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The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly



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

H. H. FUDGER
President
J. WOOD, Manager

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ROBERT

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November
9th.

TORONTO - CANADA

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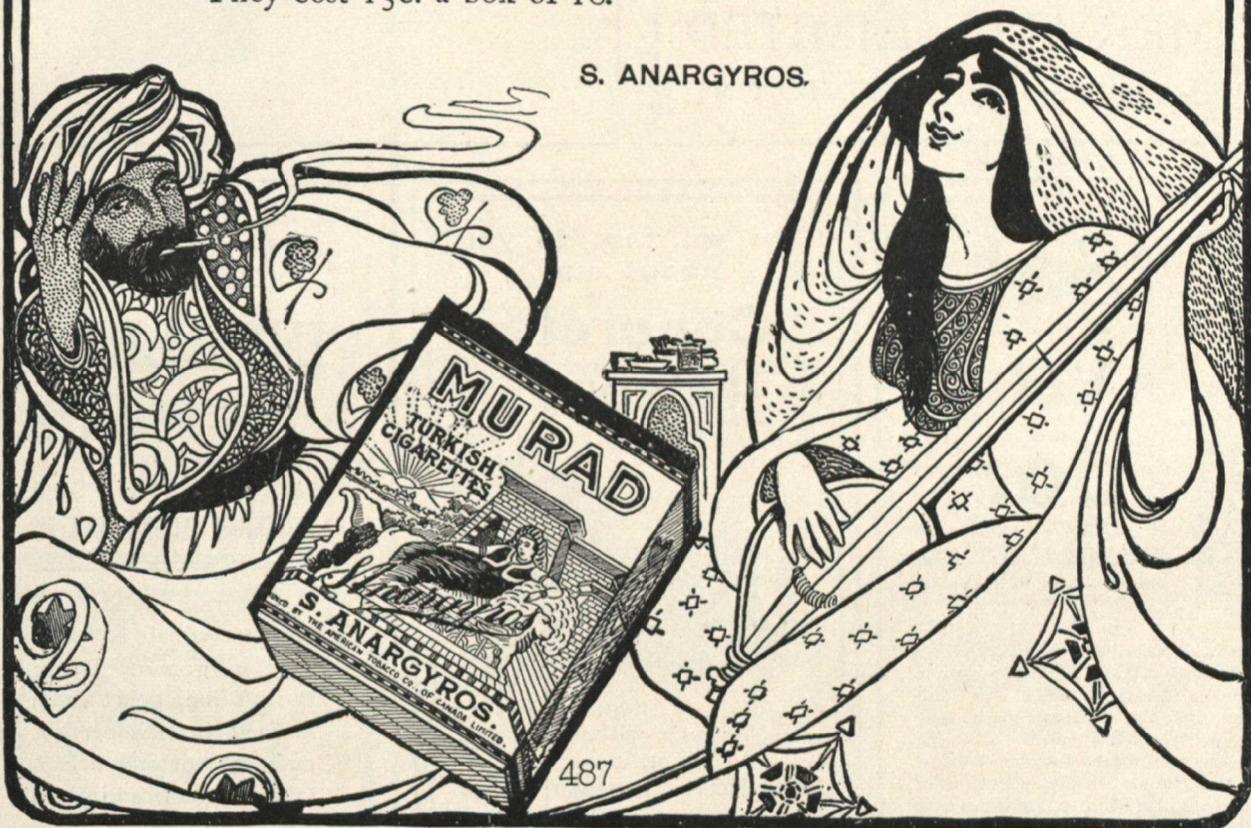
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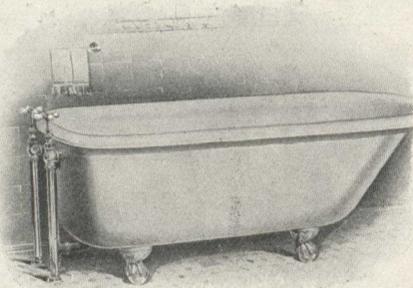
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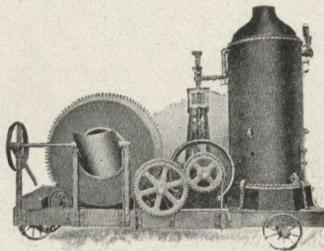
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CONTENTS

Topics of the Day.....	7
Reflections	8
Through a Monocle.....	10
Aerial Navigation	11
Military Manoeuvres.....	13
Mount Sir Donald.....	15
British Gossip	16
The World Race Course.....	17
Future Fishing Grounds.....	18
The Scenery of Northern Quebec	19
Lost Trail, Story	20
The Strategy of Rufus Stone, Story	22
Demi-Tasse.....	23
Music and Drama	24
Literary Notes	29
Children's Column	30
Peculiarities	31



Editor's Talk

WE believe that this is one of our best issues, perhaps the best. It is Canadian from start to finish—from cover design to the last piece of writing. The two stories this week are by promising women writers whose work finds a welcome in the leading London and New York publications. The pictures represent Canada at her best.

When the improvements and changes which we have promised so often, are made, we hope to get out weekly issues even better than this one. Our ideal is still far from being realised. The **COURIER** should be something which Canadians may safely compare with any other national periodical. Even now the desk is filled up with letters of appreciation and encouragement. These but stimulate us to renewed effort.

We ask our readers to keep their eyes open for the issue of December 7th, the first of the new size. It will be something worth while. In the meantime, November is the last month in which present subscribers may renew their subscriptions at the old price. Those who desire to pay for two or even three years in advance will not be denied the privilege.



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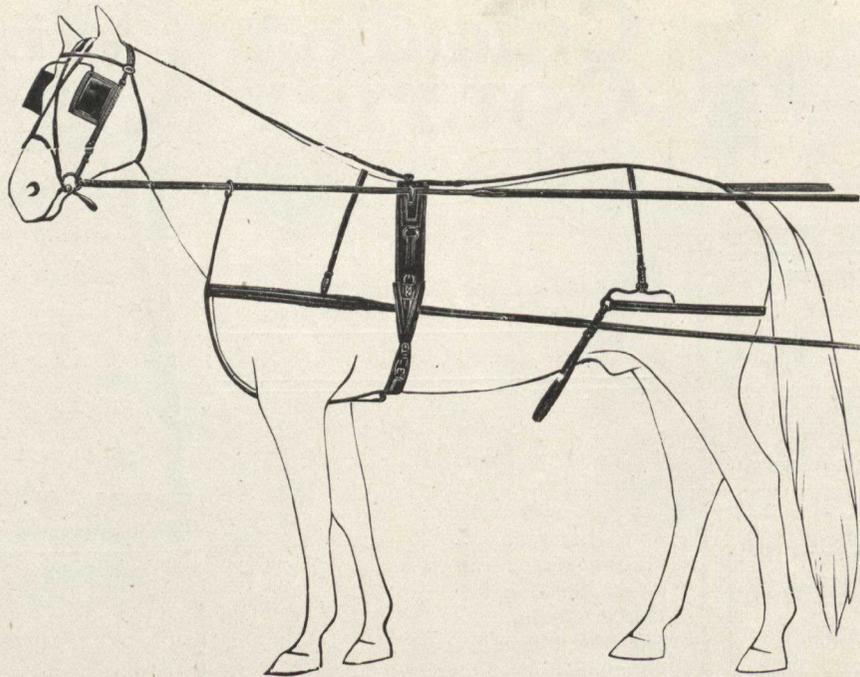
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TORONTO - CANADA

The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

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Subscription: \$4.00 a Year.

Vol. II

Toronto, November 9th, 1907

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Topics of the Day

SUCH uneasiness as has characterised the past few weeks in slowly passing away. The crucial point has been passed and henceforth there will be a quiet convalescence. The Christmas season promises to be as cheerful as usual, so far as Canada is concerned.

It is quite true that there are many people who will have less money to spend. The amateur financier who dabbles in stocks on margin, in real estate and mining speculations is not quite so "flush" as at this time last year. The second-class mechanic, the man who is not known as a thoroughly expert workman, is not so well employed as he was last winter. In some districts the small merchant has found his trade and his profits restricted because of the tightness of money. The builder of speculative stores and dwellings finds that the demand for stores and houses is not so brisk as it was owing to a general aversion to high rents. This is the one side of the picture.

On the other side, most factories are still well supplied with orders and manufacturing continues in an active condition. Wheat prices have fallen a little, but sales have been good and a vast amount of money is passing this way into general circulation. This is especially true in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta. In Ontario and the East, the price of all farm products continues high. Wheat, oats, hay, butter, milk and eggs command extraordinarily high prices. Because of this the buying power of the agricultural classes is as great as ever.

* * *

The extent of the damage to the wheat crop of the West is well illustrated by the figures of the Saskatchewan wheat crop. Of the total eighteen million bushels, only one-eighteenth of one per cent. will grade 1, 2 and 3 Northern, while fifty per cent. will be classed as "6 northern" and "feed." This is probably the lowest grading ever shown by Western wheat. True, "feed" sells almost as high as the best grades in years gone by and this is compensation. Nevertheless the West had a close call this year and the people of that region have been taught that one bad season in every four or five must be expected. The situation spells "caution."

* * *

Reports are commencing to arrive daily from the United States about reduction in wages and staffs. Every financial panic in the United States has been followed by a commercial depression and this is not likely to be any exception to the general rule. The panic of 1873 was followed by three years of hard times. In so far as Canada is influenced by commercial conditions elsewhere, there will be like effects here. For six months the "Courier" has been pointing out the possibilities in this direction and warning workmen to be frugal and careful.

Canada is not likely to have anything like the depression which will occur in the United States. Speculation and inflation are not so extensive, and our progress has been based on sounder conditions. Bank deposits are normal and there is no manifest lack of confidence in any class of financial institutions. Neverthe-

less, the wage-earner should be careful, lest temporary depressions in certain classes of trade should find him without adequate resources to tide him over any little slackness in his employment.

* * *

Mr. B. E. Walker, general manager of the Bank of Commerce, does well to point out once more the dangers of extravagance and to insist that increases in capital can only come from savings. Canadians are undoubtedly more lavish in their personal expenditures than at any previous period in the history of the country. In recent years, profits have been pretty large and the householder has increased the allowance to the housekeeper.

The story goes that a certain automobile firm in Buffalo has one hundred and seventy mortgages on the property of persons to whom it has sold automobiles and that it may be necessary to foreclose to get the cash. If this is true, it is a sign of a kind of extravagance which this country would do well to avoid.

* * *

At last, London has selected a representative to succeed the Hon. Chas. Hyman. Major Beattie, a Conservative, is the lucky man. The other two bye-elections held in Ontario last week made no change in the political complexion of their representatives. The total result, therefore, is to give Mr. Borden an additional follower from Ontario.

Mr. Borden has completed his Western tour and will now take a short rest preparatory to the opening of parliament on the 28th of this month. As this session will be followed by a general election, it should be of exceptional interest.

* * *

The "National Review" says that Canada is suppressing the criticisms of British settlers who have had hard experiences here and adds that British journals are a party to this action. The charge is foolish, but it is not a whit more foolish than some of the stories told by disappointed settlers. There is no doubt that some people who come out here expecting to make a living without effort, find difficulty in realising their dreams. Nor is there any less doubt that some promoters of emigration in the old land have minimised the difficulties to be met with in this country. Perhaps it would be well for the government to extract a little of the glowing colour from its immigration literature and thus set a good example.

* * *

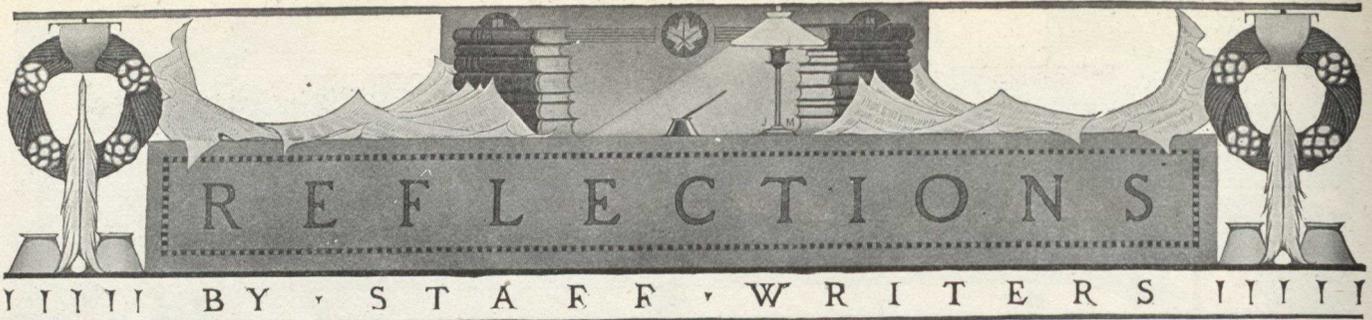
Mr. S. J. Jackson, M.P. for Selkirk, has announced that Manitoba, the postage-stamp province, is to be enlarged at the coming session of Parliament. This is a step which would meet with general approval, but the method of announcement is not such as to assure the public that the report is true. Such an important piece of information would reasonably be reserved for ministerial handling.

* * *

Professor Schofield, who has been sent to Berlin by Harvard University, and who has been received by the Crown Prince, is a Canadian. Because of this accident of birth, some person is trying to work up a cause of grievance between the United States and Germany, claiming that the former insulted the latter by not sending a man born in the country.



Prof. W. H. Schofield.



NOW that the financial panic is over, there is likely to be an era of banking criticism. During the whole of the past summer, there were mutterings loud and deep against the banking fraternity. The financial panic in New York has in a measure mollified those who were in rebellion against the conservative action of the Canadian bankers, but it stopped criticism for only a few weeks.

TROUBLE FOR THE BANKS

Last summer, it was the Western real estate dealer and the Western merchant who did most of the complaining. Just now, it is the Western wheat dealer who has precipitated further discussion of banking practices. It appears that there has been considerable difficulty in securing banking accommodation for wheat which has to be moved from some points in the interior to Fort William and there reshipped to Buffalo or Montreal. The banks have refused accommodation to the weaker members of the wheat-moving profession and have endeavoured to limit even the stronger members. To put any kind of limitation on a Westerner is to insult him.

Again, there is some talk as to whether the sixty-three million dollars which Canadian bankers have on call loans in New York are really "liquid assets." There are many persons who believe that if the Canadian banks had tried to withdraw this money from New York during the past few weeks that it would not have been possible to get it. Mr. Hebden, of the Bank of Montreal, writes to the "New York Post" to say that these call loans are made against gilt-edge securities with large margin. He declares that should the necessity arise at any time, these payments could be invested in bills or cables on London and the funds transferred at once to that point if desired. Mr. Hebden does not say so, but seems to assume that once the credits on London were secured there would be no difficulty in getting the money from London to Canada. No doubt Mr. Hebden is right, but this would involve long and tedious delays and in case of a panic in Canada the money would probably arrive too late to be of any service. Mr. Hebden's admission that these call loans would have to be realised on in London is sufficient proof that they are not "liquid assets" in the fullest sense of the term. It would appear that the bankers will have to find some new form in which to keep their reserves other than call loans in New York.

Our banking laws and our banking practices are good, but that is no reason why the public should refrain from calm and constructive criticism. Otherwise, the bankers might become too self-satisfied.

MANY lessons have been read during the boiling times of the past few weeks, but none more important than the dangers of over-capitalisation. There are not a few concerns in Canada that are considerably over-capitalised, though the evil has not developed here to anything like the extent it has across the line.

THE LESSON OF THE HOUR

Let us take a simple example. A concern capitalised at \$100,000 is found to be earning \$50,000 a year. The shareholders of the company figure out that this annual profit will pay ten per cent dividends on \$500,000. Accordingly they form a new company with a capital

stock of \$500,000 which they allot among themselves in proportion to their previous holdings. In this way, the man who held \$10,000 of stock, now owns \$50,000 worth. He has made \$40,000 by a little expenditure on printing and certain legal formalities. To turn this \$40,000 into cash, he may dispose of this amount of his stock to other investors. If he is not satisfied with \$40,000, he and his fellow-shareholders get the stock listed on the exchange and by buying and selling among one another get the stock up to 150 or 175, and reap an even higher reward when they ultimately decide to unload. The concern is then beautifully over-capitalised and may safely be recommended as a good investment for the funds of the widow and the orphan.

This is typical of much of the modern speculation. The methods vary considerably but the general result is much the same. It is a difficult evil to prevent, since the public is "easy" and the laws not too strict. There is nothing really dishonest about it according to the public standard of business morality. Nevertheless it is an evil and one which should be discouraged by publicists and legislators. It finally leads to public distrust and financial instability. It provides a sphere for the speculator who drags after him an innocent and ignorant public.

Over-capitalisation is not the only evil which the business world has to fight. Undue extensions of credit form an ever-present danger. Prices raised to an unreasonable height by artificial methods and arbitrary action provide another cause leading to industrial crises. Over-production and unwise production may also be mentioned in this category. Nevertheless, over-capitalisation is one of the great commercial dangers of the age.

THE Giant of Bellechasse has routed the Free Lance from Labelle. In other words, the Hon Adelard Turgeon has defeated Mr. Henri Bourassa. The victory is almost if not quite decisive. When Mr. Turgeon was

THE BELLECHASSE ELECTION

opposed in 1897, he had a majority of 434; In 1900 and 1904 he was elected by acclamation. Mr. Bourassa's friends seemed to think that the lists were less favourable to Mr. Turgeon than on previous occasions, yet he wins by a majority approximating 800. True he had all the prestige of the Gouin government behind him and all its forces working for his election. It is true also that Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the Father of Quebec, let it be known that he did not approve of Mr. Bourassa's campaign. Admitting these facts, the majority is still quite encouraging to Mr. Turgeon.

Just what effect this election will have on the future of the Gouin administration in Quebec it is difficult to say. Mr. Bourassa made an alliance with the Conservatives and it looks like an opposition defeat. Nor is it easier to estimate the effect upon the Church party in the Province. Mr. Bourassa is a dutiful son of the Church and was apparently in sympathy with the aims and desires of the hierarchy. It would seem, though this is by no means certain, that the leading men in Quebec are quietly but persistently resisting the authority of the Church in all political matters not connected with public morals.

While Mr. Turgeon has won, it must have been impressed upon him and his colleagues that public opinion

in Quebec is keenly alive and that the people are determined to keep their politics pure and the administration up to the highest point of efficiency. Perhaps such campaigns as this will do good in impressing upon Ministers of the Crown everywhere that the slightest signs of favouritism in the conduct of public affairs will be resented, and that Ministers of the Crown might with advantage to themselves devote more of their time to conceiving advanced policies and improving the methods of government and less time to those little movements known popularly as political manipulations. The lesson is needed as much in the other provinces as in Quebec.

IT is strange that no one gives as a main cause of the separation between the Church and the world to-day, the solemnity of sermons. When absorbed in his temporal concerns, the ordinary man is serious, long-

THE SOLEMNITY OF SERMONS

faceted, selfish, often at his worst, but when lifted up by family affections, by an interest in the poor, by beauty in nature or in art, he is happy, joyful, unselfish, generally at his best. In fact, if to be good is to be happy, conversely to be happy and glad is to be good. There is more of this spirit in the Gospels than we sometimes think, and we know it as the motive of the life of Francis of Assisi, than whom there has been no truer Christian. Hence the great preacher must nourish in us all this inward happiness and all these glad impulses. In another way, too, life has its brighter sides. In all its shifting phases, in the amazing foibles of men, in the variety of their ideals there is much real and abiding humour. And this humour is not a light thing, but is as sacred as humanity. Yet the preacher rarely touches upon these aspects of life, as though it were beneath him to be other than solemn. The result is that often we fail to recognise the life seen from the pulpit as the life of our everyday selves. The forces which influence and inspire the one can have but little bearing on the other. We do not want or intend to live in gloom. The gloom that spreads from the churches and sometimes fills the first day of the week we sometimes spend the other six in dissipating. But the solemnity we ourselves shake off hovers like a subtle essence around the preacher. So for all our respect we are forced too often to regard him as cut off from our life, as possessing an experience valuable and ennobling certainly, but different from our own.

THERE is one point in the controversy over Japanese immigration which cannot be insisted upon too strongly. The main portion of the present immigration is from Hawaii, and hence uncontrollable by the

A DIFFICULT SITUATION

Japanese Government. Hawaii is practically United States territory and once the Japanese arrive there the authority of the Mikado ceases. If the situation were reversed and the majority of the immigrants came direct from Japan, there would be more force in our demand that the Japanese Government should restrict the number of its citizens coming this way. Until the Japanese employment agencies in Vancouver have emptied Hawaii of all the Japs who can be persuaded to come to Canada, the situation is one over which the Japanese Government has no control.

It is a peculiar situation and one with which only the Canadian Government is able to deal. Neither Japan nor Great Britain could restrict the movement of Japanese from Hawaii to Canada no matter how keenly they might desire to do so. It is unfortunate, perhaps, that the Hawaiian sugar fields should have, during the past ten years, attracted large numbers of Japanese workers. It may be even more unfortunate that these Japs have become dissatisfied with their conditions in Hawaii and have decided to locate in Canada. Nevertheless, the

event is unique and is not likely to recur very frequently.

The Canadian Government has decided to investigate the employment agencies who have brought these Japs from Hawaii, and when the report of Commissioner King is received, we shall probably have more information.

IN our attitude toward the old world we are delightfully inconsistent. When we wish to excuse our untidiness and disorder, we plead that the old world has had time to put its roads in repair, to fill its vacant

OLD AND NEW

lots and to gather up the tins and the waste-paper from the streets. But, on the other hand, when we are boasting of our national progress, we convince ourselves that the old world is a thousand years behind the times and is content to remain there. So only the other day a correspondent ventured to remark for the benefit of Canadian readers that Oxford was a sleepy hollow of learning where modern methods were despised. Our mistake is due, of course, to our failure to recognise that a society or a nation may be at once old and new—that it can cling to what is best in the old and adopt what is best in the new. To her success in thus safeguarding her traditions while yielding to newer influences, England owes her history. But nowhere is this process more clearly marked than in modern Germany, especially in the great municipal centres where so much of the old interest in art and music and the things of the mind, and so much of the old joy and sympathy of life are combined with the energy and the desire for every advantage and comfort of the present day which are found in our newer cities. Without traditions, or rather without due regard for those we have we may go too fast. But some day we shall have to return to make our new life harmonise with the old. It is only by some such process of adjustment that civilisation can make any permanent advance.

PRESIDENT FALCONER was courageous when he told the members of the Canadian Club of Toronto that Ontario was sometimes considered selfish by the other provinces. He did not tell them that when

THE BIG BROTHER

an Ontario man offered advice to the citizens of any other province, he was usually snubbed. Just let any Ontario man try to advise Nova Scotia as to the care of apple trees and that man will go away back near the rear fence. Of course, Ontario allows President Falconer to come up from Nova Scotia, take the leading position in the educational world, and applauds every time he gives either advice or criticism. The writer once tried to give some advice to Prince Edward Island about its hotels and the next time he proposed to visit that beautiful province a collection of stale eggs was made for his benefit. Fortunately, he received a friendly warning and Prince Edward Island has never since resounded with his masterful tread. Ever witness what happened when a big brother gave advice to a smaller male member of the family?

What President Falconer meant, no doubt, was that Ontario should take broad views of national concerns and should avoid provincialism. The suggestion is excellent and timely, yet Ontario has a fairly good record to her credit. Sir John Macdonald's national policy, the Canadian Club movement, the "national" literature idea, the copyright agitation, and other national movements have been fully supported by Ontario. The opening up of the West and the peopling thereof is as much to the credit of Ontario as any other province. No province gave so many of its young men to that work.

Ontario has its faults and one of these is its reluctance to forget racial differences. It is, however, trying to be generous and broadminded and may possibly succeed in time.

Through a Monocle

BORDEN has again "come out of the West," and brought back with him safely Joseph G. Horace Bergeron, the Beauharnois Boy. This is worth recording; for it is said that they rather like Horace in the West. I notice that one paper says that he has "magnetism"; but I am inclined to think that what the editor means is "bonhomie." Of the latter, the Beauharnois Boy has plenty; but it requires a more serious person to have magnetism. No one would accuse De Wolf Hopper of possessing magnetism; while Willard fairly eradiates it. Bergeron is, moreover, a good mixer, and was a capital choice as Mr. Borden's companion-in-arms for the Western tour. He is built on the generous scale of all things Western, and carries with him a fair share of that gift of all French-Canadians, the power of pleasing. Still it is not likely that the West will select Horace to do any serious work for it. It likes him better than it values him as a Statesman. It would rather hear that he was made a Senator than a Minister; and it would probably think him better fitted for a Lieutenant-Governorship than either.

* * *

It seems doubtful whether we quite get all out of our Lieutenant-Governors that we should. The office is nothing if not ornamental. Unless the Lieutenant-Governor is a Social Hub, and Government House a rallying-centre for Society, then we are wasting money on the position. So far as usefulness goes, a Lieutenant-Governor is about as useful as a rubber stamp. That is, he is as useful as a good rubber stamp so long as he is careful to do nothing; but occasionally a Lieutenant-Governor takes it into his head to "get busy," and then we would make a splendid bargain if we could trade him off for even a poor rubber stamp. But as a Social Leader, he ought to be it. That is where he should come out strong. What can Society do if it does not have a court in which to strive for precedence, and a "drawing room" in which to influence Public Men? If it were not for Government House, where could the Elite come into contact with the Elect of the mere people, and mould their Opinions? Obviously our constitution would cave in at the top and possibly sag at the middle if we did not have Lieutenant-Governors. They are the Link between Fashion and Force.

* * *

Earl Grey is making a remarkably active Governor-General; and yet he is not fussy. He is not getting on the nerves of the country as certain other occupants of Rideau Hall have before this. He seems to be more like a Canadian citizen who is taking a genuine interest in our affairs. He does not insist upon appearing only where a brass band is awaiting his arrival and the streets are crossed with bunting bidding him welcome in five-foot letters. He just travels about and looks at whatever interests him so quietly that half the time we do not quite know where the Governor is. Some Governors kept off our nerves by immuring themselves at Ottawa and only peeping out of their shells when their official duties made it necessary; but Earl Grey is seldom at Ottawa. He knows that he must be there long enough to get to know that city pretty thoroughly; and he spends his spare time getting to know something about the rest of us. He could not be making himself more at home if he were a born Canadian whom we had chosen ourselves for the position.

* * *

Now that President Falconer has been in a "hustle,"

the boys will feel that their Freshman President has been properly initiated at last. Close contact with the boys will not hurt the President either. The more of youth that a *pédagogue* keeps in his blood, the better he is; for it requires close sympathy with the taught to enable a man to teach. Let anyone try to talk to a class across any sort of a gap—a gap of separate sympathies, the gap of snobbishness, the gap of intellectual uppishness—and he will find that his ideas will not carry. The framework of his teaching may be visible across the chasm; but his spirit, its flesh and blood, the best of it, will be lost. Every man who has to do with an institution of learning should never permit himself to grow old in soul or mind. The reason why our old friend, James L. Hughes, is so good a school leader is because he has never grown up. He has always been a glorified boy, and he always will be.

* * *

The same is true of the clergyman—with a difference. It is the pew and not the boy that the clergyman should come in contact with; for it is to the pew that he ministers. Clergymen who hold themselves aloof from the pew may be eloquent—they may be cultured and learned—they may be pious and fervent—but they will not be effective. A physician must understand the disease of his patient if he is to cure him, even if he be a physician of the soul. Circumstances conspire to fence the clergyman away from the people. Few laymen are quite natural in their converse with clergymen. They do not talk to them as they talk to each other. Hence it is all too easy for the clergyman to get a wholly wrong map of the layman's mind. The layman is probably not at all what the clergyman thinks he is, except at certain moments of exaltation when he is in his Sunday clothes, mentally as well as sartorially. The consequence is that when the clergyman goes gunning for the layman, he fires in the wrong direction. The rifle is often delicately carved, the cartridge is of the latest fashion, and the detonation is terrifying. But the direction is entirely wrong. A clergyman should take particular pains to break through the reserve with which a layman surrounds himself in the presence of his pastor. There is far less danger of the clergyman losing his dignity than of his losing—or never getting—his touch with the people.



Clergyman (by way of consoling despondent parishioners): "Just consider how you have been guided and provided for all these seventy years." Parishioner. "Sixty-nine, if you please."—Punch.



The British War Department's Airship circling St. Paul's Cathedral, London.

Photograph by Topical Press.

A Successful Airship

THE Aldershot people are delighted with the success gained by their new airship which has succeeded in sailing around St. Paul's cathedral and returning to earth without an accident. This airship is known as the Nullus Secundus. Starting at Aldershot, it sailed fifty miles in three hours and forty minutes and landed on the grounds of the Crystal Palace. It is simply a motor-car suspended in the air by a gas-bag filled with hydrogen, coal-gas being too heavy. The success of this ship is due to the fact that motors of light weight are now built with sufficient power to provide moving and directing force. The gas-bag will carry a greater weight than the aeroplane and hence this form of airship is for the present much more successful than those of the aeroplane type. It is quite evident, however, that the day of motoring in the air has really arrived. The rest is experiment and improvement.

The Bogey of Socialism

EVERY little while there is a cry that Socialism is on the increase and that it must be fought. Just now it is Great Britain which is frightened. All sorts of wild talk is being indulged in, and it would appear that John Bull is really stirred up by the situation. In fact, he has become so mentally muddled in the past few months that he does not know which is the worst evil, "Protection" or "Socialism."

Lord Rosebery was recently asked by a letter-writing, question-asking Liberal as to his duty in the matter of his suffrage when there were two candidates, one a Socialist and the other a Protectionist. The Lord of the Lone Furrow replied that he wished "all questions were as easy to answer," and stated that he would not vote for either. He would abstain in his most dignified manner. From this incident, it will be seen that Socialism has got on John Bull's nerves, and the Socialist is now classed with the Protectionist. Our good old aunty, "The Spectator," nods her curly front fringe and adds "It is better to abstain than to support either of two policies which, if carried out, must end in ruin." What a horrible thing socialism must be, when it would

be likely to bring as much evil in its train as protection! Think of it, ye happy Canadians who live in a land where everybody is a protectionist!

Yet, in England, it is no joke. An ex-Lord Mayor of Liverpool, who was visiting Canada recently, tried to impress upon his friends here that the next great move in British politics would be a combination of Liberals and Unionists against the Socialists. He was greatly grieved and shocked when these friends blithely declared that they were socialists—even the M.P.P. who was present. In fact he was so overwhelmed that he could not go on with the discussion.

The idea of old, staid, John Bull getting stampeded by a fear of socialism is ridiculous. Some of the journalists have been stampeded, and the public has certainly become somewhat excited. However, in the municipal elections which occurred last week the socialist candidates were defeated in nearly every municipality where they appeared, and Grandfather John will probably sleep better o' nights.

It is interesting to note what socialists are advocating in Great Britain—old age pensions, the feeding of school-children by the State, the endowment of employment, the taxation of site values, and the general equalisation of opportunity. These ideas are not really so horrible, and much that the socialist advocates in Great Britain is already embodied in the legislation of either Australia, New Zealand or Canada. There is no doubt that democratic ideas are permeating the British population with increased rapidity and that there is considerable danger threatening a landed and titled aristocracy. These dangers, however, are more sentimental than real. The breaking up of the large landed estates does not necessarily mean the extinction of the British race, or even of British efficiency.

There are extreme socialists who are dangerous. Those who are followers of Karl Marx and his doctrine, as laid down in his book "Capital," are not friends of progress. They are fanatics, men possessed of a religious frenzy. They are as incapable of reasoning as a single-taxer or a Christian Scientist. They believe what they believe and that is the end of it. They declare, with Marx, that the value of everything is the amount of labour put upon it. Therefore, the value of what is produced should all go to the labourer and none should go in rent, interest



Thanksgiving Day Road Race at Halifax.—The Start.

The publishers of the "Herald" and "Evening Mail" were responsible for a successful road race held in Halifax, on Thanksgiving Day. Premier Murray gave the signal for the start, and the winner, H. Homer, made the excellent time of 59 min. 25 sec. for the ten miles. The prizes were a cup and gold medal for the first, and silver medals for the next six.

or profit. The men who claim rent, interest or profit are robbers. These robbers will be eliminated from society during a future social revolution, and capitalisation will be abolished by reorganising industry on the basis of common ownership and management. Their belief in a social revolution prevents them believing in a gradual evolution and elevation of the proletariat. Their faith in the Marxian theory is as absolute as the belief of the "Spectator" that either socialism or protection will cause the downfall of Great Britain if they are not suppressed.

The man who asserts that the commercial traveller, the retail merchant, the wholesale merchant, the landowner, the banker, the lawyer and the legislator are all robbers is not very often found. He must be extremely ignorant and benignly content with a ready-made view. In so far as the Marxian theory is unscientific it must fail.* Few British or American socialists follow the extreme views of this so-called leader.

This week comes the announcement from Washington that President Roosevelt has been appealed to for a special session of Congress to pass laws reorganising joint-stock companies. This is something akin to socialism, an attempt to regulate capitalism for the general good. Strangely enough, too, the action is urged by the capitalistic classes themselves. They realise that capitalism is not always fair, that certain classes of capitalists are robbers and just what the socialists declare them to be. There is no doubt that certain bible-class leaders now held in honourable reverence will be mentioned in the pages of history as the greatest pirates that ever lived.

The lesson of the present-day discussions along this line is that not every man who points out the evils in our present economic system is a socialist, and that even if he were he will not be dangerous unless he be ignorant and incapable of logical reasoning and enlightened observation.

*See "Orthodox Socialism," by Professor J. E. Le Rossignol, New York: Crowell & Co.

Admiral Evans' Phrase

ACCORDING to the Montreal "Star," Fighting Bob Evans has coined a phrase which may mean ructions for the Admiral. On the occasion of a dinner recently given him by the Lotos Club in New York, he warned the company that he could not say anything about the fleet which is about to sail for the Pacific because regulations forbade it. Straightway he

proceeded to say that no one would stop the Pacific-bound fleet and concluded with the significant words: "You won't be disappointed in the fleet, whether it proves to be a feast, a frolic or a fight."

More Flagitis

OVER in the city of Chicago last week a large convention of Canadian manufacturers had their headquarters at the Beach Hotel, and the manager thereof, as an act of courtesy, unfurled the Union Jack. The horrible sight of the meteor flag fired the patriotic United States ardour of Miss Emily T. Foster of the hotel, who protested to the manager against the use of the British flag. But the manager had not the traditional meekness of the United States man, and actually possessed a will of his own which did not give way until two detectives from Hyde Park police station called to investigate a number of complaints which had been telephoned about the flag.

The manager of the Beach Hotel is evidently a gentleman and hardly typical of Chicago, which is properly nick-named "Porkopolis." Such a courtesy would not be misunderstood in Boston or in Richmond but Chicago is, indeed, another story. It has acquired less manners in more time than any other community on the continent. Its strident tones are heard in every assembly, save where two or three savants are gathered together. It talks so loudly and so long that it forgets there is such a thing as the still small voice of courtesy. Its pride is the stockyards, which literally permeate the city and inspire the novel of the muck-raker. Miss Emily Foster is probably a daughter of the American Revolution or a Colonial Dame, and no doubt hopes to go down to fame coupled with Whittier's "Barbara Frietchie" who shook out the stars over Frederic Town.

In the face of such affairs as the Chicago Old Gloryism, it is hardly surprising that the gallery of a Toronto theatre greets with obvious impatience the Yankee flag interpolations in "Peter Pan." However, in matters of international courtesy, Toronto's neighbour, Buffalo, sets Chicago a worthy example. On the visits of the Mendelssohn Choir to that city, both Convention Hall and the Niagara or Genesee Hotel gracefully recognise the national emblem of the visiting musicians. Also, on the occasion of the visit of the Vienna Choir, the Bison City became Austrian for a season. In its refusal to observe the amenities of international intercourse, Chicago shows itself quite the reverse of that community which St. Paul described as "no mean city."

Thanksgiving Military Manoeuvres near Hamilton.



The 48th Highlanders Advance by Sections with calm and dignified bearing.



A Group of Umpires, Col. Hendrie on the left.



General Otter and his smoking pipe.



Officers of the 65th of Buffalo as observers.



Major Peuchen, Q.O.R. gets information.



It was easier letting the guns down hill than pulling them up.



A resident of the district draws a Map in the sand for the benefit of the Scouts.

On Thanksgiving Day, the Militia in General Otter's district had a Field Day near Hamilton, troops from Brantford, St. Catharines, Hamilton and Toronto taking part. The day was bright and warm and was much enjoyed by the citizen-soldiers.

The Laws of the Navy

The following "Jingle" is very popular just now in the British Navy and has been written out for the "Courier" by a Canadian officer in the service.

NOW these are the laws of the Navy, unwritten and varied they be;
 And he that is wise will observe them, going down in his ship to the sea.
 As naught may outrun the destroyer, even so with the Law and its grip,
 For the strength of the ship is the Service, and the strength of the Service the ship.
 Take heed what ye say of your rulers, be your words spoken softly or plain,
 Lest a bird of the air tell the matter and so shall ye hear it again.
 If ye labour from morn until even, and meet with reproof for your toil,
 It is well—that the gun must be humbled, the compressor must check the recoil.

On the strength of one link in the cable dependeth the might of the chain.
 Who knows when thou mayest be tested? So live that thou bearest the strain.
 When the ship that is tired returneth with the signs of the sea showing plain;
 Men place her in dock for a season, and her speed she reneweth again;
 So shalt thou, lest perchance thou grow weary in the uttermost parts of the sea,
 Pray for leave—for the good of the Service—as much and as oft as may be.
 Count not upon certain promotion, but rather to earn it aspire,
 Though the sight line shall end on the target, there cometh perchance, a missfire.

Canst follow the track of the dolphin, or tell where the sea swallows roam?
 Where Leviathan taketh his pastime? What ocean he calleth his home?
 Even so with the words of thy rulers, and the orders those words shall convey;
 Every law is as naught beside this one, "Thou shalt not criticise, but obey!"
 Saith the wise "How may I know their purpose" then acts without wherefore or why;
 Stays the fool but one moment to question, and the chance of his life passeth by.

If ye win through an African jungle, unmentioned at home through the press,
 Heed it not, no man seeth the piston, but it driveth the ship none the less.
 Do they growl? It is well. Be thou silent, so that work goeth forward amain;
 Lo! the gun throws her shot to a hairsbreadth and shouteth, yet none shall complain.
 Do they growl and the work be retarded? It is ill, be whatever their rank,
 The half loaded gun also shouteth, but can she pierce armour with blank?

Doth the paintwork make war with the funnels? Do the decks to the cannon complain?
 Nay, they know that some soap or a scraper unites them as brothers again.
 So ye, being Heads of Departments, do your growl with a smile on your lips
 Lest ye strive, and in anger be parted, and lessen the might of your ship.
 Dost deem that thy ship needeth gilding, and the Dockyard forbear to supply?
 Put thy hand in thy pocket and gild her, there are those who have risen thereby.

Dost think, in a moment of anger, 'Tis well with thy seniors to fight?
 They prosper, who burn in the morning the letters they wrote overnight.
 For some there be, shelved and forgotten, with nothing to thank for their fate
 • But that, on a mere sheet of foolscap, a fool had "the honour to state."

If the fairway be crowded with shipping, beating homeward the harbour to win,
 It is meet that, lest any should suffer, that steamers pass cautiously in.

So thou, when thou nearest promotion, and the peak that is gilded is nigh,
 Give heed to thy words and thine actions, lest others be wearied thereby;
 It is ill for the winners to worry, take thy fate as it comes with a smile,
 And when thou art safe in the harbour, they will envy, but may not revile.
 Uncharted the rocks that surround thee, take heed that the channels thou learn,
 Lest thy name serve to buoy for another, that shoal, the Court-Martial Return.
 Though a Harveyised belt may protect her, the ship bears the scar on her side,
 It is well if the Court shall acquit thee, 'twere best hadst thou never been tried.

As the wave rises up to the hawse pipe, washes aft and is lost in the wake,
 So shall ye drop astern all unheeded, such times as these laws ye forsake.

Solemn Nonsense

UNDER the above heading, the Vancouver "World" comments editorially on a lecture recently given in a Western city by Mr. Elbert Hubbard, a long-haired writer of erotic essays who takes himself, or rather his poses, with great seriousness. His home is in East Aurora, New York, where he dispenses sweetness and light at a substantial sum per lump or ray. He calls himself "Fra Elbertus" and has (or had) quite a considerable Canadian following. Some of his disciples from this fair Dominion actually go all the way to East Aurora to bask in the genial warmth of his Roycroft smile. He really does the Chief Spell-Binder act rather well and people who do not know how to draw are deeply impressed by his illustrated editions of certain literary achievements.

However, Mr. Hubbard in the course of a disquisition on marriage (of which he has a poor opinion) declared that though he hesitated to use the word "affinity" he believed that "for the man who invents a synonym for this word, so as to express the mental mating of a man and woman, a laurel awaits."

The editor of the Vancouver "World" adds judiciously: "We should like to know who is holding that laurel in the meantime. Not the affinities themselves, for the man and woman who have settled down into happy married life never trouble themselves as to whether they are affinities or not. . . . By the time a few years of self-sacrifice and devotion have been accomplished on both sides, an 'affinity' has been established which is to any pre-nuptial 'affinity' as the sunshine to—moonshine."

The Vancouver editor writes a cool, sensible criticism—such as might be inspired by a good dinner, followed by a better cigar. This "affinity" rubbish is nauseating to all decent citizens and even in certain New York communities the public has shown its distaste for the affinity specialist. Canadian societies, to say nothing of churches, will be decidedly hard-up this year if they will find it necessary to call on this East Aurora "Fra" to come over and talk "affinities" to them. We have good native talent which can discourse on edifying subjects. In the measure of the ancient rhyme:

Fra Elbert Hubbard
 He went to the cupboard
 To mix the dear public some hash.
 But when he got there
 The cupboard was bare
 And so the poor public got trash.

J. G.

African Travel

ONE may now enter a train of palace cars at Cape Town and travel 2,000 miles straight to the great Zambesi River that divides the Dark Continent in two. Not even the mighty falls stay the transcontinental road. It is carried across the gorge 400 feet deep by a steel bridge, and a little beyond the traveller is amazed to find the magnificent five-storied Grand Hotel, with a hundred bedrooms, electric lights and elevators and fans dumped down amid savage scenery. From the windows of this strangest of hotels one may shoot rhinoceros and giraffe, lion and leopard and hippo, not to mention twenty different kinds of antelope, from the immense kudu down to the little hartebeest and impala.



Mount Sir Donald, in the Selkirks. This monolith was named after Sir Donald A. Smith, now Lord Strathcona. It is said that 120 glaciers may be seen from the summit of this mountain.

British Gossip

THE subject of man's ugly attire is engaging the attention of Mr. Louis N. Parker, the pageant specialist who assuredly ought to know the philosophy of picturesque clothes. "The dress of mere man when he is not playing games or soldiering is an eyesore from his horrible hat to his ghastly boots," says Mr. Parker. "Let him go back to the beautiful clothes of old, let him wear rich velvets, heavy brocades, snowy frills, and, above all, feathers." The passion for pageants which seized upon England this year may do something towards restoring the picturesque garments of the past. Black is a deadly depressing color to most observers and a less monotonous prospect might be seen at a reception if the crimson velvets of the eighteenth century were to bloom again. It cannot be successfully argued that the rich costumes of the past were worn by a more effeminate race of British Islanders than the men of this age. Chatham, Sheridan, Fox, to say nothing of Nelson, were not lacking in the manly qualities and they would probably be dismayed by the dreary dress of the modern Englishman. But the demands of modern business life and the swift ways of the up-to-date motor car give us pause. Certainly the emerald velvet and rare lace ruffles of "Simon Ingots" would be out of place at the meeting of a Twentieth Century Board of Directors.

* * *

There are some matters concerning which the English magistrate shows a commendable sternness. Recently a street milk vendor was brought before Mr. Horace Smith at Westminster Police Court, charged on a warrant with failure to appear to a summons for selling milk which was unwholesome and unfit for food. The medical officer of health for the City of Westminster testified that he had found a large quantity of very filthy material at the bottom of the can; whereupon the magistrate imposed the extreme penalty, a sentence of six months with hard labour. Of course it is known that filthy milk means high infant mortality. But it will be a long day before a Canadian magistrate will consider the health of the community so important that "milk murder" will receive its due punishment.

* * *

"The letters of Queen Victoria," a selection of Her Majesty's correspondence from 1837 to 1861, is a publication of more than ordinary interest. Everyone was aware of her devotion to the Prince Consort and of the simple happiness of the Royal home circle. But in these letters there is a revelation of the shrewd observation and statesmanlike judgment of the born ruler. Strangely enough some of these Victorian paragraphs bring back the "spacious days" of great Elizabeth. It must be remembered that Queen Victoria was the daughter of a soldier and that in the hour of danger hers was not the part of repining. Nothing could have been farther from the truth than the reports circulated industriously by foreign papers that the Queen was weakly, depressed during the whole course of the Boer War. She was too much of a woman not to regret the terrible consequences of the conflict but too much of a queen to lose heart over the early defeats in the last great war of the reign. The letter she wrote in 1854 to Lord Aberdeen regarding the day of humiliation on the outbreak of the Crimean War is a sturdy bit of repudiation of an act of hypocrisy. The suggestion that prayer should be substituted for humiliation is supplemented by a spirited declaration which has the genuine ring of Queen Bess, that princess of Politicians.

* * *

There is much indignation over the threatened disappearance of the picturesque old house at Wanstead, the birthplace of Thomas Hood, whose lines regarding it have a permanent place in English literature. One readily sympathises with the reviewer who protests against the "outrage in red brick" which will probably take its place. The old-fashioned garden with its lilac and

laburnum may be trodden under foot to make way for the vulgar fancies of the very-new rich, but its fragrance lives in the verse of the man who knew the secret springs of tears and laughter. The fond glamour of childhood memories lingers in the lines:

"I remember, I remember
The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn;
He never came a wink too soon
Nor brought too long a day;
But now I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away."

* * *

Occasionally an English journal gets transatlantic anecdotes badly twisted. There is naturally much talk in England society papers about the engagement of Miss Gladys Vanderbilt to the Hungarian Count with the barbed-wire-fence name. Very few Englishwomen have such immense fortunes as many American girls possess and Miss Vanderbilt's tidy inheritance, amounting to six million pounds, is stated in italics and with exclamation marks in certain publications, while the Count's pet name of "Lalla" is freely and widely mentioned. It is not a nickname which most men would desire but even "Fido" would be better than the bridegroom-elect's official name. That entertaining journal, M.A.P., tells an amusing but inaccurate yarn concerning the Count's fiancée.

"Once at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel she noticed her father, the Old Commodore as he was called, talking affably to a lady whom he had formerly known as one of the tradespeople. 'Why, father,' protested the girl afterwards, 'fancy talking to that woman in a public hotel! Don't you remember she used to sell us poultry?' 'Certainly, my dear,' responded the old man imperturbably, 'of course I do. And I remember your mother when she sold root beer while I peddled oysters way up in Jersey.'"

Now, this is an interesting yarn but it isn't the least bit true. The "Commodore" died more than thirty years ago while Miss Gladys Vanderbilt is only twenty-one years of age. Then the "Commodore" could not possibly have been spending a few

days at the Waldorf-Astoria, as that magnificent affair was built many years after the Commodore had departed for a fairer world. The United States papers are criticised for their weird accounts of the British aristocracy. But M.A.P. should get hold of the right "Cornelius."

* * *

A remarkable spectacle was seen at the Adelphi Theatre, London, on a certain glad Tuesday afternoon in October. The American play, "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," dramatised from the popular novel by Alice Hegan Rice, has won the people by its naive and crude humanity. "Mrs. Wiggs," uncouth as she may be, is decidedly amusing and does not fracture the commandment which says, "Thou shalt not bore." Mrs. Madge Carr Cooke, whose daughter, Miss Eleanor Robinson, is such a captivating "Merely Mary Ann" has made a notable success of "Mrs. Wiggs" and in the goodness of her heart, Mrs. Cooke invited 1500 charwomen of much-scrubbed London to attend a matinee performance of the comedy. They came, they saw, they laughed in the heartiest glee over the amiable absurdities of the play. Most of all, it is said, they enjoyed the wedding of "Miss Hazy" and regarded that lady's bridegroom with positive friendliness. Never did a more appreciative audience gather in the Adelphi Theatre nor demand the re-appearance of favoured members of the company. Fifteen hundred Mrs. Wigginses remind one in some strange way of the benevolent fancies of Charles Dickens. How that novelist of the humble Londoners would have beamed on such an audience!

It is to be hoped that Mrs. Cooke's kindly act will find many imitators. The lives of these toilers are brightened wonderfully by this glimpse of an amusing though struggling household, not so very different from their own after all.



Tom Hood's Birthplace at Wanstead.

From the "Bystander."

The World is a Race Course

By D. S. EDWARDS

"Sigh and you win nothing ;
Work and the prize is won ;
For the nery man
With backbone can
By nothing be outdone.

Hustle and fortune awaits you ;
Shirk and defeat is sure ;
For there is no place
In this old world,
For the man who can't endure."

ON a race track we see a bunch of running horses at the post ready for the start of a race, the winning of which means money and glory. To the casual or inexperienced onlooker these horses are all very much alike. All are eager for the barrier to be raised. With ears pointing forward, with bright eyes and distended nostrils they prance and caper about. The racing spirit is in them all and all are eager for the contest.

Then the starter gives the word. The barrier is raised, and away rush the whole bunch. For a short distance all keep together. Then they begin to string out. At the quarter mile post there is a perceptible difference in their positions. The weaklings are showing their lack of breeding, training or condition. At the half mile the field of horses has divided into two separate groups, with a considerable distance separating one group from the other. The leading group is dashing along with no apparent diminution of their speed, while those forming the rear group are giving every evidence of being in distress. At the three-quarters the rear group are left hopelessly behind while the leading group has divided again, with three or four of the horses leading the others and travelling neck and neck with unabated speed. This little group of leaders enter the home stretch, and then begins the real struggle of the race. Urged on by whip and spur, and encouraged by the shouts of their admirers in the grand stand, this little group out of all that so proudly left the post when the barrier was raised struggle for the coveted position of first place. Down the stretch they rush. With blazing eyes and flaming nostrils these thoroughbreds strain every nerve to land the prize. At one hundred yards from the finish they are still travelling neck and neck, and then the terrific pace begins to tell. One of these mighty racers is seen to falter. It is only an almost imperceptible hesitation, but it is enough. By his momentary weakness he has lost a stride, and at the pace they are travelling the loss of even this one stride puts him hopelessly out of the race for first place. He made a gallant effort but he could not stand the killing pace and he must be satisfied with third position.

At fifty yards from the wire the two remaining leaders are fighting desperately to land the money. Stride for stride they fight it out, but in the last few strides the training, breeding, condition and gameness of one caused him to make a last spurt. By this last desperate effort he gains a foot on his competitor, and amidst the cheering plaudits of the spectators he goes under the wire just a nose ahead of his gallant competitor ; but the lead of a nose means the difference between the blue ribbon of success, to which is attached the big purse of money, and second place which, while it carries with it a small reward in money and fame, also carries with it the gall and wormwood of the knowledge of failure to reach the coveted goal.

Had the riders of the horses which had to be satisfied with second or third place exercised better judgment the story of the race might have been different. The fact of these horses racing almost to the wire neck and neck with the winner, proved beyond a doubt that their breeding, training, courage and endurance were of the right sort.

Now, isn't the above an exact counterpart of everyday human life ?

We see a group of young men just past their majority ready to start in the great race of life. To the casual observer they all look very much alike. They are all sound of wind and limb. All have had opportunities in education and training. The fire of youth is in their blood. To them everything looks rosy. All seem to be ambitious. All are eager to get away from the restraining barrier of home. All are ready and eager to start out in the race for the goal that brings fame and fortune to the winner ; and while under the restraint of the home barrier and with the admiring and encourag-

ing words of friends ever in their ears each one is confident that he of all the competitors will be the winner.

Finally the barrier is raised. With a warm clasp of the hand and a hearty "good luck" to each from his relatives and friends this group of young men get started in the race of life.

For a time, like the horses, they keep pretty well together ; but in a little while their education, home training, natural abilities, strength of purpose, ambition and moral courage begin to make themselves felt. One and another of this group begin to lag behind in the contest on which they had entered with such confidence. The weakness of temptation in the form of liquor grips one and causes him to falter. Weakness for the company of lewd women grips another. The weakness of pilfering from his employer checks the speed of still another. Late hours and gambling saps the strength and vitality of another. Carelessness grips another, and causes him to lose time and distance, and when half the race has been run the victims of all these different forms of weaknesses are left hopelessly behind. They are out of the race. Slowly but surely they drift to the rear, until finally they are smothered up in the ruck, and each one becomes simply a unit in the flotsam and jetsam of the great masses of humanity who drift hither and thither in the stream of life, and who, one by one, waterlogged with vice and corruption, sink beneath the surface.

Those of the starters who remain in the race are still fighting for first place. Urged on by the knowledge that

"Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
To scorn delights and live laborious days."

These men who have safely reached mid-distance in the struggle for the first place fight on, each one exerting himself to the utmost to shake off his competitors. Under the terrific physical and mental strain here again, as with the horses, the field of contestants split up. The three-quarter distance has been reached and at this distance the powers of endurance of some of the racers yield to the gruelling work they are called on to do in order to keep up with their stronger opponents. Under the strain, these weaker ones go down. The limit of their endurance has been reached. At the entrance of the home stretch they give up the struggle and drop back into the ranks of the plodders ; those who work day after day, week after week, and year after year in the subordinate and inferior positions of life. Their intentions were good. Their courage was good. They made a gallant effort, but they lacked the indescribable something which is the main spring and moving power of the men who make a complete success of life. No disgrace attaches to them. Nature broke down at the critical moment of their lives, and as a result they became units in the millions who must ever and always work at the bidding of others.

And now, with these out of the race for first place, only three of all the gallant, hopeful and ambitious group that started are left. The goal of the men's ambitions is in sight. Each one of this little group of leaders has proved himself a man of mettle. By coming strong in the home stretch he has proven to the world that he is a man to be reckoned with. He will not be shaken off or turned from his purpose. He has fixed his eye on the goal, and with squared jaw, compressed lips, and clenched hands he strains every fibre of his body, both mental and physical, to the task he has set himself. The strain is tremendous. With the applauding shouts of friends ringing in their ears, urged on by their natural ambition to be winners, and supported by their magnificent mental and physical abilities, the three men go rushing towards the goal which every moment now looms up larger and brighter before them. But here again, as with the first flight of the gallant race horses, the superiority of one over the other asserts itself. With only a few yards to go, the grim determination, the early training, and the superior mental and physical condition are all brought into play for a last desperate spurt. Under the impetus of his concentrated energies this one man is forced to the front and he goes under the wire just ahead of his competitors who have been trying desperately to get there first. His margin is only a small one, but it is enough. As the length of a nose will land the horse a winner, so will the difference of a few minutes between two men grasping the same opportunity and using it, make all the difference between success and failure.

Fishing Grounds of the Future

By PISCATOR

RED Indians are more easily exterminated than game fish, if the history of this continent is to be believed. Nevertheless, the game fish of North America are not so numerous nor so accessible as in the days of our grandfathers. The United States Isaac Wilton takes his rod in hand and "hikes" for Canada when he wants real good fishing. His own streams have been exhausted by the poachers and made uninhabitable by the polluting streams of commerce and civilisation. Even in certain parts of Canada, where population is densest, the same result is apparent. Muskoka is not the fish preserve it once was. The Rice Lake district is having a struggle for its life. The Rideau Lakes have still plenty of green bass but not many of the black. The Eastern townships have gone back a little in this respect as have some once-famous waters in the Maritime Provinces. Where the salmon runs well in New Brunswick and Eastern Quebec, the streams are owned by wealthy clubmen who maintain these preserves at great expense.

Nevertheless without going far beyond the centres of population, there is much fishing to be had in Canada. Further, there is so much new territory to be opened up, so many new lakes and streams to be discovered, that another hundred years must pass before even exploration ceases. The salmon streams of British Columbia and the trout streams of the Rockies are being yearly increased in number by the explorations of the prospector and the engineer. The central portion of that province is only now being explored, and the north is still unknown. Away north of Edmonton and Prince Albert are streams and lakes now whipped only by the clumsy net of the trapper. In Northern Ontario and Quebec, however, is the greatest fishing reserve on the continent—perhaps in the world. There is ample room in this vast territory, studded with thousands of lakes and ribbed out of tens of thousands of streams, to plant a hundred thousand fishing clubs. If the lover of sport will but exercise his influence there will be grand sport there for centuries to come.

A few weeks ago, Mr. E. T. D. Chambers, the well known authority on fishing, and Mr. Charlton of the Grand Trunk penetrated to the headwaters of the St. Maurice to inspect the territory of the Sagamo Fishing and Hunting Club, a new organisation. They went in over the La Tuque branch of the Quebec and Lake St. John Railway (now Canadian Northern Quebec). From La Tuque they proceeded up the St. Maurice to the La Croche and thence to a chain of lakes, chief among which are Kennedy, Clair and Little Clair. Here the Sagamo Club will have its home, and near here the National Transcontinental is being built. The results of their visit is more information as to the scenery, the climate and the fishing possibilities of the region. The accompanying photographs give a summary more forcible than words and phrases.

As the National Transcontinental and other railways are pushed through this great region, there may be many Sagamos. The possibilities are almost unlimited. The railway will, of course, only open up the general route, and the canoe must do the rest. Some of the finest trout in the world inhabit these northern waters which in character are like those of the famous Nepigon. The devotees of the bass, the land-locked salmon, the maskinonge, and even of the famous Onananiche may talk and boast of the fighting qualities of their favourites but there is no finer sport in the world than playing a trout in the cool waters of Northern Canada. To the fisherman so-called, who snaps his fish from river to bank with one quick pull,

it makes little difference whether he is landing mud-turtles or saw-logs; but to him who loves the play up and down stream and the final scenes in a fair fight, these northern waters will long contain the materials for new stories and sweeter dreams. The lighter the rod and the finer the line, the more brilliant the battle and the greater the victory. When such sport is obtainable amid the most beautiful and exhilarating surroundings, far from the hum and jar of the machinery of commerce with the air pure and rare because of the considerable altitude, there is something to be added to the compelling qualities of the sport itself.

The greatest need in this country to-day, so far as fishing is concerned, is an enlightened and interested public opinion. There are plenty of laws on the provincial statute books, but there is no public opinion compelling their enforcement. Thousands of tourists pull six and seven inch black bass out of the lakes and rivers with a full knowledge that the law limits them to fish measuring eight inches in length. It is the same in many other cases. The prospector, the construction camp gang and the timber gang do not hesitate to use nets out of season and even go so far as to blacken their souls with the guilt of killing fish by dynamite explosions. The settler fishes through the ice in winter-time and hesitates not to take forbidden fish. There are men mean enough to take fish out of season for the purposes of gain, and the restaurants of the large cities find little diffi-

culty in supplying fish in season or out.

All this, being interpreted, means a lack of public opinion. The game wardens are, like liquor inspectors, discouraged if they attempt to enforce the law with vigour and discernment. The game fish of Canada are worth millions of dollars annually to this country because of the increased railway traffic and annual expenditures of the thousands of fishermen who come north for a taste of the sport denied them at home. The railways are doing something towards restocking and preservation, and the Dominion Government seems inclined to assist them. More would be accomplished if all those interested directly, and indirectly would use their influence to prevent illegal and unsportsmanlike slaughter.



A catch of Speckled Trout killed in one afternoon, with four fly rods, at Sagamo Fishing and Hunting Club, in northern Quebec.

The Scenery of Northern Quebec



On Lac Claire—Along Route of National Transcontinental Railway.



A Woodland Scene at Junction of St. Maurice and La Croche Rivers.



LOST TRAIL

A TALE OF THE NORTHERN WOODS.

By MARJORIE L. C. PICKTHALL

"IT is all the same with the woods as with the sea," said Maxime sleepily. "A man starts off from one post to another; they await him, and he comes not. Still they wait, and still he comes not. Perhaps they search, but it is very seldom they find. He comes no more for all their searching and waiting. He is gone—lost—foundered—no eye shall any more behold him. Is it not so, Lucien?"

Lucien awoke with a jerk. "It is, Maxime," he answered earnestly; "It is, monsieur. But mostly they are best split and cooked upon the hot coals." He blinked amiably from Elliot to Maxime.

"Bah," said the latter, "he sleeps again. He always sleeps and dreams of food. He should have been a waiter in a restaurant. Once I dined in a fine restaurant in Montreal, and the waiters were continually demanding food from those below." He scowled at Lucien. "We were speaking, not of food, but of loss," he continued sternly. "Lost ships, lost men, lost trails—those things seen and known, and then lost forever."

"But sometimes they return," suggested Lucien, making a great effort to catch up with the conversation.

"Imbecile! If they return they are not lost!" cried Maxime.

"But sometimes," said Elliot lazily, "sometimes the woods give up their dead, as we are told the sea shall do. Sometimes men are lost in them by their own purpose. Eh, Maxime?"

"It is true, M'sieur," said Maxime, nodding his head. "M'sieur might have been born and bred in the woods by his knowledge of them. Eh! yes! Sometimes the lost wish to remain lost. That is well said."

Elliot smiled. He knew just what was his own knowledge of the wilds as compared with Maxime's, but the flattery amused and pleased him none the less.

"Ah!" put in Lucien; "I also know something of that. Do you remember Antoine Sarrasin of Notr' Dame de Saules?"

"I remember," replied Maxime thoughtfully, "but we were not keeping count of the fools, only of the unfortunates."

Elliot blinked at the firelight. "What of Antoine Sarrasin?" he asked.

"Why," returned Lucien, "he was, as Maxime says, a fool. He was in love with my cousin Gabrielle, who also lives at Notr' Dame de Saules."

"That was nothing," explained Maxime. "We were all in love with her from the time she was a child."

"But Antoine was the worst," continued Lucien; "he adored her. And it is known now she loved him. But then she was very rude to him, and refused to marry him. So what must Antoine do but take to the woods, he and his dog."

"His mother was an Indian," put in the hawk-faced Maxime, complacently, "so it was natural."

"That was two years ago," went on Lucien, "and he is still in the woods. Jacques le Soldat saw him somewhere about here last year, in March. No one has seen him since. And Gabrielle is as thin as a leaf. She would run to him now if he lifted a finger—if he returns."

"And if he does not return?" asked Elliot.

"She will die, perhaps," said Lucien, "or perhaps she will marry someone else. Who knows?"

"It must be late," said Maxime. "The moon rises. It is better to sleep, m'sieur."

Elliot glanced dreamily around. "It is too beautiful to shut one's eyes on yet," he answered.

They had come upon the little valley in that soft hour that follows sundown in the north. And here Elliot had insisted upon camping, regardless of all hostile hosts of midges and mosquitoes. For a lovelier spot he had never found in all his wanderings. It was rather a depression in the ground than a valley—a depression in a southward sloping hillside, so sunny and sheltered that all growing things within it attained a large perfection.

Birches ringed it about, and a spring filled its lowest part with a still blue pool. Around the pool were willows, their long leaves pendant and motionless; and giant ferns, waist-high, delicate, snapping at a touch. In the pool, the frogs made their primeval music; and great moths hawked to and fro above its glimmering surface, shadows seen for an instant against the white reflections of the stars. It seemed a place apart from all the rest of the woods; exquisite, unsorrowing, untouched; as if but newly awake in the youth of the world, and still wondering at its own beauty.

On this beauty and this peace Elliot at length closed his eyes, and the guides slept near him. Once he roused a little; Lucien was upon his knees, his black eyes rolling wildly, declaring that something had come and sniffed his face. Then sleep again shut down upon Elliot, and he drifted through gentle dreams to a perfect dawn. He awoke with the song of a thrush in his ears, and upon him a happy sense of his surroundings. His first thought was to look and see if the valley was as exquisite by day as by evening. And first thing he saw was the black square of the log cabin, lifting a desolate roof-ridge beneath the silver leaves of the willows.

Maxime, busied about the coffee, jerked his head toward it when he saw Elliot was awake. "Some other found this place before us," he said, "and lived here for a time. No, we have not been near it, m'sieur." Elliot glanced up quickly at Maxime's tone. "I would not go near it in a hurry, I," continued the guide, with an indescribable gesture and inflection. "It is in my mind, m'sieur, that there is some shadow upon it."

"It looks dismal enough," confessed Elliot. "I didn't notice it last night. Did you?"

"No," put in Lucien quickly, "we did not. There were strange things abroad last night."

"Lucien thinks he felt something blow in his face," said Maxime in indulgent explanation.

"That is what I did feel," said Lucien stubbornly.

"Am I a child to be afraid of a wind or a leaf? I felt. Also, I saw. A great shape, gray, that ran through the bushes without noise. And my face was damp from its nose. A-a-ah!"

Elliot rolled from his blanket, laughing gently. But his eyes fell again upon the log cabin, and his laughter died. The black square of the building, the blacker dark of door and window, struck somehow a chill upon him. It seemed as if the cabin were some sad, watchful presence; a blot upon the delicate beauty of the day.

"I'm going exploring," he said curtly over his shoulder. The guides rose also and followed him; Lucien was muttering something under his breath—French prayers, perhaps, or Indian charms. "That cabane has the evil eye," said Maxime, and made the sign against it.

As they drew nearer to the cabin, its desolate appearance was increased. Under the wild growth before the door could be traced the outline of a garden plot. Some hand had bent a young willow growing before the door into a living arch that framed the black entrance in a wonder of green. Elliot's foot was on the sill; his astonished eyes caught the outline of a rough table, a stool, a barrel in a corner. Then Maxime's hand swung him back.

"Pardon, M'sieur," said the guide gravely. "I will go in first, if m'sieur permits."

M'sieur was obliged to permit, for Maxime's touch was firm, and Lucien hung to his other arm and dragged him back a yard or two. He spoke to Lucien, but that Frenchman answered only in a guttural tongue unknown to him. Maxime stepped toward the bunk in the darkest corner of the cabin, from which a few rags of blanket fluttered. Presently he came out again, dusting dry willow leaves from his hands.

"What did you push me back for?" asked Elliot rather indignantly.

"To see if he who owned the cabin was still at home," answered Maxime simply. "Men die of many things,

and La Picotte reaches far. But be easy, m'sieur. He is not."

"Oh!" answered Elliot, the indignation all gone out of him; a gray shadow seemed to have drawn across the radiant world. The valley became but a setting for the cabin, full of all possibilities of tragedy.

They crowded into its single room all together, and stared round the tiny place in silence. A very rough table stood before the fireplace, in which was a half-burned log almost buried in willow leaves. There was a single stool near, and on the table a tiny cup and plate. Rags of blanket fluttered from the bunk, also filled with willow leaves; and little wild creatures seemed to have nested there.

Maxime moved about softly, lifting things and replacing them. "The cabin has been thus a long time," he said, "and it is strange. The cup, the plate, the knife upon the plate, and the pot upon the hearth." He stirred the drifted leaves with his foot. "He must have left in a hurry, this one."

"And never returned?" asked Elliot.

"And never returned," said Maxime. His voice sounded hollow in the empty room—empty for all their presence.

"Well," said Elliot, "this has rather spoiled my valley for me. But the cabin will make a stunning picture. I'll get out my sketching things and we'll stay here a week. I haven't touched a canvas since we left Lac de Paradis." He shook his head; for it was a pleasant fiction with him that he paid for his long summer wanderings by the pictures he painted during the time. "I'll do all my work on the spot," he was wont to say. Lucien, in whose care the canvases travelled, rolled his fine eyes heavenward.

Elliot set to work at his picture that afternoon; and more and more, as he worked upon it, the desolate spirit of the log-cabin took possession of him. The blank of the doorway, the arched willow about it, the mystery and sorrow that hangs upon all forsaken homes, began to grow upon his little canvas; and depression grew upon his spirits accordingly.

Maxime and Lucien were also depressed. For there was a haunting something about the valley—shadow seen in the mists at dawn, a ghost that lingered and sniffed by the blank doorway at night, a presence and a rustle among the giant ferns. Elliot never saw this haunting thing; but the woodsmen did.

"It must be a wolf," said Maxime in an unconvinced voice. "I found tracks near the pond."

"It behaves as no wolf ever behaved before, then," replied Lucien, drawing in his breath. "This thing and this empty cabin; I do not like them, I." They took to whispering together by the fire at night, and Lucien slept with his gun in his hand. "Though it would be little use against this," he explained gloomily. Elliot did not believe.

But he awoke one misty morning to see the gray shape of Lucien's imagination showing clear against the trees. Lucien knelt beside him, his gun at his shoulder, his finger upon the trigger. But instantly Maxime reached across and jerked the barrel down. The bullet buried itself in the earth a few yards away. Like a blot of mist the gaunt gray shape melted into the thickets.

"Don't you see?" cried Lucien furiously. "It was the thing—the wolf."

"I saw," returned Maxime. "I saw. It was not a wolf. It was a dog." He looked from one to the other. "It was Antoine Sarrasin's dog," he finished quietly.

Lucien's mouth came open slowly.

"Yes," went on Maxime in response to their unspoken questions; "there could not be two dogs like that. His tail was ringed with gray and white, ringed like a coon's. I saw it quite plainly. It was Antoine's dog."

"Then—" began Elliot excitedly.

"Yes," said Maxime, nodding his head slowly; "that cabin was also Antoine's. And the dog, having no master to be faithful to, was faithful—Mon Dieu! for how long?—to the place where his master had lived. Le pauvre chien!"

"And Antoine?" whispered Lucien.

"The good God knows," answered Maxime, "and perhaps the dog. Which means that we never shall."

"I am going to look at the cabin again," said Elliot.

They found nothing new. Only, on the bottom of the tin plate a faint "A. S.," scratched with the point of a knife. "We shall learn nothing more," said Maxime. "When do we leave this place, m'sieur?"

"But the dog?" said Elliot. "We can't leave the dog, poor beast. I hope you have not scared him off, Lucien."

"He will come back," said Maxime, "and when we go, we will take him with us."

Elliot doubted. But one day, which he had spent fishing with Lucien at a lake a few miles distant, he returned to the valley to find Maxime sitting with his arm round the neck of a gaunt gray collie. The dog bristled at the sight of Elliot, but in silence; and shrank—but nearer to Maxime.

"How on earth have you worked this miracle?" demanded Elliot, wide-eyed, halting at a discreet distance. There was something very wolf-like in the furtive, savage gray face so near Maxime's. "Why, the poor beast must be little better than wild, now!"

"That is right, m'sieur," said Maxime through a cloud of rank tobacco smoke; "do not test him yet too far. Eh? There was no miracle. He is shy, but he has not forgotten. He is very lonely. Perhaps the smell was familiar." He puffed again at his impossible tobacco. "He will not leave us again," continued Maxime, patting the gaunt back, "but do not take any notice of him."

For three days the collie drifted about their camp, a silent, restless shadow. The third night he came near the fire to sleep. Maxime was triumphant. "You see," he said.

In the morning Elliot tripped over him; and in a second the dog had swerved like a snake and gripped him by the ankle. But in another second the grip of the long jaws relaxed, and he proffered abject apology with uplifted paw, and pleading eyes from which the fierceness had gone.

"You see," said Maxime, "he is remembering. Eh! I wish he could remember a little more." But the dog, now that his dumb craving for human companionship was fulfilled, ignored the empty cabin that had been his master's home, wherein his master had lived. And he could not tell, even if he knew, where or how his master had ceased to live.

When the day came for them to leave that valley, of loveliness, the dog followed closely at Maxime's heels. They halted on the rise of the ground, where the young birch broke like a silvery surf against the black barrier of pine. Behind and below them lay the valley, the willows whitening in a soft breeze that ran in waves across the grass. Brown and crimson dragon-flies flashed like jewels across the open, and in the thickets was a happy noise of birds. But the black square of the cabin seemed to dominate even this beauty.

"There it will stand," said Maxime suddenly, "for years, maybe. The snow and the leaves will drift into it. And the grass and the briars will lift out their hands to it and claim it. It will withstand them—a little while. Then the roof will fall, and the walls will fall. And then there will be nothing but a few logs for the green things to cover. Yet that, and this," he touched the dog's gray head, "are all that is left to us of a man's life."

"Ugh!" said Lucien. "It is all very triste. I do not like such things, I."

For a little time they went on in silence. Then:

"What shall you tell Gabrielle?" asked Lucien, as if the thought had just struck him.

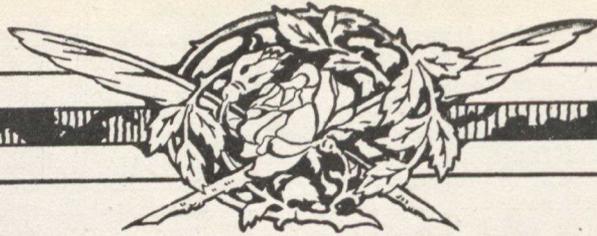
Maxime's face hardened. "I shall give her the dog," he said curtly, "but there is nothing to tell her. Nothing at all. It is a lost trail."

"But Antoine may come back," urged Lucien.

Maxime shrugged his shoulders. "He will come back," he said; "he will come back, I think, when the woods, like the sea, give up their dead. But I do not know. We know nothing. It is a lost trail."

British Diplomacy

LEAVING Germany apart, there seems to be a circle of friendly relations of which England is the centre and great impulse that includes all Europe. Surely in this work of recent years and months is to be seen diplomatic accomplishment on a great scale. It gives point to the fact that there are no greater diplomats in the world than the English. Because of the John Bull idea we are accustomed to associate force and bluster and blundering with Great Britain. There is all that, but all the time, and under all circumstances, there is no people on earth more deft in diplomacy and quicker at making the right combination at the right time than the English. In all this America is conspicuous by her absence. Our traditional suspicion of foreign alliances or formal understandings, which seem to our sense to spell entanglement, has kept us out.—Indianapolis News.



The Strategy of Rufus Stone

A STORY OF RURAL DIPLOMACY

By LOUISE C. GLASGOW

ON the day before the Stanley fair, Rufus Stone stood in his father's barn viewing with satisfaction his new Bangor buggy. Rufus had cleaned and polished the vehicle with the tenderest care and the most zealous inspection. He expected to drive the School ma'am to the fair, and that buggy had to be the best looking one on the road.

Rufus expected to take the School ma'am, but so far the School ma'am had not consented to go.

"You see, Mr. Stone," she had explained, when he asked her, "I have already lost several days which have to be made up by keeping school on Saturdays, and I dare not take another day. The trustees are so strict."

Rufus knew that her excuse was valid. He knew that the New Brunswick district school teacher may recover lost time by keeping school on Saturdays and holidays, but there must not be six school days in any two consecutive weeks. He knew, too, that the country trustee looks well to the ways of his "deestric," and a frivolous teacher is not to be tolerated.

"Why doesn't she shut up the darned old shop and let the kids and the trustees all go to grass?" he growled. "It's a beastly shame when a girl has to be tied down to a pack of kids all the time!" Rufus seized a chamois and polished an imaginary spot on the Bangor with vigour, every rub making it more impossible for him to relinquish his scheme of driving to the Fair and taking the pretty brown haired teacher, who could talk to him and make him talk as no other girl had ever been able to do.

Rufus well knew that he should not take a day off himself just now, in the height of the fall work, but Rufus was an optimistic young man who believed everything would turn out for the best.

"Pshaw!" he said to himself. "What's a day! I'll work a lot harder to-day and the day after to make up for it." So he poked the chamois back in the box, and, seizing his digging fork, started for the field, where his father and three other men were digging potatoes.

"About time for you to show up," said his father, as he leaned on his fork for a moment. "Rufus, how are we to get these potatoes in the cellar? Guess we'll have to knock off digging and set the whole crowd to picking up."

"Seems a pity to do that!" put in Marven Jones from the next row. "When we git in the mood for diggin' that we've got into to-day it's a pity to shunt us off on something else. We must a' turned out nigh onto a hundred barrels to-day, and it's only two o'clock now." He looked back over the straight white rows with satisfaction. "We can easy finish this piece to-day and pick 'em up to-morrow."

"Oh, but there's the Sandy Hill field to start to-morrow," said Mr. Stone. "And d'ye spose it would be safe to leave these out over night; no danger of frost, d'ye think?"

Marven took great honour unto himself as a weather prophet.

"Frost! No, I should say not!" he cried, "Why, it's mild ez a day in June. We won't get frost fer to hurt fer a good two weeks yet, you'll see. That nipper we had a month back was calculated to last us fer awhile, an' that'er thunderstorm a few nights ago was a sure sign of an open fall. Frost! Sho!"

"Well, ye needn't a' be scart now that the prophet's spoke," said Sam West. "They won't be no frost to-night, that's sure, ef he says so. What Marven don't know about the weather ain't in the almanick."

Old Dennis, from the far row, straightened himself up and drew the back of his hand across his tobacco stained mouth. Dennis disdained new-fangled ideas in forks and diggers and stuck obstinately to his hoe. He was the veteran and champion digger of the neighbourhood, having a record, made in his prime, of fifty-one barrels in a day. He shifted his quid of black jack and whined out,

with his usual nasal notes: "They ain' no one now-a-days knows how to manage their diggin' like people used to. They used to have about fourteen boys a-follerin' after the hoes a-pickin' up. Then ye cleaned the piece off ez ye went along. That's the only way to git any satumfaction out o' diggin'."

Rufus' blood gave a sudden jump that left him slightly dizzy. Old Dennis' words called back a remark of the teacher's made the night before, "I have fourteen small boys at school as full of mischief as they can hold." And like lightning came remembrance of her other words: "Lena Johnston has asked all the girls to a birthday picnic on Wednesday. The boys were not invited, and I just know the little monkeys will be up to some tricks."

Rufus could have thrown up his hat with delight. He had a scheme which he believed would work, and he saw the pretty teacher by his side in the shiny Bangor buggy. He smelled the wayside flowers, he saw the winding river, he even felt the occasional bumps of the country road as his young roadster Jerry pulled them along. He spoke up suddenly.

"Yes, dad, I'm sure the potatoes will be all right on the ground. Let's finish the piece to-night and get them picked up to-morrow."

"All right," agreed Mr. Stone. "I guess they'll be safe enough if the cattle don't get in at them. We'll try it anyhow."

That night after supper Mrs. Stone took a little stroll across the fields, and there in a corner of the line fence she saw Rufus talking with the three Jones boys, and the Jones boys were giving undivided attention to Rufus and his subject. Mrs. Stone was puzzled. Such attention from Rufus to the Jones boys was certainly unusual!

Late in the evening Rufus rattled into the yard with Jerry and the old road wagon. Then he came into the kitchen where his mother was setting the bread for to-morrow's baking.

"How's that for a roast of beef, mother?" he said.

Mrs. Stone stood in amazement and surveyed the huge joint.

"For the land's sake, Rufus Stone," she said, "what do we want with a roast the size of that? Whenever will we eat it?"

"Hush, mother," he whispered, "don't talk so loud, but come in here till I tell you."

She followed him into the pantry, rubbing little balls of dough from her fingers as she went. A mystery was a-foot, something dear to Mrs. Stone's heart, and this was no time to bother washing hands.

"What is it, Rufus," she whispered excitedly, "what in the world's going on?"

Rufus told his story with flattering little words and pats here and there throughout, and much imploring for secrecy, though this was wholly unnecessary, for Mrs. Stone had never been known to spoil a joke or give away a secret in her life.

Next morning the boys all went early for a game of ball before school. The diamond was deserted, however, and eleven boys were gathered about the three Joneses in the far corner of the school yard. Billy Jones was talking fast and convincingly.

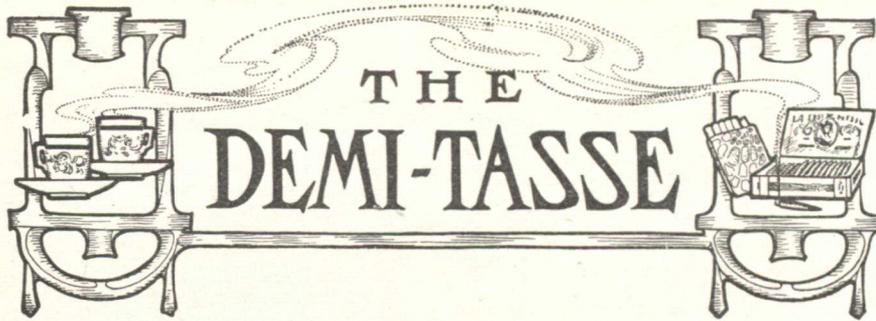
"He'll give every one of us fifty cents, mind ye! an' the most I ever got was thirty-five all the time I worked last fall," he finished.

"Let's go, boys," said Tom Grant, "We can have bully fun afterwards with fifty cents apiece."

"Yes," said Billy, "and they're goin' to have roast beef, an' plum puddin' mind ye; an' everythin'."

"Come on, I'm goin'," yelled another, and started on the run. The others followed, like sheep after their leader. Over the fence and through the woods, down they came, a yelling horde, on the potato field.

(Continued on page 33)



THE DEMI-TASSE

LIMERICKS OF THE HOUR.

'Way down in the festive Bellechasse
Things have come to a terrible pass,
While Henri the Haughty
Gives Adelard the Naughty
The most irrepressible "sass."

There once was a Clansman Maclean
Who spoke out quite frequent and plain.
He loved bye-elections,
But caused great dejections
For his friends were eternally slain.

From Harvard a scholar they sent
To Germany's capital lent.
Said the Kaiser: "What luck!
This chap's a Canuck—"
While John Bull grinned a cheerful assent.
J. G.

HIS OWN PETARD.

A Toronto newspaper man had prepared
a nice little item about the Longboat affair,
insinuating that any man would go fast
from Hamilton to Toronto. But the item
went sorrowfully into his desk as he read
with sadness the Hamilton jeer that the
mere glimpse of the lights of Toronto made
a strong man break down.

HIS HEAVENLY DESIRE.

There had been a slight misunderstanding
on the staff of a certain Canadian daily,
between the advertising department and the
"merely editorial."
"You've got advertising on the brain,
Brown," said an angry editor to one of
the advertising men. "I tell you what it is,
if you ever get near St. Peter, you'll ask
him to put you next to reading matter."

WAS A WISE GUY.

In a New York street a wagon loaded
with lamp globes collided with a truck and
many of the globes were smashed. Considerable
sympathy was felt for the driver, as he
gazed ruefully at the shattered fragments.
A benevolent-looking old gentleman
eyed him compassionately.

"My poor man," he said. "I suppose you
will have to make good this loss out of
your own pocket?"

"Yep," was the melancholy reply.
"Well, well," said the philanthropic old
gentleman, "hold out your hat—here's a
quarter for you, and I dare say some of
these other people will give you a helping
hand, too."

The driver held out his hat and several
persons hastened to drop coins in it. At
last, when the contributors had ceased, he
emptied the contents of his hat into his
pocket. Then, pointing to the retreating
figure of the philanthropist who had started
the collection, he observed: "Say, maybe
he ain't the wise guy! That's me boss!"

A LIVELY LION.

In Venice a guide, discussing with an
American tourist the sights which should
be seen by a stranger, said as if without
fear of contradiction: "Of course you will
want to see the Lion of St. Mark's, sir?"

"Yes, I s'pose so," replied the tourist
with mild enthusiasm. "About what time
do they feed him?"

PROMPT PAYMENT.

Among the great financial institutions of
this country, probably the most progressive
are our life insurance offices, says M. A. P.
With regard to the payment of claims,

especially, the recent changes have been
most satisfactory to the beneficiaries. Under
the stress of competition it has become
almost a race between the companies as
to which shall have the credit of paying its
claims most promptly. A representative of
one of our large industrial companies was
talking boastfully the other day to an
American insurance man of the happy
smartness of his company in this respect.
He said that on the occasion of a recent
colliery explosion he hurried to the scene
of the disaster with a supply of cash, and
settled each claim on the spot directly the
unfortunate victim had been identified. The
American grew thoughtful; but, of course,
he could not allow his own office to take
a second place under any circumstances.
"Well," he said at length, "that's all right.
But it's nothin' to our smartness in the
States. Now, my company's located in a
sky-scraper 300 feet high. The other day
a fellow was working on the roof, and he
missed his footing. He fell right from the
top of the building to the pavement, and
as he came past the second-floor window
we handed him his cheque."

IN SELF DEFENCE.

"There is a friend of mine," says Prof.
Lorimer, Toledo's veteran educator, who
believes in corporal punishment, "who is
raising a family of six boys with the help
of moral suasion. The mild little chap argued
about the matter the other night at a club.
'And do you believe,' said I, 'that moral
suasion is better than corporal punishment
for big, husky chaps like yours?' 'Yes,'
said my friend. 'And do you mean to
say that you have never whipped your
boys?' 'As true as I sit here,' my friend
declared earnestly, 'I have never struck
one of my children except in self-defence.'"

NERVY.

"Tompkins has got more nerve than any
man I ever met."

"What now?"
"He came over to my place yesterday to
borrow my gun, saying he wanted to kill a
dog that kept him awake nights."

"Well, what of it?"
"It was my dog he killed."—Milwaukee
Sentinel.

NASAL FIBS.

Washington was a remarkable man in
many ways, but our friends across the border
sometimes get tiresome in their refer-
ences to him. One of them was in Scotland

not long since, when he and the Scot Lanan
he was going the rounds with came across
a portrait of the first United States presi-
dent.

"There," said the tourist, "is a man
through whose lips a lie never passed!
That is more than can be said of any
Scotchman."

"Yes," was the reply. "I suppose George
wad speak through his nose like the rest
o' ye."—Edmonton Saturday News.

CRUSTY.

"Bread the staff of life!" exclaimed an
angry customer. "If it keeps on in price,
it'll be called a gold-headed cane."

HOW HE DARED.

From the East End comes a sad story
of a pawnbroker. He was enjoying a
beauty sleep when a furious knocking at the
street door brought him to the window with
a jerk.

"What's the matter?" he shouted.
"Come down," demanded the knocker.
"But—"

"Come down!"
The man of many nephews hastened
downstairs and peeped around the door.

"Now, sir?" he demanded.
"I wan'sh know the time," said the re-
veller.

"Do you mean to say you knocked me up
for that? How dare you?"

The midnight visitor looked injured.
"Well, you've got my watch," he said. —
London Tribune.

NOT WANTED.

Prodigal: "Father, I have come home to
die!"

"Confound you, haven't you cost me
enough already without adding the expense
of a funeral?"—Life.

PARTICULAR.

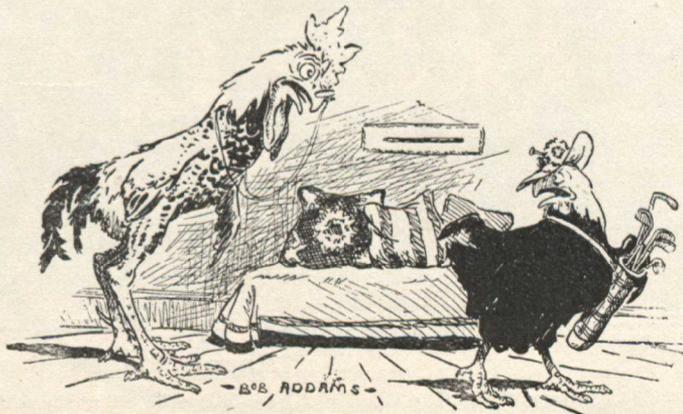
An Irishman one day went into a barber
shop to get shaved. After he was seated
and the lather about half applied the barber
was called to an adjoining room, where he
was detained for some time. The barber
had in the shop a pet monkey which was
continually imitating his master. As soon
as the latter left the room the monkey
grabbed the brush and proceeded to finish
lathering the Irishman's face. After doing
this he took a razor from its case and
stropped it and then turned to the Irishman
to shave him. "Shtop that," said the latter
firmly. "Ye can tuck the towel in me neck
and put the soap on me face, but, begorra,
yer father's got to shave me."

MIXED.

An old Dutchman having a horse, needed
feed for it, so he called up the feed store
on the telephone and the following utter-
ances were heard:

"Hello! Is dis de middle? Vell den,
give we de feed store. Hello! Is dis de
feed store? Vell den, send me down a bale
of hay and a peck of oats."

"Well, sir, who is this for?"
"For de horse now; don't get gay," re-
plied the angry old Dutchman.



Mrs. Henpeck: "Remember! You are to set on those eggs until I come back."—Life.

Music and Drama

THE most magnetic pianist of the day, Ignace Jan Paderewski, has arrived in America. His tour will be extensive and he will probably visit the Pacific coast. He will play in three cities of Canada—Montreal, Winnipeg and Toronto. He will be in Toronto at Massey Hall on Wednesday, November 27th. The sale of seats will begin eight days in advance.

The plays at the Royal Alexandra Theatre, Toronto, are proving highly satisfactory to the patrons of that well-equipped house. This week "Second in Command," the play by Captain Robert Marshall in which Mr. John Drew achieved such a triumph, has been a happy presentation of a well-constructed comedy.

The New York "Times" in an announcement of "Theatrical War all Along the Line," refers to the new combine which will control thirty theatres in many of the cities of the United States and Canada. Vaudeville managers and producers throughout the United States and Canada have banded together, says Mr. Percy G. Williams, in a new legitimate theatrical combination for the purpose of opposing the syndicate. Among the theatres they control which are not vaudeville houses are the Keith and Proctor Fifth Avenue playhouse and Harlem Opera House of New York and the old Montauk Theatre in Brooklyn; the Chestnut Street Opera House in Philadelphia; the Boston Opera House, the Buffalo Theatre, the Royal Alexandra of Toronto and the Princess in San Francisco.

Mr. Peter C. Kennedy, in a letter to the "Toronto Sunday World," emphasises the need for a good concert organ, and will find many to agree with the opinion: "The organ in Massey Hall at present is entirely inadequate to the needs of Toronto people and especially so in the case of our splendid choral societies' performances of oratorios. Such as the 'Messiah,' 'Elijah,' 'Redemption,' would be greatly beautified and enriched with the support given by a large and modern organ."

The prominent Canadian actor, Mr. James K. Hackett, is to appear at the Princess Theatre, Toronto, next week in the Alfred Sutro play, "John Glayde's Honour." The play is of the class called "problem" and unites domestic and commercial perplexities. The plot resembles that of "The Pit," in so far as it is concerned with a husband who becomes so absorbed in business affairs as to ignore his wife and her need of affection. The inevitable lover appears on the scene and, after much falsehood on the part of the woman, the husband comes to

the conclusion that her absence would be a desirable condition and straightway resigns her to the care of the other gentleman, who is, in the language of the fifteen-cent melodrama, "more to be pitied than scorned." It sounds like a dismal performance but Toronto has had an abundance of light and amusing plays of late and can afford to be depressed.

Mr. Hackett is making a strenuous effort to escape from the estate of matinee idol. His early success in such a romantic play as "The Pride of Jennico" gave him a popularity which came perilously near to being admiration for his picturesque attire. His more serious work has met with critical approval.

Miss Edna Sutherland, who appeared in dramatic recital in the Greek Theatre of the Margaret Eaton School, Toronto, during this week, is possessed of more than ordinary histrionic talent and shows commendable taste in avoiding the hackneyed in her repertoire. Miss Sutherland gave a recital last week in the Russell Theatre, Ottawa, under the auspices of the O.A.A.C. and under the distinguished patronage of His Excellency, Earl Grey and Lady Grey. Miss Sutherland comes from Winnipeg, the city which carried off the dramatic trophy last year, and a future of professional success probably lies before this talented Canadian.

The new Conservatory of Music in Peterborough was opened auspiciously last week. Among Toronto artists taking part in the event were Madame Bessie Bonsall, Miss Jessie Alexander and Mr. William Lautz.

"The Great Divide," the William Vaughn Moody drama in which Miss Margaret Anglin and Mr. Henry Miller have been so successful, is now in the third month of its second New York year at Daly's Theatre, and the public shows no sign of weariness. Mr. Miller and the great Canadian actress have been offered handsome bonuses by managers in other cities to cut short the New York engagement and present "The Great Divide" in their houses before Christmas, but the metropolis is too strong in its claim.

Miss Edith Wynne Matthison, who created the title part in "Everyman," at the time of the revival of that powerful morality play five years ago, has been chosen to succeed Miss Anglin in "The Great Divide." Miss Anglin will give up her part of "Ruth" next March and then she will begin rehearsing for her Australian tour.

As an emotional actress, Miss Anglin is easily among the first in the profession. Her playing in "Cynthia" is fresh in the

memory of Canadian audiences who took kindly to the adorable little fool who turned out a heroine. Miss Anglin's sobs are the most realistic bursts of sorrow imaginable and move the most stolid hearers to sympathy.

Speaking of emotionalism, that queen of shreds and patches, Miss Olga Nethersole, is still dragging her wonderful mauve gowns through the dreary windings of "The Labyrinth." She has been playing to San Francisco audiences and a thrill of reminiscent sympathy thrills the Toronto reader as he is informed by a California critic:

"As for Miss Nethersole, by this time she had wailed and trailed and moaned and droned long and steadily, had held her clenched hand against her aching brow one hundred and two times, had turned her back and become inaudible seventy or eighty times, and our interest was almost drowned in a gradually growing flood of revolt."

But the worst feature of "The Labyrinth," as played in Toronto, was the re-appearance of the two "dear deceased" who had gone safely over a cliff but who returned to the stage of the Princess Theatre long enough to smile at those members of the audience who were not too tired to applaud.

Colonel Jeffrey Burland of Montreal is said to have endowed a chair of music at McGill University under certain conditions. Dr. Harry Perrin, organist of Canterbury Cathedral, is coming to Montreal as director of the McGill Conservatory of Music and Colonel Burland has offered to endow a chair in music so long as Dr. Perrin continues to be director of the Conservatory. Dr. Perrin is to be professor of music.

Throughout the cities of Canada an important educational work has been done by means of the Saturday afternoon organ recitals which have become exceedingly popular in recent years. There is an informality about such events which renders them attractive to many who are not in the habit of attending evening concerts and the nominal admission fee gives an opportunity to all classes of the community to hear compositions which cannot fail to have an educative effect on local musical taste. So general have these Saturday recitals become that they are a recognised feature of the winter musical course.

A petition signed by a number of the most prominent dramatists, novelists and critics of England for the abolition of the office of censor of plays will be presented to the Prime Minister, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, next month. The matter has been brought to a head by the continued ban of Maeterlinck's "Monna Vanna" and Edward R. Garnett's play, "The Breaking Point," which was intended for the Haymarket Theatre.



Tartans in "The Gay Gordons."

The chorus in "The Gay Gordons," now filling the bill at the Aldwych Theatre, London, England, appears garbed in approved Highland costume.

Canada's View

(Collier's Weekly.)

FROM the days when the Provinces welcomed fugitive blacks, one ideal of Canada has been that which James Russell Lowell fondly attributed to the Republic:

"Whose latch-string never was drawn in Against the poorest child of Adam's kin." Homogeneity is not a very telling argument there. Some social leaders of Canada have Indian blood in their veins, some Chinese, some a touch of tawny. Many natives inter-mingle English, Scotch, Irish and French strains. There has never been proscription of Latin, Slavonic, or Semitic blood, nor until recent years, and perhaps under instigation from the United States, any objection to Malays or other Asiatics. Canada's Federal institutions provide for official and parliamentary use of two languages. The principal Provinces have different civil codes, and but two have divorce courts. The school system promotes denominational education. If homogeneity be defined, with Webster, as sameness, then the established ideal of Canada is rather heterogeneity. Individual and communal liberty in the utmost practicable degree, in order that diverse inhabitants may all equally rejoice in Canada's institutions, and so entertain joyfully a common patriotism—that is at least one conspicuous Canadian ideal, if any may be formulated from cool consideration of what has been and what is in a country of people so practical and so little given to philosophising on their national life.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier, conscious from the first of backing by powerful commercial, denominational, and racial elements, showed his usual steadiness by declaring that no course should be taken in panic. He would not ask the London Government, offhand, to denounce the convention of last year, by which Canada at once obtains important commercial privileges in Japan, and assures Japanese people of equal rights with all other desirables in Canada. He would take time for inquiry, and give time for discussion. Public opinion, which seemed to have been stampeded for a few days, by fear of a recurrence of the Vancouver outrage, soon turned towards him. Yet he has not indicated that he may not conclude to limit, if not stop, Japanese immigration. His policy will be formulated when close inquiry in Japan shall have shown that there is or is not any probability of Japanese coming to British Columbia in such numbers as to dominate, or even powerfully influence, that Province. They do not appear to be objectionable as an industrial or democratic element, but would be objectionable, as any other immigrants would be, if likely to be arrogant, exclusive, undemocratic, permanently foreign, and dominant. But migration of races, a term which includes em- and im-migration, is restricted much more by poverty of the would-be migrants than by all other adverse factors. A large portion of the Japanese on "The Coast" obtained individual passage money in Hawaii, after going there on the coolie-contract system. Some form of this system dumps immigrants of many other nationalities into the States and Canada. It contravenes the principle that none but immigrants who reach port by payments from their own pockets are desirable. Destroy the padrone system, or its practice in North America, and you will do much. Canadian opinion, on the whole, does not appear to desire proscription of any who may anywhere have shown industry, frugality, steadfastness, and energy in such degree as to have earned and saved, not only their passage money hither, but the further amount that will support them until they can benefit their adopted country by their labour.

The Isolated Colony

THE opening meeting of the Orillia Canadian Club, on the 3rd, was addressed by the Hon. A. B. Morine, of Toronto, late Minister of Fisheries in the Government of Newfoundland. Mr. Morine's speech, which won the entire sympathy of his audience, was noteworthy for two things—first, for his vigorous pro-



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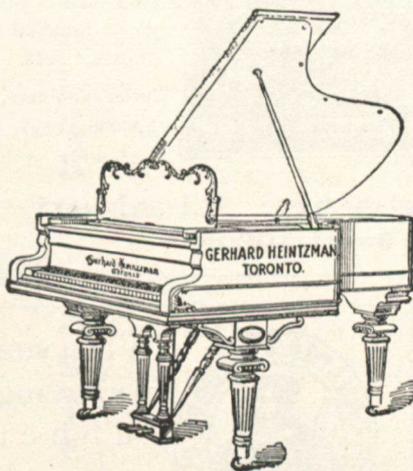
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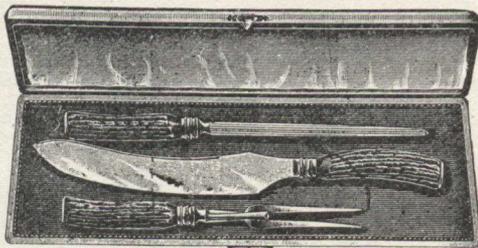
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test against the newspaper practice of continually charging the Home Government with sacrificing Colonial interests; and secondly, for his powerful argument and plea that Newfoundland should be brought into Confederation and that in coming in the island should be treated generously. In connection with the first question, Mr. Morine declared, with the authority of one who knew the situation thoroughly, that the present fisheries difficulty between Newfoundland and the United States was entirely the creation of the politicians and a few interested traders, and that the much denounced *modus vivendi*, for which the British Government was being attacked in the Canadian papers, was a reasonable arrangement which met with the approval of the vast majority of the people of the island—was in fact nothing but a restoration of the most favourable conditions under which the Newfoundland fishermen had ever done business with the United States. Mr. Morine further expressed the hope that the dispute would be settled by negotiation, and would never be allowed to go to the Hague, because he believed that under the strict reading of the treaty the United States fishermen would be found to have rights which it would not be just to the islanders to exercise, but which should be abrogated by purchase or by some other concessions.

Mr. Morine argued that Newfoundland should be brought into Confederation first because of its strategic importance; secondly, because of its potential riches in minerals and pulp, awaiting only the capital to exploit them; thirdly, because it would make Canada master of the fisheries situation as regards North America, and enable the Dominion Government to dictate terms to the United States; and fourthly, because Newfoundland's God-fearing, moral, intelligent and industrious population would be a decided acquisition to the Dominion. He pleaded earnestly that those who take an interest in the wider aspects of public policy should use their influence towards bringing the question to the attention of our statesmen—"if we have any left."

Canadianism in the West

WITH characteristic promptness to annex a good thing, Canada's new western provinces have seized hold of the Canadian Club idea, and within the last few months clubs have been organized at various points. The latest place to fall in line is Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan, where the club already has a membership of over one hundred.

The inaugural meeting was addressed by Prof. Osborne of Manitoba University and Hon. Frank Oliver. The former spoke inspiringly upon the topic, "Some ideals to be desired in the Canadian national character," contending that if Canada was to reach the highest point of development, Canadians must be religious, honest, intelligent, self-respecting and vigilant.

Hon. Frank Oliver administered the taffy and syrup by telling his audience what a fine nation they belonged to. No other people so small in number, he said, had so successfully controlled and developed such vast resources, as Canadians, and none had accepted and lived up to their responsibilities in a more satisfactory manner.

Not an Apostate

PAT O'CONNELL, a clever old Irishman, recently came into possession of a cow at small cost to himself. He wished to sell the animal, as he had no place in which to keep her, but his wife, who had long wanted a cow, was of another mind. The Chicago Tribune tells how the matter was settled.

"We'll keep it," said Bridget. "Just you run across the street and ask Mr. Calkins if he'll let us keep the cow in his empty barn for half the milk."

Mr. Calkins is the popular pastor of one of the Protestant churches of the neighbourhood, but Pat and his wife are good Catholics. Pat made the proposition and Mr. Calkins listened with a glowing twinkle in his eye.

"Why, certainly, Pat," he said. "I'll let

you use my barn as long as you like—on one condition; that you come to my church every Sunday for the eleven o'clock service."

After a moment's hesitation, Pat consented, and the bargain was made. The cow was moved into the minister's barn, and on the following Sunday Pat was in a pew at Mr. Calkins' church.

The next day someone told Mr. Calkins that in addition to attending services at his church, Pat had also gone to early mass at the Catholic church, and when next they met, Mr. Calkins with the idea of teasing the old man, took him to task for alleged duplicity.

"Pat," he said, "you're playing me false about that cow."

"Sure, an' I'm not," said Pat. "Wasn't I at your church on the Sunday as I promised?"

"Yes, but you went to the five o'clock mass, too."

"But how can you blame me for that?" answered Pat. "I went to your church for me cow's sake, and to mass for me own."

Andrew Lang on Dandyism

ONE is sorry for the dandies of our day, because though their clothes fit ever so well and are ever so fresh, custom prescribes a dark or subfusc hue, with no lace, no velvet (above all, not on coat collars); no slashes, puffs, and vandykings; no pearls and gold, no gules and azure.

The common trousers are shapeless things, and for perfection you need two pairs every day. Genius is stunted, display is checked, and though you may wear brilliant hose with knickerbockers in the country, glorious waistcoats are rarely seen except in the windows of tailors' shops at Oxford and Cambridge. The dandy can only cultivate immaculate neatness and perfection of fit. Our officers at Ladysmith, when the place was relieved, looked like skeletons, but were as spruce and neat, I have been told, as ever they showed in the park. They cultivated self-respect, like Stendhal, the celebrated novelist, who was said to have been the only man that shaved every day in the dreadful winter retreat from Moscow.

This is the dandyism we admire, the perfection of personal self-respect exhibited by Julius Caesar, Claverhouse, and Montrose, combing his love-locks, like the Three Hundred of Thermopylae, on the morning of his shameful death. He went to the gibbet "like a bridegroom to his bride." History and "the human heart by which we live" have an immortal tenderness for the great, the wise, the brave, who have died dandies as they lived, gallant hearts and stately gentlemen.—Century Magazine.

Bishop of London's Comparison

AMONG other favourable impressions received by the Bishop of London while in America was what in his sermon of last Sunday he called the "love and harmony" among the churches here as compared with the unchristian acrimony that disgraces his own country. To quote the Bishop's own words:

"There is far greater generosity, love and trust between the different bodies of Christians and between the schools of thought in the same church in America than here in England. It was like going into another atmosphere to pass from the wrangles of Great Britain into an atmosphere where they are unknown. I found that the bitterness which disgraces our church at home is unknown in America, although there are conscientious differences there. It was quite a shock, amid the love and harmony there, to take up the English newspapers and read the reports of the church congress here and find that the eternal wrangle was going on to-day which had been going on for fifty years. And then, what services we had out there! Why, I heard the rafters shake with praise."

This is extremely flattering to the denominational units in America, and it is a pity that the illustrious churchman did not dip into the conditions to which this difference is due. In Canada, for example, the



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perfect equality on which the churches and their subdivisions stand contributes to harmony. They may have their differences, some of them serious, in doctrine and polity, but they agree to differ, while union is a live issue, with a growing desire for greater co-operation. The work of the churches is marked by the keenest emulation, but the motive behind this rivalry is charity. In Britain the same good feeling as a rule marks the relations of the dissenting bodies—the bitterness which Dr. Ingram deplures is between the Established Church and the Non-Conformists in the aggregate.

The lament of the Bishop is another strong argument for complete separation of church and state, in other words, the abolition of ecclesiastical special privilege, the exciting cause of the unregenerate wrangling between the hostile camps not only in the church but in the legislative chambers of the nation. The iniquitous Balfour Education Bill, which authorized the expenditure of public money for denominational schools, was one of the evil fruits of the unnatural connection between church and state, and the lords' rejection last year of the Birrell Education Bill designed to restore the educational equality that had prevailed for thirty years, intensified the feeling. The upper house was almost a unit in the strangling of the Birrell bill, but the "spiritual" lords were especially active in the defeat of a measure that threatened their privilege.

The only remedy for these lamentable divisions in the old land is disestablishment.—Windsor Record.

A Luckless Lochinvar

THAT young Lochinvar of Finance, who came out of the West, to wit, F. Aug. Heinze, seems to have landed in a pretty bad muddle in New York. Heinze is a financial pirate. His energy is phenomenal, his pluck sublime; his scruples rudimentary. He had better go back to Montana. It is safer buying judges in that State than stocks in Wall Street. A story illustrative of his ideas of doing business is current. He came to Victoria seeking some legislation, which he secured without difficulty. After his work was done he gave a dinner to some prominent gentlemen, which caused a good deal of talk here at the time. This is how Heinze talked about it himself: "Say, those British Columbia people are easy marks. I went down to Victoria after some legislation and I was prepared to pay well for it. It never cost me a cent. I gave a dinner after it was all over that stood me \$150; but I won that amount the same night from — at poker."—Victoria Colonist.

Cards of Thanks

The Mitchell "Advocate" has this to say about "cards of thanks": The day is not far distant when "cards of thanks" will be a thing of the past. When death enters a home neighbours never fail to do all in power to place a silver lining back of the dark cloud, and they do not expect or desire any thanks through the public press. One subscriber, however, not to be outdone, sent in the following: "Mr. Editor—I desire to thank the friends and neighbours most heartily in this manner for their co-operation during the illness and death of my husband, who escaped from me by the hand of death last Friday. To my friends and all who contributed towards making the last moments and the funeral a success, I desire to remember most kindly, hoping these lines will find them the same blessing. I have also a good milch cow and a roan gelding, eight years old, which I will sell cheap. God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform; He plants His footsteps on the seas and rides upon the storm." Also a black and white shoit cheap."

A Montreal newspaper man says that turkeys are on the upward move in price. But any keen observer would have seen last Thursday that thousands of turkeys were on the downward move.

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Literary Notes

IN the columns of the Manitoba "Free Press," there are to be found from day to day a few paragraphs of literary comment, signed by "The Bookman." Even in the hurry of "looking over exchanges," one usually has enough time to read these lines of suggestive criticism. Recently "The Bookman" referred to Miss Agnes Laut's forthcoming volume, "The Awakening of Canada," and went on to remark that he wonders why there is not in Canada a Society of Women Writers. With all respect to the Winnipeg "Bookman," we say "no" with an emphasis which we hope will reach Winnipeg. This fashion of regarding "women writers" as a class apart is utterly unmeaning. We have the Canadian Society of Authors, to which many women belong, and surely there is no necessity for establishing a separate society, as if women wrote nothing but "fluffy ruffles" material and stuff about sponge cakes and cures for whooping cough. The words "authoress," "poetess," and "editress" are an abomination. A society of women authors would be a sad blunder but there is little fear of its being perpetrated.

* *

Miss Laut, by the way, has written an excellent article, "Openings for Women in Canada," for the November number of the "Pall Mall Magazine." It has an essentially practical tone and naturally relates more to the West than to any other part of Canada. Miss Laut entirely avoids the error of representing this country as a land of gold or leisure but she asserts with an emphasis every Canadian will approve that for the plucky and adaptable woman Canada has "success" in the finest sense of that much-abused abstract noun.

* *

The firm of William Briggs, Toronto, will publish before Christmas a book of poems by Miss Ethelwyn Wetherald. The volume will contain some poems which have already appeared and others which are being printed for the first time.

* *

"Redcoat Captain," by Alfred Ollivant, is described by many readers as a book for children. Yet its naive wisdom makes more than one excursion into the land of the grown-ups and leaves every reader with a desire for further explorations into the delectable districts of "that country." Toronto: The Macmillan Company.

* *

Just as many readers were wondering why the "University Magazine" was late, that welcome publication appeared, seeming, in its severely academic cover and type, to rebuke the gaudiness of "Everybody's" and the flambouyance of the "Cosmopolitan." No one who is in a hurry should "snatch up" the "University Magazine" in the hope of finding amiable trifles. The articles are the best which appear in Canadian publications but they are to be taken in hand reverently and advisedly. The eleven features making up the table of contents in the October number are of goodly variety and of "excellent pith." Among the poetical contributions, that by Dr. MacPhail on "The Patience of England" is illuminative and arresting. It is written with a crispness which is far from the prosy style of the "heavy diplomacy." The writer plunges into the surf of his subject after this fashion:

"British diplomacy has two sides; the one, which it presents to its enemies, and the one which it presents to its friends. That explains why the enemies of England think her diplomacy at one time astute unto perfidy and again complacent to the point of stupidity."

* *

The poem, "The Bridegroom of Cana," by Marjorie L. C. Pickthall, is an exquisite song, vibrant with the melody and rich with the colour which only the artist may cunningly bestow. These three lines alone make an abiding place in memory: "And the lifting, shimmering flight of the swallow
Breaks in a curve on the brink of morn
Over the sycamores, over the corn."

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For the Children

THE PAPER ON MY NURSERY WALL.

The paper on my nursery wall
Shows meadows bright and green;
A narrow, winding road runs on
The little hills between.
There, crook in hand, roams sad Bo-peep,
Trying so hard to find her sheep!

I wish that she could turn and look
Around the nursery wall.
She'd find them then, as plain as day,
Waiting to hear her call!
It's mean she cannot understand
Her sheep are there, so near at hand!

At night I lie in bed and think
How jolly it would be
If she could only turn her head
As easily as me;
Then, while I'm thinking of Bo-peep,
I generally go fast asleep!

—Lippincott's Magazine.

* *

TAKEN AT HIS WORD.

Master Walter, aged five, had eaten the soft portions of his toast at breakfast, and piled the crusts on his plate.

"When I was a little boy," remarked his father, who sat opposite him, "I always ate the crust of my toast."

"Did you like them?" inquired his offspring, cheerfully.

"Yes," replied the parent.

"You may have these," said Master Walter, pushing his plate across the table.—Harper's Weekly.

* *



The Bird: "Will you please save the worms for me, little boy?"—N.Y. Life.

* *

WHY THEY STOPPED.

A little miss entered a street car carrying a basket, from which appeared, from time to time, the head of a tiny dog. She asked the conductor to stop at a certain street.

When the car stopped, she held the dog up to the window.

"Don't you wish to get off?" inquired the conductor.

"Oh, no," replied she; "I just wanted Fido to see where his mother lives."

* *

THE WIND.

I saw you toss the kites on high
And blow the birds about the sky;
And all around I heard you pass,
Like ladies' skirts across the grass—
O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

I saw the different things you did,
But always you yourself you hid.
I felt you push, I heard you call,
I could not see yourself at all—
O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

O you that are so strong and cold,
O blower, are you young or old?
Are you a beast of field and tree,
Or just a stronger child than me?
O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

—Robert Louis Stevenson.



No More Drudgery Housework Made Easy With The Chatham Kitchen Cabinet

JUST think what a saving in time and labor you can make with a Chatham Kitchen Cabinet—the number of steps you save in a day—the ease with which you can prepare a meal! With the Chatham every ingredient and every cooking utensil you need in the preparation of a meal is right within reach of your hand and there is no constant running back and forth from kitchen to pantry for first one article and then another.

The Chatham Kitchen Cabinet enables you to get a meal—stir up a cake—or mix a batch of bread in just half the time—with half the labor that it takes you in the old way—running back to the pantry every minute or two for first, the salt—then the spice—next the flavoring—and so on. Now you can get this wonderful work-saver at a very reasonable price on my

Liberal Time Payment Plan

So if it isn't convenient for you to pay all cash, you can pay for the Cabinet on such easy terms that you'll never miss the money—while all the time you can be enjoying its benefits. And my Kitchen Cabinet is not only useful—but ornamental as well—and any woman will be proud to own one. It not only simplifies cooking—but it keeps your kitchen always neat and tidy and does away with all the clutter of cooking and baking.

If you are thinking of replenishing your home furnishings you cannot invest in anything that will give as much genuine help in your housekeeping as the Chatham Kitchen Cabinet—and once you use it you'll find the regular weekly—monthly—and yearly housecleaning is no longer a bugbear. Your kitchen and pantry take the biggest part of your time—and make the hardest part of your housework—but if you'll use my Cabinet you can cut out all the kitchen drudgery and use the extra time for pleasanter work or recreation.

Now you should get my **FREE KITCHEN CABINET CATALOGUE** at once—and you can get it, postpaid, by writing a postal. Send for it today without fail. It's a handsome book that shows beautiful photographs of the Chatham Kitchen Cabinet and gives my prices and terms. It's free for the asking. Write for it today. Address me personally.

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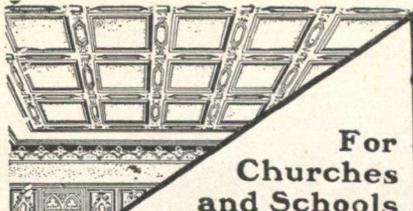
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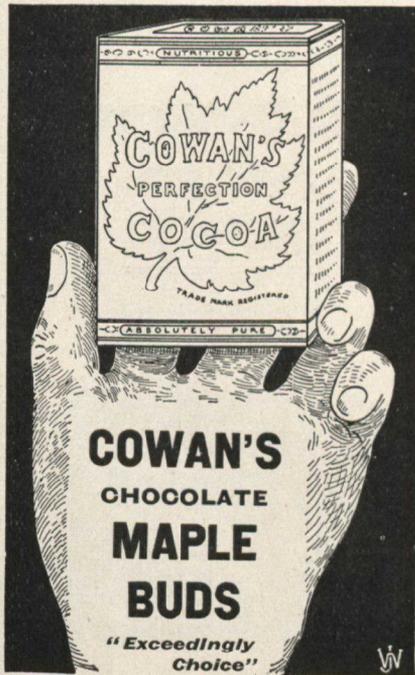
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Peculiarities

CANADA has cabled her regrets to Japan, says an Ottawa despatch. We're really so sorry about the little misunderstanding and the broken glass. Vancouver, which is such a go-ahead town, merely mistook the date and thought it was Hallow E'en. In the meantime, when are we going to send regrets to China? The Dowager Empress, the great Tsi An, ought not to be left out of any small apologies we are sending across the Pacific.

The health of school-children is now being gravely considered, and the hair, teeth and eye-lashes of the Small Person attending public schools will receive their share of attention. A doctor of Chatham, N.B., made some wise remarks on this subject at a Newcastle Teachers' Institute and advised among other measures that there should be few if any home lessons. How dear little Susie and bright little Johnnie will love that doctor man!

A dishonest letter carrier in Toronto received only nine dollars a week and the Grand Jury saw fit to comment on the meanness of his wages. Milk, eggs, butter and meat taking flight to fancy prices! What can the poor carrier do without an occasional registered parcel?

A clergyman addressing an Ottawa audience said that during the past year there has been an increase of twenty-five per cent. in crime in Ontario alone. Hon. J. P. Whitney says he simply doesn't believe it, while Brantford, lately accused of being the most profane city in the province, raises its voice to explain that the rumour arose on account of its being the Telephone City. Someone got the opening salutation all wrong and Brantford was blamed.

A Chicago woman's husband deserted her and the forsaken one sought him far and near. She finally thought she had traced the miscreant to Port Dalhousie in Ontario but on chasing after the clue found a gentleman of the same name but of wholly different character and aspect. The name is Hennessey. Why can't the lady write to Mr. Dooley about it? He certainly must be hiding Hennessey away for "copy."

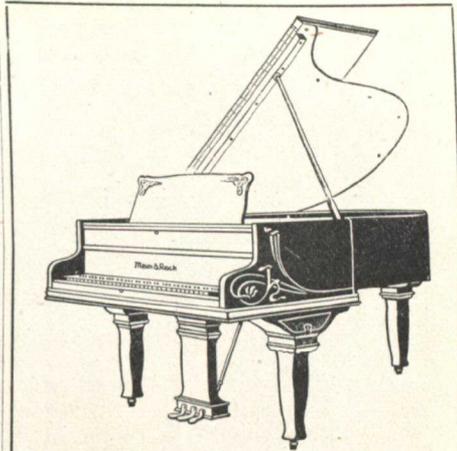
One of the acts which will be passed by the Manitoba Legislature at the next session will be that creating a portfolio of telephones and telegraphs of which Hon. J. H. Howden will be minister. "Hello!" How is that for enterprise?

It is reported that the Canadian artist, Mr. J. Colin Forbes, is to paint a portrait of President Fallieres. It is to be hoped that the French critics will treat the portrait more kindly than their British brethren did the much-announced Forbes' portrait of King Edward.

The columns of the daily press are crowded with announcements of new Canadian Clubs which are springing up in every town and city. Orations are inspiring the youth of the land with non-partisan patriotism and no member is allowed to talk hard times.

Mr. Kipling told the Montreal Canadian Club that the spirit of brotherly solidarity is what we are pleased to call imperialism. Daughters of the Empire, U. E. Loyalists and Empire Clubs kindly have this phrase incorporated with the Constitution.

In the Supreme Court last month there came up the case of the Manitoba Free Press versus Nagy. The paper published an article declaring Nagy's house was haunted. Damages were claimed for expenses incurred in guarding the premises from the crowds attracted there by the article in question, for loss of rent and depreciation of value. The judge dismissed the claim at the trial, but, on appeal, this judgment was reversed and \$1,000 entered as a verdict. The defendants appeal against



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

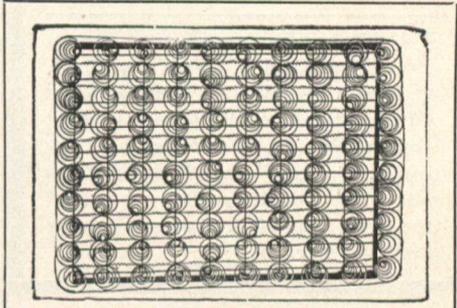
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Or a delicious blend of both

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this decision on the ground that the item of the ghost story was not damaging. Even in this age of bargain days and cheap electricity, it seems that there are sensitive spooks.

* *

A police officer threw a Winnipeg editor down a flight of stairs recently in order to show that this is a free country. The famous old refrain is heard once more: "It is all very well to dissemble your love, But why did you kick me downstairs?"

* *

Stratford has made a second effort in the direction of a Canadian Club. A fine, sturdy county like Perth ought to support a good organisation of that kind.

* *

The first co-operative rural telephone system to be established in that part of Ontario has just been completed near Merivale and will be given connection with the Bell Telephone system of Ottawa.

* *

Dr. H. M. Tory, associate professor of mathematics at McGill University, has been appointed president of the new Provincial University of Alberta. Dr. Tory is a native of Guysboro, Nova Scotia. No one is the least bit surprised to read that item of biography. The Canadian university president is born in Nova Scotia and has the intellectual preference ever after. Dr. Tory, like President Falconer, is a clergyman, but of the Methodist, not the Presbyterian body. While John Knox is having a show in Ontario, it is only fair that John Wesley should set the university going in Alberta.

* *

The echoes of applause have not yet died away which followed the announcement that Chief Justice Mulock had refused to enter the Columbian Hotel, Cobourg, while the Stars and Stripes waved above the door. Cobourg sometimes forgets that it is something more than a summer boarding-house for United States tourists.

* *

At Mr. R. L. Borden's meeting in Manitou, it is said that the Opposition Leader's plea for pure politics struck a responsive chord in the breasts of the people. The Opposition is always doing that sort of thing, no matter what its politics. But the week before election, in some mysterious fashion, the Government begins to strike a more responsive chord which swells into a fortissimo at the mention of a canal.

* *

In Regina a health by-law was recently adopted by the City Council which has led to an alarming increase in the price of bread and of milk. The latter is to be delivered in cans of specific size, uniformly lettered and painted, while bread also is to be neatly and scientifically delivered. But owing to these new regulations, most of which the "Standard" calls "flummery," a loaf may soar to ten cents and a quart of milk to fifteen.

* *

The price of beer has gone up in London and other Ontario cities and the W.C.T.U. is correspondingly happy. If cigarettes would also take a rise, the making of good resolutions would suddenly set in.

* *

Several Sarnia women have been called upon by the customs officers to appear before the Collector to answer to charges of smuggling cloaks and other articles of clothing from Port Huron. The offenders admitted the smuggling and paid duty and costs. Governments have little to do when they interfere with a lady's shopping. The path of "duty" is not always the way to glory.

* *

The increased price of the necessities of life, such as bread, milk and eggs, is resulting in much distress and sometimes in actual crime. A short time ago a desperate man walked into a jeweller's store in Montreal and tried to make off with a tray of diamonds. After all, he only thought he might sell them and purchase a few bread tickets and milk coupons with the proceeds.

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When the system gets run down, stomach upset or bowels irregular—they know that a morning glass of Abbey's Salt quickly puts them in their best vein.

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Renews your
Complexion



Prevents Wrinkles
and Hair Growth.

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Medals 35 Awards.
ALL DRUGGISTS.

THE STRATEGY OF RUFUS STONE

(Continued from page 22)

"What's this? What's this? What's the matter?" cried Mr. Stone.

"We've come to pick up taters!" announced Billy Jones.

"You have? Who sent you?" demanded Mr. Stone.

"Why, Rufe hired us last night," Billy answered.

"Oh, he did, eh? All right, then, if Rufus hired you, go to work. Go to the far end with these barrels and baskets and pick up clean, and mind you sort the little ones out properly." And so the boys set to work at the piece, where two hundred barrels of potatoes lay in long white rows waiting to be stored; and the hired men, only too glad to be rid of the demeaning "picking up," trudged off to begin operations on the Sandy Hill field.

The school house bell rang at five minutes to nine, and again at nine; again at five minutes past nine. At ten minutes past nine the teacher sat down in wonder. Not a child in the school-room—not a child in the yard! Such a thing was unprecedented in the annals of her teaching. She rang the bell again, loud and furiously. The boys in the field yelled. The teacher in the school house marvelled. Not a child answered the summons. Half past nine, and the bell clanged so it could be heard a mile down the road.

There was a knock at the school house door. The teacher opened it and Rufus stood there, his hat in his hand and humility in his eyes.

"Good morning," he glanced past her. "What's the matter? Where are the children?"

"I'm sure I don't know what can be the matter," she cried. "The girls have gone to Lena Johnston's picnic, but the boys were in the yard a while ago, and not one of them has answered the bell, though I've rung and rung till I'm tired."

"Then I suppose there is no school," said Rufus.

"Well, I have called the roll and marked them all absent, but how can there be school without scholars?" answered the teacher.

"Well, don't you think as you have a holiday you'd better come to the Stanley Fair with me?" Rufus' voice was very quiet, but his eyes were very bold.

Into the pretty teacher's eyes too there came a light, and maybe there was something besides comprehension there. Rufus was a masterful young man.

She took her hat down from the peg, and stepping outside turned the key in the door. Then she laughed softly, but she asked no questions.

As they drove down the first stretch of road on their way home that night the Stanley band in the distance played a quaint unusual air.

"What's that piece?" inquired Rufus, turning to the pretty teacher beside him.

"Oh, that old thing, 'Love will find a way,'" she answered, and was glad that it was dark so he could not see how conscious she looked.

"Yes, that's it," said Rufus, and he softly sang—

"Though dangers may be mountains high
Love will find a way."

Then he gently put his arm around her. They had turned the corner and no one was in sight.

A Modern Fairy Story

ONCE upon a time there was a little group of men, who had the cause of good music so much at heart that they decided to give some "concerts" to elevate the musical tone of the city in which they lived.

Now there was also in this city a woman who, in her own way, could be rather useful to these clever musicians, not very, very useful you understand, but enough so to make it worth while these men seeking her out to enquire what chances a course of concerts such as they planned, would proba-

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

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HAMILTON - - CANADA

bly meet with, the best people to get interested and other matters of such like interest. So one day the men journeyed to the modest house in which she dwelt and talked an hour away, discussing all the little details that were to go to make their venture a grand success.

And the woman listened and suggested a point here and a little something there and ended by promising to write down a list of such people as she believed would be interested in seeing the venture succeed. And so the men departed with many salaams and courteous "thank you" for engaging so much of the lady's time and attention. But before they left these very polite gentlemen suggested that the woman having been so kind would perhaps be still kinder and notice the coming events in her magic mirror, into which many people gazed to learn what was to happen in the future. Now at this point the men forgot that there was an office far down town where just such things were arranged for, they even forgot to cross the lady's palm with a ticket and so they departed, while the woman went slowly back to her work to ponder on how to make a living, though in the newspaper business.

But all this time the paper lady was really interested in their concert scheme and one day while polishing up her magic mirror mentioned the fact, and not only that—but took time and trouble making out a list of names and addresses for the celebrated musicians, which should bring patronage and consequent silver into the coffers of the organisation.

Now during all this time the paper lady never doubted but that in good time these artist folk would seek out her paper and advertise with it, or leave the usual press tickets at the business office. But the day of the performance arrived and went and still no ticket—and so no notice.

And so it came about that other people—many, many others—began to bother this poor paper lady for notices here and notices there until she grew weary and one day balked—uttering a feeble "personal protest" that no more men with dreamy eyes and musical soarings and no more people altogether—no names mentioned—disturb the serenity of her peace of mind by demanding of her gratis what represented her bread and butter, not to mention cake and other sweet morsels for which she had a fondness.

But it so fell out that these concert folks' consciences pricked them—the feeble protest they took to themselves, and on Monday, being very, very wrath and feeling a trifle facetious, they mailed the lady the slip that follows:

Edmonton, October 20th.

Herein inclosed a bill with the best thanks from the "Beggars."

1. To promote concerts
2. For long advance notices asked the 14th Sept. and Saturday News space
3. 27 names of influential persons to see

\$20

And enclosed a cheque for twenty dollars. Twenty dollars to a poor quill driver who had been getting used to giving everything she had away without money and without tickets.

For a long time the paper lady sat and toyed with the cheque. She had heard of politicians being given "hush money," and being otherwise "approached," and she felt very important to think that she had arrived at some such dignity; but while she hesitated as to whether to buy a smart new hat just to give these twenty dollar jokers the price of their fun for a whole long winter, she was not finally lost, the evening's mail carrying back a letter from her business office with the little yellow slip enclosed.

The paper lady knew a better trick than losing her temper, you see.—The "Mirror" in Edmonton Saturday News.

Mr. Gustavus Frohman of New York, who has been in Chicago, reading plays, in order to see what the newer dramatic talent of the west is producing, has found one play over which he is conservatively enthusiastic. It is the work of Rev. William E. Danforth, minister of Christ Church, Elmhurst.

A PHENOMENAL RECORD

As a tree is known by its fruit, so also a life company is known by its actual results to policy-holders. In this respect

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200 Rooms. \$2.00 up.
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Accommodation for 600 Guests.

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Short Line to MUSKOKA and PARRY SOUND

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No. 1	No. 3	No. 2	No. 4
Toronto.....	† 9.00 am	† 6.30 pm	Parry Sound † 11.45 am
Washago.....	12.35 pm	10.00 pm	Washago..... 2.13 pm
Parry Sound	3.15 pm	Toronto..... 5.45 pm
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Moose Caribou Red Deer

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SINGLE FARE

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All Tickets good until Dec. 7th or until close of Navigation if earlier from points reached by Steamer Lines.

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TORONTO

50 MEN WROTE THIS "AD"

Every word of it is quoted from unsolicited letters taken among the hundreds we are continually receiving.
(Name of any writer sent on application)

COLGATE'S SHAVING STICK

"Colgate's leaves no smarting sensation."—"It has not smarted on my face."—"There is no irritation."—"It does *not* have that burning sensation."

"Leaves the face freer from soreness and smarting than any other."—"Makes the skin smooth and comfortable, with a most delightful and cool feeling not obtained by other soaps."—"An agreeableness of feeling that instantly wins one's good humor."—"With its soothing and softening qualities, it is now a pleasure to shave."

"This morning in the Pullman some one was shaving with Colgate's; when I asked him if his face ever smarted, he replied, 'Not that you can notice it.' This helped me to get away from a brand I have used for 15 years—15 years too long!"

"For many years I used 'the only kind that won't smart or dry on the face,' but it often did 'smart' on my face. I sent for a sample of your 'Shaving Stick'; and I want nothing better for my use."—"It gives a pleasant, soft, creamy lather."—"Makes it a pleasure to shave."—"Shaves cleaner and leaves the face free from itching."—"Colgate's superiority is particularly pronounced in the point of *not drying on the face*. My experience is by no means isolated, for I have yet to find a man who, having tried Colgate's, would go back to the soap he formerly used."—"I find the lather continues moist until I have finished."—"Yours gives me a smooth, durable lather."—"Yours has a heavier and firmer lather than any other I have used."—"It is a better lather and lasts longer."

"To any man with a wiry beard and tender skin, I most heartily commend Colgate's."—"It is the best for a tough beard and tender skin."—"Heretofore I looked forward to shaving with a kind of dread, but with your stick have no trouble at all."—"Shaving has



**Does not smart
or dry on
the face**

been a bugbear to me, but since I used Colgate's a real pleasure."—"Have been troubled by a stinging sensation after shaving and blamed my razor; with your soap and the same razor I enjoy a fine, quick shave."

"I had been using 'the only kind that won't smart or dry on the face,' but a trial stick of Colgate's convinced me of its superiority."—"I shaved with Colgate's to-day and had the first delightful shave since I began shaving myself."—"My morning shave is a luxury since using your soap."—"Never used a shaving soap that produced the same delightfully cool sensation to the face."

"Have purchased several sticks for friends, who are as much pleased with it as I am."—"It is the best I ever used, and I have been shaving for 40 years."

"Your soap is simply delightful."—"It is just grand."—"The handiest, cleanest and best soap ever used."—"Has given entire satisfaction."—"I could not do without it."—"The results are simply marvellous."—"It is a wonder."—"Indeed a 'Triumph of Modern Chemistry.'"—"I agree with you, it is 'the Magic Wand of Shaving.'"—"It acts like Magic."—"I never found a perfect soap till I used yours."—"I find it is perfection."

If you will clip and mail to us this paragraph from this advertisement we will send you absolutely free a sample stick, in nickeled box, of Colgate's Shaving Stick: "I have more than my money's worth."—"I have found your stick all that you set forth."—"It is all and more than you claim for it."—"You don't say enough for it."—"Yours is the Best."—"It is better than the soap I thought was best."—"There's nothing like it."—"It is absolutely the best, I know, for I've tried them all."—"I have missed much comfort in not getting acquainted with it sooner."

**"Its Lasting Lather and Pleasant Effect on the Face
Appeal to the Shaver and make Him a Convert"**

Convince yourself by sending 4 cts. for Trial Stick in Nickeled Box, Colgate & Co., Dept. 28, 55 John St., New York

BETTER THAN THE SOAP YOU THOUGHT WAS BEST