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The Canadian Magazine

Vol. XXXIX. Contents, October, 1912

No. 6

OXEN DRINKING	<i>FRONTISPIECE</i>	
PAINTING BY HORATIO WALKER		
"THE RING" IN HYDE PARK	John Edgcumbe Staley	493
ILLUSTRATED		
VALUABLE SPACE. FICTION	Ethel Seymour	502
THE WITCHERY OF WOMAN'S SMILE	J. D. Logan	517
ILLUSTRATED		
A TENNYSONIAN INTERPRETATION	Professor Adam Carruthers	526
OLD PRECISIMUS. FICTION	G. A. Palmer	530
TREATED BY PROXY. FICTION	Harold Eyre	537
THE LAST DESIRE. VERSE	George Herbert Clarke	540
THE QUEEN VICTORIA NIAGARA FALLS PARK	Frank Yeigh	541
ILLUSTRATED		
ON FORBIDDEN TRAILS. FICTION	C. Lintern Sibley	548
HOW MUCH SHALL I TIP?	Louise Hayter Birchall	552
THE ART OF MARY RITER HAMILTON	Florence E. Deacon	557
ILLUSTRATED		
A SOCIAL SOMERSAULT. FICTION	George Randolph Chester	565
EDSON J. CHAMBERLIN. SKETCH	Edward Angus	573
CANADIAN BOOK-TITLES	A. Wylie Mahon	578
THE LIBRARY TABLE	Book Reviews	581
TWICE-TOLD TALES	Current Humour	585

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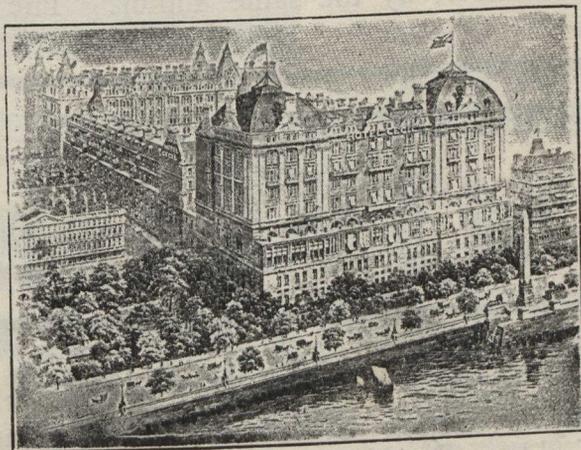
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FINLAND AND THE FINNS

By John Edgcumbe Staley

This article is as racy and interesting as the one on Hyde Park, in the October Number, by the same author. The illustrations are excellent.

HOPE ON THE HIGHWAY

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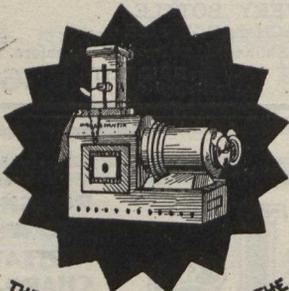
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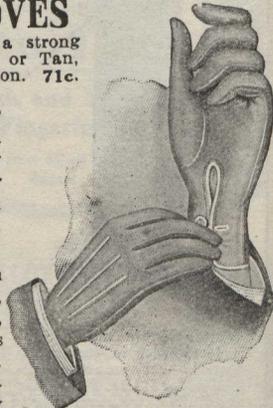
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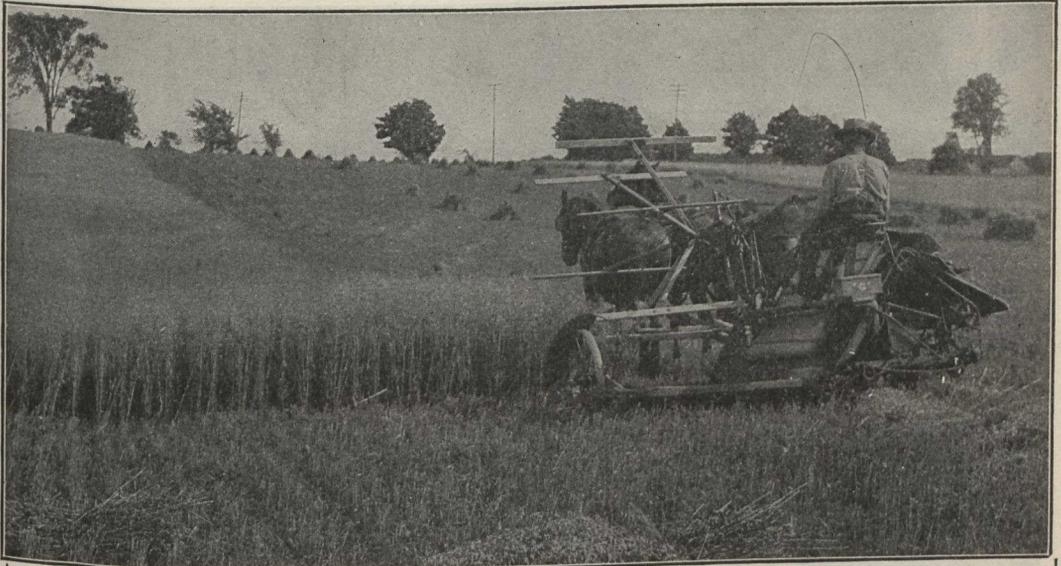
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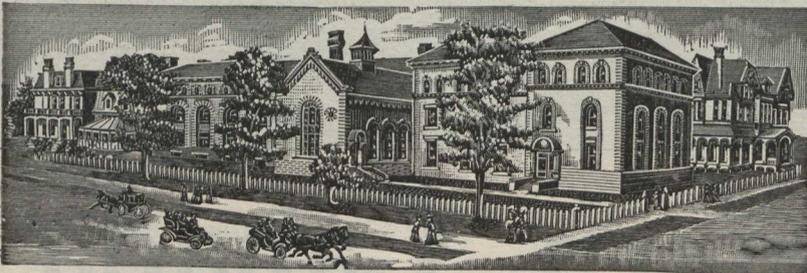
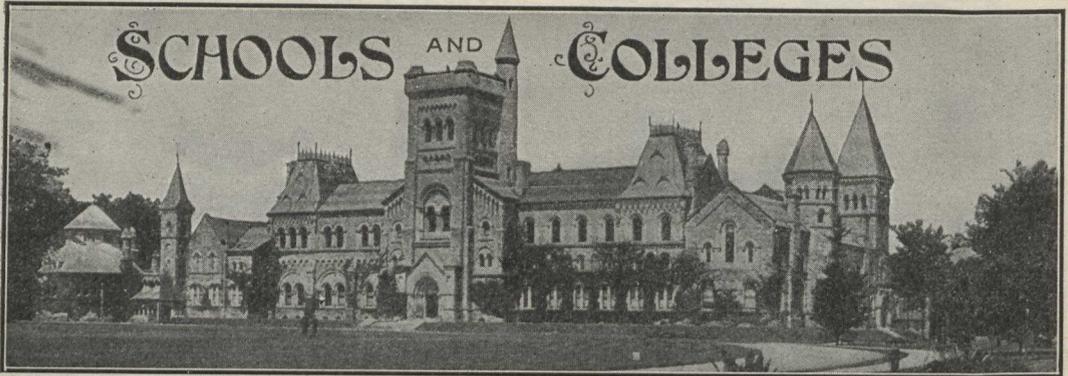
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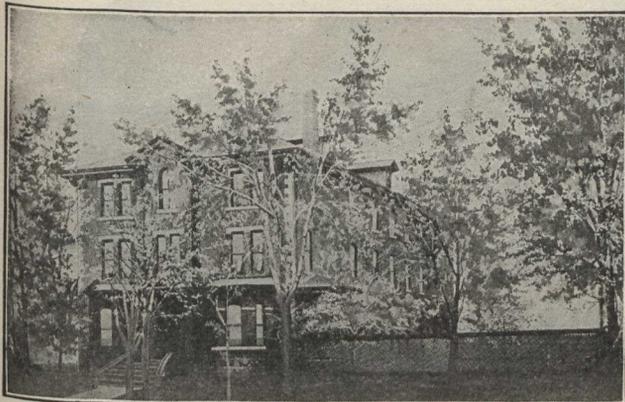
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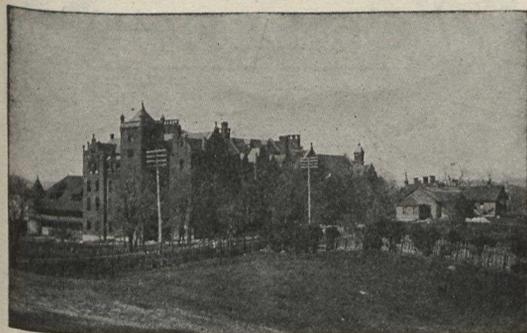
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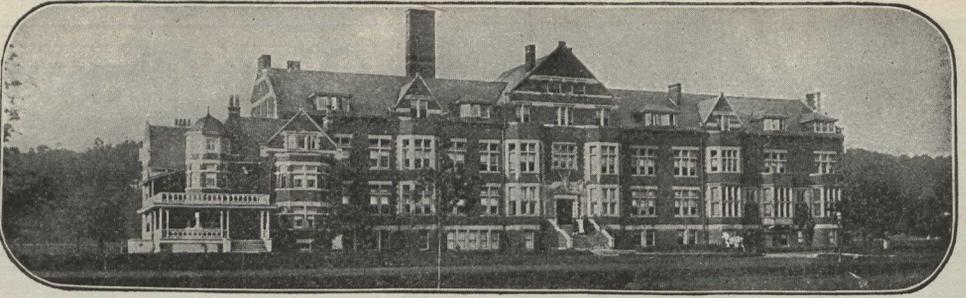
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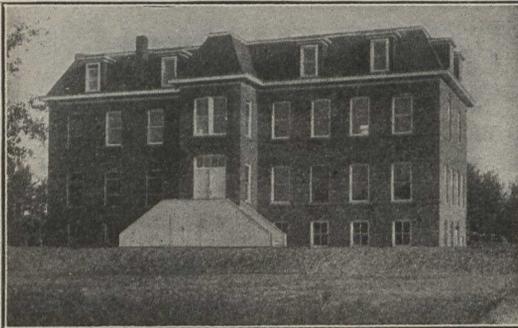
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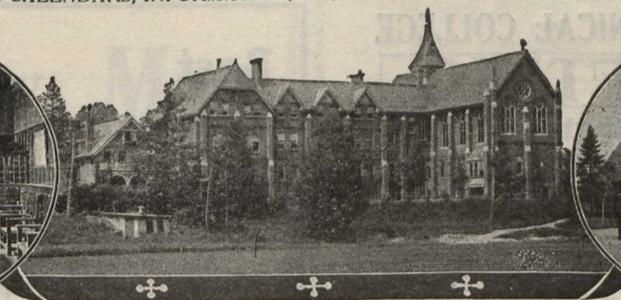
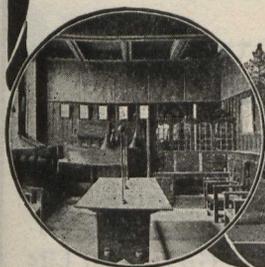
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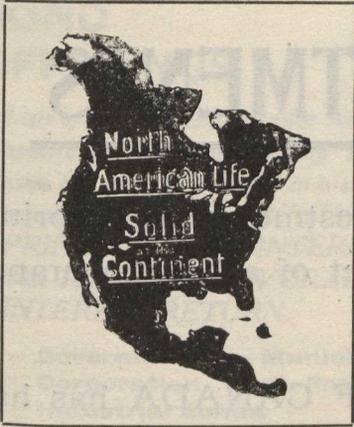
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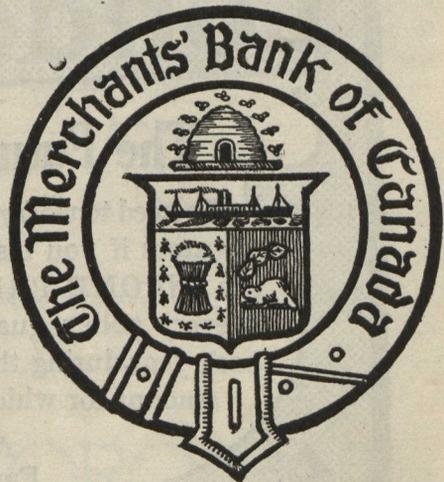
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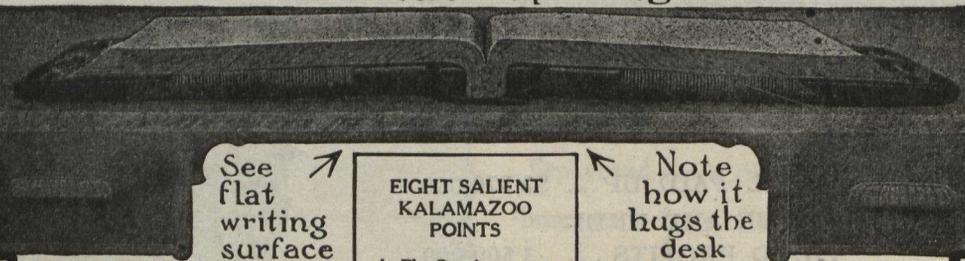
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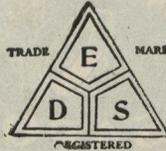
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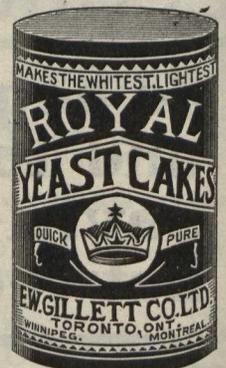


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THE
CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XXXIX

TORONTO, OCTOBER, 1912

No. 6

“THE RING” IN HYDE PARK

BY JOHN EDGCUMBE STALEY

ALL Canadians know Hyde Park, personally, by hearsay, or from photographs. For Londoners it has a mighty charm, but few know fully the history of that famous beauty spot.

The story of Hyde Park is really the history of London, her people and their ways. It was bluff Henry VIII., that Royal grabber of other men's properties, who snatched, in 1536, the church lands of the Manor of Hyde from the cringing monks of Westminster. He converted it into a deer park and there he, his wives, his son, his daughters and his courtiers hunted through oak and chestnut glades the spotted buck and fallow deer.

Phillip II. of Spain and I. of England, as he styled himself, when he went wooing good Queen Mary, took with him in his peaceful armada many a head of grisly boar and thus added to the leisures of the chase in the Royal demesne.

Elizabeth the Termigant was wont to exhibit herself under the greenwood tree in characteristic guise. Mounted on a big white Flemish palfrey with

light blue caparisons, she ambled in and out of the underwood arrayed in a screaming scarlet habit and a stomacher with the biggest, stiffest ruff and her red hair tousled more than any other bedisened hussy. All the “kills,” of course, were hers; alas, she killed her nearest and her dearest, too.

The Stuart kings were cast in a kindlier, happier mould. Merry they all were, although the sly Muse of history has dubbed James I. a phlegmatic monarch. Poor man, he had enough to do, what with parsons and plotters. They all tallyhoed up and down the park and held right Royal banquets on the sward. James built his banqueting hall, now the Royal Humane Society's house for princely junketings, and there re-echoed jovial toasts as bumpers of sweet sack were quaffed from historic crystal glasses.

Liberal minded Charles I. opened the park to his lieges all in 1636, for sports and steeplechases round and about the nine purling springs of limpid chalybeate water which now, alas, are absorbed in the inartistic



DRINKING AT THE SPRINGS WITHIN "THE RING"

From an engraving dated 1712

reservoir. This was the beginning of "The Ring," and there the beautiful Queen Henrietta Maid gathered about her the gallants of her short-lived Court. The festive doings were by no means put on one side when the Roundheads had driven out the Cavaliers, for, among the first public acts of the Lord Protector was the regulation of the fashionable rendezvous. The Royal Banquet Hall he made his own, but the Jacobean gardens he threw into the Carolinian circle. He named the pleasure "The Ring," and surrounded it with the cannon, set on end, which erstwhile he had mounted on Primrose Hill. Cromwell and his consort were the first to drive round "The Ring" in state, in a great yellow caleche drawn by four spanking, piebald Flemish stallions. The Cromwellian cult of "The Ring" was enlarged by encounters of pugilistic youths and mortal frays of feathered fowl. Oliver was nothing if he was not a physical culturist. Possibly "to give a Crown for an Oliver" originated in the grim Protector's conviviality.

The Restoration was the hey-day of "The Ring." Charles II. dubbed it "The Tour," perhaps in jovial recollection of his adventures in foreign lands among needy courtiers and fascinating women. At all events it became the paradise of belles and beaux. An old chronicler speaks of "the month of March, when the King and Queen took the air and the greetings of their Court daily, seated in their great golden chariot." Catherine of Braganza was, truth to say, somewhat dowdy and peculiar in her dress and ways. She persisted in wearing a ridiculous Portuguese costume until Charles slashed her skirt with his sword. Really she cut a sorry figure beside Lizzie Killigrew, Barbara Villiers, Louise de Quérouaille, Nell Gwynne and the other beauties of the Court. Nothing put her more out of temper, perhaps naturally, than when the King insisted upon having one or other of his mistresses with her in the Royal coach.

"The Ring" witnessed wild, gay scenes in those frivolous days. "Scores

of gallant ladies in coaches, some singing, some laughing, and some tickling one another, toyed with tartlets, marshpane and China oranges, whilst they watched their beaux playing with silver balls and bats.” So wrote honest Tom Brown in his “Amusements of the Meridian.” “Quieter folks first dined, then to the play at four and drove round ‘The Ring’ on their way home to supper and to bed.”

The two beauteous duchesses—Cleveland and Portsmouth—were jealous for the position of *maitresse-en-titre*. Barbara pouted at Louise’s “simple baby face,” and Louise poked fun at Barbara’s “imperious petulance.” They were wont to sweep past each other in “The Tour,” each surrounded by her escort of dandies, with averted faces, assoiling each other’s reputation in shrill whispers. Louise was Charles’s “Flora,” Barbara his Minerva, but both paled before that brilliant star, the Drury Lane orange girl who sold her luscious fruit and luscious lips to His Majesty in “The Tour.”

Burnet writes that “Nell Gwyn, the

indiscreetest and coldest creature that ever was at Court, continued to the end of the King’s life in greatest favour.” “Naughty, pretty, witty Nell,” Pepys calls her, “acted well in pastorals, danced to distraction, and affectingly recited Dryden’s epilogues under the Spanish chestnuts of ‘The Tour’ to the infinite delight of Charles.” He dubbed her “The Fairy of the Park,” and fondling her cheery cheeks whispered in her ear, “Thour’t Diana in good sooth—the fair huntress of my soul.”

May-Day was, in Stuart days, the highest Park festival. May-poles were erected and old fashion dances and *à la mode* minuets were paced and postured on the green. Every one devoured the tasty cheesecakes at the famous cheesecake house, upon the side of the West Bourne river, flowing through the Park from the heights of Hampstead to the Thames, beyond Knights’ Bridge at Ranelagh. “Fiddlers rasped and pipers skirled and the belles and beaux fell to kissing and canoudling. Women, painted, spotted and masked, in and out of



A BATHING SCENE IN “THE RING”



DRIVING IN "THE RING"

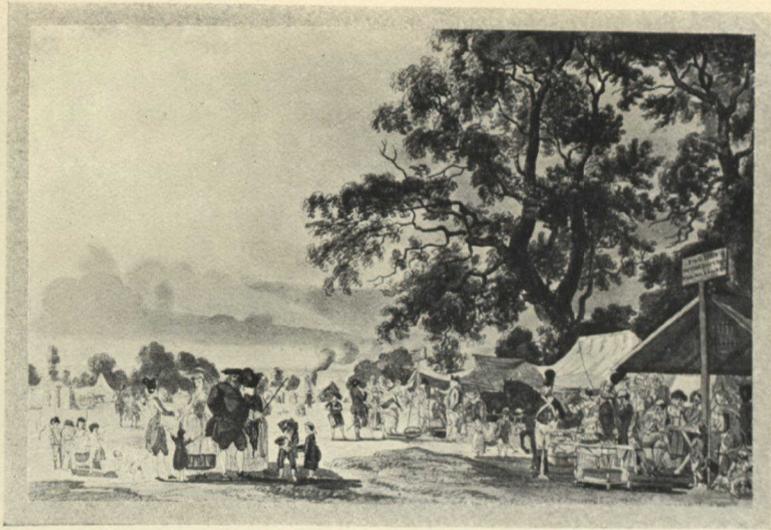
carriages went skylarking with the smarts."

Staider citizens of the town were shocked at these carryings on. Moll Davies was one of these fine critics, herself a plaything of the King. Pepys says, "Mrs. Pitrie, whoever she may have been, called Moll, the most homely jade he ever saw." His worthy spouse describes her as "the most impertinent slut in the world." Nevertheless Charles had an ardent liking for her. One day, indeed, it was reported, sitting by her side on a green hillock near "The Tour" he took off his own signet ring, worth £700, and slipped it upon her marriage finger.

James II., like his amorous brother, was an ardent patron of "The Tour" and spent much of his leisure with his ladies there. When he tired of Queen Anne Hyde—buxom, matter of fact, and probably somewhat dull—he flew into the arms of Arabella Churchill, though what he saw in her one cannot say, if Count de Grammont's tale is true. He describes her as a tall, thin creature, pale-faced, nothing but skin and bone, and as ugly as a skeleton."

Queen Mary of Modena brought with her the Italian temperament and the Italian love of romance; but, alas, the dour English climate soured her and the King's liaisons disgusted her. No lady in "The Tour" was gayer than Catherine Sedley. She was high in Royal favours, but in the Park and in Whitehall, there also reigned Lizzie Brooke, who, to win the King's favour, it was said, poisoned her dotting old husband, Sir John Denham. "La Belle Hamilton," as the Count de Gammont calls her, was the real leader of the Hyde Park revelries. "She was distinguished and alluring in manner and pose, the model copied by every other pretty woman for her good taste in dress and in the arrangement of her hair."

William and Mary were not fashionable sovereigns, but lived in mock seclusion what time they dwelt together at Hampton Court. They never drove in "The Ring." Posing as advocates of puritanism, they affected to discourage revels in the Park: still they delighted to watch Verrio dust liberal rouge upon the sprawling limbs of the goddesses along the new ceiling of the Grand Staircase. The



From an 1811 coloured print

A CAMPING SCENE IN "THE RING"

artist scorned the "upstart," as he angrily dubbed King William, but he knelt to the Queen for his golden fee. The Royal Dutchman replied by preferring Sir Godfrey Kneller for the suite of deadly, dull "Hampton

Court Beauties" as inartistic foils to Charles I.'s bevy of Fair Women. William was always in terror of the jeers of the Jacobites, but Mary, in her Consort's Irish absence, did not disdain to show herself occasionally in



From an engraving dated 1793

AN AIRING IN "THE RING"



The Jolly Landlady in Hyde Park 1783.

“The Ring,” She was a Stuart of course and possessed her family’s love of frolic—on the sly. However, she professed to be shocked at the license she beheld and actually, in 1694, issued a Royal precept forbidding public stage coaches and hired hackney carriages entrance into the Park. This regulation has never been rescinded and holds good to-day, but few people know that Mary II. had anything to do with it.

Equipages in “The Ring” were required to bear upon the door panels and at the back—a regulation still in force—the owner’s crest or coat of arms, and the men servants had cockades stuck upon their livery hats. These rules were, by the way, cruel cuts at all city cockneys and others lacking blue blood. A quaint distich of the period runs thus:

“Should a man bear arms but what’s
his own
Hundreds that frequent ‘The Ring’
would have none.”

William III., all the same, had a manly passion for pretty women. The Queen was by no means ill-favoured, but there were ladies of the Court who ruled the monarch and his suite quite as fascinatingly as did the beauties of the Stuart sovereigns. Elizabeth and Anne Villiers, daughters of Sir Francis Villiers, and Mary Worth were the gayest of the gay. The King treated them very well and at last married them off favourably. Elisabeth became Countess of Orkney, Anne the wife of the Royal favourite Bentinck, and Mary mated with Count Zulestein.

If the Court and reign of William and Mary lacked the brilliant freedom of the Stuart regime, Queen Anne harked back upon her festive ancestors. She herself was “a merry soul, a merry soul was she!” Handsome, with magnificent dark brown hair, and clever, she loved to be in the fashion and sought the adulation of her cavaliers. She delighted to dis-



The Fair Stationer in Hyde Park 1720

sport herself and her fine clothes in "The Ring," both mounted and on foot. She loved cheesecakes and syllabubs and cooling draughts of clear spring water from the nine pools within "The Ring." Cold collations, picnicwise, were all the rage in summertime. Fiddlers, bagpipers and morris dancers helped to beguile the shining hours of play.

The Queen loved Kensington Palace, hard by, and there she built her Orangery, one of the most beautiful buildings in London, where she could sip her Bohee cup of tea, flavoured with gossip and orange-bitters, with her dear Duchess Sarah Churchill *vis-a-vis*,

"Embracing, gossiping, quarrelling;
Quarrelling, embracing, gossiping,"

as the fancy of the moment took them, along with the favoured gentlemen of the Royal suite. Her Majesty, the alert arbiter of fashion, gave Londoners of her time an excellent healthful

mode—she dipped her many babes, alas, they all died in infancy, in the pellucid pools and periodically drank copiously of the chalybeate waters. It was diagnosed that ricketts, St. Vitus's dance and childish eczema were cured by the nine springs; whilst for adults the water was indicated for ophthalmia, obesity, gout and jaundice. Such curative applications had their gustatory compensation. It was only a step to the Cheesecake House, where good cheer was to be had:

"Of cheesecakes and custards and pigeon-pie puffs,
With bottled ale, cider and such sort of stuffs."

When good Queen Anne was quite dead and gone soldiers and their equipages filled the Park and the officers messed within "The Ring." "Every afternoon society ladies and their satellites, some in elegant toilettes, some heavily veiled, were wont to foregather at the canteen. They



"THE RING" TEA HOUSE

loved to peep into the tents, joke with their occupants, and finish off with dishes of tea after and sweet ratafias." For grosser palates, ready to hand, were booths and bowers for soldiers and their lasses, where thirsty souls might quaff

"Pool's entire Bute Beer,
Fine ales and amber."

So read the signs.

Society greatly resented the intrusion of the middle mercantile class. James Meadows, writing in 1774, says: "Every illiterate coxcomb who has made a fortune by sharpening or shopkeeping endeavours to mimic the great ones; but the Ludgate Hill hobble and the Cheapside swing, with the general city jolt and wriggle, are readily perceived, in spite of the artifices the smarts put on." Whilst the Court disported itself in "The Ring" the middle class flocked to the many tea and strawberry gardens just beyond the Park palings. George Morland's "Tea Garden" was painted

at one of these resorts, "The Flora," where, amid the bustle of many thirsty patrons the warning cry of winsome serving girls was, "'Ware the kettle scaldings!"

Fashion did not become less absolute as time went on. Instead of "painted, spotted ladies and women in masks" the verdict of the modistes was "to be dressed in the fashion one must be undressed." This gave birth to the amusing parody of "The Banks of Bavin":

"Shepherds! I have lost my waist,
Have you seen my body?"

In 1790 long diaphonous skirts slipping off bare necks and shoulders swept the ground and great high plumed hats nodded ominously as the gay crowd passed to and fro. Men wore abnormally tight trousers and great loose coats and perky top hats and boots. High gigs were all the rage; perilous to dismount with decorum, and the gee-gees' tails were tied up with satin ribbon.

Fêtes-galants and merry-makings were crushed, alas, when the gloom and cant of the Georgian era settled down upon “Merrie England.” The only junketings were fairs and festivals, loved by the vulgar crowd; beer and beef and beans supplied in-artistic fare. A handbill of 1836 ran:

R. Hardy
 Begs to inform his friends and the public at large that he has engaged a Booth in Hyde Park during the Fair, situate in The Fifth Line, north of “The Ring” for the supply of refreshments. The well known quality of R. Hardy’s wines, spirits, ales and stout, with the assurance that they shall all be delivered genuine, he hopes will encourage good and generous support.

Bell Inn, Great Easter Lane,
 June 23rd, 1836. Doctor’s Commons.

A new departure, however, in the use of Hyde Park came in with the new century. Crossed rapiers and pointed pistols became significant instruments beneath the spreading walnut trees. In some of the sanguinary encounters both principals were killed, as in the case of the Duke of Hamilton and Lord Mohun. But light-hearted beauties bewitchingly exorcised the ghosts of gallants done to death and field flowers sprang up where noble blood was shed. Early in the last century the splendid rows of chestnuts and walnuts were cut down; why and wherefore nobody seemed to care to know. Cromwell’s cannon railings were, with them, un-earthed and borne away, and “The Ring” was no more.

Such and such were the varied happenings in “the good old days.” One hundred years have fled since “The Ring” re-echoed with the happy

laughter of merry maids and men. Frolic, such as it is to-day, and fashion have seized upon another Hyde Park rendezvous. “The Ring” has given place to Rotten Row, where people take their pleasure somewhat sadly. Some of the old trees still remain whose earlier leaves rustled approvingly amid the billing and cooing of thousands of loving couples seated beneath their grateful shade. What stories would they tell could they but speak!

Within the last ten years something has doubtless been well done to revive the ancient amenities of Hyde Park. In summer time military bands dispense popular music, whilst thirsty but temperate souls may refresh their inner man at the attractive tables of “The Ring” Tea House. The Serpentine, due to misjudged Queen Caroline, has a fleet of row-boats, and model yachts sail intermittently here and there. Hyde Park is the happy breathing place for all sorts and kinds of faddists with inexplicable grievances. The right of meeting and speaking is unrestricted. There too the up-to-date women of society, the Suffragettes, gather mighty audiences and sally forth on tumultuous expeditions for women’s votes.

London in Hyde Park has almost wholly shaken off the incubus of Hanoverian nightmares, and society has revived, phoenix-like, something of the gaiety of life and unconventionality of manners. Given opportunity and suitable locality, John Bull is ever a jovial, happy fellow. If you would judge him fairly you will speedily discover that he is a very human sort of chap and that Mrs. J. B. is as charming as she is discreet.



VALUABLE SPACE

BY ETHEL SEYMOUR

KIRBY was the first man to reach the Press table, but a woman was there before him. A beginner . . . What paper? . . . damnable work for a girl . . . this was at the surface of his thought. Underneath, he was at the problem which had brought him there earlier than an experienced man would have come. How to get an interview with Carrer, the French Nationalist, trip him, and expose this first speech of his as the mask it was. Carrer's supporters and exploiters had him well surrounded, but Kirby knew that if he could get at him in French, Carrer would be less on guard and some expression would slip out . . . Kirby could already see the Chief's wrinkles smooth as he inspected the copy. Then, the influence on public opinion . . . by a private interview to have the speech scotched so neatly!

Kirby had reached the table. The girl—a note-book already open before her—turned from her scrutiny of the audience and of the people coming in, and the Carrer interview dropped from Kirby's mind as, for a second that was eternal, he saw a living thought looking at him from the girl's eyes. Gray hat . . . gray eyes . . . colour . . . recorded his senses. But the thought that grew in her eager face retained him.

"I beg your pardon," he was impelled to say. "I interrupted your thought."

"No. But I was just thinking . . . of those men and women . . . and what freedom and civili-

sation mean to them. This Ultramontanism that may yet make it go hard with us. What Reciprocity means to these working people . . . I can't say it and I can't write it . . . but to feel the intimate life of many men and women . . . to see what life is!"

He followed her eagerness, amused. "You're interested in . . . politics?"

"Among other things, yes."

"Woman Suffrage?" he suggested lightly, and felt himself asinine. He must pull himself together.

"As a symbol," she rejoined and was self-contained.

Behind them was the steadily increasing tramping and movement of men taking their seats.

Each waited for the other to begin again.

"You are new?" Kirby asked at length bluntly, feeling that he might be able to help her somewhat, but irritated because he felt it was man's work and she should not be there.

"On *The Banner*," she assented briefly.

"Are you on this alone? Won't it be almost too much?"

Her eyes glimmered.

"Local colour . . . the crowd," she explained. "There's a man to do the straight stuff."

"Moray always gives you people too much. But if you want the audience. . . ." suggestive of an ordinary seat

"I like this better." After a moment she added, "In a crowd the opinion of the man at your right may

overbalance the effect of the whole."

Bell from *The Star* came in, nodded to Kirby, and sat down at the other end of the table.

Kirby gave some moments' thought to his interview and threw out one scheme after another. Something brought him instantly back to the woman at the end of the table.

"Don't you find this work wearing?" he inquired.

"I don't let anything wear me," smiling.

She was beautiful, but irritating.

"The irregularity of the hours—being called at any time. It's a hard life for a man but impossible for a woman. I don't want to discourage you," he continued.

"You don't," dryly.

Kirby did not pause long enough to be surprised at his insistence.

"Then there are some things you can't do that we take as a matter of course."

The *Star* man shoved a paper across the table to Kirby.

"Seen the eight o'clock *Banner*?" and was at his note-book again.

"And some we can that you can't," rejoined the girl to Kirby. "But all newspaper men say these things." She put out her hand impulsively. "I'm Helen Grant."

"My name is John Kirby, of *The News*." They shook hands.

"Our professional politics are the same, then."

At this point of their conversation, the Committee came on the platform.

"Yes," answered Kirby as he opened *The Banner*.

Across the front page heavily blacked he saw:

"CARRER'S SPEECH A JOKE."

"Private Interview Discounts Public Statements."

"Scooped," said John. "Which of your men did it?"

A slow dull flush almost reached the gray eyes of Helen Grant, then receded.

"It was mine," said the girl quietly.

John, scanning the column, looked up quickly.

"And I said—I said—Oh, Lord!" he laughed silently. "If you can do that, you don't need to trouble about police work and the drudgery. Good stuff."

The girl bent her head slightly, but said nothing.

The perfunctory applause as Carrer took his place sent them to work. The other men came, and the pencils raced as Carrer's graceful, dignified, carefully English speech fell across the hall. He spoke the language without an accent, but slowly. The report of the interview had reached him and he dealt at some length with the inferences the reporter had drawn from his remarks and the charges made upon them. But, talk as he might, Carrer could not efface the impression left by the front page of *The Banner*. The audience listened, seldom interrupting, as it they believed that Carrer himself felt what he said was the truth, but that behind him were lies.

Kirby, taking a verbatim report, worked steadily. Helen Grant, turning over the notes she had begun to the *Banner* man, who had come late, followed Carrer's rebuttal closely. Without seeming to, she studied the audience, face after face, row above row, tier on tier, to the domed ceiling. Carrer had reached the main part of his speech when she began to write, and then she wrote for not more than fifteen minutes.

As she folded her copy, her eyes fell on Kirby. Something in the paper held her. In less than a year, an editorship would fall to him and he had praised her work. Helen did not pay much attention to this, nor yet to the dissuasion. But she followed the clean lines of Kirby's forehead and cheek to the straight jaw. His lean face was almost gaunt, and the knotted forehead, eyebrows, mouth, told the tale of too much work under high pressure. "Newspaper men are the best in the world

and the most liberal," she thought, "but even they can't see why a woman wants to work."

When the speech was finished, Kirby wanted to speak to her, but in the confusion, as they got up, she disappeared. Asked, John could not have told what he wanted to say to her. When he could not see her, he wondered for a moment whether she had gone down town to the office alone. But the man from *The Banner* was gone, and Kirby, feeling relieved, thought that perhaps she had gone with him.

II.

The next afternoon, going out on an afternoon assignment, Kirby almost passed Helen Grant, who was hurrying in the same direction. The October wind, sunlit even in the town's dust, blew them together, side by side.

"Ah, good afternoon, Mr. Kirby," she cried, as his hand went to his hat.

They looked at each other, each somewhat uncertain.

"Are you in a hurry?" asked Kirby

Something inside him demanded, "What in the devil is it to you, anyway?"

"Only as usual," Helen Grant replied. "Meetings that I don't want."

They walked on.

"I'm in the same case. Everything's dull. No murders—no suicides—no corruption—no news. Where do you have to go?"

The conversation went in jerks, uneasily.

"Women's Sappho Club. Socialist matter. A vaudeville matinée—oh, confound them all," she burst out, and stopped in apology.

Kirby's sympathy got the better of his surprise

"It's part of the work. You'll get tired of it."

Some anger flamed inside her.

"No, I don't think so; you caught me at a bad moment"

He appeared to ignore this and went right to the point.

"I've the same ground to cover. We'll play we're both cub reporters—divide our meetings—they're unimportant; and the time we save will tone you up."

"But I don't need.." she began, on the defensive.

Some mad impulse drove the level-headed John.

"But I do. If one of *The Banner* men had been on instead of you, we'd have done it. When you work with men, it's different," John was pursuing the enemy into its stronghold.

"It's not honest," she weakened.

"Oh, you are a beginner," John taunted, and his blue eyes laughed down into hers. "You do the Woman's business. I'll take the Socialists. We'll take in one stunt at Mars. That'll be enough," he decided quickly. "It's a good afternoon for a country walk." The quick thought that she would seem to be treating him from a social instead of a business standpoint checked her rebellion. A man could say that to a man. "We could easily do six or seven miles between tea and dinner. You'll have tea, won't you?" he continued.

"If I were a man," she said, but felt her inanity, "you'd have said beer. You'd better get a man, hadn't you?"

"Woman's refining influence." He laughed at the disgust in her face. You're not fair. You never forget that you're a woman, after all."

Helen came to a swift determination. "I'll show you," she said mentally, "that I can treat you as a man would."

"It is a splendid afternoon and the fresh air would do us both good," she assented to the side issue.

"We're losing time, then," he swept the discussion to a close. "The Mars by a quarter to four."

They were at the corner. Helen

nodded, smiled, and took her car for the Woman's Meeting.

III

In the quiet of the tea-room, Helen had her first rest in two days. There were not many people present. She sank back in a chair.

The next moment she sat up.

"No. We must finish first," and reached for Kirby's notes.

"I'll do it for you," Kirby said.

"No, no. That would be too much."

She began to write her copy from his notes. John studied her face in the pink light of the candles. An altogether sweet and feminine face, he thought, but there was a steadiness of determination that Kirby was not used to in women. He puzzled to himself whether this made her more charming or less.

"Be honest, Miss Grant, isn't this newspaper work a strain for you?"

She glanced up from her paper, across the shaded candles and her gray eyes met his levelly. It seemed to her that for the first time she saw him as a person. She smiled.

"It's not the newspaper work." She threw out her hands as if giving up. "But this morning, instead of resting after working all day yesterday, I tried to finish a magazine article. Very foolish. Fagged myself, and the article's not done yet."

"You must take care of yourself," John heard himself with surprise.

A light of amusement glinted in her eyes.

"It's you who are forgetting that I'm to be a man," she stung him, remembering his gibe.

"I beg your pardon. I will remember to be impersonal in the future—which do you like better?"

"Oh, the magazine writing! I shall give up newspaper work as soon as I can."

He wondered whether she had to earn her own living.

"But newspaper work like the Carrer interview should attract you."

Her clear eyes clouded slightly.

"No. That's just it. M. Carrer knew what paper I represented, knew why I came, but was indiscreet to me, as he would not have been to a man."

Kirby stared.

"But that was an advantage," he remarked.

Helen controlled an outburst of emotion.

"It seems too mean. But I told him. . . I almost told him to be careful." She laughed shortly. "I wonder whether he thought me a fool because I was a woman. . . No. It's too much like treachery."

"O you girl, you girl." Kirby was laughing again. "And you think you want to live in a man's world."

Helen looked at him in cold anger. His face sobered.

"I do beg your pardon, Miss Grant. But it's really a compliment to women, you know, to the best of you. If you would only stay where the best can develop—in a home."

Helen's common-sense told her the futility of argument. She smiled frankly.

"You're as much a sentimentalist," she returned, "on that score, as I am. . . . But when I said last night that women could do some things better than men, I meant women's cases, women's work."

John was watching her face.

"Ah, yes," he assented, for a moment more occupied in looking than hearing, "the Women's Page."

"I'm not going to beg your pardon," she declared. "Now we're going to eat and have our walk."

IV.

On the car which they took to the suburbs of the city, there seemed little to talk about.

"There are a great many things about this road. . . ." John had begun and stopped. "I'm not much of a talker," he apologized.

"It will do us both good to be still," she replied, and, with the wis-

dom of a time-driven worker, relaxed in the corner of the seat, neither speaking or thinking until Kirby said, "Here we are."

They were out of the city, quite in the country, a country of green undulating hills and smooth meadows, with small, old farm-houses behind hedges or in a hollow of the hills. Their road, wide, high, gray—a stone road, open beneath trees—went westward, up a hill.

Helen drew a deep breath.

The sun was still bright over the emerald greenness of the fields. The wind blew strong, but not with the gusty uncertainty of the city. The road was level and without dust.

"Do you like walking much?" John said doubtfully. "It's for you to say how far we'll go."

"As far as you'd go alone," Helen declared. "My dinner's at seven. You know the way and can judge when we should turn."

They walked up the hill briskly and swung on for half a mile. Helen fell into a steady smooth stride, drinking in the fresh air, looking at the country with wide, eager eyes.

"I come out here all through the year. It's never just the same," John said. "I like it in Winter under a gray sky with the snow falling quietly." He felt like talking with her now.

"I like it better than any road I ever walked," said Helen, "so much so that I can't tell you. The hills make pictures. And see this bridge." Some white ducks were splashing in the water, and two pigs with curly tails watched them solemnly from the bank. Helen laughed as she pointed to them.

"We can be friends, can't we?" asked John, somewhat irrelevantly.

Helen fixed on him an accusing look.

"You wouldn't have said that to a man," she replied, "you'd have been friends without saying it."

"Kirby laughed boyishly at her keenness.

"It's hard to get away from the conventional attitude. A man seems obliged to ask a woman if they're to be friends."

"And then—what does it mean? For how long?" she questioned enigmatically.

"I haven't mentioned Plato," retorted John.

"No. That's of the last generation . . . Surely we're friends. . . . See these asters . . . the bloomiest I ever saw."

Helen shook with merriment and Kirby's face flushed.

"And here," John pointed to an apple tree on the fence line, "is one of the joys of the road . . . left for travellers."

"Oh!" Helen was ready to eat and in the next mile ate apple after apple.

At their last hill they came out at a cross-roads.

"This road," said John, pointing south-west, "is only a dirt road, but it's interesting and takes us, in a mile and a half, to a car line."

They were on a slight eminence and looked over the flat country to the sun already merging in a golden mist over the distant lake. Helen sat down on a log, and Kirby, stretched on the ground, took out a pipe.

"Do I have to say, 'May I?'" he teased.

Helen smiled assent.

"Is this a pose that women take to-day about work?" he followed his thought out loud.

"I never argue; I work," replied Helen.

"But if the best women—let's consider the question impersonally—never marry . . ."

"Marriage is fundamental; so is work," Helen vouchsafed.

"But how would it work out practically?"

"That's for each woman to decide," said Helen. "And each man," she added.

"Then let me be personal . . . wouldn't you be happier in a home

... cared for by someone?"

The sunlight was blinding. When Helen looked back, she said quietly, "I have a home. I have to work for my living, and I want to." But she did not explain the tears.

"Will you forgive me?" John felt a brute. "I had no right . . . no idea . . ."

"It's a long time past." Helen did not explain what or when, but smiled. "It's nerves now," she said cheerfully and rose.

She looked north before going down the slope . . . at the cold lights and lingering colours and heavy shadows.

When they turned down the long road, the land gloomed on either side, but at the end of the road was the great, golden sun, and the trees made for them a long approach.

"It's like going up to a great pagan temple altar, isn't it?" she said, and felt that Kirby was sufficiently of her mood for silence.

They walked with the strange golden light on their faces, feeling quite alone yet together, part of the light and the earth.

When they came to a low undrained place, Kirby offered his hand to help her, but she laughed, ran back a few steps and made a running jump that landed her, safe, on the other side; and Kirby liked her as he would have liked a boy.

They reached the car line.

"I have to thank you for a new idea—the road and the afternoon," she told him as they waited.

"And I you for company that suited the road."

The sight of the car-line artificiality seemed to take away the naturalness of their comradeship.

"I have to transfer going down, at Warburton Street East," she took her transfer.

"And I have to go down to the office. Shall I send your stuff in?" he asked.

"Thank you. I telephone it. Good-afternoon, Mr. Kirby."

"Good-bye, Miss Grant," and she was gone.

V.

Kirby went in to a lonely dinner at the Club. Until the soup was finished everything seemed all right. Then some thing went wrong. John gave a moment to self analysis as the waiter poured his wine. Then, putting it to one side, he fell to staring at the cloth. The man waited patiently with the meat and Kirby was forced to go on. He picked up the knife and fork, put them down, and burst into mental laughter—short, sharp, jeering—at himself.

"The measles at your age."

"But," he held converse with himself, "she's good company. Naturally you wish you'd asked her to dine."

"H'm," said John's self No. 1, "she said nothing about seeing you again. And won't. You know that. And what do you want to see her again for, anyway?"

"She's all right," returned John's self No. 2, "but she has such illogical, unpractical, unfeminine . . ." John lost Helen in following her delinquencies.

Taken altogether, the dinner was not a success, for one thing, John didn't eat enough. A man, as he said, would have come down with him.

"Infantile puerility," said John's self No. 1.

"Nonsense," No. 2 came back at No. 1.

John was glad to see the office again. He went to his desk. It was more like morning after press time than eight at night. Things were dull.

The door banged open.

"O you John," called a voice from the doorway.

"Banner people telephoned for you about six," continued Kay-Smith, the City Editor.

Kirby looked up quickly.

"Want to know what you'd done with their young lady reporter," he drawled, grimacing, "last seen in

your dangerous company. . . .”
 Kay-Smith dodged. Kirby kicked the door shut.

“Damn the fools,” he said between his teeth.

“Keep cool, Johnny,” Kay-Smith was roaring in the hall.

Silence.

“But I say, John, I fancy they were waiting for copy.”

“They’ve got it now,” briefly answered Kirby.

Five minutes later the City Editor came back. He tapped elaborately.

“Come in.”

“What’s the matter with you, anyway, John? Never saw you like this before.”

“What’s doing to-night?” John asked sharply.

Kay-Smith whistled.

“Much respect for the feeling . . . natural. . . . I won’t mention it, though,” he promised.

Kirby shrugged his shoulders.

“Then you won’t raise any more objections to writing that series of letters on the Woman Question? As you’ve no personal interest . . .”
 Kay-Smith drawled and stopped.

Caught between the devil and the deep sea, John dared not hesitate.

“To put an end to your asking,” he yielded.

“Well, you know, you saw the fusses in England, heard the speeches. Great thing. Do it as a correspondent of the editor. Let’s have one for the morning. There’s no news—And say, when that’s done, go up to Sir Henry Grove’s and ask him about that railroad deal. He’ll give you the facts.”

Kirby nodded.

“But Smith,” John stopped him at the door. “The boys are not to know that these letters are mine.”

“As you like, John, of course. No need for anyone to know.”

John sat down to the letter.

VI.

At ten o’clock Kirby was waiting in the library for Sir Henry Grove.

Lady Grove evidently had a reception on, for people were going past the open door up to the drawing-room.

He was looking out absently at the people passing by when a young woman in a lace gown, accompanied by an older lady in black, were forced to stop opposite the door. The evening gown was puzzling but the girl was familiar. She turned. She was Helen Grant. But a Helen Grant transformed, set in silk and lace and flowers . . . a vision of her, fair, subtly entrancing. Kirby, even at the distance, hardly dared trust himself to look at her, but he had an overpowering sense of the silken skin of her shoulders and the glorious, shining light of her eyes. He saw the magnificence of her pink roses as he bowed, then his eyes met hers, burning. The clean gray eyes smiled in return as frankly as in the afternoon, but before his utterly uncontrolled emotion the colour passed from her flowers to her face.

“Ah,” said Sir Henry’s voice beside him. “Good-evening, Mr. Kirby.”
 The servant closed the door.

VII.

John reached his rooms that night fagged and somewhat dispirited. He sat smoking before the fire for some time with many vague pictures passing unconnectedly before him. He saw the room he was in and its ordinary, unhomelike comfortless comfort, in which he smoked and read. He saw, too, many of the remarkable incidents of the life which was bearing him to success, and they seemed barren.

“I wonder whether she’d like to hear of them,” he thought, and started as if someone had spoken. Then he smiled, almost happily, and sank back deeper in the chair.

“She’s not happy,” John thought over this for a long time, and, neglected, the pipe went out.

“But perhaps he died,” was the next thought to reach the surface. “She doesn’t care.”

John got up and went to a window. The heavy curtain shut the room away, and he looked out on the bare trees of the park the grass covered with dried leaves blown in the wind, all in a bright, cold moonlight. Then, at the other side of the pane, came the picture of Helen. John saw the face so slightly flushed, the line of her shoulder . . . Like a child caressing what is lovely, John put out his hand to follow the curve. Remembering, he drew back. He looked to see her eyes accusing, but they were clear, unchanged, although a deeper light seemed to come into them . . . and a look he could not understand.

VIII.

By the second cup of coffee, Kirby had made his determination. The wind had died down in the night, and he walked down town in the cold, still sunshine of the bright October morning, feeling more alive than he had for many months. He let himself go, and while the future was vague, it was delightfully arranged and on a sound money basis . . . John had worked that all out during the first cup.

"Nonsense for a girl to be trying to do for herself . . . salads and . . ." John had great pleasure in picturing suitable backgrounds, where much time seemed to be consumed over arranging bookshelves and flowers. A chafing dish, too, needed a great deal of attention.

"Take all a woman's time," was John's sound opinion.

IX.

But Helen was not overtaken that morning. At one o'clock Kirby came to as from a dream of success.

Luncheon? Telephone her house? Impertinence. Wouldn't do at all. Why not the *Banner* office? With his hand on the telephone, Kirby paused. Take the world into confidence! A last resort.

At two o'clock, after looking every

minute out the window and turning expectantly whenever the 'phone rang, John gave in and went to luncheon.

It was a small, quaint place, frequented by newspaper people. In a corner, as he entered, he saw Helen Grant.

Three strides brought John to her table. She looked up from a book, and an expression of indifference gave way to . . . Was it a smile of pleasure?

"Good-morning, Mr. Kirby," she cried softly.

John said nothing, but satisfied himself with looking. To the wave of her hair, the smoothness of her forehead, the laughter in her eyes, even the shoulder line curved under the stuff of her shirtwaist. . . . Some colour came into his face as he remembered.

"It's just the same. It's real. I was afraid it might not be," he mused aloud.

The light deepened in his eyes.

The laughter grew in her.

"What, Mr. Kirby? What isn't it?"

He caught himself up.

"Don't you know?"

"No."

John was stopped.

"I thought you'd know. I'll tell you. . . ."

The sight of her was good as bread to starving people. But how to begin?

John dropped into a chair opposite her.

"May I order your luncheon first?" he asked.

"I'm just finished. Thank you." She looked at her watch. "Oh, Mr. Kirby, I'm sorry . . . but it's later than I knew. I should be at the office. Is this story of yours long?"

"Yes, it's long . . . rather . . ." It was as if the sun were going behind the clouds to him. "Can't you stay?"

Helen hesitated. "For a moment." "No," John decided heavily. "A moment won't do. To-morrow if you will have luncheon here . . . or . . ."

"I shall look forward to it. At two?" She was on the point of going.

"Yes. Not many about here then. Thank you."

Kirby stood. He caught a fleeting smile from under the close-fitting gray hat. He watched her go out at the door, turn and pass the café.

She was gone again.

John sighed and crumpled up in the chair.

"Will you have tomato soup, sir?" the waitress's voice recalled him.

"Yes, please." The little waitress felt sorry for him. He was plainly so unhappy.

John straightened.

"See here," he told himself, "you eat."

X.

"You're short on space, Miss Grant," remarked the Assistant City Editor, stopping at her desk.

Helen threw out her hands in a gesture of hopelessness.

"But what is there?"

The Assistant City Editor smiled. Helen smiled back. He went to a window as she went on leafing through the morning papers.

"I've been through them all," she said. "There's nothing. . . Oh, here's . . ." she stopped to read. "Why do people write such stuff? Bad economics to begin with. And why do editors put it in?"

"What?" asked the Assistant City Editor.

"In *The News* . . . letter on the Woman Question. . . Correspondent to Editor . . . 'taking space in your valuable paper'" she jeered. "Why don't they say, 'valuable space'?"

"Because it's *The News*," offered the Assistant City Editor.

"It doesn't say it at all," corrected Helen. "But the line of talk belongs to that class."

"Oh," she burst out again, her eyes on the offending column, "feminine charm lost in modern industrial

struggle,' . . . when working women have always worked and it's only the pampered few who were kept like slaves. . . ."

"There's more in it than that," objected Brown.

"You mean women being controlled, subject to a father, considered as property, married as a chattel . . . that this was for the good of the race?"

"Furthered morality," maintained Brown.

"As a transition period, as part of an evolving order . . . perhaps. Not now."

The Assistant City Editor was silent.

"The Woman Question turns on love and marriage. As a man is concerned with his duty to the State, so is woman related to man," Helen read from the letter. "Then comes a pretty little quotation from Milton about woman looking to man . . . Milton's Eve is considering herself now . . . I beg your pardon," she broke off to the Assistant City Editor, "I didn't mean to inflict it or myself on you."

Brown shrugged.

"Men and women will suit themselves in the matter. . . . Why don't you answer it?"

"What's the use? Neither arguments nor emotion convince these people. It's a complete change of front, and they don't see it."

"Will fill up your space," Brown suggested. "What's the rest of it about?"

"Eugenics, overstudy, suffrage in England."

"All right. Get busy. It's easy."

Helen's typewriter was pounding as the door banged.

XI.

The next day the little waitress took them to the same table. Evidently it was a rendezvous, and she served them with beaming eyes and deft fingers, to the ices, when she

withdrew, as she thought, discreetly.

Kirby grew more and more nervous. He reasoned with himself while Helen answered inconsequent questions with inconsequent replies.

Suddenly, a flush on his thin cheeks, he leaned across the table and asked quickly:

"Will you marry me, Miss Grant?"

Helen checked a smile and looked at him seriously. "No, of course not," sprang to her lips, . . . and died there.

"Mr. Kirby," she began, strangely feeling as much for him as she might for herself. "Why do you ask me such a question?" she began to break the negative.

"Do you want me to tell you? Will you let me?" Kirby's eyes lighted. Helen was suddenly conscious of his hand tightly gripped on the edge of the table, the shoulders tense, facing her, the head intently held, and a glance that swept her soul.

Helen met his eyes squarely.

"I should not have asked that." Her voice caught between the words . . . "I don't understand this feeling . . . I'm not going to marry."

Kirby felt a baffling opposition that unnerved him.

"I suppose I couldn't expect it—that you would care for me . . ." he considered soberly.

"No, no," she denied quickly, putting her hand across the table. "I do like you so much, Mr. Kirby. It's just that . . ."

"Do you . . . did you ever care a great deal for anyone?"

Helen shook her head.

"My father and I studied together. I've been alone since he died. Then," Helen poured forth her confidence unrestrainedly, "Sir Henry Grove got this work for me. I don't suppose that I'd have won it without his help. He is a director, you see, and Lady Grove is my mother's friend."

Kirby said nothing. Helen, uncertain as to what she could say, certain that she had nothing to say,

put on her gloves. She looked at Kirby, who was looking abstractedly at the cloth. He looked up, met her glance, half-smiling, in a somewhat wistful, boyish fashion.

"Then companionship means nothing to you?" he ventured. "I couldn't give you what you'd give me, but I'd do for you . . . Helen . . ." he caught at her name.

Something struck deep into Helen.

"I'm so truly sorry, Mr. Kirby, so . . ." she broke off, realising the futility of speech.

They were at the door of the café.

John held out his hand, smiling.

"But I'm not," he said quietly.

"I'm glad. It's something to care for you." His shoulders squared. He smiled again, murmured, "Good-bye," and was gone in the crowd.

XII.

John was working in an intently serious mood. Occasionally he whistled—a sign of greater concentration. Rapidly, he cleaned up paper after paper from the heap on his desk. The telephone buzzed continually. This was not the Kirby of that afternoon's luncheon scene.

He came to the afternoon papers. A half-column in *The Banner* was marked in Kay-Smith's scrawl, "Answer." John read "A Letter to the Editor," the first time rapidly, the second more slowly, as if unwillingly impressed. He paused over some sentences.

"The Woman Question is a question not of the relation of women to men, but of one woman to one man." This was common sense, but John's frown suspected a logical trap.

"Independent personalities" . . . John tried to grapple with this, but it was like meeting thick air. "Womanly women" was the phrase of John's argument.

"The principle of division makes it necessary that each woman should specialise in one kind of work. This would make the work done better.

So that differentiation of work is not only inevitable, but desirable."

John went for this fallacy and margined it: "Women in homes for the good of the race."

But the next sentence brought him up stiff in his chair:

"Many women will renounce motherhood to prove themselves worthy of it. . . ." This was dazing "Paralleling this movement for the development of mothers, let us have one for fathers. . . . But I consider that many men and women will not be parents. Their work will take all their thought." Kirby began to suspect that, in the whole "question," the conflicting generalisations were made, each one, from individual facts.

His gentle satire on the English Militant Suffrage party was withered by a scathing rebuttal.

"Why does not the Editorial Correspondent who was 'an eye-witness of the English Suffrage attacks' tell all that happened in the English Suffrage movement? The speeches against them that the newspapers gave in asterisks? Why not tell of the scene when a cabinet minister made an anti-suffrage speech and ridiculed women's pretensions, saying, 'Women? Women? Don't I know all there is to know about women? I buried three.'"

John recalled the speech, which had seemed without significance at the time.

"Before criticising the Militant English Suffrage party, it would be well to examine this speech to find the root reason for this rebellion of women."

There might be a measure of truth in that, John conceded, but it didn't apply to this country.

He prepared his reply, in which he took pains to rebuke gently the asperity of the tone of his opponent's remarks.

XIII.

Helen did not see Kirby anywhere

on the following day. Not seeing him, she missed him and grew serious. She found herself liking this tall, well-built chap, comparing him with other men . . . and to his advantage. Six feet of straight manhood and blue eyes that teased and laughed and pleaded . . . Helen remembered. His directness, his driving home of a point with no delay, made her smile, but the smile was one of respect. Before a piece of tapestry in a down town shop, she half turned to say, "What do you think of it, Mr. Kirby?" but realised that he was not there. In the evening, before the study fire, she put down a book of new plays, turned to say something of it, there was no one there. She half rose to go to her mother in the drawing-room, then picked up the book and went on reading. She was almost haunted by the cleanest, freshest personality she had ever met.

The next day the keenness of her impression of him was gone. She had the second letter to answer and wrote it in a methodical, logical, but somewhat mechanical way. She held the typewritten sheet up before her.

"Yes," she said to herself, "it's all true. It's incontrovertible, but it's not enough."

She paused at one or two sentences.

"But it's true," she pronounced finally.

"Abstract and up in the air and not human," assisted the Assistant City Editor.

Helen shut up her typewriter desk.

"I'm going home."

"Don't forget that University address to-night," the Assistant City Editor reminded her.

Helen went out.

She did not realise how much of her poise she had lost until the sight of Kirby that night recalled it to her. Then she knew she wanted his friendship, but not on his ridiculous terms.

At the close of the meeting, Kirby came beside her.

"You'll let me go home with you?"

It was not a question but a demand. They moved in the crowd toward the door.

Helen stumbled slightly when they reached the semi-darkness of the sidewalk. John caught her and she laid her hand on his arm to steady herself.

John began to speak, in a low voice, but vehemently, the words piling up one on another.

"Don't you ever feel it, Helen, this loneliness, working alone? Do you know what it is to go home and have no one who cares, no one who belongs? I want you. I am not happy. A man and woman belong to each other. It's right for a man to have a home and wife and children."

The girl beside him trembled, stiffened, then said quietly:

"Please, Mr. Kirby, let us not talk of it. I have my work. If it distresses you, don't talk with me at all."

"How can a woman be so cold?" exclaimed Kirby in despair.

"Mr. Kirby," Helen interrupted gently, "you really are giving me more importance than I deserve. Why should you talk of this matter so much? I like you, but . . ." She stopped with finality.

"I don't believe that's all," John persisted. His voice trembled. "You don't know what a kiss is." They had now reached the centre of the park.

"Mr. Kirby," some impatience robbed her tone of its gentleness, "why can't we be friends and let this matter drop?"

"It won't drop," vehemently. "I care for you—for your beauty and brains, yes—but for you."

"I'll prove to you that love doesn't matter. You may kiss me, Mr. Kirby."

John stood.

"May I?" he said, very quietly and slowly.

She nodded.

He put his arm about her. She stood motionless and unyielding. His lips pressed hers, but her face was

cold and still. She slipped from his arm.

"You see, Mr. Kirby, I am cold." She went on hurriedly: "I shall never be taken—I shall give myself," she added, and stopped short. It was a confession to herself. Perhaps the shock of his kiss had unnerved her.

Kirby said nothing, but strode along beside her. His hand was clenched.

"What is the matter, Mr. Kirby?"

John turned and looked at her. Helen saw the darkness of his eyes, stormy with feeling, his face torn with emotion. But, as he looked at her, his face softened.

"If it weren't you, Helen," he said finally, "I'd say it was a brutal thing for a woman to do."

With this, John turned, and in silence they walked the last block to her home.

XIV.

"Kirby, go up north on the evening express," said Kay-Smith, "and look into this Norton murder case."

"It will take about a week," suggested Kirby.

"Take as much time as you need."

Kirby felt a keen sense of relief as from a strain that was getting too heavy. To be away, even for a week—that would be something. There was something else too, it seemed to him—those wretched "Women Letters." There was a savage satisfaction in ending the matter. He wrote on his pad:

"THE WOMAN QUESTION."

"(The Editor regrets that, on account of space limitation, he is obliged to close this discussion. According to *The Banner* correspondent, it is evidently up to women to show what they want and can do.)"

"Serves you right, Kirby, you're beaten at it. To begin to write on a question that you knew nothing of—not even one woman to base your generalisations on. Queer about the other chap, but he seems to have come round, too."

Kirby stared wearily out the window.

"She doesn't love me. What is the use of telephoning her? What could I say? Better get out of here," he mused.

But he remained, sunk gloomily in his chair, in an apathy more self-accusing than cursing would have been. To have lost what little chance he had! That he had held her in his arms and kissed her once gave him no joy to remember. Kirby writhed inwardly, thinking of the brutality of trying to impose love on such a woman. He started to his feet and caught the north express.

XV.

Kay-Smith tore the sheet of paper from Kirby's pad and dropped it on the floor.

"Not yet, my boy, not yet. Tomorrow will do for that."

He held before him a sheet of paper on which were pasted in parallel columns Kirby's three letters and the letters from *The Banner*. He checked them off.

"Kirby's first letter, answered."

"Kirby's second letter. . . Great streak of chivalry in John. . . Not much of the real. 'Women naturally depend on men'—h'm—'Of course, there are classes of working women as well as working men. . . Women are handicapped by poor physique for work or study.' . . John should see that new Girls' Basketball Team. . . 'A poor physique in the mother means weak children.' . . And yet they are supposed to have weak physiques. Where's your argument, John? . . . 'The most civilised and advanced nations are marked for the consideration shown women.' . . It's a queer world where some men want all women married; other men won't get married. . . And the women!

"And *The Banner* man says in answer—let us see: 'Women are weak, due to subordinate position.

No real reason for it. . . They must make themselves strong.

"The Woman Question resolves itself to this: Are women to be allowed to have various interests, or are their chief interests to be in man and child? Is there to be just one occupation for women—marriage? And just one kind of woman, one class—the weak, dependent, over-sexed woman? Or are women to become, as men are, interested in other things than this too much discussed sex and love? . . .

"H'm, h'm, and statistics. Quite overwhelming. And Kirby; sticks to his points. More statistics. 'Women in trades do not expect to stay, will not undertake any long apprenticeship, change positions frequently, lose time on account of bad health, will work for less than men, and live on less.'—H'm—'At the same time, it may be granted that, theoretically, women can reach higher standards.' But that's what *The Banner* man says, John. 'Good mothers support the race.' Undeniable, John, but at the same time, rocking the cradle is considered bad for babies to-day, and while the baby puts itself to sleep, the 'hand' evidently intends to rule the world directly. . . .

"Gad, this is smashing."

Kay-Smith read from the third and last *Banner* letter carefully:

"'Women leave work? Exactly so. They must be trained and organised.

"'Women have never received wages for housework, have been supported by men. Will eat less and thus begin the struggle handicapped.

"'Expectation of marriage stunts ambition in a woman? In that case, women had better give up marriage.

"'It is but common sense to say that mothers must be healthy. But does not the same rule hold for fathers? If men do work that tends to their individual deterioration, sooner or later the race will be affected.

"'Anything that weakens women—overwork, strain, underfeeding—

will weaken men, and it is not the part of good sense for any person so to live that he kills his life.

"If sexual selection has any force, must not the selection be free? If marriage is to be the only occupation for women, the number of positions open to any one woman will be limited. Any offer must be accepted; selection will be nullified. How will this tend to improve the race?"

"To make good mothers you must have strong women; to make women strong, you must make them free.

"Individuals will not live for the 'race'; they will live for their own children.

"Parents living for their own children—yes, but isn't that carried to an extreme as one-sided as to expect children to live for parents? We live for life itself. Why is the race to be preserved? That we may live? Then why not live now for us? Life is the actuality. We are living now. . . .

"Probably we shall change somewhat the men and the women and the manner of love. But one thing is clear beyond all discussion, that men will go on loving women, and women men."

"But that," remarked Kay-Smith, "is just where John is. H'm."

"Hey, Bob," to a red-headed youngster in the outer office. "Run this to-day. Parallel columns." He wrote the headline and indicated the type. "And this notice to quit it, to-morrow."

XVI.

Not until she saw her third letter reprinted, featured in *The News*, did Helen realise what she had written.

"But it's quite impersonal," she assured the Assistant City Editor, who was disgusted at what he called a capitulation.

"And the writer in *The News* came right over to my side," she maintained.

"A queer kind of debate that ends in a tie and change of teams," re-

marked the Assistant City Editor.

Helen smilingly waved away his grievance.

Kirby was nowhere that day, a fact that Helen noticed and tyrannised her conscience into forgetting.

Nor the next day.

The News' notice of discontinuation relieved her immeasurably. She told herself that she had so much other work that it really was a relief.

No Kirby on the third day, nor on the fourth. Helen went on working and missing him more the more she worked. She denied to herself that she missed him. He was out of town, of course.

That night she worked very late. Twelve o'clock, then one, struck very clearly, loudly, in the silence of the sleeping house. She put down her pen at last and pulled forward a new book of travels. But looking at the white page was like crystal gazing. Her eyes half closed and she rested her head on her arms, folded on the book. An overpowering desire for sleep and rest fell over her. And the great loneliness. . . .

She felt the warmth of his breath, his lips, the strength of his arms, his presence—and awoke, trembling, happy, thrilled, sobbing, "I killed his love. I killed it."

The next moment she was wide awake, with the cold autumn dawn-light coming in the window. She snapped off the reading light and went softly to her room.

XVII.

"So that's the inside of the Norton Murder Case?" Kay-Smith ended.

Kirby, running through his letters, nodded.

He tore open a strange envelope to read:

"Dear Mr. Kirby:

An article of yours on Periodicals suggests many points to me. Will you discuss them? Come to dinner to-morrow night at seven, if you are in town.

Sincerely,
October twenty-ninth. Helen Grant."

Kirby consulted a calendar.

"Yesterday! To-day," and he was off.

"Yesterday! To-day. . ."

From the City Hall tower six o'clock began to boom—one—

"Hey!" shouted Kay-Smith. "Where are you going?"

"To heaven," replied John from the elevator.

XVIII.

Helen herself opened the door for him. John held both her hands.

"My maid is busy, of course, just now," she talked somewhat rapidly, "and I knew it was you."

"I've been out of town and just read your note at six. I came right up." Kirby's lips were reasonable. His eyes made wild, superlative comments on her hair, her face, her gown.

"I want you to be at home in my house," her air of ownership was accustomed. "Come into the study." Then, weakening, she indicated vaguely the arm-chair, said something of the magazine with his article in it on her desk, murmured that he must excuse her on account of dinner, and vanished.

"I had forgotten the dinner," remarked Kirby.

This was her study, this workman-like, comfortable room, that suggested office, library, and something else. But John did not look too closely. He wanted Helen to show him the details. He went for the magazine to the huge desk, where work lay neatly piled up along one side. As he picked up the magazine, a sheet fluttered to the floor. He picked it up—a proof of newspaper work, and—John gasped—*The Banner Woman Letter!* His eyes reread that last sentence, which had made him so hastily

glad to give up his end of it. "One thing is clear beyond all discussion, that men will go on loving women, and women men."

She had written those letters! She meant that last sentence, did she? How had he not guessed it? For a moment he was at a loss, then he put the paper on the pile. What did it matter? Further proof of her ability. And the house, too! John began to have a solid satisfaction, quite outside himself, that such a woman existed. And that last sentence. . . Restlessly he waited.

Helen came back, more herself and gay.

"This is what it is to keep house. If you asked me to dinner. . ."

"I didn't know you wrote those letters," interrupted Kirby.

"Who told you?" queried Helen, amazed.

"We both modified our opinions," Kirby continued.

"I developed mine," acknowledged Helen, smiling.

For a long moment they looked at each other. Then John came over and established himself on the arm of Helen's chair before the fire.

He held her as she rested against his arm. His eyes bent over her face, met the smile in hers.

"I'm so glad you don't object; and I can earn my own living," she remarked, as John thought somewhat irrelevantly.

"I hope you'll allow me to support my children," he retorted mockingly serious.

"O Helen, Helen," and he was serious, "girl, girl!"

He caught her face between his hands.

"Do you *want* me to kiss you?" She clung to him and whispered, as his arm held her closer, "Yes, John."

THE WITCHERY OF WOMAN'S SMILE

A STUDY IN POPULAR ÆSTHETICS

BY J. D. LOGAN

IMAGINE yourself a member of the "jury" in an International Beauty Show. By what standard would you determine which was the loveliest woman in all the world?—loveliest, of course, solely in the sense of being, physically viewed, the most beautiful to look upon, not the most to be desired as a private possession; for then other than exterior excellencies of form and colour would have to be elements of your standard of judgment.

You are no mere automaton, gifted only with pure intellect, for whom feminine beauty reduces to mathematical ratios in lines and curves. You are a human being, a creature of feeling, sentiment, passion and imagination. Therefore to be an impartial judge of woman's loveliness you would have to *dehumanise* yourself, rid yourself of all your instinctive and vocational preferences.

This, however, is impossible. First of all, your instinct of sex would bias your judgment. If you were epicene or sexless, then a dozen "beauties" from as many nations would be in your judgment a simple case of six of one and a half-dozen of the other. But potentially all men are lovers. If, then, you were a lover, for instance, of the type celebrated by the poet of "Annie Laurie," you could not escape preferring, as altogether lovely, the Scots lassie whose brow was white as the snow-drift, whose neck was graceful as the

swan's whose face was fair, whose eyes were deepest blue, and whose voice was low and sweet.

"Like winds in summer sighing."

Again: your vocational preferences would bias your appreciation of feminine beauty. If you were, for instance, a portrait or figure painter, you could not escape "favouring" amongst the bevy of world beauties before you her whom you would select as a subject or model for one of your easel-pictures—the lass or lady whose tresses were swart as the raven's wing, or golden as flaxen floss; whose eyes were serene or eloquent, liquid or sparkling, dreamy or wonder-filled; whose lips were delicately curved as cupid-bows, or luscious red,

"Like cherries,
Charming men to bite;"

whose cheeks were as damask roses, or wan as calla lilies; and whose limbs were lithe and athletic, or pliant and finely rounded. Strive, then, as hard as you please to be the impartial judge of woman's physical beauty, your criterion inevitably would be the reflex of your concrete, individual self, bound and thrall'd by your sexual and vocational preferences, as potential lover and as actual draughtsman and colourist.

I have instanced the portrait or figure painter rather than any other species of artist or artisan solely be-



THE SEDUCTIVE SMILE

Posed by Miss Phyllis Dare

cause his materials and his function are most pertinent to the special point of view of this essay. To him feminine beauty is, primarily, "skin-deep." He delights in the exterior appearances of woman's face and form—just what the natural eye sees there in the way of colour and the play of light, rhythm of line and the mould of head, torso and limbs. Also, to him the chief function of his art is, by means of form and pigmentation, to *impress* the senses—of sight, directly by colour and line, and of touch, indirectly by ideated sensations (through the modelling) of the texture and suppleness of the skin and flesh.

Now, spiritually viewed, since

woman is, as man, a living soul, vitalised and moved by feeling, emotion and imaginings, he would be a poor portrait or figure painter who could merely impress but not *express*—who could simply delight the outer senses but not convey to the heart and imagination, as doth the poet, dainty messages from the hidden, obscure recesses of the womanly mind and soul. For this latter end the painter has two pre-eminent means—the expressive beauty that dwells in woman's eyes and in the witchery and grace of woman's smile.

There are two or three other elements or means of expressive beauty, one of which, namely, bodily move-



THE MONA LISA

From the celebrated Painting by Leonardo da Vinci, which mysteriously disappeared from the Louvre at Paris some months ago



THE SUPERCILIOUS SMILE

Posed by Miss Tittell Brune

ment, suggested by position, pose and gesture, is too accidental or special to connote essential characteristics of womanhood, and the other of which, namely, the voice, which may be sweet, vibrant, poignant or cruel, cannot, of course, even be suggested by painting. It is, then, by his treatment of woman's eyes and smile that the painter may show himself merely an adroit craftsman or a master of spiritual portraiture.

In the latter the painter allies himself with the poet, and in this kind of art we do not merely look upon a portrait, seeing there only physical loveliness, but, as Wordsworth has it, we behold

“Upon nearer view
A Spirit, yet a Woman too.”

How the painter, as a spiritual portraitist, becomes a poet in pigments may be learned by observing how the poet becomes a painter in words, as, for example, in Wordsworth's dainty, lively-moving verses, “She Was a Phantom of Delight,” or in Byron's lovelier lyric, perfect in music and imagery:

“She walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies,
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes;
Thus mellow'd to that tender light
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.



THE SMILE OF THE CCOQUETTE

Posed by Miss Anna Held

“One shade the more, one ray the less
Had half impair'd the nameless grace
Which waves in every raven tress
Or softly lightens o'er her face,
Where thoughts serenely sweet express
How pure, how dear their dwelling-
place.

“And on that cheek and o'er that brow
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
But tell of days in goodness spent,—
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent.”

Let this, then, be laid down as a general principle of pictorial criticism—that while portrait or figure painters are concerned chiefly with the beauty which is exterior—“skin-deep,”—the spiritual portraitist, the painter-poet, is concerned with the

interior beauty which the eye cannot see, the beauty of mind and soul which speaks to the heart and imagination through the expression of woman's eyes and smile. A spiritual portraitist was Leonardo Da Vinci when he painted his Mona Lisa, and in her mystical (not mysterious) smile he subtly expressed, as we shall see, one of the profoundest experiences of human life.

In real life, or to be seen daily on the street, in the salon, in the home, there are five types of feminine smiles. These I shall mention, adding but meagre comment. Then there is a sixth smile, which is to be seen only in art, or which, if we regard it as



THE WINSOME GRACIOUS SMILE

Posed by, Miss Phyllis Dare

being not absolutely ideal but as having its prototype in real life, is to be seen in the secret closet, on the faces of the truly wise and the saintly. This smile, unique in spiritual expression, is extant in art only in Leonardo's portrait of Mona Lisa, the artistry and meaning of which I shall hereafter be at pains to orient.

The five typical feminine smiles are these: The seductive smile of the designing woman, who loves to have men become her worshipper, slave or puppet; the arch smile of that harmless simpleton, the coquette, who only bewitches men as silly as herself; the supercilious smile of the socially *élite*, who possess essentially vulgar and vacuous minds, made arrogant by suddenly acquired wealth or aristocratic connections through marriage; the cheery smile of the normal, healthy

woman, who radiates good nature and joy in life, as the sun radiates its genial rays; and, lastly, the winsome, gracious smile of the happy sweetheart or wife, or mother, the supremely artless smile indescribable in words but eloquently expressive of

“Days in goodness spent—
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent.”

All these typical feminine smiles are thoroughly human and mundane and obvious in their significance; they may readily be reproduced in art and their meaning apprehended in the pictorial imagination. But Mona Lisa's smile is unearthly and mystical in its significance: its meaning may be apprehended only in the moral imagination. To these matters I now turn.



THE CHEERY SMILE

Posed by Miss Ellaline Terriss

Leonardo's portrait of Mona Lisa has been described by a critic of considerable authority as "the most perfect work of art ever produced." This is too absolute, too dogmatic; there are kinds of perfection in art. The greatest praise that sane criticism may justly bestow upon this portrait is that it is the best known and the most popular of Leonardo's easel pictures, and that the smile on the face of Mona Lisa, to which the portrait owes its magical charm, is unique in the history of painting.

Only dilettanti and connoisseurs who substitute knowledge of archæology and of æsthetic history for appreciations of beauty perpetuate

the superstition that the Mona Lisa portrait is the most perfect work of art ever produced. It is not as perfect, or as great, as Leonardo's painting (see page 524), "The Last Supper." This mural picture surpasses the magical portrait in colour, in composition and, certainly, in dramatic power, for the half-length portrait has, of course, nothing dramatic about it, while in the group Leonardo has succeeded in expressing truthfully and vividly the psychological significance of that moment when Christ utters the fateful words, "One of you which eateth with me shall betray me." Realise in imagination the shock of surprise, the consternation



THE LAST SUPPER

From the Painting by Leonardo da Vinci

in the hearts of the disciples, wrought by this announcement, and then observe how, in the painting, Leonardo has reproduced, with the utmost reality, veracity and dramatic intensity—truth to nature—in the facial expression and gestures of the apostles, the moral and emotional upheaval when, as St. Mark has it, the disciples began to say unto Christ “one by one, Is it I? and another said, Is it I?” Next, contrast the pure humanity, sorrowing majesty and spiritual grace depicted by Leonardo, on the face of Christ in “The Last Supper” with the subtle, mystical smile on the face of Mona Lisa, and then judge which of the two paintings, the mural picture or the portrait, is the more perfect and greater. There can be no doubt about the matter, though, it must be said, both paintings are unique in their kind.

In the portrait (see reproduction, page 519) Mona Lisa is seen seated in a low chair. The right arm and hand of the subject lie lightly across the left arm and hand at the wrist, which rest on the left arm of the chair. The half-length and support are set clearly in the forefront of a fantastic, rocky landscape to which a little bridge leads from the subject, and

which suggests to the imagination the hazy lights and unending distances of a land of dreams wherein dwell gnomes, sprites, and where the wayfarer will receive all sorts of *outré* experiences, the effect of which is heightened by the fact that Leonardo purposely left the background, as it were, unfinished. (The significance of the outlandishness and incompleteness of the landscape will appear when we come to consider the metaphysical meaning of the portrait. See foot note to page 525.)

The hands, in the picture, are beautifully moulded, giving the spectator a realistic sense of the skin's texture, its velvety softness, suppleness and consistency, as in life; also, they are delicately tinged by a subdued light reflected from the folds of the green gown and yellow sleeves. The hair is treated with a natural simplicity that suggests Horace's descriptive epithets for Pyrrha's *toilette*—“*simplex munditiis*,”—elegant in its neat plainness. The eyes have a life-like, liquid lustre and seem to be on the point of closing—languorously. The nose is finely shaped and the nostrils are sensitive and delicately rose-tinted. The cheeks are treated in half-tints. The lips, though firm

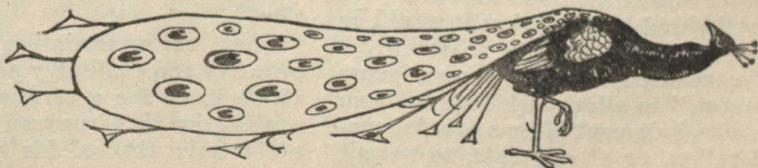
in outline, appear soft and mobile, and their pigmentation blends daintily with the rose and flesh tints of the cheeks and face. The corners of the mouth are slightly raised, effecting with themselves, together with the line and modelling of the lips and the languorous glint of the half-closed eyes, a smile as magical in charm as it is mystical in meaning.

As to the artistry of the Mona Lisa smile, there is nothing superhuman in the accomplishing of it, although it is a consummate masterpiece of expressive painting; and as to its meaning—what Leonardo meant to express through it—there is nothing mysterious (baffling) about that although the meaning is mystical, a subtle interpretation of human experience. In respect of artistry the smile was anticipated by Leonardo himself in the group known as "La Vierge des Rochers" (in the Louvre, Paris), or as "The Virgin of the Rocks" (in the National Gallery, London); for the two paintings are essentially the same, though the latter is a copy and only the head of the Virgin and of the angel were done by the master. Semblances of that smile may be seen also in two other paintings, "St. John the Baptist" and "Madonna, Infant Christ, and St. Anne"; but from these the magical charm and so-called mystery of the true Leonardo smile are absent, a fact which suggests that these pictures were wholly done by assistants under, however, the supervision of the master.

Finally, as to the metaphysical

meaning of Mona Lisa's smile, this may be imaginatively apprehended only by those who, like Sophocles, as Matthew Arnold said of him, see Life steadily and see it whole, and who are undistracted and unaffrighted by their vision of mortal destiny. In the smile on the face of Mona Lisa, in, too, her folded hands and lips and eyes and brow and hair—in all these, Leonardo, as poet and philosopher rather than as draughtsman and colourist, has painted, with consummate art the "wise passiveness" of those who surveying Life in the fullness of their experience, know how petty is Life when unconsecrated and unsublimated by the vision and love of the Ideal—the spiritual Beauty and Truth which, because their feet tread the earth, are near us and which, because their pure brows front the throne of God, are far from us—the glory but dimly desiered, as in a glass darkly, or altogether unseen and invisible.* This is no platonic rhapsody. For the finer souls amongst men are visited by unearthly thoughts and reveries and thrall'd by exquisite passions and emotions. Leonardo was one of these finer souls. His Mona Lisa and her smile are his memorial to those choice moments of existence when he beheld the Ideal Beauty and Truth. And we, too, in the midst of ten thousand vicissitudes of ill and good, if we are but vouchsafed the vision of the Ideal, shall smile on Life, as Mona Lisa smiles down the centuries on us, tranquilly, serenely, with a wise passiveness—and be content.

*The little bridge leading from the subject to the fantastic, and incompleting the landscape, suggests far-off other worlds and, by unending distance, the infinity and unattainableness of the Ideal.



A TENNYSONIAN INTERPRETATION

BY PROFESSOR ADAM CARRUTHERS

A POET should doubtless be to future generations the voice of his own age, and a great poet should be the voice of all times for all time, but when a poet "being dead yet speaketh," not only in his poems but in his annotations, the occasion arises for the mere critics and commentators, who are neither poets nor the sons of poets, to register a courteous but strenuous objection.

From the critic's point of view it seems to be a somewhat high-handed proceeding on the part of the poet, *per se aut per alium*, to publish his works accompanied by notes, however brief, lucid and illuminant. We consider that he is turning aside from the path of poetry to cast an implicit reflection upon the perspicacity of his readers and his critics. We are apt to feel that we are being robbed of the pleasure and privilege which we have the right to enjoy, of unravelling the difficulties of thought and language in any particular passage, and of discovering for ourselves the poet's meaning. We are inclined to grow a little restless under the treatment of the well-meaning literary dietetist, who, in his wisdom, deems it proper to dilute his poetic pabulum so that it may not prove too strong for our mental constitution and digestion. We are disposed to think that it would be preferable for the poet to leave the interpretation to "the common sense of most," to allow each man to form his own judgment after a careful consideration, or at any rate, to permit

"the lesser lords of doom," who write papers on Tennyson, to insist on enlightening the general reader, who, perhaps wisely, does not care whether he understands the *crucis* at all, so long as he can appreciate the poet's general drift and wider view.

But even in the poet's own interest, the reader should not be restricted to one particular meaning, if by any chance another and possibly a deeper, more comprehensive, or more intelligible meaning than that offered by the author, should be found in the poem. Everything beautiful, valuable or suggestive discoverable in any work of genius should be credited to its author, and it is to be deemed unfortunate if the poet by his own labour of supererogation deprives himself of that credit.

Now, all this is *apropos* of the fact that the poet, or his son, the present Lord Tennyson, has given an interpretation to the passage with which the writer proposes to deal, different from the interpretation which perhaps most readers of Tennyson have up to the present been inclined to accept. But such readers will probably say that if the poet explains the meaning of a certain passage in a certain way we should at once frankly accept his explanation without further discussion.

That recommendation might be properly and profitably adopted—(1) If we knew for a certainty that the explanation is Tennyson's own and not merely that of his son, for the

view (however judicious) of the son is not necessarily that of the father; and (2) if we knew beyond peradventure that it was the poet's view at the time the poem was composed, not a hazy recollection of half a century after, when his opinions on things in general have probably undergone a radical change in the direction of conservatism, if the oxymoron is permissible—conservatism being here taken not merely in a political sense.

It was Browning, or another, who gave this or some such answer to one asking the meaning of a passage written long before: "You are now a young man, as I was when the poem was written, and you ought to be able to explain that passage much better than I can at the present moment."

Tennyson himself must have been of much the same way of thinking, for the son, speaking of his father, gives us the following statement, in the annotated edition of "In Memoriam."

"He wished it clearly understood that in his opinion, to use his own words, 'Poetry is like shot-silk with many glancing colours,' and that 'every reader must find his own interpretation according to his ability and according to his sympathy with the poet.'" And paradoxical though it may seem, it is just because of the writer's sympathy with the poet that he hesitates to accept as the originally intended meaning some of what presumably are, or at least are alleged to be, the poet's interpretations.

In addition to all such considerations as these, one at times almost fancies that Tennyson, with a mental chuckle, is offering us an interpretation different from that usually accepted, for the express purpose of covering obnoxious critics and commentators with confusion as with a garment. For Tennyson, in spite of the fact that he has given us an annotated edition, entered with evident reluctance and aversion upon the task of rendering first aid to his anxious readers.

In the preface to his notes on "In Memoriam" he gives us the following: "Shall I write what dictionaries tell to save some of the idle folk trouble? Or am I to try to fit a moral to each poem? Or to add an analysis of passages? Or to give a history of my similies? I do not like the task."

In spite of such reluctance, however, we might have gained information on many obscure points while the poet was with us, if we had been prepared to accept the statements of advancing age as accurately representing the thoughts and emotions of buoyant youth and vigorous manhood, but as it is there are many difficulties, it must be admitted, that remain, and are likely to remain unsolved, since the singer and seer has

"Gone thro' the strait and dreadful pass
of death,
Not ever to be question'd any more,
Save on the further side."

The passage, or rather line, which here lends itself to discussion and in which the difficulty of double interpretation arises, is found at the beginning of the prologue to "In Memoriam." It is the first line of the second quatrain in the prologue. The whole stanza may be quoted:

"Thine are these orbs of light and shade;
Thou madest Life in man and brute;
Thou madest Death; and, lo, thy foot
Is on the skull which thou hast made."

The explanatory note to the line,

"Thine are these orbs of light and shade,"

in the author's annotated edition of the poem, and presumably Tennyson's own note, is simply and curtly, "sun and moon."

This interpretation, which is the one that might readily suggest itself to the youthful or unreflecting mind, or to the poet of an early civilisation, is at first blush the natural one, and seems to give a sufficiently satisfactory meaning.

When, however, we consider the

line more closely, we see that it is only in a very superficial sense—and Tennyson, as a poet, is never superficial—that the moon can be called an “orb of shade” in the way that the sun is called an “orb of light.” Both alike are orbs of light while they are shining, and both alike are orbs of shade in the sense that darkness would follow upon their removal from the heavens or from our view. Indeed at night, the sun, rather than the moon, is the “orb of shade,” as causing the darkness. The poet, to be sure, may have intended to use “light” in the sense of “day,” and shade in the sense of “night,” and may have named what seems to be the chief luminary of each of these divisions of time, as an early Hebrew poet might have done, for example, in the lines from Psalm CXXI:

“And thee no sun by day shall ever smite,
No moon shall harm thee in the silent night.”

But Tennyson is nothing if not scientific in his way of looking at things. Kowing astronomy and the heavens as he undoubtedly knew them, one is inclined to think,

“While the silent heavens roll, and suns
along their fiery way,
All their planets whirling round them,
flash a million miles a day,”

that in the line which is the occasion of this paper, he must refer (or must have referred) to the whole wide universe, earth and suns, and moons and stars, rather than to two comparatively insignificant bodies of them.

In that case “orbs of light and shade”—as the best commentators explain the expression—would mean

all the heavenly bodies, including the earth,* as being half in light and half darkened by their own shadows, or as sometimes darkened by the shadows of other bodies as in eclipses, or also, so far as the moons and planets are concerned, as being bodies not self-illuminated, but looking to their respective suns for light—suns which would be “orbs of light” in the sense that they supply illumination to the lightless bodies, the “orbs of shade.”

Everywhere in Tennyson’s poems we find expression given to this notion of light and shade in connection with the various heavenly bodies, often associated with the ideas of life and death, good and evil, joy and sorrow.

We might be permitted to quote a few passages bearing on this point:

(a) “This whole wide earth of light and shade.”

—Will Waterproof’s Lyrical Monologue.

(b) “Thro’ the shadow of the globe we sweep into the younger day.”†

—“Locksley Hall.”

(c) “And hill and wood
Went ever streaming by him, till the gloom
That follows on the turning of the world
Darken’d his path.”‡

—“Pelleas and Etarre.”

(d) “And the suns of the limitless universe sparkled and shone in the sky.
The dark little worlds running round them
were worlds of woe like our own.”

—“Despair.”

(e) “We sleep and wake and sleep, but
all things move;
The sun flies forward to his brother sun;
The dark earth follows wheel’d in her
ellipse.”

—“The Golden Year.”

(f) “Many a hearth upon our dark globe
sighs after many a vanish’d face,
Many a planet by many a sun may roll
with the dust of a vanish’d race.”

—“Vastness.”

*This appears to be the view of the most famous living Tennysonian, Professor A. C. Bradley. See his note in A Commentary on Tennyson’s “In Memoriam.”

†Compare Longfellow’s “Bells of San Blas”:

“Out of shadow of night
The world rolls into light.”

‡For a somewhat similar, but more vivid and vigorous description of this phenomenon, compare Goethe’s “Prologue to Faust”:

“Swift, unimaginably swift,
Soft spins the earth, and glories bright
Of mid-day Eden change and shift
To shades of deep and spectral night.”

(g) Her over all whose realms to their last
isle,
The shadow of His loss drew like eclipse
Darkening the world.”
—Dedication to the “*Idylls of the King*.”

(h) “The face of Death is towards the
Sun of Life,
His shadow darkens earth.”
—“The Death of the Duke of Clarence.”

(i) “There is light in all,
And light, with more or less of shade, in all
Man-modes or worship.”
—“Akbar’s Dream.”

(j) Shadow-maker, shadow-slayer, arrow-
ing light from clime to clime.”
—“Akbar’s Dream, Hymn.”

(k) “Cleave ever to me sunnier side of
doubt.”
—“The Ancient Sage.”

(b) “The doors of Night may be the
gates of light,
The clouds themselves are children of the
Sun,
And Day and Night are Children of the
Sun.”
—“The Ancient Sage.”

When we read these and other passages that might be cited, we are inclined to hold firmly to the view that this—and not the other—was the meaning originally intended for the line under discussion; or, at any rate, if we are wrong in our supposition, we cannot but deeply regret that brief note of the poet, which would apparently preclude us from insisting upon an interpretation that otherwise we should be glad to accept.

To our mind, this stanza, forming as it does part of the conclusion of the argument, though standing at the beginning of the poem, is intended to state from a scientific and evolutionary standpoint the poet’s view of the origin of things, to impress upon us the truth (as he saw it) that everything, material and immaterial, originated through one great first cause, he omnipotent power,

“That makes the darkness and the light,
And dwells not in the light alone.”

In the passage with which we are dealing the poet touches on one phase of the “riddle of the painful earth,”

the origin of evil, and clearly shows himself opposed to the dualistic notion of two positive principles, or two divine beings, one good and the other bad, the latter being the contriver and promoter of all wrong and misery. This religious dualism was a marked feature of Zoroastrianism, and is a characteristic also of Gnosticism, Parseeism, and other similar doctrinal systems.

And indeed whether we take cognizance of it or not, this belief seems to be inherent in the popular conception of Christianity as well.

Now, the poet apparently wishes to emphasise the fact that, although we poor blind mortals may not be able to understand the how or the why, the one same almighty power, in a spirit of kindness and love, is the creator of all things, of the fruitful garden and of the desert sands, of the bird of prey and the bird of song, of the rattle-snake and the tiger, as well as of the gentlest and most useful of domestic animals, of the softly sighing zephyr and the howling tempest, of joy and sorrow, life and death, of good and (by his permissive power) even of sin and evil, and that he exercises supreme lordship over all.

We sincerely trust that the departed spirit of Tennyson will graciously make allowance for our obstinacy, if we persist in clinging to the belief that he did not mean merely the sun and moon, but the whole wide world of light and shade, in all its aspects, when he wrote the stanza in question, which we may be permitted to quote again in conclusion, together with the one that precedes it, the first stanza of the prologue to the poem:

“Strong Son of God, Immortal Love,
Whom we that have not seen thy face,
By faith and faith alone embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove;
Thine are these orbs of light and shade,
Thou madest life in man and brute,
Thou madest death, and, lo, Thy foot
Is on the skull that Thou hast made.”

OLD PRECISIMUS

BY G. A. PALMER

THE senior partner of the financial firm of Mackenzie, Jones and Company was in his best and last slumber. The sun had barely raised himself above the roofs when the telephone call abruptly broke the stillness of the quiet bed-chamber and brought Mackenzie reluctantly from his couch. It was Jones, his junior partner, ringing him up. On the previous evening they had been exchanging fears and hopes regarding the new "industrial" the firm was about to float in Calgary. Distrust in the ability of their agent there had caused the partners considerable uneasiness and apprehension. So Jones was now apprising his partner of a sudden determination he had taken over night to go west that morning and be present personally to superintend the flotation.

After considerable demur, on account of an anticipated busy week at the home office, Mackenzie agreed, and within forty minutes the junior partner was seated behind his newspaper in the train bound for Calgary. Soon after his departure from the city, the chief clerk, Rodger Newman, early as usual, some thirty minutes before the official opening hour, arrived and unlocked the offices. As usual the morning's mail had been placed by the caretaker upon his desk, so he immediately busied himself opening, sorting and distributing it for the different officials. There were a half-dozen private or confidential letters, some of which he unsealed, but others, where the envelopes plainly denoted the private char-

acter of their contents, he left unopened. These latter he carried into the senior partner's room and placed in order on Mackenzie's desk.

On leaving the room, his eye caught sight of an empty envelope lying on the floor. He picked it up. It bore the Brazilian postage stamp and the Rio de Janeiro postmark. For a moment he stood in conjectural thought, holding the envelope in the left hand and gently tapping it with the withered fingers of the right. No doubt the partners had been discussing business there together late the evening before and had received this letter by the late mail. He knew it was from one of their confidential foreign agents. He quietly chuckled at the idea of possessing this silent witness of the caretaker's inattention to the office cleaning and he would not forget to use it on the first occasion. Although by no means a harsh man, Newman was exacting and punctilious (pernicketty, they called it) to a scruple, so much so that owing to his frequent use of the word *precise* in official directions he had been dubbed "Old Precisimus," by an office wag, and had long been known among the officials by that sobriquet. He had grown withered and gray in the firm's service, his thoroughness had been so long tested and trusted that for years they had left in his hands unquestioned the entire control of the staff. He was responsible for the organisation and routine business of the office, and he honoured the trust scrupulously.

The chuckle over the discovery of the caretaker's apparent remissness of duty was replaced by a more wholesome and pleasurable smile as the Brazilian stamp arrested his attention.

"Capital!" he exclaimed. "Capital! This one will fill the second blank space in the Brazilian page of little Sidney's album. He will be delighted. I have so long promised to get him one of these, but always forgot, and they went into the waste paper basket before I thought of it. This will be a great pleasure for him, indeed."

He carried the envelope to his desk, tore off the corner that held the stamp, put this into his waistcoat pocket, and threw the remainder of the envelope into the wastepaper basket.

The clerks began to arrive in quick succession and take their places, the late comers receiving a silent rebuke from Newman by his ostentatiously taking out his watch and looking intently at it. The last two to arrive he met with more than this moral corrective; it was a sharp, verbal one.

"Old Precisimus must be fully cranked up this morning," remarked the one, Pete Bradley, the present wag of the office, to his fellow delinquent.

"Hump!" replied the other, Wilkins, rubbing his eyes and yawning. "The old nabob needs a clap in the neck himself to remind him he's not the whole thing in the concern."

"That's not likely to happen yet, sonny," rejoined Pete. "He's too much like the 'Company' of the concern."

"He the Company—pugh!" retorted the other in contempt. "Well, we'll see what will happen—it's the comet year."

By the time the senior partner had arrived, work in the office was in full swing. The buzz of business and industry permeated the building from basement to roof. It was the hum of an automatum, its life-beats and

pulsations originating from the chief clerk, who enthusiastically declared always this to be the music made by circulating capital.

Shortly after Mackenzie was seated in his office, a rival financier was announced and was ushered in to him. During the course of the business ensuing between them, Mackenzie left his visitor alone in the office for a few minutes, in order to procure some information and documents from Newman. When he returned to his desk he noticed for the first time an open letter lying there, on the side of the table nearest his visitor, so near that it could be very easily read. It was the letter from Rio de Janeiro, and was signed by one of the firm's most confidential correspondents. With considerable difficulty, he suppressed his annoyance. He attributed the act of negligence to his chief clerk.

Directly his visitor had departed, he rang for Newman and charged him bluntly and angrily with opening the letter contrary to well-known positive instructions and leaving it so carelessly exposed, so that their business rival had ample opportunity to make himself acquainted with the contents and the name of the writer, thereby discovering the source of their Brazilian information.

The old clerk was nonplussed. He hardly realised at first what Mackenzie said, partly because of the shock he received in being addressed in this unusual way by one of the partners. He was astonished at the charge when he did realise it; he was dismayed that he should be thought (even thought) responsible for betrayal of the firm's secret correspondents. He attempted to remonstrate—stammered, hesitated, stopped, attempted again, and again hesitated, bewildered by a sudden recollection of the envelope lying on the floor. An agonising doubt stabbed at his brain; had he really opened the letter? Distress produced uneasiness and confusion in his wrinkled face. He stood twitching his hands and the

corners of his mouth, which movement was conveyed to his drooping gray moustache.

Suddenly a ray of relief passed over his agitated face; he had remembered his earlier assumption that the partners had received the letter by the late mail on the previous evening. In his excitement he burst out:

"Hah, that letter! Was that the letter? The envelope was on the floor. Oh, no, indeed, I did not open that. You opened that, last night."

The look of amazement on Mackenzie's face baffled description. The old clerk, carried away by excitement and agitation, continued, speaking rapidly:

"Yes, yes, indeed! You had the letter yesterday evening; you and Mr. Jones. You were here late. I found the empty envelope here on the floor this morning."

Mackenzie exploded:

"What confounded nonsense are you talking? Neither Jones or myself was drunk last night. He never received the letter, and I have never seen it until now. Wait! You picked up the envelope. Where is it?"

"In my wastepaper basket."

"Let me see it."

Mackenzie was convinced that Newman had opened the letter, but, for some unaccountable reason, was denying it. He accompanied him to his desk.

The office was on the tip-toe of excitement, for the sounds of the stormy interview had leaked through the glass partitions and over railed-in desks. The unheard-of-thing had happened; Old Precisimus was getting his "calling down."

So when Mackenzie and his confidential clerk emerged from the private office every ear was strained for the lightest remark from either. Newman rummaged the torn envelope from his wastepaper basket.

"Here is the envelope."

Mackenzie glanced at it, then looked severely at his clerk.

"Who tore off the stamp?"

"Oh, I did; Little Sidney, my nephew—Beatrice's boy—needed the stamp to fill up the second blank on his Brazilian page. I tore it off for him."

Mackenzie fitted the fragments together, and scrutinised the postmark. He placed his finger on it, turned round and looked Newman curiously in the face, saying in a bitingly severe tone:

"Mr. Newman, you omitted to note the date of our post-office on this."

The envelope bore that morning's date.

Mackenzie, angrier than ever, walked back into his office and slammed the door.

Dumfounded, with all his doubts re-aroused, old Newman stood gazing stupidly at the envelope, the cynosure of the eyes of his marvellously docile machine—the office.

Wilkins leaned over to his friend Pete and whispered gleefully:

"Say, Pete, bank on me as a prophet in future. The jolt has arrived."

"Gosh! Wonder what's the trouble?" returned Pete. "He's turning green."

"That's funk," replied Wilkins sneeringly. "I'll bet he'll swallow. Now watch him crawl."

The last remark referred to a rapid action on the part of Newman, who had taken the pieces of the envelope from his desk, and was moving towards the door of Mackenzie's office. But, on arriving at the door, he stopped; the ominous word "Private" painted upon the glass frowned him away, for the sense of office discipline overmastered the human inclination. The rule that no one was to disturb that office when that door was closed, unless upon business of the most pressing importance to the firm, a rule that he had most religiously observed and caused to be observed during his twenty-five years of stewardship, was not to be lightly broken now on account of any private business of his or his private troubles.

He stood gazing at the warning device for several seconds, then turned away bowed and broken under the struggle. On returning to his desk he encountered the concentrated eye of the staff and became conscious that a part of this distressing incident had taken place within view and hearing of the office. This came as a terrible blow. From a sense of occupying a firm position and power in the firm's organisation, he felt himself shrivel and contract until he became merely an old, frail man, withered by five and twenty years of close service, with dim eyes, an uncertain hand, a head incapable of meeting personal trouble and a memory open to suspicion and doubt. His mantle of cherished authority had fallen from him so suddenly he had been made to feel that he was no more in that organisation than those two irresponsible clerks he had reprimanded barely an hour ago. He perceived them now whispering together and felt that all his weaknesses were as exposed to them as they were to himself. In his humiliation he felt an immediate need of some human sympathy, so went over to the chief cashier, a bald, cynical, unfriendly fellow always, but next to Newman in authority.

"Mr. Dodds; a terrible misunderstanding. A letter from Rio de Janeiro has been opened—I found the envelope and took the stamp for Sidney. He has a nicely arranged album—"

Dodds smiled between his teeth. The brutal smile stopped the old man's explanation. He felt the heartless cruelty of the smile. This man, his next in seniority, stood with his employer and disbelieved him.

Dispirited and trembling under the repeated shocks, he returned to his desk, with his vitality crushed within him. He endeavoured to deal with some correspondence, but his mind would wander away to that closed door with its menacing word of "Private" and to the two pieces of envelope lying before him on the

desk. The clerk whose business it was to file and attend to the mortgages came to him for some advice, and while talking dropped a mere allusion which the old man seized on as an excuse for relating all the events connected with the fatal envelope before him. This man patiently heard him out, was more respectful than the cashier, but he expressed no opinion, much to Newman's disappointment.

Lunch time came. He had no appetite, so walked down the street to the post-office and back to the office almost immediately. The senior partner, in the meantime, had left him a message informing him that he had left for the day. Events were all conspiring against his peace of mind.

He did not sleep a wink that long miserable night. Next morning, he attended to his duties as usual, but the late comers passed in without rebuke, or notice from him. His attention was riveted upon the senior partner's room. Almost, as soon as Mackenzie had seated himself at his desk, Newman entered his office. Mackenzie saw at a glance the old man held in his hand the fragments of the envelope. Without preface, or attempt at preliminaries, Newman said, in a voice charged with pent-up excitement:

"I wish to say, sir, I did not open that letter."

Mackenzie felt the annoyance of yesterday arise, and he replied brusquely:

"Very good, Mr. Newman; then, perhaps, you can suggest who did?"

This unexpected question unbalanced the old man. He commenced stammering. Mackenzie continued:

"I examined the caretaker, who left the mail on your desk, and he remembered that gray envelope among the letters. Do you suggest that he opened it?"

"No, no! Indeed, no! He is somewhat careless, but he is honest. Who could have opened it?"

Mackenzie shrugged his shoulders. In spite of his annoyance, he felt sorry for the old man, whom he greatly respected.

"Well, Mr. Newman, I don't wish to hear any more about it. In future, please remove the mail from the box yourself."

He turned to his papers. Newman looked piteously at him for a few seconds, then walked out of the room. He could do no work. He had been sitting idly for some time, when the clerk Pete Bradley came up to him:

"You are not feeling very well this morning, Mr. Newman?"

It was an act of pre-arranged bravado to "josh Old Precisimus." Newman looked into the young man's face.

"Are you still worrying yourself over that?" he pointed to the envelope, which Newman had again placed on the desk.

The old man, conscious of his humiliation, answered the youngster categorically.

"How did it happen, sir?" asked the wag, boldly assuming a deeply serious tone, but winking at the office.

Obediently Newman again related in full detail the circumstances attending the finding of the opened envelope, unconscious that the impressive "hows" and "hohs" of the wag were prompted by anything else but sympathy for him. When the relation was at an end the wag callously put the old man through a long cross-examination of relevant and irrelevant questions within hearing of most of the office. He ended by giving old Newman a patronising lecture, as a fellow sufferer from official tyranny, and drew a consoling moral of the pitfalls which fate inevitably digs for the accommodation of all such chesty persecutors. The old man's mental misery prevented him seeing through the chaffing nature of all this; he seriously took the interest evinced by the youngster as being sincere.

At lunch time Bradley made another bold and impertinent stroke. He openly invited Newman to join him at lunch. To the surprise of every one, including the wag himself, the old man acceded with evident pleasure.

The spirit of devilment whispered into Bradley's ear. After lunch it was an easy matter to get the old man into the saloon, as he was accustomed to take an occasional sober glass; so Bradley undertook to keep the theme alive by encouraging him to talk to sympathetic ears, and meantime keep the liquor circulating.

The chief clerk and the junior returned from lunch that day together, one hour and a half late—the elder man rather muddled, the younger secretly very jubilant. Every day after that they lunched together.

The senior partner was extremely busy, and therefore had little or no time to do any business with his chief clerk, but towards the end of the week in discussing some matters with Newman, he noticed an astonishing change in the old man.

The fact was, the old man having lost all sleep, appetite and repose of mind, became affected by the liquor he was consuming. During lunch hour and after office hours, he had lived at the saloon, with Bradley and his associates. Any fresh face in the circle must hear the story from the old man's lips at the prompting of Bradley. In the day, the wag regaled the office with full accounts of his triumphs in converting "Old Precisimus" into a "normal animal," who lived as they, on meat and drink.

On Saturday, the junior partner returned. He soon noticed the change in their reliable clerk, who in reply to some question upon business matters went off into a rambling statement, of which Jones could make no head or tail. He was startled, and immediately went to Mackenzie.

"What has happened to the old man? He's wandering. All business seems clean gone out of him, and the

office seems all sixes and sevens."

"Well, yes; I noticed something peculiar in him yesterday."

"He is rambling about a stamp he has for his young nephew."

"A stamp! A stamp! Was it a Brazilian stamp?"

"Yes! I think it was! He has it and a torn envelope on his desk. I couldn't make out of his muddle what he was driving at. I got tired listening."

"Hum! I wonder whether he is brooding over a calling down I gave him for opening a confidential letter—Hah! by the way! You had better see what Oliver says in it."

Mackenzie handed Jones the letter that had been found on his desk.

"I was annoyed on account—"

"Oh! I read this, and left the matter entirely to you."

"Read this? When?"

"The morning I left—"

"Did you open the letter, then?"

"Certainly! I dropped into the office on my way down to the train and picked out the letter from the mail lying on Newman's desk."

"And you put it on my desk?"

"Certainly! Why, what is the trouble?"

"Pshaw! It is the letter I blamed him for opening."

"Depend upon it, the old man has taken it very hard."

Mackenzie rang for his chief clerk. The cashier answered the bell.

"Mr. Newman went out with Mr. Bradley a short time ago."

The partners glanced at each other. Newman absent from the office at the busiest part of the day, without acquainting them of his absence!

"Tell him I wish to see him immediately he returns."

An hour later Mackenzie again rang. Newman and Bradley were still absent.

About twelve o'clock Bradley walked rapidly into the office and whispered to his friend Wilkins:

"Old Precisimus is simply glorious—full as a tick. Here he is.

Old Newman walked in and stood looking at his desk in a vacant manner, without removing his hat. The cashier told him that Mackenzie wished to see him immediately. He took the stamp and envelope from his pocket and went towards Mackenzie's door. Standing in front of it for a few seconds, he straightened himself, then knocked; and, without awaiting a reply, walked in, his hat still upon his head and his coat tightly buttoned.

"Mr. Mackenzie, I was informed—you rang—for me. I regret—I was unavoidably—"

"Yes, Mr. Newman. Please sit down."

Mackenzie had taken in the old clerk's condition at a glance. He rose from his desk to close the door and call his partner. Newman did not seat himself, but stood, as he had entered, swaying his body unsteadily. The partners seated themselves. Mackenzie began:

"Mr. Newman, I have an apology to make to you and to express my sincere regrets for anything I said to you about that Rio de Janeiro letter. Mr. Jones—"

"Mr. Jones, hah, indeed! Mr. Jones! I told you, did I not, that it was lying there just where your foot is? The stamp was upward—so. It is a curious stamp."

The old man placed the fragments of the envelope on the desk, fitting them together.

"Little Sidney already has three of the series. This will fill the second blank. Indeed! I know; he will be delighted with it."

The partners looked uneasily at each other.

"Mr. Newman, be good enough to hear what I have to say. Mr. Jones—"

"Mr. Jones! Yes, sir, Mr. Jones! I expected he would believe me; but, no, he smiled as the others did, when I told him. I am suddenly become very criminal. Why have they not arrested me? They are very consid-

erate. They don't say: 'Newman you are a liar; Newman, you are a thief; but they smile and shrug and grin through their teeth. Oh, they all do, no—no—Mr. Bradley, except Mr. Bradley—he believes me, thank God!'

Old Newman proudly straightened himself; a lustre came into his sunk eyes, and a slight flush was kindled in his sallow cheeks. But these effects faded almost as rapidly as they came, as he appeared to shrivel, become limp and totter, until he lurched forward on to Mackenzie's desk. They placed him gently into a chair. He endeavoured to rise to get the fragments of the envelope. These they gave to him. Then he relapsed into a muttering of jumbled words.

At his request, Bradley accompanied him home.

Three days after, Mackenzie called at the house. The poor old man had passed through an exhausting delirium, and it had left him a sad wreck. Mackenzie looked into that wan eye that had watched so vigilantly over his interests for these many years and at the shrunken form that

had uncomplainingly shouldered the burden of the firm's cares. He took the frail hand; the touch roused the old clerk, who opened his eyes widely and appeared to recognise his old employer by the deep "Hah!" he uttered. His hand relaxed, however, and his eyes and mind again nearly closed; he began feeling over the coverlid and murmuring:

"It was lying on the floor—near the table, where they had dropped it. Five and twenty years; after five and twenty years. Oh! They may sneer and smile, but Mr. Bradley will tell them so." Then raising his voice and passing his hands more rapidly over the bed-clothes. "Where is it? Where is it? Have they stolen it? It was for my little Sidney—(he has Beatrice's eyes, but his father's hair). They have stolen it. They have stolen my good name. They are all liars, your worship, liars, liars, liars; I never—"

The voice drooped, until it became merely an inarticulate murmur. Then it ceased, and the poor old life of service was rounded by a low, sobbing sigh.



TREATED BY PROXY

BY HAROLD EYRE

THERE was a sudden movement in the little crowd of newsboys, district messengers and youths of no visible occupation, as Horace Ransom's well-known team of boys drew up at the side entrance to his huge dry-goods store. A tall porter in livery opened the door of the carriage, and Ransom descended to the pavement.

For a moment he stood there, facing the expectant crowd that he could not see. Then he thrust his hand into his pocket and flung to right and left the customary handful of coins. Smiling grimly at the familiar sounds of the scuffle which followed, Ransom took the porter's arm and entered the building.

Upon reaching the office, he sent for men in charge of departments and conferred with them. Then his secretary read to him the morning mail, for Ransom took pride in maintaining, despite his affliction, an active supervision of the great business he had built up.

While he was dictating a letter to a Western manufacturer, the office boy came in to announce a caller.

"Dr. Hoffman, sir."

"Dr. Hoffman?" repeated Ransom.

"That eye man," explained the Secretary, "who wrote you."

Ransom sighed wearily. "Show him in."

An elderly man entered the room, tall, with stooping shoulders, angular and shabbily dressed.

The merchant turned his head towards the visitor, with a movement pathetically like an inquiring glance.

"What can I do for you?" he asked.

"I have written," began the old man, "asking you to allow me to treat your eyes."

"I received your letter," said Ransom curtly. "I suppose you have heard about the reward."

The caller was embarrassed. "That is true, but—"

"You needn't be ashamed of it," interrupted Ransom. "A million dollars is a lot of money, and since I offered it, seven years ago, to any man who could restore my sight, a good many people have been after it, from the greatest specialists in the world to the greatest humbugs. But none of them has earned the reward, though I've given them all a fair show."

"Nobody, I understand, has benefited you at all?"

"Not a particle. I've tried about every system of treatment under the sun, from electric vibrations to the violet ray. They tell me it's a disease of the nerve—neuresthenia, they call it, which I suppose is their way of saying they don't know just what it is. Whatever it may be, I'm afraid it is incurable.

"That's what the German doctors told me years ago, but I wouldn't believe it then—I couldn't believe it. It seemed to me that somewhere in the world there *must* be someone who knew more than the others about my particular sort of blindness. So I offered that reward—everybody thought I was crazy as well as blind—and for years afterwards my life was

made miserable by people who thought they needed the money.

"I had hopes then and listened to them all, tried all their systems and let them experiment on me, until I couldn't stand it any longer. No one can imagine what I went through. The physical torture some of them put me to was bad enough, but the way they tricked me, filled me with false hopes and tried every dodge to make a profit out of my—"

He stopped and relapsed into silence.

"I trust, sir," said the old man, with dignity, "that you do not class me among those charlatans. My letter, I had hoped, would convince you that I have some standing in my profession. I have studied for many years the diseases of the optic nerve, and I believe I can cure you. If I succeed, you will have your sight again, and I shall have earned the reward. If I fail, you will have lost only the time you give to the treatment. All I ask is an opportunity to see what I can do with your case."

"What is the principle of your treatment?" inquired Ransom.

"That is something I am not prepared to explain. I could hardly make clear to you in a few moments the results of a lifetime of study."

Ransom was silent.

"Come back at the same hour tomorrow," he said at length. "I have very little faith left, but you shall have your opportunity if you care to take it on my conditions."

When Dr. Hoffman was shown into Ransom's office the next morning, he found a third person in the room, a dark, thickset man of about forty.

"Mr. Martin," began Ransom, indicating the dark man, "is afflicted with what the doctors says is precisely the same form of blindness as mine. For some years past I have retained his services, so to speak, to test various systems of treatment that were to restore my sight. I found some such arrangement necessary, for

I am too busy a man to give much time to doubtful experiments, and I like to give everything a trial. If it is possible for you to benefit me, it will be evident in your treatment of Mr. Martin; and as soon as you have any success with him, you can begin on me. Now you can suit yourself as to whether you care to undertake the case."

"But," objected Hoffman, "it will probably be some time before—"

"Exactly. That is why I want to see results first."

The other hesitated.

"It's an unusual proposition," he said finally, "to treat a patient by proxy—but I'll do my best."

For several weeks the treatment continued without incident and without apparent result. Martin reported from time to time to his employer, but the latter evinced slight interest in the matter, not even inquiring as to Hoffman's methods. Constant disappointment had left the merchant with little hope.

One morning Ransom was in bad humour when Martin came.

"I don't see the use of wasting any more time on that man," he said irritably. "It's nearly two months now, and he hasn't done you a bit of good."

"He seems confident that he will succeed," replied Martin; "somehow, I'm beginning to have faith in him."

"What does he do to you?"

"That's what I don't know much about—he doesn't seem to want to explain things. But he uses some kind of rays that he gets from a tube, and he has an apparatus to produce what he calls high frequency vibrations. It has a queer effect. You don't notice anything at the time, but afterwards, quite a while afterwards, your eyes begin to sort of tingle. He says that means the circulation is gradually coming back to the nerve."

"Circulation poppycock!" snapped Ransom. "It's my belief the man's a faker, like the rest of 'em. It's a

wonder he hasn't asked me for a loan, or some money on account. It would take just that to convince me."

"I think, sir, he's pretty hard up," ventured Martin; "and after all he may be on the right track. I suppose you wouldn't feel like helping him out a bit?"

"Not by a jugful! I've done enough foolishness of that kind in the past, and it's time to quit. I'm tired of being an easy mark."

About two weeks after that conversation, Dr. Hoffman called at the merchant's office.

"Mr. Ransom's busy," announced the boy, after taking in the name.

The visitor stood still, apparently taken aback by the message. The boy noticed that he looked thinner and shabbier than when he called before.

"Tell him, please," said the caller, laying his hand nervously on the boy's arm, "that it is urgent. I shall only keep him a moment."

The lad was about to say that it was no use for him to go back, but something in the man's manner disarmed him, and he re-entered the private room. Upon emerging, he conducted Hoffman inside.

Ransom's greeting was not cordial.

"Well, Professor," he said, with scornful emphasis on the second word, "I hear you're not having much success with Martin."

"It is a little soon," replied the visitor, "we must have patience. The case is an obstinate one—"

"No more so than mine would be. If you can't cure Martin—"

"I have not said I can't cure him. I have great expectations. There are signs which lead me to hope for favourable results at any moment."

"Your hopes and expectations don't interest me," was the sharp rejoinder. "I have heard that before—it is an old story. Have you nothing else to say to me?"

"Yes, there is something else." The visitor's manner became embarrassed. He stammered, and almost guiltily

averted his gaze from the other's sightless eyes.

"I hesitate to mention it, but—the expense of the treatment is greater than I anticipated—of course I know I am not entitled to anything unless it is successful, but I am in need—desperate need, and I thought—"

"No, siree!" thundered Ransom, "not one cent! It's just as I suspected, you're like all the rest of them. But I'm not running a charitable institution, and I haven't lost my wits as well as my eyesight. Enough of this humbug! I shall notify Martin to waste no more—"

He stopped short in his tirade. The sound of receding footsteps and the opening and shutting of the door told him of his visitor's retreat.

That same day Ransom sent for Martin and informed him that Dr. Hoffman's experiments were at an end.

Thereupon Ransom dismissed the matter from his mind. He thought no more of it until a memorable morning some ten days later when, arriving downtown, he found the porter, for the first time in long years of service, shaken out of his massive dignity.

Without giving his employer a chance to protest, the big negro seized him by the arm and hurried him into the office, muttering something about "a miracl' ob de Lawd, foh shuah!"

Upon entering the room Ransom, with the sharpened faculties of the blind, instantly became aware that a little group of people had gathered there, and his keen perceptions caught the air of expectancy that surrounded him. But he had no inkling of the truth.

Out of the darkness came the voice of his superintendent.

"We have news for you, Mr. Ransom, great news. Martin has recovered his sight!"

"I don't believe it," said Ransom in a blank voice.

Then he heard Martin himself, incoherent, almost hysterical, telling with unnecessary detail how he had gone to bed the night before with his eyes in their usual state, and in the morning, lo, he could see. And after fourteen years—

Ransom made an effort to control himself.

"That man Hoffman," he ejaculated, as soon as he could find speech, "—when did you see him last?"

"Not since the day he called on you."

"Where does he live?"

"He moved just about that time. He's living now on the East Side, in Fifty-fourth Street."

"Go to him at once!" shouted Ransom. "Take my carriage—bring him back with you. Don't delay a moment!"

After a break-neck drive, the ve-

hicle stopped in front of a squalid house, a few doors east of Third Avenue. Martin dashed up the steps and rang the bell.

Receiving no answer, he rang again. At length a woman came to the door.

"Is Dr. Hoffman here?" he inquired.

She looked at him curiously. "His body's upstairs," she responded, "—third floor back."

"His body!" gasped Martin. "You don't mean—"

He stopped.

"He was found dead," she explained, "yesterday morning."

Martin staggered back. "What was the matter with him?"

The woman slowly surveyed the carriage in the street, and then looked at the white face of the man.

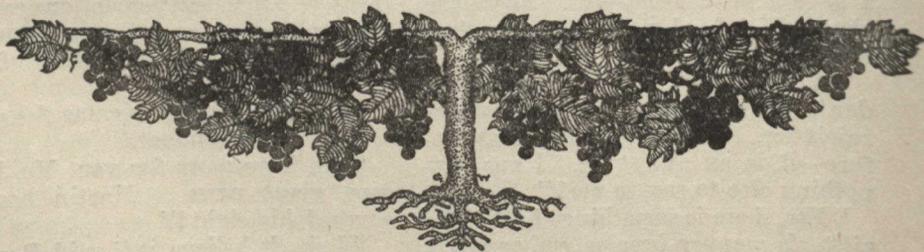
"Starvation," she said bitterly, "just plain starvation!"

THE LAST DESIRE

BY GEORGE HERBERT CLARKE

FROM dreamless nights to wake to mocking morrows,
To make toward the surface from the Deep,
For silence to put on old sins and sorrows—
Unknown One, nay! let me forever sleep!

Secret, sufficient, all-subduing Sleep—
In thine embrace eternal to be lying,
The while thine ancient eyes their vigil keep—
How blest a thing to die, if this be dying!



THE QUEEN VICTORIA NIAGARA FALLS PARK

BY FRANK YEIGH

SELDOM has a government taken wiser action than when Oliver Mowat and his Cabinet established in 1887 the Queen Victoria Niagara Falls Park. Time has abundantly justified the step and, as a result, Ontario and all Canada possesses in this domain on the banks of the historic Niagara one of its most valuable assets.

The Provincial Government of that day exhibited equal wisdom in placing the control of the Park in a Commission, and though it has of necessity had a changing personnel (outside its chairman, Mr. J. W. Langmuir, who has filled the position from the beginning), the Commission has rendered the Province a public-spirited service deserving of recognition. The present members are, in addition to Mr. Langmuir, Messrs. George H. Wilkes, P. W. Ellis, L. Clarke Raymond, William L. Doran, L. H. Clarke and J. D. Chaplin. Mr. John H. Jackson, C. E., is superintendent, and Mr. H. J. Moore, chief gardener.

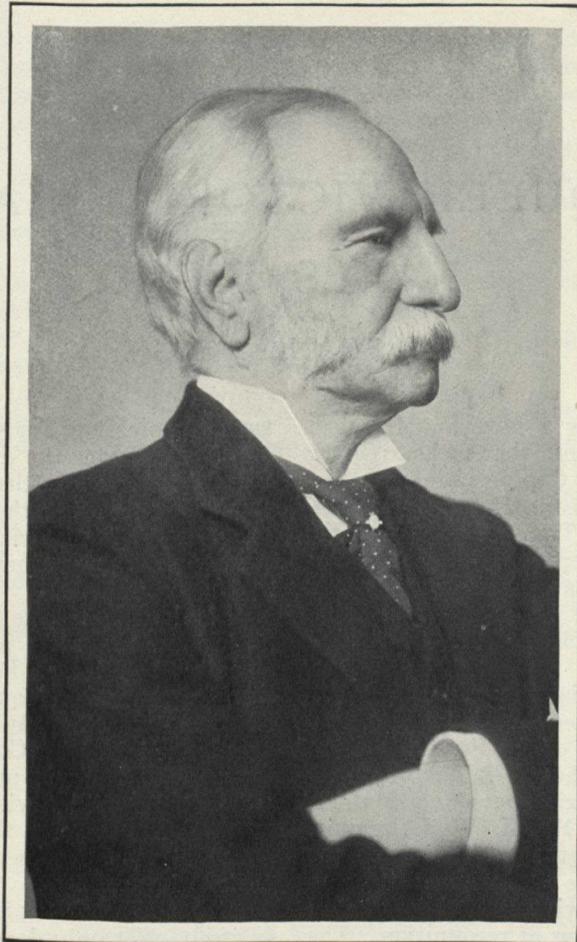
At the inception of the Park, the area was only 154 acres, whereas to-day it totals 1,887 acres, or more than ten times as much, including not only the main park at the Falls, but the chain reserve from Bridgeburg to Niagara-on-the-Lake, Fort Erie Park, Lundy's Lane Cemetery, Niagara Glen, Queenston Heights Park and Butler's Rangers burying-ground. Many advantages would accrue if the Dominion Government could see its

way to placing Forts George and Mississauga under the direction of the Commission. Its settled and continuous policy covering the care and improvement of historic spots would tend to save them from an extinction that now threatens.

It is doubtful if the people of Canada realise the value of their possessions in the Niagara Park system, or that they have an adequate conception of the work already accomplished or planned by the Commission and its staff. Nor is it probable that a tithe of the million visitors annually to the locality grasp the full significance of what has been provided for their enjoyment.

Niagara Falls Park is a wonderland in itself. Not only does it border one of the world's greatest cataracts, but it has a nature setting of rare charm, one that is best realised by a comparison with the unkempt condition of the Canadian shore territory prior to Government control, when extortion was the rule, and visitors were compelled to pay heavy toll.

To-day the Park is not only one in the full sense of the term, but a botanical garden, with many a plant treasure, and a delightful playground as well for the use of the people to whom it belongs. "We want to disabuse the minds of the public that the Park belongs to the Commission," remarked one of the Board. "It belongs to the people; it is theirs." The use of the grounds for recreative



MR. J. W. LANGMUIR

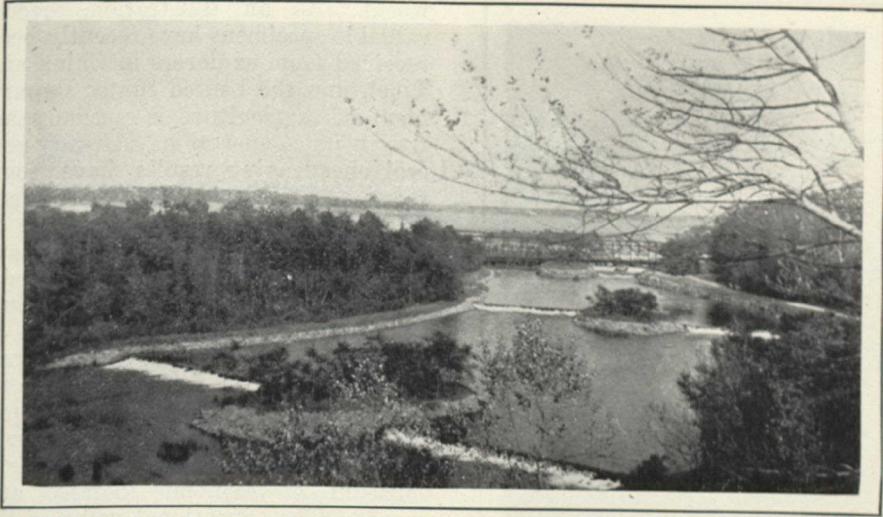
Chairman of the Queen Victoria Niagara Falls Park Commission

purposes is widespread. Bowling greens, tennis courts, baseball grounds and cricket creases are at the disposal of visitors, and no prettier sight is had than thousands of children coming in picnics or excursions and enjoying these privileges to the full. The handsome stone parapets along the edge of the cliff, the picturesque shelters and winding paths, the sweep of turf and the forest giants further mark the Park as one of alluring attractiveness.

This year sees the completion of one of the crowning achievements of the

Commission in the grand boulevard extending from Table Rock to Bridgeburg or Fort Erie, a distance of sixteen miles. A fine piece of macadamised roadmaking it is, with a width of eighteen feet, and a total width of right of way of thirty feet. Avenues of trees and green swards border the route. Already hundreds of young maples and elms have been planted, and these will alternate with the occasional groves that already overlook the highway.

Though the boulevard has only recently been turned over to the Com-



AMONG THE DUFFERIN ISLANDS, NIAGARA FALLS PARK

mission by the contractors, a motor ride over its course is a delightful experience. Leaving behind the great green curve of the Horseshoe Fall, ever sending up its pillar of spray within a rainbow circle, the road courses past the tumbling rapids of the upper river on the left and the peaceful solitudes of the Dufferin Islands on the right, where groups of happy bathers may be seen disporting in the shallow pools. Straight away to quaint old Chippewa—a veritable Sleepy Hollow—flies the car, and beyond lies the open country—a typical Ontario landscape of fertile farms, restful groves of woodland, and an occasional old-time house filled with ghosts of the war days of 1812 and 1837. But always and ever the eye turns to the kingly river hurrying to its mighty leap, and beyond to the timbered mass of Navy Island and the more cultivated surface of Grand Island, with the distant United States shore enclosing the view. One ventures to assert that in all the Dominion there is not such another drive-way, with every mile a succession of varying pictures. When ultimately the twelve-mile distance in the other direction, from the Cataract to

Niagara town via Queenstown, is completed, the thirty-mile run will materially add to the beauty of the Canadian shore for its entire length, when trolley lines may run parallel to the boulevard, or motor busses will be at the disposal of the tourist, and when the boulevard connected with the fine roads through the Niagara peninsula in the one direction and the New York State roads in the other will provide hundreds of miles of highway.

The botanical and horticultural features of the Queen Victoria Park are sometimes overlooked. The head gardener is enthusiastic over his department as he acts the guide to the treasures of the place. Among the trees are some superb specimens, lordly monsters who still carry their branches high and wide; hundreds of bushes and shrubs, aquatic ponds decorated with lily pads, flower beds of varying colour, and conservatories which, if altogether inadequate, yet contain much of interest to the nature student and lover.

The labelling of all the trees and shrubs is well under way, while in the herbaceous garden of perennials the plants are being classified accord-



A ROADWAY IN THE PARK

ing to their natural order of distinctiveness.

Plant-breeding and testing is also being carried on. No less than two hundred new varieties are under experiment this season. Exotic plants from other countries are in process of testing with a view to their being grown and disseminated in Canada.

An exchange system is operated in the horticultural department by means of which specimens are received from widely different parts of the

world. As an illustration, several valuable specimens have recently been received from explorers in China and Tibet, and the United States Department of Agriculture is specially active in its co-operation. Already several encouraging results have come from the efforts of Mr. Moore in plant breeding. Valuable new varieties of calceolaria begonias and primula have been developed, some of them promising to be of definite commercial value.

It is proposed to erect, as soon as practicable, an adequate horticultural building to house the rarer exotic plants; in fact, to make of it a botanical garden under glass, which should ultimately be extended to include a museum of economic botany and woods. The educational value of the horticultural features of the Park is worthy of note. Already classes in the neighbouring high schools make a practical study of its contents. The idea is to make the Park horticulturally what the Guelph college is agriculturally; to create an institution patterned after the Royal Gardens at Kew, where one may learn the profession of gardening as well as of horticulture.

The localities, other than the main Park, under the jurisdiction of the Commission are each of exceptional interest. In Fort Erie Park are the earth works of the old fort that witnessed stirring times during the war of 1812-14. In Chippewa the surviving mansions of the past and the Laura Secord cottage are among the points of interest. At Lundy's Lane, the historic graveyard, which has been much improved since the Commission took control of it, is one of the favourite haunts for the pilgrim who appreciates the early history of the country.

The trolley station at the Whirlpool gives access to a dramatic viewpoint of the swirling maelstrom far below, while a mile or more along the lower river is Niagara Glen. Of the hundreds who pass by only the scores halt to explore its sylvan depths, and the



ONE OF THE "POWER" BUILDINGS IN NIAGARA FALLS PARK

scores are the wise ones. It is doubtful if there is such another two-hundred-acre spot in all Canada, and yet few Canadians know where it is, or what it is. Geologically it is the site of the original cataract of a trifle of forty thousand years ago. Nature's book here lies open at its most thrilling page. Water-marks and pot-holes still tell of the mighty power of the ancient flood; gigantic Rocks of Ages clutter the lower levels, marble playthings perchance for the Odins and Thors of the fabled age; boulders on and around which countless generations of trees have lived their tree span of life and from whose crevices and crannies rare ferns and plants peek out, for Niagara Glen is among other things a botanical paradise. Vast caves of the winds wind beneath overhanging limestone cliffs whose rounded forms are wonderfully like the stem of a *Titanic*.

At the edge of the Glen the Niagara is seen at its narrowest and in some respects its wildest aspect, with the

unleashed waters of the whirlpool crowding themselves into huge waves in their tempestuous seaward race. And by the rushing river as in the heart of the Glen myriad paths provide Arcadian retreats where one would fain linger.

It is proposed to extend the walk southward for the half mile to the very edge of the Whirlpool, and elevators at Glen and Whirlpool will aid those whose aim in life is to be carried. There is also talk of licensing an aerial tramway which will make a journey that should be even more than a shilling thriller, carrying passengers completely over the heart of the Whirlpool from the two Canadian points and at a distance of 150 feet above the watery turmoil.

The summit and hillslope of Queenston Heights, holding on their crest the towering obelisk to the memory of Sir Isaac Brock, is a beauty spot of itself, and nowhere has the Commission rendered better service. The area immediately in front of the



BASEBALL IN NIAGARA FALLS PARK

monument has been rebuilt, creating a natural promenade from which a superb view is had of leagues on leagues of vine-covered fields, of the last sinuous stretch of the green-hearted river, and of the region connected with the battle of Queenston Heights. Half-way down the hill the remains of the half-moon battery are marked by a cairn, while in the rear of the Monument are the ruined earthworks raised by Dearborn in 1814. Every foot of soil on this lofty encampment tells of the struggle, a century ago, for supremacy in Canada.

The Commission has greatly improved the grounds connected with the Monument and has besides in view,

when the income warrants it, the construction of a fine building similar to the Administration building at the Park and a handsome shelter and rest-room opposite the main entrance. It is not to be wondered at that Queenston Heights receives an ever-increasing quota of visitors and picnics.

The final stretch of the river bank, from Queenston Heights to old Niagara, is another seven-mile course full of charm. On the Queenston bank stands the Brock Memorial Church, and hard by the main road are the sites of the Vrooman and Brown Points whose batteries played their part in the battle of Queenston Heights. And when quaint, old Niagara itself is reached, with all its



A PICNIC PARTY IN NIAGARA FALLS PARK



A REST-HOUSE

memories of the foundation era of Upper Canada, and Lake Ontario invites the wayfarer to its expense, one wonders if in all the wide world there is such another river as the Niagara, and such another region of interest and beauty.

The Park and its Commission are supported by the revenues, totalling nearly \$150,000 a year, accruing from franchises allotted by the Commissioners for various public utilities, including the electric railway, the power companies, scenic tunnel and other privileges. By a recent decision of the Privy Council, the Commission will receive a much greater rental from the power companies. All the income is spent on the Park and the Canadian side of the river, improvements will be made as funds permit. The Commissioners believe that any legitimate expenditure on the Park is, in commercial terms, good business.

Practically a million visitors find their way to the Falls every year, and even that great total is sure to increase. It is an easy matter to calculate the monetary results from such an immense human stream.

For many years the main park area contiguous to the Falls and Dufferin Islands has been disfigured by the construction works of the three Power Companies. These however are practically completed. The buildings are of architectural designs in keeping with the beauty of the surroundings, and the surfaces are being levelled and sodded, covering up all traces of the great conduits that carry the waters underground.

The celebration of the Century of Peace is of special interest to the Park authorities, as public opinion in both countries seems to be agreed on the erection of a suitable and permanent memorial.

ON FORBIDDEN TRAILS

BY C. LINTERN SIBLEY

THIRTY-FIVE below zero has no terror for the creatures of the green timber. Consequently the lonely wolf that was nosing along the rabbit trails on the Upper Onandaga felt no inconvenience from the keen mid-winter air of the North. Indeed, emerging presently from the gloom of the evergreen forest to a park-like expanse thinly dotted over with jack-pine, he found himself in a centre that radiated some of the very benignancy of summer itself.

Here the full blaze of the brilliant sunshine made itself felt. It added a deeper beauty, a more glorious harmony, to the rich umbers and greens of the conifers, standing sharply outlined in the clear air against a sky of unflecked ultramarine. In the open spaces it caused the frost crystals on the surface of the snow to glisten like myriads of diamonds; beneath the jackpines it stained the snow with luminous shadows of pale cobalt. Two summer-like sounds broke the stillness of the forest—the twittering and singing of a flock of snowbirds in the trees, and the trickling of water.

The wolf came out into the open and paused for a few moments to bask in the sun, his tongue lolling out, after the manner of a good-humoured dog. A couple of Canada jays, sitting side by side on the dead branch of a pine, stopped preening their feathers to watch him, and when, presently, attracted by the sound of the water, he came down the bank of the stream to where the break in the ice was, they screamed defiance at him.

It came so suddenly, that scream, that the wolf instinctively started. But he did not look up. Something else at that instant arrested his attention. Beside the water hole was the untidy plunging trail of an otter, newly made.

Now the wolf is never peculiarly enamoured of the otter as a source of food supply. For one thing, the otter is one of the most intelligent and cunning of the creatures of the forest. For another, it is a formidable antagonist, even for a wolf.

But partly out of curiosity, partly because the trail had only just been made, the wolf followed it. Loping along upstream, in a few minutes he came to the foot of a beaver dam just in time to see the otter drop with a quiet "blob" through the air hole in the beaver pond. That, he knew, finished his chance with the otter.

But he showed no disappointment.

The round snowy mounds of the beaver houses now attracted him. From one to the other he ran, nosing around in the snow, keenly alert for trail or movement. There was nothing to reward him.

Yet he could not leave the vicinity. He knew that beneath those mounds of snow, beneath the mud and brushwood now frozen to a consistency as hard as steel, warm life existed. Meat, in riotous plenty, was there, and although to get it was a task far beyond the powers of his kind, the mere thought of its nearness fascinated him.

He stood looking uncertainly from mound to mound. Then he scratched

at the nearest one, found the ventilation shaft and, burying his nose in it, breathed deep and long the warm and luscious smell of beaver.

The smell has an intoxicating effect upon him. He backed away from the mound, crouching low in an attitude of expectation. The better to conceal himself he even lay upon his stomach. Suddenly, with a terrific spring he leapt sheer beyond the beaver house, and, pretending to catch a beaver, worried the airy nothing like a terrier worrying a rat. Then he pretended to be tearing and eating, a look of ecstatic enjoyment on his face.

This manoeuvre he repeated again and again. For a creature of his nocturnal habits the day was still young. He was not particularly hungry, and he was in a mood for the play of make-believe.

The otter, knowing nothing of the enemy that had been following on his trail, dived deep in the black and icy water. His hairy coat, with its wonderful underlayer of fur, added to the protective layer of fat beneath his skin, made him absolutely indifferent to the coldest of water.

Down into the black depths he dropped like a plummet, his keen eyes glowing green in the wan light that filtered through ice and air hole. The dim shape of a pickerel moved swiftly across his line of vision. Turning with the slithering roll of a seal, he gave pursuit. Not even the torpedo-like loon could rival the speed with which he shot through the water.

The pickerel realised the danger. Finding he could not out-swim the otter, he dived and turned with the intention of shooting back under the black terror that pursued him. The response of the otter was as instantaneous as flash to pull of trigger. At the moment when the belly of the pickerel flashed in a faint gleam of silver at the turning dive, the jaws of the otter closed over it.

Instead of ascending to the air hole with his prize, the otter swam to the edge where the beaver houses were

situated. He made his way unerringly to the under-water entrance of a beaver-house, and, ascending the runway to a point above the water-line, he breathed and ate his fish.

As he ate, up through the shaft to the cosily-resting beaver the hated smell of fish arose, and two pugnacious beavers plunged down upon the intruder.

It was the old, old quarrel of the beaver and the otter. The former, as skilled a sanitarian as he is an engineer, always keeps his runways clean. The otter never hesitates to use them as his dining-room and to leave them contaminated with the hated stink and slime and offal of his kills.

The otter, though ever ready for a fight, did not wait in the beaver hole to face his foes. He dashed down into the water, headed about, and remained suspended a dozen feet from the hole. A big male beaver shot out after him, baring his chisel-like teeth as he caught sight of his adversary.

In a flash the two had closed. For fully three minutes they rolled over and over in the water in a silent, straining, fighting ball, from which a silver line of air bubbles floated up to the surface. Neither could get the grip he wanted, and they bit and struggled and twisted until both were breathless. First to feel the need for air, the otter broke away and swam to the beaver hole to get a breath. He found it guarded by the female.

Meanwhile the beaver had risen to the surface. There, between the water and the covering of ice, he found the air that he and the otter had given off collected in a huge bubble. Already the water had oxygenated this air, and the beaver breathed it. He kept blowing the air out in a bubble under the ice and breathing it in again until he was rested.

The otter, knowing nothing of such a trick, had to swim off, as though in hurried retreat, for the air hole. His head bobbed up with a rush above the surface, and he lay in the water with half-closed eyes breathing in deep,

luscious draughts the keen, fresh air.

The wolf, then engaged in stalking another imaginary beaver, flattened himself out in the snow in real earnest when the otter's head appeared above the water. He knew that his only chance of catching the otter was to get it on land, so he waited for that animal to come out and resume its journey.

But the otter had other things to think of. He was smarting under a sense of indignity. He had an uncomfortable feeling that because he had to rush away for air the beaver would think he was afraid. He had no particular quarrel with the beaver; no particular wish to go back and engage in another grim struggle in the silent, black depths.

He had to go back, however. His *amour propre* was wounded. So when he had breathed himself, down again he sank to do battle with the beaver. Coming back to the vicinity of the beaver tunnels, he saw not one but half a dozen indignant beavers swimming around. This was something he had not bargained for, and he quickly returned to the air hole and drew himself out on the ice to think it over. The moment he got out of the water the bitter air made him aware of a deep gash on his shoulder. He started licking this, utterly oblivious of the presence of the wolf.

The latter stalked up behind the otter with infinite care. When within twenty feet, he leaped with the speed of an arrow.

It was was a good sporting chance that the wolf was taking. But he counted too much upon the pre-occupation of the otter. The latter was too quick. He sprang lightly aside, and, with bristling hair and bared fangs, turned to face the wolf—all the sanguinary nature of his weasel blood aroused.

At the moment when the wolf's jaws closed with a snap upon nothing, the swifter otter caught one of the hind feet of the wolf and with a single bite crushed the bones.

A yelp of pain escaped the wolf, and he turned with the quickness of a spring's recoil to grip his enemy. Quicker still was the otter. A leap as swift as thought. A "blob." And the astonished wolf was left standing and staring at little waves that lapped the edges of the ice at the air hole.

But the otter had not finished with the wolf. Not for nothing did he belong to the weasel family. The events of the last half hour had aroused his pugnacious blood to the boiling point. Coming to the surface immediately, he thrust his head out of the water and snarled at the wolf. The wolf snarled fiercely back at him, then retreated a few steps as though to invite the otter to come from the water and have it out with him. The otter hesitated not a moment. He clamboured out on the ice, and standing on the edge of the air hole with his short legs well spread, snarled defiance at his enemy.

The wolf made several feints at attack. The otter stood firm as a rock and never even blinked an eyelid when the wolf jumped, each time jumping short. Out in the open, the wolf would have closed with him. Here, beside open water, he knew that the otter's game would be to get him into the water, and once that happened, the otter would drown him like a rat.

Finding that he could not get the otter off his guard by feint, he stood looking at his foe, holding his injured foot off the snow.

The otter came nearer, snarling with greater intensity and swaying his head with curious seal-like movement. His baleful green eyes seemed to glow with phosphorescent light.

The hair along the wolf's spine rose up straight at such insolence. He stood stiff-legged and snarling. He knew that sooner or later he must retreat. But he hated the thought—hated to turn tail and leave the sneering, truculent little beast openly defying him. To have attacked the otter,

and to have to retreat from him like a beaten cur hurt his vanity.

But there was no other way for it. He began slowly backing, still preserving a brave and snarling front.

As he was doing this, from far away in the forest there came the kill cry of his pack:

"Yow-oo-oo! Yow-oo-oo! Yow-oo-oo!"

It was a communal signal. Another wolf had killed big meat, and, according to the laws of his tribe, before he touched a bit himself, he stood up and sent echoing in mournful cadence far through the forest aisles the terrible cry that drove terror to the hearts of other creatures of the wild, but conveyed to the scattered members of the wolf pack an invitation. The wolf's cry was the equivalent of the last word in fraternal hospitality: "Come, brothers! Come and feed!"

To the wolf backing away from the brow-beating otter the cry was thrice welcome. It was a summons nothing

in the world would excuse neglecting.

Without hesitation he turned and loped off on three legs into the forest, deaf to the otter's reiterated challenge.

The otter watched the wolf as it disappeared like a shadow in the forest. Then he turned back to the water. He had known something of what he had made the wolf feel. The gash on his shoulder was a painful reminder of his own inglorious retreat from the beaver tunnel. For a moment he stood looking down into the water as though wondering whether, in the light of his new prowess, his dignity demanded that he should go down again into the black depths and do battle with the beavers.

But, even though the wound on his shoulder was stinging like fire, his experience with the wolf had restored his wounded *amour propre*, and with a spring he slithered along the frozen snow surface, and continued plunging his line of march upstream.



HOW MUCH SHALL I TIP?

BY LOUISE HAYTER BIRCHALL

WHILE humanity generally, no doubt, would do well to cultivate the spirit of willing service, if for no other than purely philosophic reasons, the servant who has conquered the secret is a priceless jewel, worthy in every respect the grateful recognition of the public. It is the willingness that deserves the glad and generous gratuity. Everything else is cancelled by the wage.

I know a little woman in England who will let you a large bedroom and a sitting-room, nicely furnished, carry hot water and coals at any hour for your comfort, cook three or four meals a day, and serve them in your own rooms, post letters, market for you, and perform a dozen more of the small attentions which smooth out life's roughness—all for ten shillings (\$2.50) a week. She's the happiest creature imaginable, too, and never thinks of a tip. I doubt if she would take one. At least, if so, it would be because she would not care to risk hurting your feelings by a refusal.

And I know another woman, of the same station in life, in Canada, from whom I rented two bare rooms for more than double that price, and I could not induce her to accept any responsibility whatever for my comfort. I had not only to furnish the rooms myself, but to find someone to come in to tidy and sweep them. I had to get my meals where best I could in the neighbourhood. I had even to answer the front door bell on the chance of visitors to myself. As a matter of fact, this woman spent very little time in the house, and

when there she ignored my presence. Had I offered her a tip she would probably have thrown it in my face.

I was on my way once to pay a visit in an isolated part of Ireland and was met at the nearest town by the hostess herself. She explained that there was not a train back for a couple of hours and asked me if I would mind if she did some shopping.

"Don't laugh," she said to me in one shop, "when you hear what I ask for."

It was for noiseless housemaid's slippers, felt-soled ones.

"We are not often honoured by visitors in our part of the world, you know," she volunteered as we left, "and the truth is, your coming has created a considerable stir below stairs. The servants are all agog with excitement. Just before I left this morning Kate, the housemaid, gave me three shillings and asked me if I would mind getting these slippers for her. With them she can glide in and out of your room in the morning without disturbing you unduly.

Do I need to say such willing service merited and received more than the slippers cost, though it was by a mere accident I learned of them? One takes so much for granted when things run on oiled wheels.

To the Western mind the idea of allowing servants to accept gratuities from guests is often repugnant. A Canadian is likely to think it is not in the spirit of true hospitality that a guest should feel under obligation to help towards the smoother running of his household. This is, I consider,

a mistaken point of view. While deploring the abuse of the system in some circumstances, I still think it would be a pity to deprive a guest of the privilege of recognising personal service from a class which is often at considerable pains to make him comfortable. The servant is paid for routine work. The arrival of a guest means change in this routine, extra labour. Granted the wage might be considered to cover the additional labour in any given department of the household, as between mistress and maid. I do not think, however, it should cover personal attention and attendance, as between guest and servants.

A lady I know accepted paying guests in a foreign town where there was a small English colony. Her servants received the maximum wage, and, being an Englishwoman, she employed two to do what one was expected to do in the other households of the town. As a result, her maids were devoted to her and gave willing service towards the success of her enterprise. On one occasion a guest, a Frenchwoman, who was somewhat of an invalid became ill immediately after her arrival. Daily, hourly, the cook strove to tempt her with special dainties, while the housemaid fetched and carried, and generally looked after her. At the end of a month she went off, after presenting each of them with a paltry two-franc piece (forty cents). Now I contend that the wage covered the extra normal cooking and housework entailed by her presence, but it did not cover the personal services or the kindly feeling behind them. Moreover, as the lady explained to me, no amount of money she could give the women would satisfy them for the scant recognition from the one to whom they had given, in all sympathy, such willing service.

It is, perhaps, when paying his first visit in an English house where a dozen or more indoor servants are kept, together with chauffeur and coachman, that the stranger feels his

ignorance most keenly. A trained English servant has a way of making one feel he knows what's what. Until one grows accustomed to him and his ways, he is somewhat terrifying. One feels that one would rather do anything than look small in his eyes.

A very black cloud, I remember, hung over me as I embarked on my first journey abroad. It was the fear of my own ignorance of the tipping system. I can look back now over some years of experience in various countries and smile at the bogey. It was quite natural it should spoil my joy of anticipation. To how many has it not done likewise?

Once find yourself in the matter of tipping, and travelling in any part of the world, and particularly in England, becomes a delight. Until you do, it is a nightmare.

The average Canadian on his first trip abroad has plenty of money with him. Perfectly able and willing to do whatever is customary in this connection, when he is suddenly placed where he must act without advice, he invariably, from a false pride, or a fear of looking mean, throws money away needlessly.

And this question is just the thing which everybody fights shy of. There is always an air of mystery surrounding the subject—not as to fact, but as to the amount—and no one in England seems to be particularly anxious to clear it up. So far as I can make out, it is a vexed point, even with the average Englishman and Englishwoman.

A man I know, over sixty, a bachelor and a club man, who has spent many years of his life on the Gold Coast and the rest in London, confessed to me that he went in dread the whole year round, because of a visit he was expected to pay to a school friend of Charterhouse days, who lived in a palace and was surrounded by flunkeys.

"I have never yet been able to leave the place with an easy mind. There is always the uncomfortable feeling

that I may not have done the right thing by the servants. I'm perfectly willing to give whatever is usual, but there's the point. How is one to know what is usual?

How indeed? Unless one observes and investigates persistently and so learns to appraise good service at its proper tipable value and evolves a scale for one's self.

For instance, on one occasion I was spending Whitsuntide with some friends in Sussex who had other people staying in the house as well. On my arrival, the maid asked for my keys, saying she would unpack for me if I wished. I willingly gave them to her.

We did a good deal of motoring and had altogether a very pleasant time. Each evening when I went to my room to dress for dinner, everything was laid out for me, and care taken to have the right accessories for each frock.

On the Tuesday morning I ran up to my room about eleven o'clock to put my things into my trunk, as the party was breaking up after lunch. I found the maid in possession and all my things on the bed. She was packing. I slipped five shillings into her hand and went back to the library where I had left one of the guests. She had a wide experience in visiting and was not of large or independent means. I asked her point blank what one was supposed to give a maid under such circumstances. She was one of the exceptions. She had no hesitation whatever in telling me what she gave. It was half a crown (sixty cents), just half what I had given. I then asked her if I should tip the chauffeur. She said she was not doing so herself, as there were men in the party, but since we had used the car a good deal, I could of course do so if I wished. It would be quite in order.

Once, and once only, have I ever heard anyone lay down anything like general rules for private house tipping. She was a woman who had stay-

ed much in the houses of people in what is called, for lack of a better designation, smart society.

There was one place where she used to visit for a month at a time, and she knew all the servants from lady's maid down to kitchen maid. She was Irish and warmhearted, and though she could not well afford it tipped generously from sheer gladness of giving.

It happened that she had no maid of her own, and her hostess's frequently performed small services for her. On one occasion when she was leaving, she offered this woman the usual sovereign. To her surprise she looked embarrassed, hesitated, then asked, "Please, Miss, will you allow me to say something?" Receiving permission, she proceeded: "If you don't mind I would rather not take all that. And I would like to say, Miss, that of all the people who come to this house no one gives such big tips as you." She went on to assure her, with perfect respect, that it was quite unnecessary, that the servants would be well satisfied with half what she gave, and often did not get a quarter. The lady had some difficulty in making the girl understand she gave because she chose, not from an obligation to do so.

It was from her I learned that a personal servant (valet or lady's maid) should be tipped only with gold, and that gold also should be the portion of a butler, while footmen and other men servants could be tipped or not according to services performed. Also that it was not customary for ladies to tip men-servants. The gentlemen were expected to do that.

On the occasion of my first visit to a house where a large staff of servants was kept, I remember I gave to the butler, the footman, and the maid who did for me. That visit of two days cost me fifteen shillings in tips alone. And even then my poor mind was not free of anxiety. I wondered if I should have given gold (which I

could not afford) to each. The uncertainty quite marred my pleasure in an otherwise particularly charming visit. I have wondered since if the pantry rang with laughter at my expense that June afternoon. At another place, the coachman who drove me to the station received half a crown—quite unnecessary.

I have heard it said that some people make a practice of putting aside, for tips, ten per centum of their regular expenses in a hotel. In one hotel in Switzerland, I believe, it the custom to exact this amount from guests, towards a common fund, which is divided amongst the servants. But then again I have known hotel proprietors to refuse to act as a medium between their guests and servants.

As to the amount you should tip much depends upon the style in which you travel. For instance, on the *Mauretania* the scale of tipping is naturally much higher than on one of the lesser boats, even of the same line. Likewise, if you are travelling first-class in England, or on a train *de luxe* on the Continent, you would naturally be expected to give a sixpence or a shilling where a couple of pennies, or their equivalent, would be perfectly satisfactory from a third-class passenger.

I remember going on a visit to some people in Berkshire. I was met at the small railway station by the daughter of the house, who immediately took charge of me and my belongings, gave directions to the porter what to do with my box, and handed him two pence. That was a lesson to me who had always felt very apologetic and uncomfortable if the state of my exchequer made me saving of my sixpenny bits. I won't say I have never given a porter sixpence since then, but, when I have, it has been for something more than the ordinary service.

I remember once giving a porter as much as half a crown, and, though, I do not think it is a wise principle to

pay anybody for being honest, I have never regretted it. I was coming up from Cookham, where I had been visiting for the week-end, and I had several bits of hand luggage in the carriage with me. When the train drew into Paddington I handed these to a porter and jumped out.

"That is all," I said. "There is a dress basket in the van behind. Get it and call a taxi."

The man, instead of following me immediately, climbed inside the carriage. I turned, half curious to see what he was doing, when to my consternation he held up my handbag which contained more money than I would have cared to lose, and some jewellery.

I gasped. The porter looked a respectful reproach.

"It had all my money in it," I said, as I took it from him, "and I don't suppose I should ever have seen it again if you had not taken the precaution to examine the carriage."

"It's not the first time, Miss, that has happened."

Porters, English porters at least, are as a rule a very honest lot. I could quote story after story that has come to my notice in the past couple of years to illustrate this.

I know two men who made the silly old mistake of a half sovereign for a sixpence in tipping porters. In one case the train was just beginning to move when the man came for his tip. The gentleman put his hand hastily into his pocket and handed him a coin. By this time the train was going quite fast. The porter sprang on the footboard for a moment and flung the gold piece into the carriage. He paid for his honesty by so doing, for he sacrificed his tip altogether, there being no time to remedy the matter or even to get the man's number. In the other case, the porter was more fortunate, for he made his discovery in time and ran down the platform after the gentleman, who presented him with a shilling instead.

A friend of mine handed a man a

penny and a half crown in the dark one night at Ascot railway station. She discovered her mistake later, and spoke to the stationmaster about it the next day.

"Yes, ma'am, he told me," he said, and called the porter, who handed over the silver bit unhesitatingly, and accepted sixpence.

Foreign porters are, as a rule, not so satisfactory, though I have seen a man on one of the Departmental Railways of France discover a lady's overlooked handbag with all her money in it, and handed it out to her, exactly as the porter at Paddington had done with mine.

A porter carried seven small pieces of hand luggage to a first-class carriage for an English lady at Boulogne, then put his head into the window and said that the tariff was one franc a piece.

"Oh, dear, is it?" she cried, and handed over seven francs!

Even the guard on a French railway will extort money, if he can, from English passengers. On the journey through from Switzerland or the Riviera, he will politely offer to see your things through the customs, and you hand him over your keys. After the frontier is passed he will bring these back and get his tip. And when you reach Paris you find he has done nothing, for the luggage is not examined till then.

A party of people were discussing foreign experiences, when one lady told this story:

"When my son was going off to Switzerland last winter I was afraid he was not allowing himself enough

money for travelling expenses. We disputed the matter, and at last I sewed a sovereign in one of the pockets of his waistcoat, and just as he was saying good-bye I told him of it, fearing he might send his clothes downstairs to be brushed. He laughed and went off. Last night he was dining with me, and suddenly something that was said reminded him of the incident.

"By the way, mother,' he said teasingly, clapping his hand over his pocket, 'I still have that sov.'

"I went over and felt, and sure enough there it was.

"Silly boy,' I said, 'why leave it?'

"I got the scissors and ripped it, and took out—a mark!"

"But hotel servants are not all like that," said one of the party, "for I gave a man a sovereign in mistake for a shilling at the *Star and Garter* at Richmond once, and the next time I was there, which was not till the following season, I spoke to the proprietor about it. He immediately called the man and he handed me out a gold piece and accepted the normal tip."

"That reminds me of the time I gave a cabby a sovereign instead of a shilling," said another. "I discovered the mistake almost immediately, and wheeled quickly to stop him, but he was at my elbow, just going to hand it back."

"I gave a cabby a twenty-mark piece once in Wiesbaden," exclaimed a lady ruefully, "and he fled. I never could find him, though I always kept my eye out. I think he's running yet."



THE ART OF MARY RITER HAMILTON

BY FLORENCE E. DEACON

WHEN Mrs. Mary Riter Hamilton opened her first Canadian exhibition of pictures in Toronto, in November, 1911, the question was asked generally, "Who is this artist? We have never heard of her." And it speaks something of the worth of that exhibition when, coming unheralded and unknown, Mrs. Hamilton won at once the enthusiastic approbation of a critical element of the art public. Still greater success attended her subsequent exhibitions in Montreal, Ottawa, and Winnipeg, which were held under the gracious patronage of Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Connaught, who also bought three of her pictures. A photograph of one of them, "A Spanish Fishing Village, Fontarabia," is reproduced on page 564

Mrs. Hamilton is a Canadian just returned from eight years of study in Europe. She was born and educated in Teeswater, Ontario, but after her marriage at eighteen years of age, she lived in Port Arthur. Five years later she was a widow. With scanty financial resources the young woman looked about for some means of earning her living. It was very plain to her what she wanted to do, but could she do it?

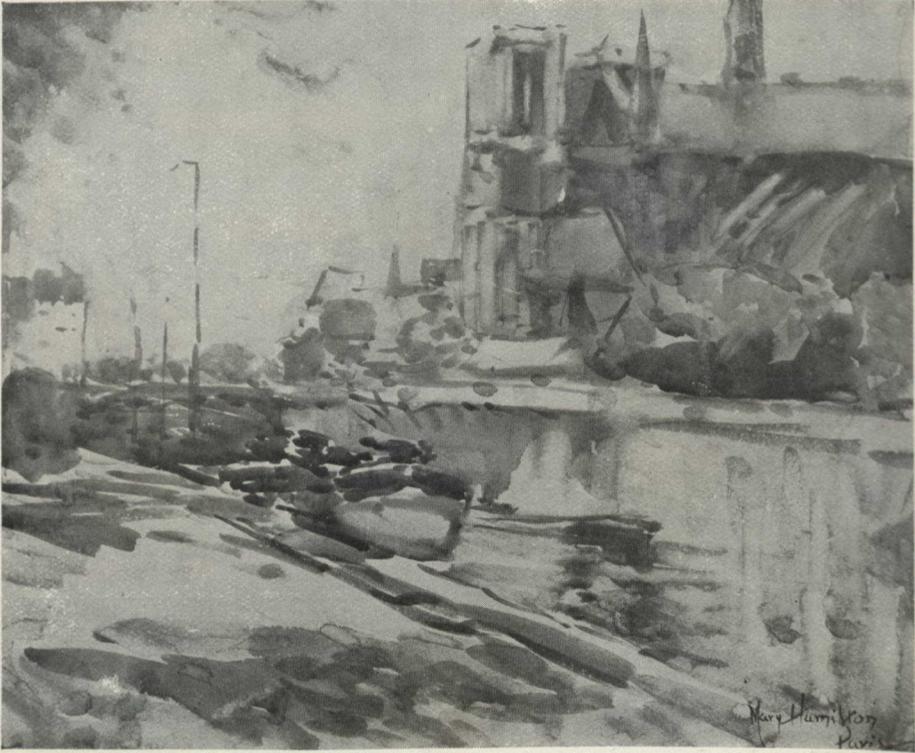
Several summers before this, during a week's visit in Toronto, she had taken some lessons from Mr. and Mrs. George A. Reid, and again during a similarly short visit, had received instruction from Mr. Wylie Grier, all of these artists giving her the warm-

est assurances of her genuine talent.

Although she had been sketching ever since she could hold a pencil, two or three weeks' training was a very slender preparation for a course in art abroad, yet after her husband's death, when the opportunity came to



MRS. MARY RITER HAMILTON



Painting by Mary Riter Hamilton

NOTRE DAME DE PARIS (water-colour)

Owned by Mr. William R. Miller

go with friends to Germany, she resolved to take the risk.

Mrs. Hamilton drew her first head in Berlin under the supervision of Franz Skarbina, who three months later started her in colour. The first summer abroad was spent in Italy, the second in Holland, after which she went to study at Paris, joining the portrait class of J. Blanche in the Vittie Academy, taking drawing from Mercon and Gervais and private lessons in painting from Castaluchi. That first winter and every subsequent one at Paris was crowded with incessant labour, each day the long hours from eight to twelve and from one to five being used unflinchingly for work, and only the interference of her friends prevented many of the evenings being spent in the same way.

It was in 1905 that Mrs. Hamilton first exhibited in the Salon. Two oils and a water-colour were accepted, and all were hung on the line. Before sending any pictures in, she had shown her work to Gervais, who picked out twelve things, any one of which, he said, would pass any critic. With the exception of one intervening year, which was spent in Canada, she has exhibited in the Salon every season since.

Most of her year in Canada was spent in Winnipeg, where she had a large class of pupils, and on her return to Europe she studied in various places — Florence, Berlin, Vienna, Paris, and spent four months in Holland painting mostly interiors.

The first impression of Mrs. Hamilton's work as seen in her Canadian



Painting by Mary Ritter Hamilton

MATERNITY (oi')



Painting by Mary Ritter Hamilton

THE CASTLE POOL (oil)

Owned by Sir Edward Clouston

exhibitions of nearly 150 pictures is of splendid colouring, originality in composition and subjects and of dignity and poetry in their handling. Probably the best from a technical standpoint were four interiors, "The Pantheon," "The Victory in the Louvre," "Napoleon's Tomb," and "Notre Dame," in which the sentiment of the buildings was caught, without too much attention to detail. In "Napoleon's Tomb," particularly, there is a clever contrast between the cold, dim blues of the interior and the blaze of sunlight which sifts through them.

Mrs. Hamilton confines herself to no particular methods, and critics disagree as to whether her future success lies more in water-colours or in oils. She handles both with equal

facility. During a stay in Venice, she worked in oils on dull days and in water-colours on bright days. One of the most fascinating pictures in the collection was the result of this visit, "Abazia di St. Gregario," a fine old courtyard, massive and brown, with golden autumn vines climbing up to the balcony and spreading sunshine through the air and reflecting it on column and wall and pavement.

"Devant la fenêtre" is a good example of free brushwork fresh colour and boldness of design. It shows a young girl in a blue kimona sitting before an open window through which is seen a blue sky and soft white clouds. There are red geraniums on the window-seat and these are reflected also in the glass of the window which has been swung back. The



Painting by May Riter Hamilton

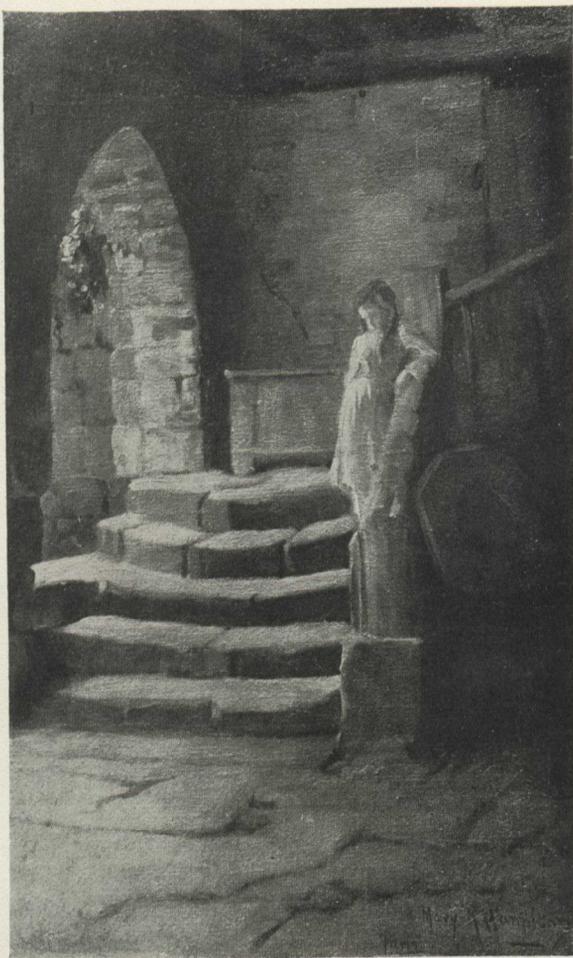
INTERIOR, NOTRE DAME DE PARIS

Owned by Dr. Ami

pretty pose of the girl's head, the contrast between the out-of-doors and the in-doors, the delightful scheme of colour, make a most refreshing picture. It was painted at Givernay, where Monnet lives, and here also was the scene of "The Castle Pool," a canvas that expresses all the indolent charm of garden fantasy.

All Mrs. Hamilton's work has

"life." One does not need to be told that she paints because she wants to or because painting absorbs her whole thought and being. This is why her work unfailingly pleases: it is vital. It is also big and confident. It would be incorrect to assert that it has no faults, that it is without exception "finished," but it is equally just to say that the faults are lost in the



Painting by Mary Riter Hamilton

THE CASTLE STAIR, FONTARABIA (oil)

Owned by the Right-Honourable M^r. T. L. Borden

virtues and in the expression of the emotion that inspired it, and that her work is eminently strong.

Mrs. Hamilton has the natural faculty—much to be desired and difficult to acquire—of choosing subjects that are instantly attractive. She avoids the freakish, the sensual, the sensational. If it be a street scene it is one of unusual interest, such as "The Spanish Fishing Village," where the artist has transferred to canvas all the haziness and warmth, the indo-

lence and gossip, the overcrowded, almost communal life of a Spanish village street. It is a scene that arouses curiosity, conjecture.

Or it may be merely an old stone stairway, vitalised by means of contrast between masses of shadow and the concentrated light on a childish figure on the steps. This picture, "The Castle Stair," suggests all the old romance of castle and cloister. Like most of the pictures by this artist, it awakens responsive feeling.



Painting by Mary Riter Hamilton

AN IMPRESSION OF VENICE (oil)

Owned by the Duchess of Connaught

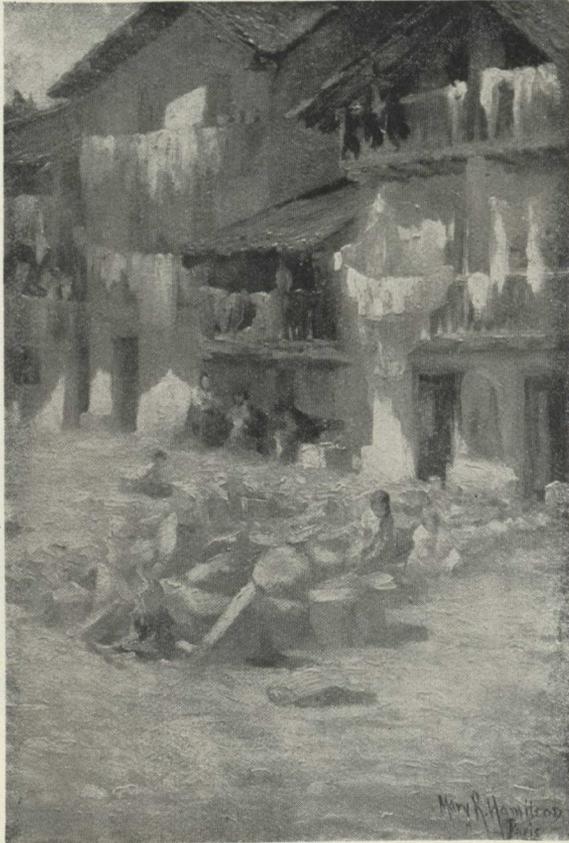
"Maternity" is painted in light tones with an impressionistic touch. The drawing and colouring are excellent, but the feature that wins instant sympathy is the reality of the picture. One loses sight of the artist's model, forgets that there is such a thing as posing and sees only the wonderful half-sad mother-love and mother-yearning and the confident, satisfied babe.

In France Mrs. Hamilton's name first became generally known when a popular magazine, *Lecture pour Tous*, reproduced in colour for its Christmas number in 1905 a charming picture of a goose-girl in the light of a December sunset driving home the geese, the French symbol of Christmas festivity. It is done in yellow and blue, the golden yellow of a setting sun and its reflected hue on cottage windows and the tender blues

of snowy twilight. The geese are in their usual condition of comic foolishness, and the girl has the haste and excitement of holiday expectancy. The artist has caught the atmosphere of the place and the season.

"Devant le Feu" is one of several pictures of moods, this, a wistful one, inspired by the tender influences of evening and firelight. The picture is beautiful in composition and feeling.

Mr. A. E. Taylor, speaking of the work of Mrs. Hamilton in *The Studio* says: "Her work in oil is strong and sincere, but to me her water-colours make a special appeal with their quiet charm; they show a thorough understanding of the power of this medium, in which I feel her greatness lies." This estimate may be true, but with two or three exceptions, nevertheless, all her finest pictures in the Canadian collection were oils.



Painting by Mary Ritter Hamilton

SPANISH FISHING VILLAGE (oil)

Owned by the Duchess of Connaught

If Mrs. Hamilton continues to work with the earnestness of the past eight years, discarding all that is unworthy and unessential, seeking only for the true and beautiful, it would be impossible to assign any limit to what

she may attain. At present she paints with distinction, with delicacy and with grace; the future depends not upon her capability—of that she has plenty—but upon her health and energy.



A SOCIAL SOMERSAULT

BY GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER

IT was not from choice that Mr. William Adsum became the butler to his own butler. It was an honour that was thrust upon him as an incident of his life and death battle in X. Y. & Z. railroad stock. The bear element was after his scalp—had been for over a year—and every cent he could rake and scrape together had been used to preserve his credit in the Street. The butcher, the baker, the candlestick-maker, even his very servants, were unpaid, so hard run he had been. The turn of the tide was in sight now, however, and it suited the generalship of the crafty fighter to disappear, for a time, from the haunts of bulls and bears. Only his broker knew that the master of financial strategy had quietly withdrawn to his new and little known summer retreat, where a wire and a tinkling bell kept him in touch with feverish Wall Street.

It is possible, even for a man whose wealth is estimated in millions, to be hard up for ready cash. Mr. Adsum realised this when his butler, during the second week of his retirement, suddenly appeared in the study and demanded his pay.

"What with settling for one month and then skipping one or two, sir, you owe us upwards of six months' wages, and we want it," said the butler. "We make no complaint about having to do double duty while here in the country," he went on. "I'm willing to accommodate, though it is a hardship for a man of my standing in service to act as footman, and even valet. Yes sir, even valet!"

"So that's where the shoe pinches,

eh, James?" suggested Mr. Adsum with a dry smile.

"Not at all, sir, not at all!" replied James, with a haste and emphasis which left no doubt whatever that the sore spot had been touched. "I'm always willing to accommodate. Why, sir, I even learned to drop my 'hitches' to please Mrs. Von Plott, who wanted an English butler."

"Yes, I know," gloomily replied the other. "I gave you a raise of ten dollars a month for that."

"But I don't get it!" protested James. "And I want it. We all want our money."

"I'm sorry, James, but I haven't got it just now," answered Mr. Adsum, meeting the humiliating issue in his own forceful way. "You'll have to allow me to pay you at my own convenience. That will be all at present."

"Begging your pardon, sir, but I'm not through talking yet," said James with unexpected boldness. "There's another way you can settle with us, right to-day. You and your family can trade places with us below stairs for one week!"

"What!" gasped Mr. Adsum.

"Yes, sir. We've talked it all over in the kitchen, sir, and we've made up our minds that we'd rather have a week of feeling how it seems to be waited on than to have our money. Now there's you can take my place, Mrs. Adsum can go down in the kitchen as cook, Mr. Cyril can be coachman, Miss Grace the maid, and Mrs. Van Plott can be governess of her own children."

Mr. Adsum would have stopped this

speech right in the beginning, but he was so much astounded that he could only splutter.

"James, you are discharged!" he exclaimed, with his first controllable breath. "Leave the room and tell the others that they may pack up and get out at once!"

"Very well, sir," said James, turning at the door. "But I'm very much afraid some of the others will return to the city and tell all the help they know, and afterwards bring suit for their money. I shall give you an hour to decide, sir."

Left to himself, Mr. Adsum fumed and paced the floor for a while, but he was not given to the rage that blinds—no man can be swayed by that and succeed in Wall Street—and, as he cooled off, he became thoughtful. If those five told all the servants they knew, that they had been dismissed by the Adsums with six months' pay coming to them, the wives of all his business associates would know it before night, and the husband of every one of these wives would know it before next morning. Then where would his credit be? He might borrow, but he did not dare to cripple his credit with a loan for paltry hundreds when he might, nay, probably would, need it for hundreds of thousands at the coming crisis in his affairs. His account at his own bank was already overdrawn, and another over-check would strain his credit there. The outlook was rather gloomy.

He called a family council, and explained the dilemma in all its bearings. To his surprise he did not meet with the expected storm of opposition. His wife eagerly assured him that it would be a pleasure to get into the kitchen after twenty years of absence, and declared that she could cook now as well as she did in the days when they lived in a tiny rented cottage and had no help at all. Cyril didn't mind—it would be good sport for a while, and he liked horses anyway. Grace thought it would be a

lark—moreover, it would do the maid good to be shown how the work should be done. Mrs. Von Plott, the married daughter, was the only one of the quintet who recoiled in horror from the idea.

"I should never, never get over the indignity of it," she wailed, "and besides, suppose it should ever be found out!"

"As for the indignity, it wouldn't be the first one from which you have recovered," retorted her father, with pointed allusion to the absent Von Plott, the family gold brick, who, with his bogus title on his calling cards, was just then trotting about the country on the trail of an actress with whom he was smitten. "And if the thing gets found out we will let you claim it as an eccentric whim of ours. If it should become known just now, however, you are likely to have the pleasure of acting as governess to your own children for the balance of your life, and of earning a living for them besides. I'm going to send for James, now, and see if I can't avoid this thing, but if I can't, I am going to give in. And I bet you I'll make the best butler that ever drew a cork."

At this moment there was an interruption in the family council, in the person of Miss Wilmer, the governess.

"Please pardon me for intruding," she breathlessly began, "but I want you to know that I have no part in this—this absurd plan of James's, and—"

"Did you take part in the conference, downstairs, about demanding the money?" coldly interrupted Mr. Adsum.

"Yes, sir," she acknowledged, colouring and casting an appealing glance at the others in turn, excepting Cyril, to whom she paid no attention whatever. "My mother needs all the money I can send her, but—"

"That will do, then," broke in Mr. Adsum. "You shall have your taste of social elevation with the others."

"But—"

"Miss Wilmer, you will please return to the nursery until Mrs. Von Plott comes to take your place!"

She gave one more appealing glance at the family circle. She had meant to make a decided stand, but catching the eye of Cyril, she fled.

Mr. Adsum was unable to make a compromise with James. It was either cash on the nail or the social cataclysm, and Mr. Adsum chose the latter.

"And now, James," he inquired, "when do you intend to begin your—er—your taste of high life?"

"Why, right away, sir, replied the butler. "The fact is that the maid and the coachman have already laid off their liveries, and the cook has got on her silk dress. You will, of course, Mr. Adsum, put on my livery—you and I are about of a size—and will expect to be called William."

Mr. Adsum winced, but he was widely known as a "game" man.

"Go and change your clothes at once," he said.

Half an hour later the social upheaval was complete, and some curious ideas developed. It transpired that Mrs. Meacham's conception of wealth was to have nothing whatever to do, and she sat on the front porch, in all her finery, rocking and humming, "The Wearin' o' th' Green," in huge content. Mrs. Meacham was the cook.

Mr. Puffing's idea was to have a clear and unbroken field for his dignity, and, as a starter, he went into the study and sat at the reading table in stiff state. Mr. Puffing was the butler, erstwhile James.

Mr. Sam Banks had air castles that centred around plenty to drink. Mr. Banks was the coachman, and he came into the study with his hat on and rang the bell. Mr. Adsum came promptly. Mr. Puffing noted with complacency that the new butler was not half so fine a figure in livery as himself, being too large of girth and too small of calf. The livery did not fit him well, and he looked very awk-

ward, though commendably cheerful.

"William," said Mr. Banks, "a couple of highballs."

Mr. Adsum bowed with admirable stiffness and left the room.

"Sam,—," began Mr. Puffing.

"Mr. Banks!" corrected Sam.

"Quite right," acknowledged Mr. Puffing. "Mr. Banks, you ought to take off your hat, and take your hands out of your pockets, and not sit astraddle of a chair that way. Act aristocratic. Observe me. Do as I do!"

Sam made no answer, but he took off his hat and otherwise followed Mr. Puffing's masterly directions.

Mr. Adsum returned in due season with a decanter of whiskey, two clinking goblets, ice, and a bottle of mineral water. With grave care he made the highballs and presented them to the two gentlemen.

"Here's looking at you," said Mr. Banks to Mr. Puffing.

"To your very good health," replied Mr. Puffing with easy grace, and they drank.

"I never did care for it this way very much," observed Mr. Banks, eyeing his empty glass. I like it straight for mine. You can just leave the liquor here, William."

Mr. Adsum looked at Mr. Puffing with a shade of perplexity. Sam and whiskey had never made a very good combination. Mr. Puffing recognised the cause of the worried look and gave his butler *pro tem* a meaning nod, whereupon Mr. Adsum withdrew, much relieved.

Mr. Banks poured out a half tumbler of the liquor.

"I hope Sam—" began Mr. Puffing.

"Mr. Banks!" gruffly corrected Sam.

"Quite right, Mr. Banks, excuse me. I was just going to say, Mr. Banks, that I hope you won't spoil everything with too much of that stuff."

"Look here, Mr. Puffing," said Sam, "I hope you don't get the idea

that you're the boss of the whole shebang!"

"Well, no," judiciously rejoined Mr. Puffing, "but you must remember that, having taken Mr. Adsum's place, I am to be considered the head of the household."

"You just remember this much then Puffing," retorted Sam. "If you start in to boss me, I'm a-going to punch the head of the household's head off! You hear me!"

Mr. Puffing avoided this issue, but he was a deep, deep strategist.

"I wonder," he remarked by and bye, "if Cyril knows how to manage that sore you was telling me about on Prince's off hind leg."

Mr. Banks was up like a Jack-in-the-box.

"Sure *not!*" he exclaimed. "I'll have to tell him about that," and pausing only to drain his glass he hurried off to the stables, whereupon Mr. Puffing promptly hid the decanter.

Mr. Adsum, in the meantime, went up to the nursery, where he found Mrs. Von Plott calmly reading by the window, while Miss Milmer, still wearing her gray gown and white collar, was down on the floor playing with the twins.

"Jennie," he abruptly said to Mrs. Von Plott, "you will please put on a costume as near like Miss Wilmer's as possible, and let Miss Wilmer come downstairs."

Then he stalked out, leaving Mrs. Von Plott tearfully resigned, and Miss Wilmer fearful lest their mother might do something foolish to tear down her own careful work on the health and training of the twins. A little later she stole down stairs in a soft lavender dress that Grace Adsum had insisted on lending her.

"Because I want you to look as nice as possible," said Grace, and Miss Wilmer blushed, just on general principles.

The Adsums were so hopelessly unfashionable, even to the young folks, except for Mrs. Von Plott. And they

were of the new rich, too, which makes it all the more strange.

As Miss Wilmer descended into the hall, Mr. Puffing sauntered out on the porch to pay his respects to Mrs. Meacham.

"How did you find yourself, Mrs. Meacham?" he inquired with courtly solicitude.

"It's a little oneasy I am, thank ye kindly," replied Mrs. Meacham, sniffing the air. "I'm thinkin' all the time I do be smellin' somewhat a-burnin' in th' kitchen beyant."

"Merely imagination, I should judge, madam," rejoined Mr. Puffing. "Have you given orders for dinner yet?"

"Tut, tut!" exclaimed Mrs. Meacham. "Now, man, I'd clane forgot ut. An' there's a fine pair o' fowls down there, too!" And she bustled back to give Mrs. Adsum her orders.

In the kitchen Mrs. Meacham found Mrs. Adsum with a big apron on and her sleeves rolled up, positively happy in the making of some cherry pies.

"I've just come down to tell ye, ma'am," said the ex-cook, with a bob of courtesy which she could not help, "that there's two nate fowls in th' ice box for dinner."

"That's fine!" said Mrs. Adsum, her eyes sparkling with pleasurable anticipation. "How would it be to make an old-fashioned stew?"

"Not wid thim fowls, ma'am," Mrs. Meacham objected, and going to the refrigerator she brought out the chickens. "They'd cook up tough in a stew, thim fowls would," she went on, examining them with the eye and thumb of a connoisseur, "but in a roast, now, ma'am, I'll show ye how to cook thim tender an' schwate—an' there's a new dressin' I've been wantin' t' thry. Instead o' usin' sage, now, ye—" and Mrs. Meacham went deep into the mysteries of the new dressing, with Mrs. Adsum a delighted listener. Soon after the two women were working side by side, contentedly planning and executing a perfect orgy of cooking.

Miss Perkins was the only one of the lot who finished the day consistently. She lolled in the hammock until dinner, and after dinner played the piano and sang most hideously until bedtime—like a perfect lady. The others all had lapses.

Miss Wilmer, for instance, upon coming down stairs had ensconced herself in the hall to read, but at the first cry from little Helen, her favourite twin, went back up, two steps at a time—and stayed there. Sam Banks, out in the barn in his best clothes, carefully bandaged Prince's off hind foot, while Cyril handed him liniment. Mr. Puffing got along without a break until dinner time. There he took his place at the head of the table in solemn decorum, and first admired and then grew almost jealous of the dignified and capable manner in which the new butler acquitted himself. But when Mr. Adsum started to carve the fowls, Mr. Puffing cheered up, for the delicate operation was being most atrociously performed. For the most part, joints refused to come off in the right places at all, and when they did they were ragged and frayed. Mr. Puffing squirmed uneasily until, at last, his professional instincts got the better of him, and he thrust Mr. Adsum aside to carve and serve the fowls himself, in sedate but exultant pride of his own grace and skill.

It was a most interesting dinner. Mr. Puffing's ease was spoiled by a sense of responsibility and an uneasy following of Mr. Adsum's work. He had an almost uncontrollable impulse to get up and do things himself, so they should be properly done. Mrs. Meacham was the greatest thorn in Mr. Puffing's side. She sat down with a haughty pride enough, but from the moment that Mr. Adsum handed her the soup until dessert was served, she was in a most uncomfortable state of continual apology. Mr. Banks ate with his knife and did other things of note in perfect unconcern. Miss Wilmer was silent,

constrained and miserable. Miss Perkins acted like a perfect lady, and more so. Mr. Banks finished by drinking too much wine and calling Mr. Adsum "William, old boy!"

After that Mr. Adsum retired to the servant's dining hall with a good appetite for his own dinner, sat down at the table with his wife, son and daughter, and laughed until the tears rolled down his cheeks. Mrs. Von Plott took her dinner in the nursery.

The incidents of the following morning were not so joyous, though there were redeeming features. Mrs. Meacham furnished the first one. Awakening at the usual time, she sleepily dressed herself and stumbled down to the kitchen before she remembered that now she was the mistress. Being there, however, she concluded that she might as well get breakfast, and Mrs. Adsum found her at it, humming "The Wearin' o' th' Green."

"It's a fine cup o' coffee I've got ready for ye, ma'am," she said. "Drink ut, ma'am. It'll do ye good if ye had as bad a night as me. Sure, I couldn't get used to your fine, soft bed, an' I couldn't schlape till th' stroke o' wan. If ye don't mind, ma'am, I'll go back to me own bed th' night."

Mr. Puffing, after a night's sleep over the situation, ordered his shaving water with sufficient gravity, but received it with such an obvious struggle between apology and authority that Mr. Adsum turned away chuckling.

Mrs. Von Plott awoke in the nursery to find Miss Wilmer dressing the twins and telling them a pretty fairy story, inspired by the freshness of the dew through which she had taken her customary morning walk.

Aside from these three events the morning was painful to all concerned. Mr. Banks awoke with a headache from the widely assorted drinks of the night before, and rang for a cocktail and a pitcher of ice water with vicious impatience. Mr. Adsum brought them up in very thoughtful

frame of mind, but Mr. Puffing met him in the hall and carried them in to Mr. Banks, being roundly cursed by that gentleman for his pains. Miss Perkins rang for the maid, and Grace Adsum needed all her keen sense of humour to sustain her in the ordeal that followed, Miss Perkins having read in certain paper novels that perfect ladies always dressed in a tantrum.

Mr. Banks, having attired himself and breakfasted in a manner to increase the deep thoughtfulness of the new butler, sent out for the coachman to saddle Black Robert, and objected to the manner of saddling in such surly fashion that Cyril dug his finger nails into his palms all the way back to the stables. Miss Perkins shortly after ordered the phaeton up for a morning drive, and dictated that the coachman should attend in livery. She was dressed in all her jewelry, and she shot Cyril a very melting glance as he handed her into the carriage.

In about half an hour they returned, and Miss Perkins was furious. Cyril had been forced to tell her that it was not considered good form to address so much general and personal conversation to the coachman!

Mrs. Adsum sat complacently rocking on the porch when they drew up to the porte-cochère. She had burned a scar on her hand, and Mrs. Meacham, in remorse, had driven her from the kitchen for good. Miss Perkins sailed majestically past her and met Mr. Adsum in the hall.

"William," said she, "go out and tell the cook to get off the front porch and go back where she belongs. The very idea!"

Mr. Adsum looked after her in deeper thoughtfulness than ever, but he took out a footstool for his wife and omitted the message.

Cyril was driving back to the barn when Grace, with a broom in her hand and a dainty dust-cap on her head, stopped him and whispered something that made him warmly

grasp her hand, speaking quickly:

"Grace, you're a brick!" he exclaimed, and drove back into the porte-cochère just as Miss Wilmer came out on the porch with little Helen and Hal.

"I believe, Miss Wilmer," said Cyril, touching his hat, "that this is your hour for driving with the children."

She flushed and drew back for a moment, then smiled as an idea came.

"I will go and tell the governess," she said demurely, and hurried up the stairs. It was the first time she had admitted Mrs. Von Plott's claim to the title.

Cyril bit his lips, then laughed and turned to his mother.

"She's sharp as a tack," he observed.

"She's a good girl all the way through," said his mother warmly.

Miss Wilmer unexpectedly returned, looking embarrassed.

"What's the matter?" asked Cyril with a mischievous smile. "Is the governess ill?"

"Mrs. Von Plott has a headache," she explained, and nervously allowed him to help the children and herself into the phaeton.

"Miss Wilmer," said Cyril, turning to her as soon as they were out of sight of the house, "how soon are you going to marry me?"

"Never," she assured him, catching her breath.

"Why, that's what you told me last week, and all the other times," he protested. "Move the date a little nearer this time, please."

"Mr. Adsum," she said, with a little quaver in her voice, "why will you take advantage of your position to torment me so? Why will you not remember our social difference?"

"It is rather presumptuous in a coachman, I'll admit," he replied with a significant smile at his plush-trimmed sleeve.

"Please don't allude to this distressing farce," she answered. "Tomorrow it will be over, and if I were

weak enough to marry you I should be classed as a fortune hunter all my life. And please don't drive me away from here. It is not generous of you and it is not manly. If you will not consider me, however, think of your own family."

Cyril laughed comfortably.

"That's a good joke," he said. "With the sole exception of Jennie—Mrs. Von Plott, I mean—I hope she'll pardon me for omitting the title—we have no 'family' worth mentioning. Father and mother, as you know, are just as simple and unspoiled as they were when they were poor, and as for Grace, why bless her heart! she gave me the hint to take you on this very drive. She just aches to have you for a sister. But I know what is the matter. I began to propose to you about six months ago. In the past year father has had a pretty shaky time of it, and he may fail at any moment. I don't blame you. I'm not a very good speculation."

It was ungentlemanly of him, and he winced as he said it, but it had the effect that he had carefully counted upon.

"Cyril!" she cried, and impulsively clasped her hand above his arm. "How could you!"

He clasped her as she removed it. If she had not loved him she would have been insulted, indignant at the brutal suggestion. As it was she was only hurt—deeply hurt!

"Then you do care for me!" he exclaimed. "I am sure of it now!"

"It—it wasn't fair," she protested, "but—but it doesn't alter the case any."

"No, not much," he admitted, "except that I'm going to marry you, that's all."

"You might wait to get my consent," she replied with a tremulous attempt at retort, but he paid no attention to it, whatever. She began to be admiringly afraid that he would keep his word. She had to laugh, presently, in spite of herself. This

was not at all like the wooing that she had always imagined she would have.

When Cyril reached the stables after his drive he found Mr. Banks waiting for him in a quarrelsome mood.

"Look here, Cyril," Sam roughly demanded, "didn't you know better than to hitch up Lady Jane so soon after that accident?"

Cyril bit his lips but made no reply.

In the phaeton lay Miss Wilmer's handkerchief, and they both reached for it at once. Cyril got it and put it in his pocket with such haste that the other smiled meaningly.

"Bein' a coachman ain't so bad when it comes to drivin' some o' th' ladies, eh?" he remarked, with a leer.

"You miserable whelp!" exclaimed Cyril. "I'm going to stop this infernal foolishness right now!"

It was a beautiful scrimmage. When it was over, Cyril called for some refreshments. James served them in the study, and joined, at Mr. Adsum's invitation.

"Here's to your good health, gentlemen," James proposed. "Every man to his trade, say I, and Mrs. Meacham says the same to me not above an hour ago. I've been with you now for fifteen years, Mr. Adsum, under the best of treatment, and I can't seem to feel comfortable with seeing you in that livery, so if you'll just take it off and allow me, I'll wear it myself from now on."

"I hope you'll wear it for another fifteen years, James," said Mr. Adsum cordially. Whatever more he might have said was interrupted by the telephone bell.

"What!" exclaimed Mr. Adsum at the 'phone. "X. Y. Z. up twelve points since last night? Great! And still rising? Immense! The whole bear crowd on the run, eh? Have a cigar, Allen! Have two cigars! And say, close out my holding in U. V. & W. and transfer the

proceeds to my account at the Standard National Bank. I'm through with that stock now. I'll be with you to-morrow, and we'll wipe that Dolerby crowd clean off the Street!"

"James," continued Mr. Adsum briskly, hanging up the receiver, "call the servants up here. I'm going to pay them all off right now."

He had written out five checks by the time they had gathered. Grace came in with Miss Wilmer, and Mrs. Adsum came to speak a word for Mrs. Meacham if it should be needed.

"I suppose I'm let go," said Sam, taking his check with one hand, while he covered his left eye with his other palm, "but I want to say I'm genuine sorry for what I done, just the same. I oughtn't to drink anything stronger than water. I've been properly licked, but I don't bear no malice for it. Mr. Cyril is a gentleman, all right, and he puts up a grand good fight. But I—I'm sorry to leave the horses, sir. I don't think you'll find anybody to understand Prince and Robert like I do. I—I just plumb love them horses, sir!"

"Let him stay, father," urged Cyril.

"Certainly," assented Mr. Adsum. "Sam, your first duty will be to drive Miss Perkins to the station."

What Miss Perkins said does not matter.

"I hope to have the others remain with us," said Mr. Adsum.

"You'll have to get a new governess," announced Cril, "because I'm going to marry Miss Wilmer as soon as we get back to the city," and reaching back he caught her gently but firmly by the wrist and drew her up within convenient reach to put his arm around her."

"You've been a long while about it," said his father. "When I was your age I didn't waste so much time. Come here, girl, and kiss your father."

But motherly Miss Adsum already had Miss Wilmer in her arms, and Cyril, by way of passing the time, kissed his sister, then his mother and Miss Wilmer.

As for Miss Wilmer, she cried. What else could she do?"



EDSON J. CHAMBERLIN

THE NEW PRESIDENT OF THE GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY

BY EDWARD ANGUS

WHEN the Vice-Presidency of the Grand Trunk Pacific was made vacant by the resignation of Mr. Frank W. Morse, almost every railway man in America who was in that class was "mentioned" for the position. It was an attractive job, because it meant the personal supervision of the construction of the western half of a transcontinental railway which promised to surpass in point of physical perfection any railway on this or any other continent. The one man who was not mentioned for that position was Mr. E. J. Chamberlin.

Mr. Chamberlin had begun his railway career in the north country. Born in New Hampshire, he was reared in Vermont. His first railroading was done on the Central Vermont Railway at St. Albans. About the same time Mr. Charles S. Mellen, now President of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railway, began his career at the same place and on the same line. D. B. Robinson, afterward President of the Mexican National; W. B. Strong, late President of the Sante Fe, and many other successful railway men, were wrought out among these rugged hills; and Judge Prouty, the watchdog of the railway world, comes from Vermont.

Mr. Chamberlin had become proficient in many branches of railway work, when Mr. Booth, the lumber king, decided to build a railway from Lake Champlain up into the forests of Ontario. Mr. Chamberlin was selected for this work, and he imme-

diately established himself on the job. Like his illustrious predecessor, Mr. Charles M. Hays, Mr. Chamberlin thrived on work. Camping at the front, he literally slept in the open until the road was completed. He followed the builders, was with them and of them from start to finish. The lumber road was ultimately pushed westward to Georgian Bay. And when it was finished it was called the Canada Atlantic, and, connecting with the Grand Trunk at Coteau Junction, began to bid for business of carrying people between Montreal and Ottawa. To its older and stronger competitor this seemed like a joke. Time cards were tightened up and the big line's locomotives used to whistle by the lumber road—whistling them ahead.

The manager of the Canada Atlantic was ambitious. When he had succeeded in putting his track in good shape, he went into the market to secure a couple of "roadsters." He would build, he said, a pair of black flyers that would fit over this 120 miles in 120 minutes. When he placed the contract for these two locomotives the main specification was that they should make seventy miles an hour with a full train. In a little while the new engines were delivered at Ottawa and tried out. They delivered the goods. They actually loafed along the line at a mile a minute, and, to test them, they were speeded up to eighty miles an hour. The big competitor, with its splendid track and rolling stock, was amazed at the speed of

the little line. Presently the two roads—three, in fact, because the Grand Trunk was made a part of the route—got together and slackened the maddening speed. A few years later the little line was absorbed by the Grand Trunk System.

Mr. Chamberlin, having tasted the excitement of construction, of creating, decided to retire from the road and enter the business of railway building. He had drifted to the southwest and was engaged in big work there when the President of the Grand Trunk System sought him out and asked him to visit Montreal. Very reluctantly the contractor accepted the Vice-Presidency and General-Managership of the Grand Trunk Pacific. Now, as in the days when he was building the Canada Atlantic, he insisted upon going to the front. Almost the first thing he did was to pull up stakes at Montreal and transfer his official headquarters to Winnipeg. The fact that he did this reveals a strong characteristic of the man—his idea of the importance of being on the job all the time.

There is an interesting story to the effect that Mr. Chamberlin had remarked, playfully, to a friend that he would enjoy just such a job as building the Grand Trunk Pacific. A part of this story is that this friend was the first man to recommend Mr. Chamberlin for this position, but he had already been chosen. While he put his heart into the work, as he always did into all his work, it was well known that Mr. Chamberlin had in his mind the matter of retiring when the Grand Trunk Pacific should be linked up with the Atlantic Ocean. He did not want the job—he did not need the money, but he felt that this much he owed to his chief, the late President Hays.

When the awful crash came and the *Titanic* went down, carrying with it the President of the Grand Trunk System, Mr. Chamberlin was almost immediately selected as his successor. Here again he did not

seek the place. As a matter of fact he tried to side-step, but the job was a big one, an attractive one, and there were certain associations, coupled with the desire to see this great work completed, and all these factors and influences combined to persuade him to accept the Presidency of the Grand Trunk System. Mr. Chamberlin is a strong man, a strong character. He has the confidence of his Board of Directors and of his officials. Although born in the United States, so much of his life work has been in Canada that he has become rooted in the Dominion, has a pride in its development and can be depended upon, in season and out, to work for the advancement of all things Canadian, just as surely as have the American-born heads of the Grand Trunk's chief Canadian competitor.

Mr. Chamberlin has wisely chosen for his successor on the Grand Trunk Pacific a gentleman whom he knows, in whose loyalty and ability he has absolute confidence—Mr. Donaldson.

The directors of the Grand Trunk were indeed fortunate to find a man in the service capable of taking the place so tragically made vacant by the deplorable death of Mr. Hays, and it is expected by those who have worked with him and served under him that the new President will push to completion the plans already made by his predecessor and inaugurate other enterprises, carrying them forward until the Grand Trunk shall become, under his reign, one of the great transportation systems of the world.

It is well, also, for the Grand Trunk and for Canada that Mr. Chamberlin's duties when in the West included a general supervision of the construction of the National Trans-continental line—the Government end of the Grand Trunk Pacific. With this work he has been in close and constant touch, and the knowledge gained during the past few years will serve him well in his new and wider



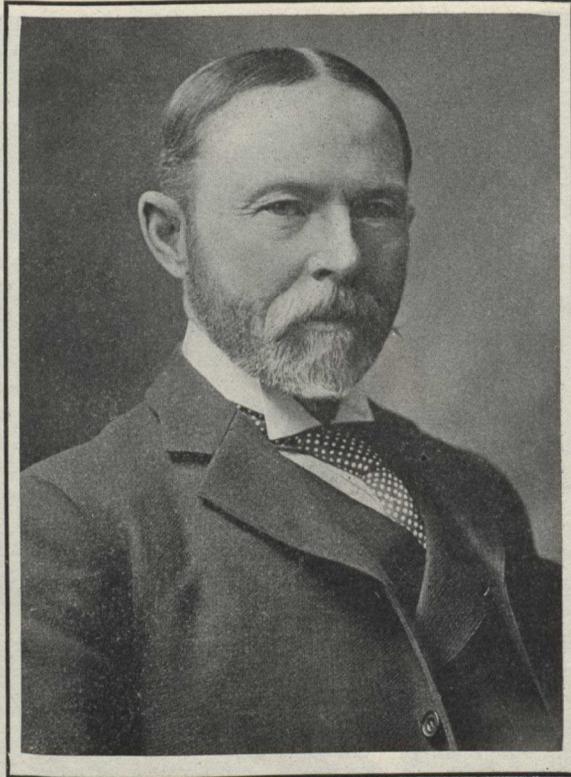
MR. E. J. CHAMBERLIN

The New President of the Grand Trunk Railway

field. He knows, too, the early history of the Grand Trunk, how it had to twist and turn like a caged rabbit for an outlet to larger traffic centres,

in the dawn of the Dominion as we know it to-day.

The Grand Trunk Presidency is a difficult position to fill. It requires



MR. MOKLEY DONALDSON

The new Vice-President of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway lines west of Fort William. He is a Scotsman and a thorough-going railway man.

versatility and a strong spine. Although it is the "Grand Trunk Railway of Canada," it is also an international system. Years ago Canada insisted upon and insisted in the construction of the line to Portland, Maine, in order to provide an outlet to a winter port. That was before the Intercolonial was built. In transferring the Rivière du Loup line to the Government for the Intercolonial, the Government bound the Grand Trunk to use that money to secure an outlet to Chicago. This provision imposed by Sir John A. Macdonald and put through by Sir Charles Tupper, seemed to have been a good one, for it is well known that if to-day the "Alien ends" of the Grand Trunk were amputated the "trunk" would

die. In fact the main object of the New England extensions now under construction is to gather the manufactures of New England for distribution in the Western States, and to lure from the Atlantic some of the ocean traffic now going by way of New York to the West.

In 1867 Sir Henry Tyler was sent out to Canada to see what was the matter and he told the board in London that the loss of a lot of traffic was due directly to the abrogation of the Reciprocity Treaty with the United States. This would appear to furnish still another evidence of the wisdom of the Macdonald-Tupper contention that the road must look to the south for its traffic.

Five years later Sir Henry Tyler



MR. J. E. DALRYMPLE

A young Montreal man who as Vice-President has charge of all traffic on land and sea of the Grand Trunk and Grand Trunk Pacific Railways. He has never worked for any other railway.

was elected President of the Grand Trunk, and with the aid and intelligent co-operation of Sir Joseph Hickson and Mr. William Wainwright, succeeded in bringing the road back. Never before had it known such prosperity. It paid dividends on the third preference stock, a fact by no means generally known to the present generation, which remembers only the hard-luck stories of early days.

However, toward the end of Sir Joseph's term, which lasted some sixteen years, the Grand Trunk seems to have fallen upon evil days. There

was no Northwest in those days, and when a young man left Ontario he went to the States. Now this is all changed.

The outlook in the United States and in Canada would seem to justify the prediction that the Grand Trunk's dark days are over. The completion of the Grand Trunk Pacific through a new and growing country, with steamers on the ocean and terminal elevators on the lakes, will create new traffic and bring a new era of prosperity to the pioneer railway of Canada.

CANADIAN BOOK-TITLES

BY A. WYLIE MAHON

WHEN *Juliet* that night in her fine love-frénzy asked the question, What's in a name? she was not thinking about book-titles. Mark Twain says that *Juliet* was crazy to ask this ridiculous question. He says persons in love are always crazy. He believes that if his name had been any other than Mark Twain it would have made a world of difference to him at times, especially when the butcher and the baker and the candlestick-maker sent in their bills. *Juliet* when asking the question was not thinking about the butcher and the baker and the candlestick-maker; she was thinking about *Romeo*.

When a lover is in question there may be nothing in a name, but it is different in the case of book-titles. A book by any other name might read as well, but it might not sell as well. A happy, taking title has often something to do with the popularity of a book; and a weak, unfortunâte title has sometimes a good deal to do with the failure of a book to win success.

In the early ages of the world's history a wonderfully simple method of naming books was in vogue. The Hebrews in Old Testament times found their titles in the first words of the books they wrote. The first book of the Bible, for example, is called in Hebrew "Bereshith," which is the first Hebrew word of the Bible and which means "in the beginning."

This simple, primitive method relieved authors of a good deal of trouble about names for their books. Only a generation or two ago there was little or no striving after happy

or sensational titles. Dickens and Thackeray were content for the most part with naming their books after the heroes or heroines of their stories; but that style has largely gone out, and popular writers to-day give almost as much thought to the titles of their books as they do to the construction of the plots or the development of the characters.

Two of the new Canadian books of the year seem to have given their authors some trouble to find suitable titles. Marian Keith's new book is now called "Lisbeth of the Dale." When it appeared as a serial a year or two ago it was called "Elizabeth of the Gay Gordons." This name evidently proved to cumbersome for the sprightly, unconventional *Elizabeth* who was the only gay Gordon of the family.

Emily Weaver's new book is now called "The Trouble Man, or The Wards of St. James." It also appeared a short time ago as a serial simply as "The Wards of St. James." The new name is more descriptive of the story, but it can scarcely be called a happy title. It suggests some amusing incidents in James De Mille's "American Baron," where the girl-heroine found men a shockingly troublesome lot—they were nearly all trouble men—because of their incurable habit of proposing to her. This girl came at length to do what John Knox never did, to fear the face of man. She longed to get to Rome, where, she thought, the men were nearly all priests who had never contracted this habit.

There is almost as much trouble in finding a good name for a book as for a baby. A book has this advantage over a baby, it can have its name changed without an Act of Parliament. A baby has one advantage over a book in that its name is often the result of the combined wisdom of the whole family circle, of the grandfathers and the grandmothers, of the uncles and the aunts.

Judge Haliburton, the first Canadian writer to make a lasting name for himself, was singularly happy in the titles of his books. Some one has said that he should have called his masterpiece, not "Sam Slick, the Clockmaker," but "Sam Slick, the Clockpeddler," since the hero's business was, through his vast knowledge of "soft sodder" and "human natur" to sell clocks rather than to make them. The name of the hero, *Samuel Slick, of Slickville*, is so happily descriptive and suggestively humorous that it contributed not a little to the success of the book.

In another of his books, "Wise Saws and Modern Instances," he found a happy title in Shakespeare's description of the seven ages of man in "Hamlet." In the fifth age the justice is full of wise saws and modern instances.

This practice of finding titles in familiar expressions in great works of literature is much in vogue to-day. It was something almost new in the days of *Sam Slick*. Robert Knowles found the title of his greatest story, "The Web of Time," in Mrs. Cousin's familiar hymn, "The Sands of Time are Sinking,"

"With mercy and with judgment
My web of time He wove."

This is an exceptionally happy title. Altogether Mr. Knowles has succeeded as few writers have done in naming his books. What could be more suggestive of the whole trend of another of his stories than "The Undertow"? The book itself is perhaps the least satisfactory of his stories, but who can suggest an im-

provement in the name? A story called "The Singer of the Kootenay" would be almost sure to sell, even if it possessed far less merit than Mr. John Wanamaker finds in the book.

The title of H. A. Cody's new book, "The Fourth Watch," is taken from the Bible: "And Jesus saw them toiling in rowing, for the wind was contrary unto them: and about *the fourth watch* of the night He came unto them, walking upon the sea." The fourth watch, as descriptive of the closing period of a complete life, is a most felicitous concept.

Norman Duncan has also gone to the Bible for a name for his latest story, "The Measure of a Man." In the description of the New Jerusalem in the closing part of the Revelation the angel with the golden reed measures the city. "He measured the wall thereof, an hundred and forty cubits, according to *the measure of a man*, that is, of an angel." This story, which contains the good measure of a real man, as Dr. Henry Van Dyke puts it in his appreciative letter to the author, has a strikingly taking title.

Sir Gilbert Parker's "The Seats of the Mighty" is another story which is indebted to the Bible for its suggestive title. In Mary's Song, The Magnificat, we find these words: "He hath put down the *mighty from their seats* and exalted them of low estate."

This vivid and dramatic story, which ranks amongst the very best of American historical romances, has a happy name, a name which has come into use amongst people familiar with Sir Gilbert's story.

The late Miss Agnes Deans Cameron during a visit to Winnipeg tells about a reception which the Women's Canadian Club tendered to Mrs. Humphrey Ward. "Rain-bespattered, short-skirted, and anchored with disreputable rubbers gluey with Winnipeg mud," Miss Cameron appeared at the reception. "Like a bolt from the blue," she says, "came the summons

from the President, and I, all muddy, am called to the seats of the mighty." She did not know what to do. She could not very well just there remove her muddy garments and go up to the seats of the mighty with what was left of her attire. She tried to hide her muddy shoes, and the ladies of Winnipeg pretended to forget for the time being that she had feet.

William Kirby's story, "The Golden Dog," which Queen Victoria read with so much interest that she asked the Princess Louise to convey her thanks to the author for his magnificent historical romance, and which inspired Lord Tennyson with a desire to write a dramatic poem upon that great epoch in Canadian history, has a name which awakens curiosity. This great story is founded on the tradition that there was an honest merchant in Quebec in the corrupt days of old who was brave enough to resist the evil powers that were, a man whom the people respected and loved, but whom those who occupied the seats of the mighty hated bitterly. This friend of the people erected a magnificent warehouse where his immense business was carried on. On the front of this building he placed a tablet containing the gilded sculpture of a dog—*le Chien d'Or*—the Golden Dog, gnawing the thighbone of a man. The quaint inscription on the tablet was:

"I am a dog that gnaws his bone;
I crouch and gnaw it all alone;
A time will come, which is not yet,
When I'll bite him by whom I'm bit."

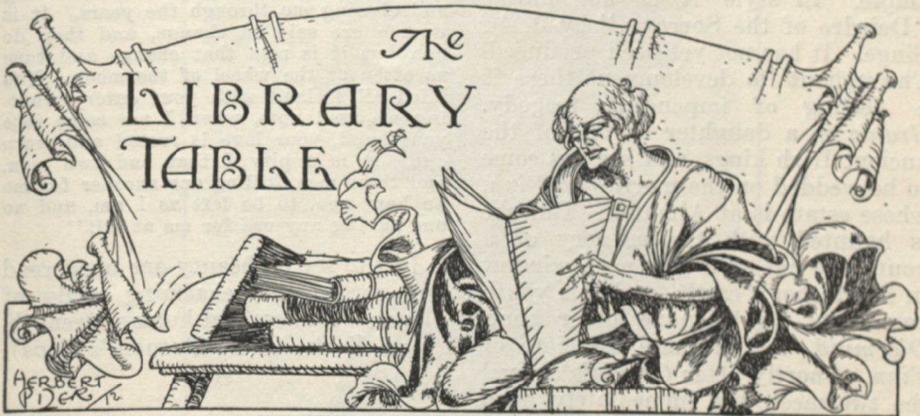
Mr. Kirby's interpretation of this quaint, enigmatical sign-tablet is given in the latter part of the book, where he makes one of the most corrupt of this honest merchant's enemies declare: "The Golden Dog has barked at us for a long time; he has begun to bite now. Ere long he will gnaw our bones in reality, as he does in effigy upon that accursed tablet." The present post-office building at Quebec, with its Golden Dog adorning its eastern facade, stands on

the traditional site of the Golden Dog warehouse of one hundred and fifty years ago.

Professor James De Mille in his "B. O. W. C." series of boys' books is very happy in his titles. The first of the series is called "The B. O. W. C." When De Mille was a student at Brown University he was greatly interested in the Greek letter secret society of which he was a member. He was a great favourite with the rest of the boys, not only because of his charming personality, but also because he was ever ready with an unending flow of fun, with comic verses and comic speeches, caricaturing in a laughable but inoffensive way his classmates and even the professors. There was a wild hilarity in the society when "Big Jim," as they called him, had the floor.

His college Greek-letter society meant so much to him that when he began to write boys' books he conceived the idea of grouping his principal characters in an English-letter secret society. The five boys who constituted this society had some difficulty in deciding upon a name. At first they thought of calling it *The Pentagon*. Then they thought of *The Quintette*, but finally they decided upon *The B. O. W. C.* The use of the letters gave a charming mystery. In time the secret was revealed, the letters meant "The Brethren of the Order of the White Cross," and each of the members wore a red shirt with a huge white cross on the back of it. This title for this series of charming boys' books proved a great success. The names of the other books of this series, such as "Lost in the Fog," "The Treasure of the Sea," "Fire in the Forest," and "Picked up Adrift," make a convincing appeal to boy readers.

Notwithstanding *Juliet's* dictum, there is something in a name after all, when the thing named is a book, not a lover, something which awakens curiosity and excites interest and makes an appeal to the reader.



THERE is frankness, almost naïveté, in Lady Gregory's comment on "The Canavans," one of her "tragicomedies," when she writes:

"The play seems (to me now) somewhat remote, inexplicable, as if written less by logical plan than in one of those moments of light-headedness that come, as I think, as an inheritance from my French great-grandmother, Frances Aigoine; a moment of that 'sudden glory, the Passion which maketh those grimaces called Laughter.' It plays merrily, and there are some who like it best of my comedies."

We accept the author's word that it "plays merrily," for, indeed, it reads right merrily. Just why one should refer to it first in a two-volume collection of six plays by this author one can scarcely say; but, at any rate, it has a fine, appealing humour, the unconscious, spontaneous humour that is supremely Irish. We take it, therefore, as an example of Lady Gregory's genius as a writer of comedies, a genius which has already placed her as a leader in the new school of Irish writers. This play was first produced in 1906, and it is now published in a two-volume edition of three tragedies and three comic-tragedies. The *Canavans* are two brothers—Antony, a devil-me-care

sort of Irishman, of whom *Canavan* himself said when the *Widow Deeny* wondered that he (*Canavan*) did not "bring in some person to be conversing with you and heartening you in the long evenings":

"I am best without any person. I was pleased when Antony, my brother, left the house. Some notion he would never die he had, made him go playing and fooling, playing and fooling, tricking with danger like a ball. Came dressed in straw with the wren boys one Stephen's night he did, set my knees shaking through his knowledge and his mockeries, I taking him to be no right man. It was on the head of that I drove him out of the door."

Canavan is a miller, and the play begins with himself and the *Widows Deeny* and *Greely* in the mill at Scartana. *Antony* enters, disguised as a pedlar. *Canavan* soon discovers him; and then, on the approach of some of Queen Elizabeth's soldiers, he changes raiment with *Antony*, and hides, because he is in terror at the prospect of being arrested for sheltering a deserter. *Antony* assumes the rôle of miller and by his wit is about to turn the intruders away, when *Canavan* makes a blunder. Both are forthwith arrested and taken to the castle and condemned to death. But *Antony's*

wit saves their heads, and *Canavan's* turn-coat proclivities, according to the exigencies of the moment, provide wholesome amusement that makes a universal appeal. Of the tragedies "*Grania*" may be taken as a good example. In style it is not unlike "*Deirdre of the Sorrows*," by J. M. Singe. It has not yet been produced. Throughout its development there is a feeling of impending tragedy. *Grania* is a daughter of one of the ancient Irish kings, and she has come to be wedded on the morrow to *Finn*, whose estate is at Almuin. But she is haunted with the memory of a youth she has seen passing a window in her father's castle, and this youth turns out to be none other than *Diarmuid*, the intimate associate of *Finn*. Shortly after *Grania's* arrival the two meet, and immediately *Finn* discerns something that draws them to each other. He accuses *Diarmuid* of treachery and drives them from his presence. They go, but *Diarmuid* gives his word that while he will go out into the world with the maid there will be between them no passage of love, and as a token of that he pledges himself to send to *Finn*, with every moon of the year, an unbroken loaf of bread. Thus they go out "to the hunting," and for seven years they go, keeping whole their vow to *Finn*. But at length *Diarmuid* surprises the *King of Foreign*, who has looked with longing eyes upon the beauty of *Grania*, in the act of embracing the woman; and when he himself seizes her to save her he forgets his oath to *Finn* and the bread goes forth to him broken. *Diarmuid* sets out to kill the *King of Foreign*, but he is soon brought back dying of a wound. *Finn* has come, and when *Diarmuid* dies, *Grania* turns to him whom at the first she deserted. But *Finn* says:

"I gave him my promise that I would leave you to him from this out, and I will keep it to him dead, the same as if he was still living."

To which *Grania* replies, and she is

not the first or the last woman to learn the same lesson:

"How well he kept his own promise to you! I will go to Almuin in spite of you; you will be ashamed to turn me back in the sight of the people, and they having seen your feet grow hard in following and chasing me through the years. It is women are said to change, and they do not, but it is men that change and turn as often as the wheel of the moon. You filled all Ireland with your outcry wanting me, and now, when I am come into your hand, your love is rusted and worn out. It is a pity I that had two men, and three men, killing one another for me an hour ago, to be left as I am, and no one having any use for me at all!"

But to see its beauty one must read and reread this charming study of human weakness and human strength. (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons).

*

WHATEVER may be said of its chances as a play, Mrs. Gertrude Atherton's latest novel, "*Julia France and Her Times*," is a success as a novel. At any rate, that part of it that is novel is full of absorbing human interest and is done in Mrs. Atherton's best style. But the part, and it is by no means a small part, that deals with the question of woman suffrage, would perhaps be in better place were it deleted and presented as a treatise. However, the living, vital story is there and it is that, after all, that interests us. Before the cause of Woman's Suffrage loomed so large in *Julia Edis's* life, Mrs. Atherton had time to write us the story of her girlhood on Nevis, in the West Indies. For picturesqueness, for charm, for that real something exciting pity and terror that we all know for real tragedy when we find it in a play or novel, this first part of the story is on a level with the best Mrs. Atherton has ever given us. *Julia* was eighteen at the time the story opens, and was making her *débüt* at a ball at Government House. The stars in their courses had decreed to the stern old lady who was *Julia's* mother



LADY GREGORY

The Eminent Irish Dramatist

that her daughter was to become a duchess. Thus, when *Harold France*, heir-presumptive to a dukedom, fell in love with the "vibrating symbol of youth" in the person of the pretty innocent child, she was sacrificed to him as a matter of course. And this, in spite of that hideous rotten spot in his brain which made decent men shun him as if he had the plague, and the curious hard shallow eyes from which looked an unclean soul. *Julia* married and came to England, and went into training as a future duchess. But though *France* was a cad and a beast, the hint of nameless horror clinging to him with leprous suggestion in the first book is happily not quite borne out. (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.)

THIS is a late age in which to employ the novel, especially the novel in epistolary form, as a method of orienting a practical philosophy of conduct and of living. Yet this is the essential aim of "The Heart of Life" by the lady who writes under the pseudonym Pierre De Coulevain. This novel is translated for English readers from the French original by Alys Hallard. The book is remarkable, and really furnishes good reading, for the reason that although to the professional philosopher its "criticism of life" would appear neither new nor brilliantly re-stated, it engages the ordinary novel reader's mind with problems hardly ever consistently thought out and never thought out "to a finish." The core of its philosophy is the old, old doc-

trine that nature is the book of God wherein men may read His will and that God, man and nature are inseparably linked together in working out the destiny of the whole universe. The author, however, if not convincingly, at least engagingly, applies these metaphysical concepts in a homely, concrete way to such problems as marriage and divorce, church and state, happiness and suffering; and thus appeals interestingly to the ordinary man or woman of average intelligence and culture. The author writes familiarly and with a certain easy flow of thought. Frequently her thought is illuminating, and her employment of metaphor, analogy and literary references diverts even the hardened professional philosopher and makes the book quite worth while reading. It is a serious book with a serious purpose, but it possesses enough sentiment and practical illustration of its philosophy to justify careful perusal for reflection on life or for summer diversion. (Toronto: Cassell & Company.)

*

MR. JOHN MURRAY GIBBON in his very commendable volume entitled "Scots in Canada" compels attention to the important part that the people of Scotland have taken in the development of Canada ever since the Fraser Highlanders led the way from Wolfe's Cove to the Plains of Abraham. Besides dealing with its particular object, the book presents in a concise manner the history of the settlement of the Dominion from the earliest days to the present time. To trace the hand of the Scot in all the great Western movements is a fascinating enterprise, and Mr. Gibbon has accomplished his work without imposing racial prejudices or giving offence in racial glorification. Nevertheless he has been able to show that

the indomitable courage and perseverance of the Scot has been of inestimable value in the trade and settlement of Canada, particularly in outstanding undertakings such as the Northwest Company, the Hudson's Bay Company, the Selkirk Settlement, and the establishment of commercial bases at Montreal. There is a fine introductory poem by Clive Phillipps-Woolley, and a number of excellent illustrations in colour by Cyrus C. Cuneo and C. M. Sheldon. (London: Kegan Paul and Company.)

*

A NEW catalogue of the works on exhibition in the National Art Gallery at Ottawa has been issued from the Government printing bureau. For years there has been no adequate catalogue of the Gallery, and it is satisfactory to observe that the present one is conveniently arranged and that it contains brief notes about the artists represented. It is issued under the supervision of the Director, Mr. Eric Brown.

*

THERE is so much in the Canadian Annual Review, about all that it is possible to say of it here is that it is an exhaustible and comprehensive review of the affairs of national interest in the Dominion during the year. It is, as usual, well edited by Mr. J. Castell Hopkins. (Toronto: The Annual Review Publishing Company.)

*

A LITTLE volume of verse entitled "Life Thoughts," by Paul R. Ager, should be read for their reverence of and faith in the traditions of the Christian belief. (Toronto: William Briggs.)



AN amusing story is related of Lady Roberts, who was once visiting the hospitals at the base of military operations in India. So pleased was she with the untiring labour of the nurses and their devotion to the sick that she said to the officer in attendance, "I really think that the sisters deserve a medal for this campaign as much as anyone, and I hope they will get one." "Well, I don't know about a medal," said a gallant colonel standing by, "but they are sure at all events to get plenty of clasps."

*

DIDN'T DARE

Doctor—"The increasing deafness of your wife is merely an indication of advancing years, and you can tell her that."

Husband—"Hum! would you mind telling her that yourself, doctor?"—*Christian Intelligencer.*

*

THE BRUTE

"John, I listened to you for half an hour last night, while you were talking in your sleep."

"Thanks, dear, for your self-restraint."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

THE SECOND DIMENSION

It was on a little branch railway in a Southern State that the New England woman ventured to refer to the high rates. "It seems to me five cents a mile is extortion," she said, with frankness, to her Southern cousin.

"It's a big lot of money to pay if you think of it by the mile," said the Southerner, in her soft drawl; "but you just think how cheap it is by the hour, Cousin Annie—only about thirty-five cents."—*Youth's Companion.*

*

NOT A REQUISITE

"And do you have to be called in the morning?" asked the lady who was about to engage a new girl.

"I don't has to be, mum," replied the applicant, "unless you happens to need me."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

*

REMEMBER THIS

Young Doctor—"Why do you always ask your patients what they have for dinner?"

Old Doctor—"It's a most important question, for, according to their menus I make out my bills."—*Slovo.*



“Yer seems restless, mate.”
 “Yus; I dunno wot’s up wiv me, I wake up every three or four
 hours now.”
 —*The Tattler*

WELL, WHERE?

“I see that a scientist is investigating the origin of the houn’ dawg song. A man curious enough to want to know where that originated is a fool!”

“That’s right. I wonder where it did originate.”—*Houston Post*.

*

PRACTICAL SUGGESTION

“Good-bye, daughter. I suppose you will get engaged a number of times this summer.”

“I suppose so, dad.”

“Well, you’re getting along. See if you can’t make one of them permanent.”—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

GOOD SIGN

Employer (to his cashier)—Mayer, I don’t know what to think of you; every time I see you, you are asleep.”

Cashier—“Why, sir, surely it’s a good sign that I have a clear conscience.”—*Fliegende Blaetter*.

*

LEADING QUESTION

She—“If you could have only one wish what would it be?”

He—“It would be that—that—Oh, if I only dared to tell you what it would be.”

She—Well, go on. Why do you suppose I brought up the wishing subject?”—*Boston Transcript*.

MAKING SURE

A commercial traveller at a railway station in one of our Southern towns included in his order for breakfast two boiled eggs. The old darkey who served him brought him three.

"Uncle," said the travelling man, why in the world did you bring me three boiled eggs? I only ordered two."

"Yes, sir," said the old darkey, bowing and smiling. "I know you did order two, sir, but I brought three, because I just naturally felt dat one of dem might fail you, sir."

—*Harper's Weekly*.

*

GIVE AND TAKE

"What're ye comin' home with your milk pail empty for?" demanded the farmer. "Didn't the old cow give nothin'?"

"Yes," replied his boy; "nine quarts and one kick.—*The Sacred Heart Review*."

*

WELL-BEHAVED

Lulu was watching her mother working among the flowers. "Mama, I know why flowers grow," she said, "they want to get out of the dirt." —*Lippincott's*.

SOUNDS BETTER

The feeling of many men with regard to public office is much the same as that which a certain distinguished Frenchman had toward the Academy—that group of forty who are called "the Immortals." He was asked one day why he did not propose his candidacy for the Academy.

"Ah," said he, "If I applied and were admitted, someone might ask, 'Why is he in it?' and I should much rather hear it asked, 'Why isn't he in it?'" —*Christian Register*.

*

COME TO STAY

Doris was radiant over a recent addition to the family, and rushed out of the house to tell the news to a passing neighbour.

"Oh, you don't know what we've got up-stairs!"

"What is it?"

"It's a new baby brother!" and she settled back upon her heels and folded her hands to watch the effect.

"You don't say so! Is he going to stay?"

"I guess so"—very thoughtfully. "He's got his things off." —*Everybody's Magazine*.



"And did you stay long in Venice!" "Only two days, but I saw everything worth seein', don't-y-know."
 "Really! Then you'd see the Lion of St. Mark's, I suppose?"
 "Rather; saw the brute fed in fact."
 —*Punch*



As it is generally represented to be



As it is actually in England
—Kikeriki, Vienna

THE FEMININE MOVEMENT

UNENTHUSED

“I was talking to Diggy this morning about the latest dreadnought. He didn't appear to be much interested.”

“I should think not! Diggy married one.”—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

*

A LONG JUMP

A political orator, evidently better acquainted with Western geography than with the language of the Greeks, recently exclaimed with fervor that his principles should prevail “from Alpha to Omaha.”—*Christian Register*.

*

SINCERE PRAYER

Teacher—“Now, Tommy, suppose a man gave you \$100 to keep for him and then died, what would you do? Would you pray for him?”

Tommy—“No, sir; but I would pray for another like him.”—*The United Presbyterian*.

*

IN PRACTICE

“The Hague has done much toward promoting peace in the world.”

“Yes,” replied Miss Cheyenne, “and so has Reno.”—*The Sacred Star*.

AN HONEST MAN AT LAST

“Is he honest?”

“Honest? Shore. Why, he's been arrested three times for stealin', and acquitted each time.”—*Argonaut*.

*

EVER THUS

“Pa, what's political knavery?”

“What the other side's doing, my son.”—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

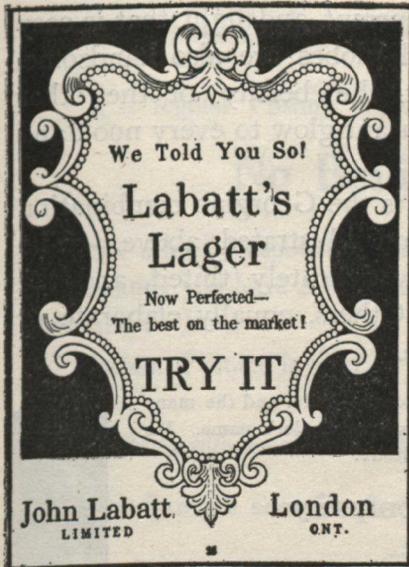
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The excellent show made by the King's Derby candidate, Pintadeau, and his Majesty's several turf successes this season recall a story once related of the late King Edward. At the time when Lord Marcus Beresford took over the King's horses his Majesty had only a very moderate lot of animals in training. “Well, what do you think of them, and what would you do with them if they were yours?” he asked Lord Marcus one morning as they were watching the royal string at work on Newmarket Heath. Beresford looked the horses over reflectively for a moment and then said bluntly, “Shoot most of them I think, sir.” “Then shoot them by all means,” retorted the King.

NOW GOOD DIGESTION WAIT ON APPETITE AND HEALTH ON BOTH.

When there is imperfect digestion and faulty assimilation of food, health and its attendant feeling of well being are absent. A very large majority of the ills with which man is afflicted are traceable to bad digestion or poor assimilation of food and the nearer we get to perfect digestion and the complete absorption of the nutritive part of our food the nearer we are to full health.

The question how best to assist the working of the alimentary system has long been a problem of science and recent experiments made at the Dublin School of Physiology have thrown valuable light on the subject. Professor Thompson's crucial tests proved that when Bovril is added to ordinary diet the body absorbs extra nourishment to the extent of from ten to twenty times the amount of Bovril taken.

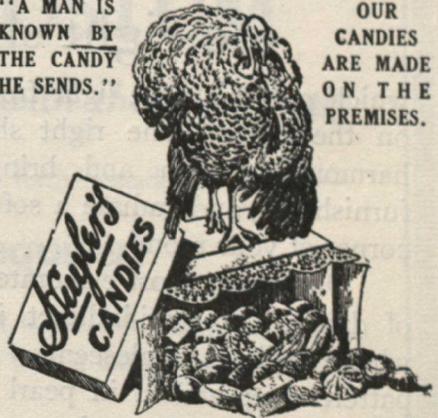


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Such illumination, when the costs of shades and electric current are both considered, is apt to cost even less than the poor illumination found in the average home. This is mostly a matter of

the right shades and globes

which get the most light from your current, and light that is easy on the eyes. The right shades and globes are also handsome, harmonizing with and bringing out the beauty of the other furnishings, and radiate a soft and pleasant glow to every nook and corner of your room.

One of the most elaborate of these is the Georgian combination of direct and semi-indirect illumination illustrated above. The whole shade is opalescent. The body delicately tinted, and the pattern deep-etched in pearl white. Others, equally elaborate or very simple, are shown in our catalogue.

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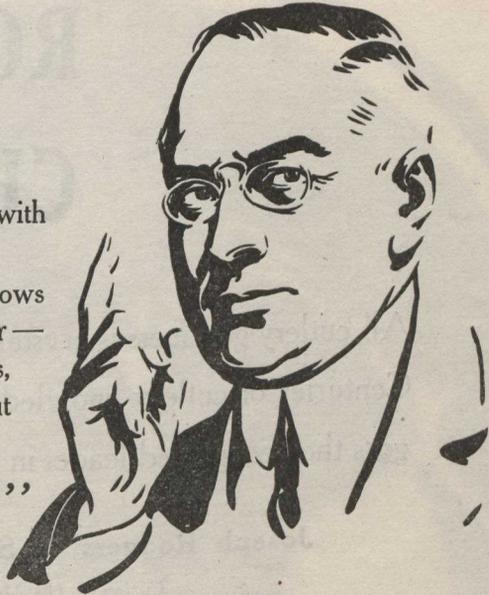
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Sometimes the trouble shows in one form; sometimes another — such as headache, sleeplessness, nervousness or indigestion — but always

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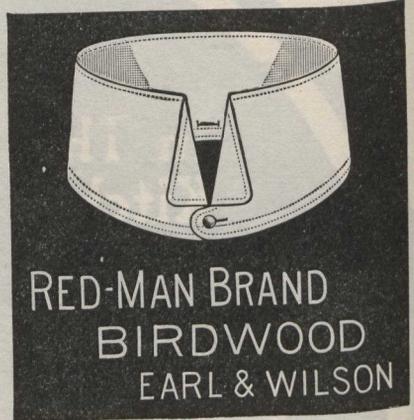
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when they're not feeling well.

And how often they're sick
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Feed children

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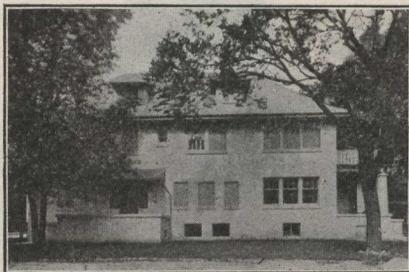
Then note how much they feel like playing.

They'll eat Post Toasties, the crisp, delicately browned, sweet
bits of corn, three times a day—if you let 'em—for

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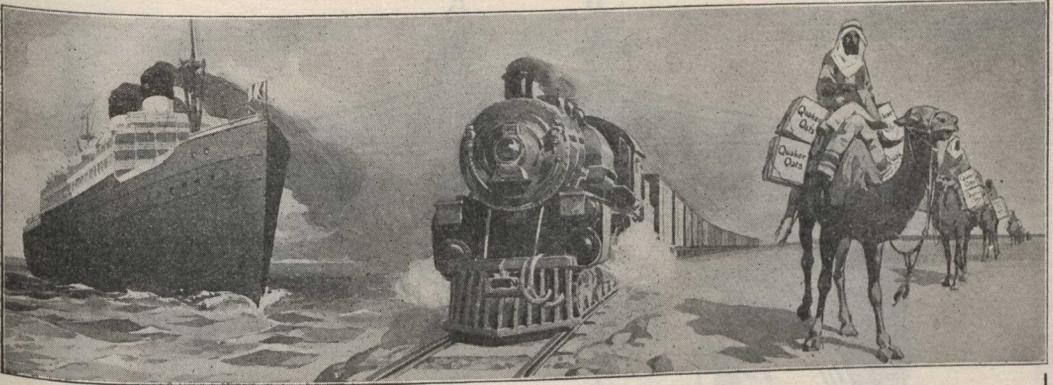
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Beau Brummel

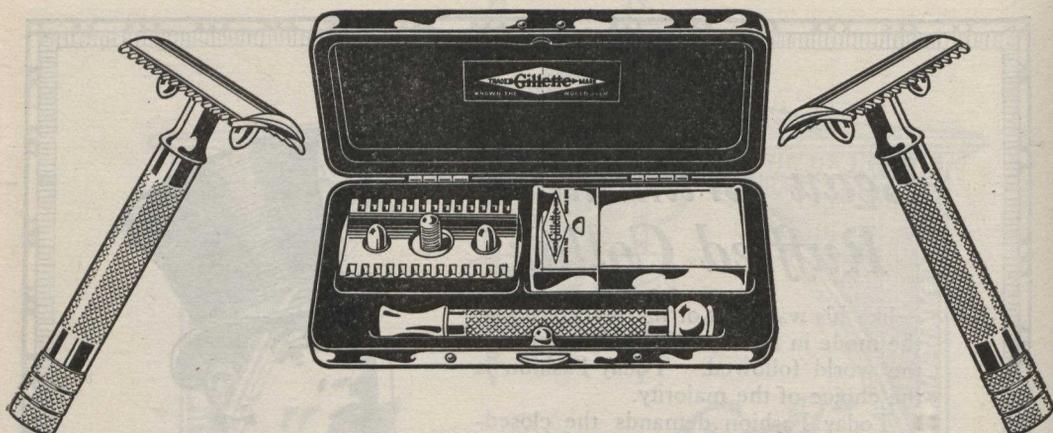
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How high above other articles of dress this Arbitrator of Fashion placed a gentleman's neckwear—as the spotlight of attraction—is shown by these words to his valet:

"Am I quite correct? Are there creases in my cravat? I would not wish to make creases the fashion."

(From Clyde Fitch's "Beau Brummel")

Note:—The cravat of Beau Brummel's day was the ruffled stock collar.



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outsells them all, and on this one ground only—that it GIVES A REAL SHAVE—the best a man can enjoy.

No cut prices or trial offers are needed to coax men to take home the GILLETTE. Over a million a year willingly buy it outright, and pay the full price for it.

As for trial models, no shaving device has ever been produced to sell at less than \$5.00 which **could** successfully demonstrate the smooth perfection of the GILLETTE shave. Therefore, we offer no trial model.

If you feel that you owe yourself the BEST razor, buy a GILLETTE—you'll enjoy it.

We do not name the Hardware Dealers, Druggists or Jewelers who sell the Gillette—they all do. Standard Sets, \$5.00—Pocket Editions, \$5.00 to \$6.00—Combination Sets \$6.50 up.

The Gillette Safety Razor Co. of Canada LIMITED

Office and Factory

The New Gillette Building, Montreal



Send for Holeproof Hose

Today Six Pairs Guaranteed Six Months 25c to 50c a pair—Men, Women, Children

One Box Ends Mending!

WE GUARANTEE
That these Six Pairs of "Holeproof Hoses" will stand up during for six months. If there should we agree to replace them by new ones upon the receipt of this ticket with the worn pair and Coupons & provided they are returned to us within six months from date of sale to wearer.

SIGNATURE OF DEALER

Holeproof Hosiery Co.
Milwaukee Wis. U.S.A.

See that this Guarantee is signed in 1937 by Dealer

See that each Coupon is stamped on date of sale.

COUPON A DATE OF SALE
B 371303 Holeproof

COUPON B
B 371303 Holeproof

COUPON C
B 371303 Holeproof

COUPON D
B 371303 Holeproof

COUPON E
B 371303 Holeproof

COUPON F
B 371303 Holeproof

YOU are wasting your comfort when you wear darned hose. You are wasting your time when you darn them. Holeproof Hose for men, women, children and infants END darning at once and for all time. Get six pairs today. Wear them SIX MONTHS! If any wear out we'll replace them free. We'll give you NEW hose WITHOUT COST! A definite GUARANTEE SLIP with six coupons goes with each box of six pairs. It covers EVERY STITCH of the stocking, not just the heel and toe. If Holeproof Hose fail anywhere, if even a *single thread* breaks, you get that pair replaced. We have sold hose under this guarantee for the past thirteen years. We have never been asked to replace, in that time, more than 5% of our output. 95% of "Holeproof" have always OUTLASTED the guarantee—they have worn more than six months. Why worry with hose that wear out in a week when there are hose like these?

Soft—Light—Stylish— Silk or Cotton Guaranteed

We make Holeproof Hose in cotton for men, women, children and infants, six pairs \$1.50 up to \$3, according to finish and weight, guaranteed six months.

We make them in silk for men and women, three pairs for men, guaranteed three months \$2; three pairs for women, guaranteed three months \$3.

1,000,000 People

are today wearing "Holeproof" because of their wonderful quality, their softness, comfort, light weight and style.

You ought to wear them and have all their advantages and, at the same time, save all the darning that now adds to your household cares.

39 Years' Experience

in the hosiery business has taught us how to make hose wear and make them soft and stylish.

We pay the top market price for our cotton yarn—an average of 70c a pound. Common yarn costs but 30c. We use silk from Japan, the best we can buy. There are no finer hose to be had.

FAMOUS Holeproof Hosiery

FOR MEN WOMEN AND CHILDREN

Send Trial Order Now!

Send the coupon to your left for a trial box TODAY! See how good hosiery should wear—even the lightest weight—even silk hosiery. Note the style, feel the comfort. **SAVE DARNING!** That's what you can do with "Holeproof." Don't pay out good money for anything less, for "Holeproof," with all its advantages, costs not a penny more, probably, than the kind you are wearing now. Indicate on the coupon the color, weight, size and kind you want. Send the money in any convenient way. Thousands buy from us this way. We guarantee satisfaction as well as the hose.



Reg. U. S. Pat. Office, 1908

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY CO., Limited
20 Bond Street, London, Canada

Carl Frischl

Are Your Hose Insured?

TRIAL BOX ORDER COUPON

Holeproof Hosiery Co. of Canada, Ltd.
20 Bond St., London, Can.

Gentlemen: I enclose \$..... for which send me one box of Holeproof Hose for..... (state whether for men, women or children). Weight..... (medium or light). Size..... Color (check the color on list below). Any six colors in a box, but only one weight and size.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... Province.....

For Men and Women—Black, Light Tan, Dark Tan, Pearl, Lavender, Navy Blue, Light Blue.

For Children—Black and Tan only—medium weight only. (366)



*Every Artistic Home
Should Contain a*

**Gerhard
Heintzman
PIANO**

because this instrument presents the
most up-to-date features and im-
provements; is in fact the

Ideal Piano

for the home. This reputation has
been gained entirely through merit
during the past half century of
honest endeavor. A demonstration
at our salesroom will convince you.
Descriptive literature sent free on
application.

Gerhard Heintzman, Ltd.
NEW SALESROOMS:
41-43 Queen St. W., (Opp. City Hall) Toronto

HAMILTON SALESROOMS:
King Street East (Next Post Office)



Connor Ball Bearing Washer

A washer guaranteed to take out all the dirt and leave the clothes snowy white.

Runs on ball bearings and driven by steel springs, with a little assistance from the operator. Perfected to the minutest detail. Can be supplied through our agents or direct to any address.

Write for booklet.

J. H. CONNOR & SONS Limited,
OTTAWA, CANADA

The Deaf Can HEAR



distinctly every sound—even whispers do not escape them when they are properly assisted. Deafness is due to the ear drums from some cause becoming defective. I offer you the same hope of hearing as you have of seeing from the oculist who supplies glasses to help your eyesight—for I apply the same common sense principle in my method of restoring hearing. The weakened or impaired parts must be reinforced by suitable devices to supply what is lacking and necessary to hear. Among the 390,000 people who have been restored to perfect hearing there has been every condition of deafness or defective hearing. No matter what the cause or how long standing the case the testimonials sent me show marvelous results.

Common-Sense Ear Drums

have restored to me my own hearing—that's how I happened to discover the secret of their success in my own desperate endeavors to be relieved of my deafness after physicians had repeatedly failed.

Common-Sense Ear Drums are made of a soft, sensitized material, comfortable and safe to wear. They are out of sight when worn, and easily adjusted by the wearer.

It is certainly worth your while to investigate. Before you send any money just drop me a line. I want to send you free of charge my book on deafness and plenty of evidence to prove to you that I am entirely worthy of your confidence. Why not write me today?

GEORGE H. WILSON, President
WILSON EAR DRUM CO., Incorporated
413 Todd Bldg., Louisville, Ky.

A Skin of Beauty is a Joy Forever DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM OR MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER

Purifies
as well as
Beautifies
the Skin
No other
cosmetic
will do it.



REMOVES Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rash, and Skin diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test of 62 years; no other has, and is so harmless, we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. The distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the *haut-ton* (a patient)—“As you ladies will use them, I

recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the Skin preparations.”

For sale by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers.

GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL TOILET POWDER
For infants and adults. Exquisitely perfumed. Relieves Skin troubles, cures Sunburn and renders an excellent complexion.

PRICE 25 CENTS BY MAIL.

GOURAUD'S POUDDRE SUBTILE

Removes Superfluous Hair. Price \$1.00 by Mail
FERD. T. HOPKINS, Prop'r 37 Great Jones St., New York City.

\$3 a Day Sure

Send us your address and we will show you how to make \$3 a day absolutely sure; we furnish the work and teach you free; you work in the locality where you live. Send us your address and we will explain the business fully; remember we guarantee a clear profit of \$3 for every day's work. absolutely sure, write at once.
ROYAL MANUFACTURING CO., Box 1749, WINDSOR, ONT.

MARK YOUR LINEN WITH

Cash's Woven Names



Neater and more durable than marking ink, on such Household Articles as "Dining Room," "Guest Room," "Servants' Linen," etc.

Your name can be interwoven on a fine Cambric Tape for \$2.00 for 12 doz. \$1.25 for 6 doz. 85c. for 3 doz.

A. Cashwoven

Samples Sent on Request

J. & J. CASH, LTD.

301 St. James St., Montreal, Canada.
Orders can be placed through your dealer.

Don't Wear a Truss!



Brooks' Appliance is a new Scientific discovery with automatic air cushions that draws the broken parts together and binds them as you would a broken limb. It absolutely holds firmly and comfortably and never slips, always light and cool and conforms to every movement of the body without chafing or hurting. I make it to your measure and send it to you on a strict guarantee of satisfaction or money refunded and I have put my price so low that anybody, rich or poor, can buy it. Remember, I make it to your order—send it to you—you wear it—and if it doesn't satisfy you, you send it back to me and I will refund your money. The banks or any responsible citizen in Marshall will tell you that is the way I do business—always absolutely for the past 30 years. Remember, I use no salves, no harness, no lies, no fakes. I just give you a straight business deal at a reasonable price.

O. L. BROOKS, 1503 State St., Marshall, Michigan



Pen Angle Hosiery

You have never before had any certainty of fit and wear when you bought hosiery. You had to take your chances.

You no longer need do that. For now, at some reliable store near you, you can choose the hosiery that is **GUARANTEED**—Pen-Angle Hosiery.

We can safely guarantee Pen-Angle Hosiery for several reasons. In gigantic mills we knit this hosiery on machines for which we have the sole Canadian rights.

With these machines we fit the hosiery to the exact form of the leg, ankle and foot—without a seam!

You need no argument to see that seamless hosiery must be more comfortable than the seamful foot-wearing kind. Don't forget the name, or how the trademark looks.

FOR LADIES

No. 1760—"Lady Fair" Black Cashmere hose, Medium weight. Made of fine, soft cashmere yarns, 2-ply leg. 5-ply foot, heel, toe and high splice, giving strength where needed. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.50; 6 pairs, \$3.00.

No. 1020—Same quality as 1760, but heavier. Black only. Box of 3 pairs \$1.50; 6 pairs \$3.00.

No. 1150.—Very fine Cashmere hose. Medium weight. 2-ply leg. 4-ply foot, heel and toe. Black, light and dark tan, leather, champagne, myrtle, pearl gray, oxblood, helio, cardinal. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.50; 6 pairs, \$3.00.

No. 1720, Fine quality Cotton Hose. Made of 2-ply Egyptian yarn, with 3-ply heels and toes. Black, light and dark tan, champagne, myrtle, pearl gray, oxblood, helio, sky, pink, bisque. Box of 4 pairs; \$1.00; 6 pairs, \$1.50,

No. 1175—Mercerized. Same colors as 1720. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.00; 6 pairs, \$2.00.

FOR MEN

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

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

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

No. 330—"Everlast" Cotton socks. Medium weight, Made from 4-ply long staple combed Egyptian cotton yarn, with 6-ply heels and toes. Black, light and dark tan, Put up in boxes. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.00; 6 pairs, \$2.00.

READ THIS REMARKABLE GUARANTEE

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

ORDER THIS WAY

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

ADDRESS AS BELOW:

Penmans, Limited, Dept. 68, Paris, Canada



MOGUL

CIGARETTES
EGYPTIENNES

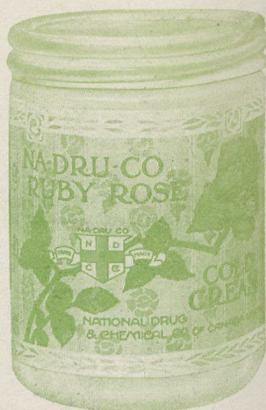


Startled at the stillness broken by this word so
strangely spoken
I crossed the office softly and I peeped out
through the door
But no soul my vision greeted; so went back.
but scarce was seated
Ere the voice again repeated, this time
underneath the floor
"MOGUL! MOGUL! smoke some more."

The Rosy Bloom On a Woman's Cheek

is the most alluring beauty in the world. It is a prize within reach of almost every woman, if she will but give proper attention to her skin and her general health.

To restore the complexion roughened and tanned by summer outings, to that soft, velvety clearness so much envied in the social season, use



Na-Dru-Co Ruby Rose Cold Cream

This is a snowy-white preparation with a delicate rose perfume. It cleanses the skin, nourishes and fills out the deeper tissues, smoothes out wrinkles and imparts a velvety softness, free from roughness, redness or chaps. It keeps the skin healthy, and Nature supplies the rosy bloom.

In 25c. opal glass jars, at your Druggist's.

Na-Dru-Co Witch Hazel Cream

is a delightfully soothing preparation of Witch Hazel, presenting all its wonderful cooling and healing properties in a most agreeable form. For the skin irritation which follows too much exposure to sun, wind, salt water or dust, it is a remedy as pleasant as it is effective.

25c a bottle, at your Druggist's.

Always look for the Na-Dru-Co. Trade Mark when you buy.

**NATIONAL DRUG & CHEMICAL CO.
OF CANADA, LIMITED**



Williams'

PATENTED

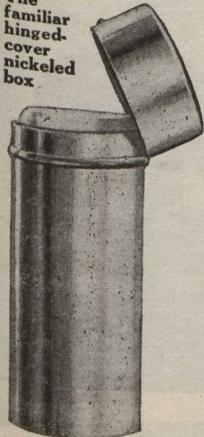
Holder Top Shaving Stick



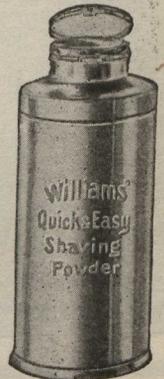
Williams' Famous Shaving Stick, with all its rich, creamy, refreshing lather, in a new form that adds ease and comfort to the daily shave.

The Holder Top enables you to grasp the stick firmly by the nickeled cap and to use it down to the last fraction of an inch without touching the soap with your fingers. And the stick will stand steady and upright, wherever you set it down.

The familiar hinged-cover nickeled box



Note the convenient sanitary hinged-cover nickeled box



Three forms of the same good quality:

Williams' Shaving Stick Hinged-cover Nickeled Box

Williams' Holder Top Shaving Stick

Williams' Shaving Powder Hinged-cover Nickeled Box

A trial sample of either sent for 4 cents in stamps

Address The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. A, Glastonbury, Conn.

Makers of Williams' Famous Shaving Stick
Jersey Cream Toilet Soap, Dentalactic Tooth Powder, &c.



Salvador

CANADA'S
MOST FAMOUS
BEER

A GENUINE

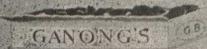
Thirst-quencher

of sparkling purity. Clear as crystal, invigorating nourishing.

Brewed and bottled in the most up-to-date and sanitary plant in Canada by

Reinhardt's of Toronto

Inspection Invited. M₄₂



A good Beginning



"All's Well that Ends Well"

Shakespeare Series No. 7





Cleans and
Polishes
As You Dust With It

LIQUID VENEER

Makes Everything Bright and Sanitary

It will take those ugly white spots off your table; that bluish smoky look off your piano; in fact, there isn't a piece of furniture or woodwork in your home, including hardwood floors, but what it will make bright, clean and sanitary—just like new. You simply moisten a cheese-cloth with LIQUID VENEER and go ahead and dust.

There are no fussy directions—no drying to wait for, LIQUID VENEER does its work instantly by restoring the original beauty to everything on which it is used.



Trial Bottle Free

The popularity of LIQUID VENEER is shown by the fact that you can get it anywhere—at druggists', grocers', department, paint and oil stores, hardware and furniture dealers'. A free trial bottle will be sent upon your filling in and mailing the attached coupon today.

BUFFALO SPECIALTY CO.
249-J LIQUID VENEER BUILDING
BUFFALO, N. Y.

"CHEER UP"
COUPON

BUFFALO SPECIALTY
COMPANY

249-J Liquid Veneer Building,
BUFFALO, N. Y.

Please send me, free and without
further obligation on my part, sample
bottle of LIQUID VENEER.

Name.....

Street & No.....

City & State.....

Accept no substitute;
insist on the yellow
package with the
slant letters—LIQUID
VENEER.

*HOME OIL, our new product,
is unequalled for preventing rust
and tarnish.*



WELLINGTON



S.C.P.

de Luxe



PERFECT PRINTS FROM YOUR
HOLIDAY NEGATIVES BY GASLIGHT

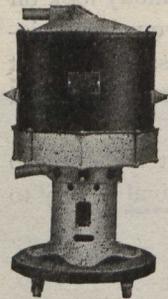
This paper makes the printing of your holiday negatives an absolute enjoyment.

No dark room necessary—print and finish up by any artificial light—and the prints you get are perfect.

Full directions, and many useful photo pointers in the Wellington Booklets (complete course of photo instruction.) Sent free—mention this Magazine.

WELLINGTON & WARD - MONTREAL

Western Agents: Shaw Bros., Limited, Vancouver.



A Vacuum Cleaner is like a
Watch—the Works are most
important.



SO in choosing a Vacuum Cleaner it isn't the appearance that counts—it is what is inside. The fundamental point about a Vacuum Cleaner is suction, and the power of the suction is wholly dependent upon the "works"—the mechanical parts that create the suction. "THE INVINCIBLE" stationary and portable machine is more than a powerful cleanser, it is a quiet, silent-running electric renovator. Its superiority rests chiefly upon its basic or working principle—the *centrifugal fan*. The suction power created by the centrifugal fan never fluctuates, never "jumps"; it is always strong enough to get all the dust and dirt. A striking advantage born of using the right principle—the *centrifugal fan*—is that there are no wearing parts, no gears, bumps or valves about the "Invincible."

If you are really interested in a cleaning machine let us give you all the facts and information about the "INVINCIBLE ELECTRIC RENOVATOR."

A Post Card will bring you our booklet "K" "How to buy a portable or stationary Air Cleaner." Write us to-day.

The Invincible Renovator Mfg. Co., Limited
81 Peter St., TORONTO



IT matters not what heating system you use—Steam, Hot Water or Warm Air, you cannot get that much desired gentle, restful and soothing atmosphere without proper humidity.

Water should be evaporated freely, and the

GOOD CHEER

WARM AIR FURNACE

WITH ITS BIG

CIRCLE WATERPAN

holding from four to six gallons, presents the one heating medium which does afford a really comfortable and healthful warmth.

Catalogue mailed on request.

The JAMES STEWART MFG. CO., Limited
WOODSTOCK, ONTARIO. WESTERN BRANCH: Winnipeg, Manitoba



**“Office Specialty” Equipment is
a Time-Saver to the Busy Man**

“Office Specialty” Filing Cabinets and Record Keeping Systems have proven their value in providing safe, convenient and systematic care for the records of hundreds of business houses in every line of business throughout Canada.

They are adaptable to every description of business. They are successful because they are simple in operation. A large outfit which takes care of thousands of records in a large corporation is as simple to operate as the system in a small office where the requirements demand only a few sections.

Twenty-five years' experience in overcoming office problems for the business men of Canada places us in a position to be of great assistance to you. Why not take advantage of our experience? Write us now.



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OFFICE SPECIALTY MFG. CO.

LIMITED

AND OFFICE FURNITURE IN STEEL AND WOOD

97 Wellington Street West, Toronto

Branches in Halifax, Montreal, Ottawa, Winnipeg, Calgary, Vancouver.

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REST AND HEALTH TO BOTH MOTHER AND CHILD

A Record of Over Sixty-Five Years.

For over sixty-five years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used by mothers for their children while teething. Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. The value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhoea, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup."

A TOILET TREASURE

Murray & Lanman's

FLORIDA WATER

Without exception the
best and most popular
Toilet Perfume made



In the Bath it is cooling and reviving; on the Handkerchief and for general Toilet use it is delightful: after Shaving it is simply the very best thing to use.

Ask your Druggist for it
Accept no Substitute!



I always use
WINDSOR
Table Salt.

When Baking

are you as careful about the **salt** you use, as you are about the flour or baking powder?

Poor Salt will ruin a baking, just as surely as poor flour. In the kitchen and on the table, use the fine, pure

63

WINDSOR TABLE SALT

Covered with
Rubber Shingles



Get a better roof for less money —a roof that will last longer

Before you buy roofing it will be money in your pocket to investigate carefully the *cost* and *service* you will get from Ready Roofing as compared with any other style of roof covering in use today. After years of testing and experimenting, during which time we spent thousands of dollars, today we offer you the best and most durable roofing that money and brains can produce—at a price within your easy reach.

Certain-teed Rubber Roofing

Quality Certified—Durability Guaranteed

made in both shingles and rolls—guaranteed for at least fifteen years. You are not asked to take our word as to the wonderful durability and weather proof qualities of *Certain-teed Roofing*—it has successfully stood the test of

time—millions of rolls are in actual use on roofs today. When in need of roofing—do not hesitate to give *Certain-teed Rubber Roofing* a trial—it is easy to lay, will last longer and *costs less* than any other roofing material.

Certain-teed Rubber Roofing is sold throughout the provinces of Canada by local dealers and is distributed by wholesale jobbers in St. Johns, Quebec,

Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto, London, Winnipeg, Vancouver, Victoria.
At least investigate—write at once for this valuable book

“How to Build for LESS Money” B J-5
—FREE.



General Roofing
World's Largest Manu-
facturer of Roofing and
Building Paper.

GENERAL ROOFING MFG. CO., Winnipeg, Man.



CEETEE

PURE WOOL UNDERWEAR

YOU CAN FACE ALL SORTS OF WEATHER with immunity if you are properly clothed.

The basis of all clothing is, of course, the underwear. The only material that will protect you against the sudden changes from heat to cold or from cold to heat, without harm, is pure clean wool. All medical men advise woolen material to be worn next the skin. It absorbs the perspiration rapidly and evenly and does not get clammy and damp as does any material which is made from vegetable products.

"CEETEE" Pure Wool Underwear.

s manufactured from only the finest of the finest Australian Merino wool.

This wool is combed and scoured and combed until every particle of foreign matter is taken out and every strand of wool is as clean as it is possible to be made. It is put through process after process on expensive and exclusive machinery, and when finished each garment is in such a state of perfection that it has earned a reputation of being unequalled the world over.

Each garment is full fashioned and made to fit the human form. Every join is carefully knitted together, not sewn as with ordinary underwear.

Worn by the Best People—Sold by the Best Dealers.

Made in all sizes and weights for men, women and children.

Also manufacturers of Turnbull's high class ribbed underwear for ladies and children and Turnbull's "M" Bands For Infants.

544

**The C. TURNBULL CO. of GALT, LIMITED
MANUFACTURERS, GALT, ONTARIO.**

FOR HOME-BUILDING

Milton Fireflash Brick is Particularly Desirable

MILTON BRICK

"A Genuine Milton Brick has the Name 'MILTON' on it."

are of two distinct styles—red fireflash and buff fireflash. The colors—being natural to the shale—are permanent and not affected by climate or weather.

MILTON PRESSED BRICK COMPANY, DEPT. D.

Milton - - - Ontario

Agents for Fiske Tapestry Brick

Toronto Office

Janes Building

Restore and Guard Your Health With

Oxydonor

OXYGEN is life. Humanity's boon. Nature supplies it abundantly. Free as the air you breathe. No matter what disease you have

OXYDONOR

Causes to be supplied this natural force, this inexhaustible source of life, health and vigour of body and mind. Absorbed into the system while you rest or sleep.

Revitalizing the human organism by Nature's own process.

Eliminating disease without drugs or medicines.

Safe, quickly and easily applied, and always ready for use for grown persons or children.

Oxydonor makes its possessor master of his or her own health all the time—a preventative of disease and destroyer of sickness, so simple a child can apply it. No expense after the purchase price, no drugs or medicines, pills, plasters, massage or batteries. But a rational, natural means for making sick people well, discovered and perfected by an eminent physician, and endorsed by physicians.

Write us if you value your health and that of your family and friends. Send 4 cents in stamps to-day for our wonderful free book.

The genuine is plainly stamped with the name of the discover and inventor—**Dr. H. Sanche**. Patented by the Canadian Government.



DR. H. SANCHE & CO.

Dept. 11, 364 West St. Catherine Street, MONTREAL, CAN.



COSGRAVE'S PALE ALE

The finest ingredients, the greatest care in brewing and aging—give it its superiority.

KEEP A CASE AT HOME

FINE LEATHER GOODS

New, Finest Complete line of



LADIES' BAGS

Wallets, Letter and Card Cases, Portfolios, Etc.

BROWN BROS. LIMITED

MANUFACTURERS LEATHER GOODS
51-53 WELLINGTON ST. W., TORONTO

STOP! READ! AND CONSIDER!!

SANOL

Is the German cure for Gall Stones, Kidney and Bladder Stones, Kidney Trouble, Gravel, Lumbago. Ailments of uric acid origin.

NEVER FAILS TO CURE.

Over 1100 Complete Cures reported in 6 Months.

A few references from cured patients:—

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- Mr. G. H. Wagg, 368 Broadway, Winnipeg.
- Mrs. Anna Fishrom, 292 Stella Ave. Winnipeg.
- Mrs. H. Cataugh, 529 Toronto St., Winnipeg.
- Mr. John McMahon, 521 Notre Dame Ave., Winnipeg.
- Mrs. J. Hesler, 702 Ross Ave., Winnipeg.
- Mrs. J. Dowbeggin, 283 Flora Ave., Winnipeg.
- Mr. John Anderson, 613 Castle Ave., Elmwood, Man.
- Mrs. J. J. Peters, Reinland, Man.
- Mrs. Jessie Smith, Kamsack, Sask.
- Mr. Joe Knazan, Kamsack, Sask.
- Mr. R. Wilson, 141 Main St., E. Hamilton, Ont.

Sanol price \$1.50 per bottle
"Booklet Free"

All Druggists or direct

The Sanol Mfg. Company of Canada, Ltd.
Winnipeg - - - - - Manitoba

Another reliable Remedy is Sanol's Anti-Diabetes Cure for Diabetes. Price \$2.00

This happens everywhere every day.



"I forget the name but Mother said it was pure gelatine"

"Then, little girl, she must want Knox Pure Plain Sparkling Gelatine—but does your mother know about the Knox Pure Sparkling Acidulated Gelatine, that is also in great demand? It is the package with the separate envelope of *pure lemon fruit juice* and saves the cost, time and bother of squeezing lemons,

"This allows your mother the choice of using lemon jelly plain, or if she wishes it colored she can use the tablet of pink coloring that is enclosed in a separate envelope, or she can add any fresh fruit—which is always best—using the juices for coloring.

"With the Knox Acidulated as well as the Knox Plain Gelatine she can make desserts, salads, candies, ice cream and ices, and improve other dishes.

"Now, take this Knox Acidulated package home and I *know* your mother will be pleased—the price is just the same as the Knox Plain Gelatine, and each package makes two quarts—one-half-gallon of jelly."

Knox Recipe Book FREE

Contains over 100 receipts for Desserts, Salads, Candies, Jellies, Puddings, Ice Creams, Sherbets, etc. Sent FREE for your grocer's name.

Pint Sample of Acidulated Gelatine for 2c. stamp and grocer's name.

CHARLES B. KNOX CO.

499 Knox Avenue Johnstown, N. Y.
Branch Factory: Montreal.



The Springs do most of the Work

The New Century Washer is paramount. There is no other washer that will so lighten household labor. The oil-tempered steel springs do the greater part of the work and the balance of the effort required is very easy when compared to the old-fashioned methods.

The New Century features are exclusive and patented. No other machine can have the rust-proof steel spring on the **INSIDE** of the tub to offset the pressure of the hoops from the **OUTSIDE** and prevent warping.

Get the New Century at your dealer's or write to us for full information.

Cummer-Dowswell Ltd.
Hamilton, - Ontario.

Cooking and Baking Problems are Easy to Solve With a

“PANDORA” Range

The Oven is the heart of a range. Its efficiency depends largely on construction of Fire-box and Flues, but—certain scientific principles must be carried out in making the Oven to insure success.

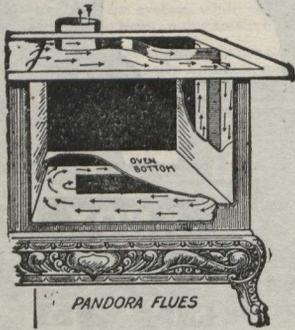


Illustration No. 1.

Illustration No. 1 shows the exact course followed by the drafts in “PANDORA” range—you see the heat passes directly under every pot-hole and around the Oven twice before reaching smoke pipe.

The Flues are deep and wide—corners are rounded—they are easily cleaned and there is nothing to impede the draft. A glance at McClary Flue construction will convince you that the “PANDORA” range is a perfect baker and cooker at the same time. The heat envelopes the Oven uniformly—bread is evenly baked in the “PANDORA.”

Illustration No. 2 shows the McClary system of Oven Ventilation very plainly. As you know, air close to the body of a range is fresh and comparatively warm. This fresh, warm air is drawn into Oven through small holes—the intense warmth super-heating and diffusing it throughout the Oven. Then it escapes with cooking fumes through vent holes shown in back of Oven.

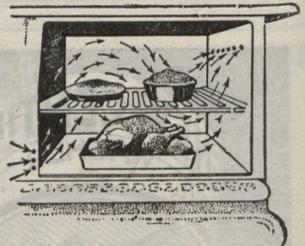


Illustration No. 2.

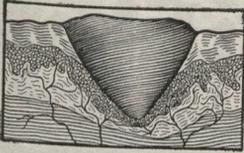
The ventilation of “PANDORA” Oven is simple, yet scientific, and—the results are apparent. A roast can be cooked just the way you like it—cooked so that it retains all of its generous and nourishing juices and—bread, puddings, etc., are baked light, crisp, and fresh in the “PANDORA” Oven. The linings of the “PANDORA” Oven are of nickelled steel one-eighth of an inch thick and as smooth as glass—so the Oven is easily kept clean—easier heated and more durable.

N.B.—You can have the complete story of “Pandora” efficiency by simply asking for our Free Book, “Reasons for Pandora Popularity.”

LONDON
TORONTO
VANCOUVER
ST. JOHN, N.B.

McClary's

MONTREAL
WINNIPEG
HAMILTON
CALGARY



Note This Corn

See What Must be Done—and How

If you pare it, that means to take off the top layer. The root is left to grow. If the blade slips, there may be infection.

Any old-time treatment means just brief relief. Every few days you are compelled to repeat it.

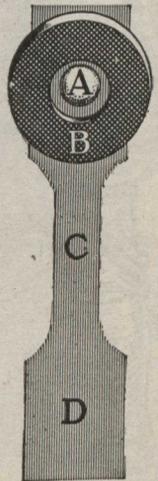
The only cure is complete removal. And the B & B wax—a famous chemist's invention—does that without discomfort.

Apply the little Blue-jay plaster, and the pain stops instantly.

Then this wonderful wax begins to loosen the corn. In 48 hours the whole corn comes out, without any pain or soreness. *That's the end of that corn.*

So many folks know this that a million corns monthly are removed in this simple way. For your own sake, try it now.

A in the picture is the soft B & B wax. It loosens the corn.
B protects the corn, stopping the pain at once.
C wraps around the toe. It is narrowed to be comfortable.
D is rubber adhesive to fasten the plaster on.



Blue-jay Corn Plasters

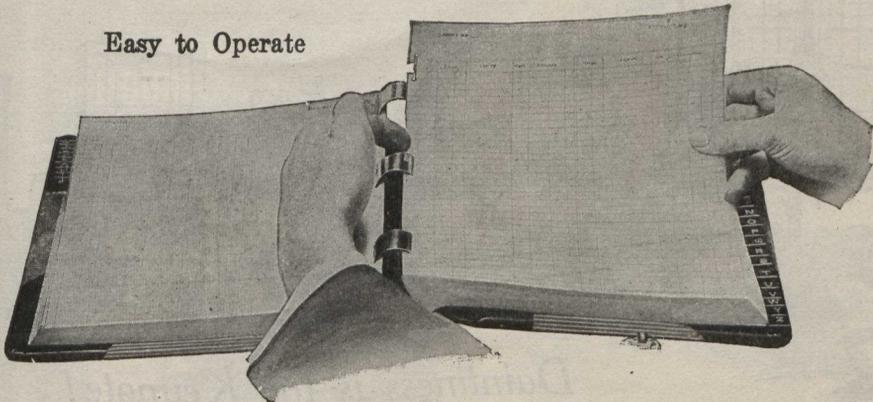
Sold by Druggists—15c and 25c per package
 Sample Mailed Free. Also Blue-jay Bunion Plasters.

Bauer & Black, Chicago and New York, Makers of Surgical Dressings, etc.

(237)

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Easy to Operate



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ARE ESPECIALLY ADAPTED FOR

Current Ledgers, Transfer Ledgers, Price Books, Catalogues, Blue Prints, Register Books, Minute Books, Insurance Records, and for all purposes of binding loose leaf sheets, either hand or typewritten.

Write for sample on business stationery.

BUSINESS SYSTEMS, Limited

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The Ross Rifle

The "Ross" 280, known as the "High-Velocity" "Ross" is the most powerful sporting Rifle sold.

Its muzzle velocity of over 3000 feet per second gives it a very flat trajectory and great power to anchor game at all distances.

This rifle, which took the gold medal at Allahabad in 1910, sells for less than the best English makes which it nevertheless equals in finish and surpasses in performance.

If you seek a really fine and thoroughly up-to-date rifle look up the nearest "Ross" dealer or write for illustrated booklet and full information which we send free on request.

ROSS RIFLE CO. - Quebec, Can.

The Bisley performances of the "Ross" Rifle have aroused the enthusiasm of expert marksmen.



Daintiness is the Keynote!

What pride you take in the quiet artistic appearance of your bedroom. So restful, so harmonious. But the furniture may be a little worse for wear. If so, try

It's so easy to apply! And it will cover up blemishes on your bedstead, rejuvenate the doors, brighten the drawers, and hide the wear and tear marks on sofa and table legs.



"Lacqueret" is made in eight artistic shades. Also in silver and gold, flat and gloss white, and flat and gloss black.

Our little booklet "Dainty Decorator" tells of its many uses in the home.

Write for your copy.

Cans contain Full Imperial Measure—Ask your dealer—Don't accept a substitute

TORONTO

INTERNATIONAL VARNISH CO. LIMITED

WINNIPEG

"Largest in the world and first to establish definite standards of quality."

Any Varnish is GOOD—if it Bears this Label

YOU should be interested in good varnish only. Plenty of "cheap," inferior varnish will be offered you. The market is full of it.

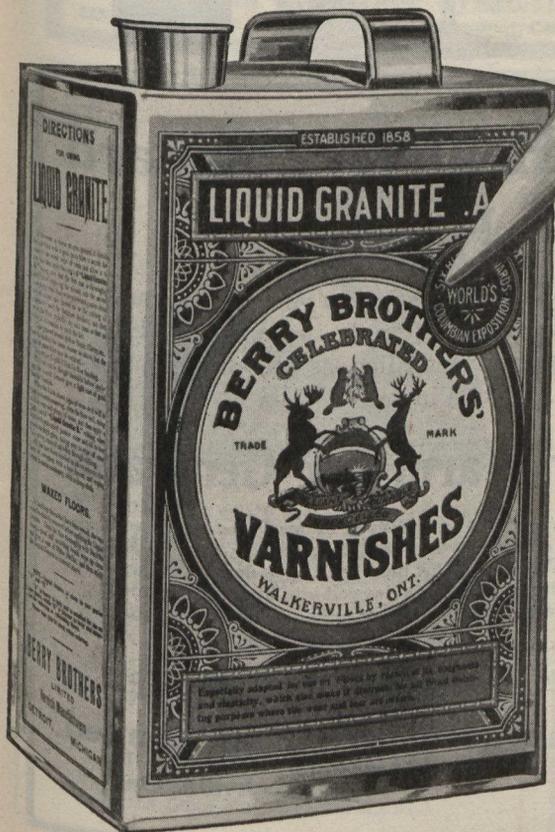
But if you are looking out for your own self-interests you will have none but the good—none but the best—none but Berry Brothers'.

You Can Afford the Best Varnish

The better the varnish, the less frequent your need to re-varnish. That is what makes Berry Brothers' Varnish the best "buy" for the man economically inclined.

That is why a little saving in the gallon-cost of cheaper varnish is really no saving at all—but an added expense in the end.

And you cannot measure in dollars and cents the dissatisfaction and annoyance that come with the use of cheap varnish.



BERRY BROTHERS' VARNISHES

IT will pay you to take a personal interest in the selection of varnish—whether you wield the brush yourself or hire someone else—whether you have one floor or an entire building to be varnished.

Let the well-known trade-mark label on Berry Brothers' can be your guide.

No matter what you want the varnish for, there is a Berry Brothers' product to meet your need.

All of your most frequent needs are met by one of the five listed below:

Liquid Granite—For finishing floors in the most durable manner possible.

Luxebery Wood Finish—For the finest rubbed or polished finish on interior woodwork.

Elastic Interior Finish—For interior woodwork exposed to severe wear, finished in full gloss.

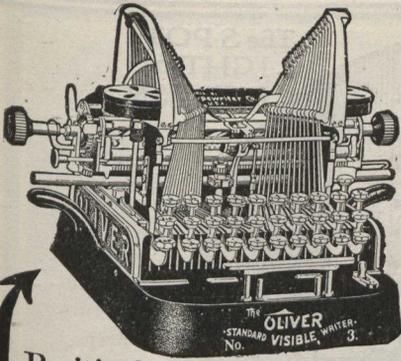
Elastic Outside Finish—For all surfaces, such as front doors, that are exposed to the weather.

Luxebery Spar Varnish—For yachts, ships, small boats, canoes and other marine uses, outside or inside. Has never turned white under water.

Any dealer or painter can supply Berry Brothers' Varnishes. If you have any difficulty in finding them write us and get the name of a dealer who believes in Berry Brothers' standard of quality.

Start your active interest in Varnish by sending today for a copy of "Choosing Your Varnish Maker."

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The World's Largest Varnish Makers
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Positively the most astounding offer ever made on the world's greatest typewriter—a chance of a lifetime to have a high-grade writing machine in your own home or office! Send your letters and bills out typewritten—increase your business—improve your collections—let your family use it, too—on our stupendous **Free Trial Offer**.

Here Is Our Offer: We will ship to you simply on your request this Genuine Standard Oliver Typewriter No. 3. Use it just like your own—see how it saves time and improves business—how it will pay for itself in a short time, then send us only \$2.50 and keep the machine, paying balance in small monthly payments. If you decide you don't want to keep it simply send machine back at our expense.

No Money Down Don't send us a cent. We don't want you to send us a penny till you have tried this superb machine for yourself—until you are satisfied that the Superb Oliver is the writing machine you want. Then only \$2.50 and the balance in small monthly payments.

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Address.....



DIM FURNITURE IS A DISGRACE

Moist fingers, hot dishes, damp or hard substances, all take toll of the bright surfaces of your furniture. Dirt and grime gather from unknown sources. Get

ROYAL GEM VENEER

and Presto Everything is clean and bright again, as by magic. Very little rubbing required.

SEND FOR SAMPLE BOTTLE

The CAPITAL MFG. COMPANY
Ottawa - Ontario

Branch Office—67 Bleury St., Montreal.

The "Sunday" Vacuum Cleaner



IF you knew how often a perfectly "SUNDAY" cleaned house through lack of dust and dirt and microbes helped to fool the Doctor, you would not be without one for five times its value.

Microbes, moths and other things shiver when they hear that a SUNDAY VACUUM CLEANER with its 10 to 11 inches of vacuum is going to start looking them up.

The SUNDAY DOES what is claimed for it, sells on its merits not on its price. We cannot make it cheaper and maintain our FIXED STANDARD.

To agents. Our proposition is attractive, First Class machines and fair treatment.

The Ottawa Vacuum Cleaner

Manfg. Co., Limited

345 to 349 Dalhousie St. - Ottawa, Ont.

The SPOT-
LIGHT of
CRITICISM.

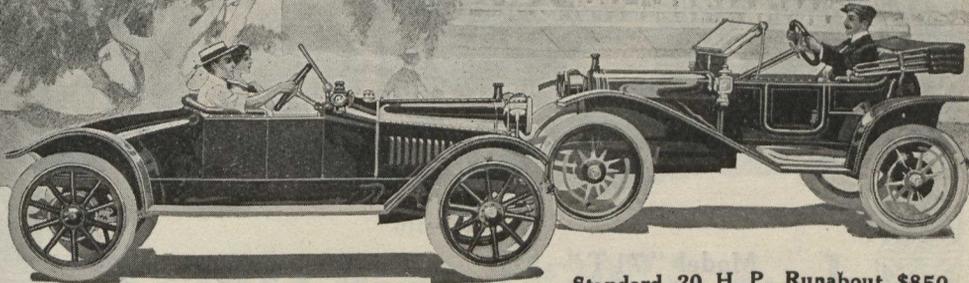


ON the road, The McLaughlin Car has the graceful, sweeping, speedy lines of a yacht. McLaughlin passengers ride in the acme of comfort and ease.

The spot light of expert criticism reveals the mechanical and constructive excellence of The McLaughlin. Mile after mile—year after year—its stout heart hums and the road rolls away behind like a ribbon. The McLaughlin engine is the consummation of many years of trained thought and skill and experience, working under the creed of simplicity and efficiency. To the man who knows engines, The McLaughlin inspires immediate confidence. To the man who runs a car, the absence of trouble, the sense of tremendous power under immediate and perfect control, is a wonderful and thrilling sensation.

Announcement regarding 1913 Models will appear in this magazine shortly.

McLAUGHLIN CARRIAGE CO., LIMITED, Oshawa, Ont.
Branches and Agencies in all large Centres.



Long-Stroke "32" Roadster, \$1000

F. O. B. Windsor, including equipment of windshield, gas lamps and generator oil lamps, tools and horn. Three speeds forward and reverse; center control; sliding gears. Four cylinder motor 3½-inch bore and 5½-inch stroke. Bosch magneto. 106-inch wheelbase: 32x33-inch tires. Color, Standard Hupmobile Blue. Touring Car, \$1000*

Standard 20 H. P. Runabout \$850

F. O. B. Windsor, with same power plant that took the world-touring car around the world—4 cylinders, 20 H. P., sliding gears. Bosch magneto. Equipped with top, windshield, gas lamps and generator, oil lamps tools and horn. Roadster. 110-inch wheelbase, \$950.

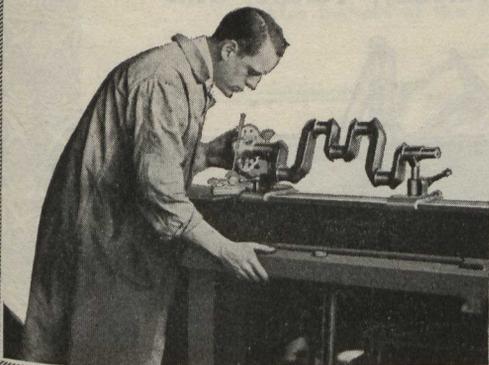
Hupmobile

\$850—\$1000

**The man, the machine and the material---
this new plant gets the best out of each.**

The same machinery that is used in the fine new Hupmobile plant is also used in those plants producing cars of the highest prices. The skilled mechanics engaged in the construction of the Hupmobile are paid the same high rate prevailing in plants producing the costliest cars.

The splendid shop organization has been developed to the same high state of efficiency and held practically intact from the inception of the company—under the engineering leadership of E. A. Nelson, the same man who has been responsible for the success of every previous model.



The materials which enter into every essential Hupmobile operation are precisely as fine—precisely the same in fact—as those used in cars of the largest and most expensive build.

Differences in size and differences in excess luxury, of course—differences in engineering ideals, in scrupulous workmanship, in trustworthy materials—emphatically no.

We believe the Hupmobile to be, in its class, the best car in the world.

HUPP MOTOR CAR COMPANY Desk C. Windsor, Ont.

Hupmobile crankshafts must prove themselves perfect and true—not once, but twice—before they are passed to the motor assembly.

The photographic reproduction shows the first—and most important—of the two tests.

The operator is testing the alignment of the main crankshaft bearings with an infallible little piece of mechanism.

This is a Brown & Sharpe dial indicator. It registers variations so minute and invisible to the naked eye as *one half of one thousandth of one inch.*

If the indicator shows even the slightest deflection from the correct size, the shaft is not acceptable.

After this the crankshaft is tested on "V" blocks, which hold it in exactly the same position as in actual running in the motor. Here the shaft must run absolutely true to center on all bearings to pass final inspection.

These tests—part of the every-day work in the production of the \$1000 Hupmobile—are precisely as accurate, precisely as rigid, the same all through as those applied to cars of three, four and five times the Hupmobile price.

Overland
1913

\$1950

(DUTY PAID)

Model "71 T"

Completely Equipped

*Complete Electric Light-
ing Outfit, Genera'or
and Storage Battery.
Self Starter.
45 Horsepower.*

*Tim'zon Bearings
Center Control
Wheel Base 114 inches
Brewster green bod'y,
ivory striped, nickel plated
and dead black trimming.*

*Warner Speedometer
Mohair Top and Boot.
Clear Vision Wind
Shield
Prestolite Tank*

THIS car is another Overland value which astonished the public in general and astounded the trade in particular. This, too, knocks to atoms all previous records. Nineteen Hundred and Fifty Dollars now buys you an automobile, large enough, big enough, powerful enough, sound enough and complete enough to compare in service, endurance and comfort with any car made *regardless of price.*

The above detailed specifications explain the value in a concise way. Here are the facts which represent this most remarkable motor car value.

For precisely the same reason that we can take what is the average \$1500 market value and give it to you for \$1325, so can we take the average \$2500 market value and give it to you for \$1950.

This model was designed to meet the requirements of those wanting a much

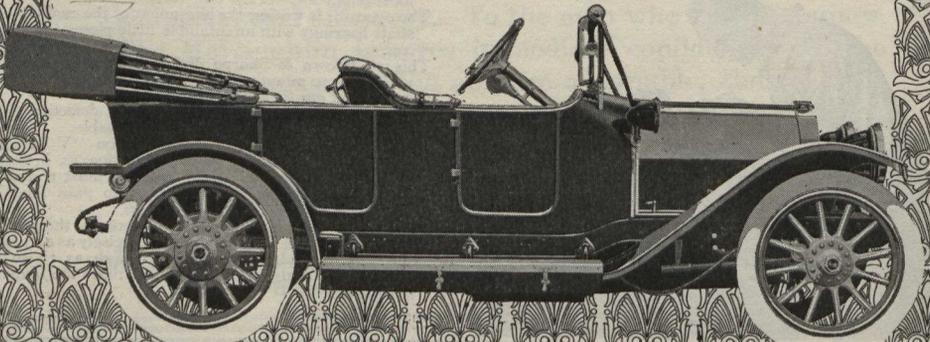
larger family touring car. We have incorporated into it every modern, practical and advanced convenience and comfort.

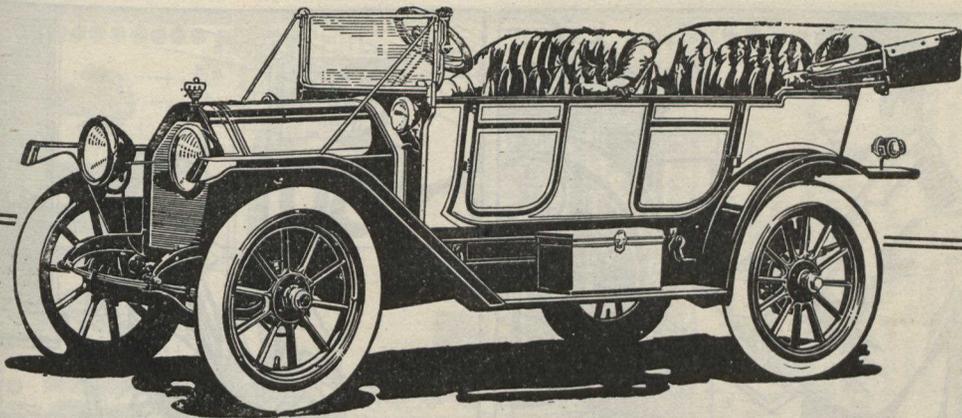
is fully equipped with the very best of everything. This means top—windshield—starter—gas tank—speedometer—in fact, every practical accessory made for automobiles. Nothing is lacking. It is electrically lighted throughout. This means all lights—head, side and tail. It has a very long wheel base—a remarkably powerful forty-five horsepower motor—and big tires.

The body of this car is finished in rich dark Brewster green. All metal parts are heavily nickel plated and trimmed in dead black. In appearance this is probably one of the most magnificent cars ever built.

Deliveries prompt, providing you take immediate action. Catalogue on request. Please ask for book J. 210.

The Willys-Overland Company, Toledo, Ohio





The 1913 Russell "30" is ready

Russell "30" Model "R" 1913 Touring Model	- -	\$2500
Russell "30" Model "R" 1913 Torpedo Model	- -	\$2600
Russell "30" Model "R" 1913 Torpedo Roadster Model		\$2550

There will be a big demand for this car. We are prepared to accept orders for it now, thereby insuring late Fall or early Spring delivery.

The 1913 Russell "30" surpasses in grace and elegance all previous models. Its many improvements, both in design and construction, enhance its outward beauty, provide greater riding comfort, give smoother running power and add to the simplicity of its control.

You will be charmed with this model: it is so essentially a Canadian's Car. There is about it a combination of dignity and power, plus that "something" which immediately denotes the owner's refinement and good taste. As a town car, it is incomparably luxurious. For hard touring service its strength is immense.

Briefly, the new features are:

1. Absence of all working parts on the body, allowing unbroken graceful lines to sweep the whole length of the car.
2. New self starter: electrically operated. Turn the switch and your car is ready to go.
3. Electric lighting by current generated in car's own dynamo. Press a button and you "light up."
4. 36-in. wheels and 4-in. tires, a combination to absorb all shock and cause less wear on tires.
5. Demountable rims so that road repairs may be avoided.
6. A spare rim with each car.
7. Motor fresh air pump driven by the car's own power.
8. Electrically lighted speedometer and clock in each car.

\$325 worth of extra equipment and labor has been built into the 1913 Russell "30" as compared with the 1912 model.

Send us your card for an advance descriptive pamphlet.

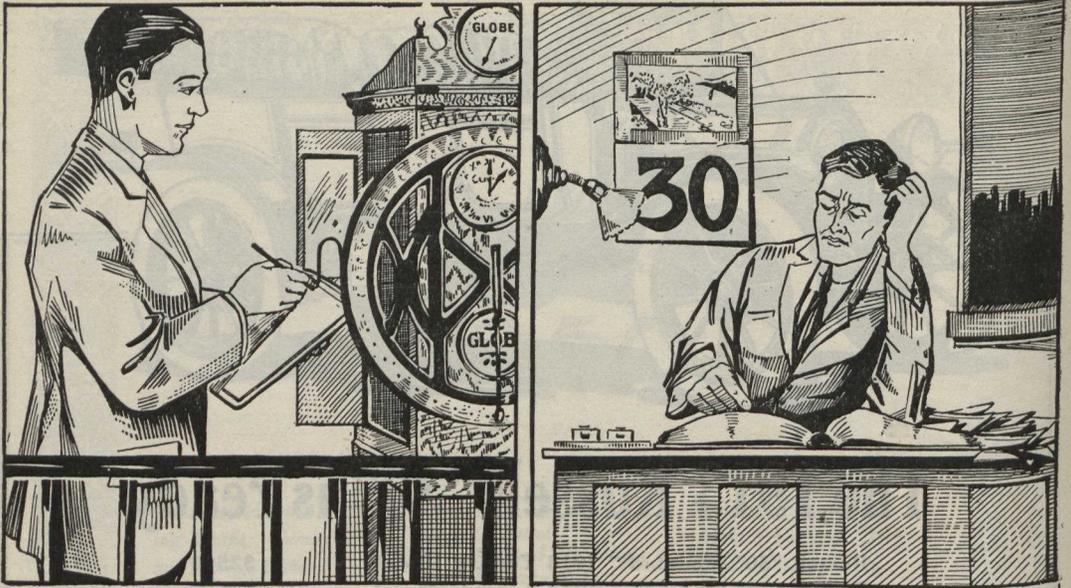
Also makers of the Famous Russell Knight Car.

Russel Motor Car Co.
Limited
WEST TORONTO



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DON'T let your profits leak out by neglecting to get the proper system of time recording. Your employees coming late or keeping irregular hours wastes your profits.

The **W. A. Wood Time Recorder** shows to a minute just what time you pay for. All lates and overtimes are marked automatically in red figures, regular time in a different color.

Whatever your business or how large, we can show you the best system of timekeeping for it.

Write for our illustrated Catalog. It is free and will prove very interesting to any up-to-date business man. Write now.

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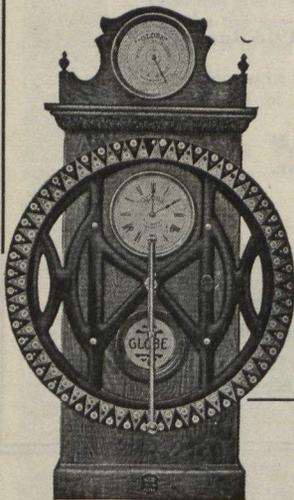
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40 ST. GEORGE ST., MONTREAL



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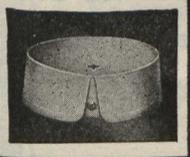
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Quand vient l'été.
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Sillage.
Bon Vieux Temps.
Jicky.
Chypre de Paris.
Tsao-Ko.

Eau de Cologne Hégémonienne.
Eau de Cologne Impériale.
Eau de Toilette Gardénia.
Eau du Coq.
Sapoceti, savon pour la toilette.
Crème de fraises.
Poudre Ladies in all Climates.
Rose du Moulin (rouge pour le visage).



CHALLENGE COLLARS

Acknowledge to be the finest creation of Water-proof Collars ever made. Ask to see, and buy no other. All stores or direct for 25c.

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CANCER

WITHOUT THE USE OF THE KNIFE.

With an early diagnosis and prompt treatment practically all accessible cancerous growths are curable. When writing for information describe case in which you are interested. Address

WALLACE E. BROWN, M. D.
(Formerly Drs. W. E. Brown & Son.)
North Adams, Mass.
Established thirty-five years.

HARTSHORN SHADE ROLLERS

Bear the script name of Stewart Hartshorn on label. Get "Improved," no tacks required.

Wood Rollers

Tin Rollers

PARIS—Grand Hotel Bergere and Maison Blanche

32-34 RUE BERGERE. Latest Comfort. Terms moderate. Centre of Business Section. Near Grands Boulevards and Bourse.

TO submit to a headache is to waste energy, time and comfort. To stop it at once simply take

NA-DRU-CO Headache Wafers

Your Druggist will confirm our statement that they do not contain anything that can harm heart or nervous system. 25c. a box.

NATIONAL DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO. OF CANADA, LIMITED. 124

"Sovereign" Hot Water Boiler



ON the outside it looks very much like other makes of standard boilers. But there is a wealth of difference in the larger first section on the inside.

*The source of true comfort
and satisfaction, indoors,
during the winter time.*

THE building specifications for your new house will give you the choice of several "good makes" of hot water boilers. The "Sovereign" will be one of the "good makes" named.

BEFORE making your decision as to which boiler you will have installed, enquire whether the

"SOVEREIGN"

has not some superior and exclusive points of merit. You will learn that it has

MADE BY

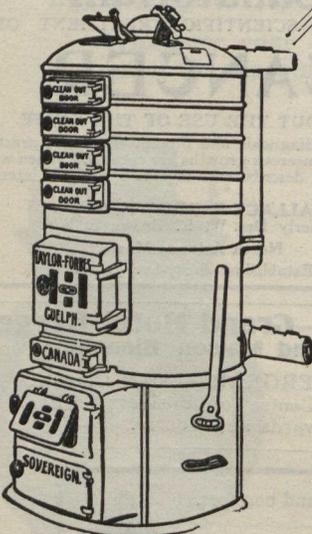
TAYLOR-FORBES COMPANY LIMITED

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MONTREAL: 246 Craig Street West

ST. JOHN, N.B.; 32 Dock Street

WINNIPEG: Vulcan Iron Works



VANCOUVER: 1070 Horner Street
QUEBEC: Mechanics' Supply Co.



The Royal Line

to Europe

"Luxury with Economy"

3 Days on the Atlantic

The St. Lawrence Route

No more magnificent river trip can be found anywhere else in the world. A two-day sail down the mighty, placid river on the splendid Royal Mail Steamships

ROYAL EDWARD
ROYAL GEORGE

—two days of unequalled scenic and historic interest—then a little more than *three days on the Atlantic* to Bristol (Avonmouth). Special express trains whisk the traveller to LONDON IN TWO HOURS.

These steamers are in a class by themselves in Appointment, Seaworthiness and Beauty of Interior.

The Private Suites of Apartments; luxurious Public Cabins treated after historic periods in decorative art, are unexcelled by anything on the Atlantic.

For all information apply to steamship agents, or to the following general agents of the Company—

H. C. Bourlier, 52 King St. East, Toronto, Ont. J. B. Hoseason, 226-30 St. James Street, Montreal, P.Q. P. Mooney, 123 Hollis St., Halifax, N. S. A. H. Davis, 272 Main St., Winnipeg, Man.



"Highlands of Ontario"



BIG GAME



TIMAGAMI MOOSE HEAD.

Deer and Moose

abound in all that district known as the "Highlands of Ontario" reached by

Grand Trunk Railway System

OPEN SEASON

DEER—November 1st to November 15th inclusive.

MOOSE—November 1st to November 15th inclusive. In some of the northern districts

of Ontario, including Timagami, the open season is from October 16th to November 15th inclusive.

Open Season for Small Game in Province of Ontario.

DUCKS—September 15th to December 15th inclusive.

GEESE—September 15th to April 15th inclusive.

PLOVER—September 15th to December 15th inclusive.

QUAIL—November 15th to December 1st inclusive.

PARTRIDGE—October 15th to November

15th inclusive.

SNIPE—September 15th to December 15th inclusive.

WOODCOCK—October 1st to November 15th inclusive.

HARES—October 1st to December 15th inclusive.

SQUIRRELS—November 15th to December 1st inclusive.

Write to the undersigned agents for copy of "Haunts of Fish and Game" containing maps, Game Laws, and all particulars.

A. E. DUFF, Union Station, Toronto, Ont.

W. E. DAVIS
Passenger Traffic Manager
MONTREAL

J. QUINLAN, Bonaventure Station, Montreal, Que.

G. T. BELL
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MONTREAL

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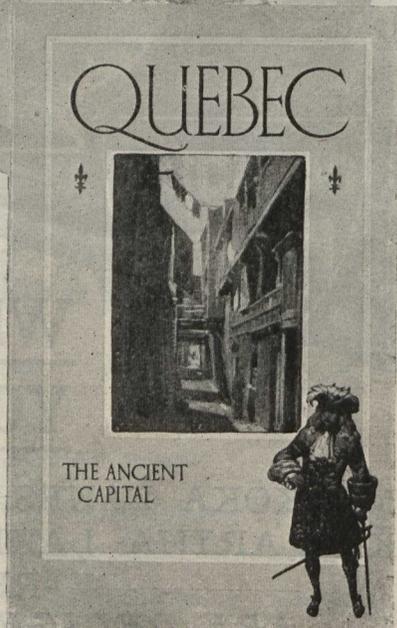
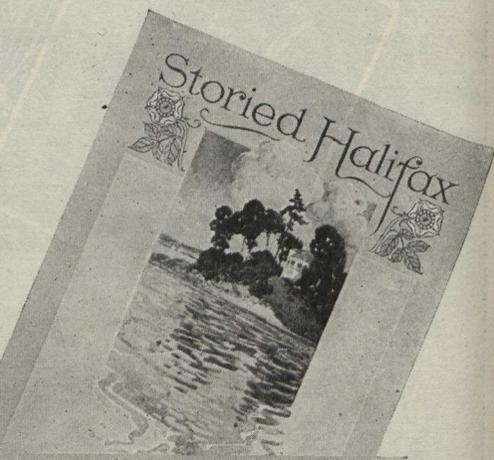
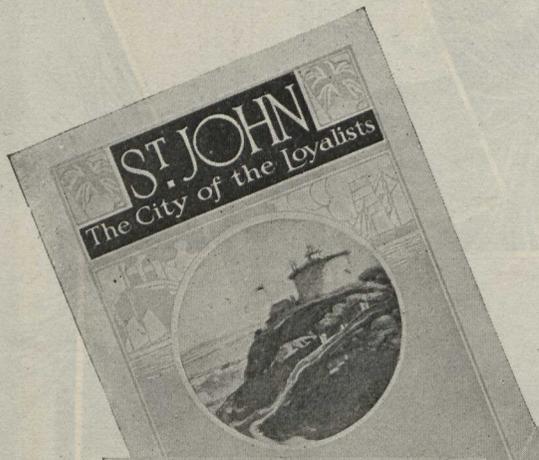
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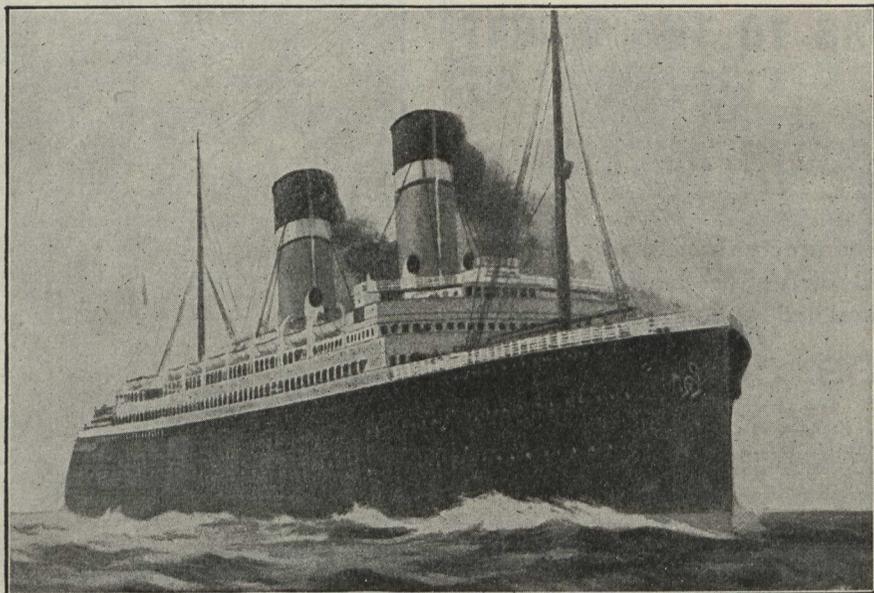
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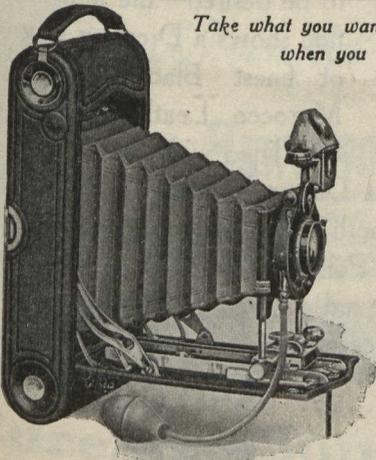
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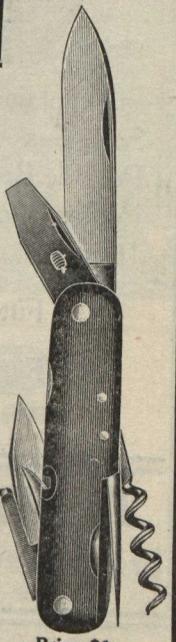
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No need to suffer bunion torture another day

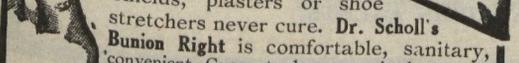
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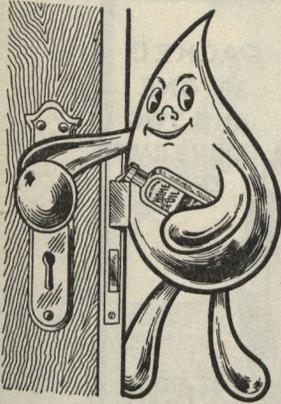
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O.K.

Send me another
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O'Keefe's
PILSENER LAGER

"The Beer That is Always O.K."

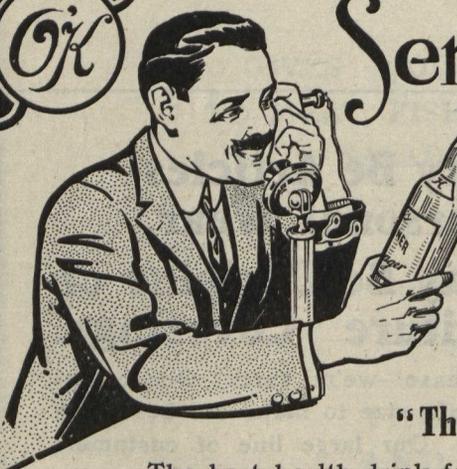
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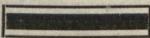




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Made under Government Inspection.



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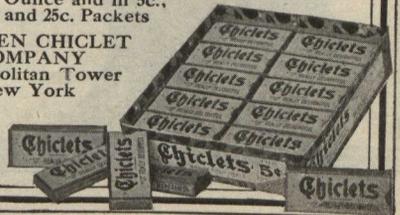
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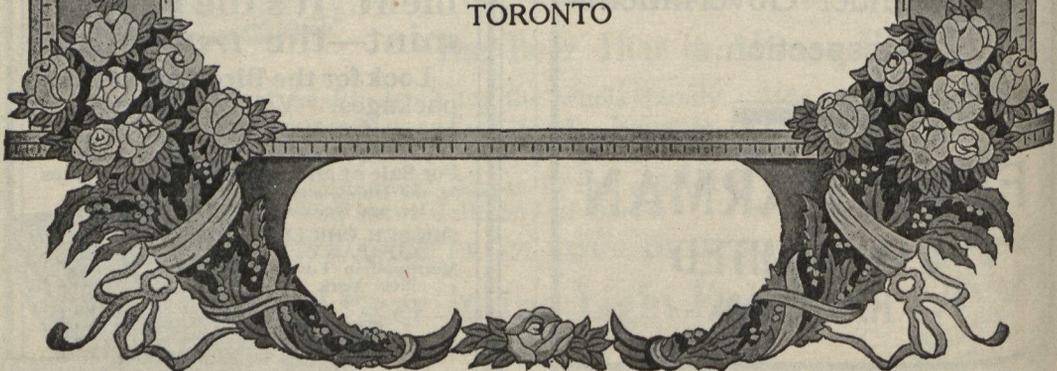
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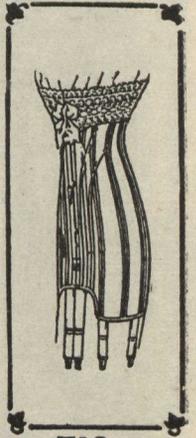
It is ideal for the short or medium figure. This model, when combined with the straight loose fit of the tailored garment, gives the wearer the fashionable effect which is so much sought after by stylishly-dressed women.

This corset is made of French coutil, daintly trimmed with lace, ribbon and bow, and has six suspenders, hook and draw string. It is boned entirely with duplex steel and stopped with silk.

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718

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"Macey" Sectional Bookcases have proven their superiority over all others so exclusively as to leave no room for argument, their universal popularity putting them in the best homes and offices in Canada.

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Pure Jam made from freshly picked ripe fruit and granulated sugar.

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This silverware is backed by an actual test of sixty-five years, and is guaranteed by the largest makers. For sale by leading dealers everywhere.

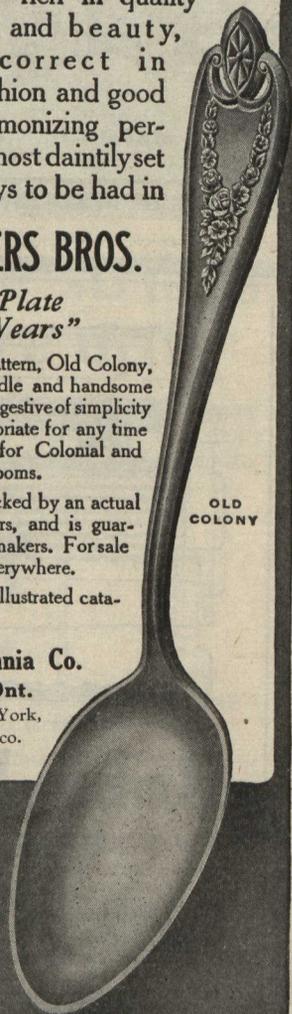
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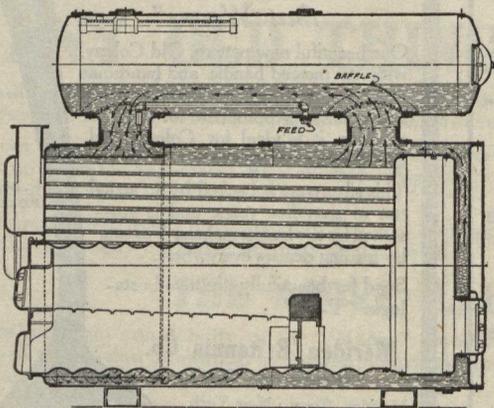
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Infants and invalids
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—the best food for
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GIVES
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without Pump or other device.

Its combustion chamber is a complete cylinder—requires no crown-bar or girder stays. Ask for bulletin 3.

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Can't bite your tongue! Never did have teeth! Take it straight, that's why all the pipe-shy boys are swinging their old T. D.'s into action.

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Sold in tidy 2 oz. red tins, handy for the pocket.

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"Last spring my sister and I tried your dyes for the first time. We had such success that we decided that we would have regular Diamond Dye days this fall, so for three days this week we have been getting ready for the fall with Diamond Dyes.

My eldest daughter graduated last June, so she will go out a good deal this winter. We made her two party dresses—one a new Baby Blue charmeuse and the other a gray crepe de chine that I dyed from a soiled pink of last year. Then I got a ——— pattern and we made her such a stylish tan serge suit. I had the serge in a white gown for three years.

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MRS. FREDERICK LELAND.

You can make new gowns by making new colors—you can brighten up and renew your wardrobe with Diamond Dyes.

You can transform the colors of draperies, curtains, rugs, and carpets.

Diamond Dyes are the magic workers of the home.

Diamond Dyes

There are two classes of Diamond Dyes—one for Wool or Silk, the other for Cotton, Linen, or Mixed Goods. Diamond Dyes for Wool or Silk now come in **Blue** envelopes. And, as heretofore, those for Cotton, Linen, or Mixed Goods are in **White** envelopes.

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Our experience of over thirty years has proven that **no one dye will successfully color every fabric.**

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Wool and Silk are animal fibre fabrics. **Cotton and Linen** are vegetable fibre fabrics. "**Union**" or **Mixed** goods are 60% to 80% Cotton—so must be treated as vegetable fibre fabrics.

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For these reasons we manufacture **one class** of Diamond Dyes for coloring Cotton, Linen, or Mixed Goods, and **another class** of Diamond Dyes for coloring Wool or Silk, so that you may obtain the **very best** results on **EVERY** fabric.

REMEMBER: To get the **best possible** results in coloring Cotton, Linen, or Mixed Goods, use the **Diamond Dyes manufactured especially for Cotton, Linen, or Mixed Goods.**

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Diamond Dyes are sold at the uniform price of 10c per package.

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Made over from a white serge dyed tan.



Made over from a white voile dyed pink.

For rising young men!

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LA SALLE, Illinois was named after a man who was always up early in the morning. — The men whose names go ringing past their century usually see the dawn before the rest of the world.

Robert Cavelier, Sieur de La Salle was always on the march towards the Golden West before 7 A. M.—And out at La Salle, the *Westclox* people design sleepmeters for

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Big Ben is an admirable example of these clockmakers' skill.—Slender, handsome, yet massive, he stands 7 inches tall with clean-cut, well shaped hands and a frank, friendly face, distinctly visible in the dim morning light.

He rings just when you want and either way you want, *five straight minutes* or *every other half minute during ten minutes* unless you flag him off.—His keys are large, strong, pleasing to wind—his voice deep, cheerful, pleasing to hear.

Big Ben is sold by 5,000 Canadian dealers. His price is \$3.00 anywhere.—If you cannot find him at your dealer's, a money order sent to his designers, *Westclox, La Salle, Illinois*, will bring him to you attractively boxed and duty charges paid.

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Depends upon everyday food to renew the loss of yesterday.

You can't make a keen, bright "thinker" from badly selected food.

There are certain elements in the field grains that Old Dame Nature must have to build good, strong, working grey matter in brain and nerve centres.

These things are scientifically incorporated in the world-famous Brain Food

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Made by a perfect mechanical process from high grade cocoa beans, scientifically blended, it is of the

finest quality, full strength and absolutely pure and healthful.

Sold in 1/5 lb., 1/4 lb., 1/2 lb. and 1 lb. cans, net weight.

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