

The Canadian Courier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

A RENTED SANTA CLAUS

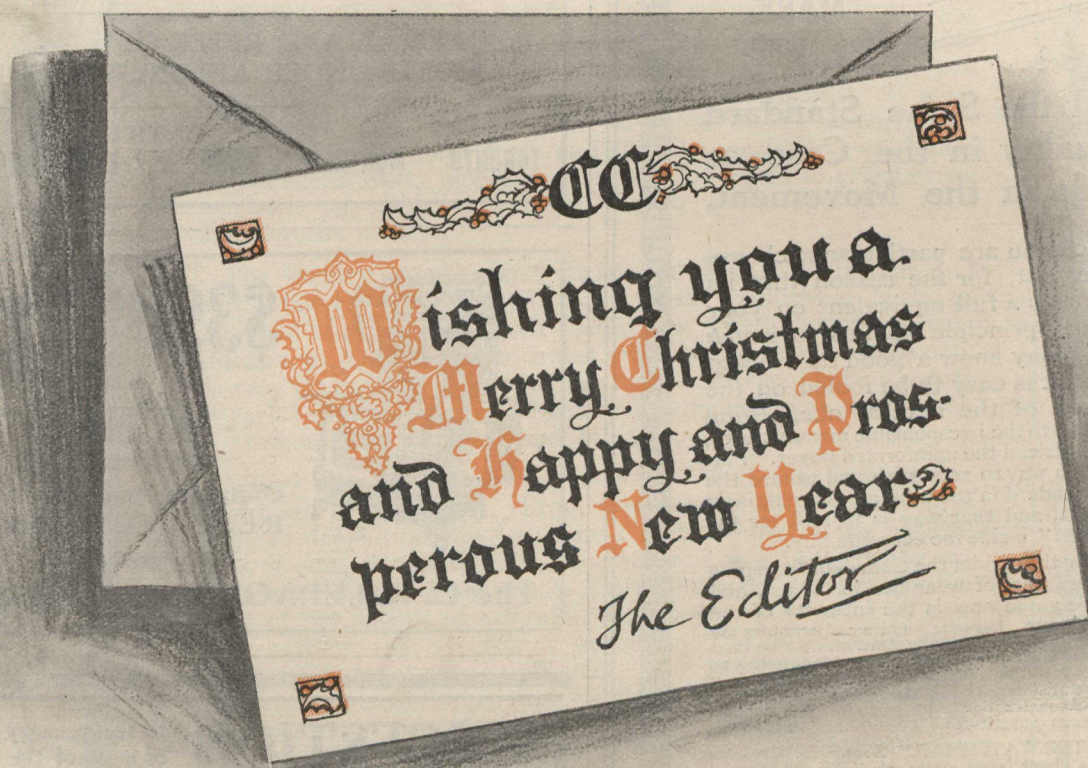
STORY BY MADGE MACBETH

CITY GOVERNMENT BY COMMISSION

BY R. MEEK

SOME RECENT PLAYS

BY J. E. WEBBER



EDITED BY JOHN A. COOPER

COURIER PRESS, Limited, TORONTO

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arouses the stomach to action, promotes the flow of gastric juice and gives tone to the whole system.

Big Bottle

Ask YOUR Doctor



The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

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

VOL. XI.

TORONTO

NO. 4

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Editor's Talk

HAVING referred, in last week's issue, to the editorial department's plans for 1912, we brought the business manager into the editorial office and asked him if there was anything he would like to say. He thought the matter over and produced the following "Editor's Talk":

Publishing a periodical or newspaper may be likened to conducting a large manufacturing plant where batches of thousands of articles exactly the same are made and sold to the consumer. The more that are made at one time the cheaper the cost per article.

The editorial department is the factory. You must turn out well made goods. Your raw material has to be up to the mark. Your workmanship must be of the very best. Moreover, you must keep abreast of the times. Nothing stands still. It must progress or drop behind. You say this week's imperfection will be overcome next week and like the machinist, who takes advantage of every new invention, you are going to grasp every available opportunity to improve your goods and give good value for the money.

The factory cannot exist without a sales organization and hence the circulation department in the publishing business. The best of goods do not sell themselves. With customers from Halifax to Vancouver our sales organization must necessarily be very large. Our sales manager must have capable lieutenants at each territorial centre. Each and every salesman must work in harmony and produce clean business.

Where does the advertising come in? Well, that is what you might call a by-product. From a revenue standpoint, we have come to depend on this by-product and because of the natural laws of competition the increased revenue produced by the existence of advertising has made it possible to fix the subscription price of periodicals at a figure much lower than would be possible without the advertising revenue. The advertising sales organization must also be efficient. The article they sell is not tangible. It is the opportunity offered to the manufacturer to reach through printed matter all of our readers. Our advertising manager must show proof of the total number of our subscribers, where they live and their occupation. He also must be very careful only to accept advertisements of legitimate goods.

Lastly, in every business organization there must be a book-keeping and collection department.

The best results can be obtained for the reader, the advertiser and the publisher when these departments show team work. It is just this team work that has brought the "Canadian Courier" to its present condition, and as the business expands and develops it will be this team work that will bring continued success.

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THE WATER OF QUALITY
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BABY'S OWN SOAP

Ideal for toilet, nursery and bath.

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Try a glass of Cosgrave's new Golden Gate Beer the next time you feel thirsty.

It is becoming the first choice of every one who appreciates a beer that is both delicious and wholesome.


Cosgrave's Golden Gate BEER

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WHEN YOU USE

Old Dutch Cleanser



Full directions and many uses on Large Sifter-Can 10¢



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SOLD DIRECT TO CONSUMER.
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WHITE HORSE WHISKY
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Great age and fine bouquet with guarantee of purity are its recommendation.

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GILBEY'S INVALID PORT
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A TONIC WINE

For sale by the best Wine Merchants
(Ask for GILBEY'S Invalid Port—the original brand—and avoid substitutes.)

H13

IN LIGHTER VEIN

Trusting Fully.—The late Meredith Townsend had an affection for Scotsmen as contributors to the Spectator, of which he was for so many years proprietor and co-editor. Mr. Townsend's liking for the Scots was based on an experience he had in Leith when a boy. He was on a holiday, and had run short of money for his return to London. He boldly boarded a London passenger boat, intimated his desire to the captain to go south, explained who he was, and stated that he was without funds. Seemingly favorably impressed by the lad's tale and appearance, the captain, a Scot, said that would be all right, and showed him to a cabin.

"But," said young Townsend, "this is a saloon. As things are, steerage would do all right."

"Na, na, my mannie," said the captain; "if I trust ye at all, I'll trust ye first-class!"

Practical.—Mrs. Howard—"And so two of your sons are Boy Scouts? Where do they do most of their reconnoitering?"

Mrs. Coward—"In our refrigerator."
—Life.

"Moral" Realists.—William Dean Howells is a stout opponent of those novelists who, under the pretext of reforming their readers, write books about vice.

"Such writers," said Mr. Howells, at a luncheon at Kittery Point, Me., "remind me of a lad whose mother said to him:

"Why, Johnny, I do believe you're teaching that parrot to swear!"

"No, I'm not, mother," the boy replied; "I'm just telling it what it mustn't say."—New York Tribune.

Pertinent Question.—Yeast—"He's spent a fortune, you know, on irrigation."

Crimsonbeak—"Is that so? Land or throat?"—Yonkers Statesman.

Good Business.—A West Virginia dinky, a blacksmith, recently announced a change in his business as follows: "Notice—De co-partnership heretofore resisting between me and Mose Skinner is hereby resolved. Dem what owe de firm will settle wid me, and dem what de firm owes will settle with Mose."—National Corporation Reporter.

As Usual.—Clara—"While I was playing whist with Mrs. Singleton last evening, she asked me what was the trump at least six times."

Maude—"Weren't you provoked?"

Clara—"I should say so! As if I knew!"—Puck.

The Fashion.—Probably the most typical illustration of modern culture was the reply of a lady who had been enthusiastic over the Wagnerian cycle, and "when I asked her to tell me quite honestly, as between old friends, if she really enjoyed it, replied: 'Oh, yes! I think one likes Wagner—doesn't one?'"

It Ought To.—"Fan," said George, "you know how I feel toward you. Do you reciprocate?"

"George," Fan said, with a sly glance, "does this mean annexation?"
—Chicago Tribune.

Going One Better.—"We surprised all our friends by getting married."
"Good enough. Now surprise 'em by staying married."—Washington Herald.

How the Row Started.—"George," she asked, "if we were both young and single again would you want me to be your wife?"

"Now, my dear," he absent-mindedly replied, "what's the use of trying to start a quarrel just as we have settled down to enjoy a quiet evening?"
—Chicago Record-Herald.

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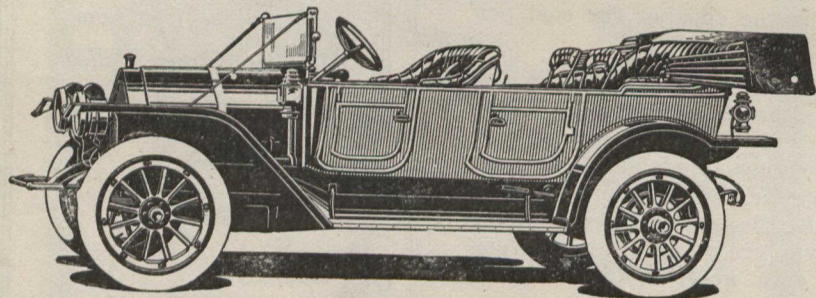
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Models from \$2,350 upward.

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There is no discounting the value of actual experience. This letter is typical of many constantly received from satisfied owners of the Russell Car.

Russell Motor Car Co., Limited,
Montreal Branch.

Dear Sirs:—

I have great pleasure in certifying that the "38" Russell Motor touring car bought from you in June last has given full satisfaction in every respect. The car has already, up to this date, travelled over nine thousand miles, and except for minor details there has been no necessity for repairs on it.

My experience in Motor Cars for the last few years teaches me that we cannot choose a better car than the Russell Knight.

I take occasion also to remark that the treatment received at your hands and staff has always been of the very best, you are always ready to give the best service and your cordiality is beyond reproach. I can testify to your straight and strict business principles.

Yours very truly,

(Signed) J. G. AVARD.

J. G. Avard & Co.,
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O'KEEFE'S "PILSENER"
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**The O'Keefe Brewery Co
of Toronto, Limited**

The CANADIAN COURIER

A National Weekly.

Vol. XI

December 23, 1911

No. 4

MEN OF

TO-DAY

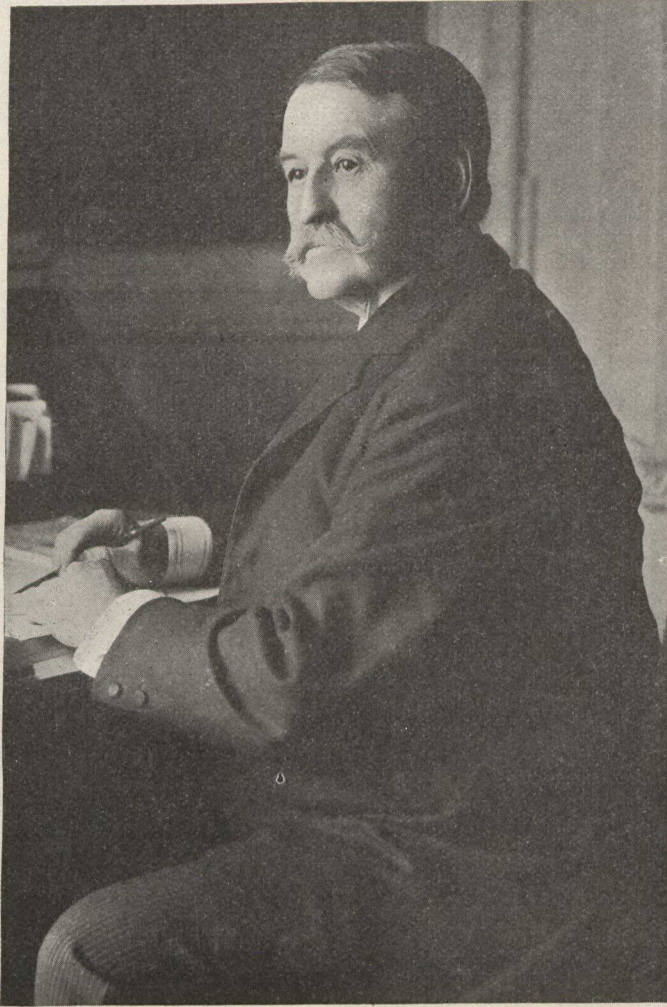
Sir Edward Grey, Peace-maker.

WHEN Sir Edward Grey speaks, it is an occasion. He is called the Sphinx of English public life. Recently, Britain's Foreign Secretary delivered his utterance upon the Moroccan imbroglio. This was his second speech this year; the other being his famous announcement of the Arbitration Treaty between Great Britain and the United States, delivered last spring. Grey is chief diplomat for the nation. It would never do for a diplomat to be a blabber; and just as fatal to his success would it be were he incapable of speaking out straight at the right moment. Sir Edward, for months, slides into his seat in the House with that peculiar jerk, which is his style of gait, and never opens his mouth. But there comes a time, like the Moroccan crisis, when he arises and has the whole world for an audience. A unique man is Grey. He would fit well into a novel of the Oppenheim type, this man of the delicately-chiselled, aesthetic face, whose far-away eyes would give the impression of aloofness from the drama of life about him; when, in reality as master of the mysteries of the Foreign Office, he is the silent mover of mighty forces behind the scenes of nations. Sir Edward is one of the loneliest appearing men in Europe. He was brought up a solitary. His father died and left him, a child, to the care of his grandfather, Sir George Grey. The Foreign Secretary likes nothing better than to be by himself on long rambles in the Cheviots or Highlands. While he is trout fishing, his mind may wander at will to Persia, the Congo or Morocco; for the world is Grey's province. Sir Edward is a protege of Cromer in diplomacy. He began his political career six months after Asquith. Under the Tory regime, he was allied with the Liberal-Imperialists. He bitterly disappointed his political godfathers, Lords Rosebery and Cromer, when he took a seat in the Campbell-Bannerman Cabinet. His allegiance to the Liberals was due largely to his friendship with "The little Welsh attorney," Lloyd-George. Sir Edward Grey is the logical successor of Asquith as head of the Liberals. This Christmas, as six months ago, the Foreign Secretary gives to the world the assurance that he is a "peace-maker."

* * *

The Knight of Queen's Park.

SIR JAMES WHITNEY has just received an early Christmas box from the people of Ontario, being presented with the office of Prime Minister for a third term. The locks about his leonine head, perhaps, are a little more grey, but Sir James emerges from the present campaign the same Mr. Whitney, who ranged the hustings of Ontario, crying down the "iniquities" of the Ross Government in those tempestuous weeks of the year 1905. His eyes, in repose, thoughtful, almost brooding eyes, still glare at the scent of battle. His powerful sledge-hammer voice which those who lionize him speak of reverently as "his roar," has lost none of its vigour. Sir James did some plain speaking in this election. He is nothing if not a plain man. Garbed in a sack suit and



SIR JAMES PLINY WHITNEY
Who was returned to power in the Ontario elections.

slouch hat, he welcomed Earl Grey and the School Cadets of Toronto in Queen's Park last June. Every morning he rides a bicycle from his St. George St. house to his parliamentary office. The election returns of the other night he received in his dressing gown. Blunt, honest, belligerent, contained, Sir James Pliny Whitney has once more seized the imagination of the people as the robust democrat of Canadian politics.

* * *

"The Second Generation."

CHAIRMAN of the Committee on Banking and Commerce in the Federal House, is Mr. Herbert Brown Ames, M.P., St. Antoine Division, Montreal. Mr. Ames was a strong cabinet possibility when the slate was being drawn up. His health has been bothering him, however. Mr. Ames is one of the leaders of the Conservative party. Politics for years has been his great hobby. He is one of the wealthy younger sons of Montreal, a rare example in Canada of the "second generation" wholly employed in "settling the affairs of the nation." Youths in America, who inherit wealth, frequently become "dinner-givers." H. B. Ames never was a "man-about-town." Just as soon as he graduated from Amherst College, Mass., in 1885, whither his affluent father sent him, he became interested in Montreal politics. He started at the bottom of the ladder, serving as alderman from 1898 to 1906. In the latter year he became M.P. Mr. Ames knows the political game down to the ground. A champion of electoral purity, he has tried to play fair. He never gives quarter nor asks any of his opponents. He is cold in manner, intellectual, and possesses wonderful capacity for detail and organization. It is a standing joke in the political clubs of Montreal, that if a stranger happens to pass through Ames' constituency, he is sure to get a letter from the chief of the Member's organization the next day.

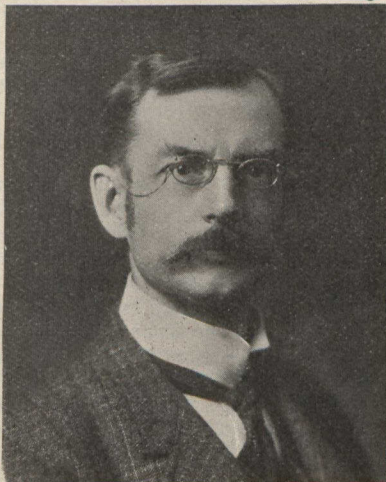
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Hon. Frank Cochrane's Successor.

NEW ONTARIO, an issue in the recent provincial elections in Ontario, is likely to bulk largely on the programme at the next session of the Legislature. The new Minister of Lands, Forests and Mines, in the Whitney Cabinet, Hon. W. H. Hearst, hails from that district. He is a Sault Ste. Marie lawyer. The man who succeeds Cochrane was born in Arran Township, County of Bruce, 48 years ago; educated at Collingwood Collegiate. He studied law with the late Judge Masson, in Owen Sound. He came into the Legislature on the tide of the Conservative triumph in 1905. Mr. Hearst has had some slight acquaintance with his new position. He immediately stepped into the breach after Mr. Cochrane packed his grip for Ottawa. His constituency returned him last week.

* * *

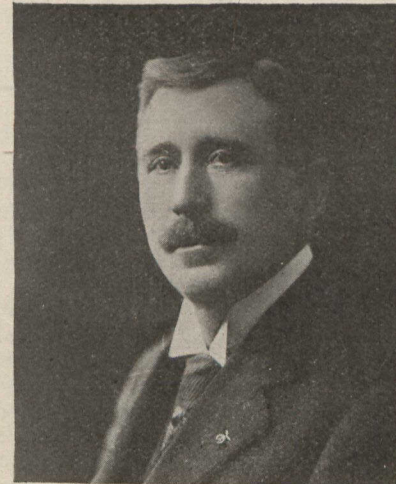
W. H. Clawson, Ph.D., a young Harvard man, who lectures in English to freshmen at the University of Toronto, was chuckling in his study the other day. One freshman had handed him an essay, "The Manufacture of Gunpowder," which opened with this auspicious sentence, "No substance has contributed so pre-eminently to the upliftment of humanity as gunpowder."



H. B. AMES, M.P., Montreal
Appointed Chairman, House Committee on Banking and Commerce.



SIR EDWARD GREY
Prominent on the stage of European politics.



HON. W. H. HEARST
The successor of Hon. F. Cochrane in the Ontario Government.

A Rented Santa Claus

By MADGE MACBETH

KATHLEEN PALMER sat in her lavender-tinted morning room and reflectively sucked the end of a small silver pencil. She was both enjoying and chafing under the responsibilities that her return from a five year's sojourn upon the European continent had thrust on her.

She timed her home coming with the Christmas holidays and planned to burst into the place she had left, with all the brilliancy her wealth and position warranted. She also had romantic ideas of being a Lady Bountiful to the inhabitants of the neighbouring town of Selby, as well as the tenants of the "Melton" estate, and she could think of no better way to accomplish both ends than by giving a huge Christmas party. Upon the details of this project she was bending her thoughts, but receiving scant inspiration from the little silver pencil, Kathleen touched a bell at her elbow. When its summons was answered, she sent for Miss Lampton.

"I don't seem to get on very well with the details for the party," she complained as the older woman sat down. "I have only thirty names here, and I should have at least fifty to make the thing a go; the truth is that I have forgotten the people I used to know."

"It is a pity that your aunt happens to be in Egypt just now," murmured Miss Lampton. "She could have taken hold of everything with no trouble at all. Couldn't you wait until she gets back?"

"Mercy, no!" cried the girl sharply. "Live here for two or three months with only the Society Column of the paper as an amusement! I may be frivolous-minded and all that, but I want to go to balls, and suppers, and house parties—I want to know people my own age, and have an ad-ripping good time!"

Kathleen checked herself none too soon. She had nearly said an "adventure," but not quite! Never in all her continental experience had she known an adventure; Miss Lampton, practical and conscientious to a degree, was not a conducive medium. She felt that if she could keep her charge out of entanglements her reward would be greater than if she sentimentally neglected her duty. And Kathleen had not seemed to notice this until they were actually back in New York. Then she saw Him! He had evidently come to meet his mother who had been shockingly ill on the voyage—too ill to make any acquaintances. He noticed her just enough to make her wish He would go a little further. Her trunks were examined first, and He and his mother stood near waiting their turn. The customs officer seemed inclined to be lenient at first, but when he had striven futilely to push his hand into the largest trunk, which was packed with the heaviest things after the manner of a conjuror's box, he lost his good humour and began to search for "tricks."

"What is this in the bottom?" he asked, purple in the face from his exertions. "Liquor?"

"Certainly not!" cried Kathleen, indignantly.

"Oh, you can't fool me!" replied the officer, tugging away at the article in question. He was bent into the shape of a crooked horse-shoe, and except for being angry, Kathleen would have laughed. "I feel the bottles."

"I have no bottles," denied the girl.

"We'll see," snapped the man, piling suits, shoes, books and boxes on the floor.

Kathleen looked at Him, and meeting his eyes a deep blush overspread her face. She loathed herself for being obliged to stand meekly by and be bullied by this insolent official. She hated the contents of her trunk as she saw them exposed to His eyes and was conscious of wishing it had been one of the trunks containing her fine clothes. His mother offered a few words of sympathy and he echoed them even while a tiny smile of amusement flickered about his lips. She felt that he was the sort of man who bowed to the inevitable gracefully, and one upon whom to rely. The officer's perspiring efforts were rewarded, and he presently brought to light a pair of Indian clubs.

"I told you so," volunteered Miss Lampton, who was feminine, if not sentimental.

After that He talked to Kathleen while the other

trunks were opened, and when everything was examined his mother asked them to have lunch with her, but Miss Lampton's rigid sense of propriety was outraged and her refusal left no room for further parley. From force of long habit the girl obediently followed her companion—who had lately been governess—into a taxi which He had summoned, and their leave taking was as formal as even she could wish. They had never discussed Him since, for Miss Lampton's rigorous conscience had warped her sentimentality and imagination, to say nothing of poetic expression, and she would have been wholly shocked and unsympathetic had Kathleen confessed that she had fallen in love with a chance stranger—a man who had compellingly, yet tender eyes, a firm but smiling mouth, a powerful but supple figure, and a low, caressing voice. She flushed hotly, thinking how strongly and tenderly he could hold a girl in his arms, and she tried hard not to allow such unmaidenly conjectures to intrude upon her day's routine. But the fact remained that she hoped constantly that he might be some one's brother, or a visiting cousin or the like, for the



Old Saint Nick burst into the brilliantly lighted room.

Drawn by A. Lismer.

Christmas party would not be a success without Him.

"Thank goodness I have the children all arranged for," said Kathleen. "Parkins has seen to the inviting of them—a hundred! They will come at six, play games, and see the tree—which means getting their presents. Then they will have supper and be sent home in the big busses. The grown-ups are asked especially to amuse them."

"Who will give the presents?" asked practical Miss Lampton.

"Why, Santa Claus, of course."

"And whom have you selected for Santa Claus?"

"That is just the trouble," sighed the philanthropist. "There is no one amongst all the guests who fits the part I want him to play. I have even thought of the servants! Here is where a brother or a second cousin or a lover would come in," she exclaimed. "Every other girl has some one but me!"

And for the life of her, Miss Lampton could see no reason for the burning blush which dyed Kathleen's face; she had forgotten all about Him. She made a second suggestion, however, and thereby hangs this tale.

"What about Blackmore's?" she inquired.

Those who do not grasp the entire significance of this question are worse than ignorant, they are

senile. Blackmore's, the Universal Provider, the World's Carry-all, the Palatial What-not! Blackmore's, the Colossal Emporium, where a demand has never been refused; where a live, white elephant with trappings was provided on six hours notice; where a whole Maori village was imported to please the passing whim of a Duchess; where Botocudo warriors, Turkish dancers, Yogi, where marmosets and trained crocodiles are to be bought or rented!

Why not a Santa Claus?

A telegram was immediately dispatched to Blackmore's:

Can you provide a Santa Claus on Christmas Eve at six o'clock? Must be refined, good at repartee and fond of children. Also conversant with Nursery Rhymes and Fairy Tales. Wire.

K. PALMER.

And within the shortest possible time this answer was received:

Order filled. Satisfaction guaranteed. Santa Claus arrives on the 5.55 Xmas Eve.

R. BLACKMORE.

After that, preparations for the coming festivities seemed to go with delightful smoothness. A huge chimney, looking like a giant's coffin standing on end, was built so that Santa might make a sensational entrance in the approved manner near the great tree in the library. Shopping expeditions to town were daily affairs, toy shops were depleted, caterers interviewed and musicians engaged.

But Reginald Blackmore, who took a personal interest in filling the young heiress's order was nonplussed to find that he had no suitable Santa Claus in the People To Rent Department. Such a calamity was unrecorded in the history of the establishment. There was Mr. O'Mara, but he was engaged for a holiday burlesque in which he was to impersonate "Tay Pay"—and he did it very well, too! Old Parsons was busily conning over volumes of New Thought, the Lake School and Swedenborgism preparatory to taking part in a serious debate to be given in the coming week. Count Moreni, the star linguist of the Emporium was bespoken for a cosmopolitan dinner to be given by a forceful woman who beat upon Society's door with a bludgeon. There were many more but none who were disengaged or suitable in Reginald Blackmore's opinion for Miss Palmer's party.

At last, on the 23rd of December, when the proprietor of the Palatial What-not had almost decided to make a personal tour amongst the numerous departments in order that he might pick out a floor walker or a particularly pleasing salesman for the role, he was informed that six male applicants had presented themselves at the People To Rent Department. With hopeful steps, Mr. R. Blackmore walked quickly through the half mile of lingerie; instantly he spotted his man—a little too tall for the part, perhaps, but ideal in every other way. He had a low, clear voice which sounded hearty enough, he was certainly well bred, his eyes were

at once twinkling and serious, and he seemed anxious for a position. Mr. Blackmore waved him into a private office.

"Are you at all clever?" he asked with embarrassing frankness.

"No," answered the young man with equal candour, "but I don't confess it to every one. Modesty forbids my saying more."

"Have you ever taken part in private theatricals?"

"Undoubtedly my best trick," was the prompt answer. "Is there a part for me?"

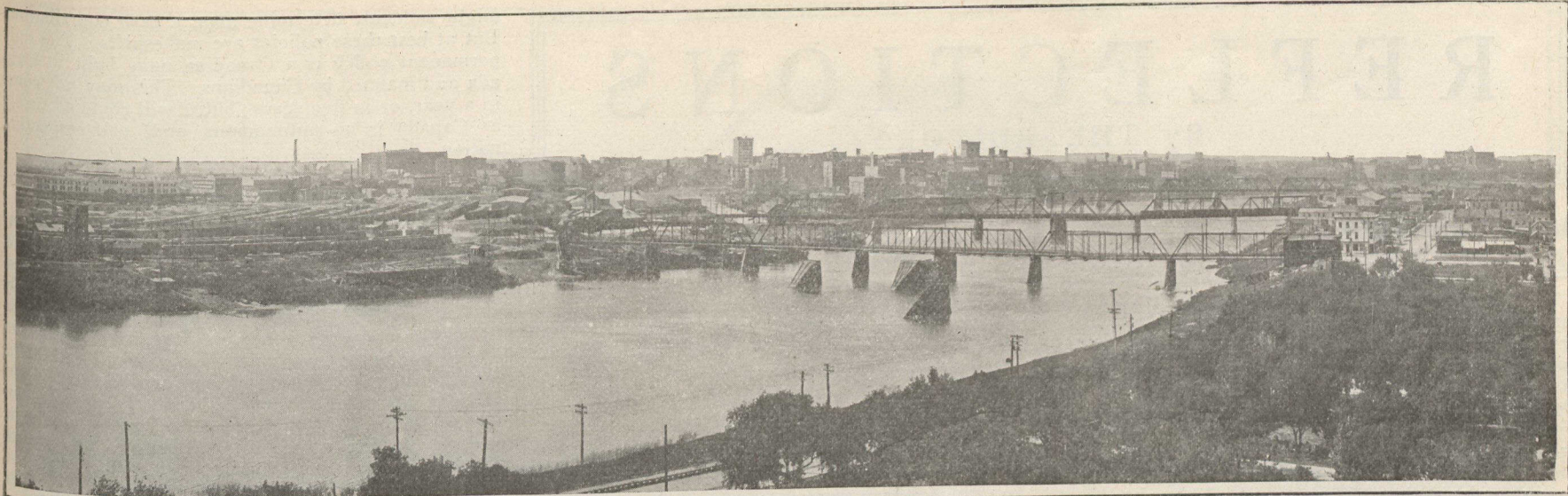
"Yes, an original part. You are wanted for a Santa Claus, who must be a gentleman, good at repartee, fond of children—"

"My word," laughed the young man. "I am sure that the lady had just me in view!"

"—conversant with Nursery Rhymes and Fairy Tales," continued Mr. Blackmore, severely. "You are expected to make suitable speeches for both children and grown people at a party. Can you do it?"

"I will do my best," declared the young man, "one can not do more. May I know where this masquerade is to take place?"

(Continued on page 21.)



A NEW BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF WINNIPEG

Three of the seven bridges over the Red River are here shown. The nearest to the camera is the Broadway Traffic Bridge, the second the Canadian Northern Railway Bridge, and the third the new Grand Trunk Pacific Railway Bridge.

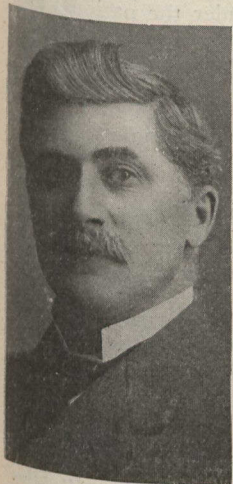
FOR A GREATER CANADA

By CHAS. F. ROLAND

Industrial Commissioner for the City of Winnipeg.

To accomplish solid national growth, agriculture and industry must move forward together.

At the present time Canada bulks bigger in the public eye than any other country. Free land or cheap land is pretty well exhausted in the United States, and South America makes its appeal for settlers chiefly to the people of Southern Europe. Canada, on the contrary, has millions of acres of free land and other millions of acres of cheap land. Its form of government, while making the strongest appeal, perhaps, to the Anglo-Saxon, is yet attractive to men of all nations. The incomparable summer weather and the cold, bracing winters of Canada, attract and hold the strong individual and, all points considered, Canada has first place among the countries of the world as a place in which new people may settle and make for themselves a home and business success proportionate to their ability, capacity for work and capital invested.



MR. CHAS. F. ROLAND.

The wealth of Canada's partially developed natural resources is practically incalculable. Probably no other of Canada's natural resources exceeds, or will exceed, its agricultural possibilities. The development of Canada's agricultural resources depends upon the carrying out of an aggressive and scientific immigration policy, while the development of other natural resources will depend largely upon a policy for the tariff commission to adopt that will have a tendency of assuring capital that its investment in establishing manufacturing plants will be safeguarded.

With only ten per cent. of the vast stretches of the fertile lands of the West under crop, and with lumber, mineral and other natural resources, what a future there is for Canada! Eight millions population is a mere fraction of the people who will eventually find homes and good living in the Dominion. Some time, without doubt, Canada will be crowded, but between now and then there lies a long road bordered by countless opportunities, tapping the regions of success and wealth, driving straight into the heart of development that, already remarkable, will be the most tremendous made by any country occupying a like position with Canada to-day.

The marvellous growth of such cities as Winnipeg, Calgary, Vancouver, Saskatoon, Edmonton, Toronto, Hamilton and Montreal, shows the capacity of Canada for increase of population in civic centres. The increase of the Western wheat crops from fifty-four million in 1904, to one hundred and seventy-five millions for the crop season of 1911 puts the growth of the farm population of Western

Canada during the past few years into significant and convincing figures. Industrial output, banking figures, customs duties, statistics of export, immigration records and building figures go to prove growth and expansion so remarkable that the case of Canada as a headline attraction on the stage of the world's doings is made out and approved by the audience. But the time is ripe for the people of Canada to analyze what has been done, what is being done, and what ought to be done in the up-building and development of this heritage.

When the myriad millions of acres of fertile land, now unoccupied, shall have been turned to the fullest account it is capable of, there will be a large and influential agricultural population. But there will also be a large and influential population engaged in other pursuits, and this fact is one that the makers of Canada should look to with greater care than they have.

The soil of the West has produced crops of great value for the farmer almost without effort on his part, certainly without any such effort as is necessary to produce any such returns from the same investment in industrial pursuits. Under the benefits thus showered upon him, the farmer of the West has waxed fat and flourishing. Easy money has made him prosperous. There are, without doubt, more retired farmers in Western Canada than in any other country of like population in the world. But while the farmer has been growing rich there has grown up another element of the West that has not been nearly so much noticed as the farmer. This is the industrial element of the population, an element already large and growing rapidly. I think I am safe in saying that when the recent industrial census of Canada is made public we shall find that the capital invested in industrial enterprises will greatly exceed one billion dollars and that this capital is furnishing employment to as many as half a million employees, who receive at least two hundred and fifty million dollars in wages yearly.

THE interest of the industrial classes is great, and interlocks closely with that of the farmer. The half million hardy factory employees and families of Canada consume as much as sixty million dollars worth of the products of the farm annually. This shows the interest of city and urban population in each other. There is no more mistaken idea than that which regards the interests of the city and country population as being opposed. Nothing could be clearer than that the farmer and his city cousin are inter-dependent; the thing which is good for one is good for the other, and that which is bad for the one is hurtful to the other. Why should the agriculturist oppose the industrial development of our country? To take the instance of this interdependence that is closest at hand, the growth and progress of Winnipeg means as much to the farmers who are within trading distance of the city as the increase of the rural population within trading distance means to the merchants and tradesmen of Winnipeg—and this is very much indeed. The 150,000 people of Winnipeg must be fed, and a considerable part of the task of feeding them devolves upon the farmers who live near enough to send

their products to the Winnipeg market, a market admitted to be one of the best for all sorts of farm products. There is, in fact, an almost constant shortage of such farm products as milk, butter, eggs, poultry and fresh vegetables in the Winnipeg market. Milk is easy to produce in the country about Winnipeg and yet seven thousand pounds of milk are brought in each day for the use of Winnipeg people from Minneapolis.

Eastern Canada is, of course, stronger industrially than the West, but the West is taking on importance in an industrial way and will not any longer be content to hide its industrial light under a bushel. Out of the wonderful growth and prosperity of the West, there has sprung a great home market for the factory products of the country to which are added millions of dollars worth of imported goods each year. Fostered by this market and its great growth from year to year, the industrial development of Canada has been almost as remarkable as the building up of the West. Not altogether because the case of Winnipeg is the most outstanding on the list, but because I am not familiar with it. I will take Winnipeg as my case in point to show how great industrial growth has been.

PRIMARILY a trade centre for supplying further West points, Winnipeg has taken on the quality and conditions of an important industrial city in addition to its prominence as the largest wheat market in the world, and the biggest trade and financial centre of Western Canada. Close to one of the best markets for manufactured goods in the world, Winnipeg has developed industrially along purely natural lines. The city has built a four-million-dollar hydro-electric plant to encourage the location of new industries, and has advanced from a place of small account in the industrial world, to be the fourth city in Canada in value of its industrial output. There are two hundred and fifty shops and factories in Winnipeg that employ 15,000 hands and paid these hands \$9,000,000 for their work in 1911. Building trades workers draw another eight millions in wages and the wholesale and jobbing houses distribute large amounts to their employees. Thus the labouring class alone make up a big capital-producing force, and the industrial field of the West, like the agricultural, has been barely touched. No less than \$120,000,000 worth of goods was brought into Winnipeg during the year. Many of these articles could be—and will be—made in Winnipeg at a considerable saving in cost and to the very great advantage of the cities and country. The city's growth makes for the betterment of the farmer's grist as a greater number of farmers build up city trade and city industries.

What applies locally to the West, applies, in a broader sense, to all Canada. Without trying to cut itself off from the outer world at all, why should not Canada make stronger and better directed efforts to supply the home market with the goods that are now brought in to the value of three hundred millions from other countries? The agricultural resources of our country are almost boundless, and it is clearly the determination of the people of many countries to help us develop them. It goes without saying that we are glad to have their aid; that we need it; that we invite it, but it ought to be the aim of every business man and every community to see that the city and country population of Canada are made as nearly as possible complements of one another. The present appears to be the psychological moment to take up this matter.

REFLECTIONS

By THE EDITOR

Mutual Satisfaction.

A CURIOUS feature of the general election in Ontario was the satisfaction the results brought to both sides. Sir James Whitney's majority was so large, that it could be reduced with benefit rather than harm. That was the general opinion among the Conservatives who know political history and do a little thinking on their own account. Of course, a sudden reduction of considerable size would have been quite unwelcome to even these broader-minded Conservatives. The slight reduction which occurred pleased them mightily. Sir James' majority is still large enough to enable him to carry any measure he may desire without a prolonged fight, and not large enough to invite internal dissension and revolution in the ranks.

On the other hand, the Liberals are also delighted. The change of leadership a few weeks before the election prevented their scoring any considerable advance. No matter how excellent the new leader, how great an improvement in party feelings which might result, there was no time to translate that into votes. Therefore all the Liberals could expect was to hold their own. They did that and added two or three extra constituencies. Their new leader, Mr. Rowell, was elected for the first time with a substantial majority. They have every reason to be satisfied with themselves as a re-organized party.

* * *

Ethics of Foreign-Born Societies.

PREMIER BORDEN has been in New York addressing the Canadian Club of that city. I wonder what the people of Toronto would think if there were an American Club in that city and if that organization should bring President Taft over to tell them of the United States progress under "old glory." I suppose it would be all right, but I am quite certain it would be the cause of some peculiar private conversations in, say, Colonel Denison's library.

The other evening, in New York, a meeting to support the pending arbitration treaties among Britain, France and the United States was broken up by members of a German-American organization. It was claimed by the disturbers that these treaties were aimed against Germany, and as Germans by birth or descent they could not allow their adopted country to be so gravely prejudiced as it might be under the circumstances. Whether they were right in their contention is not vital to the point, but that they should put their affection for the land of their fathers before their loyalty is a matter of supreme importance. If these treaties are inadvisable and inequitable, discuss them on their merits. To condemn them merely because of sentiment of this kind does not seem quite right.

Canadian clubs in Canada are a national influence where they have not been turned into entertainment bureaus as in Toronto, but a Canadian club in a United States city should not be more than a social organization. It should leave politics, national and international, severely alone. In the address of Premier Borden, already referred to, the opening sentences were a recognition of this point.

* * *

Latest Convert to Civil Service Reform.

STORIES emanating from Ottawa would indicate that some of the members of the new government find that the Civil Service Act hampers them in the reorganization of their departments. They are not satisfied with all the clerks and stenographers they find there, yet it is difficult to displace them. An incompetent person cannot be summarily dismissed. A recommendation to that effect must be sent to the Commission and their approval obtained. This round-about proceeding does not please some of the impatient ministers.

There is some force in their objections, yet the present practice is absolutely necessary for the protection of the service. Otherwise a new cabinet minister, if reckless in his conduct, could at once dismiss every employee in his department. The present system may hamper an honest and business-like administrator who finds his department in a bad condition, but the hampering is only temporary.

It is pleasant, therefore, to note that so prominent a Conservative as Mr. W. S. Middleboro announced that the entire matter of patronage is unsatisfactory to many of the members of the House and that he

would be pleased to see every portion of it placed under the control of a commission. He has declared himself in favour of the English system. This is evidence that Premier Borden's promise to place a portion at least of the outside service under the Commission which now controls the inside service is meeting with general approval.

* * *

Interprovincial Commerce.

SIR LOMER GOUIN says that the Province of Quebec gets \$600,000 a year out of the tax which it imposes on companies doing business in that province but whose head offices are elsewhere. He cannot see his way clear to abolish this form of taxation. Similarly Hon. Richard McBride continues to approve the British Columbia law which imposes similar taxes on outside firms and corporations. These and other laws are hampering interprovincial trade.

In the United States inter-state commerce is under the regulation of the federal authorities and no state can interfere with companies doing a national business. Such a tax as is imposed by Quebec and British Columbia would be unconstitutional in the United States. It would therefore seem wise to secure an amendment to the British North America Act which will make such legislation impossible here. Canadian business is becoming more and more national in character, and nothing should be allowed to interfere with that development.

* * *

The Canadian Navy.

THERE was a time when a Canadian navy was a popular idea with most of the political leaders. The House of Commons formally approved the movement in general terms. Mr. Borden spoke at Halifax in favour of a Canadian-built navy. The Laurier Government proceeded to create it along lines practically identical with those adopted by Australia and New Zealand. They bought two cruisers to be used mainly as training ships and established a naval college at Halifax. Then they proceeded to lay plans for a fleet of cruisers suitable for coast and river work. Laying all political quibbles aside, this is a fair statement of the case expressed in general terms.

While all this was going on, a section of the Conservative party started an agitation against the programme because it would take too long to carry it out. They wanted to hand over to Great Britain a dreadnought or two at once because of the "imminent danger" of a battle in the North Sea. This was not unreasonable. Many statesmen in Great Britain believed that the danger of an early war was real. Not much fault can be found with Canadians who followed that lead. Eventually nearly the whole Conservative party swung in actively or passively behind this policy.

While the Laurier programme was being attacked because of its tardiness, it was also being subjected to criticism by the Nationalists in Quebec on the ground that Canada should do nothing at all, that a contribution to the British navy was dangerous to Canada's freedom and autonomy, and that a Canadian navy would mean a sacrifice of Canadian men and boys in Britain's imperial wars. This policy also had something to justify it. A Canadian navy would certainly mean Canadian sailors and marines. If the Canadian navy ever went into action it would be difficult to prevent some of those on board being killed.

Then came the general election and the Liberals lost the power to further pursue the policy they had decided upon. As for the Conservative policy, Premier Borden is not sure now that it is the wise one, since the "imminent danger" has passed. At least, he admits that he is not certain on this point. Hence there is no talk at present of a gift of dreadnoughts or a cash contribution. Thus the Liberal programme and the Conservative policy are eliminated. There is only the Nationalist policy left—the policy of doing nothing. For the present this is the policy of the new Government. The Nationalist view has won out, at least temporarily.

What of the future? It is difficult to predict what will happen. Much depends on events in Europe. If the sun of peace should shine brightly the Nationalist policy might continue in the ascendant. If a war scare should occur the Canadian Government

might suddenly determine upon a cash contribution. But at best these policies are makeshifts. The only permanent policy is a Canadian navy built in Canada and manned by Canadians. This may not come in a year, or in five years; but it will come as surely as Canada is an autonomous and self-respecting nation.

* * *

Co-operation. in Militia Work.

AS a matter of settled policy, the Militia Department should insist that hereafter where new armouries are erected in towns and cities, the municipality should supply the site. Recently a Winnipeg deputation asked the Minister of Militia to purchase twenty acres on Sargent Avenue and erect thereon the new armouries and drill hall. This land lies next to a city park and can be secured for \$275,000. Col. Hughes very properly pointed out that if he did this, the city of Winnipeg would be securing a fine recreation ground at the expense of the government. Similarly, Toronto wants a parade ground around its present armoury. The city, not the Government, should provide this.

Indeed it might be wise to go a step farther and insist that the local authorities or regiments should provide a portion of the cost of the building. The local authorities could construct a building more cheaply than the government, because it can give better supervision and because politics is less likely to affect the contract. Moreover, the local militia would take an interest in the building and make it more suited to local needs. Toronto has an armoury which is not suited to its needs and this mainly because the local militia were not consulted.

Moreover, to create or maintain a proper military spirit in a municipality, it is necessary that the municipality should have some part in providing equipment and maintenance. The militia would be materially strengthened in its relation to the public everywhere, if the local people had some part in providing for it. The militia would be brought into closer touch with the city council and through them with the citizens generally.

Where militarism is most obnoxious and most dangerous, it is centralized under the national government. What the Canadian militia needs is decentralization. Give the municipalities a share in the erection of buildings, the providing of parade grounds, and even in the maintenance of the local militia units, and the militia spirit would be largely merged in the civic spirit.

* * *

Will the Mormons Desert Alberta?

THERE are those who believe that the Mormons are likely to abandon Alberta. They resent the criticisms which have been directed at them from all quarters during the past couple of years. The Presbyterian Assembly, the Anglican Synod and various other organizations have taken up the cudgels against their theological teaching with regard to polygamy. Moreover, they feel that they can never be a dominating political force in Alberta politics, and the Mormon Church apparently believes in the dominant political power. In Utah they have achieved and maintained their ambition. In some of the neighbouring States they are rapidly gaining ground. What they accomplished in Utah they hoped to accomplish in Alberta. They apparently thought that once they became strong enough the Canadian politicians would overlook their idiosyncrasies and excuse their religion. Although Sir John Macdonald laid down the law to them in no uncertain way, he did it so pleasantly that apparently they still had political hope. In recent years this hope has gradually faded away.

My informant says that Mr. "Johnny" Woolf, who has represented a Mormon district in the Alberta Legislature, has lost hope and will shortly resign. He will probably go to Nevada to reside. If this occurs it may be but the beginning of a gradual exodus. Moreover, my informant states that the next member for Cardston, in succession to Woolf, will not be a Mormon.

Without political control the Mormon Church has never been successful in controlling its own followers. It fears that its lack of political progress will be a decided impediment to its growth. Woolf himself has not always been faithful to the dictates of the Church. One occasion they ran a bishop against him for the legislative honour; but Woolf won out, showing that the independent Western spirit had penetrated even the Mormon Church.

Whether this is true or not it will be interesting to watch the developments. Whatever may happen the Mormon Church is no doubt aware that Canada will have nothing to do with polygamy either practical or theoretical. If the Mormons remain in Canada they must surely become a people differing largely in religion and social life from the Mormons of Utah.



Since the building of the Yale road ten-horse freight teams have hauled supplies over this highway to the northern interior. In a few years the automobile will replace the cayuse and the freighter. The auto shown in this picture has just completed a pathfinding journey from Seattle to Hazelton, B.C., following the trail blazed by the early gold miners.

THE OLD YALE ROAD

By P. W. LUCE

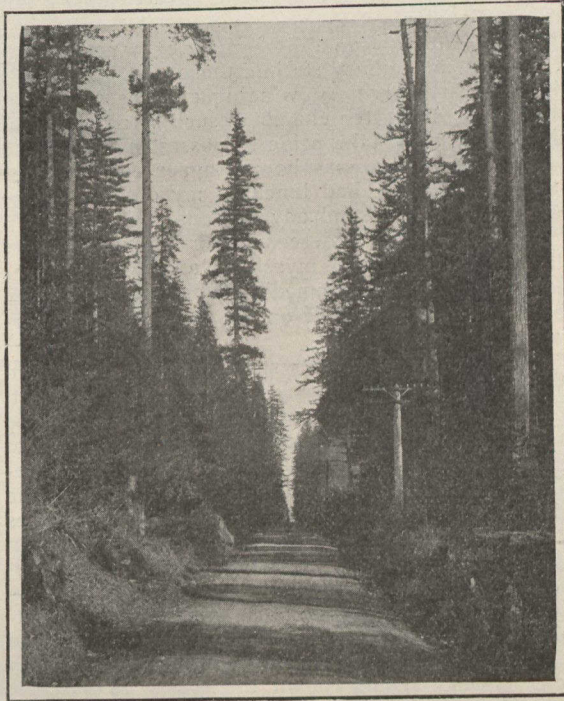
THE forty-niners must have been direct descendants of that long dead race of whom it was sorrowfully said, "They were giants in those days."

This conclusion is forced upon me every time I auto in the Fraser Valley of British Columbia along the old Yale road, that pathway hewed through the virgin forests from the sparsely settled coast points to the odd corners on the banks of the turbulent Fraser River, where the yellow metal had for countless ages awaited the coming of the argonauts.

Up hill and down dale, through grassy plains and crowded forests, across bog or rockribbed belt, the men of muscle and sinew built and hewed and bridged, performing feats that even to-day, after a lapse of over fifty years, call for intense admiration on our part.

With the scant knowledge of the country they possessed, the builders necessarily performed much unnecessary work and builded a road over many a steep grade that could have been avoided by a detour. But the orders had been given: Get from Westminster to Yale, and these men of might pushed onward, ever onward.

Gnarled giants of the forests, seeded in the days when Christoph Colombo waited patiently for the funds which were to permit him to fit out the expedition fated to discover the new world, fell before the axman's mighty blows. Rotting, beaten by the winter's storms and decayed by the summer sun's



Through the Green Timber--A stretch of the old Yale road, near Westminster, B.C.

burning heat, the trunks of hundreds of these pines and firs can be seen strewn along the Yale road to

this day, their massive bulk and extreme length a silent witness of the strength of the sentinels Nature had placed to guard this western land from ravishment by puny Man.

A little over two miles from Westminster the Yale road crosses through what is known in the district as "The Green Timber," as imposing a stretch of forest as can be found anywhere in Canada. So stately are these trees, so rank the vegetable growth, that a good photograph of this section can only be taken at noon, when the sun is shining brightly. Pines, firs, cedars, hemlocks and alders so thickly cover the ground that one is puzzled to discover how the stray deer occasionally seen crossing the road can possibly make her way into and through the thicket.

Such is the Yale road to-day, thirty-three feet wide and one hundred miles long. The Yale road of to-morrow will be a better and wider highway, built by the provincial government to meet the needs of the prosperous settler and the automobile tourist. It will be sixty-six feet wide, as smooth as crushed rock and gravel can be rolled, and will be the connecting link of the Canadian Highway, from the coast to the interior, and the Pacific Highway, extending from Vancouver to Tia Juana, Mexico, a distance of 2,009 miles.

But somehow this newer, better Yale road, cleared with blasting powder and high power stump pullers, and levelled with costly road rollers, will never appeal to the romantic or imaginative as the old Yale road, hewed with steel and sinew and pounded into shape by brute strength and indomitable energy.

City Government by Commission

By R. MEEK

Formerly editor of the Kingston *Whig*, and for nine years a member of Kingston's City Council.

was that which was analogous to government by commission. Learned and discreet men were selected to act for the people in municipal affairs. These calculated the cost of government, collected the annual revenues, and enacted and enforced the local laws. All this was for the benefit of the people.

The same plan or form of government found favour in the earlier cities of the United States. It was a modification of the English borough government. Following the period of expansion, when municipal government seemed to require the service of a larger number, there was a decentralization of power, and this was followed, towards the close of the last century, by a return to the original conception of government in which there was a centralization both of responsibility and power.

In 1900 there was what has been called the re-discovery of Government by Commission as it was exemplified in Galveston. That city had been swept over by a great tidal wave which destroyed property to the value of about \$20,000,000. By the inunda-

tion about 5,000 persons lost their lives. Badly managed before the city was now bankrupted. In the distress which followed the business men who survived the shock counselled together, and as a result they selected a certain number to manage the municipal affairs. They succeeded beyond their expectations. They brought to bear upon their new tasks the energy, the tact, and the enthusiasm which characterized them in their own business. They gave evidence, indeed, of the qualities which marked them out for special duty, and the city at once rose out of its bankruptcy and set out upon a new and prosperous career.

Without going into details it may be said that Galveston is now one of the finest cities in the United States. Its form of government was legalized three years after the commission began its work, and it became at once the centre of attraction, the object of the closest study on the part of other municipalities. Its form of government has been imitated by many cities, and by some this form is alleged to have been improved upon.

The city of Des Moines claims to have a model charter. This charter called for a commission of

(Continued on page 23.)

AT the outset let me remove some misunderstanding with regard to the term "Government by Commission." It has not to do with the branches of national, provincial, or local administration, such as the direction of transportation by a railway commission, of power by a hydro-electric commission, and of public utilities by a local commission. The practices of the day, in many municipalities, produce decentralization. The division of labour and the distribution of management leads to a division of responsibility. It is to remedy this state of affairs that municipal government by commission has been desired.

Government by commission aims at a centralization of power. The commission replaces the Council and levies all taxes, collects all rates, adopts all appropriations, and makes and enforces all laws. It manages the entire public business of the municipality. There is not, under the commission, a delegation of duty or power to any one under any circumstances.

Government by commission is not a new thing as some people may imagine. Centuries ago, in England, which leads in all forms of government and gives to the world the result of its experience, there

GRANDMOTHER'S WAY

How She Treated a Youth Who Lacked Street Car Manners

By JEAN BLEWETT

IF our grandmother's had gone in for reforming laws, manners, social customs, etc., to half the extent the progressive women of to-day have done, they would have accomplished more. There would not have been nearly so many societies, committees, assemblies, but things would have moved right along for all that. Their lectures would have been poured directly into the ears of the guilty parties instead of into those of other nice ladies who thought just as they did and who needed no conversion. They wouldn't have worked around the edge of a reform, not they, but gone straight to the heart and made their way out with telling effect. Their methods would have been direct. They would have dealt with outside offences as they dealt with those in the home—the personal touch, well applied. Direct and efficacious, if a trifle high-handed, would have been the methods of our grandmothers—if only they had thought about bringing around a better state of affairs.

It was something I saw for myself one golden Autumn day which convinced me of this superiority of the grandmother. It was an open car and every seat, save one, was crowded. This was held possession of by a long and lordly youth who looked as though he might have had a mother and home-training—but acted otherwise. He kept the end seat. He was so long that his knees almost touched the back of the other seat, and there he sat contentedly, nay amusedly, watching the efforts of people to pass him. A woman carrying a baby stumbled over his feet and was only saved from a heavy fall by the agility of another passenger who caught her and deposited her safe, but shaken, upon the seat. The baby cried and the mother looked as if she wanted to.

A nice portly man essayed two ways of getting by, but stuck fast and amid dire mutterings had to be projected forward by the conductor—who, strange to relate, made no effort to dislodge the incubus at the end.

At the corner of Shuter a foreigner got on. He had the nervous air of one far from familiar ways and customs, and he was hugging a little brown fiddle. He paused a moment evidently in expectation of the other making way for him. That pause was well nigh fatal, for on went the car with a jerk and over went the poor foreigner, fiddle and all. He picked himself up, and, after feeling the fiddle, turned about and actually murmured an apology—and that end seat man never even blushed.

"Some one ought to write to the papers about it," muttered a lady with a reticule, making notes in a red-covered book.

"It is a matter which should be dealt with at the next meeting of our Association for the propagation of good manners," said a sweet faced indignant matron, to another sweet-faced matron.

If glances wither, the end seat incubus would have been a crumpled bit of nothingness, instead of which he seemed to be enjoying himself. A Miss just ahead would look back and smile when a new arrival made a commotion, and he would smile back almost archly. "Now, this is what I call having a good time!" said the smile.

The smile broadened when a young girl finding that he had no intention of rising to let her pass, flushed indignantly, and stepped back to the curb to wait for the next car.

I've asked myself why some of us up-to-date women didn't begin a good work of reform then and there, by painting that young man a picture of himself. It was a modest distaste of meddling, making a fuss or—nonsense! There's no fooling a Scotch conscience with any such excuses. It was cowardice pure and simple—lack of back-bone, moral inertia, call it what you will. Women, as women, have a paralyzing fear of being thought bold or forward.

Like the nice little sheep we are, we are afraid of our lives to turn our backs for an instant on the fold of conventionality, unless we do it in flocks. United we stand—but alone we are shaky and weak-kneed.

But the wicked standeth in slippery places. In the course of the next five minutes that youth wished devoutly he had never been born. It was a dear old dame with a black silk mantle and a big generous black bonnet who brought it about. She was no old woman pretending to be young. She was the real article, and just to look at her did one good. Just an old-fashioned capable grandmother, and when the youth looked her over in the brief

moment she waited for him to make way, his smile grew so arch he actually showed a dimple. Indignation got the better of our cowardice, three or four started to protest. Bless you! She didn't need our assistance. Nobody in the world could have withered, weakened, routed that smiling mixture of ignorance and conceit as the dear old lady did.

A RASH INTRUSION

By BRIAN BELLASIS

I WAS not "on the story" and had been late in my raid upon the office tickets. Hence standing room in a dizzy gallery whence a craned neck showed the Royal Box as a mere projecting corner of gilded carving. Once the pleasant patriotic thrills evoked by the National Anthem from the throat of Clara Butt had tingled off my spine there was obviously nothing to stay for. I am not musical, and it was very hot. I left the gallery and started on a tour of exploration.

It might seem that a building made of glass and girders like the Crystal Palace would be an easy place in which to find one's way about. This is not the case. Planned apparently with the open, unattractive honesty and disregard for mere beauty of a Victorian railway station, those vast glass walls conceal dusty corridors, winding staircases, hidden, windowless, forgotten chambers such as a mediaeval stronghold might take pride in possessing.

This at any rate was how it appeared to me. I was on a holiday; had lunched; my outlook at the time was romantic and adventurous.

Now and again I descended or ascended stairs till eventually I found myself in a gallery which I recognized, the one immediately above the main floor, and at the head of one of the principal stairways.

At the foot of the stairs stood a line of policemen and these inspired me to my final adventurous effort.

A mysterious purple curtain hanging across the passage in front of the policeman nerved me to action. So far I had been unobserved. The policemen were gazing wistfully and intently through the side of the Palace, probably at the busy beer-engines of a refreshment bar in the grounds below. In an instant I had made up my mind. Taking my notebook from my pocket I shoved a pencil behind my ear, after the manner of those who oversee ticket-collectors, pushed my hat on the back of my head and assumed an intensely business-like and worried look. Then, dashing down the stairs in frantic haste, I pushed quickly past the policemen almost before they had heard my approach and crossed the corridor to the velvet curtain.

I DID not hesitate, in case some move in pursuit might be made, but immediately parted the curtains and strode boldly through. My most romantic expectations were more than fulfilled. Beyond the curtain all trace was lost of the Palace as known to the Ordinary Public—the scarred and faded paint, gaunt ironwork, streaked glass and vast spaces of floor worn into splintery grooves from which the knots stood up in conscious pride of their superior wearing powers.

The curtain had hidden a dainty and spacious apartment. Innumerable tall vases of flowers were reflected in the polished floor. Rich Eastern rugs glowed in sunlight filtered through curtains of delicate lace. In a corner stood a table temptingly set with a tea-service of fragile china. At one side a staircase of polished wood led gently upward, decorated at every step with vases of fragrant flowers. I thought of the Arabian nights.

And yet the true meaning of all this did not penetrate me. "Aha!" I said to myself. "This is where the Directors intend to take tea when the show is over." Instinctively I replaced by notebook in my pocket, straightened my hat and tried to look like a Director's influential friend. Without pausing to reflect further I mounted the stairs.

At the top was a similar though smaller room, also furnished and decorated in the most attractive way imaginable, and also untenanted. A door between the windows evidently opened upon a balcony. On my right was a narrow archway with a second of those mysterious purple velvet curtains half drawn across it.

I stepped towards the curtain and peeped round

"Young man," came her voice, soft but authoritative, the voice of one who has trained a large family in the way it should go. "You will please do one of two things, fold your legs in layers like a camel, or move along like a good lad. You've no right to make respectable folks climb a gate of bones to get into a car."

Amid the laughter of the crowd, he stepped off the car. By the flush on his cheek you knew the lesson had burnt its way in. It will be a long time before he will hold the end seat against all comers. That blessed dame—a heroine from the tips of her sensible shoes to the top of her sensible bonnet—championed every girl and woman who rides in a street car with that direct, plain order.

it. Beyond I could see was a small dark room opening again into another room which seemed to be lighted in a peculiar way. I had my hand on the curtain and was about to draw it aside when I realized what the peculiarity was. The lighting came from a large arched opening beyond which was a confusion of strips of bright colour. Silhouetted against the light and the colour were the heads of a lady, a gentleman, a little girl, and a well-grown lad. Their attitudes showed that they were gazing downwards through the archway and listening intently to the voice of a singer which reached clearly and sweetly to where I stood.

Then, in the fraction of a second it took for my eye to translate these impressions, the arched opening into the front of a box, the strips of colour into roof decorations, the gentleman turned his head slightly towards the lady and I saw his profile. The truth flashed upon me! It was the King! I had all but stumbled into the Royal Box!

It all took place in the fraction of a second. The cold chill of realization froze my adventurous foot in the air, my hand upon the curtain. My heart lost several beats. Then noiselessly but rapidly a form arose in the dark antechamber between me and the box itself. A horrified face moved towards me and two white hands flashed frantic gesticulations in the darkness. I had, I think, a vague impression of satin breeches and silk stockings.

I turned and fled down the polished stairs. Presumably I broke through the velvet curtain and dashed past the line of policemen in the corridor. I do not remember this. I knew nothing more till I found myself ordering restoratives in a refreshment room nearly half a mile away at the bottom of the grounds.

IN HONOUR OF THE PEACEMAKER



Unveiling the statue of King Edward at Tooting. Mr. L. F. Roselier, the sculptor (hat off) has succeeded in trying to dignify a quiet unhistoric figure.

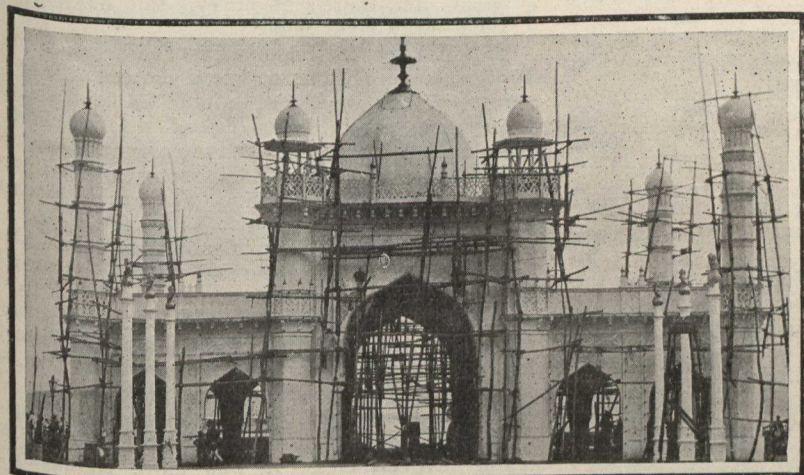
THE BURNING OF HANKOW CITY



A great feature of the Chinese rebellion has been the destruction of property. The damage done in the burning of Hankow city is estimated at from seventy-five to one hundred million dollars.

Photo by Topical.

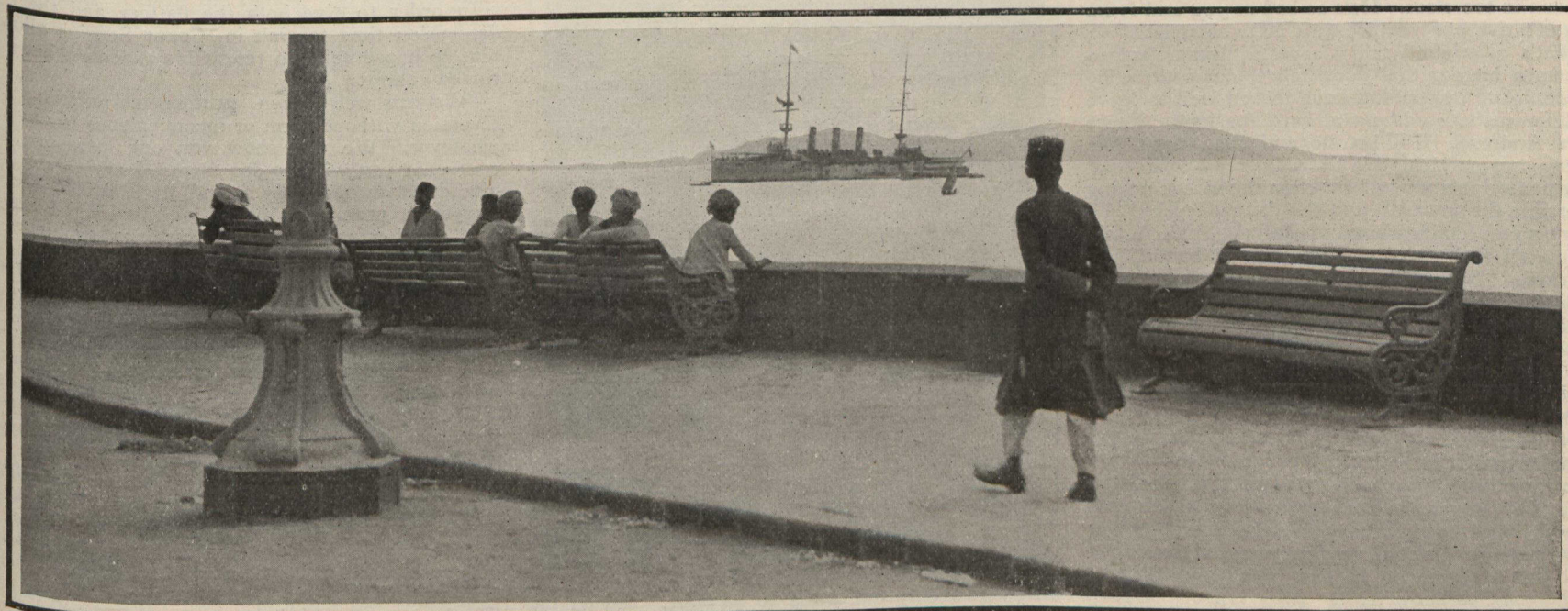
SCENES FROM THE GREAT DURBAR



Magnificent waiting-room built at Bombay for their Majesties.

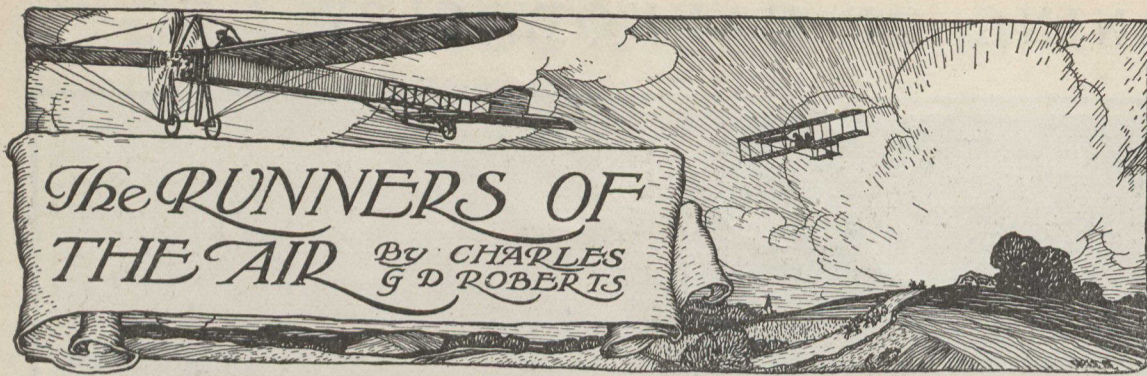


Preparing for the procession. Indians at Bombay carrying chairs.



Waiting at Bombay for the arrival of the King-emperor and Queen-empress. The flagship is waiting to fire the royal salute.

Durbar Photos by L.N.A. Staff Photographer.



FOR the next hour the landscape never changed, except for the gradual shortening of the shadows as the sun rolled up the blue.

At last the mountains fell away suddenly, as if the plain had engulfed them, and in the distance a spire and a minaret rose to view over the roofs of Zhupche.

It was a rolling country here, a country of low, bare ridges, irregular valleys and patches of dense oak-forest. Carver swept every inch of the land to locate the two white sheets. Suddenly, dead ahead arose the two smokes, from behind a screen of billowy oak grove.

"Your admirable outlaw never fails us, Plamenac!" exclaimed the American, leveling his glasses at the signal.

But the words were hardly out of his mouth when he detected a third smoke. The next instant it curled up dense and emphatic, as if damp straw had been thrown upon the fire.

"Aha! That means 'Go on!'" cried Sergius, slanting the Antoinette sharply upward and at the same time swerving off to the right.

"Keep near enough to see what's the matter!" urged the American.

"We can't afford curiosity!" answered the Count, mounting as steeply as he dared. The great biplane came soaring up after him.

Then from behind the trees rang out three rifle-shots.

They were now about six hundred feet in the air and the smokes were some two hundred yards to their left. They swept beyond the screening groves and saw men running to cover behind the oak trunks.

"There's one of our men down!" said the American in an icy voice. "There he is by the last fire. Swing a bit nearer, Plamenac. I can't stand that! There they are, — them! The uniforms! Among the trees the other side of the field!"

He snatched up the rifle that lay beside him. Involuntarily Count Sergius swung inwards toward the fight, though wisdom urged him to fly. As Carver leveled his weapon, two pale tongues of flames leaped out from behind the trees where the Austrians were hiding. An arm and shoulder came into view beside a great oak trunk. The American's rifle spoke—and again. The arm and shoulder had disappeared. A sharp report came from the other aeroplane.

"Old Ivan's at it again! Well, I winged my man," said Carver coolly, laying down the rifle.

"Yes?" answered Sergius, swinging off again at a sharp angle and climbing steeply. "Well, we can't afford any more of this. Signal Andrews. He's run in too close. He's as bad as you and Ivan. We can't risk our venture in a petty skirmish!"

"That's all right," said Carver. "But I had to even up a bit for that poor fellow down there by the fire. And it wouldn't have looked well to leave our fellows there without a word for luck. There comes Andrews. I'll bet he and Ivan don't like quitting, not one little bit."

Sergius grinned as he bent over the wheel, urging his dragon-fly upward from the danger-level.

"For a respectable citizen of Buffalo, U. S. A., old man, you'd make a very fair Servian bandit," he remarked. "But don't think I enjoy running away any better than you do."

"Darn good thing you made us stop back yonder for petrol," said Carver. "If we hadn't, we'd have been in the soup now for fair!"

"Yes. It was a guidance!" responded the Count gravely.

The machines were now a thousand feet in the air and flying level. Sergius pondered with sharp anxiety over the attack on the post. What did it mean, How much did the Austrians know or even suspect? And how could their suspicions, however grave, have got hold of any accuracy of direction? What did Madame de L'Orme know? And how did she come to know it?

Why did she show such concern as to a peril threatening himself? Was it because the peril threatened Andrews? This latter notion, to his

amazement, gave him a stabbing pang at the heart. He was so surprised that he laughed shortly, there, over the wheel, with the wind of their flight in his teeth. But he felt, somehow, that it was on account of himself, rather than of Andrews, that she was so concerned.

Yet how had she got herself mixed up in it and how had that unspeakable husband of hers found out anything—if he had?

Absorbed in these enigmas, the leagues fled by below without his noting them. The Bosna was reached and thereafter he followed its general course, but cutting chords and tangents to its innumerable curves. At last the river swerved off decisively toward the northwest, while the path of the great adventure lay straight north-west. To the left, at a safe distance, lay the little town of Durventa, on a small river of which he had forgotten the name. Not more than twenty miles away was the Save.

He would breathe freer when he had crossed that tide, for he would be in Slavonia, a tranquil province, where there would be fewer Austrian patrols to trouble his wits about.

His nerves were so strung up by the long, unremitting tension of the flight, he was so engrossed in his thoughts and at the same time so semihypnotized by the prolonged hum of motor and propeller, that he started at the sudden sound of Carver's voice at his ear.

"Ain't the petrol running pretty low?" it inquired. With a sinking of apprehension he looked at the gage.

"We can keep up for twenty minutes more at the outside," he answered. "Less, if anything. The glasses, old man. Where are we?"

"I make out water ahead—biggish water; a lake, maybe," answered the American. "No, it's a river."

"Thank God! It's the Save, and nearer, much nearer than I thought!"

"Ah, yes. And now I make out a little river running into it, just beyond a patch of woods," continued Carver.

"That's the place!" shouted Sergius. "That's the next depot. How far, would you say?"

"Twelve, perhaps. No more. Fourteen, maybe," hesitated Carver. "Hard to judge from this height. I don't believe it's more than fifteen!"

"We'll make it," declared Sergius, putting on top speed and slipping ahead of the other machine.

"By the skin of our teeth!" said the American crisply.

CHAPTER XI.

PATROL AND PETROL.

RAPIDLY they left the biplane behind as they raced against petrol for the river junction. Rapidly the smooth reaches of the Save rose into clear view, shining in the sun. The miles fled, crowding upon the heels of the desperate minutes. At length a long narrow field appeared on the hither side of the woods and about half a mile south of the Save shore.

"Reckon I see the place!" shouted Carver triumphantly. "If that's it, we'll make it safe. Aye! Aye! There's the two sheets. Now for the two smokes! I see somebody moving, but I can't make him out very clearly against the trees. Ah, here come the smokes. They've caught sight of us." And he laid down the glass in his lap to wipe his wind-fretted eyes.

"Yes," said Count Sergius a moment later, "there are the smokes. But, Carver—there are three of them!"

"By —" and Carver forgot to finish his oath in his haste to get the glass back to his eyes.

"The chap I saw lighting the fires is gone," he went on. "Ah, ha! There's why! There come the Austrians; six of them from the other side of the field! What's to be done, Plamenac?"

"There's only one thing to be done," replied the Count coolly, dipping his planes for the long slide down the air. "Our petrol's there. We've got to go and get it!"

The American laughed approvingly. "I love your nerve, my son! How do you propose that we shall work it? Fight or bluff?"

"Whichever may seem most appropriate to the occasion!" replied Sergius, lifting the dragon-fly with a long swoop as he saw that she had been dropping too fast. "How far back are the others?"

"Two miles, maybe."

"They'll be along in good time," said Sergius. "Have your guns ready. But don't shoot, unless it comes to the last pinch. I'll give sweet reasonableness a trial."

"You're Captain!" said the American. "But I couldn't stand any nonsense from them, you know."

"Nör I. Don't worry!" answered Sergius.

As the monoplane came within easy range, dropping fast and making straight for the place where they were standing, the little group of Austrians seemed astonished. They had taken up a position close to the three fires, which were near the center of the field.

At a height of about three hundred feet Count Sergius stopped his motor and planed down at terrific speed, calculating on the impression he would make. At some thirty feet from the ground he lifted her plunging nose, swooped along just above the sod and came gently to rest in front of the awestruck enemy.

The leader of the band, however, regained his self-possession on the instant. He was a ruddy-faced German, tall and massive, with irascible blue eyes and a bristling blonde moustache. He came forward with an authoritative air and addressed his aerial visitors brusquely.

"Your business?"

COUNT SERGIUS, resting in his seat between the wings of the dragon-fly, met the eyes of his interrogator with a look of cold rebuke. After a slight pause, to convey his displeasure, he replied with courtesy:

"Our business is our pleasure," said he. "We are on our way north, on a flight from Montenegro, by far the most ambitious flight yet attempted by aeroplanes, and we have stopped here for a fresh supply of petrol, which was ordered to be left here for us that our journey might not be delayed."

The German laughed rudely.

"You'll find there's no hurry," said he.

"No? May I ask why?"

"Because you are under arrest! There are things the Government wants to know about you, so you'll come with me to Durventa and explain yourself. Come now, climb down out of that machine of yours, and come along. I have no time to waste!"

The conversation had been carried on in German and Carver knew just enough German to catch the drift of it.

"Curse his swinish impudence!" said he. Count Sergius looked back at the sky, to see how near the biplane was. It was not yet so near as he could have wished, but it was already slanting downward.

"Pardon me, Captain, I don't think you quite understand the situation," said he, civil but firm, and with a trace of condescension in his voice. He knew that the fellow before him was not a captain at all, nor a subaltern of any grade, but only a sergeant. Nevertheless, it was more significant to condescend to a Captain than to a sergeant and at the same time the angry-eyed sergeant was flattered in spite of himself.

In order to give both the flattery and the condescension time to sink in, Count Sergius allowed him no opportunity to repeat his rudeness, but continued coldly:

"We are well-known gentlemen, pursuing our diversion without harm or inconvenience to any one whatever. We will show you our passports, of course, if you wish to see them. I am Count Sergius de Plamenac. My friend, here, is Mr. Wesley Carver, a prominent citizen of the United States. And another friend, who is coming as quickly as possible in that aeroplane yonder, is Captain Andrews of the British Army. I think you will see that this is one of those cases in which it would be well not to exceed your duty—Captain!"

Thinking himself mistaken for an officer, the Austrian became better mannered, though not in the least degree diverted from his purpose. He drew himself up and grew ceremonious. Ceremony takes time, and time was what Count Sergius was playing for.

"As I have already had the honour to inform you, Count," said he pompously, "you are under arrest. I don't require your passports. They're nothing to me. You are all of you my prisoners and will come with me to Durventa. You can display your passports there, Count, no doubt, if you like. That's not my affair."

"But, Captain," said the Count softly, "we can not

(Continued on page 24.)

SOME RECENT PLAYS

In Which Dramatic Seriousness Is Enlivened with Farce

By J. E. WEBBER

Our New York Correspondent.

OUR dramatic feast continues. On the heels of the Scotch Players have come the famous Irish Players of the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, and the Drama Players, an organization born of the movement begun in Chicago for a higher standard of dramatic taste. Mr. Donald Robertson, the director of the native organization, modestly disclaims any uplift motives, however, and declares the sole ambition of the Drama Players to be the presentation of a repertoire of the better class of plays, which, under prevailing theatrical conditions, are liable to neglect. They have made a very commendable start, and in their New York visit have given a highly creditable performance of Moliere's classic, "The Learned Ladies," which no student of the drama should miss, and Ibsen's poetic but very much neglected drama, "The Lady from the Sea."

The fame of the Irish Players, sponsored by William Butler Yeats and Lady Gregory, long ago reached America. The Players are partly the product and partly the cause of the new literary movement that has been sweeping over Ireland. With headquarters at the Abbey Theatre, Dublin—given to them for a time rent free through the generosity of Miss Horneman, and now their own property—they have for several years been doing the work of a National Theatre for Ireland. They have not



IRENE FENWICK

Playing the leading role in "The Million."

the delusion that they had retained the youth and good looks that were theirs before their loss of sight. The application of the miracle working waters of a certain holy well serves to cure them of their affliction, but with sight comes disillusionment, and when blindness returns soon after, the foundations of a life-long happiness have been swept away.

"The Rising of the Moon" deals with the escape of a political refugee.

"The Workhouse Ward" presents two old cronies, acquainted since youth and the most amiable of enemies as they cross verbal swords from a pair of pauper beds. A woman offers one a comfortable home, but he refuses to be parted from his life-long enemy, and as she leaves in astonishment, they resume their pleasantly acrimonious conversation.

"The Price," a new drama by George Broadhurst, tells the story of a penniless girl, Ethel Toscani, in

whom an artist already married finds an artistic soul mate and who dies on discovering that she does not love him. She afterwards marries a doctor, whereupon the wife of the dead artist seeks revenge by attempting to destroy the happiness of her home. She shows the husband evidence of the artist's relations with the girl, and the latter's efforts to retain her husband's love in face of the evidence of her past furnishes some strongly emotional scenes. Helen Ware plays the leading role.

Mme. Simone brought her present New York engagement to a close in a brilliant performance of Henri Bernstein's "The Whirlwind." This is a story of French life in which a social parvenu sacrifices his daughter to gain social advancement. She finds consolation in a lover whose gambling proclivities lead him into embezzlement. To save him from disgrace, the woman throws herself on the mercy of a money lender, then on the wealthy father to whom she confesses the intrigue. Failing in both, she meets the terms of a jilted and conscienceless sweetheart of former days and with the needed assistance arrives at the rooms of her lover only to find him a suicide.

Amid all this sobriety, three farces have made their appearance, one, entitled "The Million," scoring a phenomenal success. The piece is adapted from the French of Messrs. Ber and Guillemand



HELEN WARE

In George Broadhurst's play "The Price."



INA CLAIRE

In a charming new musical comedy, "The Quaker Girl."

and relates the story of an impecunious sculptor, who, in the last stages of comic financial disaster, is suddenly informed that a Brazilian lottery ticket which he is holding has won first prize. On top of the ensuing hilarity, however, the horrible discovery is made that the ticket has been carried off in the pocket of an old blouse, appropriated by a burglar to assist his disguise. The hot pursuit of the missing blouse leads to all sorts of entanglements and no end of fun.

"The Cave Man," by Gelett Burgess, is written to prove that our democratic institutions offer equal social opportunity to all—perhaps. The story is told in the same author's "Lady Mechante." This Lady Mechante is of the English peerage and is on a visit to New York, of whose social ways she becomes highly critical. She declares she can throw her visiting card out of a window and make a social lion out of the man who returns it. The card is returned by Smagg, a coal heaver, whom Lady Mechante proceeds to groom and coach for presentation in society as a social reformer. He becomes the social lion of the hour and his triumph going to his head he lays siege to the heart of the English lady herself. He of course encounters a shock that brings him to his senses and he returns humbled to his coal heaving.

"Uncle Sam," in which that unctious comedian, Tom Wise, in starring jointly with John Barrymore, deals with the adventures of a party of Americans, motoring through Europe. Mr. Wise plays the part of Uncle Sam to a nephew who is constantly getting into scrapes.

"The Quaker Girl," with Ina Claire in the title role, "The Three Romeos," and "The Wife Hunters," with Emma Carus, are the latest additions to our comic opera entertainment.



THOMAS WISE and JOHN BARRYMORE

In a scene from a new farce, "Uncle Sam."

only trained native actors with great success, but the encouragement they have given native-born playwrights has produced, at least, one genius, the late J. M. Synge, whose plays now enjoy international celebrity. They presented two programmes in a recent week, the first consisting of a three-act comedy, "The Well of the Saints," by J. M. Synge, and a comedy in one act by Lady Gregory, "The Workhouse Ward"; the second contained a tragedy in two acts, by T. C. Murray, entitled, "Birthright"; George Bernard Shaw's, "The Showing Up of Blanco Posnet," and a one-act play by Lady Gregory, "The Rising of the Moon." The Shaw play is the only exception to the rule of Irish plays, either in authorship, locality or theme. The reason for the exception is that Mr. Shaw had written "John Bull's Other Island" for the Players, which they were unable to present at the time.

When the English censor later refused to permit the performance of Blanco Posnet, the Irish Players in gratitude promptly offered Mr. Shaw the use of the Abbey Theatre. The first performance was an occasion of great excitement.

"That evening," writes Lady Gregory, "for the first time we hesitated. . . . But we decided that we had given our word and that at all risks we must keep it or we would never be trusted again.

There was an immense audience. At the end there was a tremendous burst of cheering and the cause won. There was a large crowd outside the theatre. . . . When the applause inside was heard the crowd took up the cheering and it went through the street. The plucky theatre that had successfully resisted mob censorship had now successfully defied the Lord Lieutenant."

"The Well of the Saints" tells the story of a devoted blind couple who had gone through life under

THROUGH A MONOCLE

HAVE WE SPOILED CHRISTMAS?

THE touch of Midas is death. Not even Christmas can survive it. Its paralyzing power is beginning to be seen already in connection with this most beautiful of the festivals of the year—the festival of family love. You hear a great many people crying out under the burden of Christmas preparations. "Oh, I will be so glad when Christmas is over," say mothers and daughters, and even those least harried of the household—husbands and fathers. The mere man who thinks that Christmas is a species of "hold up" and that everybody is delighted to "get money out of father," should undertake to make the money he gives go the long round which his women-folk stretch it out to cover. The writing of cheques is the lightest part of the Christmas shopping. The thoughtfulness, the searching of counters, the jostling of crowds, the breathing of bad air, the study of tastes, the consultation of friends, and all the other "labours of Hercules" which go with the spending of the proceeds of the cheques, mint every penny of them into gold.

* * *

BUT, after all, the trouble lies with the touch of Midas. We have imported our spirit of boastfulness and display, which is so characteristic of this continent, into the keeping of Christmas; and we are simply suffering the penalty which is so properly imposed. When we choose a Christmas gift so that it "will not look mean," and so that it will be worth quite as much as the one we got from the same parties last year, and so that the recipient can show it off with pride both to herself—or himself—and to us, we are not observing the spirit of Christmas; we are paying for a personal advertisement. And, of course, advertisements cost money, and the buying of them is a burden. Trebly crushing is the burden when we cannot afford the outlay, and are feeding our pride at the expense of our comfort or possibly our health. It is useless to preach to people on the exceeding sinfulness of Pride. But it is a sin which brings its own punishment with a promptness which would discourage all but incorrigible sinners.

* * *

THE best Christmas gifts I have ever got, have cost little. But they have been wrapped in love. One such gift sweetens the day; and a dozen boastful advertisements of how much money some of my friends have to spend, cannot spoil the effect. It is exceedingly pleasant to be remembered at Christmas; but the evidence of remembrance ought to be personal and individual. There ought to be something in it which conveys the intelligence that your friend thought of more about you than your name and address. He picked out something which would appeal, to what he knew of you; and it would not have done just as well for anybody. Personally, the remembrance I like best at Christmas from a distant friend is a letter. I know that that is a costly gift. Letters take time, and time is literally money. But I believe that any person will scatter more real Christmas joy abroad if he will write five letters than if he buys fifty presents.

* * *

MANY people try to spread their affection too wide—and too thin—at Christmas. It is impossible that any human being should really have a hearty Christmas feeling, which must inevitably precipitate itself in the form of a gift, for so many people as are sometimes on the Christmas list of wholesale givers. This leads us naturally to consider one of the most delicate of Christmas questions—the "duty" gift. You hear people say, for instance, that they have so many relatives that it is a real tax to "remember" them all at Christmas. Now the last thing that their relatives would desire would be that anyone should be "taxed" on their account. Did you ever think that, when you send a gift which you would rather not send—either because of the trouble or the expense—you are playing a "low-down trick" on the recipient? You are imposing on a blind man. You purposely keep your friends in the dark as to the real character of the gifts you send, and obtain their gratitude for them under false pretences. You put them under an obligation they would bitterly resent, if they knew. Your action is dishonest, unkind, and as un-Christmaslike as possible.

* * *

THERE ought to be no "duty" about a Christmas gift, whether to relatives or to friends. If it be not prompted imperatively by love, it should

never be made. The reason your relative takes it and prizes it is because he believes that love is the larger part of it; but you have left love out of the package—and inserted that coldest of substitutes, duty. To say that you owe an insult of this character to your relatives, is to talk nonsense. If you cannot give love, at least give them the respectful treatment of silence. The great thing is to put yourself in their places. What would you like done if the cases were reversed. This test requires courage and frankness and honesty and the true spirit of the birthday of the Author of the Golden Rule.

* * *

YOU are saying that it is all very well to talk this way, but how can one go about explaining why they give to one and not to another. Is it necessary? Are your relations with your friends so delicately—not to say, diplomatically—hung that their friendship will not understand how you may have grown weary of Christmas-giving before you got to them? Are they of a jealous disposition who

will say—She gave to So-and-So, and not to me? If so, I would advise a selection of new friends. Friends who are constantly trying us and weighing us and measuring our interests in them against our interest in somebody else, are too fickle and uncertain for the rough wear of life, and had better be exchanged for something more durable before the storms come. It is possible for a friend to stand aside and let his friend find interest in another which he himself is unable to supply. Friends are not lovers. There is no monogamy in friendship. Fraternity is brotherhood—not marriage.

* * *

BE very sure that if Christmas is a burden to you, you have missed the spirit of the occasion. You have converted Christmas into a competition of some sort in which everybody draws "blanks." You have let it suffer the Midas touch. I think we need a league in this country for the restoration of the Old Christmas—the Christmas of legend, of family love, of the fireside, of the Yule log. We ought to take "one day off" in a whole year from our Continental pastime of Boasting. We ought to approach Christmas again as we did when we knew that Santa Claus came down the chimney, and that there was no other day in the year on which the home was so full of happiness.

THE MONOCLE MAN.



COME TO BE PRINCESS OF OUR DOMINION

Daughter of our Governor-General, the beautiful Princess Patricia of Connaught (on the right), photographed since her arrival in Canada, with Miss Annie Evelyn Pelly, Lady-in-Waiting to H.R.H. the Duchess of Connaught.

AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

A DEPARTMENT MAINLY FOR WOMEN

The Deadly Feminine

BY CANADIENNE.

If you wish to interest any woman in a certain man, inform her that he is a woman-hater. The converse of this proposition is not true. A man is not attracted to a woman who is an alleged man-hater. He shuns her instinctively, as if she must be an embittered and malicious old maid. Consequently, when the advertising department of a woman's magazine set forth in large type that Mr. Kipling's new poem on the woman question, which would appear in the November issue, was "like a lash across a woman's face," the managers of that department displayed the wisdom of the serpent. Every woman who read that announcement was interested and curious. She bought, borrowed or stole the November issue of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, to find a chrysanthemum cover on the outside and Mr. Kipling's lines, "The Female of the Species: A Study in Natural History," on the eleventh page, with a new photograph of the author, spectacled, peak-capped and cigared, beside the fatal verses. A majority deserted the complexion page for poetry. After all, some of us were disappointed. The poem has been compared to Mr. William Watson's notorious attack, "The Woman with the Serpent's Tongue"; but it was neither so bitter nor so brilliant as the latter production. Mr. Watson, it is alleged, referred to the wife of the Premier of Great Britain, and made this damaging admission to the New York reporters. As the poet had taken tea in the Asquith drawing-room, it was generally considered shabby, not to say unappreciative, for him to reward a cup of fragrant oolong with such a mouth-puckering lemon. Mr. Kipling's contribution is not personal, but general, although there are two stanzas which seem to refer to those ardent ladies who pull door-bells, smash windows and chain themselves to pillars, in the attempt to convince stubborn male legislators that women should have votes.

* * *

It is characteristic of Rudyard the Riotous that his poems elicit replies and provoke parodies. Many a fair maiden took her fountain pen in hand, 'way back in 1897, to reply in feminine fashion to that extraordinary picture-poem, "The Vampire." When he wrote "Our Lady of the Snows," there were scores of good Canadian yeomen who deserted the plough to write a few lines in defence of our long-suffering climate. When he broke forth in "The Islander" and made a few remarks on "The flannelled fools at the wickets," there was hardly an athlete who did not hasten to avenge the attack in verse.

Already, Mr. Hall Caine has come to the rescue with a metrical reply to "The Female of the Species." There is scarcely a magazine in Canada which will not receive a more-or-less poetic protest from a woman reader who resents the ultra-realism of the author of "The Jungle Book." Mr. Kipling asserts that woman is ever intense and narrow-minded, whether in her maternal affection or in her intellectual convictions, that she cannot understand the "God of Abstract Justice," and that when she becomes aroused on public questions there ensue—

"Unprovoked and awful charges—even so the she-bear fights;
Speech that drips, corrodes and poisons—even so the cobra bites."

It would not be well for Mr. Kipling to enter the political fray and allow himself to be nominated in that "Sussex-by-the-Sea" of which he is so fond. Think of the grand rally of suffragettes in that spot, and the gauntlet of feminine opposition which the poet would run! An annexationist would have a happier time as candidate in West Toronto than the famous author in the Land of Emmeline Pankhurst. However, he cherishes no political aspirations, and is quite content to write studies in natural history from his peaceful retreat, unmindful of the conflict which follows. He may well be content to remain in literary seclusion, for, is it not written in the gossip of book review departments, that he receives, at least, one dollar a word—and who knows how much for a hyphen or a semi-colon? There is one drop of consolation in the feminine cup. The poet, himself, is a married man, and his very own wife, if she is wise in her day and generation, will take possession of the *Ladies' Home Journal* cheque, and spend it on a more elaborate gown, beaded,

be-fringed and be-jewelled, than the Kipling household has seen before.

"Did you ever notice," said a Hamilton girl, "that it's always a little man, who is all nerves, who says or writes horrid things about women? A nice, jolly big man, whom all the girls like, never talks about a woman as if she were a bear or a snake."

* * *

Is the "study" true to life? In order to answer that vexed question, it would be necessary to define life—and, so far, no one seems to have done so, to the satisfaction of either saint or scientist. If humanity is no higher than the sheep and goats which "nourish a blind life within the brain," if the modern household is only a wild beast's lair, if social life presents nothing nobler than the Jungle, then the writer of "The Female of the Species" has produced a truthful lay. So far as this poem is concerned, he sees in woman nothing higher than bear



MRS. EMMELINE PANKHURST
The noted English suffragette who spoke in Massey Hall,
Toronto, December 12th,

or cobra. Perhaps he takes the old, Oriental attitude that the soul, if there be such, is exclusively a masculine possession.

Man is venturing upon quicksand when he makes a declaration concerning the nature of woman. Mr. Kipling protects himself ingeniously by stating naively that it is woman herself who warns man against her sister in debate or council, assuring him that he "will meet no cool discussion." However, he makes several rather rash assertions regarding feminine limitations which may arise in judgment against him someday. Once upon a time there was a professor in the city of New York who wrote a little article against the university woman, in the course of which he blundered into the remark: "Man has assigned a certain place to woman, as he has a perfect knowledge of her nature and attainments." Think of any man, even a professor, being brave enough to say such a thing! An advanced woman—Charlotte Gilman, I think—replied to the professor, and beautiful was the controversy which followed. Years and years afterwards, the professor married and hoped to be happy ever after. There was another lady, whom he had once thought he loved, and she hied her to the courts with a bundle of old love-letters, tied with blue ribbon, and proceeded to enliven legal circles with a breach of promise suit. The bride of the professor was really annoyed, the professor's head drooped as he listened to the ancient terms of endearment and the Philistines on the yellow journals rejoiced. Then, someone—perhaps it was a woman—hunted up the old magazine article and quoted the words as to man's perfect understanding of woman's nature. The pro-

fessor is no longer on the faculty of that great university—peradventure, at this moment he is writing a letter of commendation to Mr. Kipling.

It may be old-fashioned taste, but I turn with infinite relish to poetry more than half a century old and read again the closing lines of the seventh division of Tennyson's "Princess," bright with a prophecy of "the crowning race of humankind." They may be idealism, in comparison with the ruder lines, but there is more beauty and, therefore, more truth, in the inspiration of the Laureate than in the tinkling rhymes of the Banjo Band. Nobler is the creed of him who never doubted that "thro' the gates that bar the distance comes a gleam of what is higher."

* * *

Mrs. Pankhurst in Toronto.

WHEN Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst, the famous leader of England's militant suffragettes, appeared in Toronto two years ago, the attitude of the public was curiosity, flavoured with censure. Mrs. Pankhurst addressed the members of the Canadian Club and every man of them declared her a charming woman and an admirable speaker. She spoke in Massey Hall, giving the history of the woman suffrage movement and explaining why some of the advocates had adopted militant methods, and the curious hearers became sympathetic admirers, if not adherents. After two years of political conflict, Mrs. Pankhurst returned to us, to address a Massey Hall audience once more, and to speak on behalf of the Cause before the Women's Canadian Club.

Her enthusiastic devotion to the gaining Cause has been marked, during the last twenty-four months, by evident physical stress, but Mrs. Pankhurst's voice is clear and courageous as of old, nor have the trials of the conflict embittered her spirit in the least. As one listens to her, one realizes the earnestness of these educated and refined Englishwomen who have braved the law and the discomforts of a term in gaol, if they may further the ends for which they are working. You may be utterly indifferent to the vote, you may disapprove entirely of disturbing public meetings and creating a disturbance in the highway—but you must admit that Mrs. Pankhurst is eminently womanly and essentially sane. Those who expect to hear rant or hysterics will be disappointed. She is logical, witty and graceful, with the convincing force of the woman who knows whereof she speaks. She indulges in no diatribe regarding "mere men," she utters no perfervid platitudes about down-trodden women. Justice is her plea, and, as a pleader she is most effective. In fact, her appeal is intellectual, rather than emotional. One suspects occasionally that she is purposely keeping back a flood of impassioned feeling, and that, in consideration of popular prejudice, she is subordinating sentimental considerations, in order that she may not be accused of appealing to anything less—or more—than the reasoning faculty. She shows that intimacy with political life and processes which is characteristic of the intelligent Englishwoman. There is no ostentation in this familiarity, merely the natural ease of one who is in her element in discussion of the widest public questions.

While her recent address in Massey Hall was both interesting and illuminating, it was not characterized by the vitality which marked her earlier effort of two years ago—for the reason that Mrs. Pankhurst, like *Alan Breck*, is a "bonny fechter" and was at her best in the hour when she was winning her way against heavy odds. Her physical fragility is in her favour, as it emphasizes the inequality of the struggle and gives an absurd aspect to any charge of unbecoming aggression. She is remarkably careful in matters of local reference, and is not to be trapped into giving any advice regarding Canadian affairs. She possesses valour and the better part of valour, also, and is both keen and courteous in debate.

Those who have heard and met Mrs. Pankhurst are in no doubt as to the outcome of her crusade in Great Britain. She and her comrades have organized such a force as the British Isles have not seen before. It includes women of all classes and professions, animated by the one aim and possessed of a determination which means ultimate victory. Whatever may be true of the women of Canada, it is manifest that the vast majority of English women desire the suffrage and are prepared to suffer for what they regard as political freedom. Mrs. Pankhurst is keenly sensitive to the humorous aspects of the struggles, and tells of the many ingenious devices for forcing the legislators to take the petition seriously, in a fashion which appeals to both the risibilities and the reason. As a man remarked two years ago after hearing her at the Canadian Club: "She's a Leader and a Lady."



A PAGE FOR JUNIORS



The Boy at Shanty Gulch.

BY GEORGIA G. WINKLER.

IT was Christmas eve, and a dark, wet night. The wind howled in the mountain and clamoured at the door and window of the operator's cabin on Shanty Mountain. The operator, himself, had driven into the village for supplies for their Christmas dinner, leaving the office in care of his little twelve-year-old son, Joey. There would be no train through Shanty Gulch until the arrival of the eight-twenty express, and the operator expected to be home long before that. The wet roads had delayed him, but he was not worried, for he knew that even if the Express did arrive, that Joey could give the orders as well as he.

It was nearly seven o'clock and the boy was sitting with his little face pressed close to the dripping window, watching the tall trees as the wind bent them to and fro.

"It will be an awful dull Christmas," he mused. "Last year mother was here, and she made things brighter, but this year Dad and I will be all alone. Oh, dear! I wish Dad would come, I'm so lonesome. . . . Hark! What is that?"

The boy sprang to his feet in terror. The noise increased, and soon it sounded as if the whole mountain was rushing down into the cabin. In a moment it flashed across his mind what had happened. It was a land-slide, and maybe the earth and stones would block the track. Snatching a red lantern from a nail he hurried out into the wild night. Carefully he picked his steps to the track, but could see no signs of wreckage, then he thought of the bridge that spanned Shanty mountain, two miles east of the station. And stumbling and falling over the wet and slippery rails he hurried on. The wind howled like a pack of angry wolves let loose in the mountains, but the brave boy struggled on. Soon, and even above the wind, he could hear the rush of angry water. And—as the moon emerged from behind a piece of flying cloud, he saw that his surmise had been correct. For where there had once been a stout iron bridge, nothing was left to span Shanty Gulch but one frail plank.

Half dazed the boy stood, and looked down the seething mass of water. What would he do? That question was answered for, for above the clamour of the wind, there came a loud, long, shrill whistle. The eight-twenty express was approaching.

Without a moment's pause, without a backward glance, the lad stepped onto the plank. It shivered and shook, but the boy dropped to his knees, and with a muttered prayer went on, creeping inch by inch, over that frail pathway of death. At last it was accomplished, and not a moment too soon, for as he climbed the incline he could see the glare of the approaching train. Fear lent wings to his feet, and clutching his precious lantern tight, he waved it high above his head. Would they see it? No: the train came on. But see, it slackened and then slowed down, for the engineer, knowing that he had a perilous trip to make, was on the watch for danger signals.

Kind hands lifted the exhausted and water-soaked boy into the train. In almost incredulous amazement they listened to his story of how he had crept over the bending plank, and then as, tears, thanks, and gold were showered on him, he slipped into unconsciousness.

* * *

Playthings of the Past.

ONE of the sad sights which follow Christmas time is that of broken toys, but the children are not always to blame; the toys are, for the most part, very flimsily constructed, and cannot be expected to last. In the old days there were no special toy-makers, and no demand for cheap playthings. The gold or silversmith would sometimes get a special order for a toy for some young nobleman, or a fine piece of furniture would be ordered for a mansion, and the grateful workman would make

a piece in miniature for the doll's house of his master's little daughter. In the same manner the potters did not disdain to make toy dinner sets for dollies' use, and these are found in museums and private collections all over Europe.

The history of the world is shown in the children's toys. An Egypto-Roman rag doll stuffed with papyrus was found during the excavations in 1896. As this toy dates from the third century before Christ, its red-woolen band is probably the earliest example of doll-dressing. Two thousand years before Christ there were toy water-carriers and kneaders of bread—one of these works by a string by which its arms are made to move. We find toy chariots and game-birds among the playthings of ancient Greece and Rome, for we may be sure the little boys and girls fought toy quail and played chariot races to imitate their fathers and big brothers.

Each great war leaves soldiers in the nursery cupboard dressed correctly to cap the button. As each age of history goes by, the weapons of that age have passed to the hands of boys as toys. There are in our museums, miniature cross-bows, spears, shields and toy armor; and old pictures show boys



Mistletoe.

BY ESTELLE M. KERR.

Underneath the mistletoe,
(Little one I love you so!)
Kiss me, clasp me, hold me fast,
All our longing waiting's past,
Christmas time has come at last,
But there'd be no Christmas joy
Without you, my baby boy.

When the Druids long ago
Found the pretty mistletoe
Growing on their sacred tree,
('Twas a wondrous sight to see)
Then they whispered reverently,
"God hath sent it." It is true
Just as He has given me you.

Now it brings its Christmas cheer
Hanging from the chandelier,
While the merry bells are ringing
And the joyful voices singing,
Boughs of mistletoe are swinging
High above us, to and fro,
(Little one I love you so!)

playing with them, even the children of the French Revolution had their guillotines. The army of Frederick the Great was the first complete lead army to be placed on the market for purchase. The army of Napoleon followed; then Wellington and his generals; the heroes of the Crimean and Peninsular war came; in turn to be replaced by the Khaki of South Africa and the little Jap heroes.

It is only the dull child that needs an elaborate toy to amuse him. John Ruskin says that his knowledge of balance and construction in architecture came from the fact that he was allowed no toys in his childhood except a number of rough hewn wooden bricks which had been made by sawing a plank into squares.

Costliness in toys is no new thing, however. King Louis XIV., of France, paid 6,000 francs (\$1,200) for an army of cardboard soldiers for his son. After a time these were joined by an army of silver soldiers complete with horses, guns and machines of war, designed by one of the king's silversmiths. It is pathetic to know that this toy army was afterwards melted down to pay real soldiers who were fighting in the king's wars.

In the seventeenth century, magnificent doll's houses were constructed; fortunately a few specimens remain to show how complete was the mansion of the nobleman of that day.

It is strange that nearly all the old dolls are grown up. It is very rare to find a baby doll earlier than the nineteenth century, though occasionally one may be seen in the arms of a nurse-doll. A

young child doll was made in Paris when the little son of Napoleon was a baby, and since then child dolls have been more popular, in fact, it is now the exception to see a grown up doll. The clothing of historic dolls show the costumes of the period, particularly when the dolls belonged to little princesses, and no expense was spared in their wardrobes. The Duchess of Orleans, in 1722, gave to the Infanta of Spain a doll and clothing costing twenty-two thousand francs, but I know the Infanta did not enjoy it half as much as if she had dressed it herself.

If we take care of our dolls and toys, they will give a great deal of pleasure to the children of future generations when the fashions have changed. It was my great delight as a child to be allowed to play with a big wax doll that had belonged to my mother, but I played with it once too often, I regret to say, and it will gladden a child's heart no more. Though I cannot hold myself up as an example in caring for my own toys, let me put in a plea for the plaything and may they live long and happily!

* * *

Suburban Life.

I HAVE read with interest the letters on the topic, "Which is preferable, city or country life?" The city and the country both possess good qualities, but both have their faults. For instance, it is said for the country that the pure air and the open fields are a good deal better for healthy boys and girls than the noise and bustle of the stuffy city streets. Also it is said that in the country you cannot get a good education, and if you are sick it is hard to get a doctor, that

you often have to go a long way to get fresh water, and that there are no neighbours within reasonable distance.

In my opinion the best place to live is in the suburbs of a large city or town, here you have all the advantages of country life together with the conveniences of the city. You have water, gas, and electric light, as in the city proper, and even from the most obscure point you can get into the centre of the city quickly.

Montreal.

E. B. JOYCE (Age 17.)

COMPETITION.

For boys and girls under eighteen.

Subject: "Our Pets."

Six books (the titles to be selected from our Library List) will be awarded as prizes for the best stories, letters, poems, drawings or photographs about this subject.

All entries must bear the name and age of the contributor, and be certified as original by parent or guardian. The contest closes January 1st.

DEMI-TASSE

Courierettes.

Undertakers are raising their rates. With the cost of living already aviating, what is the poor man to do?

"God is my silent partner," is one line from a Toronto poet. Easily understood. Some people talk so much that the Almighty couldn't get a chance for a word.

Science says that prehistoric inhabitants of America baked the bodies of their dead. We are civilized. We roast the living.

The Irish Players, who were the cause of riots in a New York theatre, have no kick coming concerning the cost of living. They got fruit and vegetables free every night.

Premier Borden must be a versatile man. In telling of the dismissal of Liberals, the Toronto Globe first charged him with swinging the axe and then with passing a vacuum cleaner through one of the departments.

Arnold Bennett, novelist, says he will write the truth about Chicago. It's a safe bet that the Toronto Morality Department will ban that book.

Proved His Versatility

—It was a rather remarkable Sunday-school stunt; but your lively small boy is nothing if not versatile: also he wants people to know it.

It was in the primary class of Wesley Methodist Sunday-school, Toronto, and Johnnie was making the acquaintance of his new teacher.

"Can you say a verse Johnnie?" she asked.

"Yep," said Johnnie. "Suffer little children to come unto me."

A moment's pause.

Then—"Would you like me to do something else for you?"

"Why, yes, Johnnie," she said.

And in great glee he bounded out into the middle of the room and neatly did a somersault, much to the delight of the other youngsters.

A Bright Clerk

—She was doing her Christmas shopping and couldn't decide what to buy her hubby.

"I want to get a present for my husband," she volunteered to the bright young man behind the counter.

"How long married?" he asked.

"Ten years."

"You'll find the bargain counter four circles to the left."

Worked Hard, Too.

—In view of what happened in the Federal and Ontario elections there seems to be something in at least one sign," said a Toronto man, who was looking at big bill-boards.

"Which sign is that?" he was asked.

For answer he pointed to the big poster which declares that the Toronto Daily Star is "a newspaper, not an organ."

Fun Over Collars

—Here are two incidents the happening of which concerned Ontario men.

In the family of a preacher it used to be the mother's custom to cut down the seventeen-inch collars worn by the man of the cloth so that they would fit a boy in the family. Another man who was staying at the preacher's house borrowed one of the collars. He saw that it was a seventeen size, and, when he found that it was too small for him, he was much alarmed over the way in which it seemed his neck must have swelled. His worry

vanished, however, when he learned that it was one of the cut-down collars that he had been trying to put on.

In the other incident the chief actor was a man who was so careless of his personal appearance that he wore his collars a long time. He also borrowed a collar from a friend, and he was so much pleased with it that he asked where such collars could be purchased.

"If you like that kind I'll send you a box of them," said the man who had loaned the collar.

"A box of them?" said a man who had heard the conversation. "Say, how long do you think — is going to live?"

Got Their V.C.'s—Two students of the University of Toronto recently qualified for a special kind of degree, and their fellow-students have been seeing to it that the two shouldn't forget it.

"Duff" Wood, of London, Ont., who is president of Varsity's Football Club, and George Kilpatrick, son of Prof. Kilpatrick, of Knox College, called at the home of Sir James Whit-

suggestions ought to help a number of people:

For the bashful lover—Neatly framed motto, "Do it now."

For the family physician—A copy of "How to Keep Well."

For your creditors—A notice of your death.

For your cook—Morocco bound cook book.

For your baby boy—Ibsen's plays.

For your employer—Box of 50 cent cigars.

For your fellow employee—Fifty cent box of cigars.

For your lawyer—A suit.

For gouty father—Patent leather shoes.

For your wife—Automobile, cash for Paris gown, set of mink furs, silver service, diamond necklace, Chipendale furniture, gloves and hose (several gross), another maid, theatre party, and any other little thing she may wish.

For yourself—AN ASSIGNMENT.

Just a Hint.—He—"I must say, Mabel, you are a most melancholy wife."

She—"Some day I hope to be a merry widow."

Toronto's Street Lanterns—"Illuminated warts on a forest of concrete poles," is the metaphorical description of the rather dim Hydro-Electric lanterns on Toronto streets, as phrased by a citizen of the Queen City recently. Perhaps he was not a public ownership man, but the phrase is being widely circulated.

The Mayor and the Censor—Those Toronto policemen who act as play and poster censors have leaped perhaps unwittingly into the limelight lately by reason of some rather absurd directions concerning the covering up of cards and cigarettes shown on posters.

This recalls a rather amusing experience that Mayor Geary, who happens also to be chairman of the Board of Police Commissioners, had with those same censors shortly after his return from his Coronation trip to England.

While in London, Mayor Geary met a bright and literary-minded Montreal girl, who talked with him about literary matters, and advised him to read H. G. Wells' recent book, "The New Machievelli," which deals with problems of social and political life. The Mayor is not an admirer of Wells, but he read the book. He found it interesting.

Soon after he returned to Toronto he was asked to address the Business Women's Club, a flourishing organization of some four hundred members. He found himself drifting in his speech along the line of Wells' doctrines, and then he frankly told the feminine audience to read the book.

For a week or two thereafter his Worship was bothered by frequent requests from women who had heard his speech and who wanted to know where they could buy the book. The Mayor made some investigation, and found that some three weeks before the police had put the book under the ban. They had discovered some little incident in it which described a fall from grace on the part of the hero, and they decided it was immoral. And so was presented the amusing spectacle of the chairman of the Police Commissioners recommending to women the book his subordinates had banned.

Answered.—Jill—"Is your friend, Mr. Sadman, married?"

Jack—"I don't know. He never tells me his troubles."



"THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS" Another Nature-Fakir

ney to ask Mrs. Whitney to be a patroness of the Rugby dance. The maid went upstairs with their cards and soon brought back word that Mrs. Whitney couldn't see the callers.

While the men were trying to explain matters to the maid, Mrs. Whitney came down. On seeing the college boys she said that she had gathered from what the maid said that the callers were from the vacuum cleaning establishment.

The story got around Varsity, and the other students have given the two the degree of V. C.

Ditty of the Flat-Dwellers.

(Modern version of favourite Christmas poem.)
 'Twas the night before Christmas
 And all through the flat
 Not a creature was stirring—
 Not even a rat.
 No hosiery hung
 By the gas grate with care,
 For the landlord objected
 To kids living there.

What to Give.—Choosing the proper Christmas gifts for friends and relatives is an art—perhaps one of the lost arts. The following little list of

A SENSIBLE MOTHER

Proud of our children's teeth, consults a dentist and learns that the beauty of permanent teeth depends on the care taken of the first set.

SOZODONT

Liquid and Powder

should be used. The Liquid to penetrate into the little crevices and purify them; the Powder to polish the outer surface and prevent the accumulation of tartar.

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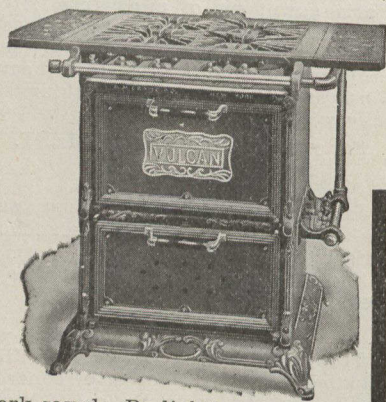
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PEOPLE AND PLACES

Brandon Entertains.

THE Union of Manitoba Municipalities has just concluded its annual session at Brandon. A remarkable feature of the meeting was the dinner given to the delegates by the municipality of Brandon. Three hundred guests at the banquet heard old-timers tell of their experiences when Brandon was in the shack town stage, and contrast the Brandon of yesterday and today.

* * *

The Next Olympic Games.

ONE of the big athletic events of 1912 will be the Olympic games to be held at Stockholm, Sweden, next summer. Canada will send over a "bunch" of her crack athletes as she did to Greece and to England. The other day the Canadian Olympic Committee was nominated at Toronto. Some of the members chosen are: Sir John Hanbury Williams; James G. Merrick, Dr. Bruce Macdonald, Toronto; R. Tasker Steele, Hamilton; E. Herbert Brown, Montreal.

The stadium for these games is now in course of erection. The building, which will be of a thoroughly permanent character, is erected in hand-made purple brick and granite. The plan shows a perfect amphitheatre, all under cover, at the foot of a hill which forms the northern side of the complex. Inside this permanent

stand, which will be used for the distribution of the prizes. The flags, to be hoisted in honour of the winners, will be placed on the top of the northern entrance. The royal box is situated alongside the finishing straight, under a golden yellow baldachin, and the press representatives will have their seats at the finishing post.

The money towards the expenses has been granted by the Swedish Government, who will ultimately become the owner of the building and grounds. The site is situated close to the most fashionable part of Stockholm.

* * *

An Immigrant's Loyalty.

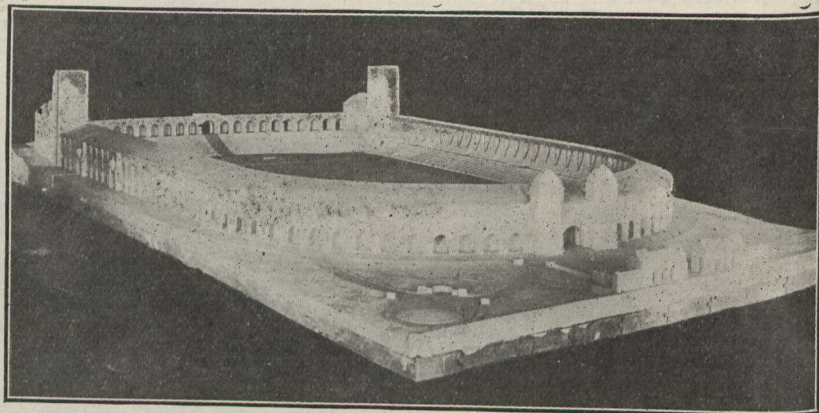
A LONELY settler, with a jaw-breaking continental name, so far bears the palm among Canadians in their efforts to express loyalty and devotion to the new vice-regal family at Rideau.

He is Aaron Kirschlieff, who squats down on the Peace River country at the top of Canada.

Aaron's business is growing wheat. He grows tall Peace River wheat with large mealy berries.

Aaron went out from his cottage to his rude pioneer, northern granary recently, and selected one particularly big sample of grain. This grain will occupy all of his time and attention these winter evenings.

While the Northern Lights are play-



Model of the elaborate Stadium being erected at Stockholm, Sweden, for Olympic Games of 1912.

building, extra rows of temporary seats will be arranged for use during the games. The stadium will then hold about 25,000 spectators. It contains a running track, four laps to the mile, and a grass football ground which, in the winter time, will be transformed into a skating rink.

The entrance of the athletes' special dressing rooms, to which long corridors lead, are situated at the foot of the hill.

The gates and arcades are vaulted in the old mediaeval Swedish style. On the brick walls there are blocks of granite inlaid, in which a series of Swedish heroes will be sculptured, and the gates to the entrance stairs will likewise be decorated by 18 heathen gods and goddesses.

Two massive brick towers will stand at the side of the eastern and western gates, and behind them two side buildings, each containing a number of administration, reading, lecturing, and assembly rooms. At the centre of the northern arcade, which connects the side buildings, is the gate through which all the competitors will march down to the ground on the opening day.

In front of the southern elliptical arcade, outside the stadium proper, but within the enclosure, is a fine garden of oaks and birches with paths for the spectators. The paths run the whole way round the building. At the foot of the two big towers two granite water fountains are to be arranged. From the balconies of the towers, trumpet signals for the various races will be given. Above the southern gateway, which forms the main entrance for the spectators, and beside which two octagonal brick towers will be erected, is the band-

ing pranks in the night, Aaron, the immigrant, will sit hours into the night pouring over the bit of grain from his fields. He intends inscribing upon it 390 words in the form of a prayer to His Royal Highness, the Duke of Connaught. When his minute task is finished, next spring, he will carefully pack the grain containing the prayer and forward it to Ottawa, as his slight testimony of respect for the head of the nation and for British institutions.

This remarkable feat of carving has only one previous instance on record, when a Jew, called Bauch Mordecai, of Jerusalem, submitted a prayer inscribed on a grain of wheat to a Sir Moses Montefiore.

The attempt of such a work, for such a purpose, by an immigrant foreigner, is surely an "eye-opener" to those timid souls, who wonder how Canada is going to assimilate her foreign population.

* * *

Pioneer at 86.

"OLD DAVE" LOWE is the pride of Leamington, Ont.

Until six years ago, he was having an uphill fight for an existence in Leamington, doing odd jobs and market gardening.

Now, at 92, he is one of the "well-to-do" of the Ontario town. All his good fortune has come in six years, and he has earned it.

Lowe at 86 years of age, got prairie fever and hit the trail West. He secured a homestead and so shrewdly worked it for all there was in it, that he made a small fortune despite his years. Last year 1,200 bushels of oats grew on Lowe's farm.

Lately, he began to hunger for the old folks at home, and sold his farm

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AND
"MANY OF THEM"**



Drink the health of your
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WHITE LABEL ALE

Dominion Brewery Co., Limited
TORONTO, ONT.

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There are many non-trade-marked lines which are finding a ready sale, but which seems to carry the greater guarantee to the consumer—the non-trade-marked line which gives the consumer no idea of the name of the manufacturer, or the trade-marked line, which reveals the identity of the manufacturer and which makes it good business for him to make good goods—goods of such quality that will induce the consumer to buy the same line again.

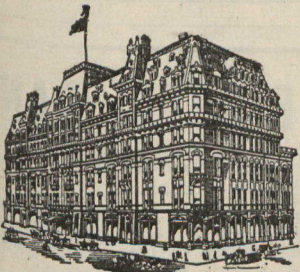
The manufacturer who is trade-marking his goods and values his good name is probably spending thousands of dollars a year more than he otherwise would in order to keep his line up to a high standard.

This same manufacturer is possibly spending thousands of dollars more to tell you—the consumer—of the merits of his line. His line does not cost you more as a result, because he sells more on account of his advertising.

The consumers' safeguard is the Trade-Mark. Insist on seeing it when purchasing.

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Rooms without bath, one person, \$1.50 per day and upward; two persons, \$3.00 and upward; with bath, one person, \$2.50 per day and upward, two persons, \$4.00 and upward. Suites \$6.00 per day and upward.

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Music from 6 to 12 p.m.
Every room has private bath.
European Plan. Rates, \$1.50 per day up.
L. W. TULLER, Prop.

for a great advance on the original expense of his prairie venture. He returned to Leamington. The town welcomed him back, considering the courage and enterprise of "Dave" Lowe unique in Canadian pioneer experience.

* * *

Tragedy of a Name.

THERE is nothing in a name—that distinction is not always true.

A mix-up of names caused an extremely sad and tragic incident in London, Ont., last week.

A factory in the city had on its staff two men called Moore—L. H. and William.

L. H. Moore was killed in an accident in the factory. By some mistake the family of William Moore were notified that its bread-winner had been fatally injured. While the blinds were being drawn because of the grief which had entered the little home, a second message came that it was L. H. Moore who had been taken away. Sadness fled from one home only to enter another.

A blunder had plunged two homes, one entirely without cause, into the greatest anguish a family circle may know.

* * *

College Patriarchs.

THE Fredericton Gleaner recalls that the two oldest living graduates of the famous University of New Brunswick are Rev. T. W. Street, B.A., 151, and Colonel John L. Marsh, B.A., 152. Rev. Mr. Street lives in St. John and Colonel Marsh is police magistrate of Fredericton.

* * *

Fredericton Alert.

THE St. John Valley Railroad is to be pushed through shortly. There is rivalry among Maritime cities for the location of the shops and works of the enterprise. Fredericton is one of the first towns to make a bid. The Council there appointed recently a committee to urge the claims of Fredericton upon the powers that be.

* * *

A Triumph for Winnipeg.

IN Winnipeg there is a club, which won out in an Empire contest, whose achievements have not been widely heralded. That is the Winnipeg Camera Club, which at the Festival of Empire, a few weeks ago, obtained the prize for competing exhibits of photographs from all the colonies. Two members of the Club came home with gold medals in addition to helping bear the collective trophy. The medallists were Mr. A. E. Hearn, who submitted a photographic study of Banff, and Mr. J. G. Norris, whose prize picture was "An Old Log Cabin."

Such a victory for an organization like the Winnipeg Camera Club was a striking advertisement for the Dominion.

* * *

"A Disgrace to Civilization."

YOU have been on a street car during the 5 to 6 rush from town when the passengers are packed in like sardines.

Often you have seized the gallant opportunity of offering your seat to some poor, tired, wilted shop girl, who, lurching with every unexpected movement of the car, appeared to you too pathetic a figure for anything.

If you are not a crabbed old bachelor, undoubtedly, your display of unselfishness gave you a new interest in the homeward journey.

But while you were extending your place in the car to a member of the "weaker" sex, did some man suddenly grasp the opportunity of sliding into the seat?

This experience, the other day, happened to Mr. W. D. Macpherson, M.P.P., the well-known Toronto lawyer and representative of the Queen City in the Ontario Legislature.

Mr. Macpherson is reported to have angrily termed the man a "disgrace to civilization."

If one of the attributes of civilization is courtesy and chivalry of men towards women, the remonstrative language of Mr. W. D. Macpherson on the Toronto street car last week was not a bit too strong.

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"Salvador"
BEER**

Is recognized as
THE FAMOUS NATIONAL DRINK

Brewed scientifically from the choicest Bavarian Hops, selected Barley Malt and pure sterilized spring water, properly aged in wood, and bottled under the most sanitary conditions possible. The secret formula for this famous brew and the sole right to make it on this side of the Atlantic is owned by

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Hotel Directory

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

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Toronto, Canada. F. W. Mossop, Prop
European Plan. Absolutely Fireproof.

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Rooms with bath, \$2.00 up.

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250 rooms
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Accommodation for 750 guests. \$1.50 up
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One Hundred and Fifty Rooms.
Single rooms without bath, \$1.50 and \$2.00 per day; rooms with bath, \$2.00 per day and upwards.
St. James and Notre Dame Sts., Montreal.

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Would be most desirable land to settle on or its purchase would be a splendid investment.

Scarboro Securities Limited

12 Wellington St. E., Toronto

**MONEY AND MAGNATES****A Record for Canadian Underwriting.**

ONE of the most interesting developments in connection with the tremendous enterprises being carried out in Canada is the success that has attended some of the large underwritings rendered necessary by the many big deals which are being put through. Perhaps what constituted a record was achieved the other day by Mr. J. N. Greenshields, the well-known corporation lawyer, when he had an issue of something like a million and a quarter of bonds of the Peter Lyall Construction Company, Limited, entirely underwritten in less than twenty-four hours. Just a short time before his successful placing of the Lyall underwriting he had successfully placed the underwriting of the entire \$750,000 bonds of the National Brick Company, a concern which has since taken over the controlling interest in the Laprairie Brick Company. Usually in connection with such a large amount of underwriting different groups would require at least a week to have their securities placed to advantage, and that it is possible to obtain such splendid results in a day's labour must be taken as an indication that there are now heaps of money in the main financial centres of the country.

A few months ago Mr. J. W. McConnell, the Montreal broker, who makes a particular specialty of underwritings, had all arrangements made to go on a holiday when he had a proposition placed before him to handle the underwriting in connection with the bond issue of the Ames-Holden-McCready Company. At the time it was understood that Mr. McConnell only had a little over a day in which to do the work, so that it was absolutely impossible for him to try to get around and see the various clients with whom he thought he might be able to place the bonds. So he immediately decided to get busy on the telephone and within an hour had placed something like over half a million of the underwriting, and in a little over a day had placed over a million dollars.

Toronto has also seen some of its underwritings go very quickly, Cawthra Mulock having placed the underwriting for the million and a quarter Bread Bonds in something like three days, which was all the more remarkable because he did so during the summer months when a number of larger clients were necessarily away from their business.

With the development that is occurring in connection with large issuing houses there is a disposition to believe that these large underwritings will not be as numerous in the future as they have in the past, as the principal houses will finance their own individual propositions and count on being able to market them direct to the investing public.

* * *

Montreal's Largest Money-makers.

A FEW of the more active brokers of Montreal were discussing, the other day, who was the biggest money-maker of the more prominent Montreal capitalists. The unanimous manner in which they agreed upon the question indicated that if one were to guess that Mr. H. S. Holt, President of the Montreal Light, Heat and Power Company, was the lucky one, they would come pretty near to being right. Mr. Holt really seems to have a genius for money-making, very largely because he picks out his investments and enterprises with extreme care. For the past couple of years Mr. Holt, in a general way, seems to have kept away from the stock market and has been devoting the greater part of his time and attention to real estate, more especially in Montreal, and some profits which he has made on deals are said to be little short of incredible. Mr. Holt seems to get into quite a number of things and they nearly all turn out to be good ones.

Mr. James Ross has been an interesting type of a cumulator, more especially because he never seems to want to stay with a thing very long, but prefers to turn it over.

Mr. C. R. Hosmer has a reputation of being quite a money-maker, but he has always given his attention, more or less, to the stock market, and there are very few men who can do so who do not occasionally make heavy losses, even though on the average they come out well on their operations.

For a time Mr. D. Lorne McGibbon gave a good deal of his time to the Wall Street market, and it is understood that it was in his operations there that he laid the foundation of his present very large fortune. Subsequently he gave more attention to industrial enterprises, and it is taking all his time to work these out.

From a purely stock market standpoint, Mr. Rodolphe Forget probably had made more real money out of the market during the past year than any other operator in Canada. He has a tremendous following, which enables him to distribute stocks to very great advantage. Of course, one of his great strokes of the year was in connection with the reorganization plans of the Toronto Railway, and the opinion on the "Street" in Montreal was that Mr. Forget had made something close to a million dollars out of this one deal.

A few years ago Mr. R. B. Angus, the President of the Bank of Montreal, was regarded as the biggest money-getter in the country, and yet very few people ever heard of him or any of his deals. It is believed, however, that the bulk of his fortune was made out of C. P. R. and land investments in the Canadian Northwest.

* * *

Interest in Movement in Woods.

A FEW days ago the price of the Lake of the Woods Milling stock suddenly sold down from around 149 to 134. There did not seem to be any particular reason why it should act in this way, and when it did many people who follow stock movements pretty closely figured out that perhaps the Forget interests were again taking some active interest in the stock, because they have long had in mind plans that would enable them to get control of the Company. The "Street" figured that the reason why the stock was allowed to decline to the extent that it did was that some people wanted to accumulate as much of it as possible around low prices, and some such plan was made evident by the fact that the decline in the stock was effected on the smallest kind of trading.

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We have prepared a comprehensive booklet entitled

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SAVINGS DEPARTMENT at all Branches

A RENTED SANTA CLAUS

(Continued from page 6.)

"At Melton; Miss Kathleen Palmer is to give an entertainment—"

"You don't mean to say that the little Palmer girl has grown large enough to give a party!" the young man mused more to himself than to the older one. Indeed, he quite forgot himself.

When Peter Caswell arrived at the Palmer mansion he dressed quickly, and was taken by a servant to see Miss Palmer.

"Miss Palmer is in there," announced the man rapping gently at a large glass door.

Peter turned the handle and entered, but before he had time to see the woman he was to serve, the lights flared up and then went out leaving the house in total darkness.

With a little cry of annoyance the girl came forward.

"Are you the Santa Claus?" she asked, standing quite close to him.

"Yes, Miss Palmer."

"Very well, then listen. I must hurry down and see that the children are not frightened—you are to go outside, through the gun room, and on your left you will find a ladder which will take you to the top of the big chimney I had built off the library. This has, also, a ladder inside it, and when you are sufficiently far down to be within easy reach of the entrance, I want you to wait for my signal. I will clap my hands and cry 'Hush!' What noise is that in the chimney?"

"You must slide down then, and make a sensational entrance. Make a little speech to the children, first, and distribute their presents as you see fit. They will be on a large table just beside you. After we have finished with the children and they have gone home, you are to give the grown people their mementoes. Try to make them appropriate—don't give a man a thimble and a girl a razor, you know!"

With a soft, fragrant swish she was gone, the memory of her voice bringing a strange sense of familiarity to Peter Caswell.

The lights' sudden glare brought him to a recollection of his work, and he crept stealthily down stairs where the faithful parkins piloted him through the gun room and out to the base of the ladder.

With creditable agility Santa climbed up one and down the other as far as he dared, and awaited his signal. To ease his position slightly he kept his feet on the ladder, and letting go with his hands wedged his big, padded body against the outer wall of the box chimney. Suddenly, a voice sounded in his ear, startling him so, that for a second he could scarcely realize that he was alone in his cage. The sound was hushed but distinct, and the speaker was without doubt occupying the same position outside as that held by Peter, inside. This was possible if he lay flat on the roof over the library verandah. Intently, Peter listened while the man whispered. He was answered by a second and their conversation was more than ordinarily interesting.

A regular stampede below announced the children's arrival in the library. The two voices resolved themselves into heavy shuffling, a creak or two, then silence, and, presently, Caswell heard his signal.

Chuckling merrily, as befitted his part, old Saint Nick slid down, and burst into the brilliantly lighted room.

There was an awe-struck silence, a backing from the place where he stood and suspicious whimpers. Many of the hundred children had never seen even a shop Santa Claus! In an instant, however, he had thrust his hand into the mysterious pack and brought forth a dozen shining pennies which he held for them to take. They crowded near with big, round, greedy eyes, and a little tot of three so far overcome her fright as to stroke his beard. "Snow," she said solemnly.

"Bless you, yes, baby," assented the red-coated fellow, "but not the sort of snow I had to travel through to get to you!" Lifting the child to his shoulder, Santa Claus then began the thrilling story of his journey from

Brownie Land to "Melton"; he told them of the regiment of little people who worked for him that they might be made happy, he took them over snowy plains where the white and frosty elves waited upon him and drew the ice bergs like ferries, he took them through deep, dark tunnels where the gnomes went on ahead with sputtering torches, he made them fly from peak to peak behind his faithful reindeer, Dunder and Blitzen. He made them friends of Red Riding Hood, Jack the Giant Killer and Cinderella, and he likened Miss Palmer to the beautiful, good fairies, whereat every one cheered. And when the littlest ones began to grow restless and the parents were all distributed, he steered them—hanging on his back, to his belt, or about his fur-topped boots to the dining-room.

There, he allowed himself to sigh with relief; that much was successfully accomplished, and now he must turn his mind to the other thing. But all his wits were driven from him as he saw a slim figure in white come toward him. His face grew hot under the heavy white beard and he dreaded lest it should not be an adequate disguise.

"You are perfectly splendid!" she said to him, smiling. "I had to pinch myself every minute to make myself realize that it was only you. I should like to believe, always, in fairies!"

Peter muttered something as she moved away. "Only you," she had said. Did those words hold any suspicion? he asked himself.

A peculiar silence had fallen in the dining-room—only the grown people talked. From various causes the little folks were unable to make sounds other than those forbidden at a gentleman's table, and seeing every one engrossed Santa Claus slipped unnoticed through the hallway, into the gun room, where he selected an old revolver and bullets for it, then, after loading it, he tip-toed to the first floor toward the parlour.

Each switch as he passed, he turned, and when the hall was in darkness he collected several rugs and piled them in front of the stairs. Then cocking the old revolver he pushed open a door, devoutly hoping it might be the right one, stepped quickly inside and stood with his back against the wall.

It was all over in a minute, but such a painful minute! Two shadowy forms were silhouetted against the brilliance of the lights on the driveway; they were working at a small combination safe in the wall. All at once he heard a sound behind him—he felt a presence in the doorway and turned, sharply. The two men saw him, and rushed toward him; he raised his arm and fired. There was a loud report, a shower of sparks, a nauseating pain in his arm, his breath was struck from his body, and he only struck feebly at the man who rushed at him. Just before he went down a woman's scream seemed to pierce his very soul and then all was still.

He opened his eyes and looked in to Jim Henley's face. His right arm lay limply on his chest, and his breathing was very painful. Nearby stood a basin, some cotton dressings and various bottles.

"Peter, you old fool," said Dr. Henley, affectionately, "what the deuce does this all mean?"

"Mad idea of Woodward's—thirst for adventure—receipt for eternal youth—and all the rest of his assinine theories! Six of us applied to old Blackmore and rented ourselves for the evening; there is a thousand dollar kitty for the one with the most thrilling adventure. Will you recommend me?"

Henley whistled softly. "But what about those men?" he asked.

"While I was in my chimney corner I overheard these delightfully grateful thugs—fathers of half a dozen kiddies who were benefitting by the generosity of Miss Palmer—planning a raid on the family heirlooms, so I tried to head them off. The gun exploded, didn't it?"

"Rather!"

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THE TRADERS BANK of Canada

DIVIDEND No. 63.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a dividend at the rate of 8% per annum upon the paid-up Capital Stock of the Bank has been declared for the current quarter, and that the same will be payable at the Bank and its Branches on and after the 2nd day of January next to Shareholders of record of 15th December, 1911.

By order of the Board.

STUART STRATHY,
General Manager.

Toronto, November 3rd, 1911.



Under the Mistletoe

GANONG'S
THE FINEST **G.B.** IN THE LAND
CHOCOLATES

The Volume of Advertising

offered the "Canadian Courier" for insertion in the Christmas issue, December 9th, is only too indicative of the confidence advertisers have in the value of the "Courier's" advertising columns. The favourable comment received from every quarter is a tribute to the superior excellence of the issue.

From the advertising standpoint the Xmas issue is the most successful issue the "Courier" has ever published.

We would ask those readers who are advertisers and have not considered the "Courier" as a necessary part of their campaign for Canada to note the representative and high character of the advertising the "Courier" carries (all objectionable advertising is absolutely barred from the "Courier's" columns), and to consider the "Courier's" large and growing circulation, thoroughly national in its distribution, covering Canada from coast to coast.

The outstanding merits of the "Courier" demand for its advertising columns the consideration of every national advertiser.

The fullest information as to rates, circulation, etc., on request to the Advertising Department.

The
Canadian Courier

The National Weekly.

TORONTO.



The Old Folks at Home

YOU can't go home to the old folks this Christmas, nor romp into their room with "A merry Christmas, mother," and "A merry Christmas, dad," like you did as a child. A hurried letter is all the greeting they get. How they miss that "Merry Christmas"! You are still a child to them, though busy with the cares of the world. Your Christmas present, no matter how elaborate, is not enough for them. They want to hear your voice.

THE G.N.W. TELEGRAPH COMPANY WILL CONVEY YOUR GREETING

A NIGHT WIRE of fifty words at the price of a ten-word day message may be filed at any G.N.W. office up to midnight Sunday, December 24th, and will be

DELIVERED to the old folks at home. The most welcome of all presents they may receive

CHRISTMAS MORNING

THE GREAT NORTH WESTERN TELEGRAPH COMPANY

WONDER-SHINE
CLEANS
SILVERWARE
WITHOUT RUBBING

"I say, Jim," urged Caswell, suddenly, "get me away from this, will you? I—er—I—there are—people whom I don't want to see until it all is explained."

"Why, my dear fellow," exclaimed the Doctor, "it would be as much as my life was worth to get you away before they all have made a fuss over you! Heavens, real heroes are getting as scarce as cash patients—I couldn't possibly do it!"

Before Peter had time to argue a girl with a soft, white dress came to the door-way and looked anxiously in. Her big gray eyes were misty and troubled. "How is he?" she asked.

"Come in, come in!" cried Henley. "As soon as he gets his breath he will be all right! Try to persuade him that all you girls will feel cheated if he won't have a fuss made over him—he wants to go home!"

Jim Henley stopped abruptly, looking from one to another, then with almost a professional cough, he excused himself.

Kathleen was looking at her hired Santa Claus without his mask for the first time. Her face was crimson, and her eyes looked more solemnly troubled than before her "adventure," a Blackmore's "Ropie to Rent!" She could hardly tell whether she was more sorry for herself or for him! Peter was also very red, only he looked sheepish—just like a small boy who has been caught stealing his mother's jam. There was a strained silence.

"I am afraid you will always associate me with some sort of trouble," Kathleen spoke first, although that was not, in the least, what she intended to say.

"Not a bit of it," contradicted Peter, "I was clumsy to a fault. I hope they did not get away with anything."

Kathleen sat down on a low stool beside the couch, and Peter groaned as he tried to turn so as to watch her. She went very white at the sound, and he cursed below his breath.

"It was not your fault, but mine," she said, very softly. "I saw you leave the dining-room, and creep upstairs turning out the lights as you went, and—and—forgive me, but I thought such a dreadful thing—and—I am trying to make it right by telling you—I saw you go to my room, and didn't understand! But when I did, and saw them rush at me, I screamed, and you fell, and there was the most awful confusion—" she shuddered and covered her face with her hands. "I feel as though I had hurt you."

Before Peter could protest she looked up resolutely, and asked with just a shade of hesitation:

"Would you like me to telegraph Blackmore's and tell them that you won't be back for a day or so?"

"Blackmore's?" he asked. She had driven everything else from his mind. Then he remembered, and laughed in spite of his pain. "That Santa Claus get-up, you mean? Oh, that was a joke, I will tell you about that some other time."

And they looked a long minute at each other and smiled; and Kathleen blushed harder than ever, and Peter felt like five kinds of a fool.

"Are you glad it was a joke?" he asked, with sudden illumination.

"Yes," she answered, without looking at him.

Then Peter made good use of his other arm, and every time that Kathleen moved he groaned and said she hurt him, and they saw the mistletoe which hung directly over her head at the very same instant, and Peter said it should not be wasted, and—Oh, well, you know how silly it sounds, but how sensible it is!

Until finally Peter announced:

"My mater is coming down to-night—I heard her say so this morning. She says she wasn't invited, but that made no difference. She is a great chum of Miss Palmer's aunt—the one in Egypt. Know her?"

And then they introduced themselves and laughed fatuously some more, and were as silly and happy as possible. And when they heard footsteps in the hall, Kathleen pushed herself away and tidied her hair, as Peter whispered, teasingly:

"Your whiskey bottles will go in my trunk, next time!"

CITY GOVERNMENT BY COMMISSION

(Continued from page 9.)

five men, the Mayor and four others, for expert service, and for the whole time of the commission in the public service. The idea of the last-named clause and provision was that immediate attention would be given to the duties of the hour by the members of the commission. In addition there were the devices which were declared to be for the protection of the people, namely, the Initiative, the Referendum, and the Recall. (The meaning and effect of these in government by commission need not be explained.)

Summary of the Arguments.

THERE are arguments for and against the Commission. The advantages may be briefly summarized. They have been presented by various public bodies, but by no one so concisely as the joint committee of the Commercial Club and the City Council of the city of Duluth. This committee made an examination of the conditions which prevailed in several cities, under commission rule, and their conclusions were as follows:

1. That the people's business was attended to without delay and on its merits.
2. The power of the government was concentrated.
3. There was economy of management.
4. The public service appeared to be the very best.
5. The devices (the Initiative, the Referendum and the Recall), interested the people more strongly in the work of the government.
6. Ward lines, or limitations, had been abolished.
7. Government by commission cost something, unusually, and this cost varied according to the time required from the Commission. In odd cases the commissioners act or serve gratuitously.
8. The testimony of the cities visited—Galveston, Des Moines, Cedar Rapids, Leavenworth—showed that the investment paid.

The strongest arguments against government by commission have been presented by Ansley Wilcox, of Buffalo, and during the campaign in which the amendment of the city's charter was under consideration. He held that the system of government by commission was not suited to the larger cities. He did not, when he spoke, have the information which came to hand later. He insisted that there had not been sufficient time in any case to permit of a safe judgment upon the subject.

There were two radical defects in the Commission: (1) It divided responsibility, five commissioners directing the civic affairs like five generals directing the movements of an army, and (2) the five men were too few for legislative purposes, and too many for administrative purposes. In effect the Commission initiated everything, passed everything, carried through everything, and certified to everything. Mr. Wilcox objected to the devices which were heralded as the safeguards of the people, thus:

The Initiative had been seldom tried in America, and when tried had not been found successful. Nor was it necessary. It was not called for. Civic legislators had no difficulty in understanding what the people desired and in crystallizing it into law.

The Referendum had not always secured the fullest expression of public opinion. Many people who had votes did not use them. In Buffalo, on a certain occasion, only one-seventh of the ratepayers exercised the franchise. In other words, six-sevenths of them did not manifest any interest in the case, and of the one-seventh who did vote one-quarter of them were against the proposition.

The Recall Mr. Wilcox regarded as destructive of good government. It was a restraint upon men's independence. Only twice had it been effectually used. It led to the candidature of volatile and demagogic

persons. That there is something popular in the movement, however, has been attested by the manner in which it has spread.

In Woodruff's "City Governed by Commission" there is a record of 156 cities which have adopted in whole or in part this commission government. In 50 cities it was defeated because of prejudice or misunderstanding. At the present time there are 270 towns and cities which have it under consideration. St. Johns, N.B., has it in Canada. In January Vancouver and Winnipeg vote upon it, and there has been some agitation for it in London, Toronto, Montreal and Ottawa.

Continuity of Policy.

THE great benefit of government by commission is the continuity of its policy. Its members, after the first election, retire usually one at a time, and if this one be a good man and has proven his capacity as an administrator, he will be re-elected. The result is that there are always continued in office the majority who, having decided upon a certain line of action with regard to any public question, pursue it to a finish. The desirability of this is quite apparent to any one who has served in the council and become acquainted with its changeable plans.

The writer has in his mind many incidents in illustration of this fact. He remembers a certain Water Committee which decided that it would have an appraisal of its plant to date. There had not been such a valuation in about twenty years. When the work was finished many thousands of dollars, representing depreciation, were written off the assets. It was agreed that henceforth there should be a Depreciation Fund and that to it there should be devoted, from the earnings, not less than \$3,000 per annum.

When this fund had grown to some proportion the Council appropriated \$10,000 of it on two occasions for general expenses rather than increase the tax rate. Would this have happened under government by commission? Would any public body, holding service for a reasonable time, and following a continued and sound policy, permit of such a misuse of its Depreciation Fund?

Again, this Water Department, under committee rule, put meters in hotels, livery stables, and other places in order to keep down the manifest waste of water. In the following year these meters were taken out by a committee, and largely composed of the same members, but without any definite policy and one which they felt called upon to defend.

The one great grievance against management by Council Committee is that it is not devoted to its task, and that it does not direct the people's business as the members of it would direct their own business, and for the reason that they are continually subject to outside influences. The Commission is more independent, and it certainly has a record for business acumen and business ability which is not to be found in the average Council.

Progress of the Movement.

THAT Mr. Wilcox was wrong in his assumption, and to the effect that the commission is not suitable for the government of larger cities, was made manifest by the statistics which Horace E. Deming collected, with infinite pains, and presented in his work on the "Government of American Cities." According to his record Commission government has been adopted in the last ten years as follows:

In six cities, with a population between 25,000 and 30,000.

In seven cities, with a population between 30,000 and 40,000.

In four cities, with a population between 40,000 and 50,000.

In seven cities, with a population between 50,000 and 75,000.

In six cities, with a population between 75,000 and 100,000.

In five cities, with a population of



Cover Those Blemishes!

'Tis the kitchen that gets most wear and tear. Wear from the scrub brush — tear from the pots and pans and daily toil.




Will give a new tone to your oilcloth—make these old kitchen chairs fit for any company—cover up the ice-man's clumsy work on your refrigerator—brighten the wainscoting—banish pussy's claw marks from the table and chair legs. Worth while trying it?

Our little booklet, "Dainty Decorator," tells of many uses of "Lacqueret" for your home. And there's a copy waiting for you for the asking. Ask your dealer for "Lacqueret."

Cans contain full Imperial measure. Don't accept a substitute!

INTERNATIONAL VARNISH CO. LIMITED.

TORONTO **WINNIPEG**



Extreme weakness after operations. Thorough invalid for months.

The supreme restorative and life-giving virtues of "Wincarnis" are admirably illustrated in the letter given below which Mrs. Draycott sent out of gratitude for her husband's miraculous recovery. The letter also again proves our claim that

"Wincarnis" gives new life to the invalid, renewed strength to the weak, increased vigour to the brain worker and a wealth of health to everyone. Read Mrs. Draycott's own account of how



gave a lease of new life to her invalid husband

Gentlemen,—I must acknowledge that your "Wincarnis" deserves the highest praise. Some time ago my husband underwent two serious operations for internal injuries, which left him in a state of extreme weakness, in fact, he was a thorough invalid for months. Nothing seemed to revive him until I bought him a bottle of "Wincarnis." The result of the first few wineglassfuls was really marvellous. It picked him up wonderfully, and made him brighter and happier, and seemed to give him a lease of new life. So I continued giving him three wineglassfuls a day, and I am thankful to say that he is now stronger and healthier than he has been for years. Words cannot express my thankfulness for my husband's miraculous recovery.

Yours gratefully, E. J. DRAYCOTT.

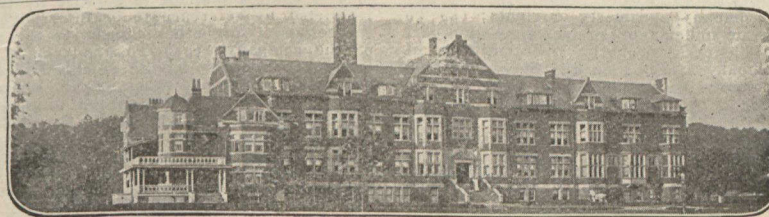
The above letter carries a message to you. If you suffer from Weakness, Exhaustion, Anaemia, Sleeplessness, Brain-fag, Debility, Depression, Lowered Vitality, Nervous Disorders, etc., "Wincarnis"

will give you renewed health, increased vigour, greater vitality, a lease of new life and an abundance of reserve strength. Will you try just one bottle!

Can be obtained at all first-class Druggists, Stores, etc.

TRADE NOTE.

"Wincarnis" can be readily obtained from all the leading Wholesale Distributing Houses in the Dominion.



ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE TORONTO, ONTARIO. A Residential and Day School for Boys. Preparation for Universities, Business and Royal Military College. Upper and Lower Schools. Calendar sent on application. Re-opens after Christmas vacation on Jan. 10, 1912. REV. D. BRUCE MACDONALD, M.A., LL.D., Headmaster.

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



**\$99.⁰⁰ for a POWERFUL
4 H. P.
BUFFALO
ENGINE**

Write for
Circulars

The C. H. LEPAGE CO., Limited : Quebec City, Canada

LEGAL NOTICE

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given that under the First Part of chapter 79 of the Revised Statutes of Canada, 1906, known as "The Companies Act," letters patent have been issued under the Seal of the Secretary of State of Canada, bearing date the 23rd day of October, 1911, incorporating James Stewart, accountant; William Gilchrist, solicitors' clerk, and Alfred Ernest Day, Alexander Murray Garden and Waldron Lawr students-at-law, all of the City of Toronto, in the Province of Ontario, for the following purposes, viz.:—(a) To carry on the trade or business of engineers, dredgers, contractors, founders, smiths, mechanics and manufacturers; to carry on the business of dredging and that of ship owners and shippers, barge owners, lightermen, carriers by land and by water, forwarding agents, warehousemen, wharfingers, store keepers, dock owners, harbor masters, merchants, traders, importers, and exporters, and all kinds of goods, merchandise, freight and property, and to deal in articles, goods and chattels of every kind; (b) To build and construct or to order or procure to be built and constructed or to acquire by purchase or otherwise or to charter or hire any ships, vessels, tugs, dredges, dredging equipment, lighters or barges, or any share or shares therein, with all necessary or convenient engines, furniture, tackle, stores and equipment; (c) To acquire by purchase, lease or otherwise, or to erect, build or construct or cause to be erected, built or constructed, and to operate or cause to be operated any wharves, docks, dry docks, harbours, breakwaters, dredges, dredging machinery or dredging equipment, offices, warehouses, factories, tramways, upon the property of the company, elevators, cranes, lifts, machinery, engines or plants, or to acquire any right to use the same or any of the same; (d) To maintain, repair, improve, convert, alter, fit and re-fit, provide with engines, furniture, equipment, tackle and stores, ships, vessels, tugs, dredges, lighters and barges of or under charter to whomsoever; (e) To employ in trading or in the carriage of goods, merchandise or passengers, or for surveying, dredging or other works, the ships, vessels, tugs, lighters or barges of the company or under charter to the company, and to let on hire or charter or otherwise employ the said ships, vessels, tugs, dredges, lighters or barges for profit; (f) To construct, carry out, maintain, improve, manage, work, control, and superintend any roads, ways, pipe lines, tramways, terminals and railway sidings on lands owned or controlled by the company, bridges, reservoirs, storage, stations, watercourses, water rights, water powers, water lots, aqueducts, wharves, furnaces, sawmills, mill sites, crushing works, hydraulic works, electrical works, factories, warehouses, shops, dwelling-houses, and other works and conveniences which may seem directly or indirectly conducive to or convenient for any of the objects of the company and to contribute to, subsidize or otherwise aid or take part in any such operations; (g) To furnish and sell electricity for power, heat, and lighting purposes, and all appliances incident or necessary thereto, provided, however, that any distribution or transmission of electricity beyond the lands of the company shall be subject to local, and municipal regulations in that behalf; (h) To apply for, purchase or otherwise acquire any trade marks, trade names, patents, licenses, copyrights, concessions and the like conferring any exclusive or non-exclusive or limited right to use or any secret or other information as to any invention which may seem capable of being used for any of the purposes of the company or the acquisition of which may seem calculated directly or indirectly to benefit the company, and to use, exercise, develop or grant licenses in respect of or otherwise turn to account the property, rights or information so acquired; (i) To buy, sell and manufacture, refine, manipulate, export and import and deal in all substances, apparatus and things capable of being used in any such businesses as the company is authorized to carry on or required by any customers of or persons having dealings with the company; (j) To carry on any other business, whether manufacturing or otherwise, which may seem to the company capable of being conveniently carried on in connection with the company's businesses or calculated directly or indirectly to enhance the value of or render profitable any of the company's property or rights; (k) To acquire or undertake the whole or any part of the business, property and liabilities of any company carrying on any business which the company is authorized to carry on or possessed of property suitable for the purposes of this company, and to pay therefor in fully paid-up or partly paid-up preference or ordinary shares of the company, or in the bonds, debentures or other securities of the company; (l) To enter into partnership or any arrangement for sharing profits, union of interest, co-operation, joint adventure, reciprocal concession or otherwise with any company carrying on or engaged in or about to carry on or engage in any business or transaction which this company is authorized to carry on or engage in, or any business or transaction

capable of being conducted so as directly or indirectly to benefit this company; and to lend money to, guarantee the contracts of or otherwise assist any such person; (m) To take or otherwise acquire and hold and to sell or otherwise dispose of shares in any other company having objects altogether or in part similar to those of this company, or carrying on any business capable of being conducted so as to directly or indirectly to benefit this company, notwithstanding the provisions of Section 44 of the said Act; (n) To enter into any arrangements with any authorities, government, municipal, local or otherwise, that may seem conducive to the company's objects or any of them, and to obtain from any such authority, any rights, privileges and concessions which the company may think it desirable to obtain, and to carry out or exercise and comply with any such arrangements, rights, privileges and concessions; (o) To establish and support or aid in the establishment and support of associations, institutions, funds, trusts, and conveniences calculated to benefit employees or ex-employees of the company, or its predecessors in business, or the dependents or connections of such persons, and to grant pensions and allowances, and to make payments towards insurance, and to subscribe or guarantee for charitable or benevolent objects or for any exhibition or for any public, general or useful object; (p) To promote any company or companies for the purpose of acquiring all or any of the property and liabilities of this company, or for any other purpose which may seem directly or indirectly calculated to benefit this company; (q) To purchase, take on lease or in exchange, hire or otherwise acquire any real and personal property and any rights or privileges which the company may think necessary or convenient for the purposes of its business; (r) To invest and deal with the moneys of the company not immediately required in such manner as may from time to time be determined; (s) To lend money to customers and others having dealings with the company and to guarantee the performance of contracts by any company, to issue bonds or debentures for the construction, acquisition, maintenance or operation of any of the properties or works of the company; (t) To remunerate any company for services rendered or to be rendered to the company in placing or assisting to place or guaranteeing the placing of any of the shares in the company's capital, or any bonds, debentures or other securities of the company, or in or about the formation or promotion of the company or the conduct of its business; (u) To sell or dispose of, lease or otherwise deal with or dispose of the whole or any part of the property, assets or undertaking of the company as a going concern or otherwise for such consideration as the company may think fit, and in particular for shares, bonds, debentures or securities of any other company having objects altogether or in part similar to those of this company; (v) To adopt such means of making known the products of the company as may seem expedient and in particular by advertising in the press, by circulars, by purchase and exhibition of works of art or interest, by publication of books and periodicals, and by granting prizes, rewards and donations; (w) To obtain any order or Act of Parliament for enabling the company to carry any of its objects into effect or for effecting any modification of the company's constitution or for any other purpose which may seem expedient and to oppose any proceedings or application which may seem calculated directly or indirectly to prejudice the company's interests; (x) To sell, improve, manage, develop, exchange, lease, enfranchise, dispose of, turn to account, or otherwise deal with all or any part of the property and rights of the company; (y) To do all such other things as are incidental or conducive to the attainment of the above objects, and to do all or any of the above things as principals, agents, contractors, trustees or otherwise and by or through trustees, agents or otherwise, and either alone or in conjunction with others; (z) The word "company" wherever the same occurs herein shall be deemed to include any person, partnership or other body of persons, whether incorporated or not incorporated, and whether domiciled in Canada or elsewhere, and the objects specified in each of said clauses shall be in no wise limited or restricted by reference to or inference from the terms of any other clauses or the name of the company; (aa) To amalgamate with any other company having objects altogether or in part similar to those of this company; (bb) To distribute any of the property of the company in kind among the shareholders. The operations of the company to be carried on throughout the Dominion of Canada and elsewhere by the name of "Polson Dry Dock & Shipbuilding Company, Limited," with a capital stock of one million dollars each, and the chief place of business of the said company to be at the City of Toronto, in the Province of Ontario.

Dated at the office of the Secretary of State of Canada, this 25th day of October, 1911.
THOMAS MULVEY,
Under-Secretary of State.

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

over 100,000 each, namely, Memphis, Oakland, Los Angeles, Spokane and Birmingham.

Wilcox's summing up of the question, after some close study, was this: "A simple form of nomination, a simple plan of enforcing authority, a simple method of holding the interests of the people and of enabling them to control the government."

The form of government is not, of course, everything. It was the Chicago Tribune that said: "The several cities which have been so quick to adopt the commission form of government would do well to temper their thoughts and look to the part that

conscience has to play in the success of all governments. Neither they nor any other community will ever discover any device which will relieve the citizen of the irksome duties of citizenship. He may relieve himself, but he will pay the price."

The great improvement in English municipal government is declared to have come, not through a change in the form of government, but through the determination of the English people to have better government.

This is the situation in a nut shell. All depends upon the public conscience and the attitude of the people towards right government in any form.

THE RUNNERS OF THE AIR

(Continued from page 12.)

possibly go to Durventa with you!" The hum of Andrews' approach was now thrilling in their ears. The Austrian did not quite catch the smiling words.

"What's that?" he demanded, forgetting his ceremony.

"I said that we are obliged to deny ourselves the pleasure you propose for us—or words to that effect!" repeated Count Sergius, eyeing him with an ironical smile.

"Thousand thunders!" roared the Austrian. "You'll see!" And he turned to call his guard.

"Wait! Or you're a dead man!" ordered Count Sergius. The words were not loud, but the tone was penetrating and the assured authority of it made the sergeant, who was trained to obey such tones, hesitate in spite of himself. Not fear of the threat, but the force of habit, stopped him.

"Rubbish! What do you mean?" he demanded, with a mixture of scorn and boorish curiosity.

"Exactly what I say!" replied the Count incisively. "You see that my American friend here has his right hand—take a good look—on one of his country's excellent repeating rifles. He does not miss. He could shoot the buttons off your coat at forty paces. You'd be snuffed out before you could say two words and my friend would still have five cartridges left in his magazine for your five men yonder. Don't turn; I have you covered, Captain, from my pocket here!"

"Furthermore, you will observe my two friends in the other aeroplane, who have at last arrived to join in our festivities. They are circling around us, you see, without coming to earth. One of those two is Ivan Petrovich, the best marksman in Montenegro. As you doubtless realize, he is very eager to exercise his skill on an Austrian uniform, if only I would permit him. You will see, that, just for the moment, Captain, we hold all the trumps. You'll have better luck next time, perhaps."

THE Austrian was no coward or he would not have been doing patrol duty in Bosnia. He glanced into the steady, gray, shining eyes of the American. Then he looked at the great white biplane, which was circling the field like a marsh-hawk at a distance of some twenty feet from the ground. He noted the pleased self-possession on the face of the Englishman, as he guided the amazing machine through the air. He also noted the dark, eagle face and glittering eyes of old Ivan, as he sat expectant in his rushing seat with his rifle across his knees. All this the Austrian noted with precision, and his little blue eyes blazed with wrath.

It was not fear, not the least shadow of fear, which kept him from rushing upon Count Sergius like a mad bull and putting all to the test of one headlong onslaught. But he was methodical in his mental processes, for all his violence of temper. He felt quite sure of himself. He was certain that promotion would come to him from this affair—and he had a practical desire to live to profit by it. Therefore, he temporized.

"Rubbish!" he growled. "Utter rubbish! You're my prisoners. And

you'll come quietly to Durventa with me! Your other machine will have to come to earth in a few minutes. It will want petrol, too. I'd like to know how you think you're going to fill up your tanks!"

"I haven't considered that yet, Captain—unless you should be so kind as to tell your men to do it for us," answered Count Sergius hopefully.

The man choked with indignation. Then he bellowed a laugh, thrust his hand into the breast of his tunic and drew out a cigar. Count Sergius followed his example, but with his left hand, keeping his right on the butt of the heavy pistol in his side pocket.

"I've some rather nice Havanas here, Captain," said he, "if you'll do me the honour."

"Thank you," retorted the man, looking up with a grin, "I'll take them all presently! You've smuggled them in!" And he went on lighting his black Slavonian weed. His five fellows beside the fire, some thirty paces distant, stood watching stolidly. Count Sergius let his glance roam past them to the fringe of woods.

"By the way, Captain," said he. The man took a couple of deep puffs, threw away the match and looked up inquiringly.

"I think—I may say I am quite sure—you are my prisoner!" continued the Count. "Look."

About twenty men, some in brown peasant garb, some in the picturesque costume of the mountain bands, but all armed to the teeth, were emerging from the woods in various quarters and converging on the centre of the field.

The Austrian's face fell. Between these free bands and the Austrians the feud was to the death and no courtesies. His resolution was prompt.

"I surrender to you, Count, I and my men. To you, you understand!" "Certainly. Call your men over here!" said Sergius.

They came with alacrity. They laid their weapons on the ground and stood close beside the aeroplane. Seeing the turn of affairs, Andrews brought his biplane to earth as close as possible to the Antoinette. The leader of the free band came forward ahead of his men, a tall, far-striding figure; and Count Sergius descended to meet him.

"I'm glad we got here in time to be of service, Count!" said the mountaineer, grasping Plamenac's hand. "Captain Gregory did not lead us to look for you quite so soon."

"Thank you, Captain Stephan. You've rendered a more invaluable service than you realize," answered Sergius. "We should probably have had to blow up these Austrian swine to make them listen to reason. And it is of the very essence of our undertaking that there should be no fighting or bloodshed, nothing to make us conspicuous, for the present. I was in a dreadful dilemma!"

The mountaineer looked at the group by the aeroplane as if he was aware of their presence for the first time.

"We'll hang them quietly, by-and-by," said he with elaborate indifference.

"Unfortunately," replied Count Sergius, "that is just what can not be

done. They had us in their power for a few minutes and could have wrecked our whole venture. But I parleyed with them. They are my prisoners and I have pledged my honour that they shall not suffer. Besides, you would make a noise in Europe, my Captain. And that would be fatal, just now."

The mountaineer frowned. It was annoying to be forbidden to hang his enemies.

"My men will be enraged. They have long scores to settle," he protested.

"You will make them wait," responded Count Sergius. "You can tell them, from me, that it will not be long before we square accounts with Austria. But meanwhile, as touching these poor slaves, who have but tried to do their masters' bidding," (in the eyes of the mountaineers, this was bitterest of contumely), "you understand well that my private honour is in your hands, Captain. I look to you to guard it, when I leave."

"What must be, must be!" sighed the mountaineer with deep reluctance.

"You will hold them, Captain, for twenty-four hours and then send them back uninjured, unmisused in any way, to Durventa?" insisted Sergius.

"You have my word. They shall be counted as your children—till the next time we meet them!"

"Thank you!" said the Count and held out his hand. The mountaineer grasped it.

"You will be safe with this gentleman," Count Sergius turned to the Austrian leader.

"Yes, I know!" grunted the man sayagely. He turned his furious little blue eyes for one moment full upon the mountaineer's face and his heavy mouth worked as if he were about to burst forth with curses. Then he spat scornfully on the ground and fell to studying the tree-tops.

"And now, Captain Stephan, let me present my dear friends—our true friends and allies—Captain Andrews and Mr. Wesley Carver. My friend, Ivan Petrovich, you already know."

"And I know all about Mr. Carver and Captain Andrews. In the name of our Holy Servia, I thank and bless them!" cried the mountaineer, his fierce face breaking into smiles of ardent welcome. "What time did you leave the Black Mountain? And why so much sooner than Gregory expected?" he asked Andrews.

"We left at a few hours' notice, because of a warning that reached us from Belgrade. We started just after midnight. We're ravenous, Captain Stephan. I could eat an ox, if you happen to have one about you."

Count Sergius and Carver, meanwhile, had gone off with two of the Bosnians to the edge of the woods to get the hidden petrol.

"You've not breakfasted, then?" exclaimed Stephan.

"No, indeed, Captain!" responded Andrews enthusiastically. "But we're most open to an invitation, if you're so good as to think of inviting us. Besides, here under your care is the only place, this side of a thousand feet up, where we could feel safe."

The mountaineer laughed sympathetically. The big Englishman seemed to make nothing of running a hundred leagues of air and dropping down out of the sky for either a battle or a breakfast. This attitude was much to Captain Stephan's taste. He gave quick orders to certain of his men and two of them set off for the woods at a run, while others busied themselves about the fires. Sergius and Carver were just coming up with the petrol.

"Gentlemen, you are to have breakfast with me before you go any farther," said he. "Captain Andrews has accepted for you."

"With all my heart!" exclaimed Sergius; while the American hurried over to examine the biplane's motor. He had been consumed with curiosity as to what Andrews had done to it so quickly while in the air.

(To be continued.)

Only Technically.—"Is your child in bed by eight every evening?"

"Technically, yes. We begin arguing about that time."

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Railway transportation to Fifty Towns and Villages within 100 miles radius of the town.

Adequate Electric Light and Power facilities under civic administration and control.

The world's Oat centre. Excellent track sites available for wholesalers.

This is not a prospect. It is a certainty.

The large wholesale distributing firms now located here, including the International Harvester Co., The A. McDonald Co., The Massey-Harris Co., The Imperial Oil Co., The Winnipeg Oil Co., and others, prove that.

Building Permits

In 1908	\$100,000	In 1910	\$185,000
In 1909	150,000	In 1911	300,000

Municipal Work

In 1909-10	\$371,000	In 1911	\$300,000
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Employment is Given in Yorkton now by

A flour mill	Two brick yards
Cereal mill	Two newspapers
Nine elevators	Municipal works
Foundry and machine shop	The building trades
Steam laundry	Bottling factory
Sash and door factory	Dairy industry
Four lumber yards	Cattle shipping
Two oil companies	Wholesale implement companies

And there is a field for the expansion of all of these businesses, as well as for the establishment of new ones. Many openings in the professions.

Yorkton Offers the Man Who is Looking for a Home

Employment at highest wages, whether he is skilled or unskilled.

A large and growing field if he is a professional man.

Business opportunities if he is a tradesman or merchant.

A huge market if he is a manufacturer or wholesaler.

The offer is backed by the guarantee of what the country has produced in the past and its increase as additional lands are put under cultivation.

Land under cultivation now amounts to 100,000 acres immediately adjoining the town.

Tributary country extends 100 miles east, 75 miles south, 100 miles west and 100 miles north.

Grain shipments last year were 2,600,000 bushels and 125,000 bushels remained in farmers' hands.

Last year the farmers of the Yorkton district sold ten train loads of cattle for shipment east and south.

Implement sales made by local merchants last year amounted to \$160,000, and many more were shipped out.

Here is what the merchants now on the ground did last year, a retail business of \$800,000.

Six general stores handled trade worth\$459,000

Three fruit stores handled trade worth 60,000

Three hardware stores handled trade worth 160,000

Two gents' furnishing stores handled trade worth 50,000

Three drug stores handled trade worth 50,000

Two electrical supply stores handled trade worth 20,000

In addition there was the trade of the mills, butcher shops and other industries established

.....

The Yorkton Board of Trade will advise you as to what opportunities are most readily available. Detach the coupon or write to-day to

**Secretary Board of Trade
Yorkton, Sask.**

Yorkton Must be a Distributing Point, Because

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- It is 150 miles to Regina.
- It is 280 miles to Winnipeg.
- It is one of the most important towns on the C. P. R. main line to Edmonton.
- It is a junction point on the G. T. P. line to Hudson's Bay.
- It will be a collecting point on the C. N. E. line to Hudson's Bay.
- It has an 18-hour freight service from Winnipeg.
- It has a distributing tariff on the C. P. R. and G. T. P. systems.
- Freight will gather here from branch line to be forwarded east and north.

Yorkton Has all the Comforts of a City. There are

- A general and isolation hospital.
- Four banks.
- Telephone system.
- Fire department.
- Granolithic sidewalks.
- Collegiate institute.
- Attractive residential sections.
- Five churches.
- Three hotels.
- Electric lighting.
- Sewers and waterworks.
- Two public schools.
- Charming summer resort.
- Two newspapers.

Home comforts, educational facilities for your families, numberless openings for yourself, and a positive guarantee of constant expansion in business and property values are back of Yorkton.

Growth of a Decade-and-a-Half as a Village

- Incorporated in 1894 with a population of 215.
- Became a town in 1900 with a population of 600.
- Five years showed a population of 1,200.
- Doubled again, and in 1910 had a population of 3,500 and assessments of \$2,400,000.
- Yorkton has a tremendous tributary country to draw from and which must be supplied from that centre.
- Yorkton is a natural distributing point for merchandise and collecting point for outgoing products.
- Local consumption and existing business houses handle an average of 14 cars of goods daily.

Name

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THE SCRAP BOOK

Giving Him Away.—Recently, a dinner was given to Oscar Straus in honour of his long career of public service. Naturally, Theodore Roosevelt was present, and was one of the first called upon for a speech (says the New York Evening Post). With little preamble, the ex-President launched into an appreciation of his ex-Cabinet officer's public record.

"Believe me, gentlemen," he said, "when I called Mr. Straus to my Cabinet, I was considering no questions of religion or race or station. I was considering only his fitness for the office to which I had elected him. Neither as German nor as Jew was Mr. Straus called to my Cabinet—but simply as the man most fitted for the position."

The next speaker was Jacob H. Schiff, who, as everybody knows, is a bit deaf and at times absent-minded. After the proper greetings, the financier began slowly.

"My friends," he said, "when Mr. Roosevelt wrote and asked me whom I considered the best Jew for the position. . . ."

Ready for Him.—She—"I told father you wanted to see him the next time you called."

He—"What did he say?"

She—"He said you could come on; he wasn't afraid of you."

A Surprise.—On the occasion of a football match, in England, between a number of military officers and a team of lawyers, the former had prepared a splendid lunch for the visitors before the game. Both teams did thorough justice to the lunch, and the legal gentlemen going in strong for champagne and cigars, the officers anticipated an easy victory. On looking

toward the football ground, however, after lunch, the officers espied a remarkably fresh-looking lot of giants kicking the ball about, and, in amazement, asked their guests who the strangers were.

"Oh," replied one of them, finishing his last glass of champagne, "those are our playing team; we are only the lurching team: you know."

* * *

After Poe.

It was down by the dark tarn of Aiden,
At Aiden far under the hill,
That this thing occurred to a maiden
Who went by the name of Jill,
By the mystic prænomen of Jill.

She was sent up the hill by her mother
Along with a youngster named Jack.
He may have been cousin or brother—
(One guest is as good as another)—
The dead years these details now
smother,

And that's a misfortune, alack!

They were sent up the hill to fetch
water,
Jack stumbled and dented his
crown;

And Jill, with a terrible clatter,
Accompanied the young fellow down,
Came shuddering, thundering down—
Came blithering, slithering down.

It was there by the dark tarn of Aiden,
Of Aiden far under the hill,
That these things occurred to a maiden
Who went by the brief name of Jill,
But the boiled-down and terse designation,

The mystic prænomen of Jill.

—W. S. Adkins, in Puck.

Nothing Extraordinary.—A native of Germany was visiting an American friend in New York, and the latter

bethought himself to take his guest on a visit to Niagara Falls.

The American, accustomed to bursts of wonderment and enthusiasm, was not a little astonished to see his Teutonic friend stand and gaze stolidly minute after minute upon that roaring cataract, without evincing the faintest sign of emotion.

Finally, unable any longer to conceal his chagrin and disappointment, the American turned to his companion and asked: "Don't you think that's a wonderful sight!"

"Vot?" asked the Dutchman.
"Why, that gigantic body of water pouring over that lofty precipice."

The German stood for a few seconds longer, until he got that idea digested, then looked up blandly and asked:

"Vell, vot's to hinder it?"—Everybody's Magazine.

* * *

With Apologies to Henry.

This was the forest primeval. The murmuring pines and the hemlocks,

Planed and veneered, in coats of shellac and new varnish,

Stand like Chippendale "highboys," with dainty lingerie coverlets;

Stand—full of buckshot (for wormholes), with drawers brass-handled and polished.

Loud, from the long-distance telephone, the deep-voiced, persistent dealer

Calls in accents decisive after the monthly installment.

—Puck.

Couldn't Tell.—Not so long ago a knowledge of Latin was essential to an orator and long quotations from the Roman poets embellished every debate. James Payn, the novelist, was once at a dinner party where a learned

clergyman insisted on quoting Greek. The lady sitting next to Payn asked for a translation. Payn's Greek was rusty. Accordingly, he assumed a blush, and hinted to the lady that it was scarcely fit for her ear.

"Good heavens!" she exclaimed, "you don't mean to say—"

"Please don't ask any more," murmured Payn, "I really could not tell you."

* * *

None Good Enough.—"John, I'm sorry that Ethel has engaged herself to that young Poreleigh. He isn't half good enough for her."

"My dear, if Eve had had parents they would have been convinced she might have done better."—Life.

* * *

Bill's Way.—Neighbour—I s'pose your Bill's 'ittin' the 'arp with the hangels now?"

Long-Suffering Widow.—"Not 'im. 'Ttin the hangels wiv the 'arp's nearer 'is mark!"—Black and White.

* * *

Startling.—Real bathrooms are scarce in the interior of India, as a lady who was travelling with her husband discovered, upon arriving at an out-of-the-way place one evening. The host, when showing them their room, said, pointing to a door: "The shower bath is there."

Later the lady went into the bathroom, disrobed, and seeing before her just a tub and a tin mug and nothing more began to investigate for the source of the "shower."

Suddenly she heard a voice apparently in the ceiling say: "If memsahib coming more this side I throwing water more proper!"

* * *

Modern Bravery.—"Oh, love," sighed the sentimental lover. "I would these were the knightly days of old, that I might go forth and perform some brave deed to prove my love."

"But so you may, George," interrupted the girl. "Go forth and speak to father."



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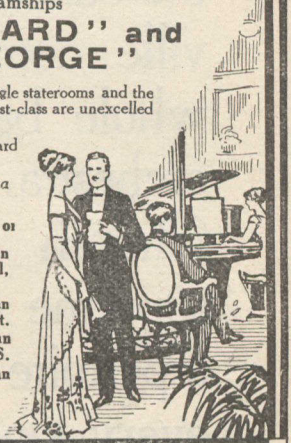
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