



The Canadian

Courier


THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



In This Number

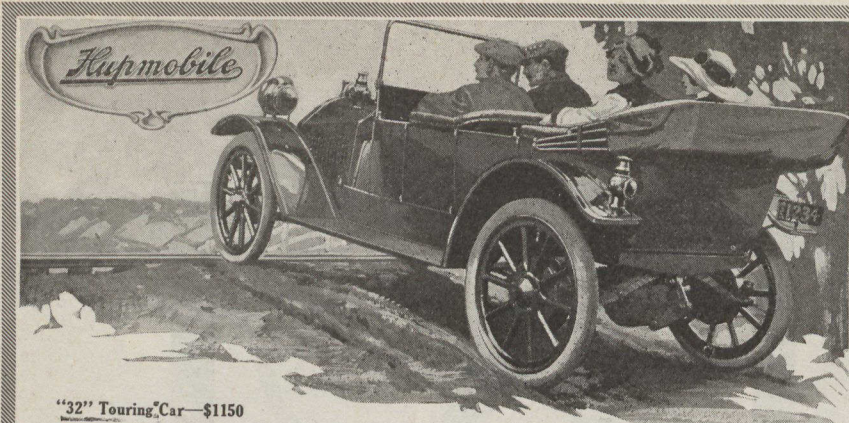


FIRST Instalment of Our New Serial Story, Dr. Aram Kalfian, by Effie Adelaide Rowlands—Third of "Tall Timber Tales," by Lloyd Roberts—Striking Pictures of the Balkan War—Character Sketch of Hon. Sir Richard McBride, by Augustus Bridle—Music in Nova Scotia, by Venerable Archdeacon Armitage—The French Language Question, by the Monocle Man.



EDITED BY JOHN A. COOPER

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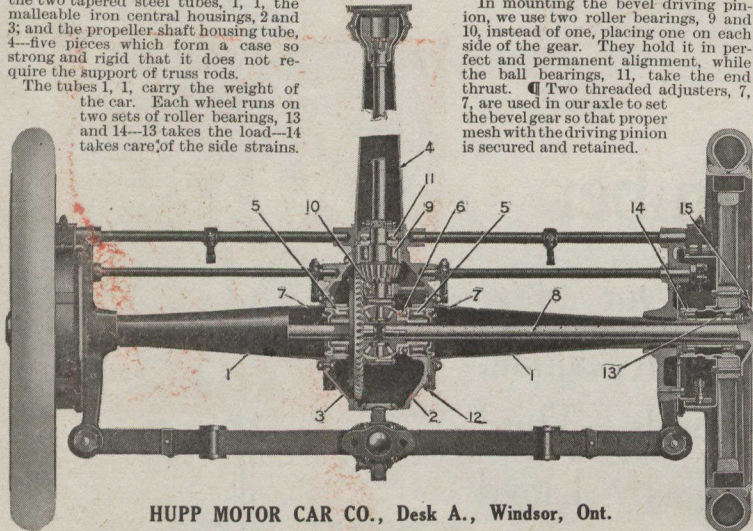
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The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

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

VOL. XII

TORONTO

NO. 26

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Editor's Talk

FIVE weeks more until Christmas. Three weeks and the Christmas Number of the "Canadian Courier" will be in the hands of our readers. This will be by all odds much the best issue we have ever turned out. It will be the best illustrated, fictional and pictorial number we have ever made. It is impossible now to say just what some of the best features will be. There will be a splendid far-north story, "The Passing of Oul-I-But," written by Alan Sullivan—an absolutely true but finely epical story; illustrated by Arthur Heming. The best J. J. Bell story we have ever published will be illustrated by J. W. Beatty; another striking combination of congenial talent. One of the most amusing yarns ever told by the sometimes elvish Arthur McFarlane will be illuminated by another true humorist, Fergus Kyle. A serious story of great Christmas charm comes from Ethelwyn Wetherald. A piquant and thoroughly humanistic story of Cameron Nelles Wilson needs no added illumination from the artist. The frontispiece feature will have something to do with a very ancient Saxon custom of Christmas practiced by Canadians, and will be handsomely illustrated by a Canadian artist. This is less than half the contents of the Christmas Number, which will contain also two pages of music done in highly popular style both as to reading matter and pictures.

Next week's issue will be our annual Book Number. All the books about Canada or by Canadians will be listed and the chief works carefully reviewed. There will also be several general literary articles by well-known writers. Indeed, there will be more of a "literary" flavour to this number than to any other of the year's issues.

Our new serial begins this week. The author is a rather celebrated English woman whose fiction has found favour in recent years. It throws a sidelight on the peculiar conditions of affairs in such countries as are now at war in the Balkans, showing how the citizens gather funds for revolutionary purposes. It also indicates how these secrets are kept and guarded until the proper moment arrives. Those who are accustomed to read the "Courier" serials will find this one quite up to our standard, with perhaps a little superiority. The story will run through about thirteen numbers.



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Mr. NEWLYWED said—"Well, if he keeps such good salt, I guess everything else in his store must be good, so I would do all my trading there, if I were you."

Mrs. NEWLYWED said—"I intend to." 59

O'Keefe's

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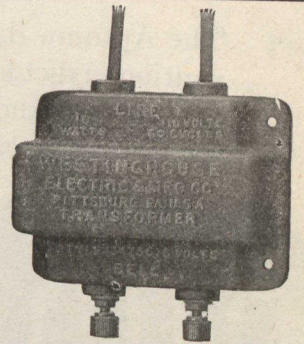
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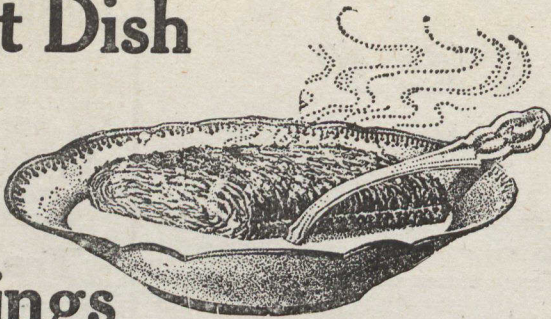
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A Hot Dish For Chilly Mornings



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The Scrap Book

No Likeness.—"Geese are supposed to be symbolic of all that is foolish."

"Well, go on."

"But you never see an old gander hoard up a million kernels of corn and then go around trying to mate with a gosling."—Town Topics.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.—"I expect you to write this interview up to my satisfaction," said the statesman severely.

"All right," chirped the cheerful reporter, "if I don't, I'll come around tomorrow and get your repudiation."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Revenge.—Burglar (in room where a man is sleeping)—"Not a thing worth takin'. Well I'll get even with 'im. I'll set this alarm for four o'clock!"

The Doctor Quit Talking.—A doctor who had a custom of cultivating the lawn and walk in front of his home every spring engaged O'Brien to do the job. He went away for three days, and when he returned found O'Brien waiting for his money. The doctor was not satisfied with his work and said:

"O'Brien, the walk is covered with gravel and dirt, and in my estimation it's a bad job."

O'Brien looked at him in surprise for a moment and replied:

"Shure, doc, there's many a bad job of yours covered with gravel and dirt."—Houston Post.

Naming It.—"Are you troubled with insomnia—sleeplessness?"

"I should say I am. Some nights I don't sleep three hours."

"That so? I've got it awfully bad. I've been afflicted now about two years. The doctor calls it neuris insomnia paralaxitis."

"I've had it about eighteen months, and we call it Ethel."—Ocean View Vidette.

No Chance to Quarrel.

A SPEED maddened motorist took for a mate

A militant young suffragette; When he is in jail she's out—such is fate!

So they're happily married—as yet! —Town Topics.

The Point of View.—Sir Archibald Geikie tells a story of a Scotchman who, much against his own will, was persuaded to take a holiday. He went to Egypt and visited the Pyramids. After gazing for some time at the Great Pyramid he muttered: "Man, what a lot of mason work not to be bringin' in any rent!"

Precaution.—Mr. Pompous (to butler)—"I'm expecting a delegation at twelve o'clock to ask me to run for mayor on the reform ticket."

Butler—"Yes, sir."

Mr. Pompous—"Perhaps it would be well to remove all the best umbrellas from the hat stand!"—Philadelphia Bulletin.

The Post of Duty.—The travelling salesman had four minutes in which to catch his train.

"Can't you go faster than this?" he asked the street car conductor.

"Yes," the bell ringer answered, "but I have to stay with my car."—Life.

Near-Wise.—"Why is it that so few people seem anxious to talk to Mr. Carlington? He seems very well informed."

"That's just the difficulty," answered Miss Dimpleton. "He's one of those dreadful men who know enough to correct your mistakes when you quote the classics, and who don't know enough not to do it."—Washington Star.

Some Help.—"He is a brute."

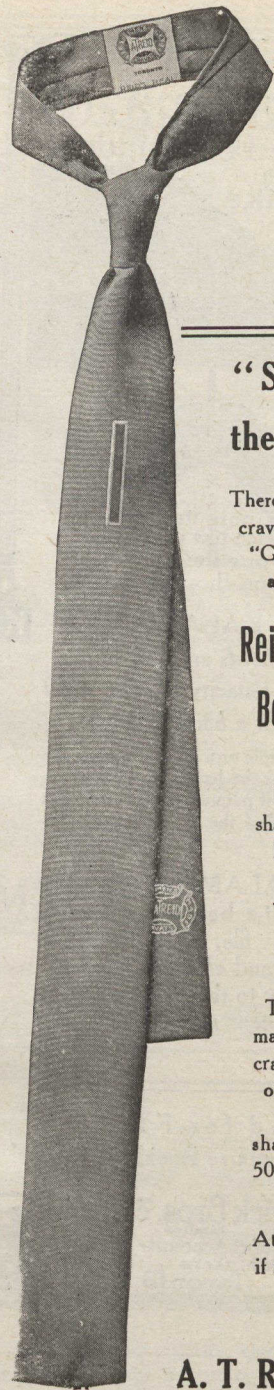
"How so?"

"When she promised to be his wife he said he would do everything in his power to make her happy."

"Well?"

"He spends all of his time at the club!"

"Well, if he is really a brute that ought to help some."—Houston Post.



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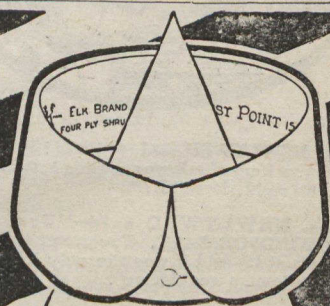
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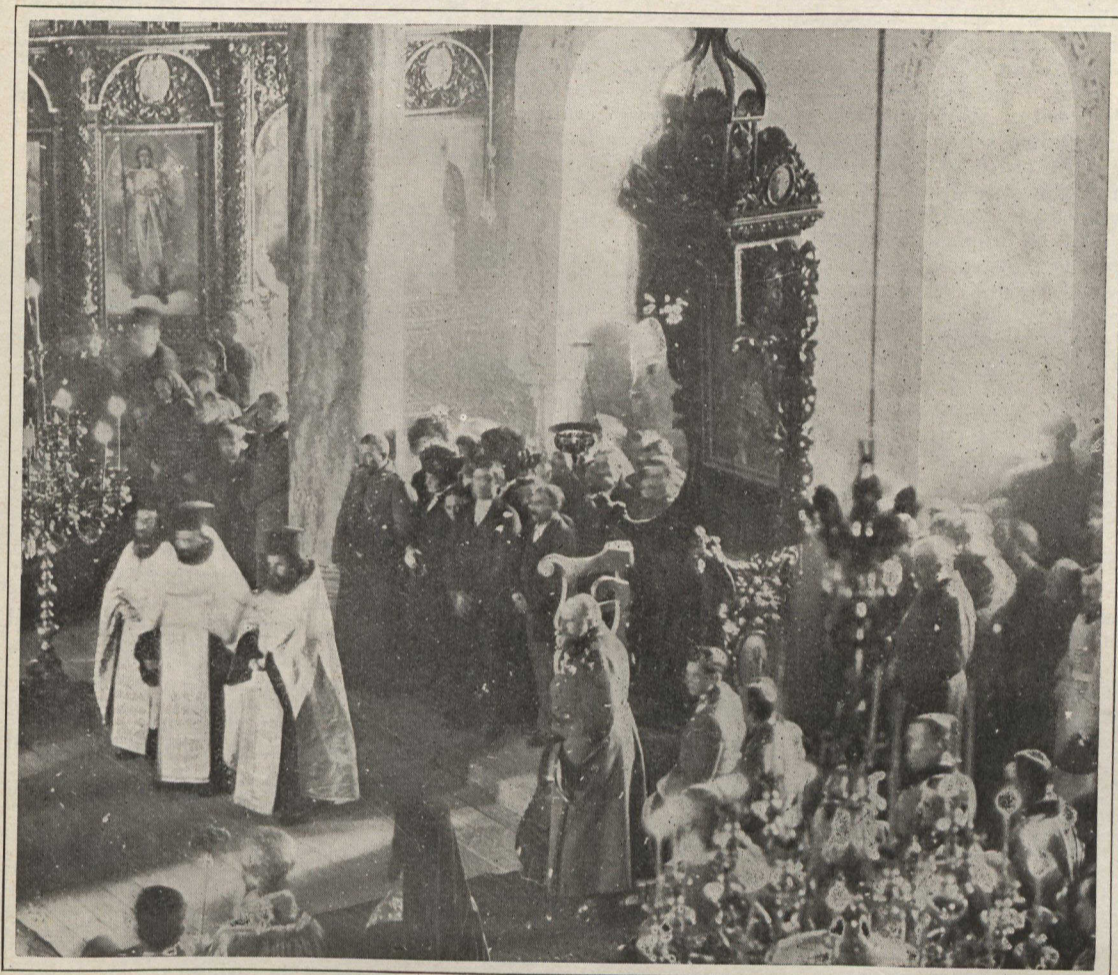


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No. 26

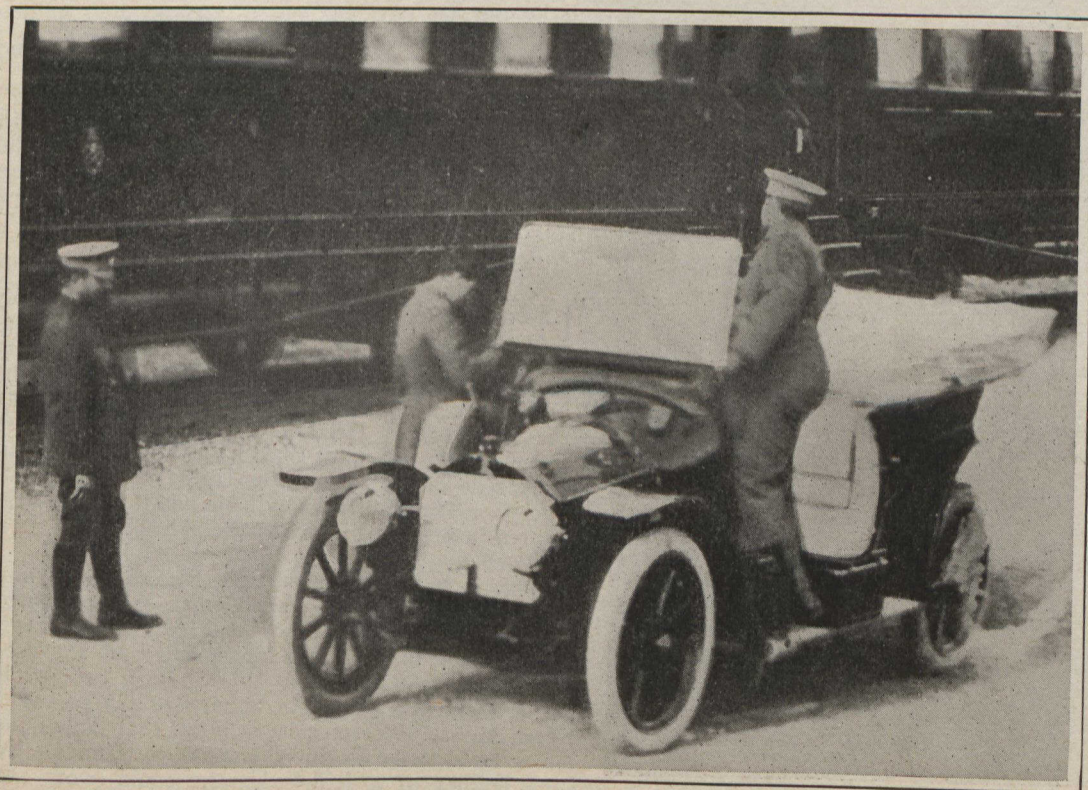
The Dictator of the Balkans



King Ferdinand Attending the Great Te Deum, Held in the Cathedral at Stara Zagora to Celebrate the Bulgarian Victory at Kirk Kilisse. Photos by L. N. A. Staff Photographer.



The King of Bulgaria Among His People—Taking a Stroll in the Town of Stara Zagora.



King Ferdinand in His Automobile, Leaving Stara Zagora for the Scene of Battle. Photo by Topical.

KING FERDINAND of Bulgaria was a junior among junior monarchs when he began to rule Bulgaria in 1887. He was so much a junior at that time that he was entitled only to the name of "Prince." But he was ambitious. He wanted a greater title and, as men are doing all over the world, he set out to get it. He had the preliminary training and he proceeded to make the opportunity. No old-world capitalist or new-world millionaire has ever pursued a goal with more skill, ability, determination and relentlessness than Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria. From being the head of a state tributary to Turkey and dependent for its existence on the say-so of the Great Powers he has made Bulgaria a kingdom. He studied European diplomacy and found favour in almost every court. He studied his own people and he raised them to higher national standards in order that he might raise himself. To-day King Ferdinand has led a victorious army against a worthy foe and defeated that foe in one of the greatest campaigns known to military history. He is a modern representative of Alexander the Great, Charlemagne, and Napoleon. Considering that he had behind him only a nation of five million people the achievement of putting an army of 360,000 men in the field is something out of the ordinary. And this army is well officered and well organized.

Whether we believe in peace or in war we must all recognize that King Ferdinand is playing a tremendous part in the destiny of the European people. When he has driven the Turkish armies into Constantinople and humbled the Ancient Oppressor, it will be his word which will decide as to further peace or war. It will be his attitude toward the Great Powers and his diplomacy which will make new national boundaries and give the key-note to the necessary international adjustments.

Personalities and Problems

18—Hon. Sir Richard McBride

Merely a Car-Window Impression Got from a Very Snapshot Interview

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

SIR RICHARD McBRIDE has once more been in the East conferring with the Government of Canada upon a budget of topics affecting British Columbia and Ottawa. Once more he has been manoeuvred and right-flanked by the newspapers, begirt by hobnobbing politicians and conferenced more or less by Cabinet Ministers. There must be a reason for his popularity in Ottawa. The Premier—nay, the political and democratic dictator of British Columbia—does not come East or cross the Atlantic merely for health or pleasure. When he came back from England last year, a few weeks before the *culbute generale* of September 21, he was connived at by public opinion, some of which whispered through a megaphone that he should be the man to lead the Con—

Selah.

This or any other spontaneous deliverance concerning Sir Richard, who in terse communications signs himself "R. McB.," ought to be somewhat of a psalm. There is no clear way to interpret "Dick McBride" except through the lyric. He is somehow a song and a dance and an exceeding great stimulus in living. He is the luminant, phosphorescent hope-star of the Pacific—this is no mere flamboyancy of journalistic imagination either; for behold what the Premier of all Canada said about him, before he became Premier or his friend, Sir Richard:

"A brilliant young Canadian whose name in British Columbia means to the people of that Province much, if not all, that the name of Sir John A. Macdonald meant and still means to Eastern Canada."

Mr. Borden did not say all that perhaps he thought. And for the matter of that, since his eulogy Sir Richard McBride has become to the political figure he was a year or so ago what a kodak snapshot may become in a moving-picture show. When he is interviewed by the newspapers now it is not merely to say what he thinks or knows about the Pacific Coast; but tersely what the whole of the Pacific Coast thinks about the all of Canada. The Premier of British Columbia is no longer a provincial figure, going out with Irish shillelahs to knock the heads off Liberal oppositionists. He is not merely the most unparalleled Provincial Premier out-boldening and out-generalizing Sir James Whitney. He is not only the Progressive who believes that the surest way to conserve the interests of the Pacific Coast is to develop—without booming—British Columbia. He is a man who thinks continentally and who, when he says something about the Pacific Coast, refers to the problem of a united Canada in the British Empire.

IT is something of an open secret, and one of the amenities of public life nowadays, that Sir Wilfrid Laurier holds Sir Richard McBride in very high regard. The reason is not political. It is personal; and personal in a way that may yet mean a great deal for the future of Sir Richard McBride in public affairs.

And there is a curious parallel between these two leaders who have so many personal qualities in common. Personal magnetism—much-abused word—they both have it outside of politics; charm, affability, a rare smile and a tremendous gravity; aristocracy of bearing; oratory and the knack of deep silence. One French, the other as much Irish; one representing a great race and a province, the other a race less dominant in Canada, and a part of the country fast becoming as important to the whole of Canada in progress as Quebec is in history. And Richard McBride is personally just about the kind of leader now that Sir Wilfrid Laurier was when he became leader of the Liberal party in 1896. He is also a man who, in a country, supposedly mad over the almighty dollar, has no desire to get rich.

He was born in New Westminster, B.C., in the year 1870. That now flourishing metropolis on the Pacific was then about as raw a hamlet as any African village exploited by Rider Haggard. About the time Sir Richard was born, the Province of British Columbia was talking seriously of slipping away from Confederation, unless Vancouver should be tied to Montreal by a transcontinental railway. The young man was taking a course at Dalhousie University in New Brunswick shortly after the C. P. R. got through to Vancouver. In 1890 he

became an L.L.B. In 1892 he was a barrister and began the practice of law in Victoria, B.C. In 1896 he made his first stab at public life by being defeated in the general election for the House of Commons, running for New Westminster. From 1898 till 1907 he was Liberal-Conservative member of the local Legislature for Dewdney, most of that time as Minister of Mines; in 1902 leader of the Opposition; 1903 and until now Premier of the Province.

So he has never been a member of the House of Commons; and since British Columbia has forged ahead so rapidly he has found enough to occupy his talents as Provincial Premier. Now, with an Opposition which the Lieutenant-Governor keeps in a small glass case—what do we find? No longer the need of just one railway; but more railways—and railways with bonds guaranteed at \$35,000 a mile in order to give British Columbia the chance to grow into what she wants to be as the great west gate to the Dominion of Canada. Though just as surely there are critics who say aloud that Sir Richard and his confreres are wasting the life of a Province, caring nothing for posterity.

It's some few years since R. K., of Jungle-Book fame, wrote a couple of luridly melancholy letters about B. C. That was when he probably didn't happen to run across Richard McBride, or he would have blue-pencilled his sibylline pseudo-jeremiads, and reckoned that probably the man who was born and lived there most of his life might know something worth telling hopefully about the country of the west coast.

THIS is all more or less irrelevant prelude to the narrative about Sir Richard and his visit East, last week. He was a few days in Ottawa. He went up to Toronto and expected to be there



More or less plain "Dick McBride."

a couple of days; but he was wired to go home. In Ottawa he gave a syndicated interview to several newspapers both in Ottawa and Montreal. The things he said to and heard from Premier Borden were not published. The interview was mainly about the Navy. But it said nothing about what Sir Richard knows concerning the Admiralty's views and expectations more than he knew when he was over there last year. He knows; but he doesn't tell it. Which is where a Premier differs from an editor.

In Toronto Sir Richard came and went as quietly as Santa Claus. He was at an hotel; but his name was not on the register. None of the newspapers interviewed him. When the writer of this got first glimpse of him he was at lunch in the big dining-room. He was not alone. Two other knights were with him. The page bore him a brief note asking for an equally brief interview. With true democratic *bonhomie* he scrawled in pencil—never bothers with a fountain pen when he's traveling—"Shall try to see you here at 6.30. Thanks. R. McB."

At 6.30 the telephone. Clerk just about to call off the number of the room was suddenly arrested by the 'phone. Took an order—for sundries; room so-and-so—which was the suite occupied by the Premier of British Columbia.

"Oh!" to the interviewer. "Did you want to speak to Sir Richard Cartwright? Number three booth. Yes, he's in."

Details the order to the page.

Just at the moment round the corner swung the compact form of a man who knows unwritten books about the West and the land question. Quite obviously he also must be looking for Sir Richard (but not Cartwright).

"Sorry I can't give you more than a minute by the clock," said the genial, smooth voice of Sir Richard down the 'phone. "I've been on the edge of a round-up all day; very busy now—or will be in about sixty-seven seconds. Glad to see you, though. Come up."

One car behind the other man hunting Sir Richard, the scribe got to the elevator. Third floor up he met the other man getting aboard again and saying to the elevator boy,

"Do you know what room Sir Richard McBride is in?"

"No, sir; I don't know that."

Up he shot two or three floors too high. Meanwhile the interviewer lands at the door of Sir Richard, who opens the door swingingly—a stunning, almost Beau Brummelian figure dressed in the height of comfortable fashion.

"Glad to see you!" he said, genially.

"Sir Richard—there's a man chasing you."

"Yes, I know. He's been telephoning. Where is he now?"

"Several floors too high."

"Oh, he'll be along. Now—what do you want me to say?"

"Well primarily sir, concerning the Navy—?"

There was no time for either to sit down. In fact just as Sir Richard began to say that all he had to say about the Navy he had already given to a ring of newspapers in Ottawa, the telephone tingled again and he said to the lost man,

"Yes, I'm here. Come right up."

HE slipped across the room. Most enviably groomed; brown tweed, black bow and that almost matinee mop of fine silvery hair that might have made him a premier pianist, if he hadn't found other strings even more native to his career than the Irish harp. He has all the native gallantry and chevalier get-up of Shaun Rhue or Brian Boru; something of the inherent poetry of "The harp that once," or The Minstrel Boy. He had that fine, large expressiveness to his mien; the splendid—

Selah.

This is becoming Irish. Sir Richard—oh, many a time he must have smiled when the westerners whacked him on the back and swore they never would Dick him again. He is first and above all things a true son of the West. Irish he may be as a shamrock twined in a harp or the poems of Tom Moore. Western he is in all that makes him what he is to the Pacific Coast and to Canada. Not the feather of a frill—when he could wear the robes of an Irish lord or the garb of a Killarney

poet. Tugged as a miner with a pick and a lantern; trigged as a cow-boy with shaganappi and shaps; or perked up in the elegant severity of swallowtail and bulging dickie at a British banquet; he would still be more or less plain "Dick McBride," able to fetch thrills by his oratory, or to yank off his coat and up with his shirtsleeves and win an election in the name of a progressive British Columbia.

And he has music in his voice; the softest lyric of smooth rhythmical expression; smiles easily, but can look as grave as Home Rule. And such a boy's face; the kind of man that is neither young nor old nor middle-aged, but just at the prime—though he's only forty years of age or so. He never will be properly old. He has the perennial freshness—Selah.

There's no use trying to illustrate Richard McBride in the language of plain, personal prose.

"On the navy question," he said, seeming to glide in curves about the room, "we're united in British Columbia."

"Both political parties—?"

He smiled.

"There's only one party out there—on a basis of efficiency," he said. "But in that country you never can tell what may happen over-night. We're ready for anything. All I have to say about the navy I gave out in Ottawa. They've printed it"—mentioning the papers. "Yes, I came at it from all sides—

East and West."

In this connection what he was summarized as saying in the CANADIAN COURIER last week is worth repeating in brief:

"At Revelstoke he declared: 'Let us shortly be able to lay claim to a regular Canadian army and navy second to none in the world.'

"Sir Richard is not against an emergency contribution. But he would also build up a Canadian navy and a Canadian army. Moreover the British Columbia Conservative Association endorsed his attitude by a special resolution."

This is the pith and the marrow of what he gave out *in extenso* to the Ottawa interviewers, and a summary of which appears at the end of this article.

And by this time the lost man was at the door.

"Come right in. Through in a moment. Uh—?"

"As to the labour question, Sir Richard?"

"Well, we're settling down comfortably. We're as busy as beavers building up but not merely booming the Pacific. We're building in a way that we won't have to tear down in the future—so we hope; doing the best we can by such light as we have."

"But what are you doing with the I. W. W.—the new knights of labour that don't want to work more than three hours a day and aim to tie up all your industries if you don't do thus and so?"

He shrugged with eloquent significance.

"Pff! That has been immensely exaggerated. It is good for yellow copy in some journals. There was a small strike in a railway camp. It is over. I tell you we are too busy to be—"

And Sir Richard was personally quite too busy to be further corraled.

"Come out West and see me," he said at the door. "It's a great country. It really is. Glad to have met you. So long."

SIR RICHARD AND THE NAVY.

(Condensed from his syndicate interview.)

"Nothing that the Prime Minister will evolve in the way of a strong policy of naval defence will be too much to satisfy our province.

"We owe a duty to the State to see that our enormous assets in railways, terminals and ports should have the protection that common decency demands.

"The Pacific Coast is practically defenceless."

"There can be no question of the emergent position that naval affairs have assumed.

"There can be no question of the stand taken by Mr. Churchill in the House of Commons.

"There can be no question but that the Canadian people are beginning to appreciate the situation.

"We are leaning almost entirely on the Mother-

(Concluded on page 23.)

Barnardo Boys and the Immigration Department



One of the Celebrated Barnardo Village Homes in England, Containing the Grave of the Famous Guardian of the Immigrant Boy.

FOR a good many years it has been the fashion among newspapers when political news and other sensations were running low, to knock the Barnardo boy by giving the particulars of something some Barnardo boy did that he should not have done, wherever fate might have placed him in Canada. However, in spite of criticism and all other sorts of discouragement there are in Canada now about 20,000 boys from the Barnardo homes; boys who were orphans by either death, desertion or incompetency of parents, and who had to go somewhere in the world to find something to do for a living. The story of Dr. Barnardo and his boys' homes is too well known to need repeating. There is nothing new about poverty as it comes to this country from England; nothing particularly new about poor boys of non-Canadian birth becoming successful in a new country. There is, however, something of a novelty in the fact that the Immigration Department of the Government of Canada is taking practical interest in these boys. It is worth noting and remembering that the influx of these youngsters with all sorts of handicaps of birth is not regarded as more of a menace to the citizenship of Canada than the incoming of people whose bad tendencies are just about ineradicable because of experience; that the Barnardo boy movement is not any longer a mere philanthropy, but a serious factor in immigration in a country that professedly wants people; and that the Barnardo boy movement may after all be just about as important to this country as the Boy Scout movement concerning which a good deal of palaver is now and then made in public print. The pictures on this page give a feeble illustration of a few phases in this movement. One concerns the musical side of the enterprise—always a strong factor in orphanage work; and the concerts which a corps of boys under the direction of Rev. J. W. Mayers, Senior Deputation Secretary of the institution, are now giving in Canada for the benefit of the fund which cannot always be kept up merely by prayer.

The first concerts were given in Massey Hall on November 10, 11 and 12. The Lieutenant-Governor, the Premier of Ontario and the leader of the Opposition were expected to preside, each in his turn, at one of these meetings. Which need not be alluded to as a phase of Imperialism or any other "ism," but just an example of the interest taken by prominent political people in—Boys.



King Edward House in the New Barnardo Boys' Garden City at Woodford, in Essex.



Band of Musical Barnardo Boys Touring Canada to Raise Funds for the New Canada Dining Hall at Woodford.

Tall Timber Tales

3.—A Cupid in Corduroy

By LLOYD ROBERTS

Drawings by T. M. Grover

YER mightn't think it, sir, but the woods kin learn one an awful heap erbout humans as well as four-legged animals, if yer've a mind to keep yer eye peeled, said Ben Niggs one evening at the camp fire. Yer see every sort of folk gits a hankerin' for a heart-ter-heart talk with Nature some time or other in their unnatural lives, an' as she don't like stuck-up airs or play-actin' a looker-on kin find out more in a week here than a year in town. For instance, I had no idea what a stubborn thing love is when it once gits goin' contrary 'til I was called ter lend a hand in shooin' it into the right pasture, an' now—I'd sooner tote a grand pianee 'cross Bathurst portage than try that stunt again!

It happened up in Trousers Lake, when I was takin' care of a family by the name o' Spraggs. Old Josiah was a hat maker in Danbury, Conn., an' must have been a right smart feller with his hands, judgin' by the amount of dough he'd managed to salt away. Marion, his wife, was afflicted with an enlarged belt-line, a face that looked as if she'd been runnin' too hard and a tongue that set her thinner half to shakin' like a popel leaf. But yer ought ter have seen Sylvaia now, their darter. If I'd been needin' a woman jest then I'd have taken a shot at her myself, for she was prettier than those coloured prints of the royal family yer tack on yer walls. Her shape was jest right—nothin' mean or skimpy, yer understand—an' she'd walk up so close an' smile so sweet when she was talkin' to yer that I'd have ter glue my eyes on my larrigans to keep from gettin' all bust up over her. Not that I set a store of faith in them kind o' girls as a general thing—never havin' seen a real pretty one yet that could bake a decent batch o' bread or raise a family as it should be; while the flat-footed, long-nosed kind seem to have the knack of makin' a fellow comfortable every time.

Sylvaia might have been different. Anyway it weren't strange that such a swell sport as Captain, the honest Fitz-Jones, should have come all the way from Scotland an' his marble halls to sleep in a blanket an' eat my grub when Pa Spraggs sent the invite.

It seems that they'd run up ag'inst his honesty when they was towering the summer before, an' as both parties had something that the other wanted they naturally hit it off great. But the girl, who was the mutual ground on which they met, 'lowed she wouldn't be no burnt-sacrifice for her parents' thirst for blue blood nor Joneses back debts, an' made up her little mind that she'd marry who she derned please. Soon's she heard the soldier an' her was ter hunt big game together she got out her list of steadies an' chose Harris Pottle as the best one of the bunch to save her from her fate. She wasn't sure she was really gone on him, she told me—for she treated me jest like an uncle—but he was such a dear boy an' had such handsome eyes she calated the genuine article wouldn't be long in sproutin'.

"Anyway, Mr. Niggs, he's home-grown an' self-made, an' not one of these here foreign devils who's raised in a hot-house," says she.

"Encourage home industries every time," says I. "I've seen Yankees who was real men; an' anyhow, long's you want this Pottle fellow I'll see yer gits him, or my name ain't Benjamin Niggs. When's he due to show up?"

"I wrote him to git a wiggle on—that is if he still loves me—so it won't be long now," an' she blushes up like a pigeon-berry.

SURE enough, we had only got nicely settled on the north shore o' Trousers Lake when one evenin' I seen smoke risin' on Button Island, an' towin' the girl aside informs her that lover number two was arrived per order an' please what was I ter do erbout it.

"Lie low an' start communicatin' with him. There's no all-fired rush, for the Captain ain't pes-terin' me as yet an' I don't want ter hurt Papa's feelin's unless I has ter."

"Suppose he's in a hurry an' can't wait?" says I. "Don't worry. He's waited a good bit a'ready an' a little more won't harm him none."

"All right, I'll look him over an' tell him you're his ter the death, Miss, an' won't sleep a wink ter-night with him so near."

"How absurd! Say nothing of the kind or yer'll spoil the whole show. Yer see, Mr. Niggs, he's what yer might call a 'dinner resort' in French an'

I don't want ter jump too sudden-like. Give him my compliments an' I hopes he's enjoyin' the best o' health."

"Though I ain't much on heathen lingo, I gather what you're drivin' at," I says, with a wink; an' that very night, soon's I got the chores done up, I slipped off in the canoe ter Button Island.

Tim Dolan meets me on the beach an' makes me acquainted with his sport, who is tall an' lean an' wears yeller silk shirts. He nods stiffly across the fire at me 'til he catches on where I come from, an' then he hops up, takes a dirty lookin' white pipe out of his teeth, an' declares he's mighty glad ter see me.

"What's the word, Niggs?" he whispers.

"I guess she can't stand it much longer," says I, "though her appetite keeps up good."

"Is that vile brute insultin' her with his intentions?"

"I don't give him the chance," I explains. "I stick close as a leech."

"Fine an' dandy. Has Miss Spraggs sent any messages?"

"Ony some compliments, sir, which she says ter tell yer."

"The dear girl. Out with 'em quick."

"Well, first you've got sech handsome eyes she don't see how she can keep from fallin' in love with yer."

"By jove!"

"An' you're jest like a summer resort or a lunch



"She'd walk up so close an' smile so sweet."

counter or somethin'—but whatever it was I could see she meant real well by yer, Mr. Pottle."

He pulled his nose an' stared. "It's French for somethin' good enough to eat, I reckon," says I.

"Does she want me to rescue her to-night?" "Oh, no. She's gone ter bed. You're to keep out o' sight 'til she yells for help."

"Can't I even git a squint at her pretty face?"

"It's too risky. The old man hates yer worse'n pizen, she tells me, an' the soldier was sayin' ony last night how he used ter shoot boars in India. Miss Sylvaia would be awfully cut up if anythin' bad happened to yer, Mr. Pottle."

"You're a trusty feller, Niggs," an' with that he deals me out a tenner an' I fades away.

"Well, sir, two or three days as calm as Sundays went by, an' though I'd keep askin' the girl if she weren't wantin' ter be saved she'd ony shake her head an' say not yet awhile. But I couldn't rest with thinkin' on how her poor beau must be feelin'

with Sylvaia so near an' yet so far, an' every time Jones handed her a hunk o' bread or a biled potato I'd want to pitch him inter the lake for his presumin' manners. It would have needed a husky brute like me ter do it, too, for he was big an' thick an' had a jaw like a prize-fighter's.

Most o' the time he'd keep mum an' let Josiah an' his spouse have the run of the floor, an' when he did speak it was always erbout shootin' or fishin'; an' pretty tall yarns they were, too, sech as catching a five-hundred-pounder on a salmon line, or killin' two brace o' peasants without reloadin' his gun. But once when he'd sneaked the poor girl off a piece an' thought no one was lookin' he dropped his braggin' an' begun slingin' mush erbout her remindin' him of a girl called Dina who he said used to go huntin' in these woods. Sylvaia was so scared she couldn't run away, but jest pulled at the leaves an' turned red. I wasted no time in bustin' from the bushes, I can tell yer.

"Back up, Mr. Jones, you're in the wrong stall," says I. "I've lived in these parts for forty year an' there never was a person by that name yet."

"Dammef!" says he, sharp as a trunk splitin', but knowin' better than ter give me the lie.

"Land, but yer scared me, Ben," cries Miss Spraggs, hidin' how tickled she were ter see me. "Is anything the matter?"

"Nothin' more'n usual; but I thought maybe yer'd be feelin' like a trip ter Button Island erbout this time."

"Not ter-day, thank yer, Ben. It 'pears too much like rain."

Now there weren't a cloud in the sky an' the sun was streamin' down like melted butter, so I seen she was goin' ter try an' stick it out a while longer, bein' that tender-hearted she wouldn't have hurt the feelin's o' a fly, let alone her blamed father.

"It's a dern shame," I tells myself. "Here be these two wastin' away for one another all erlong of Mrs. Spraggs' hankerin' ter dine off golden plates with a butler servin' the apple sass an' sow-belly, an' not carin' a jig-saw whether her darter hitches up with her infinity or not. I daresent argue with her, but maybe I kin show the two fellers up in a way that'll make her think."

SO'S soon as I'd seen Sylvaia safe at the camp I snooked off ter talk with Pottle. He was gittin' awful peevish an' went so far as ter say that he didn't believe she really loved him anyhow.

"Do yer reckon I'd be workin' my head off ter give her to yer," says I, "if she weren't cryin' her poor eyes out for yer? It's her soft heart that's retardin' her affection, an' though a run-away match would be more excitin' I fear we'll have ter arrange a plain ordinary kind."

"Yer don't know the old folks, Ben," says he, sad an' low.

"Everyone's got a patch o' horse-sense somewhere erbout 'em, an' when yer once win their love an' gratitude they'll think yer jest great, Mr. Pottle."

"An' how do yer propose ter work this bloomin' miracle?"

"Leave it ter me, sir. To-morrow, erbout six in the afternoon, you go up to the head o' the left leg o' this lake an' wait 'til I come for yer."

"I'll do anything yer say, I'm that miserable," says he.

That night I talked erbout nothin' but b'ars an' how they was thick as blueberries that season, until Jones got so worked up he swore he'd murder a bunch o' 'em next day.

"They're that fat an' tame that all you've got ter do is ter sit on a log an' shoot 'em when they rub ag'in yer. It's a regular picnic alongside o' those tiger hunts you've been tellin' of, Mr. Jones—where the ladies join in the fun."

Then Miss Spraggs begs to accompany us, an' fore long it's settled that the whole crew will light out for b'ars—which was just what I was playin' for.

We started at the first peep o' dawn, with baskets an' pillows an' guns, an' walked 'til Mrs. Spraggs got mad an' declared she'd not take another step. "This is as good a spot as any," says I. "Make yerselves at home an' we'll be chawin' on a b'ar steak presently."

But somehow it seemed ter be an off day for game an' none came our way, though we sat around still as stumps 'til noon. After we'd ate our lunch

an' ma and pa Spraggs had fallen ter snoozin', the soldier gits huffy an' starts pokin' erbout in the underbrush, thinkin' maybe the b'ars are scared to come out.

"Don't lose yerself," says I. "There's been a heap of tenderfoots misled in these parts an' ate by the varmint."

"I'll risk it," says the fool, an' then off he hikes.

By the time the sun is goin' down the party is growin' awful anxious for fear the Honest Jones will never return, an' finally I says I reckon I'd better go an' hunt him up if he's still in the land o' the livin'.

Soon's I'd won from sight I circled west an' struck for the lake, an' in twenty minutes broke out on the shore where Pottle was smokin'.

"It's workin' like a charm," I cries, spankin' the sport on the back. "In two hours the whole Spraggs' crowd will be hangin' ter yer neck."

"What have yer-gone an' done ter 'em?" he asks.

"Left 'em to lose 'em-selves or be devoured by squirrels, while I'm off huntin' for Jones, who was in sech an infernal hurry he wouldn't wait ter git mislaid with the rest."

Pottle shone right up at this news, gave away a fifty-cent cigar, an' invites me to his weddin'. The waitin' came awful hard on him, though, for soon's the night squated down as black as ink he got scared stiff that his dear Sylvaia might come ter harm an' kept wantin' ter rush straight off to the rescue. I had hard work to hold him back.

"You must always give medicine a chance ter work," says I. "The hatter might be softened by

now, but that hefty Maria will take a heap o' bilin' fore she's tender enough ter swaller. As for the darter, she's gritty as a sand-bar an' feared o' nothin'. Hold tight 'til the moon's up."

Well, sir, it got mighty cold toward midnight, an' we darsent make a fire, an' the flask was dry, an' altogether it were one o' the worst times I've put in. If Sylvaia hadn't been so real pretty I guess



"It's me, it's me! Don't shoot, yer honesty!" I yells.

I'd have give up the wait an' hiked off ter bed.

But finally the moon sailed inter the sky like a big shiny dish-pan an' we started off ter rescue the missin' ones. When we drew nigh the spot I'd left 'em Pottle takes the lead, so's it'll look as if he'd stumbled on 'em accidental like, while I makes ready ter duck for cover. There weren't no need for caution, though, for the glade were empty, except for bits o' paper an' bread crumbs.

"They can't have gone far," I whispers. "Spread out an' hunt for their tracks."

But Pottle was one of these blamed tenderfeet who can't tell a bull-frog from a bull-finch an' besides is scared stiff we'll git parted, so I had ter do all the huntin' myself. I don't see no call in harpin' on sad things, an' will only say that we two spent the whole derved night bumpin' our noses inter trunks an' fallin' over roots without spyin' hide nor hoof of the Spraggs. Both o' us soon lost our good-upbringin' an' genteel airs, but Pottle carried on badder than me, declarin' that I was no better than a murderer an' he'd never see his true love more. Jest as if I was ter blame when I was doin' it all fer him!

When it begun ter git light we dropped it an' started back ter the tents, decidin' ter feed up fore we renewed the search. As we paddled up ter the campin' ground I seen something hangin' erbout the fire-place an' pints 'em out ter Pottle.

"They're ony clothes," he snarls.

"They're Joneses," says I. "How in Jerusalem did the sucker manage ter do it!"

But my surprise weren't nothin' alongside o' what I felt later when I'd rushed up ter the Spraggs' tent an' heard three different kind o' snores leakin' out the door.

"Glory be ter Peter, they've all come back!" I cries as loud as I dare.

"They sure have, yer puddin'-headed son o' a sea-cook," says he, sort o' rude like, an' springin' inter his canoe paddles off like mad.

When some time later Miss Sylvaia emerged with
(Continued on page 28.)

Dr. Aram Kalfian

Our New Serial Story—By EFFIE ADELAIDE ROWLANDS

CHAPTER I.

ROSE-COLOURED GLASSES.

RICHARD EMBERSON (always known as Dick), of Ardwell Court, in the county of Sussex, was a tall, handsome young man of about twenty-five; able on his father's side to count his ancestors back in an unbroken line to Norman William; and showing his descent by that air of breeding which still lingers amongst a few of our old English families; whilst from his dead mother he had inherited the dark hair and dark grey eyes with black lashes which spoke so unmistakably of Irish blood. From the same source he had inherited a sunny temperament, which made him popular alike with men and women. That there were slumberous depths in his nature, depths at present unsounded, was a fact as yet guessed by few.

Fifty years before our story opens the Court, with its surrounding property, had passed into the hands of strangers. It was not entailed, and Dick's grandfather, Lewin Emberson, seeing, partly through his own folly and partly through the knavery of others, ruin stare him in the face, had been compelled to sell it. Only the previous year the estate had come once more into the market, and there had been great rejoicings throughout the county when the news spread that the son of the original owner, Dick's father, had bought it back again. How this turn of Fortune's wheel had come about none knew exactly; the wildest rumours were afloat, but the fact remained. Carlton Emberson was master in the home of his ancestors, and the old friends of his family rallied round him.

Of all those who offered their congratulations none were more sincere in their expressions of joy than Colonel Anerley. His property adjoined the Emberson's; he and Dick's father had played as boys together, and though they had seen but little of each other during the intervening years, and

the master of the Hall had developed into a grave and taciturn man, who seemed to care for no company but his own, the old feeling of friendship was, on the Colonel's side at least, as strong as ever.

Dick had come upon him this afternoon on the verandah of the house, a roomy construction on which the Anerleys spent, during the summer, a large portion of their time. It overlooked the well-kept lawns and garden which were the pleasure and pride of their owner's life, or one of them, I should say, for the first to be so counted was certainly his only child, Enid, for whose hand the young man was now pleading. In person, Colonel Anerley was tall and thin, and had the sparse hair and yellow skin of one who has been for years exposed to the fiery heat of a tropical sun. Reclining in a big wicker-chair, with a cigar in his mouth and a heap of papers and magazines by his side, he looked at this moment a picture of lazy comfort.

WHEN Dick announced abruptly the object of this particular visit, Colonel Anerley did not seem perturbed. Dick Emberson and Enid Anerley had been close companions for some time.

"I can't say I am exactly surprised! Those Irish eyes of yours, Dick, are too eloquent to keep their secret. The very first time you and my little girl met I guessed what was coming." He heaved a long sigh.

"Have you anything against me, sir?" asked Dick, anxiously. "I quite thought you would be glad."

"Glad at the prospect of losing the sunshine of my life! Glad at the thought of long, dull years unenlivened by my Enid's merry laugh and joyous presence! Young man, you don't know what you are talking about!" cried the Colonel. "There's my friend, Ralph Shakerly, with six plain daughters; if you were to take one of those off his hands, he might be glad; but Enid is my one ewe lamb; and I hope to keep her a few years longer by me. And yet in a sense," he continued, "I am glad, for there

is no one I would sooner call son-in-law than you, Dick."

He stretched out his hand as he spoke, and the young man gripped it with a vigour which must have been absolutely painful. The Colonel, however, bore it stoically, and smiled as if well pleased at the other's ardour.

"Did Enid know you were coming this afternoon, Dick?"

The young man nodded. "Oh, yes; she knew all about it," he answered, joyfully. "We settled last night that I should come at four to make my proposal in due form."

"Oh, did we! Then I am no longer surprised at Enid's unusual reluctance to accompany her mother this afternoon, nor that she almost melted into tears at the prospect of a round of duty calls. No; it's of no use your looking, my friend," he continued, with an amused smile, as he saw the young man's eyes roaming round the garden in eager search. "Mary carried the child off in spite of her protestations; and they won't be back for some time yet, so you will have to put up with my company. Awful, isn't it?" he remarked, sympathetically, as Dick's radiant face fell several degrees.

The young man laughed.

"Ah, you know just what I feel, don't you, Colonel? You have been through it yourself in your time?"

"Perhaps I have," was the reply; "but you can't expect an old, dried-up mummy of a half-pay officer to remember such follies; they are lost in the mists of antiquity. What does your father say, Dick, to this affair?"

"He is delighted, sir. I wanted him to accompany me; but he said he did not feel well enough; he sent his kindest regards to you, his old friend, and hoped you would excuse the remissness of a semi-invalid, and would come and talk the matter over with him?"

"I will come to-morrow morning," said the

Colonel. "What is it that ails your father, Dick?"

"That is just what I can't tell you," replied the young man, taking a chair and a cigar from the box the other pushed towards him; "he utterly refuses to consult a doctor, says he can treat himself best; but I am not at all satisfied about him. He has changed so during the last year, is so aged and saddened; it seems unnatural in a man who has just realized the dream of his life—the regaining of his old home."

"Re-action!" suggested his companion. "For years he has been screwed up to concert-pitch—brain and body alike taxed to their utmost powers. Now his work is accomplished, he collapses. It is not surprising, after all."

"I suppose not," answered Dick, meditatively.

"When I think of your father," continued the Colonel, a smile upon his lips, "I always recall two scenes. They were stamped upon my mind so vividly that I shall not forget them to my dying day. The first was fifty years ago, when he said good-bye to his old home. He was only a boy of fifteen then, and I was five years his senior. The carriage was at the door to take them to the station. Mrs. Emberson, poor lady, was sobbing bitterly. The old squire looked as if he had had his death stroke—Carlton was white as a ghost, but his lips were set with a dogged resolution, and his eyes gleamed with an almost uncanny fire. He turned to me and pointed with his finger to the old grey pile. 'It shall be mine again some day, Harry,' he said, 'I swear it!' I believed him then, I believed in him all through. Years fled by; I was out in India; now and again I heard your father spoken of, as a good man of business, a keen speculator, a daring financier. When my father died I retired from the Army and settled down here. Eighteen months ago I heard privately that the adjoining property was shortly coming in to the market again. With some difficulty I found out my old friend's whereabouts, and told him the news. 'My God!' he exclaimed, 'it has come five years too soon!' The despair in his face, Dick, haunted me for weeks after. I was powerless to help him, for, you know, I am by no means a rich man, although Enid will be in her small way an heiress one of these days. I returned home saddened and dispirited, and I heard no more of your father. In due course the property was sold, and for a few days no one knew to whom. You can judge my amazement and delight when at last the name of the purchaser leaked out, and you can see also by this what an immense strain there must have been upon him. By what almost superhuman exertion he overcame his difficulties, I don't know; but it has left a mark upon your father, Dick, which only years can efface."

"I wish he would take me more into his confidence," said the young fellow, wistfully. "He has been the best of fathers to me; and yet, do you know, Colonel, I can talk more freely to you than I can to him. Ah!" with an exclamation of delight, as a pretty little pony-chaise came up the drive, drawn by two fat ponies, and containing two ladies, the younger of whom fluttered her handkerchief gaily towards him. "Here they are at last!"

In a couple of bounds Dick was by the side of the pony-chaise, helping first Mrs. Anerley, then Enid to alight. The second operation seemed somewhat complicated and lengthy, needing heads close together, and an arm round the lady's waist. A groom who came running from the stables at the sound of wheels on the gravel path, and stood at the ponies' heads, turned aside to hide an indiscreet smile, and Mrs. Anerley flashed a swift glance of laughing interrogation up at her husband. He nodded, and she tapped Enid, now on terra firma, playfully upon the shoulder.

"Sly boots!" she said, reproachfully. "Why, instead of making excuses, did you not tell me the truth so that I might have stopped at home to receive my future son-in-law!"

Enid blushed divinely, and answered with a touch of demure roguishness, "I thought perhaps he might alter his mind at the last moment."

The punishment this remark would have undoubtedly drawn upon her was deferred for a time, whilst Mrs. Anerley folded Dick in her arms and shed a few joyful tears. As the embraced one emerged, Colonel Anerley came to the rescue.

"Mary, dear," he said, drily, "if you want to weep, my shoulder is at your service. Dick is burning to tell Enid what a flinty-hearted parent I have shown myself. Be off with you, young people. I give you half-an-hour to exchange confidences."

CHAPTER II.

A RUDE AWAKENING.

THE first post next morning brought for Richard Emberson, Esq., a letter which shaded with a misty grey the rose-coloured glasses through which

the young man had seen life the night before. It was written in a bold, feminine hand, and ran thus:

"MY DEAR DICK,—Come up to town to-day; I must see you at once! No excuses! My business concerns one who is near and dear to you, and is in deadly peril. If you turn a deaf ear you will rue it to the last day of your existence.

"DENISE ALSTON."

Those who knew best the careless *debonair* Dick Emberson would scarcely have recognized that gentleman as he drove up in a hansom some hours later to a big house in Grosvenor Square. His young face looked white and strained, as if he had nerved himself for an unpleasant task, and his well-shaped mouth was set with a grim determination altogether new to his character.

THERE are few ordeals more terrible to a man—who holds all the weaker sex in tender reverence than to have to administer the *coup de grace* to hopes which have never been framed into words; but which, nevertheless, he knows, he feels, have been centred in him. However much, or little, he may have been to blame, the fact remains, a woman's heart has gone out to him, and he must brutally thrust it aside. And this Dick felt; he must confess that what he had once taken for love had been but a boyish admiration which had faded into obscurity and oblivion when he met the real



Dr. Aram Kalfian.

passion of his life, the girl whose sweet personality caused all the tenderest chords of his nature to vibrate, like harp strings swept by a skilful hand.

"One who is near and dear to you, and is in deadly peril." That line had drawn him to London against his will—for his thoughts flew straight as an arrow to Enid, and though he mentally scoffed at the idea of a possible danger existing for her, though he felt convinced in his mind that it was only a woman's ruse to ensure his coming, he dared not disregard the threat with which the letter closed.

"She suspects something, or has heard something, and is determined to know all. Well, it is perhaps best that she should hear the truth at once, though I would rather, far rather, it had not to be from my lips!"

In this wise had Dick Emberson's reflections run as he unwillingly obeyed the peremptory-worded summons of one who a year before would have needed no threat to draw him to her side. He had not believed in the written warning; yet when Mrs. Alston, trailing her long, black skirts over the velvet-pile carpet, advanced to receive her visitor with outstretched hands and a welcoming smile upon her lips, the words "deadly peril," seemed to ring in his ears like a burst of mocking laughter, and his face reddened with a sudden anger. A few lines of explanation as to the position and antecedents of the writer of that warning, *bona fide* or otherwise, which had brought him so swiftly into her presence, is perhaps here necessary.

Mrs. Alston was a widow, whose husband had died some six months before the opening of this story. Of French extraction, she had been married at seventeen to a wealthy English banker. That he was thirty years her senior had not counted in her parents' eyes against the other undoubted advantages of the match: had scarcely indeed counted

with Denise herself. Her husband was a well-preserved man for his age; he could and did lavish upon her all the comforts and luxuries that oil the wheels of life; and, after the first two years of matrimony, was content to go his way and allow her to go hers.

Mrs. Alston's dark and piquante beauty, enlivened by all a Frenchwoman's wit and audacity, had made her one of the most popular of London hostesses; but no breath of calumny had ever sullied her fair name. Her only son was counted amongst the most promising men of his day at Oxford. Although Denise had told herself sometimes, with a sigh, that her life had been incomplete because her youth had passed unbeautifully by the glamour of romance, she was still fairly content with her lot until one day her boy brought in his friend and college chum, Dick Emberson. The latter was fascinated by her wit and charm; she had for him the subtle attraction that an older woman so often possesses for a very young man; he became a constant visitor at the house in Grosvenor Square, and, without warning, the love of her life came to Mrs. Alston.

When she realized the true nature of the passion which, under the guise of friendship, had stolen into her heart, as a thief enters a house under cover of darkness, she was appalled and humiliated in her own eyes. But she was a woman of strong principles and stronger pride; even in the first hour of weakness and despair which followed her discovery of the truth she never faltered in her resolution to be true at any cost to her marriage vows. She must send Dick from her, she decided—she must deny herself the sight of the face which had grown so perilously dear to her, that it came betwixt her and her prayers—betwixt her and the thought of her son, who had hitherto reigned supreme in her affections.

One parting interview she had had with Dick Emberson; he thought himself, poor boy, madly in love, and had pleaded hard against the sentence of banishment pronounced against him; it seemed to him both unnecessary and cruel. Finding it impossible to shake her firm resolve, he had lost his temper and railed against her heartlessness—her selfishness. She heard him to the end in silence, then with white face and quivering lips, replied—

"Do you not think it is hard enough for me, Dick, to do what I know to be right, without your making it harder still by useless reproaches. If you love me truly, should you not rather help me to resist my own weakness?"

This appeal had touched all the latent manhood of Dick's nature. Without further protest, with only a grip of the hands and a muttered, "God bless and keep you!" he had passed out of Denise Alston's life, leaving her sorrowing.

HE thought himself at first broken-hearted, and was surprised to find as days passed that he was able to take still a keen pleasure in existence. Then he met Enid Anerley; gazing into her blue eyes, he saw heaven itself mirrored in their clear depths, and learnt gradually to distinguish between light and darkness, between true love, which has an element of the divine, and that stirring of the senses so often mistaken for the one sacred emotion which comes to most sooner or later, but to some, alas! too late! When he reflected that it might have been too late for him; he felt that he owed Denise Alston a debt of eternal gratitude for having saved him from his own folly, for having sent him from her side; but young love is selfish and all engrossing, and little by little she passed completely from his mind.

When her husband died, through his friend, Ted Alston, he sent a polite message of sympathy to the widow, but he made no attempt to see her personally; he told himself it was wiser not. For the last three months he had never given Denise Alston a thought till her letter came filling him with a sudden uneasiness—an instinctive fear for his newborn happiness.

"You look ill, my friend. What have you been doing with yourself all this long time that you have neglected me so shamefully?"

Though the words contained a reproach, Denise's fine eyes rested upon him with a caressing warmth, and taking his two hands in hers she drew him towards the sofa and placed herself by his side. There had been a time when the faint perfume of her hair would have sent his pulses beating to a wild gallop; but that time had fled for ever; had she been withered and ugly, instead of a woman still beautiful, and desirable, her proximity could not have moved him less.

"Have you brought me here only to ask that question?" he asked, grimly, holding himself somewhat stiffly aloof.

(Continued on page 20.)

Music in Nova Scotia

By VEN. ARCHDEACON ARMITAGE

THE story of the rise and development of the art of music in Nova Scotia would take us back to the earliest settlement of the Province. The Acadians were a music-loving people; the first English settlers were a cultured race; the German element was richly endowed; there was music in their spirit and in their blood; the Loyalists were the cream of the American colonies, possessing in many cases more than ordinary refinement; while the Scottish and Irish settlers brought with them that Celtic characteristic, the love of the lyric muse.

Halifax was the first English musical centre of British America. When Cornwallis founded the town in 1749, there came with him a brilliant young Irish officer of dragoons, Richard Bulkeley, as his aide-de-camp, a gentleman of culture and refinement, and one who as King's Messenger had a large and varied experience. Bulkeley was the first choir leader and organist of St. Paul's Church. Richard Bulkeley may well be called the father of music in Nova Scotia. There was an organ in St. Paul's as early as 1762, which gave place later to a fine instrument, built in Spain for a South American convent, and brought to Halifax as a prize of war. This organ is still in the Province, at North Sydney, and is in constant use.

The influence of the church in the promotion of musical culture is not always given a true place. There is nothing invidious in the statement, that St. Paul's Church, Halifax, has occupied a pre-eminent place in promoting the study of good music. As early as 1769, an Oratorio was performed in St. Paul's Church, to the great delight of the music-lovers of the day. The Philharmonic Society was composed of the leading citizens, augmented by officers of the Army and Navy. The Society had the exclusive privilege of occupying the organ loft of St. Paul's in 1826. There are some interesting touches in the Parish records. In 1770 the Clerk was censured by the Vestry, for leaving his place in the three-decker pulpit, and going to the gallery to sing anthems. The organist was also blamed, the quaint, minute runs he "discovered a light mind in the tunes played called voluntaries, and he was ordered to play solemn tunes as voluntaries, and Psalm tunes in a familiar manner without unnecessary graces." This was evidently a live subject for a long time, for in 1799 it was resolved: "That the Anthems as now performed during divine service are perfectly consistent with the true spirit of devotion, and that the same be continued with the approbation of the commanding officer."

THERE is still preserved as a treasured heirloom of St. Matthew's Church, the famous "Church Fiddle," which was used in the eighteenth century to lead the singing in the home of the Presbyterians and Congregationalists long known as St. Mather's Church.

In the long and varied history of the Garrison City, many military bands have come and gone, leaving only the memories of the splendid music they have discoursed throughout the years.

"Music, when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory."

We have enjoyed the playing of some of the most famous bands in the British army. It has been an ordinance from early times that the regimental band should play on the Grand Parade every Saturday morning. This has led to quite a fashionable gathering, as ladies out for their shopping and marketing, have made the Saturday morning band concert quite a function. At present we have the privilege of listening to the band of the Royal Canadian Regiment, generally acknowledged to stand without a rival in the Dominion. Band-master Ryan is justly proud of his fine band. Lt. Ryan is a Canadian, and we are proud of him.

It is only just to say that the militia bands have done good service. The 66th bears a splendid reputation, and is a great favourite with the citizens. The 63rd have also a good band, and their Scottish pipers are quite famous. St. Patrick's band renders popular music with much acceptance.

Halifax people have always had a fondness for band music,



Miss Agnes Crawford, Conductor of Orchestra, Ladies' Musical Club, Halifax.



Mrs. C. Aubrey Bullock, Graduate Royal Conservatory, Leipsic.

and have developed quite a classical taste, with which thoughtless visitors find fault, and cry out for the more popular but less edifying music of other centres.

The Orpheus Club is an active and most ambitious organization with a large and influential member-

ship, which includes the great body of music-loving people. It has a history of thirty years of most successful work behind it, but looks forward to even greater things in the future. If greater things are to be done, there will be needed a large amount of very hard work. For in the thirty years of its existence the Orpheus Club has covered most of the great things in music, all the notable Oratorios and Cantatas, and a large repertoire of the best things in sacred and secular song. The Club has also brought to Halifax some of the best soloists in Canada and the United States. The most famous conductor of the Club was Mr. C. H. Porter, who has also the honour of being its founder, and who gave to it a zeal and energy beyond all praise. He had high ideals, and expressed them.

The present Conductor is Mr. Harry Dean, a graduate of Leipsic, and of the Royal College of Organists, a thoroughly capable musician at the head of the Halifax Conservatory of Music. The new President is Mr. William Dennis, of the Halifax Herald, who has always taken a deep interest in musical matters. Mr. Dennis will doubtless bring to bear on the Club his enthusiasm, and will be a great strength from the executive standpoint. There is a strong body of supporters. The services of Mr. Piers are invaluable. Mr. W. R. McCurdy has given much time and thought to the affairs of the Club. Lt. Warde, of the "Niobe," brings an infusion of new blood to the committee.

The programme of work for this season is an excellent one, consisting of Elgar's "Light of Life," a concertized edition of Faust Lloyd's "Hero and Leander." There will also be a whole week of opera at the close of the season. The Club will bring to Halifax at least three eminent soloists: Mrs. Grace Bonner Williams, Mr. Frederick Martin, and Pugdin, the English tenor.

There is a general desire that a larger measure of co-operation should exist in connection with our musical organizations. It may not be possible to secure complete organic unity, but some sort of federation is much to be desired. There is much to be gained and nothing to be lost by willing co-operation. It need not interfere with a healthy rivalry.

A LARGE number of our singers excel in light opera. Chief Surgeon Bell, of the "Niobe," not only sings well, but is a good conductor. Mrs. Cyril Clarke is a most skilful accompanist, and takes many parts with charming effect. Mr. Felix Quinn is a great favourite, as is Lieut. Fawcett Bell, of the "Niobe," a new addition to our musical life. Mrs. Geo. Roberts possesses a rich voice, which is greatly admired. Mrs. Beck is a leader in many parts.

Halifax is especially strong in orchestral music, and its people delight in this form of music, and give it encouragement.

There are few more practical organizations in our Canadian musical world than "The Ladies' Musical Club." It has been in existence for some years, and has rendered splendid service to its own members, and to the community at large. It is now presided over by Miss Kate Mackintosh, of the Halifax Academy staff, and organist of the Brunswick Street Methodist Church, fondly called "the Maritime Cathedral of Methodism." Miss Mackintosh is an enthusiast, and carries a strong will into her work. She is ably seconded by Mrs. J. McD. Taylor, the leading contralto of St. Matthew's Choir, who possesses a voice of great power, which is most justly admired. She has associated with her Miss E. Page, who has done much to bring true musical ideals to bear upon the young life of Halifax, through her chosen profession. Miss A. Crawford, the conductor of the orchestra, has laid all music-lovers under a debt of obligation, by bringing to Halifax a number of leading artists, of whom we need only mention Nordica and Bispham. Mrs.

H. B. Hagarty, the conductor of the chorus, has been a leader in vocal music, her rich voice being everywhere admired. Miss Margaret White, one of the founders of the Club, has brought to the Society a careful musical training, and has few equals as an accompanist. The membership includes a number of talented musicians, in every department of music. The Club owes much to two ladies who have given its officers and members most efficient help: Mrs. Charles Archibald, its founder, who brings to it a rich musical taste, and Mrs. Kennedy Campbell, who is unexcelled in the rendition of the

(Concluded on page 26.)



Miss Ada F. Ryan, Director, Ladies' Musical Club.



Mr. W. R. McCurdy, Three Years President Orpheus Club, Halifax.



Miss Margaret White, Accompanist, Ladies' Musical Club.



Eighth Annual Banquet of the Canadian Club of New York held at the Hotel Astor November 12th. Among the Chief Guests were Colonel the Hon. Sam Hughes, Sir Alexander Lacoste, Sir Edmund Walker, Sir Robert Williams and Mr. A. S. Goodeve.

New York Canadian Club's Banquet

By NORMAN S. RANKIN

"THERE are 25,000 Canadians in New York city, and 135,000 in New York state."

With this remark, Mr. T. Kennard Thomson, President of the Canadian Club of New York, opened the Club's eighth annual banquet at the Astor Hotel, on Tuesday evening, November 12th last. I couldn't help thinking of Superintendent of Immigration Scott's recent statement to me in Ottawa that of the 133,710 that crossed the international boundary into Canada last year, 19,384 were returned Canadians. Evidently they did not repatriate themselves from the State of New York, but came from the middle Atlantic and Western States; the potent and irrefutable fact remains, however, that they came back and with them brought 114,326 others. This most conclusively proves that Senator Smoot, of Utah, was right when he said, at the recent International Irrigation Congress, in Salt Lake, "No amount of patriotism or sentiment will prevent a man from going where he can better his condition."

The New York Canadian Club's banquet was as brilliant as a Gotham affair of this character can be, and was attended by every loyal Canuck in the city. From Ottawa, Toronto, Montreal, Kingston and other Canadian cities came many of the Dominion's most prominent public and business men. In the Red Room, on the eighth floor of the famous old Astor hostelry, over 300 members and guests did honour to the maple leaf and to the good things and excellent programme provided.

Following the president's opening remarks, and after letters of regret at inability to attend had been read from the Governor-General, the Duke of Connaught, Premier Sir Robert L. Borden and Theodore Roosevelt, Colonel Sam Hughes responded in a typical warlike manner. "As the only representative of the Dominion Government who has really nothing to do," he said, "I have the pleasure and honour of being with you this evening."

"How much logic and how much time would it take to bring certain peoples to respect the rights of Christian nations; it took years in the Soudan before bloodshed ceased, but now, I may say, life is as safe in the Soudan as in New York or Canada. I do not know that the bayonet ever took second place in civilizing humanity. When we think of the thousands of miles of international boundary that

separates our two countries, and that not a fort, or a gun or a defence of any character on land, or a warship on the great lakes, is in evidence, we may well rejoice in the pleasing fact that the century of uninterrupted peace between this country and Canada will soon be celebrated."

Speaking of a closer alliance between Canada and the United States he concluded his address by saying, "There is no possibility of trouble between your country and the Dominion. I remember that when some one asked the English admiral at Manila Bay what would happen if Germany helped the Spaniards, his quiet reply was, 'Only Dewey and I know.'"

Sir Edmund Walker, president of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, followed Col. Hughes, and was much applauded.

"It is a great thing for the British nation that it delegated some of its British sovereignty as regards local matters, to the various components of the Empire; the time is coming when we will ask Great Britain for a part in the government of the British Empire. We will ask to have a hand in it as an integral part of the British Empire; if ever England should fall from her greatness as head of the British Empire, there would be another great Anglo-Saxon nation to take her place and show the noblest civilization that the world has yet seen."

ADDRESSES were given by the Hon. A. S. Goodeve, of the Dominion Railway Commission; Ernest Thompson-Seton, President W. C. Brown, New York Central; the Rev. D. M. Gordon, Principal Queen's University, Kingston; John Galbraith, Dean of the University of Toronto; C. W. Barron, publisher of the Wall Street Journal and Boston News Bureau, and others, while Mrs. A. A. Watts favoured the assembly by reciting two of Robert Service's poems in an able manner.

Speaking on the recent reciprocity issue, Mr. Barron, referring to Canada, said that a lady was never offended by a repeated proposal, although she might be too abruptly approached. He hoped for this reciprocity and felt that it ultimately would come, and that when Miss Canada had ample time to more deeply consider the proposal, she might not again refuse; even if she did, the gentleman could not do better than repeat his proposal again and

again. At last he would get the desired answer.

The Canadian Club of New York was organized in 1901, by Mr. W. T. Robson, now of Montreal, who was its first president. The conception in the formation of the club was to unite the younger Canadian element for instruction and enjoyment, and while both instruction and enjoyment were prominent at the eighth annual banquet, the younger generation were not. This, however, is explained in the fact that most of them have probably returned to the land of their birth and gone west with the tide of fortune. Many of those who have remained in this land of their adoption have made notable successes. The Canadian Club has done a good work in New York not only in uniting the Canadian residents of the metropolis, but in bringing forcibly to the attention of American citizens the wonderful progress and development of Canada.

All of the various Canadian Clubs across the great Dominion have, at different times, honoured the statesmen, travellers, literary men and inventors with banquets, but it remained for the Calgary Club to thus first honour Seager Wheeler, who won the prize at the N. Y. Land Show last year for the best wheat grown in the two Americas, a farmer, a simple tiller of the soil, the man behind the plow, whom the modern poet, Sam Kiser, in his verses of that name calls the "whole concern's foundation." He says:

"We sing about the glory of the man behind the gun,
And the books are full of stories of the wonders
he has done;
There's something sort of thrilling in the flag that's
waving high,
That makes us want to holler when the boys go
marchin' by;
But when the shouting's over, and the fighting's
done, somehow,
We find we're still depending on the man behind
the plow.

'Mid all the pomp and glory of an army on parade,
And through the awful darkness that the smoke of
battle's made,
In the halls where jewels glitter and where shouting
men debate,
And in places where the rulers hand out honours to
the great;
There's not a single person who'd be doing business
now,
Or have medals if it wasn't for the man behind the
plow.



THE FRENCH LANGUAGE QUESTION

MR. BOURASSA has been printing in his paper—*Le Devoir*—the opinions of a number of prominent English residents of the Province of Quebec on the attitude of the Ontario Government toward the French schools in that Province. These opinions have been—so far as I have seen them—uniformly against the action of the Ontario Government. Yet they have been signed by names of weight and experience in Quebec—most of them, indeed, have been English Montrealers. They have been business men, college professors, lawyers and the like. They have all borne testimony to the generous and kindly attitude of the French majority in Quebec toward the English minority—and more particularly toward the English schools; and they have expressed sorrow and indignation that this attitude was not recip-

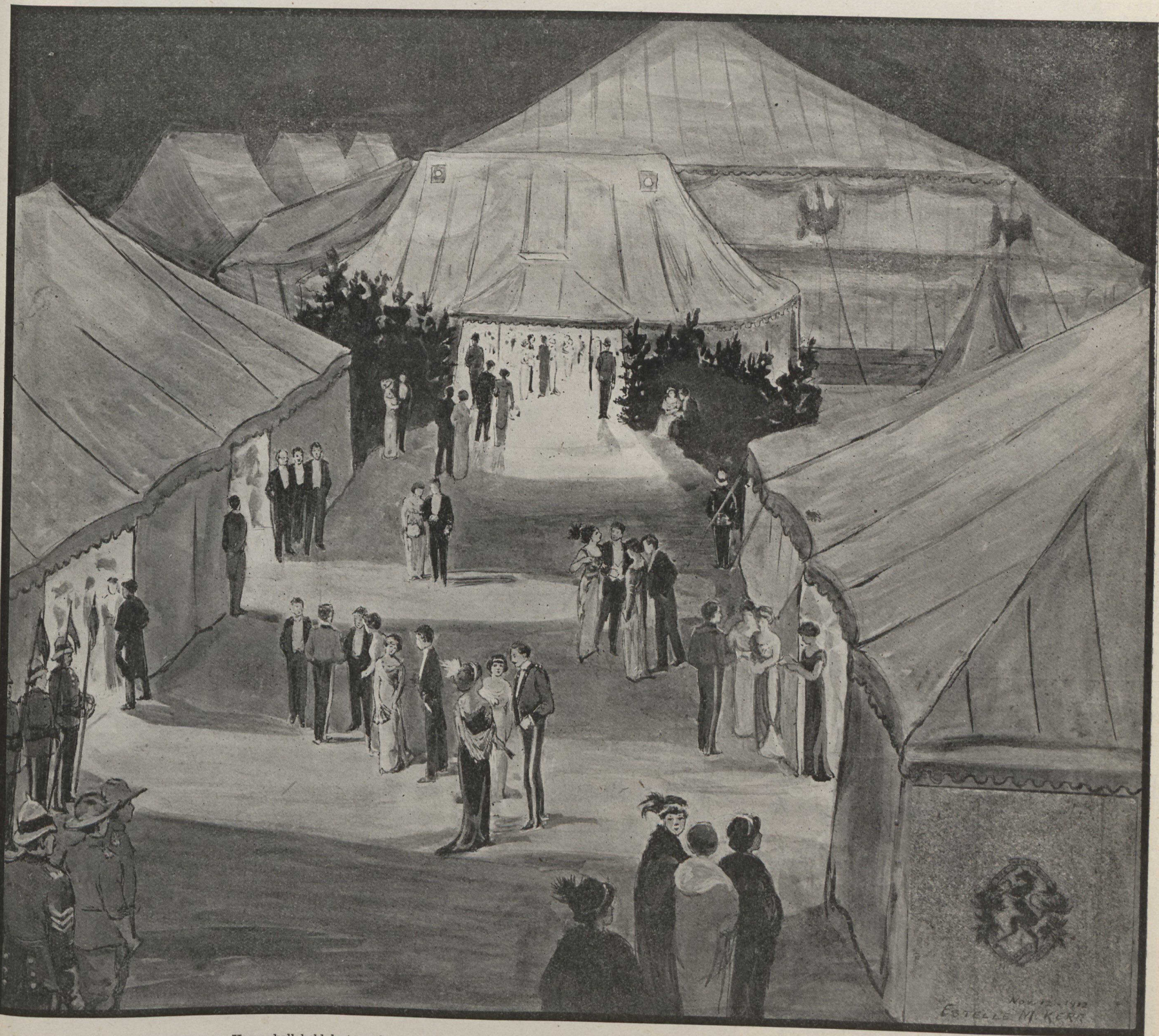
rocated by the English majority in Ontario.

I DO not suppose that all this will have the slightest effect on Ontario politicians. They have discovered that it is possible to arouse English opinion in Ontario against French schools. I know, of course, from personal experience that they cannot arouse all Ontario English opinion in this way; but such Ontario opinion as is too calm and broad-minded and far-seeing to be inflamed in this fashion, does not, as a rule, feel it a duty to stand up and be shot at for the sake of far-away French-Canadians, whose children, after all, must learn English, sooner or later. In politics, prejudice and bigotry are always more combative and effective than tolerance and philosophy, even if the majority of the people are tolerant. And I believe that the majority of the people of Ontario are tolerant. I

believe that if a new Mowat emerged from the peanut politics of that Province at this moment, and made a stand against the "hustling" of the minority, he would win, as Mowat won against Meredith on the separate school question. But it is easier to shout with the "shouters"; and both parties seem to be doing it.

HOWEVER, I am calling attention to these articles in an English publication in the hope that the strong and confident English majority of Ontario may possibly pay some heed to the plaints of the small and contented English "garrison" in Quebec. It ought surely to carry a little weight with the Ontario people to find prominent representatives of their fellow English-Canadians in French Quebec expressing so unanimously and so strongly the hope that they will not carry their campaign of linguistic perversion so far as to challenge retaliation in Quebec, and so mar a harmony between the two races which has now existed for many decades. It is not—let me say—very brave of Ontario to insist upon getting its way, and satisfying its momentary race feeling, utterly reckless of what the consequences may eventually be to an English Protestant minority in a neighbouring Province. Ontario takes no risk. It compels the English "garrison" of Quebec to carry the risk, while lordly Ontario flaunts its colours and wins a cheap victory

The Ball of the Mississauga Horse



At the Ninth Mississauga Horse ball held last week, the Toronto Armouries were fitted up to represent a camp. As the hall was in darkness except for the lights which filtered through the tents, it gave quite the effect of out-of-doors. The tents in the foreground were used as cloak rooms, and Col. and Mrs. Chadwick received in the central tent behind which was a huge tent for dancing, beautifully decorated with the regimental colours and flags, while the smaller tents were cosily furnished for sitting out. The floor was in perfect condition, the music splendid and a delicious supper was held in the officers' quarters upstairs. The smart uniforms of the officers, and also of the soldiers and cadets in attendance, added greatly to the beauty of the scene.

Drawn by Estelle M. Kerr.

over a few scattered and helpless "habitants."

It isn't as if Ontario had anything to fear or anything to gain. We all know—intelligent French-Canadians know—that the time will come when every man on this continent, be he French or English in origin, will speak English as his native language. To-day French business men, professional men, clerks, merchants, all sorts of people, speak excellent English. They put us entirely to shame in their industry and skill in learning our language while the usual English efforts to hammer out a few French sentences would excite the inextinguishable laughter of any but the politest race in existence. A French-Canadian can make little worldly progress without knowing English; and he knows it. If we will only leave him alone and not make it a matter of honour with him to try to keep his mother-tongue alive, he will see that his children are taught English—just as he will see that they are enabled in other ways to make a good living. We need not worry about that. And if he also takes pains that they do not lose their rightful inheritance to one of the great literary and civilizing languages of the world, so much the better.

ONTARIO is in no more danger of becoming a French Province than it is of becoming an Italian Province. It is either dishonest or stupid for some of the people of Ontario to talk as if they were really fearful of this result. They are nothing of the sort. They simply are swayed by the natural human antipathy toward all sorts and conditions of men who are so unfortunate, or so lost to all proper feeling for what is best for them, as to be unlike their kingly selves. They want to make everybody with whom they come in contact into Ontario English-speaking people—just as the Turks want to turn Albanians into Turks; and the Germans are trying to make the Poles speak German. They find Frenchmen in their Province and in their power; and they say—"Come; let us make them over into people like US." They have the majority—they have the power—and their politicians flatter them into using it.

Of course, they are going about it in precisely the wrong way if what they sought was "results" and not the naked joy of exercising strength. Ontario prides itself on knowing its Bible. It might recall that, many centuries ago, tyrants learned the wholesome lesson that "the more they persecuted them, the more they multiplied and grew." If there is any better way than persecution to make people take a sentimental and non-business view of such a question as the learning of a language, I do not know it. A French parent, left alone and treated with respect, in a sea of English speech like Ontario, would be making up to his English neighbours in the hope that his children might the sooner get an idiomatic command of that necessary medium to commercial success—the English language. But when you take him by the coat collar and tell him that he MUST have his children taught English even before they are ready for it—that they MUST attend schools in which French is branded as an inferior jargon—that he MUST recognize that he is in an English Province and have no more nonsense about it—what do you expect will follow? What would follow if such treatment were meted out to the English "garrison" in Quebec? Naturally, you arouse all the resentment—all the resistance—all the race feeling—all the instincts which give men stamina and courage—in the people you treat in this fashion; and, though you may get a heady joy in acting like a "bully" with impunity, you really retard and do not advance the free use of English among our French fellow Canadians.

THE MONOCLE MAN.

Philosophy of the Deer Hunter

BY NORMAN PATTERSON.

THE deer hunter, as he is known in the State of Maine, in New Brunswick, Quebec and Ontario, is in a class by himself. He is of no particular age; he may be seventeen or he may be seventy. Indeed, last week I saw a man of eighty carrying his rifle through the bush on his sixty-third consecutive season. He had been out for ten days and had been unfortunate. But though he had not been able to get a shot he was thoroughly enjoying himself and was able to rejoice with his companions over their success. I came down on the train from the Muskoka District with two hundred deer hunters and there was no way of figuring out the average age or the average dis-

position. The deer hunter is a type and he almost baffles description.

After a few days spent with a dozen men in a deer camp, I began to ask myself the question, "is the deer hunter a blood-thirsty man?" I looked them over individually, listened to their daily conversation, and tried to study each man's attitude. When I got on the train to come home, I sat in the smoking car with two civil engineers, and I propounded the question to them. I did not get much information. They agreed that the impulse of the hunter was decidedly primitive, but they also agreed

that the methods employed showed the same humane considerations as distinguished modern from ancient civilization. One man stated that his hunting trip had been almost spoiled by a disturbing experience. On the morning of the day on which he was to return to the city he had shot a young doe and wounded it severely. Nevertheless, it was able to continue its progress through the bush and he had not the time at his disposal necessary to follow it and put it out of its misery. He felt that he had done something which was clumsy and unsports-

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A Typical Small Lake in the Magnetawan River District, Ontario, which is the Centre of the Red Deer District.



A Fall of Light, Soft Snow is Pleasing to the Deer Hunter. A Snow Trail is Easy to Follow.



A Party of Deer Hunters Resting After a Successful Drive.



Showing how the Trophy of the Day's Sport is Carried Back to Camp. In this Case the Trophy is a Black Bear.

Prisoners of War



Turkish Prisoners Arriving at Stara Zagora, an Important Railway and Garrison Town in Bulgaria. Probably 50,000 Turks Have Already Taken This Humiliating Route. Stara Zagora is the Bulgarian Base of Operations, 45 miles from the Turkish Frontier. It is one of the few Bulgarian Towns in which Turkish Buildings have Been Allowed to Remain Standing. Photograph by Topical.



Victors and Vanquished. Here are Seen a Number of Bulgarian Soldiers (standing) in the Field Guarding a Batch of Turkish Prisoners Near Adrianople. Bulgarian Officers Standing on the Left. Photograph by L. N. A. Staff Photographer.

REFLECTIONS

By THE EDITOR

Giving Warships.

NEW ZEALAND has given a Dreadnought to the Britannic navy. The Malay States have offered to pay for a first-class armoured ship. Australia is building a fleet of her own, partly in Britain, partly at home. Only in Canada is the vicious principle of giving money to the British treasury being considered. It is not a pleasant contemplation.

If Mr. Borden goes in for a cash contribution it will be because he is afraid of Quebec, and he and his cabinet will have written themselves down to a level in Canadian history which will not be creditable. Their gift, whether it be cash or ships, will be pleasantly received in Great Britain, where people are usually polite and courteous. It is from the people of Canada that the condemnation will come.

If we cannot have a Canadian fleet which will be worthy of Canada's place among the Britannic peoples and an integral part of the Empire navy, let us at least be as self-respecting as New Zealand and the Malay States. We claim to be a nation, not a dependency, and let us act as a nation should act. If we are not prepared to do that, then let us close up the privy council rooms at Ottawa and transfer the administration of our national affairs to a commission appointed by the British Cabinet.

The Manufacturer's Output.

ARE the Canadian manufacturers getting as large a return from their investment of capital and plant and labour as the manufacturers of other countries? This is a question of vital concern not only to the manufacturer and the investor in industrial stocks, but to the public generally. If our manufacturers are not getting adequate results then the public must pay higher prices for the products of Canadian factories than the people of other countries pay for similar products made in their country.

In the United States the total capital employed in the manufacturing industry in 1900 was slightly less than \$10,000,000,000. The value of the total products from these factories was estimated at \$13,000,000,000, or thirty-two per cent. in excess of the capitalization. If Canada is manufacturing as cheaply and as economically as the United States then similar results should be found in our census returns. According to the census of 1900 the total capital invested in manufacturing in Canada was \$447,000,000, and the value of the product \$481,000,000. This is less than eight per cent. in excess of the capitalization, which goes to prove that in the decade ending in 1900 the Canadian manufacturer was not getting as large a volume out of his factory as his United States competitor.

Now come the figures for the census of 1910, and they are even less encouraging. The total amount of capital invested grew to the very considerable sum of \$1,247,000,000, while the value of the total product grew only to \$1,165,000,000. Thus instead of having a product thirty per cent. in excess of the capital investment their product is actually less than the capital investment. This is a point which the Canadian manufacturer and the purchaser of "industrials" should enquire into. On the face of it it would seem that manufacturing in Canada is not being economically carried on or else our manufacturers are putting too much "water" in their capital stock.

Toronto's Commissions.

COMMISSION government may not be ideal, but it is certainly meritorious. It does away with some difficulties and gives a semblance of order to the administration of civic affairs.

Toronto is hesitating on the brink of plunging into the commission stream. It has some commissions now. The police commission does its work fairly well, but would be much improved by an infusion of new blood. Three members is hardly enough for a police commission in a city the size of Toronto. It has a hydro-electric commission which unfortunately is not properly constituted and contains no strong men. The electric lighting was badly managed in the constructive period and is doing none too well at present. The commission is not strong enough to enforce economy and to overcome aldermanic influence. It also has an exhibition commission, a charities commission and

one or two minor bodies.

Toronto's newest commission is a harbour commission, which seems to have set out to make a record in public service. Though a little over a year in office, it has prepared a comprehensive plan for the water front which will entail the expenditure of nineteen million dollars in ten years. Then it will have a harbour second to none in Canada, with a driveway, sea-wall and boulevard stretching ten miles from east to west. The plan cost \$27,000, but it is worth ten times that sum. But the essence of the commission's work is that it will be comprehensive, not haphazard.

If Toronto would just go a step farther, abolish its aldermen and turn its board of control into a commission elected for two or four years, it would be on the high road to civic success. It is feeling its way to that end. The sentiment in favour of it is growing. Leaders of public opinion are quietly educating the public along this line.

Toronto's Harbour Finances.

MOST interesting is the scheme of financing to be undertaken by Toronto's harbour commission. The improvements to the harbour will cost nearly twenty million dollars. The city will supply nearly two million for bridges to the island, retaining wall and boulevards. The Dominion Government has been asked to expend six millions on breakwaters, ship channels and bridges. The rest of this large amount will be raised by debentures, the interest on which will be provided by

EAST INDIAN DIGNITY

Following the lead of New Zealand and Australia, the four native Ma'ay States under British protection have decided to contribute a ship to the Empire Navy. Even the yellow natives of this portion of the Britannic world have so far recognised the underlying principles of autonomous constitutional government that they have decided upon

**NOT CASH—BUT
MEN AND SHIPS**

revenue from harbour property. This revenue is expected to be more than ample for the purpose, and there will be a handsome annual surplus.

The plan has been worked out by business men of experience. They have looked at the problem as if it were a private business enterprise. They are not asking huge sums from the citizens, and not demanding an excessive sum from the government. They are handling a big proposition as the board of a railway company would handle it.

They have employed skilled engineers and experienced financiers to advise them. Nothing is haphazard. They took no steps until every possibility had been fully considered and accurately worked out.

If the commission had been subject to the influence of politicians as is the harbour commission of Montreal, it could neither have been so businesslike in its conception of duty nor so successful in formulating a plan which will be comprehensive, effective and neither burdensome nor extravagant.

Petty Parochialism.

A RATHER striking instance of petty parochialism is given in a recent issue of the *Ottawa Free Press*. The editor of that excellent local paper comments sneeringly on the approaching completion of the government's plans for a new fifty-million-dollar Welland Canal. He says:

"Of course, the Georgian Bay Canal, a project that would be really worth while to Canada, must wait until the Welland is finished, and all the other St. Lawrence canals deepened and widened to correspond. Tory Toronto cannot wait."

This sort of comment indicates the narrowness of

the people who are behind the Georgian Bay Canal scheme. They have a sectional rather than a national viewpoint. They are more concerned with having a government spend two hundred millions in their section of the country, than with the likelihood of the country getting an adequate return for that expenditure. I could not defend Toronto's Tory proclivities, but I think Toronto shows a broader interest in national public works in Halifax, St. John, Montreal and Ottawa than some of the citizens of these cities take in the national public works in the vicinity of Toronto. Further, I believe that the new Welland Canal will have much less beneficial effect upon Toronto than upon Fort William, Port Arthur, Kingston, Prescott and Montreal.

Local Option.

WHILE the politicians of Ontario are vainly trying to beat the drums "abolish treating" and "abolish the bar," the people keep pinning their faith to local option and license reduction. The Liberal policy of "abolish the bar" has fallen almost as flat as the even more foolish policy of the Conservatives to "abolish treating." The advocates of temperance are not being stampeded. They are pursuing the even tenor of their way, as they have done since they recognized ten years ago that they had little to hope from politicians.

There are now 240 municipalities in the province where there is local option and 260 where licenses exist. Of the former 15 will vote on repeal on January 1st, and the repeals will be few. Of those having licenses, 78 will vote on local option on January 1st, and many of them will carry it. So that in January there will be more municipalities with local option than there will be under the license system.

Excessive liquor drinking has been slowly passing away for many years. The good sense of the people and the demands of modern business are killing it off. Temperate drinking is probably on the increase. More people drink beer or wine with their meals than ever before. The quantities used medicinally have also increased. Besides there are more private wine cellars than at any previous time. Hence the total consumption is not decreasing, nor is it likely that it will.

All this simply means that men and women are learning to know that liquor has its place and that it should be kept there.

Broadening Anglicanism.

A MOVEMENT in on foot to have the Anglican Church in Canada recognize the non-conformists in the interests of "Christian unity." Thirty Anglican clergymen have issued a circular to their brother clerics advocating "(a) the admission of ministers of other churches, under certain restrictions and by rightful authority, to the pulpits of Anglican churches; (b) extension of permission to members of other churches in good standing, on certain occasions to communicate."

They base their arguments on the spirit of the Lambeth Conference of 1908, "the trumpet call" of the Edinburgh Conference, the necessity for missionary co-operation and the divine rebukes against religious exclusiveness. Truly these thirty divines deserve the hearty thanks of the members of their own church and of all other Protestant churches.

Christian unity is one of the greatest needs of the day, and up to the present the Episcopal churches have set their faces against it as resolutely as the non-Episcopal churches have favoured it. That a change in this respect is coming is indeed glad news.

Deterioration in College Sports.

THERE have been several charges that the rugby games this year have been punctuated with illegal plays. The *Kingston Whig* boldly claims that Varsity won its match on Nov. 9th from Queen's by this means. It is bad enough when professional sports charge each other with infractions of the rules, but it is worse when the college teams are guilty or are even charged with ungentlemanly conduct.

When the season opened Ottawa College quarreled over a game with Queen's, and left the league to the pleasure, it is said, of the other colleges. Then followed general criticism of McGill for having employed as coach a professional baseball manager. To make the circle complete, Queen's practically charges that Varsity stole a game.

It seems to me that when two college teams play a game and then are not in a mood to sit down and dine with each other and drink toasts the one to the other, it is time that the authorities cancelled the contests.

At the Sign of the Maple

Treasures in China

Second Article

By MADGE MACBETH

IN a previous article something was said of Meissen, called in France *porcelaine de Saxe*, and incorrectly, in England, Dresden. The third period, for Meissen is divided into four, from the year 1740 to 1774, was the most brilliant in its history. The rococo style was by this time fully



Very Handsome Majolica Urn, a Copy of One Now in the Pope's Collection.

established and full play was given to the fanciful taste of the times. Floral decoration lost its former stiffness, and flowers which had been purely conventionalized were now exquisitely painted in the peculiar style of what was called the "Meissen Blumen." This showed a white ground which was used for high lights and over which flowers, sprays and so on, were raised. Strange it is, that the Meissen palette did not include a true rose red; a lilac purple was used in its

place long after carmine and rose red had been evolved at Berlin and elsewhere. Chinese models were let severely alone and Watteau figures, birds and pastoral scenes took their place.

The illustrations here shown do but scant justice to the pieces themselves. The whiteness of the ground and the care which has been taken with each part of the design, require to be seen to be appreciated. The pieces are not old, but modern "Dresden"—so marked—they are modeled, however, after the Meissen Blumen of 1740-74.

Jumping from Germany back to England, we find Thomas Minton apprenticed at the Cuaghley pottery, where he is believed to have engraved the famous and widely copied willow pattern and the Broseley Blue Dragon. Both of these were adapted from Chinese originals. This was in the year 1780 or thereabout. In 1789 he started a factory at Stoke-upon-Trent, adding porcelain to his wares in 1796. Early Minton has little to distinguish it from that of Davenport and Spode, except that it was at first rather less translucent and that the decorations were rather more varied and original. The founder died in 1836, but the works are still flourishing. Modern Minton, as the photo shows, is ornate and flowery, abounding in birds and flowers of green, pink, blue and yellow shades. It makes an exquisite tea or dinner service unless one's taste runs to less highly decorated pieces.

THE term Maiolica, quoting from Burton and

Hobson, is often applied to certain wares where it is not strictly applicable; for instance, mezza-maiolica, *graffiato* wares, and the later lead-glazed, white earthen-ware of the 18th and 19th centuries.

Mezza-maiolica is the name given to a common buff earthenware, coated with a wash of white clay and painted in simple—sometimes crude—tints of green, blue, and purpleish brown under a thin colourless glaze. It was the forerunner of true maiolica.

Graffiato ware is a mezza-maiolica, with a substantial coating of white slip, which was decorated by scratching or cutting out a pattern through this slip-covering, so as to disclose the buff or red body beneath—colours, if used at all, were usually added in patches or washes—and in any case the ware was finished with a clear, straw-tinted lead glaze. This, like the painted mezza-maiolica, was a very early type of product, which, however, has continued in use in the north of Italy especially, to the present time.

Majolica proper was fashioned in a buff ware, more carefully prepared and closer in texture than mezza-maiolica, and is coated with a white, opaque layer of tin-enamel (instead of slip), on which the painter laid his colours; the later and more delicately painted maiolica was finished with an additional thin coat of colourless glaze applied over the fired colours like the varnish over a picture. Up to the 18th century one firing sufficed for the colours and the tin-enamel, and only such pigments could be used as would stand the full heat of the maiolica kiln. The marks on wares of this period are almost

A DEPARTMENT MAINLY FOR WOMEN

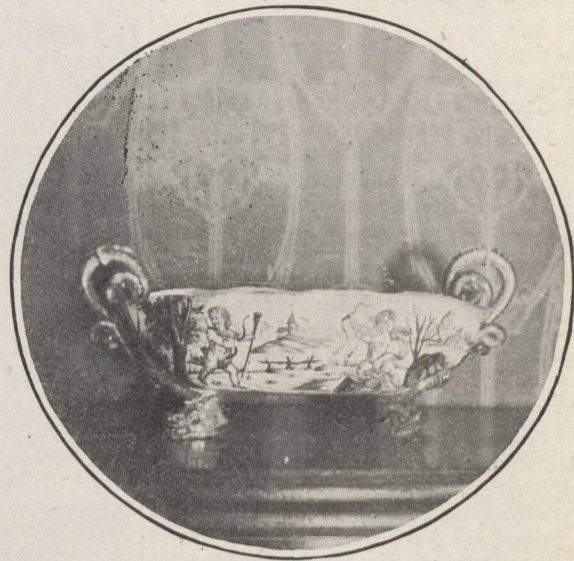
always in blue. The most famous period of true maiolica was from about 1500 to 1560, when the typical decoration consisted of pictorial subjects copied from engravings after the great Italian masters.

The name implies that the ware had its origin in Majorca, and it is generally believed that the Moors brought the secret into Spain and that Italy copied from that quarter. Many of the old pieces credited to Italy are supposed to be really of Spanish origin.

The urn shown here is especially fine. Had it been an original instead of a copy, I should have probably been surrounded by a guard when taken in to see it, for it is a copy of the one owned by His Eminence Leo XIII. in the Vatican. The colouring is mainly green, the mer-man standing in relief from the body of the urn, and the handles show a dragon-like head, so much used a few centuries ago. The urn is about a foot and a half high.

We have had little or nothing to say about French porcelain. *Pate tendre*, or soft-paste porcelain, was first introduced at Rouen about 1673, the composition having been discovered by Louis Poterat, a potter of that place. The blue decoration was in the style of that used on the tin-enamelled faience of that period. This is of a lighter tint than that of the other French soft-paste excepting Sevres, and is much less amber-coloured than the ware of St. Cloud. The glaze of Rouen is less glassy and of a pale greenish tint; the blue is slightly of the greyish shade, and the paintings were evidently applied to the raw glaze. Pieces of this porcelain are rare,

in Ottawa some years ago was that of Mme. Coste, who brought valuable and exquisite pieces from her mother's chateau in France. A large part of it consisted of Rouen pieces. This collection is now broken and the parts of it are scattered, many of



Majolica Bowl, Well Preserved and Very Interesting from a Collector's Point of View.

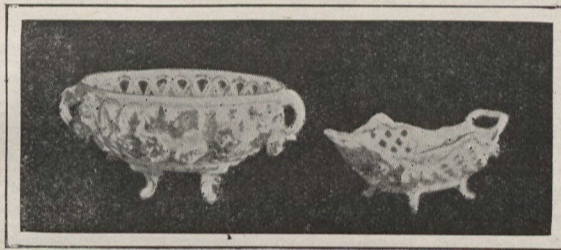
the choicest bits being in the possession of Mrs. Fred Carling.

The two pieces in the illustration are exceedingly valuable; that on the left is an ink well and the other has a dark history. It is a *burette*, which during the terrifying days of the French Revolution was carried out of the church on to the street and the Sacrament was administered to the people out of it. Rouen may not be beautiful to the unlettered; the foregoing description sounds indefinite and vague, and the illustration looks just that. When new, these pieces could not have been more than "blue and white," and they are only that now, except that the blue is faded and the white is yellowing with age. It is also full of very fine cracks, which are an added beauty in the eyes of the collector. Of course there is that something about Rouen blue which is different from any thing else, and the photo of the queer stand unfortunately fails to bring out that very point. This piece was one of Mme. Coste's treasures and there are probably few if any like it in this country. Imagine a five-pronged stand, the end of each prong being decorated with the sort of cup one might see for holding a candle. On the top is a much larger holder, and the piece of china divides in half—the top from the bottom; the whole thing covered with a tracery of fine blue scroll work, and you have some idea of the *epergne*, I call it, for lack of a better name.

Urbino, we find described as a city and archiepiscopal see of the Marches, Italy. At the end of the 12th, or the beginning of the 13th, century, it came into the possession of the Montefeltro family, of whom the most important member was Federigo, lord of Urbino. This Federigo was an enthusiastic patron of art and literature, as well as one of the greatest chieftains of his time. Throughout the whole of the 16th century, while Guidubaldo (Federigo's son) reigned, Urbino was one of the chief centres for the production of majolica. Most of the finest pieces were made especially for the ducal family. The bowl here shown is not lovely as our standards teach us loveliness, but it is perhaps more interesting from the collector's viewpoint, being decidedly "queer." Most of the majolica was marked with snakes, and this bowl has snakes entwined for the handles and snakes in the decoration. The two sides are differently decorated and the fine lines are perfectly clear to-day. The colour is a sort of buff and the blue is a shade which we see in few, if any, other wares.

Recent Events

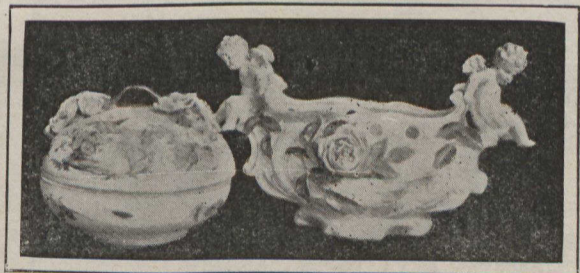
A FEW years ago Mrs. Harriet Hammond Bullock was denied admission to the law course at McGill, on the unsubstantial ground that she was a woman. So she was. Her subsequent doings prove the title. She had first recourse to stenography, in which field she became amply proficient. Indeed, she became the founder of the Girls' Business College in the city of Montreal, which has given commercial equipment to 5,000 pupils. Her successes were quite as pronounced in real es-



Two Beautiful Pieces of "Modern Dresden."



Lovely Minton Plate, One of a Dinner Set Owned by Mrs. George Bryson, of Ottawa.



Two Pieces of Royal Dresden.

the most characteristic forms being flower pots, vases, cups and salt shakers, all of which are usually blue and white.

Poterat's venture was short lived and not commercially a success, although, as has been said, the work was of a superior quality to most of the contemporary products. Many experts contend that the factory of St. Cloud, which opened about 1659, was a direct descendant of Poterat's manufactory.

Without doubt the largest collection of rare china

tate. The education of children has latterly claimed her attention and particularly the Montessori system. She spent some time in Italy under the famous Doctor Maria, and upon her return was promptly secured by the State of Massachusetts to introduce in that State the kindergarten system which has been abundantly successful in New York.

THE only mixed Canadian Club in Canada is at St. Mary's, Ontario. Meetings are held in the evening and there is always a good attendance of the fair sex, who, in the Stone Town, take a keen interest in public affairs. The coming session was recently opened by Mr. Arthur Hawkes, editor of *The Canadian and British News of Canada*, his subject being, "The Fun and Grief of Being an Englishman in Canada."

THE marriage of Lady Evelyn Alice Grey, youngest daughter of Earl and Countess Grey, to Mr. Lawrence Jones, will take place at St. Margaret's, Westminster, England, on Nov. 23. The reception will be held at the magnificent residence of Sir George Holford, uncle of the bride, brother of the Countess Grey, in Park Lane. Lady Evelyn Grey was well known as the champion lady skater, having achieved that honour during her father's term in Canada as Governor-General. She was also an excellent pianist.



LITTLE PAGES AT A LONDON WEDDING.

The Quaint Costumes Worn by Miss Vera Grenfell and the Masters Grenfell at the Wake-Benson Wedding at St. Margaret's, Westminster, England.

PUNCH, the inimitable, recently published the following suffragette item:

"Arrangements are being made for a National Hunger Strike by women to begin at midnight on Christmas Day. The inability to sacrifice the Christmas Dinner is a pretty human touch."

ALSO this: "A Maternity Bill, providing a maximum bonus of £5 for every child born in Australia of white parents, has now passed its third reading and become law. It is rumoured, however, that it has already led to trouble. A precocious youngster born of a Scotch mother and a Jewish father, and having Greek god-parents, is insisting on at least half of the premium being handed to him."

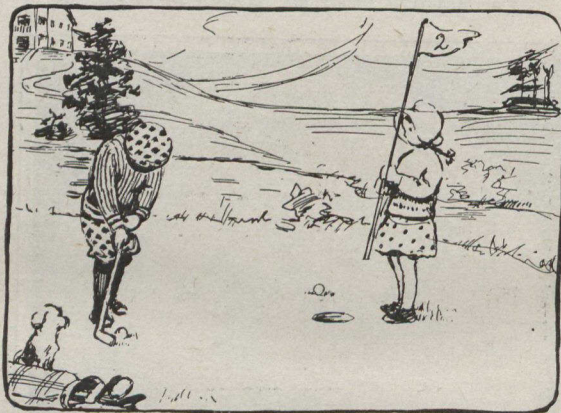
THE inaugural meeting of the season of the Winnipeg Women's Musical Club was recently held under most auspicious conditions. Mrs. C. M. Weiss, president, welcomed those present and introduced Mrs. L. A. Hamilton, an originator of the club and its first president, happily a visitor in the city. The club was congratulated on the excellent progress made and urged to increase its usefulness by pleasing audiences in places where high-class music is rarely heard.

A happy feature of the programme was the brilliant playing of Miss Ina Polson, of Winnipeg, as pianist.

Why Willie and Lillie Were Late - By Estelle M. Kerr.



The cool November days are here and little Willie thinks that this is quite the nicest time to spend upon the links, So he and Lillie take their clubs and on their way to school They often have a little game—just 9 holes as a rule.



The first hole Lillie got in ten, but Will only six, But at the second little Will was in an awful fix, He drove into a bunker and was eight upon the green And then he took his putter out and knocked it in the stream.



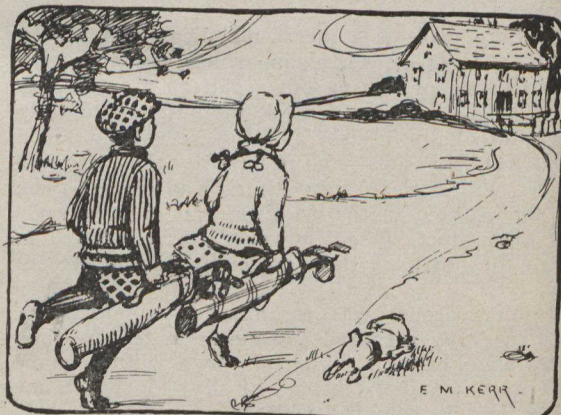
Then he and Lill went fishing—they were bound to land that ball! It bobbed about and dodged them till at last they had a fall And splash! They landed in the stream; it wasn't very deep, But Oh, the water was so cold, it almost made them weep!



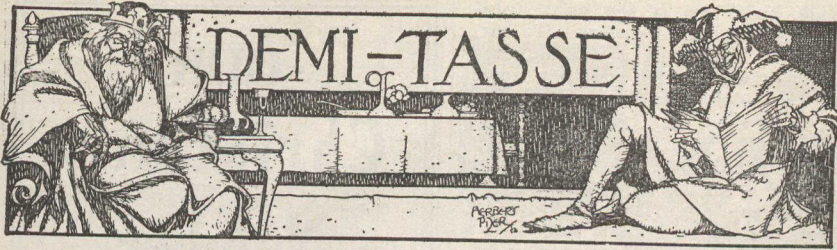
Most luckily upon the bank a mighty pile of leaves Was burning cheerfully away, fanned by the autumn breeze, The children took their clothing off—the only thing to do,— And decked themselves in maple leaves of gold and crimson hue.



Then they proceeded with their game and finished all but one, And Lillie said, "We'll have to stop, we've just got time to run!" But Willie took his driver and swung, and called out "Fore!" The ball soared up to heaven, and then was seen no more.



Then back they hurried to the fire, their clothes were nice and dry, They dressed themselves quite quickly then; they simply had to fly. And Lillie said to Willie, "If you'd only stopped at 8 We might have been in time, instead of 20 minutes late!"



Courierettes.

BRITISH M. P.'s can't afford to throw stones at the glass houses of the suffragettes' behaviour since that riot in "the mother of Parliaments."

America is once more an also-ran. In Africa they grant divorces for a dollar.

It is said that people in small towns in Ontario will have to go back to wood stoves because of the high price of coal. And if the high cost of living doesn't quit going higher many people in big cities will have to go "back to the woods."

A German engineer is said to have invented a bullet-proof shield for infantry. Now it's the turn of men who invent bullets that can pierce anything.

Hatpins are to be made to fit women's hats. Now all that mere man asks is that women's hats be made to fit humble purses.

Choosing a Name.—"Naming a new play is sometimes harder than writing it," said George C. Tyler, the famous play producer, who was in Toronto recently with Madame Simone and her company, putting on Louis N. Parker's drama of the French court in Revolution days.

Mr. Tyler tells rather humourously of his troubles in choosing a title that would suit the play and be popular also.

"The Yellow Domino" was at first proposed. This was too close to "The Yellow Jacket," another new play, and it was discarded.

"Then we tried 'At Versailles—1780,'" he says, "but after finding that nine out of ten did not know how to pronounce it correctly we have finally decided to make another change and call it 'The Paper Chase.'"

This fits the play, as its plot concerns the search for an incriminating document, and it has also the virtue of novelty.

The Limit.—"The most absent-minded man I ever saw came up and bought a ticket the other day," said the box office expert. "Yes."

"One ticket. He came back later and asked for another, explaining sheepishly that he and his fiancée were so used to occupying only one chair that he had forgotten to buy two."

Cannibalism.—"Another case of dog eat dog," commented the cynic as he watched the canine consume the sausage.

A Worried Wife.—A prominent Canadian artist was discussing pictures with a beginner in painting at the latter's home.

"I don't see all those things you say you see in these pictures," declared the beginner.

"There are a lot of things you don't see," said the visitor who then called attention to the fact that many right angles in rooms of a house seem to the eye to be either acute or obtuse angles. The two talked angles for some time.

A few days later the wife of the beginner in art met the older artist, and this conversation took place:

"What have you been doing to my husband?"

"Nothing much. Why?"

"Well, the other day I saw him going all over the house looking at the walls

and ceilings. Every little while he would hold a cane crosswise in front of his eyes. I said to him 'What are you doing?' He seemed to be annoyed at me and said, 'I wish you wouldn't interrupt me. I was just getting that right when you came in.'"

The artist told of the little talk about angles.

"Oh, is that all it is?" asked the wife. "I thought for a while that John was losing his senses."

How to Review a Book.—A man who has reviewed many hundred books was asked how that work is done.

He smiled and said: "First you open the book about the centre, grab half in each hand, give a quick jerk that breaks the book's back and—well, that's the main thing about reviewing a book."

A Peanut Farmer.—At a recent flower and fruit show, Mayor Hocken, of Toronto, stated that he grows peanuts at his summer home on Toronto Island.

People who wish to "josh" the Mayor are asking if growing peanuts has any connection with "peanut politics."

And other people are advising him to



CAUGHT.

"Henry, were you at lodge last night?"
 "Yes, my love!"
 "H'm! You wore your silk hat to bed—another of those absurd rituals, I suppose."

beware lest he antagonize the voters who push peanut carts about the streets.

Earning a Vote.—J. J. Ward, who for many years was a member of Toronto's City Council and of the Board of Control, and who is again seeking a seat on the Board of Control, recalls an amusing experience which he had while canvassing for election as alderman several years ago.

In one house at which he called there lived a coloured man who had a white wife. The rest of the family was a dusky baby, and the would-be alderman lived up to the tradition that the baby of the house must be kissed.

On polling day the coloured man went to the booth with just one idea. He couldn't read nor write, and when asked whom he wanted to vote for he said, promptly and emphatically, "Mistah Ward."

"All right," said the returning officer, "and whom do you want to vote for as Mayor?"
 "Nobody" was the answer. "I jes' want to vote for Mistah Ward."

"But don't you want to vote for anybody else?" asked the returning officer.
 "No, sah," answered the free and independent elector. "I jes' want to vote for Mistah Ward."

The Office Boy's Worry.

WE missed the office boy last week for nearly half a day, and feared for quite a while that he for good had fled away.

We thought at times he might have gone to a moving picture show, or jumped his job, believing that all office work was slow.

Dime novels might have turned his head and made him turn us down; we feared we'd soon be told that he was shooting up the town.

At last he came. We learned the truth. He told—with looks quite glum—He'd read a poem on "wanderlust" and had to wander some.

W. A. C.

The Defender.—Slang has crept into the highest-class newspapers, even in cultured Boston, and almost all public speakers occasionally use slang terms. But a certain young Canadian lady so carefully avoids it that a friend proposes to paint a picture showing her standing as the last defender of "the well of English, pure and undefiled."

"Actions Speak Louder," Etc.—I asked old Bootem for his daughter's hand last night.

"And what did he say?"
 "Nothing. His pantomime performance, however, was quite moving."

A Few Definitions.

FAITH—Something you need when you enter a restaurant.

Courage—That quality which in another you would name "nerve."

Charity—A rare thing, which accounts for the many multitudes of sins left exposed.

Convictions—There are two kinds, those of which you have the courage, and those to which you never refer.

Hope—That which the doctors give up and the patient gains.

Justification—Our excuse.

Repentance—The right-about-turn which many profess but few perform.

Meekness—A characteristic of a few folk who believe that something is coming to them.

Love—No standard definition. Everybody has his own.

Endurance Note.—Trousers were invented a hundred years ago, and some of them look it.

Convincing Proof.—Professor—"How many reasons can you state in opposition to the theory that Solomon was the world's wisest man?"

Student—"Several thousand."

Professor—"What do you mean?"

Student—"Wasn't he married several thousand times?"

Preventing War.—Some time ago we were told that women should be allowed to vote because, through their influence, war would be abolished.

Then a Labour orator declared that if the workmen got together they could make war practically impossible.

And now we are told that the great bankers who control the purse strings can prevent conflicts between nations.

But meantime the dogs of war are running loose and the poor dove of peace is despairing of ever getting the assurance of a perpetual nice quiet time.

Limited.—A young man had paid a compliment to a pretty girl.

"Do you talk that way to all the girls?" she asked.

"I don't know them all," he said.

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Every day from now on sees some new idea or some old one in a new form that's never been thought of before.

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The Philosophy of the Deer Hunter

(Concluded from page 14.)

manlike, and on that account he suffered mentally.

There must be a charm in following the red deer through the bush, seeing that it draws annually several thousand men from the comfortable firesides to uncomfortable deer camps. When you see a man who is accustomed to get down to his office at nine o'clock in the morning rolling out of a springless bunk at five-thirty, donning a suit of rusty brown, putting three pairs of socks inside two clumsy shoe packs, eating a hasty breakfast from a tin plate placed on a plain pine table, and getting out on the trail before the sun rises, you then realize that he is called by some mighty instinct. If only a dozen men did this annually, they might be classed as lunatics. When you see five or ten thousand respectable and progressive business men doing this you realize that the lunacy charge would be as inaccurate as it would be inadvisable.

It may be that these men are seeking relief from business worries and business cares. It may be that some of them are looking for an excuse for a holiday. It may be that others feel that fifteen days in the woods will clear their mind, strengthen their body, and prolong their days. It may be that some of them find a peculiar charm in the few days spent in a deer camp free from the narrow restrictions which civilization imposes. But behind and beyond these possible explanations there lies something greater and stronger. Not one of these reasons is sufficient, nor is any combination of them. A greater impulse than any is the desire for a trophy of one's prowess. In every age and in every class of men this desire for trophies is elemental. Not that the trophy be valuable or useful; but the trophy indicates that its owner has done something which is just a little different and just a little superior to that which has been done by other men with whom he lives. The deer hunter brings home his deer, and with it he is able to prove to those whose opinion he values that he is a man with a man's ability, a man's skill, and a man's prowess. He probably hates venison and knows that his friends are not fond of this sort of human food. Nevertheless, with the air of a public benefactor and the graciousness of a king, he distributes tid-bits amongst his friends and relatives. Each tid-bit is a pawn in the game, the object of which is to prove that physically the donor has unusual skill.

THE deer hunter must be a man of great perseverance as well as a man of more than usual patience. He tumbles out of his none too comfortable bunk at five or five-thirty in the morning. He eats a generous breakfast of porridge and bacon and eggs, but he must eat it hastily. At six-thirty or seven he must be on the move, because the deer is most active in the early hours of the morning and the late hours of the evening. If his shoe-packs need grease or his rifle needs oiling, that work must be done the night before. There is no time for these little things when morning comes.

He and his companion must needs leave camp before the sun rises. If the camp is near a railway it is probably some distance from the runways of the deer. He may tramp three, four, or five miles across rocky hills, beaver meadows and thickets, before he comes to the deer country. If there are lakes along the route with canoes suitably placed he may have a pleasant morning paddle. This saves much time and personal exertion. In a camp where there are ten to fifteen deer hunters, it is usual to place canoes on the little lakes which lie along the route to the choice shooting district. If the dogs are to be taken along they are usually sent overland with some volunteer member of the party.

About the time the sun rises the various members of the party are stationed along the different runways, and the man with the hounds is ready to hunt up a trail. At an approximate hour or a previously arranged moment the dogs are let loose and the fun begins. In a few minutes the dogs have picked up a warm trail and the yap, yap of the pack echoes among the hills and dales. Each hunter fills the magazine of his Remington or

Savage or Winchester, and begins to wonder if he will be the lucky man on this particular drive. He probably stations himself on the top of a rock in as open a space as he can find, and more or less impatiently awaits development. If he be the lucky man the yap, yap, comes closer and closer. His excitement grows, especially if he is a comparative novice in the game. He knows that if the deer comes his way there will be some quick shooting, and if he misses he will not be able to conceal his lack of expertness from the other members of the party.

There is a little rustling in the bush two hundred yards away. Over the crest of a ridge appears a set of horns and a nose sniffing up the wind for dangers ahead. It takes an expert rifleman to hit a deer's head at two hundred or even at one hundred yards. Very few of them will waste a cartridge on a mere head. At the next jump the deer is probably in full view. If he is coming straight on, the target is none too large. So the hunter reserves his cartridge for a side shot. Suddenly the buck turns and his full side is presented to view. Then comes a bang, bang, bang, bang! The first bullet has probably struck its mark, but few deer are stopped by the first bullet. Most of them will take two or three before they succumb.

One hunter whom I met this year in the camp had an excellent method for making sure of his target. When the buck came within fifty or seventy-five yards of him he let out a loud "blat, blat." The buck stopped for a second to listen since he could scarce distinguish between this yell and the voice of a doe. That second was fatal to Mister Buck. The man was usually expert enough to put a bullet through his heart.

AFTER the run is over, and the noble quarry is down, there is a general halloo. The other members of the party gather in and the work of bleeding and stripping begins. Then the problem of how to get the deer to camp is seriously considered. For let it be known far

Dr. Aram Kalfian

(Continued from page 10.)

Mrs. Alston's eyes flashed angrily. "No," she answered; "I brought you here in all good faith to give you a warning which you scarcely deserve at my hands. But, first, I will have one or two points set at rest. Since my husband's death you have not written me one line, Dick, and all that time I have been starving for a word of affection from you. Why have you been so cruel?" He hesitated, then suddenly turned and faced her.

"I thought it wiser not," he said. "The remembrance of my great folly shamed me. I met Ted the other day, Denise; when he gave me his hand, when I saw his face light up with pleasure at seeing me, I thanked God that I could meet his honest eyes without flinching. If you had not been the noblest, the best of women, I should have lost my friend for ever."

"And the reward of being the noblest and best of women is to be forgotten," she said bitterly. "To be calendared amongst the saints, Dick, is but a poor comfort to a living, breathing woman, who is heart hungry for a little human affection."

A deep red flush rose to Dick's forehead, and he wished himself with masculine cowardice, miles away; he wriggled uneasily in his seat as he racked his brains to discover how to present the truth to his companion in the way least humiliating to her pride.

There was a smouldering fire in Mrs. Alston's dark eyes as she watched him. "Something has been whispered to me of a certain Miss Anerley, at whose house you are a constant visitor," she said at last, a dangerous quiet in her voice; "what am I to believe, Dick?"

"I am engaged to Miss Anerley," he said, thankful for the opening, and in his desperation blurring the truth out with almost brutal abruptness.

Denise shrank back in the corner of

and wide, that this is the most arduous part of the hunter's work. To cart a dead buck weighing from a hundred and sixty to two hundred pounds through four or five miles of trackless bush and thicket is no easy task. He is a strong man physically who can horse a deer for five hundred yards without taking a rest. It is usual to cut down two green birch saplings, make a hurdle, tie the deer thereto and thus enable two men to transport the animal on a primitive cradle to the nearest lake or cadge road. But even then five or six men will be tired out before a big deer is safely landed in camp.

As the deer arrive day by day they are hung up on a long pole resting in the crotches of two trees. The first deer up looks rather lonesome, but the reputation of the camp depends entirely on the growth of that row of hanging bucks, does and fawns. As the number gets nearer the limit the camp grows more and more anxious to know if there will be enough to go round. In Ontario each man is now entitled to only one deer, and, therefore, the task is not heavy. Nevertheless, the increase in the number of hunters and the decrease in the deer country keeps every hunter in the camp on the qui vive. There are said to be hunters who are inclined to be tired and anxious to go home after they have secured their own deer. This is exceptional, however, and the more fortunate ones usually stay to help the other fellows. The member of a camp who gets his deer and hikes for home is likely to suffer seriously in popularity.

SUCH is the deer hunter, and such is the fifteen days which he spends in the bush. He has had a few days away from the drudgery and routine of farm or office. He has had the pleasure of doing some really hard work which is not absolutely necessary as a matter of business. He has had an opportunity to satisfy that elemental hunter instinct which stirs more or less vaguely within him. He returns home invigorated by mental relaxation and physical toil in the fresh crisp air. And he brings with him the trophy which indicates that he is a man with all a man's power and superiority over the brute creation.

the sofa as if he had struck her. He turned his eyes away from the white, stricken misery of her face, feeling unutterably guilty. There was a moment of silence, broken only by the ticking of the little Empire clock. Suddenly she gripped his arm with her slim, jewelled fingers.

"I understand how it has come about," she said quickly, brokenly. "You have said to yourself, the woman I love is married and her son is my friend. I must forget her; sooner or later I must marry—I will do so now! That is so, is it not, my friend? And when you heard of my husband's death, you told yourself it was too late, that you were in honour bound. But was there not a previous debt to me? Have not I the first claim upon your love?"

Her voice sank to a whisper; it was a moment of agony to both: to her—for, as she waited in tortured suspense for his reply, the conviction was borne in upon her that even if he yielded, her victory would be a barren one, that his heart had escaped her for ever; to him—for his nature was kindly, and the sight of her suffering—the knowledge that he was the cause, cut him to the quick.

"For God's sake, Denise, forgive me, and try not to think me an utter brute," he exclaimed in hoarse, strained tones, his grey eyes misty with emotion, "when I say it cannot be!"

"You love this girl?" she asked with a sudden fierceness.

"More than life itself!" he answered solemnly.

"But you loved me first!" she insisted. "Was that love so poor a thing that it could die in a day? True, I sent you from me—as an honest woman, I could do no other; but now I am free—free! I have the prior right, and I cannot, will not, give you up!"

(To be continued.)

OUR Christmas Number



The Christmas Number of the Canadian Courier will be issued on or about December 10th, and will be the best Christmas Number issued this year at the price. It will be sold by all booksellers at ten cents per copy. Orders should be placed at once.

FEATURES

"Ten Thousand Francs," a short story by J. J. Bell, author of "Wee McGregor," etc., with illustrations by J. W. Beatty.

"Two Christmas Eves," by Ethelwyn Wetherald, the Canadian poet and novelist.

"The Passing of Oul-I-But," by Alan Sullivan, being an excellent Esquimaux story, with illustrations by Arthur Heming.

"Chang, Ballyhoo," a humorous story by Arthur E. McFarlane, with an illustration in colours by Fergus Kyle.

"Anita," an Italian story by Alice Jones, author of "Bubbles we Buy," "Marcus Holbeach's Daughter," etc.

"The Sands of Time," a bright and enthusiastic short story by Cameron Nelles Wilson.

"The Yule Log," by Augustus Bridle, with an illustration by Ivor Lewis.

Several full pages of photographs and drawings in colour.

Two pages of Christmas music by the Music Editor.

And a number of other features of a more or less general nature.

MAILING ABROAD

Readers of The Canadian Courier who desire to have a copy of this issue sent to any address in the United States or Great Britain can have this done by sending us fourteen cents in stamps on or before December 7th. Write all addresses plainly and fully.



THE CANADIAN COURIER

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Talk No. 7

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MONEY AND MAGNATES

New President Bankers' Association

At the annual meeting of the Bankers' Association, held at Toronto last week, Mr. D. R. Wilkie was elected president. This is the highest honour that can be conferred upon a Canadian banker, and Mr. Wilkie's long and brilliant service fully justifies the event. Mr. Wilkie is more than a bank manager; he is a prominent citizen and has taken a deep interest in many of the movements which have gone to make up the development of Canada.



MR. D. R. WILKIE,
Elected President of the Canadian Bankers' Association.

Mr. Daniel Robert Wilkie was born at Quebec on December 17th, 1846, of Scottish parents. In 1862 he entered the service of the Quebec Bank, serving for ten years in St. Catharines and Toronto. On the formation of the Imperial Bank, in 1875, he became general manager. After thirty-one years of successful administration he was made president, in 1906. A great deal of the success of the Imperial Bank is due to his careful management. He is a conservative financier but yet has sufficient aggressiveness to keep his institution in the front rank.

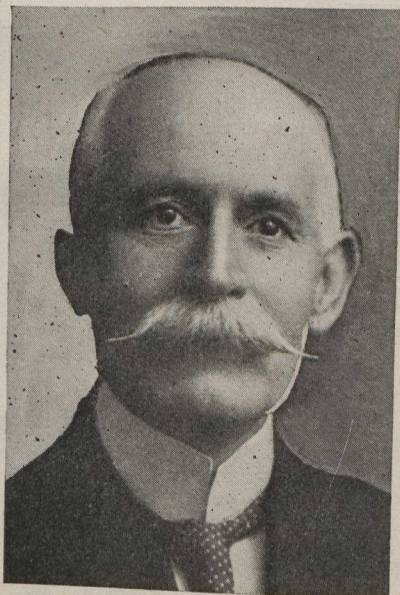
Mr. Wilkie is past-president of St. Andrew's Society, Toronto, a director of the Confederation Life, Toronto General Trusts, General Accident, Fire and Life, Niagara Falls Suspension Bridge Company, Victoria Rolling Stock and Realty Company, is connected with many social organizations

including The Red Cross Society, the Victorian Order of Nurses, Toronto General Hospital and Canadian Art Club. He is also the author of several treatises and papers on banking subjects and was prominently identified with the establishment of a branch of the Royal Mint in Canada.

The other officers of the Canadian Bankers' Association were elected as follows:—Hon. presidents, George Hague, Montreal; Sir Edward Clouston, and Sir Edmund Walker; vice-presidents, George Burn, Ottawa; Alex. Laird, Bank of Commerce; E. L. Pease, Royal Bank; H. B. Meredith, Bank of Montreal. Council, E. H. Hebden, general manager Merchants Bank; T. Bienvenu, Provincial Bank; R. B. Stevenson, Quebec Bank; T. F. How, Bank of Toronto; Jas. Elliott, Molsons Bank; N. Lavoie, La Banque Nationale; G. P. Schofield, Standard Bank; C. A. Bogert, Dominion Bank; G. H. Balfour, Union Bank; W. D. Ross, Metropolitan Bank; H. A. Richardson, Bank of Nova Scotia; H. B. Mackenzie, British North America; Jas. Turnbull, Bank of Hamilton, Col. James Mason, Home Bank. Secretary-treasurer (re-elected), John Knight, Montreal.

Knights of the Road.

The other day The Commercial Travelers' Association of Canada elected officers for next year. The election did not cause any cartoons or editorials in the press, but it was an event of much interest to 12,000 salesmen from Halifax to Victoria. The whole thing was done by mail. The Secretary in Toronto sent out to all members, ballot papers containing the names of nominees for office. These were returned to him, and the results announced at a meeting in Toronto.



MR. S. M. STERLING,
Elected President of the Commercial Travelers' Association of Canada.

The new President is Mr. S. M. Sterling, of Toronto—the choice of 12,000 fellow travelers. He is a pleasant man of good address, and in appearance suggesting slightly no less a person than the Governor-General. Mr. Sterling has been thirty-five years a knight of the road. For thirty-five years his headquarters have been on one corner in Toronto—Wellington and Bay; for a long time he was on the Wyld, Brock and Darling side of the street, and now is on the Wyld, Grasett and Darling side. He is with Thomas Ogilvie and Sons, in woollens.

The organization of which he has been made the head is one of the most unique in Canada. No one disputes the influence in the business world of the drummer with his cases of samples, hearty manner and good cigars. When advertising first burst upon the world—some said the day of the drummer was done. The live wire advertising man was scheduled to displace his usefulness. However, advertising instead of cutting him out, merely increased his efficiency. He and the advertising

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man formed a combination—a winner. You cannot discount personality in business. Advertising may make a product well known, may even sell some lines of goods; but it takes personal solicitude to clinch a sale. The commercial traveler, backed up by advertising—these two are the biggest factors in the development of the modern selling organization.

The expert salesman grew out of United States commercial conditions. The American drummer became famous as a character in fiction by Kipling—for instance; he began to write fiction himself—witness O. Henry, who was a commercial traveler. On our side of the line a future lies before the commercial traveler. Much of our destiny depends on him. These men who don't see their families from Monday morning till Friday night; who hustle through the week from town to town, ever on the hunt for orders; who live in the smoking cars of trains and eat in country hotels, are doing a great part of the work of entrenching our infant industries.

The spokesman of these men is The Commercial Travelers' Association of Canada. It was founded in the interest of traveling salesmen, thirty-six years ago, by such spirits as Warring Kennedy, once Mayor of Toronto, Postmaster Brown of Hamilton, and Hugh Blain, the Toronto wholesaler. Mr. Sterling explained in a sentence, the chief object of the Association, to THE CANADIAN COURIER.

"To obtain the very best conditions under which the traveler may do his work."

A fundamental problem of the traveler is transportation. Commercial travelers use the railroads more than any other class of the public. By the efforts of the Association they get cheap fares. The Association, besides advocating the claims of its members, sees that they do not abuse railroad privileges. Mr. Sterling pointed out that all applications for commercial travelers' tickets had to be vouched for by the executive of the Association and signed by the traveler and his firm.

The Association is supported by an annual revenue of over \$100,000. "Each member is assessed \$10 yearly," explained Mr. E. Fielding, "Finance Minister" of the Travelers. What money is left after expenses is turned over to a mortuary benefit fund for the members. Last year the Association paid over \$60,000 in life insurance.

A New General Manager.

THERE is scarcely a financial company in the country which has come so suddenly into prominence as the Dominion Bond Company. It is only a little over three years ago that it was founded in the City of Montreal by Mr. G. P. Grant. Its business grew very rapidly and last year it pulled off a coup in securing what is probably the best business site in the City of Toronto, on the north-east corner of King and Yonge Streets. After this purchase the head office of the Company was moved from Montreal to Toronto.



MR. STANLEY MANN,
General Manager, Dominion Bond Co.

Bicknell, K.C., Toronto; Mr. I. L. Innes, Hamilton; and Mr. A. Haig Sims, of Montreal.

First Year of the Sherwin-Williams Co.

LAST week the first annual meeting of the Sherwin-Williams Co. of Canada was held in Montreal. This company commenced operations on June 15th, 1911, but their fiscal year has been made to close on August 31st. Up to that date of this year the surplus profit amounted to \$366,754. Of this, \$200,000 was set to reduction of property, and the remainder divided between a reserve for depreciation and surplus account. This careful accounting should put the company on a stronger basis and make its stock more attractive as an investment. The total assets are something over ten million. Against this there is outstanding bonds amounting to \$1,983,700 and preferred and common stock totaling \$7,000,000. If next year shows as good a report the Company should be able to pay a dividend on the common.

British Columbia Coal.

AS a producer of coal, British Columbia may soon take the lead among the nine Canadian provinces. Heretofore, that honour has gone to Nova Scotia, which in 1911 produced coal to the value of fourteen million dollars. The British Columbia returns for 1912 are expected to reach \$12,000,000.

New Sugar Refinery at Halifax.

IN February the Acadia Sugar Refining Company's plant at Dartmouth was burnt down and a new refinery is being erected to take its place. The new mill is at Richmond on the Halifax side of the harbour. Its capacity will be between 2,500 and 3,000 barrels per day. It was thought at one time that the new building would be erected at a point near Montreal, but the Company had decided that the Halifax site is too advantageous to be lost.

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A Week's Music

By THE MUSIC EDITOR

THE people who think one symphony beats another by the same or any other composer, may not be so numerous, but they are quite as convinced in their opinions as those who argue about the comparative merits of baseball teams. And there is no composer of symphonies so likely to be argued about on this score as Tchaikovsky (you can spell the name as many ways as Shakespeare).

Connoisseurs have argued about the Sixth and the Fifth of this composer's symphonies. They have never settled it whether the melodies of the Fifth are not as compelling as those of the Sixth or Pathétique. Not until recently has there been so much argument about the Fourth; and nobody seems to know anything about the Third, Second and First. Ignace Tchaikovsky evidently began at the Fourth.

However, the programme of the Toronto Symphony Orchestra—whom one recognizes as Leo Smith, Mus. Doc., one of the principal cellists in the orchestra—has some argument that in some respects the Fourth is as good as the Sixth. With this we cannot agree. But we are bound to say that so far as playing the piece is concerned the band at its concert last week did their best to prove the case. They have now played all three. This is their second attack upon the Fourth. It was probably the best symphonic playing they ever did.

In the first three movements there is little that does not prove the Fourth to be a really if not profoundly great symphony. The third movement, the scherzo, played with picked strings, has somehow the character of the bizarre; and can scarcely be taken to represent very much in the eternal struggle of the soul against Fate that seems to be the subject motif of most symphonists, if we are to judge by the analytical notes. One might almost think that a symphony could be composed without any such programmatic background; that it was in the beginning very much absolute music, and that later composers and annotators have read into it the emotional intention.

And when we are calmly told that after the varied vicissitudes of emotion experienced by the Soul, it comes to a sort of heyday conclusion that all's well with the world, and proceeds to demonstrate the fact by a fantasia movement based upon a folk holiday, it looks like carrying the soul into the borderland of the burlesque. I don't believe Tchaikovsky ever credited the soul he was writing about—if any—with the hilarity expressed in the last movement of the Fourth Symphony; unless it was the soul of a man much possessed by a passion composed of degeneracy and what is commonly called booze. In the bang and go and the hulabaloo of this really fine musical movement there is much of the suggestion of the Carnaval Romaine. It is not absolute music. It is subject music, by some called "programme." It is purely descriptive; as much so as any fantasia; and it must be judged as such. It has no profound musical message. It does not deal subtly and poignantly with the problems of life. It simply more or less splendidly describes the tumult and the perhaps dignified hulabaloo of a big Roman holiday.

With these exceptions the Fourth may be put on the list of great symphonies; and the interpretation given to it by the Toronto Symphony Orchestra was good enough to give even the most critical ear an adequate notion of its real contents, whatever may be said of the ultimate intention.

The other pieces on the programme were done with great skill and much fine taste; all of them much lighter works, but all highly enjoyable items in a programme most excellently built up. And Mr. Welsman must claim much credit as a builder of good discreet programmes. He never tires his audience with giving them more than their money's worth.

Then there was Madame Alma Gluck, who made a series of delightful impressions upon a very large audience, by her singing and her personal presence. Which was the more admired it might be difficult to say. Her singing has most of the agreeable qualities that

go with the bel canto voice. It has little or none of the elements that make success in opera. She sang absolutely without passion. Her voice was as serenely smooth as a flute or a clarinet. She seldom attained any great heights; once perhaps B flat. Her coloratura work was excellent, but not deliriously brilliant. Her enunciation was perfect. Her phrasing was good. She never sang off key or afflicted the audience with a tremolo. She was sincere and lucid and always interesting. But it was a studio voice. For the most part it would be incapable of any great passionate part in an opera or a music drama.

And it must be admitted that Mdme. Gluck owes much of the fine impression that she created to her splendid physical charm and dulcet agreeableness of manner. She smiled a great deal. Sometimes she smiled a little too much. She enjoyed smiling. She seemed conscious that she was a fine-looking creature; and, by Jove! it wasn't only the gentlemen in the audience that thought so. But she never once sang anything or did anything so much as bordering on the suggestive. Her work was finely clean and pure, and for the most part absolutely sincere. Mdme. Gluck is a woman who, though young in experience, has travelled far along the road to a permanent place in popularity by right methods. For this quite apart from her art she deserves much credit.

But the same art delivered, if possible, by a homely woman—does any one think it would be the cause of heaped-up adjectives from the admiring critics?

Sir Richard McBride

(Concluded from page 7.)

land for the development of our resources. We should be prepared to give invested capital the protection to which it is entitled.

"We feel certain that when the Prime Minister's statement is presented to the House, it will command the support of every right-thinking Canadian from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

"This question should be kept out of party politics as much as possible."

Sir Richard also eulogized the prospects of the Panama Canal as a possible wheat highway from Western Canada. He referred to the Western wheat movement that must take place when the two new transcontinentals are completed to the Pacific. He spoke of the friendly relations between Western Canada and the United States, since the defeat of reciprocity. He praised the Duke of Connaught and intimated that the Asiatic problem is one that should be dealt with at once. In which connection he said:

"The people of Eastern Canada who are not obliged to meet the competition of the Asiatics can scarcely realize how vital this issue is to our people."

And after all is said and done—what other Provincial Premier could possibly put over to the people of all Canada, speaking in the Capital of Canada, such an authoritative and national message as this of the Hon. Sir Richard McBride?

Championship Football

ALL three central Canada football leagues have decided their championships. The three winners are Alerts of Hamilton, McGill University and Argonauts of Toronto. The latter two meet on Saturday of this week, and the winner then plays the Alerts for the championship of Central Canada. Regina are champions of the West, but there will be no meeting between eastern and western Canada.

Intercollegiate.

	Won.	Lost.
McGill	4	1
Varsity	3	2
Queen's	0	4

Interprovincial.

Argonauts	5	1
Ottawa	4	2
Tigers	3	3
Montreal	0	6

O. R. F. U.

Alerts	4	0
Toronto	1	2
Parkdale	0	3

MR. SHIPPER

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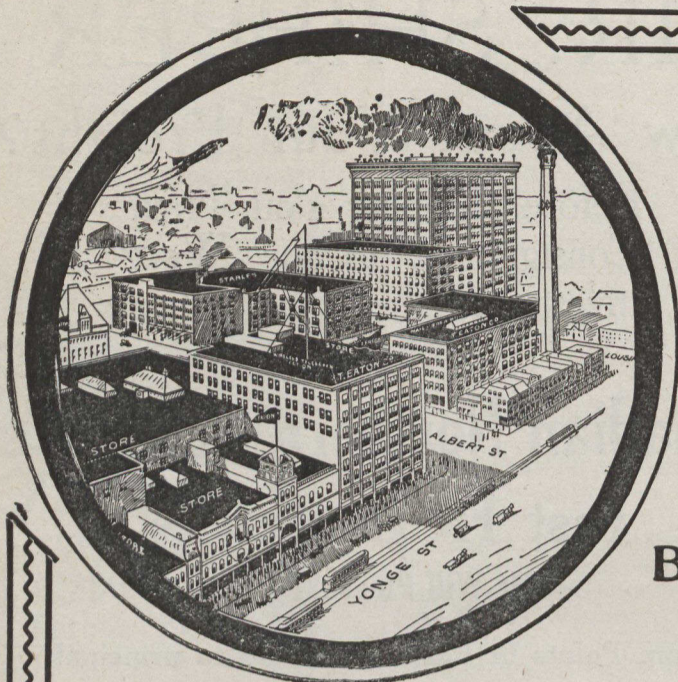
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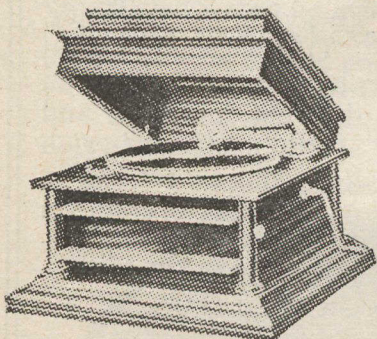


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The Money - Prize

By ELIZABETH FLORENCE WEST

THE cold daylight of winter streamed into the upper room where the art class met. It fell in a slanting beam through the high windows, shaded half-way up, and lay upon white plaster casts with blank eyes, upon an assortment of models of feet and hands and on the agonizing group of the Laocoon placed in the centre of the floor: it penetrated the forest of easels, touching with various shades of copper and gold the coiled or braided hair of the girl students gathered around.

There were no young men in the afternoon class; a few attended the morning lessons in painting, and more came in the evening to draw; but the artist instructor was the only male present at the afternoon session.

The silence had remained unbroken so long that the school mouse had glided out to nibble the used-up bread crumbs dropped from the hands of the workers in "black and white." He sat on his haunches to investigate, nose and whiskers a-quake, but darted back to his hole in dismay as a resonant voice announced: "I have news for you charcoal-smudgers."

All eyes turned towards the shaggy-browed, black-bearded, swarthy face; the purposely-cynical scowl veiled, as everyone knew, the workings of a singularly tender heart.

"The Board has decided to offer a money prize of thirty dollars for the best drawing from a cast submitted at the next examination. I hope the competition will have the effect of furthering good-fellowship."

Nobody ventured to speak though a thrill of interest stirred the class; it even affected Ellen Brown with the pretty auburn hair, who was always displaying her pearls of teeth in a faint smile, and who never showed a trace of charcoal on her slim fingers or on her blue overall apron; it plainly agitated little Marjory Lane of the tousled locks, who was never without a smear on nose or cheek, and who worked feverishly with flushed brow, though she seemed to be chiefly employed in rubbing out.

One dark head was bent lower as its owner blackened a deep shadow and picked out the neighbouring high light; then it was lifted until the brown eyes gazed up steadily. A giddy young married woman, in the security of a far corner, and behind the shelter of her drawing-board, whispered to her neighbour:

"It's easy to guess where the prize will go. What chance have the rest of us? When an instructor spends most of the time over the drawings of one pupil—well, it's an old story; such things are always happening."

"But the men will be competing, too," answered her companion. "If George Leslie tries, Elinor Burke will have no chance."

"If Leslie keeps sober, you mean?" "Do you really believe those stories?" "Leslie is clever, no doubt; but he's erratic," was the evasive reply.

As Elinor left the school and turned to walk west towards the red sunset where the car tracks converged in a haze of sanguinous-looking dust her temples were throbbing. On reaching her destination she looked round at the dingy carpet and cheap furniture of the lodging-house back-bedroom, and wondered whether she would be able to call it her own for another winter. Living in town had cost more than she had anticipated. If she could win the money-prize it would help to pay for her next season's lessons. She mentally reviewed the competitors and found that she feared none except George Leslie; and he did not need the money; he was fairly well-to-do, and was already earning something by his pen-and-ink sketches. Illustrating was the goal of Elinor's ambition; her eye for the form of things, for line and curve, was good; her sense of colour was not so well developed; moreover, painting lessons were expensive, and the life classes she could not afford at all.

Leslie excelled in all these—when he was at work; but he was often absent. Some said that, on these occasions, he was tramping off on sketching expeditions or was locked in his room working upon some conception of his own. Others recounted other tales. Elinor could not judge him: he was different from any young men she had known. She felt to-

night the disproportion of his advantages over her. He had always had the best of teachers; she, before coming to town, had taken lessons from an itinerant drawing-master whose pencil studies of sheep and cows were hung on view in the village post-office. She soon outstripped her tutor—not such a very great feat, she now reflected.

Since her coming to the city and joining the art-class the artist in charge, Mr. Crowleigh, had shown great interest in her (so much indeed as to set the other girls gossiping, he being unmarried, but Elinor was not aware of this). She had always gone early to class and completed an hour's work before the instructor arrived.

She decided that, during the remaining months before the examination, she would give up painting altogether, concentrate her efforts in one line, and await the outcome.

One evening the students were called upon to enroll their names for the competition. Leslie was not then present, but later he sauntered in, lazily displaying his tall form and broad shoulders. Would he place his name on the list? Elinor wondered. He strolled across the room, studied the column of signatures lying upon the table, and carelessly inscribed his own.

Elinor contrived to steal surreptitious glances at his work. She perceived that what she attained by dint of utmost endeavour he overpassed with grace and ease. She recognized that ease to be the result of past labour.

THE day and hour arrived. Elinor found her nerve cool and her brain in working order. Not until she was handing in her completed drawing, at the end of the proscribed three hours, did she observe that Leslie was not in the examination room. From some feeling of self-consciousness she refrained from asking her fellow-students concerning him, but a scrap of conversation reached her ear—"under the influence of liquor." Elinor shivered. The words hummed like wasps about to sting. With his genius—how dreadful! A mist of tears dazzled her sight and emotion constricted her throat.

One afternoon she was told there was a visitor in the parlor asking for her. She went down. It was Mr. Crowleigh. "Well, child, I will just detain you one moment."

She met the gaze of his deep-set eyes wondering at their intensity.

"I wanted to tell you first. You will get a notice to-morrow. You have won the prize for the best charcoal drawing."

Elinor never remembered what she answered. A few moments later the artist was gone. She was dazedly sitting in her room when she was again summoned to the parlour. To her amazement she found her hand clasped by George Leslie.

"I just met Crowleigh and made him tell me—regularly made him tell—he pretended it was against the rules. I congratulate you! But, I say, Miss Burke, I don't want you to believe what they've been putting out about me. I never bother to contradict them—and it's none of their business why I stayed away from the exam. But I don't want you to listen to any of those silly stories they gabble concerning me. I want you to believe me when I tell you they are not true."

Looking into his face Elinor realized that she would believe whatever he said.

SEND YOUR PHOTOGRAPH

We want to remind all the young people who are readers of The Canadian Courier that it is time to send their photographs if they wish to see them in the Christmas Number. It is our intention to publish three hundred or more, and the first three hundred received will be used. Snapshots will do, and we prefer to have them unmounted. Address to "Editor, Canadian Courier, Toronto," and put your full name, address, and age on the back of each picture. No photograph will be returned.



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Music in Nova Scotia

(Concluded from page 11.)

songs of her native land of Scotland.

The club requires its 300 members to do definite work, and maps out a rather strenuous course of study. For two years it has been engaged in a critical study of German music from the earliest times down to the great modern masters. The club will soon take a step forward by offering prizes for sight-reading to young people. The first examination will be held next spring. The plan proposed will in time cover the whole Province.

Mrs. C. Aubrey B. Bullock, better known under her maiden name of Miss Beatrice B. Whidden, has brought to the club an inspiring influence. Her natural musical gifts have been trained to a high point of excellence, first at the Halifax Conservatory, then as pupil for six years of Herr Prof. Hans Becker at Leipsic, and as his efficient assistant. Mrs. Bullock is a graduate of the Royal Conservatory of Music, Leipsic.

Music in the Churches.

The Church music of Halifax is good. Nearly all of the best soloists have been trained in St. Paul's, where the late Samuel Porter, an English organist, set a high standard. He was succeeded by Mr. W. J. Hutchins, one of the best concert organists we have had in Canada. Mr. F. N. Clarke is keeping up the best traditions of the Church, and is a most accomplished musician. He has the advantage of a very fine instrument for his work. The Dean of Nova Scotia, Dr. Crawford, is a musician of a high order himself, and possesses a most sympathetic tenor voice. The Cathedral organ is an excellent instrument, and Mr. Austen the organist is a man of fine musical culture. Mr. E. C. Helsby, organist of St. Mary's Cathedral, does good work. Mr. Harry Dean is a very capable organist. Mr. Herbert Logan is a splendid musician. Mr. Samuel Crawford has few equals as a choir leader, and although a veteran in service, possesses still a tenor of fine quality. Mrs. McD. Taylor is the outstanding singer in historic St. Matthew's. Mrs. Osborne Bowser is the leader in St. Paul's, and the favourite soprano of Halifax. Mr. Bayard Haddock is our best baritone

and a most inspiring teacher. Captain and Mrs. Slayter are always favourites. Professor Currie uses his fine voice to advantage. Dr. Beckwith is one of our best tenors. F. M. Guildford is a general favourite. Mr. W. E. Hebb does excellent work. Mr. Fritz Schaefer promises to be as great in singing as in athletics. There are few greater favourites, and no greater enthusiast than Mr. Abbott Cumming, a man who has left all the churches under a debt of gratitude. Mr. George Boak possesses a fine bass voice.

The list is a long one, but could be made much longer, for doubtless some most useful singers are omitted, but it at least serves to show how rich we are in singing talent.

Musical Centres in Nova Scotia.

There are a number of natural musical centres. For instance, Lunenburg, although it has no special institution for training, has always kept in touch with musical life. Its Church work is good, and its band one of the best in the Province. New Glasgow is usually thought of as a commercial town, wholly given to material things, yet it rejoices in a splendid club, which is doing good work under Mr. Mackay. Windsor, the oldest university town in the Dominion, has in Edgehill, a fine educational institution, in which the musical course is one of the best in the country, under most efficient English mistresses. Wolfville, also a university town, the seat of the Baptist institutions, has done much for the musical life of the Province. We owe a debt to Sackville, in the neighbouring Province of New Brunswick, for the excellent musical education given there. The Halifax Conservatory of Music has had twenty-five years of uninterrupted success, and does good work in every department, preparing for the degree of Bachelor of Music in Dalhousie University. The convents of Mt. St. Vincent and the Sacred Heart give special attention to music. The addition of Mr. F. N. Clarke to the staff of the Sacred Heart has greatly added to its strength. Miss Ada F. Ryan and Mr. Bayard Haddock are doing much to advance vocal culture.

Regina's Rugby Championship

FIVE points, scored singly, won the Western Canada rugby championship for Regina in Winnipeg a few days ago, the Winnipeg Rowing Club, champions of Manitoba, failing to score. In spite of unfavourable weather conditions, the game was a good one and the crowd large. Also the game was clean, Referee Dumoulin and Umpire Thompson proving very efficient officials.

The teams lined up as follows:

Regina: Full back, White; halves, Townsend, Stringer and Rogers; quarter, Ritter, captain; line men, Crapper, Dale, Styles, Robins, Urquand, Hanbridge, Merrick, Lount, Page; spares, Stomart, Wilson, Abbot, Beach, Brown, Palmer, and Croswell.

Winnipeg: Full-back, Aldous; halves, O. Grady, Rogers and Stephens; quarter, Belcher; line, Riley, Pennoye, Crowe, Muir, captain, Eadie, Hannaford, Davidson, Morrison, Taylor, Belcher.

The Regina team, says the Winnipeg Telegram, showed the results of the schooling and leadership of Captain Ritter, who had the men in hand all the way through the match. The team worked like a machine, and, although they lacked a good yard gainer, they made up for it by their wonderful defensive playing. Every man on the champions can tackle under any circumstances, and they go at them hard, right at the knees. The ends followed down under the kicks well, and had their man before he had taken a dozen steps.

The Rowing Club lost because of the weak kicking and loose handling of the ball. Until Jack Aldous started booting, the punting of the Winnipeg stars was very poor, and Regina took every possible advantage of it. Almost every time the ball went from the hands of the Oarsmen to their opponents it was because some one had fumbled it. This was a big factor in the cause of their defeat, for if they had only held onto the ball they would have been able to take it right into the red and black

territory. On the attack the Scullers showed up best, as time and again they gained their yards only to lose possession of the pigskin by a mad muff. The back division were, if anything, superior to the visitors, and the line only permitted the Regina team to gain their yards once.

The stars of the match were Captain Ritter, Styles (the former Winnipegger), Art Muir, Jack Aldous and Rogers. Ritter's work at quarter-back was without fault, while his runs were the big gains for the westerners. Above all, the command he displayed over the team on the field was the brightest twinkle. Styles was the best bucker of the visiting aggregation.

Art Muir played the game of his life, and displayed more speed than any man on the field. He was the first man down under all the kicks, and, although Regina bucked continuously, they seldom sent one in his direction. Jack Aldous was the best man of the Winnipeg squad. His catching and dodging returns were responsible for the safety of the red and white goal more than once. When he relieved Stephens of the kicking job he started things in the opposite direction and Regina had to hustle for a while. Rogers shone particularly in tackling, although several times he broke away for brilliant 20-yard dashes. That dribbling stunt of his in the second half outclassed anything that happened in the game and had he but lifted it over the last man's head, a touchdown would have been the result.

Regina brought with them one of the biggest and noisiest bunch of rooters that has ever graced the River Park grounds, and all through the match they made things lively with their yelling. When at last the whistle blew, assuring them of victory, they joy knew no bounds and they fairly went mad with happiness. Surging on the field, shouting and dancing, they lifted Captain Ritter on their shoulders and bore him from the field.

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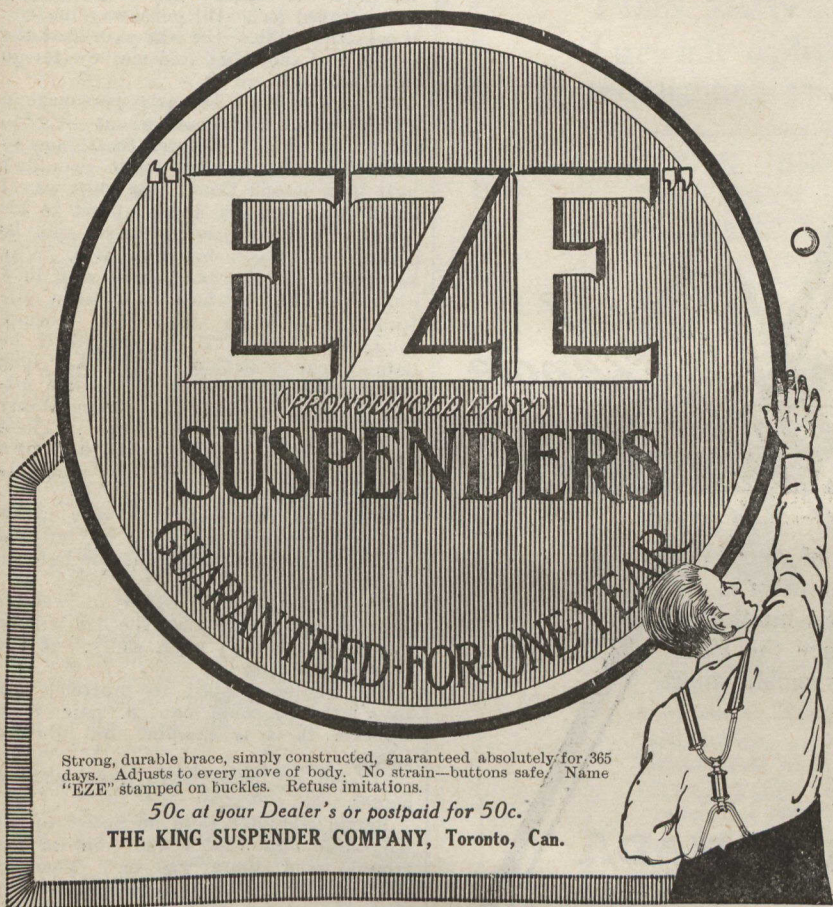
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Public Opinion

Not Very "Pathetic."

Editor Canadian Courier:
Sir: I have read the article headed "A Pathetic Story" in your issue of November 9th, relating to the dismissal of Lemuel Bent of this town as Collector of Customs. Mr. Bent is described as a man with one arm and one leg; and the inference is that he is incapable of supporting himself.
Mr. E. N. Rhodes, M.P., has already replied to this. He states that he made careful enquiry before accepting the local committee's recommendation of dismissal. He received the following statement from a prominent citizen of Oxford:

"He (Bent) has been in Oxford over twenty years as a dry goods and grocery merchant; was fairly well off when he came, and has been doing a good business ever since. The eldest son, Dr. F. D. Bent, is practising in Oxford, is worth over \$5,000; Ernest, 24 years of age, assists in the store; his wife is living and also clerks in the store. Mr. Bent is about 60 years of age, and his real estate is worth \$4,000, his stock in store about \$5,000. I have it on good authority that he is drawing interest on \$8,000 invested and in the bank. He has lost one leg and his right arm, and customers often have to make out the customs papers, as he is very awkward with his left hand. (I have done this.)"

I think all Conservatives and most Liberals will endorse Mr. Rhodes' statements. A national weekly like The Canadian Courier should have given both sides of the case. You should have better arguments than you can find in the Bent case to bolster up your campaign for "outside civil service reform."

Yours sincerely,

ONE ON THE SPOT.

Oxford, Nov. 12th.

Arbroth Again.

Editor Canadian Courier:
Sir: Re Arbroth. In an old geography published in 1770, I find: Aberbrothock, commonly pronounced Arbroth, a royal burgh in the shire of Forfar or Angus, in Scotland. The name of this town is derived from ab, which in the old Scots signifies a bank or place, er upon, and brothock, the name of the water which runs near it. Has a harbour commodiously situated on the German ocean for carrying on trade, and lying near the promontory called Red-Head, which may be seen at a great distance, etc.

I cannot find in the several geographical dictionaries I possess any mention of Red Lichtie.

Has Red Head nothing to do with Red Lichtie?

Yours truly,

JULES BOURBONNIERE.

Montreal, Nov. 8th, 1912.

Men From Ontario.

Editor Canadian Courier:
Sir: In your appreciative note "From Toronto to Halifax," referring to the Rev. John Plummer Derwent Llwyd, you say: "Seldom does Ontario contribute educationists or religious leaders to the Maritime Provinces, Dr. Llwyd is the exception."

The facts are quite otherwise. Nearly all the pulpits of Halifax are filled with men from Ontario. There is not a pulpit in the south end, the centre of social life, and of intellectual activity, with the sole exception of the Roman Catholic Cathedral, which is filled by a native of the Maritime Provinces.

The contribution of Ontario to the ministerial life of Halifax is noteworthy. In the Church of England there is Dean E. P. Crawford, of Brockville, later of Hamilton; Archdeacon Armitage, rector of historic St. Paul's, who is well known in Toronto; Rev. T. H. Perry, of St. Matthias', who came recently from Hamilton. Canon Hind of the Cathedral staff is also a native of Ontario. In the Presbyterian Church there is Rev. Dr. J. W. MacMillan, of Lindsay, at historic St. Matthew's; Rev. R. W. Ross, of Guelph, at Fort Massey, the intellectual centre of Presbyterianism. But, perhaps, a more notable instance still is the name of Bishop Worrell, who came to us from Kingston, Ont. Newfoundlanders fill several of the more important churches.

Yours truly,

HALIGONIAN.

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A Cupid in Corduroy

(Continued from page 9.)

her hair in pigtails an' a flowery wrapper on, she let out a little squeal o' joy an' runs up ter me.

"My, but I'm glad ter see yer, Ben! I was sure you was lost, an' Captain Fitz-Jones was goin' ter start right off after breakfast ter hunt for yer."

"He was, was he," says I. "Will I've had a dandy lark lookin' for him all night."

"You poor dear old thing. Why soon's he'd shot his b'ar an' skinned it he come back an' led us home, sayin' you'd follow 'fore long. I hope yer didn't catch yer death o' cold."

"Nothin' but a crab," says I, tryin' my derndest ter crack a grin.

Well, sir, it took me three solid days ter git up spunk enough to try again, but if I didn't I seen poor Sylvaia would be lost in spite of herself. Jones was gittin' more bold every minute an' the old folks was eggim' him on as if they were 'feared he'd still get away on 'em. It was the sight o' the b'ar skin that the soldier had shot that told me how ter go to work.

Yer don't want ter ever personate a critter when there's guns erbout—it's too risky. So first I had ter fix things so that this bloodthirsty sport wouldn't butt in a second time. The only way I could do it was ter appeal direct to his sense o' modesty—the one weak spot he seemed ter have in his thick hide. Why he was so timid erbout bein' seen in a disabily state that he'd walk half a mile from the tents to take his mornin' plunge an' then I'll be hanged if he didn't wear a bathin' suit. As luck would have it he'd left all his fine git-ups at Plaster Rock and brought only his huntin' togs into the woods. These he'd hang up by the fire when he'd turn in, an' I once warned him that accidents might happen.

Well, one happened that very night, an' next mornin' we woke up ter find nothin' left of his pants but the buttons an' the seat.

"It wouldn't be so bad if it weren't jest the sort o' day that the fish will be bitin' like mad," I says, sadly, at the door of the tent.

The soldier stopped his mutterin' an' says maybe I could loan a pair from whoever it is is campin' on Button Island.

"I'll do my best," says I, an' paddles across.

Pottle wouldn't take no notice of me 'til I told him what I was doin' an' the trouble poor Jones was in. Then he grinned a bit an' says to tell his honesty that he's awful sorry but he ain't got but one suit an' he'll be needin' that himself.

So I goes back an' explains, an' then pullin' Miss Spraggs aside, winks an' tells her that there's a fish bigger'n those Jones had been tellin' of waitin' to be hooked at the foot o' the lake an' wouldn't she come an' try her luck. But somehow she had a hankerin' for home-life that day, an' I finally had ter hint erbout the sport's state of undress makin' him nervous o' havin' folks erbout 'fore she'd change her mind an' agree ter come.

Maria also thought she'd better slip off, but Josiah stayed back ter cheer up his guest an' help him invent a new kind o' garment out of a night-shirt. The three of us an' the fishin' tackle then paddled down to the outlet an' Sylvaia got busy with the flies. She hooked a couple o' grilse an' it got her an' her ma so excited that I knew I could sneak off without bein' missed.

Soon's I was out o' sight I made a short cut through the woods, an' it weren't long before I was back ter the camp. Then I went down on my knees an' crawled up to where the skin was dryin' in the sun, pulled it free an' ducks back ter cover without seein' a sign o' the two men, though I could hear them pow-wowin' in the tent.

"Things are bound ter come out right this time," says I to myself, "provided that fool Pottle don't git all muddled up."

When I'd returned to the women I lay down in the brakes an' waited 'til it was time ter act, which must have been a good hour later. But finally I seen a figure in grey comin' through

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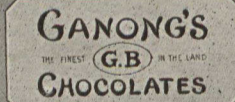
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the trees an' hustled into my b'ar skin as fast as I knew how. The skull rested on top o' my head an' I could peak through the slit in front.

You ought ter have heard the roar I let out of me! Maria turned an' gave a shriek that made Sylvaia drop her pole. Then they both hooted it up as the terriblest lookin' monster they'd ever seen come boundin' toward 'em growlin' an' spittin' an' diggin' up the dirt.

I got a squint o' the rescuer rushin' in with his gun an' risin' straight up let out a bellow that burnt my throat. Next second something hit me like a sledge-hammer an' shot me head over heels inter the bushes, where I lay still, wonderin' what had happened an' tryin' ter git my breath.

"Oh, George, George, thank heavens yer come in time!" I hears Sylvaia cry, an' then the sound o' kissin'.

With this I pulls a branch aside an'—Land o' Cannan, if it weren't that blasted Jones she was holdin' round the neck!

"I guess I've settled the brute," says he, "but in case he ain't quite dead I'll put in another ball, darlin'," an' he pushes her aside an' raises the gun.

"It's me—it's me! Don't shoot, your honesty!" I yells, jumpin' up an' stickin' my head through the hide.

"Confound it, if it ain't Ben Niggs!" says he, disappointed like.

Maria rose from her knees an' Sylvaia bust out inter peals o' laughter. But I'd come too near ter Kingdom Come ter enjoy the joke.

"I'm afraid I've ruined that there skin," says Jones, "but it's sort o' lucky for you, Ben, that I aimed at its head an' not its heart. What were yer tryin' ter do?"

"Havin' a little fun," says I, wigglin' out of the hide.

"Well, you're a bally guide, Mr. Niggs, but you're the finest cupid I've ever run up against. Ain't that so, my darlin' angel?"

Sylvaia puts her head back on his shoulder an' jest murmurs, "Ben's a dear."

That's all. Ony I'd better explain that Jones had seen me snook off with the skin an' guessin' what was up sails over ter Button Island an' borrows Pottle's clothes without askin', when he's gittin' a shave an' wash-up an' preparin' for the rescue act. As we paddled back we seen the youngster, done up in a blanket, dancin' eround on the lowest pint of the island an' wavin' his hands at us.

"My land! what scandalous behaviour?" scolds Mrs. Spraggs, but her darter keeps mum.

"Kindly take these garments back, with my compliments," says Jones, when we'd landed.

"No thanks," says I. "I've had enough fun for one day," and I meant it.

Schoolboy "Howlers"

Lord Raleigh was the first man to see the invisible Armada.

Shakespeare founded "As You Like It" on a book previously written by Sir Oliver Lodge.

Tennyson wrote "In Memorandum." Louis XVI. was gelatined during the French Revolution.

Gender shows whether a man is masculine, feminine, or neuter.

Geometry teaches us how to bisex angels.

Parallel lines are the same distance all the way, and cannot meet unless you bend them.

Horse-power is the distance one horse can carry a pound of water in an hour. Gravitation is that which if there were none we should all fly away.

A vacuum is a large empty space where the Pope lives.

A deacon is the lowest kind of Christian.

A renegade is a man who kills a king. In India a man out of cask may not marry a woman out of another cask.

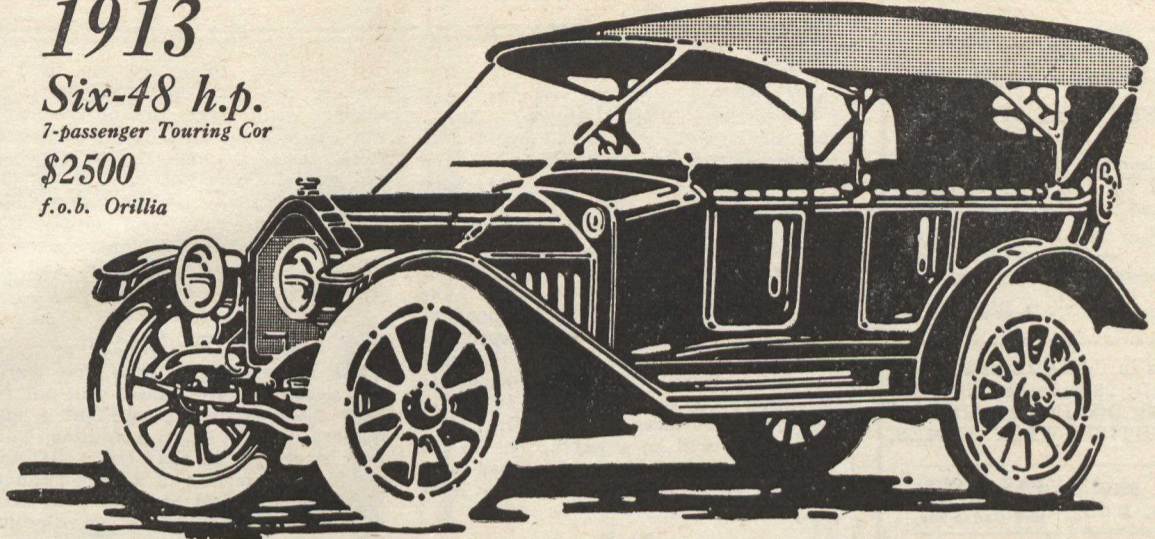
The Salic law is that you must take everything with a grain of salt.

The Zodiac is the Zoo of the sky, where lions, goats and other animals go after they are dead.

The Pharisees were people who like to show off their goodness by praying in synonyms.

An abstract noun is something you can't see when you are looking at it.—Independent.

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PEOPLE AND PLACES

Air Line for Mail.

ACCORDING to recent reports, mail between Port Huron, Mich., and Sarnia, Ont., will in the near future be transported by aeroplane. A school of aviation, backed by several well-known American capitalists, will be established in Port Huron next month, and Lieut. Ruel, an experienced airman, will be the instructor. The flight will be made on the St. Clair River and Lake Huron, the machines being equipped as hydroplanes. The new school expects to secure the contract for carrying the mail, and the citizens of both towns expect to get letters via the very latest twentieth century improvement, the air line. The proposition will be a paying one in the winter, when the river is blocked with ice, and it is impossible for the ferry boats to cross.

Solving the Fuel Problem.

THE patient Canadian householder is getting pretty well used—not to say resigned—to the possibility of frequent strikes at the mines sending the price of coal up to a new high figure.

Also, from time to time, hope is aroused in the patient householder's breast that some good substitute for coal or some practical way of solving the difficulty of getting coal at a reasonable price has been found.

With the approach of another winter, coal is hitting a record high price in several parts of Canada. So serious has the outlook appeared that an Ontario man states that many Ontario people will need to go back to the use of wood stoves.

Naturally the high price of fuel hits the poor hardest. They may not worry when a jump in the price of precious stones is announced, but they do some hard thinking when the dealers in black diamonds announce another increase in price.

Dr. E. Williams, chairman of the Board of Health, of London, Ont., has been thinking about poor people's fuel problem, and has evolved a scheme to help them. He suggests cutting down many of the trees in that city and giving them to the poor.

"London has twice too many trees," said Dr. Williams, in discussing his proposition. "We could easily dispense with

half of them. In my opinion, light and air are much to be preferred to the shade. Walk down any of the streets, and you will see that we have too many trees. Coal is going to be expensive, and scarce. Why not cut down a large number of these useless trees, make them into firewood, and supply it to those who need it? I think that would relieve the situation greatly, and incidentally benefit the city as much."

Good News for St. John.

THE citizens of St. John have learned, declares a press sheet sent out from New Brunswick's capital, that a sugar refinery to cost over a million dollars will be erected in that city; that tenders for the erection of a bridge connecting East and West St. John at a cost of over \$300,000, will close on December 2nd; and that there is a practical certainty of the establishment at East St. John of great steel works and a ship-building plant.

The sugar refinery is to be completed by the 1st of June, 1915. It will have a capacity of at least 2,000 barrels per day, and employ over 400 men. Its erection is expected to result in the cultivation of the sugar beet on a large scale in New Brunswick, and also to strengthen greatly the argument in favour of a direct steamship service between St. John and the West Indies.

The new bridge to connect East and West St. John will provide for street car as well as general traffic, and will be the longest spandrel arch bridge in the world. Its construction will be of great importance to West St. John, which will grow rapidly both as an industrial and residential section of the city.

Norton Griffiths & Co., Ltd., have taken over the charter of the Imperial Dry Dock Co., and have submitted to the City Council and the Provincial Government, and will submit also to the Federal Government, a scheme which provides for the enlargement of the dry dock to 1,150 ft., making it probably the largest in the world, reclaiming an area of 200 acres near by and establishing there iron and steel works and a ship-building plant. All this would involve the expenditure of millions of dollars, and would add several thousand men to the city's working population. The deal is likely to go through.

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Dr. Aram Kalfian

By Effie Adelaide Rowlands

In England this story will be published under the title, "Love's Young Dream," but we believe that the title we have chosen indicates the character of the story more fully. The "Doctor" is a representative of a revolutionary party from an Asiatic State, and his path crosses that of two young English people who are engaged to be married. It is the mystery of this "crossing" which supplies the motif of the story. At times events are normal and understandable; at other times they are weird, mysterious and Oriental.

The Canadian Courier



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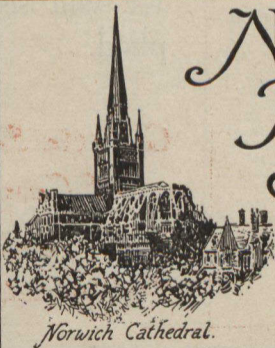
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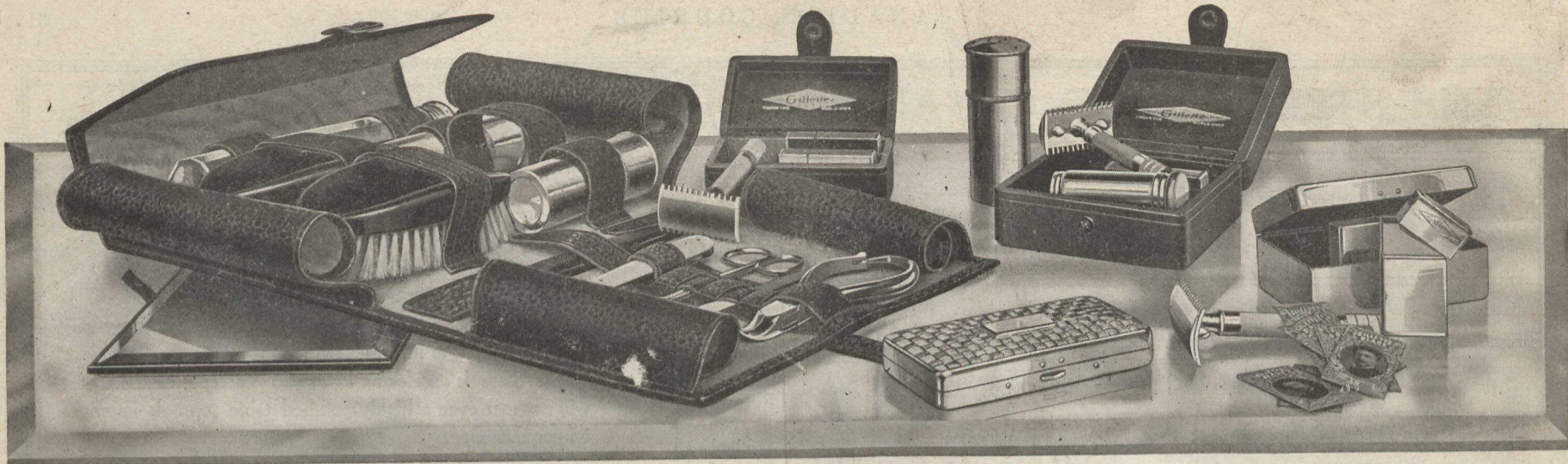
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Basket Pattern—Metal Case, Velvet Lined.

No. 501—Triple Silver Plated Case and Razor ..	5.00
No. 501 A—Gun Metal Case and Gold Plated Razor	5.50
No. 501 B—Gold Plated Case and Gold Plated Razor	6.00

Shell Pattern—Metal Case, Velvet Lined.

No. 502—Triple Silver Plated Case and Razor ..	5.00
No. 502 A—Gun Metal Case and Gold Plated Razor	5.50
No. 502 B—Gold Plated Case and Gold Plated Razor	6.00

Empire Pattern—Metal Case, Velvet Lined.

No. 504—Triple Silver Plated Case and Razor	5.00
No. 504 A—Gun Metal Case and Gold Plated Razor	5.50
No. 504 B—Gold Plated Case and Gold Plated Razor	6.00

Leather Case, Velvet Lined.

No. 505—Black Cowhide Case and Triple Silver Plated Razor	5.00
No. 505 A—Black Seal or Pigskin Case and Triple Silver Plated Razor	5.50
No. 505 B—Black Seal or Pigskin Case and Gold Plated Razor	6.00

STANDARD SET "Indestructible"

Metal Case, Velvet Lined.

No. 460 B—Nickel Plated Case; Triple Silver Plated Razor	5.00
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Most Christmas boxes which men receive are valued rather for the giver than for themselves. Not so when the gift is a Gillette Safety Razor.

That is something which adds to the sum total of a man's comfort and happiness. Every day he enjoys its time-saving efficiency, and learns to value the giver more highly because of the gift.

Can you think of any other article which is at once so handsome and so useful? Then make his gift this year a Gillette Safety Razor. Even if he has a Standard Set, he would appreciate a Combination Set or a Pocket Edition for travelling.

Ask your Jeweler, Druggist or Hardware dealer to show you the Gillette Sets in these different styles. If by any chance he cannot, write us and we will see that you are supplied.

**Gillette Safety Razor Co.
of Canada, Limited**

Office and Factory—
The New Gillette Bldg., Montreal

Standard Set

Leather Case, Velvet Lined.

No. 460—Morocco Grain Case; Triple Silver Plated Razor	\$5.00
No. 466—Real Seal Case; Triple Silver Plated Razor	6.00
No. 468—English Pigskin Case; Triple Silver Plated Razor	6.00
No. 468 B—Pigskin Case; 14-Karat Gold Plated Razor	7.50

Combination Sets

No. 00—Consists of Triple Silver Plated Razor; Badger Hair Shaving Brush in Triple Silver Plated Holder; Stick Gillette Shaving Soap in triple Silver Plated Holder; 2 Metal Blade Boxes, and 12 double edged Blades; all contained in Seal Grain Leather Case	7.50
No. 00 A—Same as above; contained in Real Seal Case	9.00
No. 00 B—Same as above; contained in Pigskin Case	9.00
No. 00 G—Same as above; with Gold Plated Razor and Fittings throughout	12.00
NO. 461—Consists of Triple Silver Plated Razor; Metal Box containing 12 double-edged Blades; Telescope Pattern Badger Hair Shaving Brush; Stick Gillette Shaving Soap in Triple Silver Plated Holder; velvet-lined Morocco Grain Leather-Covered Case	6.50
No. 461 B—Consists of Triple Silver Plated Razor; Metal Box containing 12 double-edged Blades; Telescope Pattern Badger Hair Shaving Brush; Stick Gillette Shaving Soap in Triple Silver Plated Holder; Velvet-lined Metal Case, Nickel Plated	6.50
No. 422—Consists of Triple Silver Plated Razor; 12 double-edged blades; fine quality Badger Hair Shaving Brush and Stick Gillette Shaving Soap in Triple Silver Plated Holder; Plate Glass Mirror; in English Pigskin Case	9.00
No. 421—Same as 422; but with real Seal Case	9.00
No. 421 G—Same as 422; but with Gold Plated Razor and fittings throughout	12.00

