, even as the Presbyterians outgrew the doctrine of infant damnation, but these questions as to their communal growth seemed to me inevitable. It was only when I came close and studied the conditions at first hand—and with as open a mind as I could manage—that the reason of their prosperity became manifest. The secret of their growth is not in the attraction of a mere sensualist (who would be of little, if any, benefit, to any community), but, on the contrary, lies in their system of self-denial with its rule of tithing, this, and their putting into actual practice the Christian doctrine of the brotherhood of man—with them, the Mormon brother, in particular. Once a man joins the community every "saint" lends him a hand whenever needed. Yes! two hands. No man is allowed to fail because of illness, lack of work, or any other misfortune. Back of him, there is the clever experienced management of the elders to supply the money which any particular saint may lack, so that the saint gets on in spite of himself. They have a fraternal system which cuts out the objectionable features of socialism, such as the equalizing of profits, the nationalization of the land, and an equal minimum wage. In a word, these Mormon folk are like the Hyperboreans—the people who lived at the back of the north wind, where everyone is warm, happy, and comfortable. It is a condition settlers are not able to duplicate in any other part of Canada, or in any part of the world, except in Utah, where the same fraternal conditions prevail. I have not any recent statistics by me, but I find in the year 1878, there was not a saloon, a brewery, a gambling-house, a brothel, or a beggar, and as a consequence, not a lawyer, in thirteen of their counties. That the Alberta Mormons are equally law-abiding is evidenced by the fact that although they have been here thirteen years, not one member of their large community has been confined in our Provincial Penitentiary—a statement that cannot be made of any other religious body. This being the case, it is the commonest kind of sense that we present to them the tolerant spirit and the kindly, courteous manner that befits us as Canadian citizens and gentlefolk.

pose: some maliciously inclined persons may indeed hint that there is a trifle too much repose connected with the English mind, sometimes; but we banish this as a base suspicion. The Englishman, in short, likes not the "falsehood of extremes."

And now we come to the "last word" on Cricket vs. Baseball. It is a mistake, as has been said, to compare the two games, and say that cricket is the better game, and therefore Canadians *must* play cricket; or, on the other hand, to say that baseball is the better game, and therefore let Canadians play baseball and do not bother them. Things are only good, bad or indifferent as circumstances make them so. Cricket will never become in Canada a national game, or even a popular game, for the simple reason that it does not and never will appeal to the ideals and type of mind of the Canadian. This is not saying anything ungracious about the Canadian—far from it; but I have never seen a Canadian *really* enjoy a game of cricket and never expect to. On the other hand, baseball will never "cut any figure" in England for similar reasons: it offends an Englishman's sense of the fitness of things and shocks him. In fine, cricket is a good game, and so also is baseball—which is the better I do not know, and would not say if I did know; but both are eminently local, and cricket requires an Englishman to play it properly, just as surely as baseball requires an American or Canadian.

## A Defence of Tennis

IN a recent issue of the CANADIAN COURIER, says "Amateur," in a letter to this paper, Mr. J. P. Fitzgerald makes a defense of professional baseball which may or may not appeal to the average citizen. As a reader of the COURIER and a supporter of all good, clean, wholesome sport, I cannot let some of Mr. Fitzgerald's statements pass without a protest.

In defending professional baseball Mr. Fitzgerald makes the statement that, "amateurs are bought and sold." Such a statement does not strengthen the defense of professionalism nor is it a fair thing to say about our amateur sports. They may not attain perfection in every case, but they aim high and take a most vital part in the education of our children.

Again, Mr. Fitzgerald makes the perfectly reasonable claim that clean, open professionalism is decent, but then asks his readers if as much can be said for a great part of the species of amateurism that stalks through the land. He goes on to say that, "You can't find a tennis meet at which stars are not imported to add interest. Are they real amateurs?"

Anyone who knows tennis and tennis players knows also that no player enters a tournament with any other reason than an ambition to reach the top, to improve his game by meeting strong players, or simply for his love of the sport. I have attended many such tournaments and never did I hear of the importation of a star. The open events are for all-comers, and a Montreal player may enter an event of this kind in a Toronto tournament if he thinks enough of the game to make the trip and pay all his own expenses.

In criticizing Mr. Ernest Paterson's views on baseball, Mr. Fitzgerald comes to the conclusion that Mr. Paterson can't be very well acquainted with baseball conditions, and then shows his own ignorance regarding amateur sports by making a statement about tennis so absolutely wide of the mark.

Well, every man to his own tastes. Mr. Fitzgerald's is professional baseball, and when his favourite sport is attacked he will put up a better defense if he will stick to baseball, which is evidently his forte.

## Canada's Superiority

CANADA recently received a great compliment from Governor Woodrow Wilson, of New Jersey, prospective Democratic candidate for the presidency. He was speaking at Hackensack on the relation of legislation to business, and said:

"The present contrast between Canada and the United States is this, that in the United States business is feverish and fretful and distrusted; in Canada it is absolutely buoyant with confidence and with hope. Canada is just about a generation ahead of us in the regulation of corporate business, in her banking system and in her currency system. She has got through all the deep waters we are in now, or rather she was never in them; she never let herself get in them. While we have been going on helplessly from one financial crisis to another, Canada has not had any financial crisis. Canada, if we must admit the truth, feels her economic superiority to the United States because she did some time ago, as a matter of course, the things now called radical in the United States, and which are making business men uneasy."

# BASEBALL vs. CRICKET

## A College Student's Plea for Both

IN articles on baseball recently published in the CANADIAN COURIER comparisons were made between that game and cricket. Opinions differ concerning which one is better for Canada. The college student's views on the matter are well presented—in *St. Andrew's College Review*, Toronto, by George M. Vogt, a student at that college recently and now an under-graduate at Harvard.

Cricket vs. baseball is an exceedingly live question in Canada to-day, says Mr. Vogt, and its liveliness is increased when it is discussed in connection with such schools as St. Andrew's. For these schools labour under the disadvantage of desiring to be English, when, as a matter of fact, they are Canadian. They do not realize, in short, that "God fulfils himself in many ways, lest one good custom should corrupt the world." They have tried to solve the question by considering it from a purely aesthetic point of view—that is, which is the better game?—and not from the more practical point of view—that is, which game is the better adapted to the ideals and genius of the people?

The whole discussion, then, resolves itself into a question, not so much as to which is the better game, but which is better suited to the Canadian, that is, a modified American type of mind. It will not be necessary to define, in detail, the differences between the Canadian and the English type of mind; suffice it to say, that the Canadian is eminently democratic, whereas the Englishman is as eminently monarchical and tending to conservatism. With these two points established—if indeed they may be considered so—who cannot see them reflected in the two games? Cricket is a little monarchy in itself; the batter is king, and all the rest his faithful ministers and minions. It is a limited monarchy indeed, for the batter must have his wits about him; but it is nevertheless a monarchy. It is a personified history of England—if we may imagine such a thing: changes are brought about gradually in the true spirit of Tennyson; one is never, or very seldom, startled into a frenzy of excitement; one may go away to dinner and return to find the king still on his throne, discharging his royal duties with benignity and grace; everything is done with due ceremony, and nobody ever seems to forget himself so far as to evince any absorbing interest in the game. Such

is cricket; as English as Mr. Pickwick or Trafalgar Square.

It may be said that cricket is unsurpassed from an esthetical point of view: nothing, surely, can be more pleasing to the senses than the white ducks set off by the background of green grass; the orderly way in which everything is done; the graceful actions of the bowler and the still more graceful bearing of the batter; the arrangement of the different players—how their positions seem to dove-tail into one another. In short, the general aspect of the game, when viewed from a distance, is indeed a work of art; but, alas, for this very reason, perhaps, and for others, it does not appeal to the Canadian youth.

Looking at baseball in the same impartial (?) light, we observe a little republic; everybody is in action at least. Everyone has, in due order, a regularly recurring chance to whack the ball; for no matter how skilled the batter may be he cannot remain "in" forever. The batter is, for the time being, president indeed, but there is no man on the diamond who is not of the most vital importance; everything is on edge; the spectators are breathless; the players are strung to the highest tension; the ball travels with lightning speed, and the player doesn't often reach "home." In short, baseball is liberal and democratic: everyone is given a fair chance to show exactly what he is capable of.

The one thing, among others, that may be urged against baseball is its weakness from the esthetical point of view; the burning sand of the diamond; the pop-corn and peanut atmosphere; the grey or yellow or Lord knows what colour of the suits of the players; the unsightly caps; the truly man-eating aspect of the catcher, and the fierce antics of the pitcher; the very fact, in short, that the game is always in motion makes it impossible to secure that delightful scene picture which is so satisfying in a game of cricket. But this aspect of cricket, which so endears it, and rightly, to the Englishman's heart, is wholly lost on that excellent animal, the Canadian youth.

And so, we come back to the beginning—what is the Canadian type of mind as compared with the English? The Canadian mind inclines to action, while the English inclines to action balanced by re-



# MEN OF TO-DAY

## Two New College Presidents.

ALL the colleges in the Dominion will have got down to the humanities and football by the time this number of THE COURIER is shuffled over the three thousand odd miles between Halifax and Prince Rupert. An academic year means many changes—graduates fading out, freshmen taking up the college yell, members of faculties moving into new positions. Two Canadian universities greeted new presidents this brown back-to-college month. Professor Arthur Stanley Mackenzie is now getting acquainted with the furniture in the presidential office at Dalhousie University, Halifax. Chancellor Abraham Lincoln McCrimmon has just turned the wheels of another regime in McMaster University, Toronto.

\* \* \*

## President of Dalhousie.

PRESIDENT MACKENZIE, as will be observed from the portrait on this page, is long-headed and Scotch in appearance, though he was not born within smell of the heather. He arose in the most Scotch province in Canada, the son of a lawyer of Pictou, Nova Scotia. At twenty, he was a Bachelor of Dalhousie, and immediately became a pedagogue. In his professional work he has had a varied and rather unusual training. For instance, during fourteen years, Professor Mackenzie taught the American girl mathematics at Bryn Mawr, Uncle Sam's great university for women—where, it is said, the Nova Scotian was very popular. This was not his only experience in the educational institutions of the United States. He also lectured at Johns Hopkins and the Stevens Institute of Technology. All the time Professor Mackenzie was absent from Canada improving the culture of our neighbours, he cast back languishing glances at his Alma Mater. Nothing, not even the deep-chested, deep-minded Harrison Fisher or H. C. Christy, princesses of American womanhood at Bryn Mawr, could cause to swerve his set purpose of packing up and returning to Dalhousie for good sometime. Twice he shook the dust of the Republic from his soles, and arrived at Dalhousie to fill lectureships for short periods. Now he is back at the head of affairs. Having studied Dalhousie all his life, Professor Mackenzie is quite capable of guiding the strongest university in the Maritime Provinces.

\* \* \*

## Chancellor of McMaster.

IT might be said of Chancellor McCrimmon, pilot of McMaster, that he has been in training for his present office ever since he got his B. A. hood in 1890 from the University of Toronto. The fathers of McMaster have been patting each other on the back because they did not find it necessary to import a collegian with foreign frills after his name to manage the leading educational institution of the Baptist Church in the British Empire. They found right on their own staff a hustling young Baptist with large ideas and broad culture, and they promoted him. Professor McCrimmon is a tall, dark man, with shoulders developed in the gymnasium of the Ontario farm of thirty years ago. He speaks to the point without Miltonic periods affected by some college presidents. Always there is a twinkle of humour in his eye which helps him along with his classes. But he means business. He knows McMaster like the manager of a departmental store the branches of his emporium. By the way, McMaster with its allied institutions is not unlike a departmental store. At Woodstock, Ontario, is the boys' preparatory school; Moulton College, Toronto, is the girls' school; Brandon College, Manitoba, and Okanagan College, in British Columbia, are Western branches of the university. Chancellor McCrimmon was at Woodstock for fifteen years—ten as principal. At McMaster, he has taught seven years education and political economy.

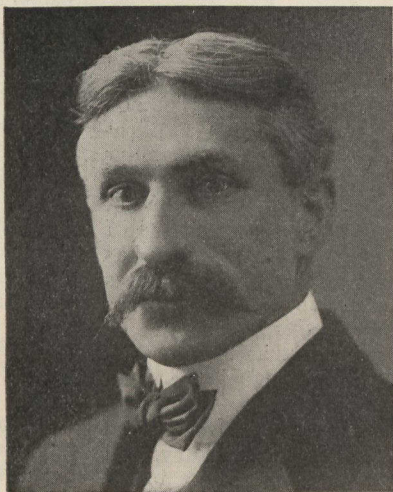
Under Chancellor McCrimmon, McMaster embarks on a new era. Additional buildings will soon be shooting up, for the institution is now so crowded that freshmen are pushing each other out of bed in the residence. McMaster University, since Queen's

cut the tie of the Church, is the chief denominational university in Canada; its future under the new Chancellor will be interesting to students of education throughout the Dominion.

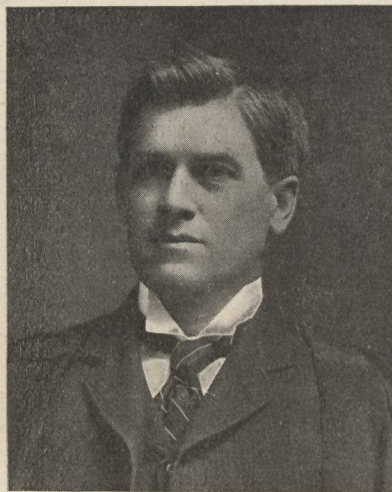
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## A Canadian Author Abroad.

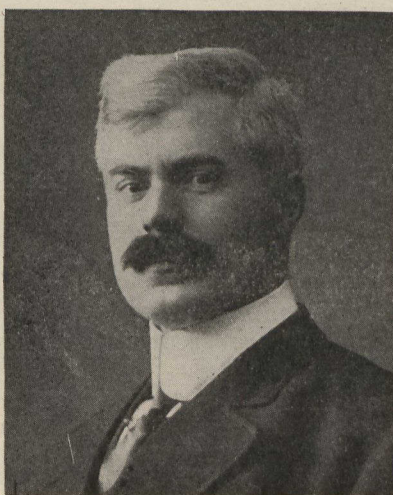
IN one of the New York magazines there is running a series of articles, "Adventures in the Psychical." The author is Mr. H. Addington Bruce. He is a young Canadian who has made a striking literary success in a rather unusual and difficult field. University of Toronto men of the class of 1895 will remember Bruce. He was the six-foot Trinity senior who cleaned up on English essays and was the marvel of half-baked football heroes. By birth Mr. Bruce is a Torontonion, the son of Lieut.-Col. John Bruce, a well-known military man, formerly commandant of the 10th Royal Grenadiers. At Upper Canada College he began his scribbling on the student paper. After leaving Trinity by the



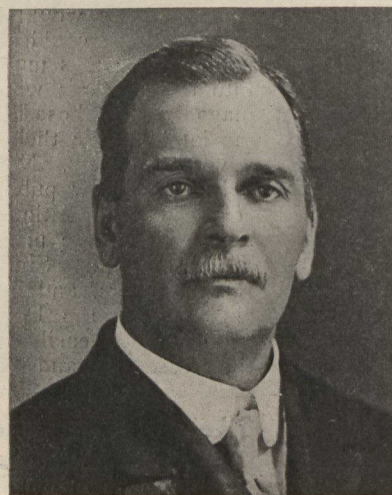
PROFESSOR A. S. MACKENZIE  
Halifax  
The new President of Dalhousie University



PROFESSOR A. L. McCRIMMON  
Toronto  
Appointed Chancellor of McMaster University.



H. ADDINGTON BRUCE  
A Canadian, who has achieved fame abroad  
as a writer on history and psychology.



MR. W. S. CARTER, M.A., LL.D.  
Fredericton  
Elected President Association of Canadian Clubs

B. A. route, Mr. Bruce was so proficient in sentence structure that Professor Goldwin Smith gave him a position on his paper, "The Week." The Sage of the Grange liked his style and packed him off to New York.

He arrived in the Yankee capital of Art about the time Messrs. Arthur Stringer, Arthur E. MacFarlane, and Arthur Heming were living on flapjacks, and accepted stories. Unlike the three Canadian Arthurs, Mr. H. Addington Bruce did not begin besieging editors with experiments in fiction. His fast-expanding mind developed historical ambitions; he would write the real history of the American people. And during his fifteen odd years with Uncle Sam, Mr. Bruce has written historical works like: "Daniel Boone and the American Wilderness," and "The Romance of American Expansion." Apart from their historical value, these works illustrate Mr. Bruce's peculiar and almost original method as an historian. Mr. Bruce is a psychological interpreter of history. He himself says that he does not believe a man can write history accurately without studying the working of the human

mind. For that reason Mr. Bruce is a psychologist.

As a psychologist, Mr. Bruce is perhaps better known than as an historian. He was a most intimate associate of that great Harvard psychologist, the late Professor William James, brother of Henry James, the novelist. Mr. Bruce has written many popular articles on mental subjects and two books, "The Riddle of Personality," and "Historic Ghost and Ghost Hunters." But psychology to him is only a means of furthering his historical plans. He has just finished assisting Ambassador Bryce in the revision of his great book, "The American Commonwealth," and is now plotting an extensive historical and psychological prose epic of American expansion since the Revolution.

It seems to be a shame that such a writer should be forced to leave Canada because the student of history or of psychology cannot make a living here. This is an old complaint, but it is still true. The Canadian litterateur must emigrate or starve. It makes one grieve to think that such brilliant delvers and ditchers as H. Addington Bruce should be compelled to work in foreign fields.

\* \* \*

## A School-teacher President.

AT the annual conference of Canadian Clubs, held in Winnipeg this summer, Mr. W. S. Carter, M.A., LL.D., was elected president of the Association for all Canada. The chief aim of the great speech-after-luncheon movement, founded by Charles McCullough, in Hamilton, in 1892, is to teach true Canadian nationalism. As a school-teacher starting humbly down in New Brunswick, and climbing until in 1909 he became Superintendent of Education for the Province, Dr. Carter has probably had more experience elucidating eloquently the virtues of Canadianism, than many of the business men who belong to the Canadian Club, and have not encountered Young Canada in the raw as he has. School teachers and university professors are too infrequently called to identify themselves officially with broad national movements in this country. This is not so in France and Germany and other European countries where pedagogues sometimes lead revolutions and are made heroes of novels.

As head of the Association of Canadian Clubs, he will have an opportunity to organize public opinion in a quiet but effective way. The Association represents all the Canadian clubs of the Dominion, but has no power over them, either in administration or in legislation. Its chief business is to unify opinion and experience in Canadian club work, to help the weaker clubs, and to assist in founding new clubs. Its influence is thus incidental, but none the less important.

\* \* \*

## A Reverend License Inspector.

NO man was more surprised than himself when Rev. John Ayearst, who has resigned as Provincial License Inspector in Ontario, was offered the appointment in 1905. Rev. Mr. Ayearst was then in charge of a Methodist congregation in Western Ontario, and was on one of his visits to "stiffen the back" of Hon. W. J. Hanna, who had announced when appointed Provincial Secretary that Ontario Bonifaces would be made "keep hotel." For years Mr. Ayearst has been an ardent temperance advocate, and the enforcement of the liquor license law as he thought it should be, was the great thing for which he strove. Time after time he called upon Mr. Hanna concerning this matter.

"Now see here, Ayearst," Hon. Mr. Hanna is reported to have said. "Just try it yourself." Mr. Ayearst never dreamed of such a proposal and it made him stare for a minute. A Methodist minister as a license inspector was something new for him. But it was up to him. "What could I do," Mr. Ayearst said in relating the incident to a friend. He took Mr. Hanna at his word, and for the last six years he has been going up and down Ontario from Cornwall to Kenora, prosecuting illicit sellers of liquor and hotelkeepers whom he caught selling in local option districts. Regarding his position as something akin to detectives, he called in all his photographs. A likeness of John Ayearst is about as scarce as hens teeth.

He now goes to Edmonton at an increased salary to carry on similar work.



# REFLECTIONS

By THE EDITOR

## Paying Political Debts.

JUST how far a new government should go in paying political debts at the public expense is a serious question just now. The new Federal Cabinet is being bombarded by men who have "grievances" and "claims." Some of these grievances are real, and justice demands that they be remedied. For example, it is rumoured that two or three militia officers who were made to suffer for political exigencies under the old regime, will be restored to their rank and standing. No administration is able to get along without mistakes, and the incoming administration rectifies these and then in course of time makes mistakes of its own for its successors to rectify.

But grievances and claims differ. It is questionable if any person has a "claim" on this new government which necessitates its awarding a contract or a place in the public service to a Conservative with a claim. Senatorships are an exception. These go, and properly so, to men of distinction who have some claim upon the party. Private secretaryships and even deputy ministerships might reasonably go to men with claims, if they have the qualifications. These are confidential positions and a cabinet minister must be left free to retain the old occupants of these offices or to choose new. But other positions in the service should not be so regarded.

A despatch from Ottawa states that Hon. L. O. Taillon is to be postmaster of Montreal. This is hardly credible. Hon. Mr. Taillon is a distinguished politician. He led the anti-Nationalist opposition to Hon. Mr. Mercier in the Quebec Legislature, was twice in a Quebec cabinet, and finally premier. He afterwards entered the federal arena and became Postmaster-General under Sir Charles Tupper. But Mr. Taillon is seventy-one years of age. It is a senatorship he should have; not a postmastership. Such purely administrative and technical positions as customs collectors and postmasters, in the cities especially, should go to well-trained members of the civil service—not to outsiders no matter what their experience, nor what their "claim." It is impossible to believe that either Premier Borden or Postmaster-General Pelletier would begin their administrative career with such an appointment.

## New Chairman N. T. C.

PREMIER BORDEN is to be congratulated upon his choice of chairman for the National Transcontinental Commission. Under the previous administration, there were many complaints that the then commission was weak and subservient to political influence. Whether these charges were true or false will probably be known later. In any case the chairmanship is a place for a strong man. The task of spending two hundred million dollars and spending it economically and wisely is one which will bow even the mightiest shoulders. Such a task involves a watchfulness and an attention to details which few men would care to undertake.

Mr. Leonard, I understand, did not seek the position. It sought him. He is wealthy and has no political obligations to meet. He is experienced in engineering and railway building and has had much to do with contractors. He is the type of man from whom the public may expect much, and he may be sure that if he gives freely of his brains and ability he will earn a high place in the public esteem.

While congratulating Mr. Borden and Mr. Leonard, it might not be amiss to suggest that the public in the long run gets the service it pays for. If the newspapers and the people generally uphold the good appointments and condemn the poor, there will be a preponderance of the former. If the newspapers yield to the machine politicians and uphold by their silence the poorer appointments, then the public service will suffer and good men will not sacrifice their private opportunities for the general good.

## Census Disappointment.

CANADA is considerably disappointed over the census returns. We have been hit in a tender spot. The country is not quite so important as we thought it was. Our jaunty air has been subdued by some official figures.

The Western cities which have been predicting that they would soon be places as big as Chicago, St. Paul and St. Louis have been deeply injured by

the Dominion statistician's published figures. Every one of these cities claims from 10,000 to 20,000 more population than the census authorities give them. There was a similar outbreak of rage after the census of 1901.

Of all the provinces Ontario is the hardest hit by Mr. Blue and his corps of census takers. The towns and cities have increased in population by 344,752, but the total increase in population is only 336,955. Thus rural Ontario has decreased about 8,000. The "banner" province is not going ahead agriculturally. The farms are producing more, but the farmers have decreased in number. It is understood that this topic will be much discussed during the approaching provincial general election, and that the result will be a broad, aggressive settlement policy which will aim at correcting this anomaly in the growth of the province.

## Is the Publisher a Robber?

EVERY now and again some writer takes it upon himself to complain that Canadian publications do not pay respectable prices for their material. It is quite true, speaking generally, that the Canadian writer and the Canadian artist are not paid at as high a rate as the writers and artists of New York and London. The New York writer has a possible audience of ninety million United States people plus seven million Canadian people; whereas the Canadian writer has only a possible audience of seven million. Is it to be expected that the Toronto or Montreal literary market shall equal the New York literary market? United States stories and United States writings of all kinds have free access to Canada and are widely read in this country, and the United States writer gets the benefit of a broad market. Canadian writings are not acceptable to United States readers and are not widely read in that country, hence the Canadian writer gets a smaller fee for his work.

The Canadian publishers and editors regret this state of affairs just as much as the writers and artists. They would be delighted to pay higher prices if they could afford it. Let us suppose that no United States magazines were allowed to come into this market; what would happen to Canadian magazines? Those already in existence would immediately treble their circulations and treble their advertising rates. New magazines would come into existence. New publishers and new editors would come into competition for articles, stories and illustrations, and the prices paid for this work would advance rapidly. Similarly if the *Saturday Evening Post*, *Colliers*, and other weekly papers were excluded from the Dominion, the Canadian weekly papers would easily treble their circulation, treble their resources and treble their rates of payment.

## The Tariff and the Publisher.

A WRITER sends a letter to the *Toronto Sunday World* in which he remarks, "Canadian publishers insist on trying to get something relatively for nothing," and advocates that Canadian writers form a "union" to force higher rates. Has this correspondent ever investigated the commercial conditions under which Canadian publishers are compelled to struggle? If he knew, he would realize that the wonder is that there are any Canadian periodicals at all, not that publishers pay low rates.

I have already pointed out that United States publishers have full control of their own market and also free access to this market. They have a big market plus a little market. The Canadian publisher does not have even the little market to himself. But there is an even greater handicap. In the United States magazine paper is cheaper than in Canada. The United States publisher buys this cheap paper, but the Canadian publisher is not allowed to do so. The latter must pay a duty of 25 to 35 per cent. on imported paper, or he must take paper from Canadian paper-makers at a price nearly equal to the United States price plus the duty.

This higher price of paper would not be so great a handicap, if the United States publisher had to pay the same duty when entering this market. But he does not. There is one periodical which calls itself "Canadian," but which is printed in New York. It gets the cheaper United States paper, is printed and bound in New York, and is sent into Canada free of duty. This is an example of the

conditions which hamper Canadian publishers.

If Mr. Maclure or Mr. Munsey prints a ton of magazine paper in New York and sends it into Canada, he pays no duty. If a Canadian publisher buys a ton of blank paper in the United States and brings it into Canada to feed his presses and print the writings of Canadians, he must pay a duty running from \$20 to \$28. Now a ton of paper will produce about 3,000 magazines; therefore, in the matter of paper alone the New York publishers can produce magazines at one-half to one cent per copy cheaper than Toronto publishers. On a circulation of 100,000 this means from \$500 to \$1,000 a month.

When the Canadian writers form their union will they please consider this anomaly. I wouldn't suggest that they advocate a duty on United States magazines, but they should understand the situation fully before they indulge in sweeping denunciations.

## Literary Success---How Won.

HOWEVER much we may regret it, literary success has come to no Canadian unless he has secured the United States and British markets in addition to the Canadian. Almost every Canadian book which has brought its author a profit has been published in the United States as well as Canada. I do not think that Sir Gilbert Parker ever had a book set up in a Canadian printing office. I think this is also true of Charles G. D. Roberts, Arthur Stringer, W. A. Fraser, Norman Duncan, Ralph Connor, L. M. Montgomery, E. W. Thomson, Robert Barr, Mrs. Cotes, Lily Dougall, Agnes C. Laut, William McLennan, and Clive Philipps-Wolley. "Songs of a Sourdough," by Robert Service, was, I believe, first printed here, but that is the exception. The Canadian book publishers are protected by a small duty, but unprotected by a copyright act. Hence, like the periodical publishers, they have had a tremendous fight to establish themselves even in a small way.

Is it not curious, to say the least, that Canadians should arise in their wrath and smite reciprocity because they desired to preserve Canadian nationalism, and then should go down town next day and buy half a dozen United States magazines to take home for the entertainment of their wives and children and themselves? Is it not curious that they should spend hours and hours in arguing that the manufactures of carpets and shoes and paper should be protected by a tariff from the energetic, enterprising United States manufacturer, and should complacently leave the publisher, the writer and the artist to the fiercest free trade that ever was known?

## Fortunate Australia.

THERE is one of the British Dominions-Over-Seas which is fortunate in the matter of publishing and authorship. Australia is divided from the rest of the Anglo-Saxon world by several vast oceans. The British monthly is three weeks old when it reaches Australia and the British weekly is out-of-date before it arrives. The same is true of the United States monthly and weekly. Both Australia and New Zealand have publishing industries of their own. The population in each country is smaller than in Canada, but the monthlies and weeklies have larger circulations, are larger, better and more numerous. It is possible for an Australian or New Zealand writer to make a fair living writing for his home publications.

Canada may lose something by having her printing and publishing done abroad, but she also gains something in cosmopolitanism. Whether the gain offsets the loss, must be left to the Canadian public to decide.

## Pushing Back the Frontier.

QUITE striking is a phrase in the *Winnipeg Telegram* describing how "The C. N. R. yesterday pushed Western Canada's frontier back 105 miles" by the opening of a new line from Vegreville south towards Calgary through Camrose and Stettler. Pushing back the frontier is the business of the Canadian Northern, Grand Trunk Pacific and Canadian Pacific. Soon they will be joined by the new Hudson's Bay Railway. The pioneer who leads the way into the wilderness, erects his little shack and turns over a few acres of sod is pushing back the frontier, but when the railway construction gang follow in his wake the frontier is even more widely disturbed.

This process of pushing back the frontier means much for Canada, and every one must be grateful to the pioneer farmers and pioneer railway constructors who are opening up new districts for the public benefit. This process means much to the provinces where the work is proceeding apace, and also a great deal to those who live in Eastern Canada and reap some of the benefits that come from a larger and more populous Dominion.



HONOURING THE MEMORY OF SIMON FRASER



On October 4th a bronze bust of Simon Fraser was unveiled at New Westminster. Fraser was the first white man to navigate the Fraser River, which he reached on July 8th, 1808. The bust is by Philippe Hebert. [See page 23.] Photograph by Cooksley.

HALIFAX PUTS TABLETS ON ITS HISTORICAL BUILDINGS



On October 10th a tablet was erected by the N. S. Historical Society to mark the site of the first printing establishment in Canada, established by Bartholomew Green, Jr. in 1751. The central figure in this group is Archdeacon Armitage, President N. S. Historical Society. [See page 23] Photograph by Gauvin & Gentzel.

World's Baseball Series

BASEBALL excitement reached its highest mark during the last fortnight when the New York Giants and the Philadelphia Athletics "hooked up" for the world's championship games. "Connie" Mack was looking for revenge for the 4-1 beating which "Muggsy" McGraw gave him five years ago in a world's series.

There were special features in this year's struggle. Rain caused the postponement of games for the first time in the history of the world's series. The camera showed that in the first game Umpire Dineen was wrong in calling Collins of Philadelphia out and so cutting off two runs that would probably have given the game to Philadelphia. In the second game Snodgrass of New York spiked Third-baseman Baker of Philadelphia, and even the experts can't agree as to which of the players was to blame.

Perhaps the most interesting description of a play was this statement by Baker concerning one of his home runs: "When Mathewson pitched me that curve, and I saw her starting to break, I busted her; that's all."



Bender, Philadelphia's star pitcher.



Third game of World's Series at New York Polo Grounds--Philadelphia at bat.



# THROUGH A MONOCLE

## HAVE WE BAD MANNERS ?

CANADIAN manners have been under discussion of late more than once; and we have proven the possession of some shreds of gentle conduct, at all events, by not resenting the criticisms of people who were more or less our guests. One of the critics was a Belfast journalist who found us uncouth and our hotel and railway service ignorant and rude; and another critic was a great musician who objected to noise in the hall while he was playing. These happened to be conspicuous criticisms which got into the papers; but there are none of us, I presume, who have not heard the same sort of thing from dozens of trans-Atlantic visitors. As a rule, we don't mind it. If certain people do not like us, we say they know what they can do—to put the thing in the direct language of which they mostly complain. There is a feeling amongst us, too, that when we are expected on occasion to learn "manners" from superior persons who plainly go upon the theory that their manners are right and our manners are wrong, and who tell us our faults in a fashion we would regard as the height of rudeness ourselves, we need not bother much about it.

\* \* \*

BUT that is not the most profitable use to make of criticism. When we find this opinion of our general conduct so universally held by men and women trained in the civilization of the Old World, a calm view of the situation should suggest to us, surely, that there may be something in it; and that, at all events, we had better take a glance in the mirror and see if they are wholly astray. It is certainly not the height of courtesy for them to be so plain-spoken about it; but let us overlook that for the moment. It is not their manners which need concern us chiefly, but our own. Is there, then, any ground for this common European complaint that Canadians are ill-mannered?

\* \* \*

WELL, the pianist who stopped his performance that he might rebuke a section of his audience for making a noise, was certainly not founding his implied accusation on an imaginary grievance. The noise was being made; and it distracted the player and interfered with the enjoyment of the rest of the audience. Nor was this an isolated and unprecedented occurrence. I am quite sure that both you and I have been intensely annoyed at times by the failure of members of an audience to keep still during a performance. They, apparently, did not want to hear what was going forward; and so they entirely disregarded our desires in the case and kept up a rumble of conversation broken by what seemed to us bursts of vacuous laughter. Now that was rude—distinctly rude. Sometimes, it goes so far as to be boorish. It is more often to be heard at high-class musical performances than, perhaps, at anything else, which merely goes to show that a larger percentage of our people are ignorant of music than of most other things.

\* \* \*

NOW the European would notice this at once. In Germany, there is not a whisper to be heard during a musical selection. If any one had the hardihood to indulge in so insipid a "gaucherie," a storm of hisses would make him the blushing centre of an indignant company. Anywhere on the continent, quiet is the courtesy which every audience pays to the performer and to those who desire to hear—even when some may not be appreciative of the effort. They are very critical over there; and poor music gets roughly handled at times. But an audience will either listen in silence or combine in universal "booming." It will not thoughtlessly disregard the rights of others, so long as any considerable number of "others" desire to hear. Audiences in the British Isles are, however, not so careful. Neither are they so confident of their critical power. They are about midway between Canada and the Continent.

\* \* \*

BUT the complaint which took us most by surprise was not that we listen poorly to "classical music," but that our manners are distinctly rude in contact with strangers. Our railway officials are ill-informed and "grumpy," we are told; and our hotel servants are unobliging and impudent. Altogether we are a coarse people. Now I am quite ready to believe in the sincerity of such a criticism. But I think that it is based upon a faulty diagnosis of the symptoms observed. We are an independent people—sometimes aggressively independent. Servility is a vice from which we are almost entirely

free. In Europe, there is a recognition of superiority by one class toward another that is wholly absent here; and it is not surprising that Europeans, accustomed to this attitude on the part of servants all their lives, should miss it in Canada. A London bus conductor collects your fare in a deferential manner as if you were conferring a favour on him, while a Toronto street car conductor levies on you as if you were a defaulting tax-payer and he a stern sheriff. After a long period in Europe, even I—a Canadian—feel a sense of affront at the brusque behaviour of precisely these railway and hotel officials of whom the Belfast editor complained. Yet, in a moment, it is gone; for I know that it is not meant to be offensive. But a European can hardly be blamed for thinking that it means here what it would mean "at home"—a deliberate refusal to show proper respect.

\* \* \*

THEN we have another peculiarity of which I have never heard anyone speak, but which servants coming to us from Europe must assuredly notice; and that is the failure of those who regard

## GROWTH IN POPULATION AND TRADE

By NORMAN PATTERSON

THE results of the Canadian decennial census, taken in June last, were issued a few days ago. The population stands at 7,100,000, an increase of nearly two millions in ten years. Though the figures do not show as large a total as some enthusiasts expected, they indicate a greater increase of percentage for the decade than any similar increase in the United States. The highest percentage ever reached by that country in one decade was twenty-four per cent.; the percentage of increase in Canada for the past decade is thirty-two per cent. Hence there is a considerable amount of national satisfaction over the results.

The population by provinces is as follows:

Alberta .....	372,919
British Columbia (incomplete) ...	362,768
Manitoba .....	454,691
New Brunswick .....	351,815
Nova Scotia (incomplete) .....	461,847
Ontario .....	2,519,902
Prince Edward Island .....	93,722
Quebec (incomplete) .....	2,000,697
Saskatchewan (incomplete) .....	453,508
Northwest Territories .....	10,000
Yukon, etc. ....	70,000
Grand Total .....	7,151,869

Among the nine provinces Saskatchewan shows the greatest increase. Then follow in order Quebec, Ontario, Alberta, British Columbia, Manitoba, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. Prince Edward Island alone shows a decrease amounting to 9,537, while Eastern Canada shows a considerable increase in population, the greatest increase is in the West. The total increase in the four Western provinces amounts to a round million, while Eastern Canada shows a gain of less than seven hundred thousand. The ten largest cities rank as follows:

Montreal .....	466,197
Toronto .....	376,240
Winnipeg .....	135,440
Vancouver .....	100,333
Ottawa .....	86,340
Hamilton .....	81,859
Quebec .....	78,067
London .....	46,177
Halifax .....	46,081
Calgary .....	43,736

Montreal and Toronto are still the leading cities. Winnipeg, which was sixth in 1901, is now third. Vancouver, instead of being tenth, is now fourth. The only new name is Calgary, which displaces St. John. Toronto's rate of increase is 80.8, while Montreal's increase is 74.1. A large percentage of increase is, of course, shown by the Western cities. For example, Winnipeg has increased from 42,000 to 135,000, and Vancouver from 26,000 to 100,000. Perhaps the most remarkable growth is shown by the City of Saskatoon. In 1901 it had a population of 113; in 1911 its population was 12,002.

While Canada has increased only 32 per cent. in population during the past ten years, the growth in trade, commerce and industry has been considerably larger proportionately. For example, the total exports increased as follows:

1901 .....	\$196,487,000
1910 .....	301,358,000

themselves as the "best people" to treat their dependents with courtesy and kindness. Perhaps it is that the air of "patronage" which usually goes with it in Europe, would be resented here; but I rather fancy that the explanation lies nearer to a little incident recorded by Frank R. Stockton in one of his delightful stories. He told of a "haying party" near an English village in which everybody joined—the farmers, their wives and men servants and maid servants; the hotel-keeper and his coachmen and bar-maid—very pretty; the merchants and their clerks; the neighbouring Lord and his household staff; the county families and their tenants. They were all mixed up so that the American author could not tell one from other; and he said that this would be impossible in a similar community in the United States. And he wondered why. The Americans were more democratic; and yet they would not do this thing. Finally, he hit upon this explanation. In England, everybody's place in the social scale was so secure and well-known that there was no fear that they might not all get sorted out again quite rightly after such a "levelling down"; while, in the United States, some people might fear that they would lose caste. I wonder if that is the reason why some of our "best people" are rude to the poor men and women dependent on their favour. Are they afraid that, otherwise, their superiority might not be apparent to everyone?

THE MONOCLE MAN.

The imports have grown faster than the exports, which is reasonable in a country which is in process of building and which is bringing in considerable quantities of foreign capital. The comparison is as follows:

1901 .....	\$190,415,000
1910 .....	391,852,000

It will thus be seen that the total foreign trade of Canada has almost doubled in the past ten years. It is quite probable that when the revised returns for 1911 are available it will be found that foreign trade has actually doubled during the decade.

During the same period Canada's Funded Debt has grown from \$236,000,000 to \$262,000,000, a very slight increase compared with the growth of the population and of the country's external and internal commerce.

Between the years of 1901 and 1911 the amount of Dominion notes (\$1, \$2 and \$4) in circulation has increased from \$27,000,000 to \$100,000,000. The deposits in the savings banks have not grown to any extent, but the deposits in the chartered banks have increased from \$350,000,000 to more than \$950,000,000. During the same period the assets of the chartered banks have more than doubled. In 1901 they were \$531,000,000; in 1911 they were \$1,322,000,000. The value of money orders issued by the Post Office in 1901 was \$18,000,000, and in 1910, \$61,000,000. The number of Post Offices increased from 9,834 in 1901 to over 13,000 in 1911. The railway mileage increased from 18,000 to over 25,000 during the decade.

A very fair index of the growth of Canada is the growth in the value of unimproved farm lands in the Prairie Provinces. The best lands have been sold and the more distant lands are now coming on the market. Nevertheless, a comparison of the prices during the past ten years indicate a steady growth. The following table of prices, at which land has been sold by the C. N. W. Land Co., may be taken as fairly indicative of the general rise in value:

Year.	Average price per acre.
1901 .....	\$5.44
1902 .....	5.73
1903 .....	6.25
1904 .....	6.64
1905 .....	6.67
1906 .....	9.82
1907 .....	11.33
1908 .....	11.13
1909 .....	11.39
1910 .....	12.02

All these figures indicate that Canada's progress during the first decade of the twentieth century has been exceedingly satisfactory. It is reasonable to assume that this progress will be duplicated in the next ten years. Commercial conditions are sound. Railroad traffic is expanding and general commerce is growing rapidly. There is not a single cloud on Canada's horizon. She has claimed the Twentieth Century as her own and the claim will undoubtedly be met.





Officers, Instructors and Cadets, Royal Naval College, at Halifax.



Cadets learn the practical mysteries of engineering in the workshop.

# OUR NAVAL COLLEGE

By L. R. RICHARDSON

THE new Naval Policy to which the Dominion Government is committed by Act of Parliament 1910 has necessitated considerable re-arrangement and re-organization in His Majesty's Dockyard at Halifax. The Dockyard, built and operated by the Imperial Government and used for many years as the headquarters of the North Atlantic Squadron of the British Fleet, was taken over nominally last year, and officially April 1, 1911, by the Naval Department of the Dominion Government. The old Naval Hospital has been remodelled and enlarged to serve temporarily as a home for the Royal Naval College of Canada. Class-rooms, laboratories and workshops have been fitted up and the first class of cadets, who joined in January of this year, are now receiving instruction that will fit them for commissions in the Canadian Navy. Some of these will be our future Captains and Admirals. At present the Cruiser Niobe is commanded by officers of the Royal Navy loaned by the Imperial Government, although the Commander is Canadian-born, so that the present midshipmen and cadets will be the first Canadian-trained officers in our Navy.



Cadets' Yacht "Venture."

From the day a cadet enters the college, he is under the control of Naval Officers, under whom, after leaving college, he may find himself serving aboard a Man-of-war at sea. The command of the College is vested in a Captain. Under him come three Lieutenants, the senior of whom controls discipline, gives instruction in Seamanship, arranges the recreation of the cadets, and sees to the routine and cleanliness of the college. Another Lieutenant is a specialist in Physical Training, and the third is an Engineer Lieutenant, who supervises the engineering instruction and the workshops. Those three officers live in the college and one of them is always on duty out of school hours, guiding the cadets in their recreation.

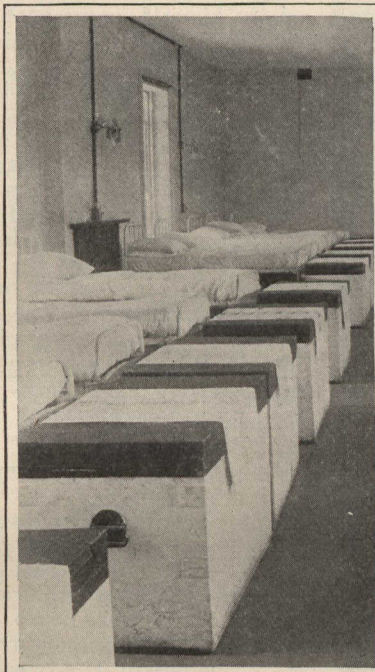
On the teaching staff there is a Director of Studies, who is an honour graduate in Mathematics from Cambridge, and ranks with a Commander in the Royal Navy, a Naval Instructor and two Masters, who are specialists in Mathematics and Physics respectively. A professor of languages attends twice a week to give instruction in French and German. The Director of Studies arranges the scheme of instruction and supervises all school matters subject to the approval of the Captain. The Masters are civilians, but the Naval Instructors are naval officers, with the relative rank of Lieutenant, wear uniform and take their turn of sea service when called upon for the instruction of Midshipmen afloat.

There are also a Paymaster and a Naval Surgeon, the former in charge of the Commissariat and Secretary of the College.

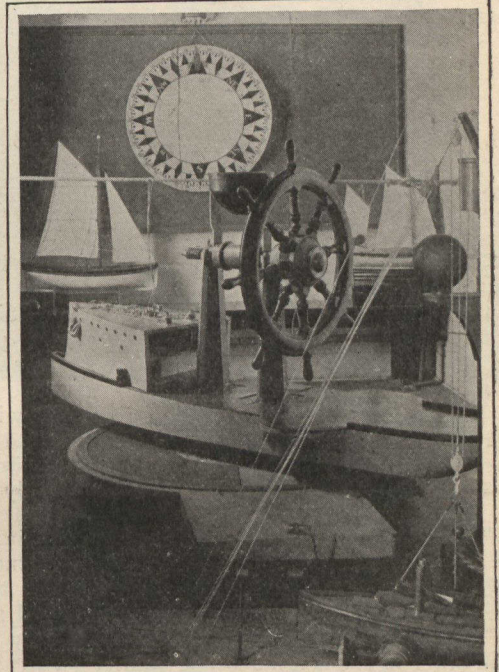
The College Staff comprises a crew of about thirty men. Four are chief petty officers who, in addition to their special instructional duties, such as physical drill, seamanship, and boat-sailing, look after the cadets when in the college. They bring before the First Lieutenant any cadet reported for misbehavior. The rest of the crew are the workshop mechanics, boats' crews, college stewards, waiters and cleaners.

The cadets make their own beds, get their soiled linen ready for the laundry and keep their uniforms clean. They rise at 6.30 a.m. winter and summer, and every minute of the day is occupied until 9.30 p.m., when lights are out in the dormitories. The first hour of the day is devoted to physical drill. School hours are from 9 a.m. to 4.30 p.m., with the exception of Wednesday and Saturday, which are half-holidays, and the remainder of the day is devoted to sports. The Cadets are encouraged to spend all their spare hours in outdoor sports, such as hockey, cricket, football and boating. Rowing boats, a small yacht, and a steam cutter are supplied. In summer they occasionally go off on a week-end cruise with one of the officers, or compete in sailing or pulling races.

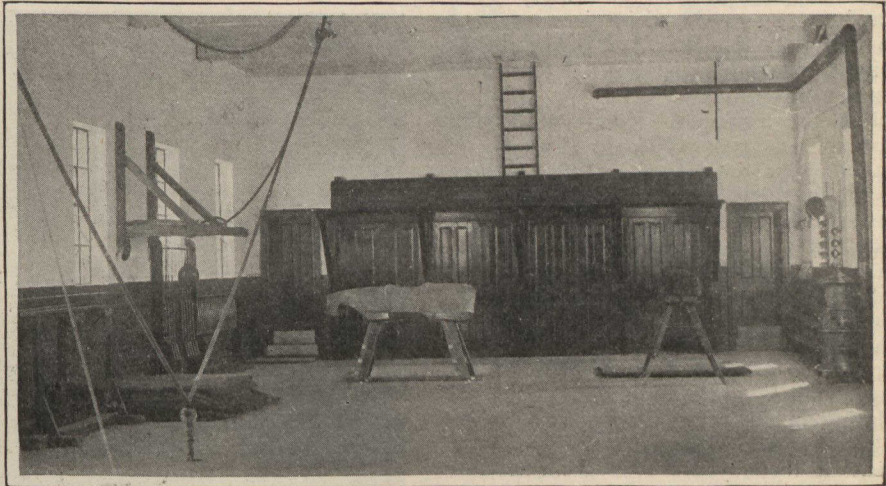
During their two years at College, all Cadets have the same training and are not allowed at that early age to specialize in any subject. This plan has



One side of a dormitory.



Seamanship Room.



Gymnasium of the Royal Naval Cadets.

long been followed in the U. S. Navy and has lately been adopted in England. The curriculum aims at being practical. Much time is devoted to Mathematics and Physics and their application. In the workshops the boys work under experienced mechanics in every branch of Mechanical Engineering. After completing the College course, they go to sea as Midshipmen in a Training Cruiser.

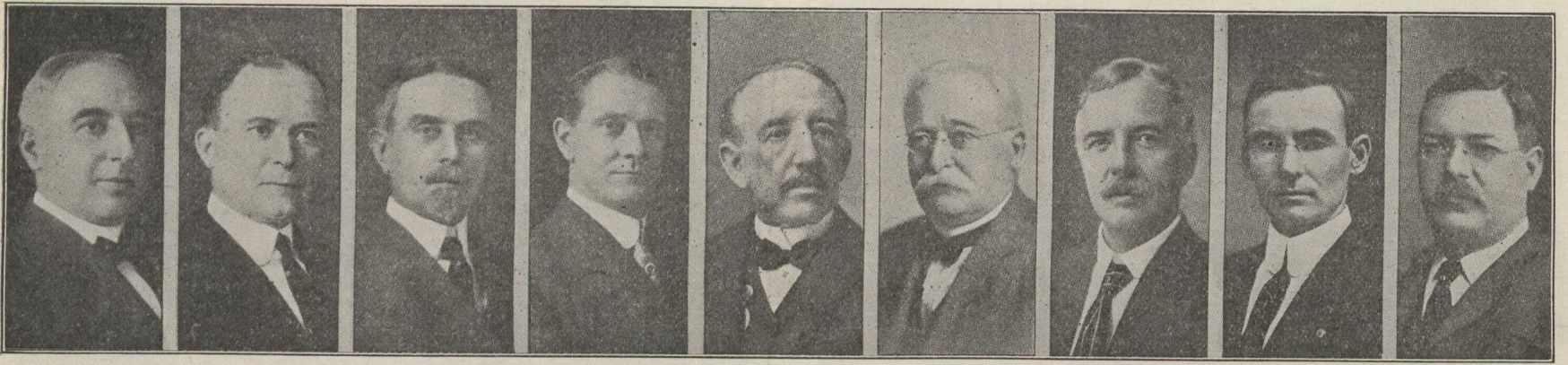
At the end of one year's sea service they commence to specialize in that particular branch of Man of War duties which they desire to take up. After from five to five and a half years from the date of entry in the College—according to the class of Certificate gained—comes promotion to the rank of Sub-Lieutenant, which should be followed in about two years by promotion to Lieutenant.

The present College has accommodation for 45 Cadets, but it is proposed to build within a year or two a new College with better facilities, larger grounds, and accommodation for 100. The Canadian Government intend to keep the expenses low and to assist the travelling of Cadets living west of Montreal. It is anticipated that for his two years at College a boy will cost his parents not more than eight hundred dollars.



## DO CANADIAN BUSINESS MEN SHUN CIVIC LIFE?

The City of Pittsburgh is setting an example in civic life worthy of emulation. Below are the members of the new City Council who are giving that city business government.



ENOCH RAUH,  
Manufacturer and  
president of the  
Pittsburg Association  
of Credit Men.

DR. J. P. KERR,  
Prominently identified  
with all movements  
to emancipate the city.

WM. G. WILKINS,  
A wealthy and able  
civil engineer of  
national prominence.

E. V. BABCOCK,  
Of the wealthy Babcock  
family, whose  
lumber holdings are  
of great extent.

J. M. GOEHRING,  
A successful attorney  
and president  
of Pittsburgh's new  
legislative body.

W. A. HOVELER,  
A millionaire merchant  
who has never been active  
in politics.

S. S. WOODBURN,  
Physician and Director  
of the North Side Chamber  
of Commerce.

P. J. McARDLE,  
President of the  
Amalgamated Association  
of Iron, Steel  
and Tin Workers.

ROBT. GARLAND,  
A millionaire steel  
man and head of the  
Garland Bolt and  
Chain Company.

## An Art Romance

TORONTO is quite interested in its latest art romance. A very peculiar man—a lawyer, farmer and colonel of militia—who has for some years taken a deep interest in Canadian landscape painting, is one of the figures. Lieutenant Malcolm S. Mercer is almost unknown to the art of art-loving fraternity. He is seldom seen haunting a public picture show and has shunned "private" views. Those who meet him most probably think of him as an enthusiastic militiaman and



LIEUT.-COLONEL MERCER.

rifle shot. Most of his public appearances are on the rifle ranges at Toronto and Ottawa, and a year or two ago he was adjutant of the Bisley team. The other figure is a landscape painter—a struggling Canadian-born landscape painter is the other figure. Carl Ahrens has had his ups and downs, his griefs and disappointments. The story goes that he was so reduced in circumstances on one occasion that his fellow-artists bought one of his pictures to relieve his intense difficulties.

But the romance. Some time ago Ahrens returned from the States and settled down at Weston, a little village on the outskirts of Toronto not far from the suburban home of Colonel Mercer. But Ahrens needed a manager and a financier—and the two met. The lawyer and the painter made an agreement for three years, the painter to have a stated salary and the lawyer all the pictures. To-day the lawyer owns thirty-one striking canvasses which he is exhibiting in the art gallery of the Public Library, while the artist has had a pleasant three years free from trouble and anxiety.

Ahrens' romantic career reminds one of Constable, the great landscape painter who passed away the year Queen Victoria came to the throne. Son of a miller, his father warned him that a miller's career was more secure than an artist's, but in vain. From Suffolk to London he went in search of a career. He had a hard struggle, being reduced at time to painting "wretched portraits," as he called them, for a living. The woman he loved was at first afraid to marry him and his poverty. Later, his young family were an anxiety to him and he had to resort to painting "pot-boilers." But, in 1828, Mr. Bicknell, his father-in-law, died, and left him \$100,000. He received it thankfully and wrote to a friend, "It will make me happy, and

I shall stand before a six-foot canvas with a mind at ease, thank God."

With Colonel Mercer's contract in his wallet, Carl Ahrens has been able to stand before his canvas unafraid, and he has produced works which satisfy himself, pourtray his own soul, and which are just now the chief topic of conversation among the art world of Ontario. These paintings represent countless years of toil and study, of struggle against physical pain and weakness, of travel and of contact with numerous great painters. They represent the patient development of a genius for interpreting nature and nature's moods. Perhaps also, to the artist himself, they represent but the beginning of what he hopes to accomplish.

The curious part of the romance is that Colonel Mercer declares he will never part with these splendid landscapes. The owner bought them for himself. They are his children—and he has no others. When he is through with them, the nation will probably have them—a good citizen's legacy for future generations of his fellow-citizens.

J. A. C.

## The Spirit of Thanksgiving

BY MARGARET BELL.

THERE is an exhilaration in the air, as if all the nymphs were holidaying, and flinging forth their laughter and song to the four winds of Heaven. For it is the season of the full horn and all the gods assemble on the green to thank their Master Fate for a bounteous

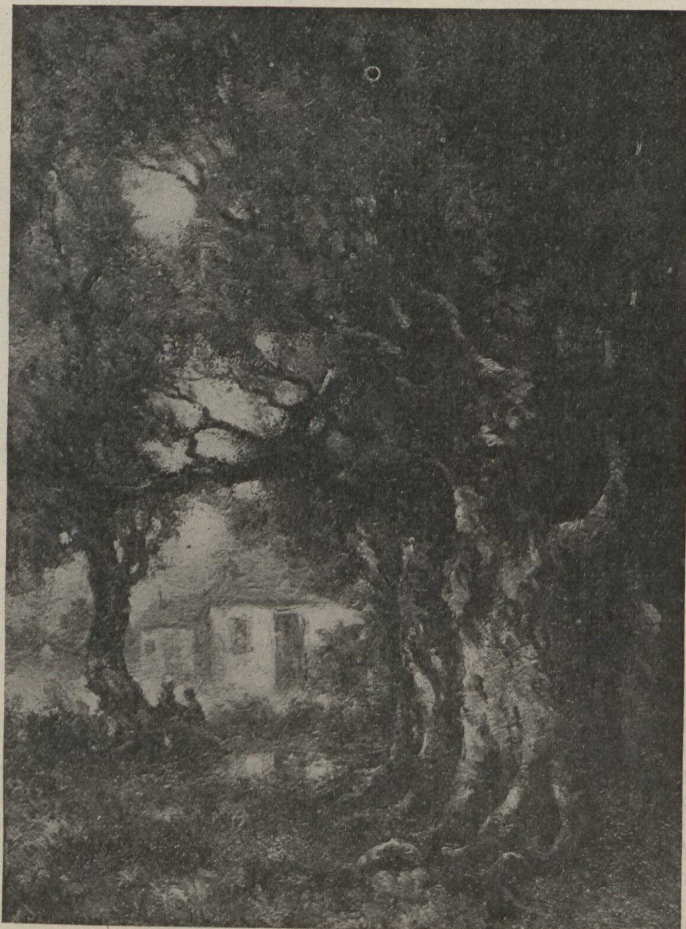
year. The brown and red and gold fragments filter down through the air, then seem to be caught up in a wild dance of the winds and go whirling round and round in the pure abandon of living. And all over the woods the fairies are singing, for the woods are gay in a gorgeous attire, and a fragrance of plenteousness floats up toward the clouds. Here and there, a black squirrel scampers, pauses a moment under a hickory tree, then hurries chirping up to a neighbourly limb, where he perches saucily and nibbles at a nut. The harvest is a good one for him and the cavity under the old elm tree holds a goodly supply of food. If only some sneak thief whom the world calls a human being does not come and rob him of it all! But meanwhile he chirps away the moments and frisks his bushy tail.

A flock of crows assemble up amongst the red and gold leaves of a maple, and begin a parley as to who will lead the way to a warmer land. Then a little fairy ray of sunlight comes dancing toward them, and all their parleying turns to gladness, and they fly aimlessly around, singing louder than before. For the sunshine has tinted their wings a royal purple. They seem to notice even the lowly sparrows and swoop down now and then to where these Britishers are holding their court. They are riotous in their thanksgiving, the sparrows, and fill the air with medlies from morning till night. There is a rigid winter before them, perhaps, but winter comes when all the gold and bronze tints are quiet, and the little fairy rays glisten and dance on silver-tipped branches.

Out in the country the farmer goes whistling through his fields. A hundred golden pumpkins lie basking lazily, and the corn shocks stand like sentinels. The orchards are roseate with autumn fruit and the vegetable cellar is full. 'Tis a gala time for the farmer, this hazy autumn. All the good fairies have the farmer in mind when they weave their golden mesh and twine it round his pumpkins. For the fairies love the farmer, and whisper secrets in his ear—secrets about the sowing of his grain, the gathering of his harvest, the packing of his fruit. And so he is wiser than most men and knows just how long to let the sun's rays play on his pumpkins, and the field mice to hide beneath his corn.

In the city the Thanksgiving sprite likewise holds sway. You can see it in the mornings when the streets are full of workers. It sits upon the hurdy-gurdys and makes the tired girl smile, as she hurries along. And the sun seems to shine a little brighter and the day in the office or factory does not seem quite so long before her. The business man looks up from his paper as he sees the olive-tinted girl from Italy shaking her tambourine in the face of some Hebrew butcher and coquettishly demanding a coin. The fat butcher laughs and forgets his sirloins for a moment. And all the time the fairy hovers near and people wonder why they laugh and hum so gaily. The street cleaners feel the little nymphs nearby, as they catch a glimpse of sunshine come stealing down between the chimney tops and the poor blind beggar on the corner seems to lose his tired look as he feels it on his face. Perhaps someone has spoken kindly to him, or tossed him a larger coin than usual. In the parks, the kiddies' voices sound joyous, as they chase the pale-winged butterflies at play. And careworn mothers smile, and poor cripples in wheel-chairs seem to find some joy in living.

For they are all around, the little spirits of Thanksgiving, tripping on the green swards of the world's happiness, and imploring all mortals to come and join them in their dance.



"The Pool" by Carl Ahrens



**When Her Highness Came to Town.**

OTTAWA certainly put her best foot forward, and miles of bunting, hundreds of flags, and forty thousand people (at a conservative estimate) were turned out to welcome their Royal Highnesses.

"Queens weather" prevailed—not a poor imitation of it, but the real thing; balmy breezes just strong enough to keep the flags a-flutter, and dazzling sun shine searching out the brightest spots in the great display, glinting now on the helmet of a dragon, and now on a cherished medal.

The Royal party were met at the Union Station and conducted immediately to Parliament Hill, where before the grandly imposing main building a platform was erected, a platform set apart for especially honoured citizens, that they might witness the Civic Ceremony which took place at the end of the structure.

A few moments after the Royal Standard was hoisted and the Ducal party walked slowly down the aisle of the platform, and His Highness was welcomed by Mayor Hopewell, of Ottawa. Then His Worship's daughter, Miss Joy, presented Her Royal Highness with a beautiful bouquet of pink roses. Mrs. Egan performed a like ceremony, and the Duchess graciously thanking them turned to her lady in waiting and passed the flowers to her, then she seated herself in a large chair which had been placed there for her.



Their Excellencies, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught receiving the address presented by the St. Patrick's Society, at Ottawa, on October 14th.

Photograph by Mrs. MacBeth.

Mayor Hopewell delivered an address to His Royal Highness, which the Duke answered, following this was an address from the Society of St. George, read by Prof. Prince, next, one from St. Andrew's Society, with Mr. Fraser in the limelight, and St. Patrick's Society was not to be outdone. Mr. Heney read a very pleasing and patriotic address. Then M. Seguin, in behalf of the National Society of the French-Canadians, the St. Jean de Baptiste, brought the addresses to a close, after a reply from His Royal Highness to each one. The last one was delivered in French. Mr. Hopewell asked for three cheers, which were given with enthusiasm, and after shaking hands informally and cordially with the principal actors in the scene, the Duchess rose, took her floral tributes from Miss Pelly, and said in a clear, sweet voice:

"Well, I think that ends our business here, doesn't it?" Those who heard it, acknowledged the little witticism with appreciative smiles and the Royal party passed through the eager throng to their carriage, and thence to Rideau Hall.

The one photograph shows Mrs. Hopewell and her eldest daughter, Joy, who presented her Royal Highness with a lovely bouquet of flowers. The other shows the Duke receiving an address from the secretary of St. Patrick's Society. The Duchess is seated in the chair, and just over the book can be seen Mr. Fraser and Mr. Hugh Guthrie.

Madge MacBeth.

\* \* \*

**Mlle. Heuvelmans, Sculptor.**

THE Villa Medicis on the Pincian hill is one of the most beautiful spots in Rome. Its portals can be seen through a shady avenue that leads from the public gardens, and many of the poor artists as they stroll about think enviously of the lucky men who, having gained the Prix de Rome, awarded each year by the Ecole de Beaux Arts, can come and pass three blissful years living in these ideal surroundings.

This year the first prize for sculpture was

**AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE**

A DEPARTMENT MAINLY FOR WOMEN

awarded to Mlle. Heuvelmans, who is the first woman to have won this honour and to be admitted into the Villa Medicis, where the rule hitherto has been "No women." It even went so far as to exclude married men.

On one occasion report reached the ears of the management that two of the students had homes of their own. A careful inquiry was made and one of the men admitted that he was married, and was consequently dismissed. The other confessed that he had a home and lived with his children and their mother, but that he was not married, so he was allowed to remain.

Decidedly the presence of a young woman at the Villa Medicis will altar its character and may force the management to a more sympathetic attitude towards matrimony.

\* \* \*

**The Daughters of the Empire.**

STORMY indeed was the annual meeting of the Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire, held in Toronto on Wednesday of last week. A certain section of the delegates desired to present a resolution in favour of the amendment of the constitution so as to enlarge the executive by the addition of the regents of primary chapters. This proposal was stoutly opposed by the members of the executive who have ruled the Order for the past eleven years. Mrs. Nordheimer, Founder and President, was in the chair, and she successfully fought off the opposing forces from early morning until late afternoon. At the last she was able to force the reading of the Annual Report and the election of officers. As soon as her successor was elected she vacated the chair and left the meeting. Under the new presiding officer tranquility was at once predominant and the much opposed resolution was accepted and sent on to the incoming executive for consideration. Mrs. Nordheimer retired with honours, but left the battle field in the possession of the enemy.

The new officers are as follows: President, by acclamation, Mrs. Albert Gooderham; Vice-Presidents, Mrs. Crerar, Lady Mackenzie, Mrs. James George; Hon. Secretary, Mrs. Fetherstonhaugh;



THE PREMIER AND MRS. BORDEN

From a snap-shot taken at the reception to the Duke of Connaught on his arrival in Ottawa.

Pittaway Photo.

Organizing Secretary, Miss Joan Arnoldi; Treasurer, Mrs. Bruce; Standard Bearer, Mrs. James Scott.

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**"The Twelfth Birthday."**

THE book shops are once more taking on the air of "well-filled-ness" that they always seem to lose during the warm weather months, and are becoming their old attractive selves again. Already they are stocking up with the great variety of literature that is so much in demand during the Christmas season, and it is never out of place to make an early selection of this material.

One of the many gift books of a Christmassy character that is already out of the hands of the publisher is "The Twelfth Christmas," by Marjorie Benton Cook, a scene in blank verse taken from the drama of the Christ Child's life and dealt with such beautiful simplicity as to distinguish it from the yearly offerings of a religious nature. The

scene portrays "A cottage in Nazareth, with a garden about it. It is the twelfth birthday of Jesus. Through the open doorway at twilight Mary is heard singing at her work," and the dialogue is between Mary and her Son and a little child, Marah, whom the Christ Child has protected from a troop of angry children who would have stoned her for a witch.

The little book is a wholly imaginative and intimate description of the Christ Child at the age of twelve, and of his mother Mary who is therein described as realizing that the time has come when she can no longer keep from her Son the knowledge of his destiny as Redeemer of the World. Its charm lies in its simplicity and the new light it throws on the childhood of Christ.

Forbes & Company, of Chicago, are the publishers.

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**W. A. A. in Ottawa.**

THE annual meeting of the Women's Art Association was held on Wednesday, October the 11th, in the rooms of the Society, 177 Sparks Street, with Mrs. R. N. Slater in the chair, in the absence



On the right are Mrs. Hopewell, wife of the Mayor of Ottawa, and Miss Joy Hopewell, with the flowers which she presented to the Duchess on her arrival at Ottawa, October 14th.

Photograph by Mrs. MacBeth.

of the President, Mrs. Donald Malcolm, who was obliged to retire from office as she was leaving for England. This office is still left vacant, but other officers were elected as follows: 1st Vice-President, Mrs. H. K. Egan; 2nd Vice-President, Mrs. Lyons Biggar; Treasurer, Mrs. Charles Morse; Secretary, Miss Gertrude Davies; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Aylwin Creighton.

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**A New Study for Girls.**

GIRLS in the William Penn High School, Philadelphia, are busy these days trying to size up the political situation in that city. Not that their teachers are getting them ready for the time when women's suffrage will become a reality, but just to keep them in touch with what's doing politically, and to give them an insight into the practical workings of the municipal government.

The history teachers in the school have figured that the best way to teach this branch is to study conditions as they exist now, rather than go back hundreds of years and delve into municipal corruption and political campaigns in the days of the Caesars.

They have instructed the young women pupils to read up on the political situation. The girls have been told to read certain newspapers and study the speeches and personnel of the candidates who are running for office, so that they may be ready, at short notice, to answer all sorts of queries which the teachers have in mind in line with their history study.

Most of the pupils declare they like the new studies, and that they didn't know politics was so interesting until they began delving into the present campaign.

**Once In a Blue Moon.**

BY JEAN BLEWETT.

Has someone hurt you with a word of spite?  
Stirred your hot anger—do not answer—yet.  
The wounds which malice makes are light,  
friend, light,  
To-day we writhe, to-morrow we forget.



# THE GODS ARRIVE

*How the Fates Helped a Man in Making a Great Decision*

By CAMERON NELLES WILSON

ALREADY Sylvia Reynolds repented having given her consent to chaperone Stuart Alexander's house-party at this sequestered farm of his. But it was now too late; the last load of trunks had been deposited in the low-ceilinged bedrooms and final preparations for dinner were in progress. There were animated comings and goings, the fitful badinage of light voices, as the young widow waited alone in the library. It was a cosy, bookish room, with wide-mouthed fireplace and quaint furniture. Standing before the rustling logs, the warm tints of shoulders and arms were touched into deeper colour by the ruddy flames. The rich simplicity of her gown set off the slender lines of her figure, and a jewelled necklace of barbaric design gleamed fitfully in the half-light. Alexander entered with quick tread, a boyish gladness in his deep voice.

"Dressed already!" he said. "Ready to impart the needed touch of respectability to my little gathering of congenial spirits!" He wheeled a chair on the tiger-skin rug but she remained standing, one trim foot on the fender rail. "It was awfully good of you, Sylvia, to leave all the town frivols for the quietness of the country. Do you think that Marjorie will like it—that she won't be bored to death?" His well-set head was poised inquisitively as he looked earnestly into her face. She was examining a choice bit of carved ivory and answered slowly.

"Of course she will like it, Stuart. How could she help it! The glorious freedom of this place—the hills, fields and woods—the escape from social restraints—oh, it is life! I could spend the rest of my days here." She finished her sentence with a musical laugh and a glance into his clear eyes with their ever-present twinkle of good-fellowship.

"That is just what I am going to ask Marjorie to do before we go back to town. Do you think she would care to come here with me—to live the glad life of God's out-of-doors—to breathe in the freshness, the bigness, the new life of a place like this? Some of the happiest days of my life were passed here as a kiddie, and I'd hate to give the place up or let it pass into the hands of strangers."

"It would be a crime, Stuart. Never sell until you have to. Money could never buy the traditions of this old home—its memories—its personal associations. Ah, here is Marjorie now."

A girlish figure of waxen fairness rippled into the room with a shimmer of blue and silver. Alexander greeted her with an animation that could not be hidden.

"Well, Marjorie, what do you think of this little corner of the world? Isn't it fine?"

"Oh, it's very quaint and jolly and all that, but to live here always—well, that would be a different proposition. I know we're going to have a splendid visit, though." A shade of disappointment flitted across Alexander's face, and Mrs. Reynolds stroked the stuffed tiger-head with one of her trim slippers. Steps sounded on the stairs and light laughter in the hall as the members of a house-party of twelve straggled into the old-fashioned room.

An ancient hand-maid of Puritanical aspect announced dinner precisely as the hall-clock, even more ancient and rigidly decorous, announced the hour of seven. The meal was unconventional to a degree, the table laden with viands of an old-time menu.

Sylvia sat on Alexander's right, Marjorie Warren on his left. While apparently interested in all that was going on around her, Sylvia was absorbed in watching her host and the fair girl at his side. Ever since he had come to her with the story of his love for the little debutante she had followed the affair with a strangely personal interest. For five years—before the death of her elderly husband—she had been the confidante and good friend of Stuart Alexander. He was at college then and she was vitally engrossed in every phase of that complex existence. She was a few years his senior but their sympathies were so

much in common that the disparity vanished in the face of a congenial comradeship. Gradually there had crept into her loveless life a feeling that she dared not analyze. The call of youth to youth took on a depth of meaning that filled her with vague alarms and a vague if tantalizing happiness. Her husband's death had then opened up possibilities that her sense of honour to the dead man would not allow her to dwell upon for a moment. Alexander had continued to come to her with his confidences, and after his graduation was a daily visitor at her cosy apartments. The years of her married life faded into nothingness and she seemed to emerge into an ether of pure light, untrammelled, more beautiful than ever, imbued with a sense of the gladness of life and its immense possibilities. And then into the sunshine of those days love came—a love such as she had never dreamed could come into her life—intense, all-absorbing, enthralling. While cherishing it as the sweetest thing in this new world of subtly awakened activities, she tried also to put it aside lest it break profanely into the sacredness of their friendship. There were times when the hopelessness of it all swept over her with the force of an iconoclast—shattering her dreams, dispelling the golden haze that wrapped the plain facts of the case in a nebulous and transforming glory.

As in a dream she lived, seizing each glad moment as if it were to be the last. After he had told her his great secret, she had taken stock, had made a mental inventory of her heart's inmost feelings. The future stretched before her in a dreary vista of objectless days; the hopelessness of the years weighed down her soul, crushing her with an overpowering sense of hopes unfulfilled, of yearnings to be stifled at any cost. She must indeed go softly all her days, content with the friendship that alone made her life bearable and which at the same time mocked her spirit with the nearness of better things.

He had asked her help and she had promised gladly. In this service she found the only peace possible to her distraught sensibilities, the only solace to her dreariness. She was helping him. The worship, the love, the sacrifice of her rich nature were poured out for him and in coming to this isolated corner of the world she was pledged to help him win.

She did not care for Marjorie Warren. She tried to see her with Stuart's eyes. She listened to his rhapsodies by the hour, and when she failed to form a picture that tallied with his own she put it down to her perverted judgment and lack of perception. The girl was pretty in a fair, doll-like way. She was bright after a fashion, played and sang well, and dressed in most excellent taste. But she did not seem a fitting mate for Stuart Alexander. It hurt Sylvia to think that he would not get out of the compact all that was his by inherent right. He deserved the best, and Marjorie's best seemed to fall short.

\* \* \*

WHEN Alexander sprained his foot the very morning after their arrival at the farm, it seemed as if the visit must of necessity come to a close. The matter was discussed in solemn conclave, the host propped up with pillows on a couch in the cheery living-room. His guests were divided between a desire to complete their visit and a fear of retarding his recovery.

"It was very silly of me to slip over the bank—and sillier still to sprain my ankle. But you can all have a good time without me and I want you to stay. Barrie knows all the points of interest and can pilot you about. So you may just as well put on your snow-shoes and finish your tramp. It is a gorgeous morning." His face blanched for a moment and his mouth, so beautiful as to be almost womanish, were it not for its decisiveness, twitched with the effort to conceal the pain.

"It seems a shame to leave you, but it is a perfect day for a tramp." Marjorie's languid voice seemed to settle the question so far as Alexander was concerned. That she was anxious to start made him all the more anxious to carry out the day's programme. "One of us could stay with you, Stuart—if you want us to." Stuart's face lighted with sudden pleasure at her evident ruse, and for a moment the pain was stilled. No one spoke for fear of breaking up some little plan of the two principals in a pretty drama. "You seemed a little tired, Sylvia dear—perhaps we could finish our tramp without a chaperone." She smiled archly at Mrs. Reynolds, who hesitated to offer her services as nurse, but as the silence became somewhat marked she volunteered.

"Thanks, ever so much, Sylvia," said Alexander. "If Barrie will look after Marjorie I'll be mighty glad to have you with me. But it seems a shame to cut you out of the morning's fun."

"I'll have enough of zero in arranging the ice around your poor foot. Is it any easier now?"

"A little less painful, thanks. But it is nearly half-past ten and lunch will be at one—so, off with you, children. Take them up the mill-road, Barrie. You'll get a good view of the valley. Hang this foot, anyway."

With many expressions of sympathy and belated offers to remain with him in his solitude, the party scampered for the verandah, where a dozen pairs of snow shoes lay scattered about in confusion. Sylvia watched them from the window as they strode over the snowy waste to the drifted highway. Then she turned to Stuart.

He was facing the wall so that she might not see his disappointment. This visit had meant so much to him and it seemed as if he had been suddenly hurled into space and left spinning in an attempt to adapt himself to some new cosmic scheme.

"Dear old boy! I'm so sorry." She bent over him sympathetically, and one of his strong hands sought hers. She forgot herself completely in her



"Do you think she would care to come here with me?"

Drawn by S. S. Finlay.



anxiety for his welfare. A great maternal tenderness swept over her, stilling the passionate surging of the blood through her veins. One hand gently stroked his forehead, her slender fingers slipping with mesmeric touch over the smooth skin and fair mass of rumpled hair. His eyes remained closed, but his lips were shut with a tenseness that betrayed both mental and physical anguish. Then at last he looked at her with one of his rare smiles.

"It was mighty good of you to offer, Sylvia. The rest seemed so keen to finish their tramp. I hope it wasn't too great a disappointment to you! Do you think Marjorie minded going with Barrie?"

"She would much rather have gone with you, but she'll have to make the best of a bad bargain. Would you like me to read to you or would you rather just—talk?" She slipped into a chair at his side and adjusted the steamer-rug.

"I think—we'll just—talk," he answered, and then threw back his head with a laugh. "Did you ever hear of such a mix-up, Sylvia? A modern cavalier brings his lady to his isolated castle—under the best chaperonage, of course—plans all sorts of things for her entertainment—tries to dazzle her with the future that may be hers—and she knows it, too—and then at the very outset he falls ignominiously over the river-bank and sprains his ankle! I am like the old man who tries to pick up a purse that a small boy has on the end of a string! Presto! My purse is gone."

"But the small boy doesn't laugh, Stuart. We are all so sorry for you."

"Do you think the lady in the case cares very much? She seemed strangely reconciled to going with Barrie. Lack-a-day! That sounds like the green-eyed monster! Let's talk of something else—one of our old-time confabs such as we used to have—all about ourselves."

\* \* \*

SO they had one of their old conferences, delightfully personal, full of pleasant sophistry, with a deep feeling of good-fellowship underlying it all. Sylvia took up the old threads easily. She forgot Marjorie and if Alexander hadn't he at least did not attempt to bring her into this delightful hour. This was their own, and there was a strange sense of completeness for both. He lay back on his pillows and watched every passing expression of her mobile face. She impressed one with a sense of physical and mental wholesomeness. Intensely frank, brimming over with life, looking wonderfully attractive in her trim tailor-made gown, she radiated youth and hope and charm. The morning passed quickly—so quickly that they were surprised when the laughter and calls of the vagabonding party sounded on the drive.

For the afternoon a farmer's bob-sleigh had been engaged and filled with straw and an abundance of fur robes. It was planned to go to a Mennonite settlement some eight or nine miles across the hill-country, and Alexander insisted that the original outing be adhered to. Also he insisted that Sylvia go with the others. In his heart he had a secret longing that Marjorie would stay with him and he intended to make the best of his opportunity. But when they were making their final preparations for departure she leaned over his couch and said in a whisper, "I should like to offer my services as nurse, Stuart, but Barrie seems anxious that I should see this interesting settlement. Anyway, I'm no good at nursing. You don't mind my going—do you?"

"Go, my dear girl, by all means. I'm grumpy this afternoon—I want the house to myself. I understand." A horrible suspicion flashed across his mind that he did indeed understand and his heart throbbed with a weary disappointment. He had built so much on this visit, and his house of cards had tottered to destruction. He wondered if she wished to avoid being alone with him for the afternoon or if she was actuated by genuine enthusiasm. He gave a sudden wince of pain and as the clanging of sleigh-bells died away he pressed his strong hands hard upon his eyes.

On their return from the drive they were all aglow with excitement and interest. It was Marjorie who gave a laughing description of their outing, but in the midst of the merriment she slipped away to prepare for dinner. Sylvia lingered behind the others and in her brisk, friendly way, adjusted his cushions, arranged his foot more comfortably, and enquired all about his lonely afternoon.

"I thought of you so often, Boy, and wondered how you were faring. We missed you ever so much. Now, to-night we are going to devote ourselves exclusively to you. We are going to have a vaudeville show—I am going to arrange the programme, and you must do exactly as I wish. Is it a go?"

"Anything that you say goes, Sylvia. You are a trump." He held her hand so tightly that she

crimsoned like an awkward school-girl, but she bent over him with misty eyes and gently kissed him on the brow. They both laughed and she said very tenderly, "That is merely a maternal salute, dear. You know I am six years your senior—so it is safe. N'est-ce pas?"

"Safe and very pleasant to take," he replied as he watched her with his steady blue eyes. She drew away from him and moved about the cosy room, lighting the lamps, drawing the heavy crimson curtains, shifting a chair here, a table there, until the room took on a look of unusual cheeriness. A strange sense of pleasant domesticity thrilled Stuart as she moved about with lithe step. When she left him to dress for dinner he lay back on the pillows in a dreamy retrospection. The last few months had been so full—so pregnant of great things to be, that he seemed to have lived years in the brief time. Marjorie had dawned upon the horizon of his dreams and gradually had become the absorbing passion of his days. He had seen much of her—had been greatly attracted by her beauty, her naivete, and her impulsive enjoyment of whatever came to hand. She had accepted his attentions with a delightful indifference that only stimulated him to further effort. That she cared he well knew. At times she had been wondrously, sweetly serious, and he had felt that the time was ripe for a declaration. This was the *raison d'être* of his house-party and he smiled somewhat wearily as he thought of the collapse of his plans. He failed to hear the light step that tripped across the room and turned to find Marjorie standing beside him.

"Well, Dreamer of Dreams, how goes the world? Is your foot really better, Stuart?" She sat in the low chair that always stood by his couch, and leaned towards him. A whiff of violets came to him and she pointed to the purple bunch that nestled among the lace of her gown. "Thanks ever so much, Stuart. It was awfully good of you. I found them on my dressing-table. You are always so thoughtful."

Never had she appeared to him more charming, more desirable as she talked to him in the soft glow of shaded lights. A bright colour tinged her cheeks with a touch of out-of-doors, and her eyes were like sapphires in their blueness. Any vague sense of neglect that he had suffered vanished before this loveliness so close at hand and he abandoned himself gladly to the perfectness of the moment. His eyes shone and his cheeks burned as he talked to her in the quick, boyish tones that were so characteristic of him. It seemed as if all things lay now within his reach, and he leaned towards her with his soul in his eyes.

"Marjorie, I have wanted to see you alone, but the Fates have been against us. You must have an idea of what I want to say to you. I have cared for you ever since I first met you. You know I love—"

He stopped abruptly as Barrie entered the room. Marjorie's cheeks had grown very white and as Barrie advanced towards them she began to laugh in a reckless, unnatural voice.

"Stuart has been telling me such a funny story, Barrie—such a funny one. I suppose that it is nearly time for dinner."

Alexander's eyes dwelt fleetingly upon her fair beauty and then closed for a moment as if he were suffering physical pain. "Yes—such a funny story," he said in a voice devoid of expression. "I must tell it to you some day, Barrie." In a moment he had pulled himself together and the three were talking together on commonplace topics.

\* \* \*

DINNER was somewhat hilarious, and almost immediately afterward Sylvia began preparations for the vaudeville performance. One end of the large room was cleared to form an imaginary stage, and chairs were placed in prim rows before the invisible footlights. Stuart's couch was drawn to one side and labeled "Box." Everyone was obliged to contribute to the programme, and proceedings opened with a group of songs from Sylvia. She rendered an exquisite Indian love-lyric with all the rich passion of the East, an Italian serenade that breathed of the languor and fragrance of moonlit nights, and a simple little song of absence that thrilled through the room in a sigh of liberated harmony. The plaintive words swept through Alexander's brain in a passion of loneliness and his eyes rested on Sylvia's beautiful face with a vague, restless longing. Mingled with the sweet tones of her vibrant contralto sounded the mocking resonance of Marjorie's laugh and her heartless, ill-timed words. He knew why she had said them, but she might have said something else. He had never seen her in that kind of mood and his heart throbbed with a feeling of bitter disappointment. Sylvia would have done differently—that he knew. He scarcely realized that her songs were finished

until aroused by the enthusiastic clapping of hands. She resumed her place near him as Teddy Gordon took his stand beside a small table laden with a variety of objects to be used in an exhibition of juggling. Teddy's reputation in this line was an enviable one, and he was always a welcome addition to the Bohemian gatherings of the set in which he was a shining light.

He performed several amazing feats of dexterity and as Stuart watched him his fine face lost its tenseness and took on a look of unusual interest. Teddy's cleverest act was reserved to the last, when he managed to keep in the air at one time a murderous Mameluke dagger, an orange, a brass candlestick with lighted taper, a burning cigar and a billiard ball. These revolved in the air with a delicacy of precision that held his audience spell-bound. The room was intensely still, the silence broken only by the snapping of hickory logs and the keening of the wind in the chimney.

Suddenly, Marjorie Warren gave a quick cry. Gordon's gaze faltered. The spinning dagger sped through the air towards Sylvia as if shot from a bow and became imbedded in her bare shoulder. For a moment the hideous weapon vibrated to the hilt and then became rigid in the delicate flesh.

With a cry of terror Marjorie rushed from the room and the rest sprang from their chairs. Forgetful of his own pain, Alexander reached her side in an instant and bent over her with a face as white as her own. Sylvia never moved. Her cheeks were blanched, her lips tightly closed, but she sat perfectly erect. The dagger was buried for at least two inches, but not a drop of blood came from the wound. Alexander had derived some slight knowledge of surgery from his father and very carefully he drew the blade from the wound. One of the men had brought some brandy, but Sylvia shook her head, merely clutching with tight-strained hands the arms of her chair. As the blood began to flow, Stuart clapped his handkerchief over the cut. Almost immediately it was crimsoned and the ruddy stream began to trickle over the whiteness of her shoulder. Sylvia never winced as they bathed the wound. She smiled bravely as Stuart's tender fingers touched the smooth skin. Gradually the red crept into her cheeks and she chatted gaily, endeavoring to make light of the accident and to relieve young Gordon's genuine distress. Marjorie had disappeared and did not come down again.

\* \* \*

RATHER earlier than usual all retired to their rooms. Alexander threw himself on his bed without undressing and closed his eyes against a host of visions that haunted him with strange persistency. It was not Marjorie who possessed his overwrought feelings; pictures of Sylvia danced before his eyes. He saw the crimson against the white of her shoulder, felt the warmth of her delicate skin against his chilled fingers. She had been so brave, so considerate of others at a time when most women would have created a scene.

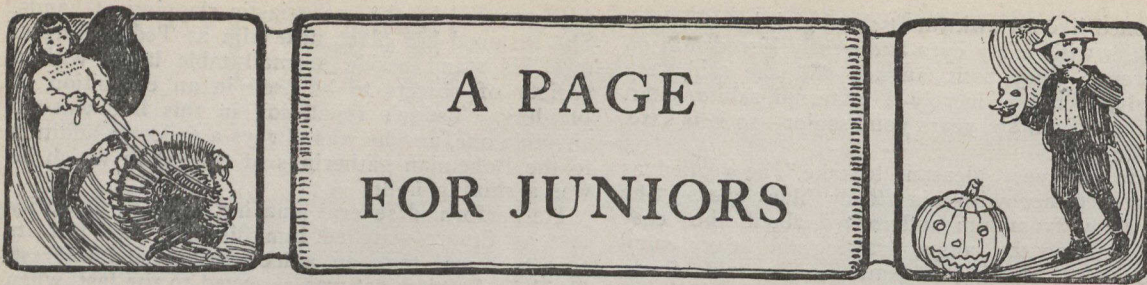
As he lay in the silence he could hear a light step in the room occupied by Sylvia and one of the girls. His foot was painful in the extreme, having been wrenched anew when he sprang from the couch. He knew that she, too, was keeping vigil, that she was suffering.

As a matter of fact, Sylvia was possessed by a strange unrest. Her shoulder pained her, but in any case her thoughts would have prevented sleep. Stuart's tenderness, his concern, had touched her deeply and a voice that she had been trying hard to still clamoured for a hearing. Her heart throbbed at the thought of him; her cheeks burned with steady fire called into being by the intensity of her emotion. No longer could she stay so close to him with this fresh torture of heart and mind. She would go away in the morning, presumably on account of her injury. In town she would manage to see less of him, and in her misery she hoped that a speedy marriage with Marjorie would end this terrible thinking that the mind of the man she loved was equally distraught. Towards morning she managed to make a change of dress and packed her trunk while still more tortured of mind and body. As the chill dawn crept through the windows she stole softly down to the library and threw herself wearily upon the couch on which Stuart had spent the most of his outing. She buried her face in the pillows where his head had been, and for the first time tears came to her eyes. Before long the housekeeper came into the room. She thought Sylvia was sleeping and gently threw the rug over her chilled body. Very quietly she shifted the glowing logs and added fresh fuel. Soon the room was warm and cheerful with the sound of lapping flames.

Unable to sleep all through the night, Stuart had likewise risen with the dawn, bathed and dressed for the day. He descended the stairs with difficulty,

(Concluded on page 17.)





## A PAGE FOR JUNIORS

### The Song of the Thankful Time.

BY MIRIAM S. CLARK.

**T**HIS is a song of the Thankful-time,  
Hear, little child in the light,  
I am the fairy of growing things,  
Plenty and gladness beneath my wings,  
I sing while the fire is bright,  
I'll sing you a song of the Thankful-time,  
So listen, dear drowsy, and hear my rime:  
I am the fairy of warmth and light;  
I am the fairy of rain;  
I am the spirit who watches true  
In fog or shadow or sun or dew,  
Till the meadows grow ripe again;  
Singing forever in every chime,  
My song of hope for the Thankful-time.

The trees in the orchard were red, little child,

The meadows were gold with the wheat;  
All the long summer I watched them grow,  
Bringing them gladness in ways I know  
To make them most perfectly sweet.

Now they are yours, little child, little king,  
With their sunshine, their goodness, their  
everything.

This was my part of the Thankful-time;  
I sing it and go my way.

Dear little drowsy, before you sleep,  
Here where the shadows are warm and  
deep,

Look out to your stars and say:  
"I am glad for home, I am glad for love,  
I am glad for the wide, kind sky above,  
I am glad for the plenty in any clime  
In my heart is the spirit of Thankful-  
time."

—*Youth's Companion.*

### The Hallowe'en Mumps.

BY AUNT HELEN.

**M**RS. NERNEST had promised to let the children have a Hallowe'en party and they had talked of nothing else for weeks. They had made out a list of the games they wished to play, and of the children they wanted to ask, but just the day before the invitations were to be given, little Tommy developed the mumps. Jack said he didn't mind a bit having the party called off, but he did want to go out with the boys and play tic-tac on the window panes, and shoot peas and all that sort of thing, and he was disgusted to learn that he mustn't go near the other boys.

"It isn't as if Tommy were very sick," he said, "why he won't even stay in bed, and it isn't as if I had mumps myself. I don't believe contagious diseases are infectious anyway," he concluded, quite proud of all his big words.

Doris had taken a lot of pleasure in planning the party, and I suppose she was the most disappointed of the three, but you couldn't tell it from her bright face.

"Never mind, Tommy," she said, "we'll have a party anyway—just the three of us."

So when Hallowe'en came they got everything ready just as if their guests were expected. They hung apples on long strings from the dining-room doorway, they filled a tub with water and set a lot of apples bobbing around in it, then, standing on a chair, they fished for apples with a fork tied to a long string—"spearing salmon in the Fraser River," Jack called it. Then Mrs. Nernest called them to supper and there was the table spread just as if it were a real party, with glistening red and gold crackers with paper caps in them, and a big frosted cake.

After tea Doris and Tommy popped corn in front of the fire, and Tommy loved to watch the big white balls burst from their cells, although he couldn't eat them. They were so intent upon this that they didn't notice that Jack had slipped away till they heard a dreadful noise behind them, and saw a fearful monster with a pumpkin head. They jumped up screaming, although they knew, of course, that

it must be Jack, and he chased them all about the house. They made enough noise for a dozen children, so much so that it was some time before they became aware of a faint rat-tat-tat on the window pane, and, creeping up quietly and looking out, they were able to discover some of their little neighbours before they popped back into the shadows.

"Helloa," cried one of them. "You're making an awful row in there—are you having a party?"

"No," said Doris, "we have mumps in our house."

"Mumps, eh? They must be awfully jolly sort of things judging from the noise. Where can you get them?"

"Come in here and you'll get them soon enough," laughed Jack, "at least the doctor says you will. I haven't got them yet."

"Oh, that kind of mumps. I thought it was a new game!"

"Well, if you won't let us in," said one of the girls, "let's sing songs, with the window pane between us."

So Mrs. Nernest sat down at the piano and the



"A fearful monster with a pumpkin head."

Drawn by Estelle M. Kerr.

children sang all the songs they knew, until Jack capped it all by singing a popular air, "I would rather be on the inside a-lookin' out than on the outside a-lookin' in."

Then their little friends said good-night, and Jack told stories around the fire until Tommy fell fast asleep. When Jack and Doris kissed their mother good-night they said it was the jolliest Hallowe'en they had ever spent, and they wished they could have the mumps every year.

### A Coveted Possession.

**I**N a book describing his trip into the interior of Morocco, Mr. Lawrence Harris has much to say of Moorish contempt for the "accursed Christian," for the n'zeranis, or foreigners, who are all "liars and scoundrels." Stories of railways and telephones merely excite scorn—the Moors could invent much more wonderful things, if they chose, but they have all they require.

Yet for all their assumed superiority over the n'zerani, they dearly covet his possession. A watch

is the most prized of all, and it was a good joke to watch old Hadj Abdul Ali ben Achmet.

This white-haired Kaid of the Kabash would waddle across the court-yard every morning and squat down next to his friend, Abhallah-el-Fasi, the foreign minister. He came ostensibly for gossip, but I am certain it was only to go through a singular performance, to cause the green-eyed monster to eat at the heart of his colleagues.

For a few moments the old man would chatter away, then from his leather satchel he would take a small parcel.

Slowly and gravely he undid the string, unfolded the brown paper and laid it beside him, after patting out the creases. Then three or four more paper wrappings would undergo similar treatment, when, the last tissue-paper unfolded, there was disclosed a green leather case. This was slowly opened, and a wash-leather covering carefully pulled off a cheap imitation gold watch.

With great attention he would study the gilded face of the watch, although he could not tell the time by it.

Envious eyes watched his every movement. Slowly and carefully the wrappers were arranged, the string adjusted, and the precious parcel returned to the satchel. Three or four times in a morning the old chap went through this performance.

It was so effective, and the envy of Abdallah-el-Fasi was such, that this gentleman invited me to his house, and in the privacy of his room asked me to send him a gold watch from London.

But it must be bigger than that of the Kaid of the Kabash," he impressed upon me.

### The Dolls' Festival.

**I**N Japan there is an annual holiday dedicated to the dolls of the Japanese children. Of them, Miss C. F. Gordon-Cumming writes in her book of "Memories":

Fascinating as are even the commonest kind of Japanese dolls, I was tantalized by accounts of the delightfully quaint doll army that holds sway throughout the land for one day in every year, namely, the third day of the third month. It is known as the Hina Matsuri, that is to say, "The Dolls' Festival." The dolls in question all represent historical or mythological characters—gods or demigods, mikados and shoguns, warlike heroes, empresses and other ladies of note, minstrels, courtiers, priests. They vary in size from tiny things to about twelve inches in height, and are made of wool or baked clay, but all alike are beautifully dressed in correct costume.

Two dolls are presented to every baby girl at the first festival after her birth, and as they are carefully treasured from year to year, and fresh dolls are occasionally added, the family doll-house requires to be capacious. When a girl marries she takes her original brace of dolls with her to her new home, as an early offering for her prospective family. The dolls are provided with miniature properties of all sorts, tiny but exquisitely lacquered tables, with complete dinner or tea sets, all requisites for the toilet and for painting, and for making music.

Well-brought-up little Japanese maidens begin their festival by making formal offering of sweetmeats and rice wine to

the dolls who personate the Mikado and the Kogo, and then devote the whole long, happy day to play with the delightful companions who at night will be hidden from them, not to be seen again for twelve long months. I have had the luck to be shown some of these precious dolls, but they are offered for sale only at the proper season.

### COMPETITION.

For boys and girls under eighteen.

Which is preferable—country life or city life?

For the best letters in answer to this question there will be three prizes: First prize—Any three books, the titles to be selected by the winner from our Library list. Second prize—Any two books. Third prize—One book.

All entries must bear the name and age of the contributor, and be certified as original by parent or guardian. Contest closes Oct. 30th.



# DEMI-TASSE

## Courierettes.

China is the very latest thing in Republics, but it is rather fragile.

The Duke of Connaught's first official act was to swear in Hon. Martin Burrell. His Grace wants to secure the agricultural vote.

The Zapatists have been defeated in Mexico, but Zapata, himself, escaped. A man with a name like that could never be elected in North Oxford.

Blue tea will not be imported any longer, so Washington says. Governments are becoming really fussy over food. Ottawa doesn't like lemon in afternoon tea.

A professional pickpocket in Toronto courts said that he took a watch from another man's pocket in order to see the time. "Pshaw! You must be my old friend Procrastination," said Colonel Denison.

Ontario will have electionitis before the new year.

It is now declared that some of the Irish members of the British House of Commons are in a state of irritation. You don't say so?

"Colonel Hughes is already active," say the papers. So is Mount Etna.

Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan's alleged query—"Can eggs be unscrambled?" suggests a series of culinary epigrams, such as "Can oysters be unscalped?" "Can chicken be unfriccased?" "Can steak be unhamburged?"

In Massachusetts, a minister was about to marry a couple when he discovered that the license was for deer hunting. A slight misinterpretation of the "dear"!

"Bill" Miner's activity entitles him to membership in the Travel Club.

The annual meeting of the Daughters of the Empire was almost as interesting as a sewing society.

## Some Intercepted Letters.

To the Editor of The Whirl:  
You will, no doubt, take pleasure in stating my opinion of that politico-ecclesiastic, the editor of The Sphere. He has dumped the whole Party to which he belongs into a deep, dark hole, from which it will emerge only in the course of weary months of painful repudiation. He now attempts to drag the Methodist Church of Canada in the mire of Highflown Criticism. He is a heretic and a high-brow, and is suspected of having written one of the chapters in Professor George Flapson's "Jumps in Genesis." He has misrepresented me, and it is exceedingly difficult to regard him as a Christian and a Brother.  
Yours orthodoxically,  
D. D.

To the Editor of The Gleam:  
It is high time that the country aroused to the dangers ensuing from the Highflown Critics. They are going to and fro and up and down in the land, poisoning the young mind with false doctrine concerning Jonah and the Whale, to say nothing of Noah and the Ark. They must be sent to the lunatic asylum in large batches. I should suggest that a special ward be opened for such cases, where they argue with each other at length on the morals of the Minor Prophets and the authorship of Malachi. The public should be protected, or this country will go to the eternal bow-wows.  
Yours for the faith,  
K. C.

To the Editor of The Wire:  
You are quite right to kick the Borden Cabinet into splinters. I did my best to show the Premier that he should consider the Party and the Dear Ones who had worked for it from early morn to election eve.

It is discouraging to reflect that mere merit has been taken into consideration in some cases. Men who

have only a bowing acquaintance with the campaign funds, men who have even been suspected of Liberal leanings have walked away with portfolios under their arms. It is very trying to one who has always talked for the Tories.

## NUMBER ONE.

**Up in the Air.**—That merry old jester the type-setting machine has been at it again. In the article headed "Aeroplane Gossip," on page five of this issue, it tried to say that The Canadian Courier had secured the exclusive Canadian aerial rights for the story by Professor Roberts.

**Hitting Back.**—A Toronto girl, who has grown tired of hearing the ways of women ridiculed, made a neat and



THE MARRIED STATE.

"Hello, Brown. Why this huge calabash?"  
"Merely for the sake of appearances, old fellow. My wife has started to order my cravats for me."

fitting retort recently to some metrical prose that was shown to her.

Here is what was submitted to her:

Backward, turn backward, O  
Time in your flight, and give us a  
maiden dressed proper and right.  
We are so weary of switches and  
rats, Billie Burke clusters and  
peach-basket hats. Wads of jute  
hair in a horrible pile, stacked on  
their heads to the height of a mile.  
Something is wrong with the maid-  
ens, we fear. Give us the girls as  
they used to appear. Give us the  
girlies we once knew of yore,  
whose curls didn't come from a  
hair-dressing store. Maidens who  
dressed with a sensible view. And  
just as Dame Nature intended  
them to. Give us a girl with a  
figure her own and fashioned  
divinely by Nature alone. Fem-  
inine style's getting fiercer each  
year—oh, give us the girls as they  
used to appear.—Sterling Journal.

And here is the clever retort which she wrote:

Backward, turn backward, O  
Time in your speed. Grant us, in  
turning, the men that we need. We  
are so weary of heartaches and  
tears; they are not worthy our  
love through the years. Where  
are the men who were constant  
and true—ashes of mem'ry—so  
rare and so few. Give us men who  
will stay home three nights out of  
seven—our cares never cease till  
they're safely in Heaven. Off to  
the races, the ball-games and  
clubs, and, yes—other women—  
that's just where it rubs. The  
noble, the loving are relics of yore.  
Our smiles mask our hearts which  
are bleeding and sore. Backward,  
turn slowly, and show, if you can,  
that long-mourned-for treasure—  
a man, just a MAN.

**Light Work.**—The life of a prominent Conservative worker in Toronto has been made miserable since elec-

tion day by applicants for Government positions. The other day, an Irishman, who has worked for the Conservative party for many years, declared that he wanted a position, and he asked the former man to go to Ottawa with him to obtain it.

The much-bothered man tried politely to put off the Irishman. The latter persisted in his request and then got this answer:

"You're too old for Government work. You must be somewhere in the neighbourhood of sixty-five."

The Irishman "came back" with this retort: "O!m sthrong enough t' carry a feather duster wid anny of thim."

**Be Sure of Your Man.**—Have a care what you say when you're talking to a stranger. And thereby hangs this tale.

It was a few days before the recent Dominion election that Dr. W. E. Struthers, Chief Medical Inspector in Toronto Public Schools, happened to get into conversation with a man he did not know. They were on a street car, and, of course, politics was the topic. The stranger raised the point of the Liberal candidates' chances in the Toronto ridings.

"Well, Maguire in Centre and Ward in the South may give the Tories a run," said the doctor, who is a Tory, "but Waldron in West Toronto hasn't a ghost of a show."

The stranger smiled a hardly discernible smile, but Dr. Struthers did not notice it.

A few days later he was introduced to Mr. Gordon Waldron, Liberal candidate in West Toronto, and recognized him as the stranger on the car.

Again Mr. Waldron smiled. But Dr. Struthers had his turn to smile on September 21st, when he saw that E. B. Osler had won West Toronto by nearly 8,000 majority.

**The Stinger "Stung."**—It was certainly a case of the stinger being "stung" at Toronto Union Station the other day when a happy young couple, just starting on their honeymoon, were followed by over-zealous friends, intent on scattering rice over the newly-weds.

So enthusiastic were the rice-throwing friends that they had decided to board the train after the pair and go with them as far as Parkdale, in order to make them as uncomfortable as possible. They boarded the train, they acted up to their programme, but imagine their astonishment when the train swept past Parkdale station without even pausing. There was no stop on the Toronto side of Hamilton, and the unwilling travellers had to go as far as the Ambitious City, and put up the return fare for the trip.

As they left the train at Hamilton the bridal pair gave them the laugh.

A married woman, who had joined the jokers without informing her husband of the matter in hand, returned from Hamilton to find hubby and her child waiting cold and supperless at home, and wondering where she had gone.

**Two Playing the Game.**—A clergyman was expostulating with a political member of his congregation, who was accused of taking liberties with facts.

"But I'm honest in my private dealings," urged the alleged prevaricator, "it's only in my official capacity that I stretch things a bit."

"Just remember, my friend," said the pastor solemnly, "that the Devil has an official capacity for catching men who indulge in such practices."

**A Desperate Case.**—A Presbyterian minister in a north Ontario town is not exactly fond of the Baptist pastor, who lives a block away.

One morning lately, he met the latter, who remarked: "Did you know that the MacClures have lately been coming to my church?" Now, the MacClures had always been devoted to the "kirk."

"Is it really as bad as that?" said the Presbyterian minister sadly. "I knew that they had been falling off, but they must be in a sad way."

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# THE WILDCATTERS

A Tale of the Cobalt Country.

S. A. White

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## BOOK TWO.

## CHAPTER XII.

BETERIC'S words came true. Next morning Carl was in the grip of the fever, and the draughts the voyageur brewed only partly checked it. He grew worse and Beteric saw there was but one thing to do and that was to take him out the way he himself had come in from the settlement. If he waited, Carl would die. He could not be left alone, while the voyageur went for the settlement's doctor since it was a two days' journey each way. Beteric must take him out, and as quickly as possible! Perhaps in all the tales that the north people tell, there is none so striking in its heroism and true-heartedness as the story of how the voyageur brought out, single-handed, a sick man from lone Nipissing to Carvelle. He paddled all day and all the long night. On the portage he had to make double trips, carrying Carl over first and then going back for his canoe and packs. It was a Herculean task, but Beteric never stopped, and, instead of making a two days' trip, he reached Carvelle in a little over a day and a night. His sturdy race recall his deed daily and many a hunter and trapper will sit up half the night to tell you of Beteric, the voyageur. He reached Carvelle just in time. Had he taken the days only for paddling, the doctor of the settlement said Carl would have been past hope. As it was, his condition was precarious.

At the time Beteric arrived, the Theodore party was about to leave. Whitmore was dead and they were taking his body away. Their departure was set for the afternoon of that day. Beteric had come in the morning. After attending Carl, the doctor sought Rita to say farewell. He had become infatuated with her beauty and wanted to see her in the hope of extracting a promise for a future renewal of their intercourse. This, to his satisfaction, he got. Then he apologized for hastening away and mentioned his new patient.

"A bad case of fever!" he said. "I cannot be long absent. Some prospector who got caught up in the wilds! The voyageur brought him down single-handed. By George! it was a plucky thing."

"Ah!" Rita murmured. "I have heard that these river-voyagers are so brave. A prospector, you said. Do you know his name?"

"Upon my soul, I don't. The case needed such prompt attention that I forgot to make enquiries. Le Prince, the voyageur called him. He will know his name."

"What?" Rita screamed. "What did he call him?"

"The Prince!—but why?"

"Quick!" she exhorted. "Take me to him. There can be only one Prince. Man, don't stand!"

She seized him by the sleeve and dragged him through the door. "Where, where?" she panted.

They sped breathlessly to Doctor Basil's house. Rita's fears were realized and she ran to the sick man's bed with a low cry, but the doctor led her into another room.

"He must not be disturbed," he said. "You must make no noise."

"Oh! save him," Rita hysterically pleaded. "He must not die. Do you hear? He must not."

"I shall do all in my power. His condition is critical, but I feel confident I can save him. But why are you so excited? Do you know him?"

"Know him? Yes—the best man that ever breathed!"

"Ah!" Basil exclaimed in a tone of suspense. "He is something to you."

"No," she cried quickly, "his faith is plighted to someone else. Save him for her sake. Man, do your best!"

Basil's fear subsided at the knowledge that Carl's word was given to someone dear to him. The sudden suspicion that this man would stand between him and the girl he loved vanished and he threw his whole heart and soul into fighting the monster of darkness away from the weak frame in his room. The Theodore party left, but Rita, to Doctor Basil's intense delight, would not go with them. She remained to act as nurse on the case of the sick prospector. She assured her father that it was a matter of life and death and that there was no one but herself competent to take such a delicate duty. It must not be left to the French-Canadian women. Colonel Theodore could not stay himself as he had to go with Whitmore's body to clear up the circumstances of his death to his friends, but Mrs. Forbes, an elderly widow of the party, agreed to remain with Rita.

So the girl watched the flickering flame of Carl's life day and night, snatching a few hours' sleep now and then, but always attentive, gentle and tender in ministering to his needs. If Beteric was the first angel of mercy who succoured Carl in his helplessness, Rita was the second. Doctor Basil marvelled at her aptitude, at the cool, scientific way in which she did his bidding and at the softness and silence of her touch and movements. She was all perception and intuition. She was full of repose and sweet sympathy. No one could know from her face that such a tumult of fear, hope, doubt, disappointment and unfulfilled love was raging in her soul. The hidden fire, burning so fiercely, never once showed on the surface. She was the calm, sweet, loving angel of mercy at a sick man's bedside, and Basil's love grew a hundredfold as he saw what a woman she was in this new and hitherto unrevealed phase of her life.

## CHAPTER XIII.

THE power of death, clutching at the weak strands of an enfeebled human life, is mighty; but the saving force of science, impelled by the fire of great love, is mighty too. Death clutched hard at Carl Glover's frame, but two were at his bedside who fought with unflagging energy. The woman fought with unceasing persistence for what she loved; the man strove beneath the eyes of her he adored for the guerdon of her approbation. It was a conflict of spirit against spirit, magnetism against magnetism, and a hard, long fight it was. Yet the woman and man won over the monster of death. Slowly they nursed him back, step by step, till recovery was certain. Then one night Rita told Doctor Basil what she intended to do.

"He is past all danger?" she asked him that night.

"Yes," he said warmly, "and I think it is due to you. Had I been alone, I don't know if it would have been this way."

"I may go for two or three days? I shall not be any longer than I can help."

"Yes, but why do you wish to go and then return? Can you not wait till he is able to be up and about?"

"He must not know who nursed him," she replied.

"So far, he could not know for the darkened room and your forbiddance of his speaking at all. But in a little we cannot keep that from him. He will have light and speech and then he will discover who has been with him."

"But why this strange proceeding?" Basil asked.

"Listen!" Rita said. "Doctor Basil, I once brought a great sin into this man's life, a great sorrow to him and to another who is dear to him. Now I go to atone for my wrong. He despised himself so that he went without a word to her, thinking she would never forgive. He will never go to her. I know his spirit and he will never go. As soon as he is sufficiently well, he will lose himself as before. I must bring her here. If she has a woman's heart, she will forgive and come."

Stepping to Carl's shaded couch she bent over him.

"Doctor Basil," she said softly, "you will witness this as a chaste kiss."

Stooping, she pressed her lips tenderly and reverently to his brow.

"For a time, perhaps for the only time in my life, I have been an angel of mercy," Rita went on. "It has changed me. I am a different woman. Being so close to death has shown me what a soul is really worth. The soul we have fought for here I was nigh to shattering one time. Now is my atonement."

Rita left at once and the space of another full day found her at the little hamlet by the Humber. Without delay she sought the Thurston home. The month for decision Jasper had given Jean was shortening with horrible rapidity and as the days flew by her agony increased. Her father and mother had begged her not to sacrifice herself for them. They would go, would leave the old place and make their way in the world somewhere else. Mrs. Halycon had pleaded with her, too, advising her not to make the sacrifice and offering them a home with herself and Clive. When Clive returned, the mother said, he would take the mortgage over from Jasper, but Jean knew Jasper would not relinquish his hold. She could not hear of going to the Halycon's even until Clive came, and she had steeled her heart to give up all her happiness for the sake of her parents. Every day she fought the battle afresh. Each night the thought of it lurked in her dreams. A thousand times she made the resolve and

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a thousand time the pang of yearning for one absent made her burst into an agony of tears. If ever a person knew the approach to Gethsemane's garden, Jean Thurston knew it. The evening Rita Theodore arrived at the little village, Jean was sitting in the dark silence of the verandah, battling with her grief. Her head was bowed upon her crossed arms and she did not see a queenly figure sweep up, till a footstep sounded on the walk in front of her. Jean gave a low cry of fright.

"Don't be alarmed," said the unknown woman. "I am Rita Theodore."

Even in the dusk Rita could see the white, tense face of Jean, and she exclaimed: "Don't! I know what you would say. I know how you would curse me. I am she who brought sorrow and separation to you. But it will avail nothing to reproach. I come to take you to him."

"You know where he is? You have known—" Jean cried.

"No, I did not know. Now he is at Carvelle, up in the Pontiac. He has been ill. No, don't gasp. He is past all danger. I have come for you before he is well enough to lose himself again. You must come at once."

"But you," she stammered, "how?—it is so strange!"

"Atonement," said Rita. "Come, get ready to go!"

## CHAPTER XIV.

ANOTHER angel stood by Carl's bedside, but this time it was an angel of forgiveness. He lay sleeping. He had been sleeping since she came and she was waiting for him to wake. At length Carl stirred, murmuring a name in his fitful repose. Jean bent down, to hear her own name whispered, and the glad love-light sprang in her eyes. Slowly he awoke and saw her. A great cry burst from him, a cry of rapture which ended in a sob of shame, when he remembered. He turned his face from hers and carried her hand to his lips, pressing kisses upon it which burnt no more than the hot, falling tears.

"Nay, Carl," Jean said, "not that!" She forced his head to turn again and took it upon her breast, kissing him upon his lips.

For a moment Carl looked in unbelief at her. Then he understood why she had come. Crying aloud, he clasped his arms round her neck. "Jean," he murmured. "Is it true?"

"Yes," she said. "You would not come to me, so I came to you. Carl, Carl, how could you go? Oh! I suffered so much, and, Prince, how can I tell you? It is not over yet. Our place is mortgaged. Father made some losing mining-investments. Jasper holds the mortgage and unless I marry him he will foreclose."

"Jasper, the wretch!" Carl exclaimed. "Where did he get the mortgage? Marry you! My darling, I'd kill him first."

"Hush!" Jean said. "Doctor Basil commanded you not to excite yourself. Even now our time for conversation is up. But Jasper schemed to get a hold on us. He paid Mr. Mackay away above the figure value and got the mortgage. Then he offered me the choice of marrying him or seeing poor father and mother turned out. Oh! Prince, I've had a month of agony. He let me have a month to decide. I might have sacrificed myself then. Yes, I am sure I should. But now, Carl, I can't. I can't give you up. Oh! what shall we do?"

"Girlie," Carl said, brushing his tears away with a smile, "girlie, don't trouble. I have a mine away up in the north that is worth millions. We will get his mortgage for a few thousands when he finds he cannot have you. Now I thank God that I have it. I told Beteric of it the night he found my camp. I said it was nothing to me. Ah! I little knew how much you needed it. But did Clive not shield you from this villain?"

"Clive was away in the north searching for you and is there yet. He had not returned when I left. All last autumn Clive travelled the West seeking you, and all this summer he has been in Temiskaming on the same errand. Prince, Prince! You would not be found and we wanted you so."

"Jean, Jean," Carl said, holding her face close. "You can forgive! It's just as Bland said. 'What's love worth if it won't forgive?' Kiss me, so I can't forget."

The days of convalescence were sweet for them. Rita had never seen Carl since the night she had gone to atone. She forbade Jean acquainting him with the knowledge that she was there or that she nursed him till she should be gone. When he could travel about, Rita and Mrs. Forbes advised the Doctor to allow him to go home to the Humber. Rita departed to join her father and his party, who were preparing to take a trip to the Continent, but before she went she refused the offer of another man's love—that of Doctor Basil! And to do her justice it was the first time a refusal of this nature had given her pain. Mrs. Forbes, whose home was in Three Rivers, decided not to go with the party to Europe, and, on Rita's request, remained with Jean in the settlement. When Doctor Basil gave Carl permission to travel, Mrs. Forbes journeyed with the two lovers home to the Humber, later returning to her native city. Clive had reached home when they got there, having come a few days before. His astonishment was profound when he heard how things had turned out. By comparing notes they found that Beteric arrived at Carl's camp upon the evening that

Clive found the real Hooper dying. Clive's search was over. The reward was priceless. If he had never gone into the wilderness he would never have learned that Alice Blendon was free.

## CHAPTER XV.

NEEDLESS to say, the accidental death of Charles Hooper, though infinitely deplorable, left Alice Blendon free to give her love to Clive when he came from the north. Though they both remembered, with not a little sadness, the manly disposition of the dead, yet the bliss of reunion shone through the clouds so that for them, as for Jean and Carl, everything seemed to come right. And just as Carl foretold, Jasper was glad to hand over the deed of mortgage on the Thurston homestead at an advance upon the figure he had paid Mr. Mackay, the local barrister. The pathway of the schemer seemed uncommonly lucky just at that time, but the machinery of justice was making investigation into his dealings without his knowledge. It was not long before it was made plain that he had appropriated funds from another mining company with which he was associated. Realizing that arrest would immediately follow exposure, Jasper disappeared and, although closely followed by detectives, he had start enough to reach South America and enter the Argentine Republic, where he was safe from extradition.

Beteric, who proved himself such a hero, was located in the north by Carl and induced to come back. Whitmore's relations, to prevent the scandal connected with his death from spreading, gave out the report that he had been drowned by accident while canoeing in the Pontiac, nor did they attempt to bring Beteric into the courts. Carl made the voyageur manager of his depot for supplies, when he opened the mine, in recognition of his service. He also set aside a block of the stock in Beteric's name.

Appreciation of Rita Theodore's noble act, in effecting the reconciliation and atoning for all the suffering she had caused, was shown by Carl, at Jean's suggestion, in painting a picture which is almost a masterpiece. It hangs in one of the galleries of the capital and the curious may find it there.

It depicts a young girl kneeling, with hands upraised in prayer, before an altar, above which the Angel of God is hovering. The picture is a triumph of art in the wonderful reality of the supplicant's expression. The face which wears that expression is the face of Rita Theodore.

Beneath, you may read the title—Atonement!

## CHAPTER XVI.

ONCE more the dear, sweet Humber country lies under the spell of the harvest moon. The garnered fields spread rolling mantles of golden stubble beneath its glow. The woods and orchard lands blur up in half-lit masses against the rim of the night-world, casting deep shadows down each meadow, dell and glade. The river rolls again in a slumbrous sheet of unbroken crystal, save where the pebbly rapids merge it into violet gleams that fade and come, come and fade. The autumn haze lies low on the ridges and shrouds the flatter valleys. The haunting dream-perfume of night is filling all the air to set souls a-thrilling with a strange, indefinable longing that seems like some pagan call to the barbaric strain in the human blood. The sleep-time is come. Like the tender face of God the heavens lean, looking upon the child of promise—the earth!

And beneath the splendor, in the nook of the mulberry trees, two human hearts are lingering. Their lives have blossomed into promise. Even through the dark hours, when all was lost to them, a hidden power was guiding the trend of their steps. Now they could understand the plan which before indicated nothing but blind adversity.

"Jean," Carl whispered, where they sat on the old rustic seat. "Our happiness is too great. It seems too much that everything should come right."

"Carl," she murmured. "Everything comes right in the end."

"God's in his heaven—  
All's right with the world!"

"It is true," he said. "I thank God for it. There is but one more obligation resting upon me."

"What is that?" Jean asked.

"It is the matter of the CONSOLIDATED DIAMOND COBALT company. I do not know my uncle's whereabouts, but I cannot leave the stigma upon his name. I am going to offer, through the newspaper mediums, to buy back the certificates of those who invested in the CONSOLIDATED at the same price as they paid."

"O Carl!" she cried. "I never thought of that. You have such a princely heart. You are far above me."

"Remember when I was so far below!" he said.

"I have forgotten," she whispered. "It was a bad dream. I have wakened from it. Everything is right."

"Yes," Carl murmured tenderly. "You and God are so near—"

"All's right with the world!"

THE END.



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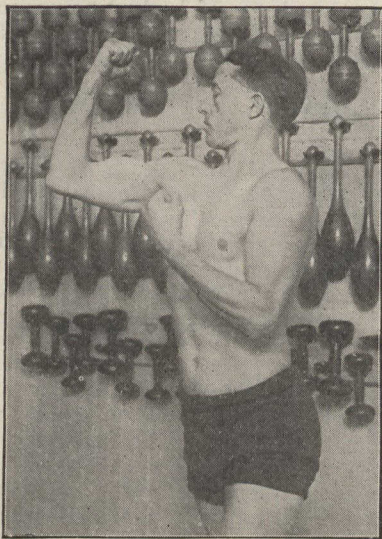


Dominion Brewery Co. Limited  
TORONTO



## LOVE IN TWO-TWOS

By TOM GALLON



## The Question of Strength

**M**EASUREMENTS show these two men to be of equal muscular development. But a lifting test shows the blacksmith to be 20 per cent. the stronger man. The explanation of this difference in strength is that the "professor" of physical culture has by the use of his "system" of gymnastics developed his muscles alone, while the blacksmith by actual work at his trade has developed not only his muscles but the tendons which attach the muscles to the bones. Ability to do work is the real test of strength.

How is a fire insurance company's strength determined? By a lifting test, similar to that applied to the strength of these two men—the test of actual work done.

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H13

## The Runners of the Air

By

Charles G. D. Roberts

will commence in our issue of November 11th. It is a powerful airship story, with the scenes laid in France, Austria and Servia. It will be completed in ten issues. The best short serial ever published in Canada  
**Canadian Courier, Toronto**

**J**OY CARTER—I am troubled about you. You are not yourself; you have spoken sharply once or twice (quite without knowing it, I am convinced), in reply to me."

"Oh, if you please, Miss, I never meant—"

"I am sure of that, Joy; but I don't like it. You are troubled." The clear eyes of Miss Esther Shaw looked through her pince-nez at the girl not unkindly. "What is wrong?"

Joy Carter fidgetted from one foot to the other, and picked up a corner of her apron, as though the answer were written there and she needed to decipher it. Very slowly, while she looked at the corner of the apron, two large tears welled up into her eyes, overflowed, and dropped down; Miss Esther Shaw watched the course of them, and looked more troubled than before.

"Oh, if you please, Miss—it's Mr. Nudford," said Joy Carter softly.

Miss Esther Shaw heaved a sigh, and shook her head. This was the bogey that had been pursuing her all her life, and from which she had hitherto escaped, together with her maid.

"Joy—Joy—haven't I warned you?" she asked plaintively. "Haven't I told you how much better off you are here with me, than risking your future happiness with any mere milkman or baker—"

"If you please, Miss, Nudford is a butcher," said Joy softly; as if that was any excuse.

"All trades are alike; and a butcher is likely to be brutal, by reason of his calling," said Miss Shaw severely. "However, you must have your own way, I suppose? When does this man Nudford propose—"

"Never!" broken in Joy excitedly. "That's the worst of him, Miss; 'e don't know 'ow to do it. You've 'ad the benefit Miss as regards tender cuts an' lean chops, this six months past; the very way 'e wraps 'em up is enough to express 'is feelings; but as for proposin'—the man simply don't understand the meaning' of the word. Let 'is' and touch your for a moment, 'e will, in 'anding you change, or any little thing like that—but, bless you—no more than that. And yet, believe me, Miss, you can see 'is very 'eart, as it were, in the scales 'w'en 'e's weighin' up for you."

"You have a poetic imagination, Joy," said Miss Esther Shaw sedately. "But I don't quite see how I am to help you in the matter. You see, Joy"—Miss Shaw had risen to her feet, and crossed over to the fireplace, and was looking gravely at her own reflection in the glass—"I am quite inexperienced."

"I should 'ave thought, Miss, that anyone as pretty as you—"

Esther Shaw turned quickly, and looked at the girl out of her bright eyes through her bright glasses. "That will do, Joy," she said. "You have not yet told me in what way I can assist you."

"I thought, Miss, that if you would give Nudford what I might—call a jog," suggested Joy bashfully, "it might be better for him, Miss."

"Well—can't you do that?" asked Miss Shaw sharply.

"If you please, Miss—I don't exactly like—"

"Very well, Joy, since your affections are set upon this man, I will help you. If you care to ask Mr. Nudford to see me, I will put before him, as delicately as possible, his duty. I trust it will be with the happiest results. That will do now, Joy."

Left alone, Miss Esther Shaw turned again to her own reflection in the mirror. She had led so busy a life, and so strenuous a life in fact, that she had forgotten that but a year or two ago she had been regarded as pretty; and here was Joy Carter reminding her of the fact. She shook her head at the vanity.

"At all events, I must help poor Joy," she said, with a smile. "I wonder what her butcher is like."

Now, although Miss Esther Shaw had led so busy a life that she had

forgotten that she had ever been pretty, and had, moreover, thrust love utterly to one side, it must be stated here that love, quite unexpectedly, had pursued her; and that one man, at all events, had noted that she was pretty, and had sighed about her in secret. He had never spoken to her; it had only been his good fortune to see her at a distance; but he loved her. He had read some of the things she had written; he had heard her make a pretty little halting speech on one occasion, in expounding views which never should have fallen from such young lips as hers; and he had almost desperately made up his mind to seek an introduction to her. His name was Richard Oakman, and he was also struggling in that great world that is ruled by the pen.

Fate, for some mischievous reason, made him more desperate still; he determined to seek the lady for himself. It is scarcely necessary to say that he had long ago discovered where she lived, and, in fact, all about her. Thus it happened that on this particular afternoon he climbed the staircase which led to her modest flat, and after some hesitation knocked at the door. Joy Carter being absent (probably in earnest search of her butcher) the door was opened by Miss Esther Shaw herself.

She saw before her a young man, hat in hand, smiling a little foolishly, and stammering her name. Unused to visitors of the male persuasion at all, she jumped to one conclusion: this was Joy Carter's butcher; A very presentable butcher, if shy and awkward: evidently he had put on his Sunday suit for the occasion.

"I've been expecting a visit from you," she said. "You needn't be afraid of me; come in."

Mr. Richard Oakman started in some surprise, but accepted the invitation. He was so much astonished, in fact, that the eloquent speeches he had been framing in his mind as he came along were dissipated in a moment; he could only stand and stare at this young woman who could take a matter of vital importance so casually.

"I am very glad to see you," said Miss Shaw, in her decisive way. "I have heard a great deal about you, and I have wanted for some time to talk to you. Won't you be frank with me? Remember that the happiness of two lives may depend upon your frankness."

"I'm sure I'm very grateful—obliged to you," said Richard Oakman nervously. "I never thought for a moment that you would receive me like this; I was afraid—"

"That I should be bitterly opposed to anything you might have to suggest," she broken in. "Where it is a matter of happiness, I am, I fear, very easily moved. It is my habit to be frank, and I will be frank with you." She advanced towards him, and looked unflinchingly into his eyes. "You are in love!"

"Yes—I am in love," he said hurriedly. "I have not dared to speak about it. I have watched her day by day—"

"Over the counter," she thought quickly; and decided that this butcher was much too good for Joy Carter.)

"—Worshipped her from afar," he went on passionately.

"And yet have been afraid even to speak to her of what your real feelings were," she reminded him. "Would you like me to suggest to you what is the best thing for you to do?"

"If you would be so good," he said humbly, but with bewilderment. "When next you see her, be frank and straightforward and manly with her," went on Miss Esther Shaw enthusiastically. "If Joy comes into your life—"

"It would—it would!" he exclaimed quickly, seizing her hands and drawing her towards him. "From the very first moment that I saw you, I knew there was but one woman in all the world for me. If only you'll tell me that you love me—"

"Yes—that will do very well for a rehearsal," said Miss Shaw, a little



stiffly, as she withdrew her hands. "For my part, I think you make love very nicely," she added with a shy glance at him. "There is Joy's key in the lock now; go and talk to her in the same strain."

While the bewildered Mr. Richard Oakman stared at her, the door opened, and quite another couple came in. Joy Carter had hold of the hand of a fresh-coloured young man, with very smooth sleek hair; and the fresh-coloured young man was blushing much more even than Joy.

"Oh, if you please, Miss, there ain't no need for you to say anything to 'im," said Joy softly. "Met 'im on the stairs, I did, Miss; an' before no

band. After the pipers came the Cyclist Boy Scouts, followed by Mounted Boy Scouts, who acted as guard of honour for the carriage of the Lieutenant-Governor, which also contained the Lieutenant-Governor's secretary, Acting Mayor Johnston and Judge Howay. Behind this carriage was another squad of Mounted Boy Scouts. Then came Infantry Boy Scouts, Cyclist Boy Scouts and the second carriage, containing Ald. Bryson, Sheriff Armstrong, John Henry and G. D. Brymner. Following these were scores of the native sons on foot, the local Post making a most creditable turnout in spite of the fact that the parade was held in business hours,

THE "COURIER" AND THE LUMBER-JACKS



Most lumber and construction camps are fairly well supplied with reading matter by the Reading Camp Association and by kind friends. The "Courier" is indebted to Mr. C. W. Callingham, of the National Transcontinental staff, for this snapshot taken in Northern Ontario.

words was spoken we was in each other's arms in two-tuos, in a manner o' speakin'. I beg your pardon, Miss, for intrudin', but this is"—Joy drew forward the blushing butcher—"this is Sam!"

Nervously enough, Miss Esther Shaw murmured a sort of blessing over the pair, and hurried them out of the room. Then she faced her visitor; but found it impossible to be quite so stern with him as she had meant to be. Half an hour later they were sitting in that room that had not known a man's presence hitherto, discussing affairs amicably enough.

"And I took you for a butcher!" she said reproachfully.

"If you'll take me in any case, I don't mind," he said, with a twinkle in his eyes. "You said I made love nicely," he reminded her.

"But that was for Joy," she said. "I couldn't think of it; it is all too hurried."

"In two-tuos, in a manner of speaking," as Joy would say," said Richard laughing. "If you think I'm not perfect at the business, or if you think it is too hurried, I'll stay—for some more lessons."

"Very well," she said softly.

Ceremonies of Unveiling

ON page 23 of this issue are shown pictures of the people who attended the unveiling of a monument to a noted explorer, and those who were present when a tablet commemorating Canada's first printing press was unveiled.

The monument to Simon Fraser was unveiled by the Honourable T. W. Paterson, Lieutenant-Governor of British Columbia, assisted by Judge Howay, of New Westminster. Both praised the famous navigator, and the Lieutenant-Governor declared that had it not been for the explorations of Mackenzie and Fraser Canada would now be part of the United States.

Preceding the unveiling ceremonies there was a parade from the Hotel Russell to Albert Crescent. The parade was led by the Clan McLean pipe

when it was difficult or impossible for many of them to get away.

The honour of having Canada's first printing press, and of having published the first newspaper in Canada, belongs to Halifax, N.S. The ceremony of unveiling the tablet was an interesting function. Venerable Archdeacon Armitage presided, and His Worship Mayor Chisholm unveiled the tablet. Addresses were given by Jas. S. Macdonald, D. R. Jack, of St. John, N. B., and J. W. Regan.

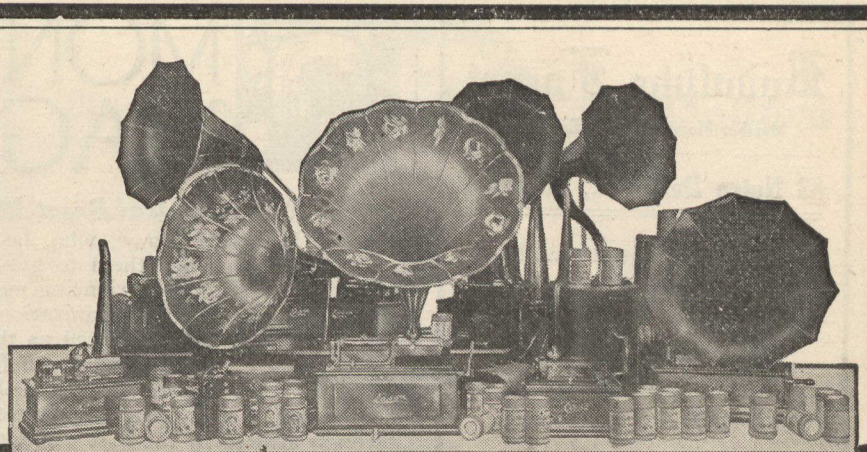
Frank Carrel's Book

MR. FRANK CARREL, the versatile editor and publisher of the Quebec Telegraph, is an ardent traveller. As he goes about the world, he records his impressions for the benefit of his readers. Two years ago he took his first trip through the Rockies and the "new" Canadian West, and has now favoured the public with his letters in book form. The story is plain, simple and entertaining, and there is no attempt to polish it from good newspaper copy to literature. Hence it is most readable. The illustrations are numerous, and altogether "Canada: West and Farther West," is a book which delight all lovers of "travel." It is issued by The Telegraph Printing Company, Quebec.

The Greatest Missionary

THE warmest compliment paid recently to the Salvation Army was made by Hon. J. M. Gibson, Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario. He was presiding at a mass meeting of the Army in Massey Hall, Toronto, and, introducing Mrs. Bramwell Booth, the said:

"You do missionary work which the Christian Church confesses is not being done so thoroughly by their organizations. Now, I am not disparaging nor minimizing the work of the Churches, but I do say that the Salvation Army is doing social work which is not being so effectively or successfully done by church organiza-



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# MONEY AND MAGNATES

### Street Railway Deal Beseet With Difficulties.

THE Montreal crowd, who, last year, decided that it would be a very good thing for them to get the control of Montreal Street Railway, are certainly experiencing more than their share of trouble in bringing about the proposed re-organization of the company and its subsidiary concerns. A week ago it looked as though the whole deal had been completed, when along comes proceedings before the Public Utilities Commission, both on behalf of the City of Montreal and one of the largest individual shareholders of the company, to prevent the re-organization plan being put through at all. In the first place, the City did not want it to be put through until its rights were more clearly defined than at the present time, if one company was to gobble up the other ones operating on the Island of Montreal, while Senator Beique, who is now the owner of 1,000 shares of Montreal Street Railway stock, stated to the Public Utilities Commission that he had applied for an injunction to the courts on the ground that the plan was not in the interest of the Street Railway shareholders, and should not be carried through at all. It is unfortunate that the plan should have met with opposition, as the various interests had been at work on it for many months and, before submitting it to the shareholders, were absolutely certain that it was about the best thing that could be done. In the meantime, of course, all the plans for the financial re-organization of the company are held up.

### Bank Starts With Full Organization.

IT rather looks as though the delay which occurred in the granting of the license to the Banque Internationale du Canada was in a sense of great benefit to the bank itself, as it gave it the opportunity of going ahead and establishing its various connections. The result was that when it opened its doors the other day its entire organization throughout the world was practically complete. The career of the bank is sure to attract particular attention because of the international aspect there is to it, the capital having been very largely subscribed by French interests, who, during the past few years, have been taking an increased interest in Canada. The bank starts out with a paid-up capital of \$10,000,000, and the sum of \$1,000,000 has been deposited with the Government. The head office of the bank will be in Montreal, but it will also have an important office in Paris at No. 60 Rue de la Victorie.

The Board of Directors is as follows: Rodolphe Forget, M.P., President; Robert Bickerdike, Montreal, Vice-President; Stanislas Badel, Paris, of Messrs. Badel, Freres & Cie, Bankers; S. V. Chomereau-Lamotte, Paris, Honorary Governor of the Banque de France; Sir George Garneau, Quebec; J. N. Greenshields, Montreal; Georges Martin, Paris, President of the Committee of Control of the Comptoir National D'Escompte de Paris; Raoul Sauter, Paris, of Messrs. Odier, Sautter & Co., Bankers; Hon. L. O. Taillon, Montreal, ex-Prime Minister of the Province of Quebec.

Godfrey Bird, who, during the past thirty years has been on the staff of the Bank of Toronto, and manager of many of its more important branches, has assumed his duties as general manager of the new bank, and has appointed Mr. F. G. Ramsden, also of the Bank of Toronto, as chief inspector. The Paris interests have sent to Canada Mr. N. De'Senn to take entire charge of the Foreign Exchange Department.

### Successful Bond Issue.

THE attention that has been directed to the pulp industry of the country is evidenced by the marked success that attended the offering recently of the \$800,000 of 6 per cent. bonds of Spanish River Pulp and Paper Mills, Ltd. It was the intention to offer the entire amount to Canadian investors, but such a large portion of them were disposed of privately that in the end only about \$200,000 of the bonds were available, and these were taken up within a day or two.

### Farmers Financing Their Own Crops.

THE Canadian banks, which, for some years past, have made a specialty of financing the wheat crop in Western Canada, are finding out this year that a very much larger number of farmers than was anticipated are able to finance their own crops and, on this account, the banks themselves have not been able to find use for anything near as much money as they thought they would back a month or six weeks ago. As regards the crop movement in the west, there seems to be a gradual evolution taking place, for, while back two or three years ago the great majority of farmers were forced to shove their wheat right out in order to get their money on it, they are now in a very much more independent position, and, not being in dire need of money, are simply storing much of their grain themselves and carrying it over till next Spring. It would not be saying too much to state that there is scarcely a bank which has found need for all the money it had shipped to the West, and this, notwithstanding the fact that the crop is likely to be a great many million bushels larger than that of last year. From present indications, a very much larger amount of the crop will remain in the Western country over Winter than ever before. In the past farmers have felt that they were generally the losers by rushing their grain through to the markets all at the one time, and are now evidently figuring that by holding on to it a while, they will do even better than if they sold it at the present time, and this, notwithstanding the fact that wheat is slightly over \$1.00 a bushel.

### Open a London Office.

MR. GARNET P. GRANT, President of the Dominion Bond Co., has announced that arrangements have been made by which the company will open its own London office. Mr. E. E. Boreham, formerly Manager of the Imperial Securities, of Montreal, has resigned his position to become first London Manager of the Dominion Bond Co. The Dominion Bond has already had a number of very successful issues in London, and business has grown so rapidly in that centre that it has been found necessary to have its own personal representative to be in direct touch with its clients who are interested in Canadian enterprises.

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20.9%	21.99%	22.36%	24.49%	27.39%

HEAD OFFICE :

WATERLOO, - - - - - ONT.



# PEOPLE AND PLACES

## Who's Fault?

WHAT is the matter with Canadian Museum men? The American Museum of Natural History in New York has just stolen a march on them.

For two seasons, Professor Henry T. Osborne, president of the New York institution, has led parties of distinguished geologists and ethnologists into the valley of the Red Deer River, Alberta.

These men have made big finds, according to report. They have shipped an early world monster's remains—sixty feet in length—to their museum.

It is rumoured that they have got their hands on a dinosaur, one of the earliest and most valuable historically of the big animal life, which used to run loose before man made his bow to the world.

These Americans, who are taking specimens from Canada to place in the New York museum, have the permission of the Canadian Government to carry on their work along the Red Deer.

Canadian scholars know of the existence of the prehistoric remains in the Alberta valley. Lawrence M.

gal said to the Vancouver World might well be taken to heart by American peeresses who not infrequently allow themselves to be exploited with sign board headings in the United States yellow press.

\* \* \*

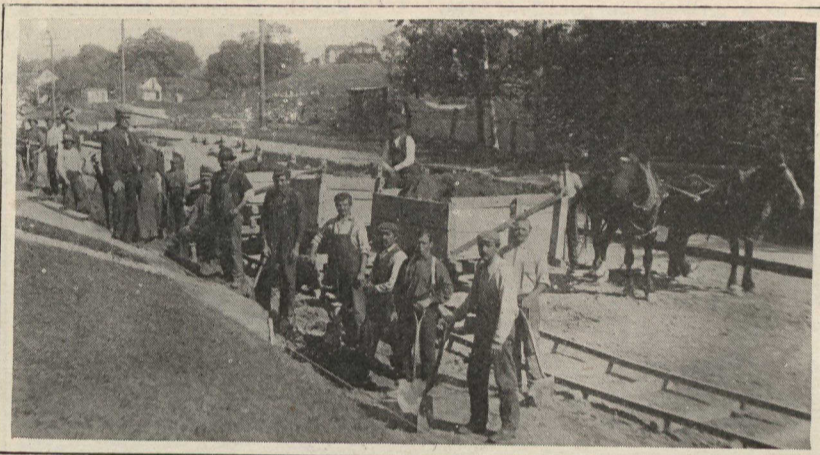
## Edmonton's Park Problem.

A PROMINENT citizen writes to the Edmonton Journal asking Edmonton what she is going to do about it—meaning parks, playgrounds, driveways, and breathing spaces for new citizens. He remarks that Edmonton is years behind other municipalities in Canada in this regard.

Apart from its purely local significance to Edmontonians, the letter is of interest to every Canadian concerned in city building in the newer districts of the Dominion.

When pioneer settlers begin to stake out a town on the prairie, or beside the bush, and gaze across the acres of waste land about their hamlet, they don't naturally bother much with provisions for children's playgrounds and boulevard driveways.

But at the rate Canadian mushroom towns shoot up, such foresight is



Building the first civic street car lines in the city of Toronto. Whether these shall be operated by the present company or the city has yet to be decided.

Lambe, the paleontologist of the Canadian Geological Survey, was up in the Red Deer country in 1897, 1898 and 1901.

He told the Royal Society of Canada about the vertebrate remains in Alberta. He has published monographs on the subject.

Yet New York museum men are taking our museum objects.

Why?

Here is a chance evidently for a Canadian with some spare cash to investigate the Red Deer country, send up an expedition to rival the American one, and save what dinosaurs, etc., there are up there for the museums of Canada.

\* \* \*

## Example of Canadian Marchioness.

"KEEP it down to a paragraph anyway."

So spoke a Canadian girl in Vancouver the other day. The ubiquitous reporter was on her trail.

The lady was the day's sensation in Vancouver. She had achieved notoriety in an unusual way for a Canadian girl. She possessed a title and she was travelling! A city editor saw a good thing: two columns, at least, of racy, slushy stuff about pretty Canadian girl who had married a British aristocrat, and was now touring the world.

But when the reporter went to interview the Marchioness of Donegal, nee Miss Violet Twining, of Halifax, he found the Canadian titled lady cordial, but modest.

There are not many Canadian girls with titles. Canadian mamas have not adopted the New York title-catching craze. It is interesting to note in a case of a Canadian girl of title that the glamour of her new position has not affected her dignity.

"Keep it down to a paragraph anyway." What the Marchioness of Done-

gal said to the Vancouver World might well be taken to heart by American peeresses who not infrequently allow themselves to be exploited with sign board headings in the United States yellow press.

Edmonton was a fur post twenty-five years ago. Now she is one of the big places of Canada, capital of a province.

This modern city wants parks. She needs them.

Had an effort been made years ago to set apart land for park purposes, Edmonton would have no park problem. The park land which she is dickering for now, she would have obtained much more cheaply.

For real estate values in a fur post are somewhat lower than in a metropolis.

\* \* \*

## Pleasant Memories.

WITH the entrance of the new Vice-Regal regime at Ottawa, newspapermen and others are digging up all sorts of mementoes of the Duke of Connaught's previous visits to this country. House party pictures with the Duke as guest, yellow with time, are fished out of drawers. An Ottawa minister, Rev. George S. Clendinnen, recently preached his Sunday morning sermon using a prayer book, on the fly leaf of which was the Duke of Connaught's signature, and the date, 1896. The congregation filed up after the service to inspect the book.

This is national sentimentalism. But it is harmless.

\* \* \*

## New Policy of H. B. Company.

MR. THOMAS SKINNER, London director of the C.P.R., walked into Sir Thomas Shaughnessy's office in Montreal the other day and told him what the Hudson's Bay Company contemplated doing out West.

Mr. Skinner, in addition to his C.P.R. connection, is Deputy Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company. He is, therefore, much in the know, concern-

The Road



To Dollars

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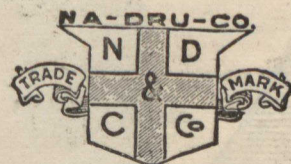
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10 for 25c. 4 for 10c.



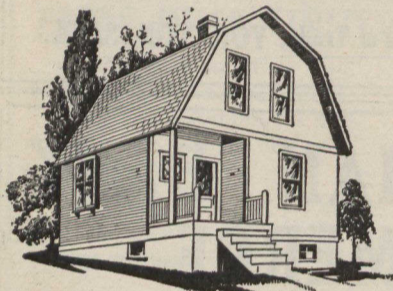
**I**NVEST 10c. in four OXO Cubes. Use one to make a cup of delicious Bouillon. Use another for a plate of soup. Use the third to add flavor to a stew. Use the last in a glass of hot milk for the boy or girl.

And then see if you don't put OXO Cubes on your list of "wants".

We know you will. You will find OXO Cubes so handy and helpful that you will deem them indispensable. Investroc. and put OXO Cubes to the test.

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ing this. He informed Sir Thomas that the Hudson Bay Company was going to suddenly wake up and go in for more purely commercial business than has been its policy during the past. Stores were to be hammered together right away in new frontier districts.

The large holdings of the company in Edmonton and on the Saskatchewan would be developed "right off the bat."

In the language of the eloquent Mr. Skinner:

"The Hudson's Bay Company will henceforth be a most important factor in the development of Great Britain's fairest dominion."

\*\*\*

### On Contracts.

**T**HE city of Toronto to-day affords several illustrations of the trouble which is in store for the citizens of a municipality when the City Council is not always alert and provident for the city's future.

One of these illustrations is Toronto's famous scrap with its Street Railway Company.

Among the main causes of that row, stands out the fact, that the agreement of the city with the railroad corporation was not drawn up with due regard to the future expansion of the city.

In the year 1891, the city agreed to the lease of their street railway franchise to a private corporation, who were to be allowed to construct lines

expedient this huge sum—grimly watching.

All this trouble might have been saved, had the city fathers in 1891 inserted a clause in the agreement with the company, which would have covered Toronto of 1911.

The experience of Toronto, where men long skilled in municipal business, through oversight, failed to get everything into their contract, should serve as a trite example to other fast developing towns in Canada that may be drawing up similar contracts.

\*\*\*

### Apples at St. John.

**F**OR three days after the 30th of October, there will be an apple show at St. John, N. B. Canadian apples will be king. Excursions will be run from all over the Maritime Provinces to view Canada's national fruit. Experts on apples and their culture will take the stump.

\*\*\*

### The Minto at Halifax.

**L**ATELY there have been constant rumours that missionaries are starving in Baffin's Land. The Dominion Government steamer, Minto, has just come down from there to Halifax after a three months' trip, and reports that there is nothing in the story.

\*\*\*

### A New Litterateur.

**H**ON. J. C. PATERSON, ex-Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba, is a legislator who is spending the even-



Building Toronto's first civic street car lines. These miniature engines are used to haul work trains with excavated material where the grading is being done.

and operate cars on Toronto streets. This agreement was all very well, except, that it did not make it clear who was to bear the expense of constructing new lines when the city should grow up.

And Toronto has grown up. The city of 1911 is not that of 1891. But the agreement with the railway company only covers conditions in Toronto of twenty years ago.

Since then new districts have been taken in. Little suburb towns have become part of Greater Toronto. New Toronto has set up its claim to the same facilities, including street car service, as those enjoyed by the older districts of Toronto.

The City Council asked the railway company for lines into the new districts.

But the railway company, not being bound to construct these lines under the agreement of 1891, refused to do so except under certain conditions.

Not being able to compel the recalcitrant railway company to make extensions at its expense, the city fathers have set up construction work of their own.

The pictures on this page show Toronto experimenting at street railway building. Nine miles of track are being laid in the north and north-eastern parts of the city. One hundred and twenty men, day after day, are digging and grading. Two immense steam shovels scoop up the mud for the city's road bed. Up in the City Hall, Treasurer Coady has set aside one million and three-quarters for this enterprise of the city.

Meanwhile, the Toronto Street Railway Company are watching the city

ing of his life in a useful fashion. He is sitting garbed in dressing-gown and slippers in his library busily writing a history of Canada from Confederation to Laurier.

As the honourable gentleman has had not a few strenuous incidents in his own political career, he may write an interesting "inside" account of modern Canadian history.

\*\*\*

### To Those Who Wait.

**I**N Toronto, there is a youth who is a paperhanger by trade. He is nineteen years old. He is very ambitious. Three years ago, he wanted an automobile very badly. Paperhangers as a rule, don't ride to the "job" in a motor. This youthful paperhanger didn't have the price to buy an automobile. He decided to make one. It has taken him three years. He has a motor car designed by himself—his own. Since then his ambitions have been expanding, but he has had no money to carry them out.

Last week, Mr. Andrew Carnegie presented the inventing paperhanger with \$2,000 in cash, and incidentally a medal.

Two years ago, the Toronto boy had dived into Lake Ontario and rescued a clerk disporting himself in the water.

The Carnegie Hero Fund has recognized this act of bravery.

With the money given him, the paperhanger will be able probably to go to college and realize whatever ambitions he may entertain of improving his position in life. The medal will be a perpetual reminder to him, that to those who strive to do their duty all things come in due season.

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without going to the furniture man, by applying LACQUERET to the chairs, table and side-board. It is the room of your house that gets the

most wear and tear—the room that looks shabby soonest. You owe it to your guests if not to yourself to restore the original beauty of your dining-room suite, and you can do so yourself without outside help, by using Lacqueret.

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## TWO CONNAUGHT STORIES

LAST summer on the occasion of the visit of the Queen's Own Rifles of Toronto to England, the regiment was several times visited by the Duke of Connaught, now Governor-General of Canada. On one occasion, the Duke was chatting with Lieut.-Col. Percy Mason, second in command of the Queen's Own, and he asked Col. Mason if he had seen such and such a history of the British army. Col. Mason replied that he had not, but remarked that he would be greatly interested in looking it up. The Duke thereupon offered to send Col. Mason the work and asked for his home address. This was given, and Col. Mason thought little more of the incident. However, on his return to Toronto he found that the "small" work had arrived. It consisted of seventeen handsomely bound, beautifully printed and fully illustrated volumes—a monumental, high-priced military history. And on the title-page of the first volume was the name of the Queen's Own officer, and the compliments and signature of His Royal Highness, the Duke of Connaught.

\*\*\*

### The Duke as a Deserter.

EW people are aware that the Duke of Connaught was once posted as a deserter. It was while he was General-in-command of the troops at the great military camp of Aldershot.

He obtained leave of absence from the Secretary of War, then Lord Lansdowne, and from his kinsman, the old Duke of Cambridge, then Com-

mander-in-Chief of the army, to spend a fortnight at Balmoral with Queen Victoria. While there the Duchess received news of the sudden death of her favourite sister, and the royal couple hastened off to Germany to attend the funeral.

They returned via Paris, and in the course of a drive to St. Cloud were so much enchanted by the scenery that they leased a couple of furnished villas, sent over to England for their children, and took up their residence there the Duke writing to the Queen that the Duchess stood in need of a change of scene before returning to Aldershot. It never occurred to him that he was outstaying his leave of absence.

In the course of time the Chief of Staff at Aldershot as in duty bound, reported to the Secretary of State for War that his chief, the Duke, had not yet returned to his post, although his leave of absence had expired. Lord Lansdowne thereupon conveyed official information to this effect to the generalissimo of the forces, and the old Duke of Cambridge gravely and in pursuance of the ordinary routine observed under such circumstances issued written instructions to the Provost Marshal of the Army to cause a search to be made for "His Royal Highness Arthur William, Duke of Connaught, K.G., age 45 years, General commanding at Aldershot, and reported as missing from his post, without leave." Needless to say, this breach of military regulations on the part of the Duke had no other result than a good deal of chaff and fun at his expense.

## EARL GREY AS A HOCKEY FAN

(From the Ottawa Free Press.)

IT will be seven years ago next January that Earl Grey got his first glimpse of that gentle Canadian pastime, hockey. His Excellency was serving his first year as Governor-General of Canada and had been in the Capital but two months. On the festive occasion referred to, Joe Boyle's Klondyke hockey seven made a five thousand mile trip from Dawson City to play the Ottawas for the Stanley Cup. It was the uniqueness of the long journey rather than the prospects of a great match that attracted a big gathering to Dey's Gladstone Avenue rink, with Earl Grey holding down a special box over the entrance end. The contest was a veritable blow off for Ottawa, but His Excellency got his first idea of the seriousness with which players took their hockey in those days when Norman Watt, of the Klondyke team, beamed Arthur Moore, the Ottawa coverpoint, over the head with his stick, creating an aperture that required a spool of surgeon's thread to button up. Not frightened by the strenuousness of the sport, the Governor was a frequent visitor at Dey's rink during the remainder of the Federal League season, being present on the occasion of that famous Ottawa-Brockville match that resembled a barbecue.

Earl Grey really became a hockey fan, but never attained the "rooting" stage till the second sawoff game between Ottawa and Wanderers in 1906 when the Ottawas set themselves a task of cutting down an eight goal lead Wanderers ran up in Montreal. To make it all the more difficult Wanderers scored the first goal of the game in Ottawa, giving them a lead of nine. One by one Ottawa reduced their arrears till finally the score on the series stood—Wanderers 10; Ottawa 9. Five minutes was left to play and the crowd was bleeding from the mouth with excitement. Harry Smith got the puck from a centre face and dashed in single handed and tied the score.

The whole rink climbed to its feet and roared. Both the ordinary spectator didn't have anything on the commotion in the vice-regal box. His Excellency stood up and hurled his fur cap to the rafters. Lady Grey was beside him frantically waving her

muff. They called Smith over to their box and showered him with congratulations. In fact had it been the time and place, Harry might have been made a peer or Knight of the Garter on the spot.

The game re-started and Frank McGee scored in jig time, but it was called off-side. Then the Ottawa cylinder head blew out. The men had expended all their energy in cutting down the lead. Wanderers rattled in two in the remaining four minutes, winning the Stanley Cup.

With his departure, Ottawa lost in Earl Grey a good sportsman and one who boosted particularly for athletics in the Capital. He attended football and lacrosse as well as hockey matches. As a golfer he was just about as keen as they are found and spent many of his spare hours on the Ottawa links. Being a splendid horseman he frequently followed the hounds at the Ottawa Hunt and travelled side by side with the most daring rider in the club.

His Excellency also took two prominent sportswomen from the Capital in his daughters, Lady Sybil, one of the best golfers at the Ottawa Club, who participated in the recent championship, and Lady Evelyn, who has achieved international reputation as a fancy skater, winning honours in Canada and the United States in this particular line.

IF a young man fifteen years of age were determined to save three car fares a week, and to pay the fifteen cents thus saved every week until he was sixty years old to the Canadian Government for the purchase of an Annuity, the result of his thrift would be that from and after sixty he would receive \$25.18 every three months so long as he lived. If he died before he was sixty all that he had paid in with three per cent. compound interest would be refunded to his heirs, and if he died just before his first installment of Annuity fell due his heirs would inherit \$771.70. A postcard sent to the Superintendent of Canadian Government Annuities, Ottawa, giving your age last birthday, will secure you information as to what an Annuity will cost.



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Also deliciously wholesome when eaten in combination with stewed or fresh fruits.

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**When frying a chop or steak pour into the gravy just a little of this delicious Worcestershire Sauce.**

## The Scrap Book

**Secretive Witness.**—The attorney demanded to know how many secret societies the witness belonged to whereupon the witness objected and appealed to the court.

"The court sees no harm in the question," answered the judge. "You may answer."

"Well, I belong to three."

"What are they?"

"The Knights of Pythias, the Odd Fellows, and the gas company."

\* \* \*

**Butting In.**—In a small South Carolina town that was "finished" before the war, two men were playing checkers in the back of a store. A traveling man who was making his first trip to the town was watching the game, and, not being acquainted with the business methods of the citizens, he called the attention of the owner of the store to some customers who had just entered the front door.

"Sh! Sh!" answered the store-keeper, making another move on the checker-board. "Keep perfectly quiet and they'll go out."—Everybody's Magazine.

\* \* \*

**Willie's Education.**—Willie—"Say, pa, you ought to see the men across the street raise a house on jacks."

Pa (absently)—"Impossible, Willie. You can open on jacks, but a man is a fool to try to raise on them—er—I mean it must have been quite a sight."—Puck.

\* \* \*

### Why Else?

She wears a network waist,  
Her stockings are network, too;  
I look at her open-work sleeve and see  
Her soft arm gleaming through.

When she raises her fluffy skirts  
A little way, ah, me!  
I see the dainty bits of white  
That peep through the filigree.

You say it is rude of me  
To look at her network waist,  
Or to gaze below when she lifts her skirts  
So dainty and yet so chaste.

Nay, say not so. It were rude  
If I should neglect to see,  
For why is she wearing her network things

If not to be seen by me?  
—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

**And Soon Won't.**—Now that we have 13.5 guns capable of smashing windows several miles distant by concussion we must modify an old proverb. People who live in glass houses shouldn't.—Punch.

**Double Trouble.**—A passenger on an American sleeping-car express found under his berth on rising in the morning a black shoe and a tan shoe instead of a pair of black ones. The attention of the attendant, a negro, was called to the fact, and, after scratching his woolly head for a while in bewilderment, he exclaimed: "Well, an' don't dat beat all! Dat's de second time dis morning dat dat mistake's happened!"

**Consoling.**—Remember that however tyrannical and overbearing a man may be in public there is often a thin-lipped and silent woman at home in whose presence he feels as cheap as a last year's almanack and before whom he would no more think of putting on airs than he would dare to ask her to sing a comic song.—The Tatler.

**Literal Translation.**—The Weber and Fields Music Hall, with an invincible list of comedians on the stage, also had a rare wag in the box-office, McBride. E. J. Connolly, before going in to make up for the show, found himself short of funds and dropped into the lobby to sign a tab. A large number of people buying tickets blocked him off from the window, so he backed off to a distance,

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attracted McBride's attention and gave him the high sign for five—the raised hand, with fingers distended. McBride nodded and Connolly waited. The line thinned out and McBride came out with \$4.50, which he handed to Connolly, who had lost in his infancy a half of one finger.

\* \* \*

**Big Bill Again.**—Insurgent objection to Mr. Taft as a "middle-of-the-road" statesman is that he leaves very little room around the edges.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

\* \* \*

**A Poor Tip.**—A well-known gentleman of the long robe stepped out of his chambers in the Temple, and pinned upon the door, "Back Directly."

A sporting friend appeared upon the scene a little later, and wrote: "Back Directly" be hanged! There's no such horse in the race."

\* \* \*

**When Art Failed.**—"And so your young wife serves you as a model. How flattering! She must be immensely pleased."

"Well, she was at first; but when we had a spat and I painted her as the goddess of war, she went home to mother."—Fliegende Blaetter.

\* \* \*

**At Sixes and Sevens.**

An atom met a molecule  
And things began to hum;  
A microbe howled and tried to rule  
A spry bacterium.  
An animalcule up and fought  
A micrococcus gay,  
And when the germ the monad caught  
There was the deuce to pay.

A devil knocked a spectre cold  
By some demoniac means;  
A phantom kicked a goblin bold  
Right into smithereens.  
And you may well believe me when  
I here declare with might  
Of lobster I'll ne'er eat again  
At twelve o'clock at night!  
—New York Sun.

\* \* \*

**Danger in Slang.**—"Doctor, I want you to come and examine my husband."

"What seems to be the matter with him?"

"I am afraid he is losing his mind. Last night we were talking about the necessity of reducing our living expenses and he said I would have to spend less money than I've been spending for clothes and help in the house."

"There's nothing strange about such a declaration."

"I know; but after he had made it he said: 'Get that imbedded in your bean.'"—Chicago Record-Herald.

\* \* \*

**"Fair to Middlin'" One.**—Farmer Hayseed (in the city)—"I want ter find an eatin' house."

Accosted Pedestrian—"Are you looking for any particular place?"

Farmer Hayseed—"Wall, not too durned p'tickler."—Boston Transcript.

\* \* \*

**A Gentle Hint.**—A miserable-sinner-looking clergyman sought advice of an experienced preacher, and was told, among other things, "If you are preaching of hell, your ordinary expression of countenance will do; but if you preach of heaven, I should try and took a little more cheerful."—Christian Register.

\* \* \*

**"Necessity Is"**—Gosba Golde, before he struck oil, went one day to the races and lost all on the favourite. It was a hot day, and Gobsa, though very thirsty, hadn't so much as the price of a glass of soda water. Nevertheless, he stepped boldly into a palatial saloon. In the saloon he struck up a conversation with a prosperous-looking man.

"You're a hale, sound, lusty man," said Gobsa. "It's good for sore eyes in these degenerate days to see a man like you. What's your age?"

"Fifty-four," said the fat man, with a pleased smile. "What's yours?"

"Thanks," said Gobsa, gratefully.

"Thanks. Mine's a large beer."

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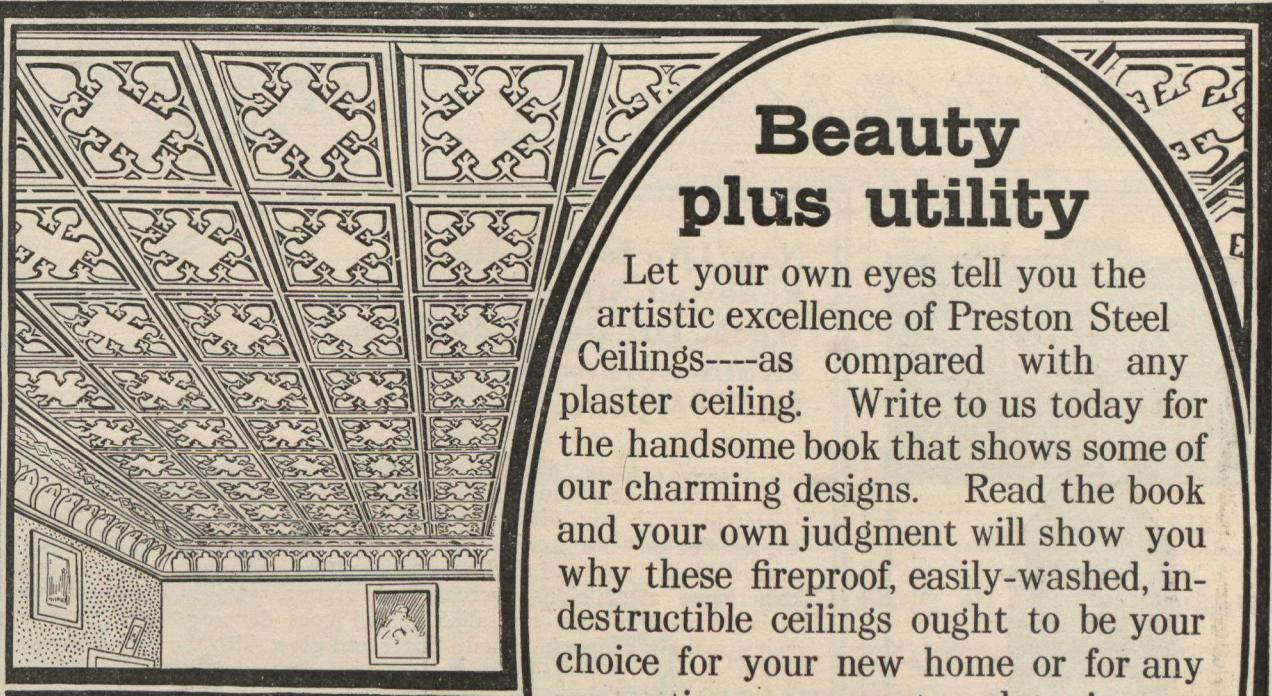
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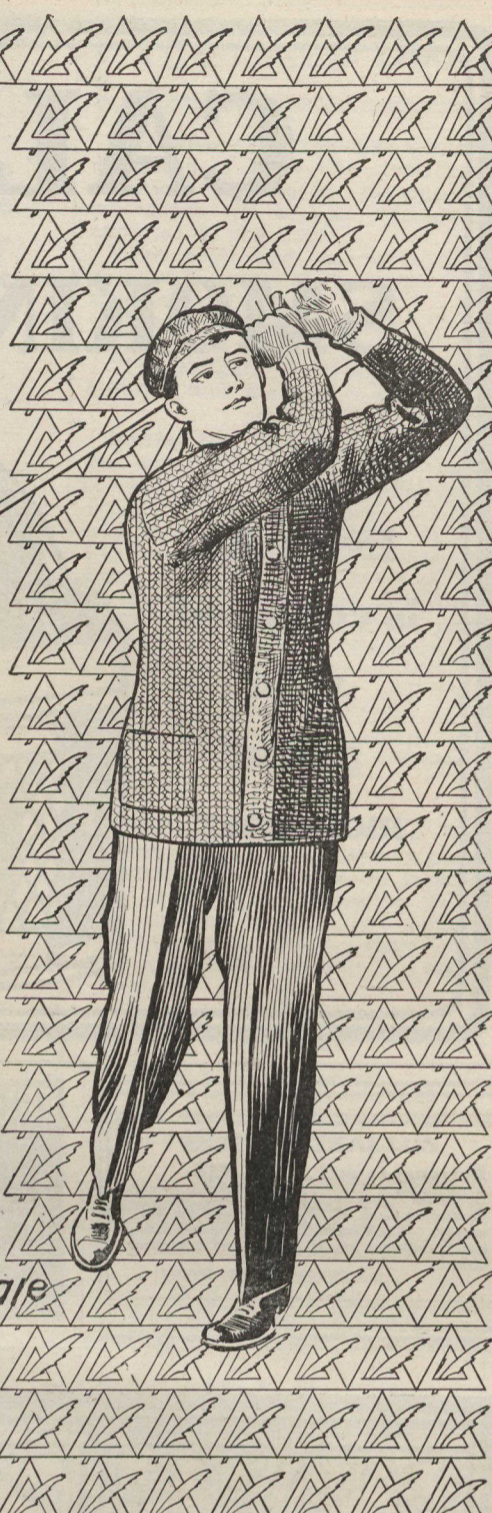
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## THE GODS ARRIVE

(Continued from page 17.)

wincing at the pain. The morning sun was streaming into the library as he made his way to the couch. Only when he was standing over her did he discover Sylvia in possession. Overcome with fatigue she had dozed, but she sprang to her feet in dazed surprise.

"Well, Early Bird, how are you this morning? How is that poor shoulder? Did you sleep, Sylvia?" He had taken her hand and was shocked at the pallor of her face.

"Oh, it is better, Stuart, but I think that—I will—will have to go back to town this morning. I'm sorry. I'll send Minnie Jermyn to act as chaperone, if you don't mind. I think I ought to see Dr. Winter." She smiled wanly, and his eyes never left her face.

"Sylvia—sit down here. Listen to me." He still retained her hand as they sat side by side on the couch. "You never slept a wink last night—nor did I. I had many things to think about—one in particular. Do you know the old saying that 'When Half-Gods go, the Gods arrive?' Well, my heart has been filled with half-gods lately. I told you some weeks ago that I was in love with Marjorie—that I intended to ask her to marry me. Last night in the stillness of this old house, I discovered the truth, Sylvia. Just before dinner yesterday I had a revelation of Marjorie. At the vaudeville I had one of you." He paused and looked intently at her as if afraid to go on. "Last night I knew that I loved you, dear. You have been my best friend, and now you have become something more—if that is possible. I have loved you all along, Sylvia, but was blind to the truth that burst upon me last night. The sudden revelation of that awful moment when I saw the dagger fly through the air and stand quivering in your flesh, made me sure of but one thing—your dearness to me, Sylvia—"

He drew her unresisting to him, and his voice was low, full-toned.

"Could you care enough to marry me—to come out here and spend your days in the quietness of this place? Can't you see, dear, how I care—that I have always cared, without knowing it? Tell me, dear! Give me your answer."

She drew close to him and he felt the warmth of her breath on his cheek. Her arms encircled his neck, and she drew his head down so she might whisper in his ear.

"Dear—I think that at last the Gods have arrived!"

**Ring Off, Wild Belles.**—Maybelle—"See the beautiful engagement ring Jack gave me last night."

Estelle—"Gracious! Has that just got around to you?"—Toledo Blade,

\* \* \*

**Woods are Full of Them.**—Week-End Sportsman—"I just shot a deer, old chap!"

His Pal—"Gweat! Kill them?"  
Week-End Sportsman—"I think not. He shot back!"—Puck.

\* \* \*

### Mothergoslings.

Jack and Jill went up the hill,  
Low gear they did apply;  
If they had been in your machine  
They'd a-made it on the high.

Sing a song of sixpence,  
Pocket full of cash,  
Left in trousers on a chair,  
The which was very rash.  
Wife saw him do it,  
And when she heard him snore,  
She helped herself to thirty cents—  
There wasn't any more.

Dickory, dickory, dock,  
I purchased some Wall Street stock;  
But now I am broke,  
My watch is in soak,  
Dicker and dicker and hock.  
—New York Globe.

\* \* \*

**At Least That.**—"Is this dress apt to be easily spotted?" she inquired.  
"At least four blocks off, I should judge," answered the gentlemanly clerk.—Washington Herald.



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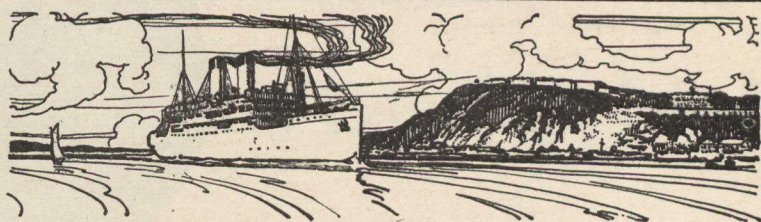
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