

C The Canadian **•** **Courier** THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



Read in
Nine
Provinces

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

The "Defiance" Muffler

FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

3,000 Dozen of them to sell at. . . . 35c. each



LAST YEAR these popular Mufflers sold for half a dollar. But a concession from the manufacturer, on account of our tremendous order, enables us to sell them this season for 35 cents each. They look and feel like knitted silk; they are made of soft mercerized yarn, and have a dome fastener at the throat. Any of the following colors:

WHITE, SKY, PEARL GREY,
MAUVE, BLACK, LIGHT
BROWN, CARDINAL.

SIZES:

A-456—For Women and Children,
12½, 13, 13½
K 1-53—For men - 14, 15, 16

THIS MUFFLER, AT

35 cents

IS THE GREATEST
VALUE OF THE
SEASON

THE
ROBERT

SIMPSON

COMPANY
LIMITED

TORONTO

The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

Published at 12 Wellington St. East, by the Courier Press, Limited.
Subscription Per Year: Canada and Great Britain, \$3.00; United States, \$4.00

CONTENTS

REFLECTIONS	5-6
MEN OF TO-DAY	7
THE LITTLE MAN FROM WALES, by the Monocle Man	8
THE POMP OF A PARLIAMENT	9
LORD BERESFORD AND A CANADIAN NAVY	10
WORKS OF CANADIAN ART	10
THE COUNTESS DECIDES, story by Robert Barr	11
SIR JAMES WHITNEY AT HOME	12-13
ON THE MIRAMICHI, by Rev. W. C. Gaynor	14-15
DEMI-TASSE	16
SIGN OF THE MAPLE	17
PEOPLE AND PLACES	18
A WOMAN'S WAY, story by James Forbes	19
MONEY AND MAGNATES	21
FOR THE CHILDREN	24



Editor's Talk

THREE letters have come to us within the past week bearing words of encouragement and good-will. One is from a gentleman in the Government's employ at Ottawa, one from the City of Quebec and the third from a subscriber in Brantford, Ontario. The Ottawa writer says: "I look upon the Canadian Courier as one of the most valuable papers in its line, and trust you will meet with that success which your efforts so fully warrant." The Brantford writer speaks of the interest with which the Courier is looked forward to and read, and concludes by saying: "I send it to my home in Scotland where my people read it and are greatly interested in the many pictures which you show of Canada." Our Quebec friend goes even farther. He states his belief that "before long it will not only be the greatest weekly paper in Canada, but on the American continent."

We thank the writers of these letters. There is no more satisfactory feeling in the world than to know that your efforts are being appreciated. And we are giving to the Courier readers our best—which, of course, does not always mean the acme of excellence; but we have that ideal in view and in the meantime are working toward it. We are sincerely grateful for the encouragement received, and surely there could be no greater spur to our attainment.

NEXT week we shall publish a short story by Mr. Arthur Heming, with one of his famous drawings. Mr. Heming is the one Canadian who has been successful in New York both with his brush and his pen. There will be other special features, chief of which will be our annual review of the books of the year. As usual, we shall pay special attention to the books which have been published in this country.



Jaeger Underwear for Health!

It is conceded that we must wear woollen underwear in our cold winter.

Naturally we want the most healthy, the most comfortable and the most economic.

Jaeger Pure Wool Underwear

is the finest underwear in the world.

It is so pure in quality, so perfect in weave and make, that Jaeger wearers are the best fortified against cold and chills (with accompanying dangers)—the most comfortably clad and the best satisfied as to value.

Insist on getting Jaeger and if your dealer does not keep it write to us direct.

Sold by leading dealers in principal cities.

Write for Illustrated Catalogue free.

DR. JAEGER
SANITARY WOOLEN SYSTEM
CO. LIMITED

Retail Depots:

10 Adelaide St. W., - TORONTO
316 St. Catherine St. W., MONTREAL
364 Portage Ave., - WINNIPEG



THE THIEL

Detective Service Co. of Canada, Limited

E. R. CARRINGTON, Secy. & Asst. Gen. Mgr.

OFFICES IN CANADA:

Montreal - Toronto - Winnipeg

OTHER OFFICES:

CHICAGO, ILL., Monadnock Bldg.
DENVER, COL., Majestic Building.
KANSAS CITY, MO., New England Bldg.
NEW YORK, N.Y., Hudson Terminal Bldg.
PORTLAND, ORE., Chamber of Commerce.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., Mutual Savings Bank Bldg.
SEATTLE, WASH., New York Bldg.
SPOKANE, WASH., Empire State Building.
ST. LOUIS, MO., Century Bldg.
ST. PAUL, MINN., Germania Life Building.
CITY OF MEXICO, MEX., Equitable Life Ins. Bldg.
LOS ANGELES, 621, Trust Building.

SPECIAL EUROPEAN REPRESENTATIVE

In answering advertisements mention Canadian Courier

Feel "Fagged Out"?
It's Unnecessary. Take

Abbey's
Effer-
vescent **Salt**

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

29

By Royal Warrant



to His Majesty the King

G. H. MUMM & CO
EXTRA DRY

The most exquisite dry champagne imported.

SELECTED BRUT

A superb Brut Wine of unsurpassed style and flavor.

There is probably not a club in the world where men of taste gather where the name of **G. H. MUMM & CO.** is not a synonym for the best champagne that can be had.

Royal warrants have been granted to Messrs. G. H. MUMM & CO. by

His Majesty King Edward VII.
His Majesty The German Emperor.
His Majesty The Emperor of Austria.
His Majesty The King of Italy.
His Majesty The King of Sweden.
His Majesty The King of Denmark.
His Majesty The King of the Belgians.
His Majesty The King of Spain.



Before you go home from work be sure you have placed your order for a case of—

Cosgrave's
Pale Ale

CANADA'S FINEST

C. P. GOERZ, LENSES, ETC.
HUTTIG & SON, METAL CAMERA
(IN A CLASS BY THEMSELVES)

Sole Canadian Representative

R. F. SMITH, Montreal Photo Supply
MONTREAL

Send for catalogues and No. 21 bargain list.

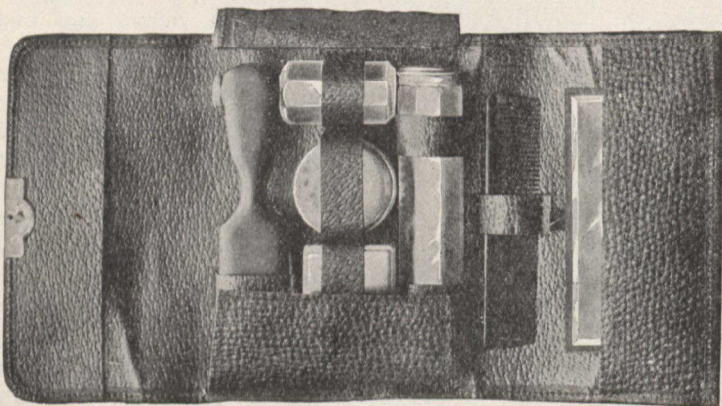
EATON CHRISTMAS SUGGESTIONS

AT ECONOMY PRICES WORTH WHILE

The articles listed below are mere suggestions as to what to buy, the prices are conclusive proof that **EATON'S** is the place to buy them. Our large and varied assortment of Holiday goods is more extensive than on any previous occasion. Our low prices are a distinct feature, but the superior quality of our merchandise is uppermost.

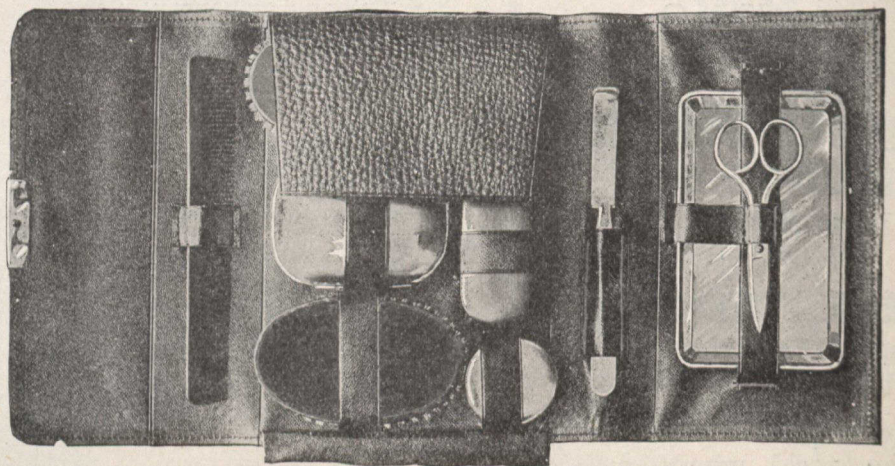
It is our constant aim and endeavor to keep down prices, but quality is never sacrificed to attain that end. When we offer to refund your money and pay all transportation charges on any article, with which you are not satisfied, we consider that we are running practically no risk whatever, as **EATON** goods and prices meet with the approval of the most critical and fastidious.

LADIES' SEVEN-PIECE DRESSING CASE



4-IX. This case makes a very useful and serviceable present for a lady, and although the case is not leather it is made of a material that wears well and looks really as nice, it is not nearly as expensive and will give good service. It contains seven fittings, comb, hair brush, soap box, salve jar, powder jar, tooth brush holder and mirror. Price only..... **1.50**

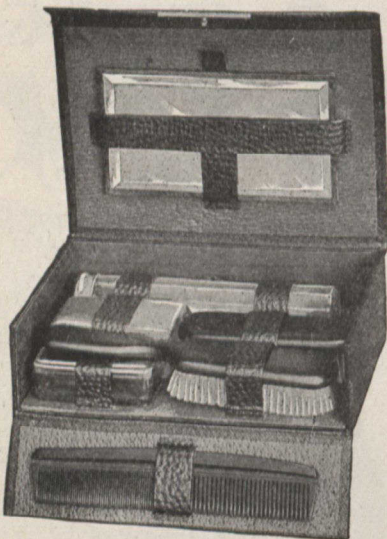
MEN'S NINE-PIECE LEATHER DRESSING CASE



C4-2X. This handsome seal grain leather dressing roll is an ideal Christmas present for a gentleman. It contains a pair of military hair brushes, clothes brush (finest bristles), a genuine nickel soap box and salve jar, tooth brush with nickel holder, comb, mirror and scissors, all secured in place by strong leather fittings. A set that will be sure to please..... **5.00**

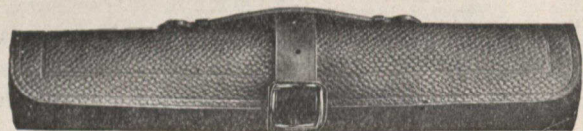
HANDSOME DRESSING CASES

SEVEN-PIECE CASE FOR MEN OR WOMEN



C4-3X A well made and serviceable case in a seal grain finish, containing comb, mirror, hair brush, cloth brush, tooth brush holder, soap box and salve jar. It is folding box style, with handle on top, and neat drop nickel clasp. When closed it is only 2½ x 6 x 8 ins., just a nice size for travelling. Price only... **3.00**

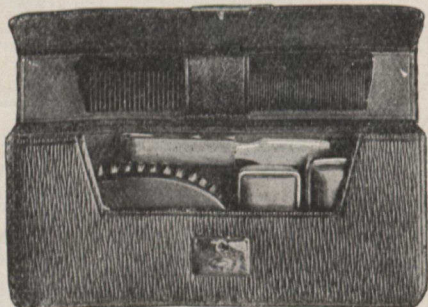
MUSIC ROLL



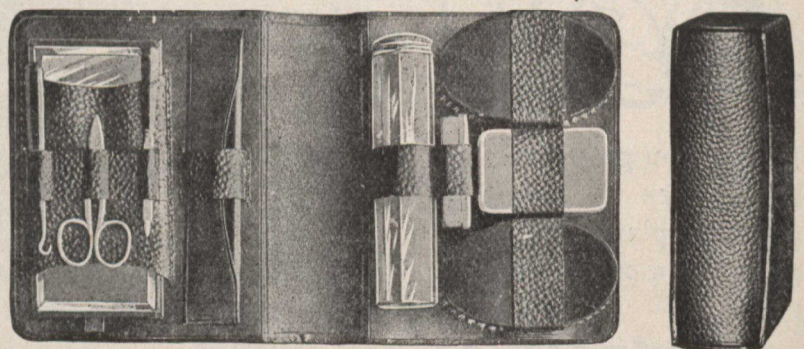
C4-12X. This music roll is of a very fine piece of leather, beautifully grained, with an extra heavy smooth leather strap and handle. There is nothing cheap about it either in material or workmanship. It makes a practical present for a student of music. Price only..... **1.00**

FIVE-PIECE CASE FOR MEN

C4-4X. A compact and convenient case, only 2 x 3½ x 8 ins., and yet it contains five very useful travelling necessities, such as comb, tooth brush, military brush, nickel-plated soap box and powder box. A low-priced and becoming present for a brother or friend. Price only..... **1.50**



TEN-PIECE CASE, BOOK STYLE



C4-5X. The book style dressing case has always met with a great sale, as an appropriate Christmas present. This case is an imitation of real seal and contains ten toilet articles, a pair of military brushes, nickel soap box and powder box, glass tooth brush holder, comb, nail file, scissors, mirror and glove buttoner. Size when closed 2½ x 7 x 8 ins. Price only..... **3.50**

SEND FOR OUR SPECIAL JEWELRY CATALOGUE

Special Our Grocery Catalogue lists every delicacy

THE T. EATON CO. LIMITED

TORONTO CANADA

Our Christmas Catalogue makes Holiday Buying Easy



T H E

Canadian Courier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



VOL. 6

Toronto, November 20th, 1909

No. 25

PEOPLE generally should be glad that the Dominion Iron and Steel Company and the Dominion Coal Company have again been brought under one management. The elimination of Mr. James Ross from active control of either of these companies is also a pleasing feature. Mr. Ross is capable and clever, but he is not a man who makes for peace either among corporations or among industrial workers. With his passing from the active stage, there should be a more congenial atmosphere in the Nova Scotia coal and iron region.

Furthermore, the union of these two companies will probably mean that the "bonus" era will have passed so far as the Dominion Government is concerned. In the last twelve years, the Dominion Government has paid out sixteen and a half million dollars in bonuses to industries—a sum quite large enough to have built a number of warships suitable for patrol work and coastal defence. Of this huge sum, most of it has been paid to the iron and steel companies. Last year for example, the total amount paid in this way was \$1,864,000, of which \$1,067,000 went to the Dominion Iron and Steel Company. On this basis, Canada must have paid the Cape Breton concern something like eight million dollars—a bonus necessitated by early mistakes on the part of the builders and financiers, and not by the industrial conditions the company had to face.

As for the Hamilton Steel Company, the Drummond Iron Companies, the Lake Superior Corporation and the other participants in the iron and steel bounties, we know that they are all in a position to take care of themselves when the bounty system expires next year. The only doubt was in connection with the Cape Breton company, and that doubt has happily been removed by this newly accomplished merger.



READING speeches on the Budget as reported in the British newspapers is rather an amusing recreation. It is like taking part in a Canadian general election which exists only in the imagination. A Canadian reading about a big political fight in Great Britain or the United States can always get a much clearer idea of the issues than if it were a Canadian fight. It is comparatively easy to take an impartial view of a fight in which you are not vitally interested.

When you see one British politician arguing that the Budget will break up many of the British landed estates and unjustly and unfairly crush the rich people, you wonder if it is so. Then you read that another (Mr. Arthur Lee, M.P., et al) states that the budget bears more hardly upon the wage-earners than any other class of the community. You begin to smile. Your wonder changes to amusement. You know that both cannot be right — and you realise that the speakers are politicians.

Again, when you read that Mr. Acland has stated that the Government has reduced the public debt by 126 million dollars in three years you begin to think Great Britain must be a prosperous country. Then you turn to an address by Mr. Clavell Salter, and you find his statement that while the savings accounts of the British people have decreased 70 million dollars, those of the German people have increased 300 millions. You smile once more—for you realise again that here are two more politicians.



ONE should always read of political controversies in other countries; it helps to keep one sane. When one sees two honest, fair-minded citizens taking the same set of facts and drawing opposite conclusions from them, it is manifest that at least one is wrong; probably both are wrong. After a little practice of this kind, one returns to the reading of the editorials in the party newspapers at home and ordinary credulity vanishes. Unbelief is the first step in being an independent patriotic citizen. So long as you believe what

REFLECTIONS

By STAFF WRITERS

you are told, you are a partisan. When you learn to believe nobody, to listen respectfully but doubtingly to all expressions of opinion, you are on the highway to be a citizen of real importance and a man whom the politicians fear.



TAKE this Canadian navy question, and think of it along this line. Mr. Jones says Canada should not build a navy of her own, because Canada has no say as to whether the British Empire will go to war or not. Jones maintains that we have no right to plunge Canada and Canadians into a war about the merits of which we know and can know nothing. He would not build a single ship; send money to Great Britain if you like, but don't build a Canadian "tin-pot" navy to lead Canada into unnecessary international complications.

Along comes Mr. Brown and he tells you confidentially that he is opposed to giving money to the British Navy. He declares that if we control our own navy we can then keep out of wars of which we don't approve. If the Canadian navy is directed and controlled from Ottawa, it will not be sent into any war of foreign aggression not approved by the Canadian people. He sees great danger in contributing to the British fleet, and is quite satisfied that all will be well if the Canadian people control their own naval expenditures and decide when their ships shall fight or remain inactive.

These two men Jones and Brown are typical. Each one wants to avoid a bad result. To secure his object, each would do the thing to which the other objects. Each is honest; each is in earnest. Who shall say which is wrong?



WHILE the opinion of the writer is strongly in favour of a Canadian navy, he sympathises with those who think that the Canadian people, not Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Mr. R. L. Borden, should have decided the question. Indeed, he believes that the proper method for those opposed to the Canadian navy idea is to invite the political leaders to open up half a dozen close constituencies and let the people vote on the question. This is the method which the Britisher adopts. For example, let Mr. C. A. Magrath, member for the constituency of Medicine Hat, offer to resign his seat and contest the constituency with a man, Liberal or Conservative, who is in favour of a Canadian navy rather than a cash contribution to the British Naval Fund. Let them agree beforehand that this is to be the main topic for argument, and that no other is to be discussed. It would be a pretty fight, and the result would give a fair idea of the feeling of the people of Alberta. Let Mr. Monk do the same in Quebec, and others in the Maritime Provinces, Ontario and Manitoba.

It is hardly necessary to hold a referendum on the question, although if the House of Commons thought it advisable such a proceeding would be quite possible. The question is the largest and most important that has been up for decision in recent years, and a referendum to the people would create much discussion and interest. The objection to it is that it would be expensive and would relieve members of a responsibility which they are, under acknowledged practice, entitled to assume. On the whole, we would prefer to see a few by-elections in representative constituencies. The educative effect would be almost as great and the expense would be a bagatelle.



ON the authority of such men as Colonel Steele and General Sir Percy Lake, Canada is coming rapidly to the front as a nation capable of self-defence. General Lake states that now, for the first time in our history since the British troops left this country, we are in a position to put an army in the field and to successfully keep it there. The army has always existed on paper but until recent years no adequate provision was made for feeding it, transporting it, keeping it in good health and paying the men on duty. We have now reached the stage where we have an army service corps capable of

looking after transport and provender, an army medical corps organised to protect the health of the men, and an army pay corps capable of keeping the accounts of an army on active service.

Speaking at a Sons of England banquet in Winnipeg the other evening, Colonel Steele spoke of the great enthusiasm in his district over rifle shooting. There were now one hundred and sixty rifle associations between Fort William and the western border of Saskatchewan, and new ones were being formed every week. Many of the farmers were excellent shots; they could talk musketry as well as wheat.

Like General Lake, Colonel Steele believes that the efficiency of the Canadian militia will be greatly improved by the training of the boys as scouts and cadets. These junior organisations will lay stress first on physical training and secondly on military training. They will provide partially trained recruits for the militia and thus make the militia more efficient.



A REPORT comes from Vancouver that the Canadian Northern Railway has provided for the establishment of a steamship service on the Pacific. It is said that two palatial steamers, the *Cairo* and the *Heliopolis*, now in the Mediterranean trade, have been purchased and are to be delivered at Vancouver early next year. Altogether four boats will be put on the Hong Kong route, four on the Australian route and several in the coastal trade. This despatch seems to have stopped at Winnipeg and did not reach the eastern dailies. Or if it did reach them, they had the good sense not to publish such manifestly absurd information.

The Canadian Northern will some day have steamers on both Atlantic and Pacific. These will be necessary to enable it to compete with its transcontinental rivals, the Canadian Pacific and the Grand Trunk. It may be that the C. N. R. is already in a position to use such steamers on the Atlantic but it certainly will not be in a position to use them on the Pacific for four or five years. If two such vessels as those mentioned have been purchased by the C. N. R., and of this there is no confirmation, it would be safe to wager that they will make their first sailings from Quebec, not from Vancouver. Perhaps the election campaign now proceeding in British Columbia is stimulating the imagination of the newspaper correspondents beyond the danger line.



LIEUT.-COL. SAM HUGHES, M.P., may be trusted to do something spectacular at least once a year. His defence of the Ross Rifle when his party was criticising it as a militia weapon brought him considerable prominence. Now he gives notice of a resolution which he desires to move in the newly assembled House that the time has arrived when the British Empire should have an Imperial Parliament to deal with subjects of common interest. We already have the Committee of Imperial Defence, the Imperial General Staff and the Imperial Conferences. But these are inadequate, thinks Col. Hughes. The questions which these bodies deal with in a consultative manner should be dealt with more seriously and permanently by an Imperial Parliament. Theoretically the Colonel may be right, but it is not yet a practical issue. Nevertheless a frank and free discussion of it in the Canadian House might be of general educational value not only to Canadians but to the other parts of the Empire. Many Canadians might be doubtful of the value of such a body, but no one should be afraid of a free discussion of the idea itself.

PEACE IN ATHLETIC CIRCLES

THE peace that passeth understanding has settled over amateur athletic circles on this North American continent. Just one short year ago the Canadian Union was locked in deadly conflict with the American Union and the Canadian Federation looming up on the side with just enough amateurism mixed with its professional sports to give it conceit, was trying to hold the balance of power. It succeeded.

In a recently signed treaty between the C. A. A. U. and the Federation the latter was taken into the fold of the white-winged with permission granted to its clubs to still indulge in enough professional sport to provide revenue for experiments in the amateur article. In other words, professional lacrosse is permitted for all time; professional hockey is given one more season to wind up its affairs and the clubs or the members thereof who have not personally toyed with the elusive dollar can go right ahead running, jumping or

rowing for medals and amateur titles. As the Federation had sided with the American Union prior to this treaty it spoke for the American amateurs as well as its own and now the "crool" war is over.

And this solemnly concluded peace makes it yet more apparent that the sport governments of the future will deal with conditions rather than theories. They long ago decided that baseball was too generally played to be kept amateur and so they quietly ignored it. They have now decided to do the same with lacrosse. How long will it be till every sport that draws gate money will drift the same way?

This is not an amateur country. It lacks a leisure class with time and money to devote to its sports and the alleged amateur ranks at present so carefully governed and safeguarded are little more than training camps for professionals. How many of the distance runners whom this confiding country sent to the Olympic games in England are now amateurs? How many athletic stars of the first magnitude has Canada ever produced who did not start dollar-chasing just as soon as they became famous enough to command the price? And the reason why is not hard to find. They needed the money.

And why should we weep? Does the amateur writer take a year's subscription for his little piece after he finds that some other publisher is prepared to pay hard cash for it? Does the amateur painter refuse a good price for his picture because that price would make him a professional? And just because athletic greatness is of brawn while literary or artistic greatness is of brain should the athlete do otherwise? It may be rude to suggest it but there are those who will go against all tradition and conclude that if he does, the brawn has been developed in his person to the entire exclusion of grey matter.

J. K. M.

THE RURAL SCHOOLTEACHER

THE *Beaverton Express* has published an article on "The Decline of Rural Amusements," which, if one may judge from comments in other Ontario papers, has told the truth concerning conditions in the smaller towns. The disappearance of the glee club, the local lacrosse or baseball team, the lack of interest in amateur theatricals emphasise the fact that we are becoming dull and inert in the better class of social or athletic diversion. The writer of the article depicts a somewhat gloomy state of affairs in the suburban or rural districts and suggests that the woman teacher may be to blame.

Now, the woman teacher is being blamed for almost every social or athletic "falling-off" in the community and it is time that someone said a few words in her behalf. It may be true that, in those rare old times of which we hear so many fairy tales, the man teacher initiated rural sports and conducted singing societies, to say nothing of delivering patriotic addresses at tea-meetings and school closings. But this energetic and worthy pedagogue lived in different conditions and dealt with a sturdier class. The "call of the city" had not become so insistent and the boys were not so eager to leave rural surroundings for noisier if not more exhilarating scenes. It will be found that wherever there is a rural entertainment the woman teacher is giving recitations, contributing a vocal solo, usually "The Rosary" and training youthful aspirants in tableaux and part songs. The reason for the decline in rural amusements is general, rather than individual. The teacher is only one of the elements in the community and is powerless to arouse interest in diversions or sports, to which a money-making countryside refuses to contribute. There will be a "back-to-the-land" movement some day and the people may then find that it pays to play.

FRITH.

A RHODES scholar from Rhodesia is developing a plan for sending poor children from Britain to the colonies, giving them a careful agricultural education, and ultimately placing them on farms. He has printed an address on the subject which is well worth reading. Any person interested may get a copy by addressing Mr. Kingsley Fairbridge, at Exeter College, Oxford.

Mr. Fairbridge's idea is based on the experiences of Mrs. Close in New Brunswick. A beginning will probably be made in Newfoundland which has offered 50,000 acres of land and money aid. It would seem to be a plan which should work well in other provinces and we are pleased to be able to direct the attention of the authorities to the movement.

MEN OF TO-DAY

Founder and Editor

FOUNDED during the troublous days when Canada was struggling with the autocrats of Downing Street for the principles enunciated by Lord Durham, the *Toronto Globe* has pursued a fairly consistent course for sixty-five years. It was on March 5th, 1844, it first appeared bearing the Junius motto which still appears on its editorial page: "The subject who is truly loyal to the chief magistrate will neither advise nor submit to arbitrary measures." It was Mr. George Brown's choice, but a choice which was guided by the feelings of the day. Constitutional reform, not revolution, was Mr. Brown's aim. He affirmed his attachment to the Crown and Constitution, while declaring his intention to fight on behalf of reform.

In 1851, Mr. Brown and the *Globe* were leaders in the movement for popular education and against church establishments. The immediate question was the secularisation of the Clergy Reserves. The clergy dubbed Mr. Brown and his fellow-agitators "Godless," just as those who believe in sectarian schools today dub the public schools "Godless." In this year, Mr. Brown was first elected to Parliament which then met in the City of Quebec.

Then arose the question of confederation, and Mr. Brown deserves as much credit for foresight and wisdom in this connection as any other statesman of the time. In 1857, he advocated adding the Northwest Territories to Canada; the union with the Maritime Provinces had long been discussed. He worked with Galt and Dorion, the former a leading Conservative, the latter a Lower Canadian Reformer, both of whom were strong federationists. Later, he cooperated with Cartier and Macdonald.

In 1864, Brown was tempted with a colonial governorship to eliminate his opposition to certain measures. He wrote as follows: "I would rather be proprietor of the *Globe* newspaper for a few years than be governor-general of Canada." The *Globe* had always first place in his affections and his connection with it was always dearer than any other honour, position or rank. Strangely enough, the *Globe* brought his brilliant career to a sudden close; on the afternoon of March 25th, 1880, an employee who had been discharged for intemperance shot him in the thigh and Mr. Brown never recovered from the wound.



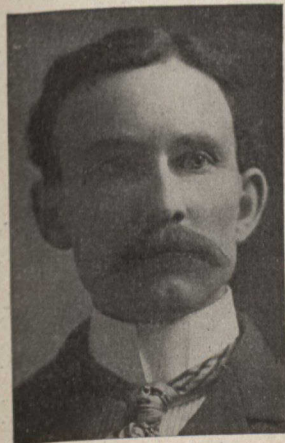
Mr. S. T. Wood

Editorial Staff of the *Toronto Globe*
Mr. William Houston. Mr. John A. Ewan
Photograph by Mr. M. O. Hammond

Mr. J. A. MacDonald.

From the Old to the New

OF the present editorial staff, whose portraits are shown here, Mr. John A. Ewan is the only one who served on the *Globe* in Mr. Brown's time. Mr. Ewan, with Mr. Pardoe, Mr. Blue and Mr. Thompson, was one of those who heard the fatal shot and rushed to Mr. Brown's assistance. Since Mr. Ewan joined the reportorial staff



Mr. Duncan C. Ross,
Member-elect for West Middlesex

of the *Globe* in 1879, he has served almost continuously on that paper. For a short time he was editorial writer on the *World*. Like his chief, Mr. Ewan is a Scotsman by birth, and a Canadian by adoption and training. He is without doubt one of the ablest editorial writers in Canada. Always dignified, always good-humoured, his work might be taken as a model by any aspiring youth. He has never taken his politics too seriously and has been constant in placing principle above party when this seemed of supreme importance.

An Experienced Educationist

MR. WILLIAM HOUSTON is as much an educationist as a journalist. He is a Canadian by birth and a graduate of the University of Toronto. His news-

paper career began, as did Mr. Ewan's, with reportorial work on the *Globe*. Later he became a leader writer. Then for a number of years he wandered among newspapers, high schools, and general educational work. His ambition was to be a member of the university staff but this ambition was frustrated by circumstances. Recently he returned to the *Globe* editorial staff, where there is abundant scope for his educational knowledge and ideals.

* * *

Economics and Nature Study

MR. SAMUEL T. WOOD is the economist of the staff — an economist trained not in a university but in the school of trades-unionism. "Sam" was a worker, a labour leader and incidentally a journalist. Since he left the active life of a labour leader, he has settled down to a study of the animal world, and his "nature" article in the *Saturday Globe* is a feature to which thousands of readers look forward with keen anticipation. When he wearies of discussing the follies and inconsistencies of the human being, he finds relief in studying the more consistent inhabitants of forest, marsh and stream. To them he tells the tale of his disgust with the irrationality of mankind.

* * *

From Pulpit to Politics

THE editor-in-chief of the *Globe* — the successor of the Browns, of Edward Farrer and of J. S. Willison, is Mr. (the Rev.) James Alexander MacDonald, a Canadian Highlander with the Scotch tang still in his voice. That

he was born in Middlesex County in the Province of Ontario matters not a whit. He has the same characteristics as if he had been born in a Highland Glen. He never totally abandoned journalism when he took a charge in St. Thomas. He was soon back in Toronto. His success with the *Westminster* is his most notable achievement. His oratorical ability, however, had probably more to do with his being chosen to succeed Mr. Willison. The *Globe* needed a man strong on the platform and, incidentally, one who would not be looked upon askance by the Presbyterian Liberals of the province. The experiment of having an editor who can preach sermons on Sunday, deliver a lecture to any historical, social or political body on Monday, write an editorial on Tuesday, and discuss politics with political leaders on Wednesday has been successful. It had been a failure with any other man perhaps, but what of that? So far as is known no other minister of the gospel was ever able to cross the great gulf without losing the respect and affection of friends and without meeting with unanimous opposition from the worldly-minded associates on the farther side.

* * *

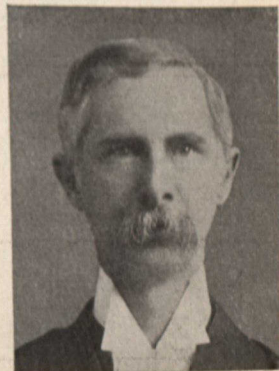
A New Judge

HON. R. F. SUTHERLAND has passed from the Speaker's Chair in the House of Commons, and from a desk on the Liberal side of the House, to a seat on the Bench. Without discussing the ethics of taking a member of the House and transferring him to the Bench, it may be admitted that Mr. Sutherland is likely to make a good judge. He was a dignified and impartial Speaker. He has always maintained a fairly impartial and patriotic attitude on public questions. In 1900, he was first elected to the House from North Essex; in January, 1905, he was made Speaker; in October, 1909, he is given a judgeship. This is rapid promotion.

* * *

A Name to Conjure With

MR. DUNCAN C. ROSS, barrister, was elected by his father's constituency to a seat in the Provincial Legislature in February, 1907. In the general election of 1908 which followed, the son of Hon. G. W. Ross was one of the few Liberals who held his own. Now he has been chosen as the successor to Mr. W. S. Calvert, M.P., recently appointed to the Transcontinental Commission, has been elected by a good majority and this week introduced into the House of Commons at Ottawa.



Hon. R. F. Sutherland,
Formerly Speaker, now a Judge

THROUGH A MONOCLE

THE LITTLE MAN FROM WALES.

LLOYD-GEORGE, the Welsh Chamberlain, has been a coming man for many a day. His debating skill long ago won him a high place in Parliament; and, though his attitude during the Boer War put him out of sympathy with most of his fellow British subjects whether at home or abroad, so good a judge of "coming men" as Mr. Chamberlain always regarded him as distinctly the most dangerous man in the Liberal ranks. He is very Chamberlainite in his methods. He has that same quick manner of shooting up from his bench when he wishes to catch the attention of the Speaker. He has the same power of direct appeal to the plain people. He takes the same attitude of businesslike discussion with the electors on an equal basis rather than the indolent grandee style of Balfour or the inspired prophet methods of Gladstone. To-day he is unequalled on the British platform—with the exception of Lord Rosebery, who is no longer regarded as a serious political factor. He is, perhaps, not quite so effective in the House where the traditions of a lordly past must always somewhat subdue the fine frenzies of any motor-car Mirabeau.

* * *

HE is the driving force in this budget movement. Mr. Asquith is plainly distressed at the pace he is made to travel, but he realises what happens to elderly gentlemen who jump from swiftly-moving vehicles. So he keeps his seat, smiles painfully to give the impression that everything is as he would like it, and surreptitiously fiddles with the brake. But in fiscal matters, Lloyd-George is the present master of the British Islands. Whether he will come a cropper in the obstacle race which must soon be run between the Radicals and the Dukes remains to be seen; but the reins are in his hands and he shows no disposition to pull in his mount. Not for many a year has so direct an appeal been made to the "disinherited" among the British people as this landless Chancellor of a landless Government has attempted. Never, indeed, have we seen a man in so high an office in the United Kingdom who could make such an appeal. We can imagine the magnificent Gladstone deciding to levy on the land; but we cannot imagine him defending the proposition with the levity and frank Radicalism of Lloyd-George. He would probably have appealed to the British electors to take the burden off the people and put it on the landlords because it was so ordained in the fifteenth chapter of some book of the Old Testament and was obviously in accord with the will of the Deity.

* * *

NOT that Lloyd-George is without religious fervour. But it is the fighting religion of the Welsh evangelicals and not the stately religion of the Establishment. The religion which the Chancellor typifies is that which battles for the rights of the common people and has its profoundest pity for those in high places. Coming from the people himself—like the Son of the Carpenter—David Lloyd-George loves the people; he knows what burdens they bear and what injustices they feel; he has experienced their woes and fought his way up through all the social and economic entanglements

which bar the path of the poor man's son. We in this new world where there is an abundance of room upon the race-track of life and where the race is usually to the swiftest—be he well-shod or bare-footed—can have no conception of the struggle by which such men as Lloyd-George force their way to the front. But this very sympathy with the people and this very sharing of their religious life has made of him a man whom the common people hear gladly—and that is not a bad sign of a follower of the Christ.

* * *

IN concentrating his attack upon the land, Mr. Lloyd-George has struck at hereditary wealth where it is at once strongest and weakest. The possession of the land is its surest bulwark against the spendthrift and its least defensible position against the outcry of the disinherited. The "Have Nots" can make greater headway in their campaign against the "Haves" when they challenge their right to monopolise the surface of the earth and ask to be shown their titles to the soil than they accomplish when they attack at any other point; and the mightiest anchor of the aristocracy of Britain is the fact that it is a landed aristocracy. The land brings responsibilities and duties and other steadying influences which the possessor of other forms of wealth seldom feels—except possibly toward his older employees. Thus the budget has raised the greatest issue of modern times. It has set in motion the most effective artillery of the Radicals and called out the staunchest household troops of the Conservatives.

* * *

SYMPATHY with David Lloyd-George, the son of the people, must be instinctive in such a community as ours. We are all of "the people." He has risen on behalf of his own kind to brandish a sword in the faces of their oppressors. Perhaps I should have put that last in quotation marks; for that is the way he looks at it—not the way it seems to the titled landlords of the Mother Country. They regard themselves as the benefactors of the people in that they permit them to work on their estates, take much smaller rent for it than they once demanded, and exercise a sort of paternal care over them and their families. But in the cottages of the poor, the Lloyd-George point of view prevails; and he is its most articulate voice in many a day. Bermondsey seemed to indicate that the people perhaps they do not. The people have frequently saved their recognition of their champions until they were dead. But Bermondsey is a constituency where other voices—such as that of King Bung—can confuse the note. How England will speak remains to be seen. Scotland, Wales and Ireland can hardly be in doubt.

THE MONOCLE MAN.



FROM WELSH COTTAGE TO DOWNING STREET

As everybody is aware, the Right-Hon. Lloyd-George, Chancellor of the Exchequer, whose Budget is practically the sole topic of conversation in England to-day, is of very humble origin, and has attained his present eminence through sheer force of character and hard work. Our photograph shows the Chancellor standing in front of the cottage in Wales in which he was born. On the right of the picture are some of the humble friends of the family who are overjoyed on receiving a visit from their distinguished compatriot.

Photograph by Halftones

REV. J. A. MACDONALD, editor-in-chief of the *Toronto Globe*, tells an amusing story of the first time he ever heard a pipe-organ. The editor was then a country preacher. Going to Knox College for an examination in theology he decided on a Sunday to pay a visit to St. Andrew's Church where the first Canadian heterodoxist, Rev. D. J. Macdonell, was the preacher. He went in fear and trembling "That very Sunday," said the *Globe* editor, "I had the awful experience of hearing not only the first so-called heretic in the Presbyterian Church of Canada, but also the first 'kist o' whistles' I had ever listened to."

AT THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT LAST WEEK



All Ottawa takes great interest in the Opening of Parliament, an annual function for which much preparation is required. The weather was dull and threatening; nevertheless a large number of people watched the important personages.

Photos by A. A. Gleason



The Princess Louise Dragoons are a permanent feature of Parliamentary Openings.



His Excellency, the Governor-General arrives at the main entrance.

AT THE ANNUAL SHOW OF THE ONTARIO HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY



Norfolk County's display was rather unique.



Counties vied with each other in displaying fruit and flowers,

Lord Charles Beresford and the Canadian Navy

By NORMAN HARRIS

LORD CHARLES BERESFORD took the trip over here to Canada with the apparent idea in mind that by imparting to this nation his views on the naval situation, he might concentrate thought on that important subject in this country. The Admiral naturally believed and hoped that being seized of the true condition of affairs, as he saw them, that Canada would follow up her period of inaction in the past, by consenting to take her share in imperial naval defence for the future.

I was commissioned by the *Toronto Telegram* to meet Lord Charles at Quebec, and to secure from him in the form of interviews what his ideas were on this subject. Everything that could be quoted from the Admiral was sent to the *Telegram* in the form of despatches, and there is no claim made here, nor should the inference be drawn, that the Admiral under promise of temporary secrecy, enlarged on these views. But that Canada, in her paper programme, is going to an extreme certainly un contemplated by the Admiral, will be the verdict of all those who heard Lord Charles speak, who talked with him on the subject, or who are familiar with his utterances on the question made within the past several years.

The fact of the matter would seem to be that those who are responsible for the present Canadian naval propaganda, have either totally misunderstood both the text and import of Beresford's deliverances or that with full knowledge of how the sea-fighter had concluded Canada could best play her part, other considerations have been allowed to enter. The setting aside of such a vast sum as \$20,000,000 portends the creation of a Canadian navy that might very well have the capacity of going out and attacking a couple of foreign Dreadnoughts, with a fair chance of sinking or disabling them. Such was not at all the idea of Beresford.

It is apparent, from a study of his main address, that the Admiral had the trade routes uppermost in his mind when attempting to apportion to Canada what her physical function might be in the scheme of providing a general imperial naval defence. Beresford did not want Canada either to build Dreadnoughts or to furnish Dreadnoughts, proceeding on the theory that so far as this class of fighting vessel was concerned, Britain could herself furnish the requisite number to defend her Island.

If a squadron of hostile battleships were to engage a number of British Dreadnoughts of the

heaviest type, with the largest guns, and a naval battle be waged off the coast of England for ten hours or ten days, it was not in Beresford's mind that our forthcoming Canadian navy should rush from some far or near base and engage in the fight. The idea of the Admiral was, and he stated it about as plainly as English would allow him to do, that the function of Canada was to look after the trade routes—to police them. That also was to be the function of South Africa, of Australia and of New Zealand, and the efficient carrying out of that plan, as against bungling it, would probably spell the difference between Britain unbeaten and Britain beaten.

Why? For the reason that the foreign power that has been most quoted as the greatest menace, would do two things in moving against Britain. First she would despatch battleships to fight battleships. Second, she would use great vessels converted in a twinkling from peaceful passenger ocean liners into war machines, to camp on the trade routes and to either capture or sink ships or steamers plying towards Britain carrying the foodstuffs without which the sea-girt nation would be helpless.

These monsters, partially armoured, would at the word, hoist to their decks guns heavy enough to sink a vessel full of grain. Their mission would be just as important as that of the fleet of battleships that would carry the battle forwards. They would seize the ocean-borne food supply. The result would be that the British ships, fighting near their own coast, would as time passed, become helpless, simply because the men manning them would be deprived of the opportunity to eat. Their guns would thus be silenced.

The successful interruption for one week of the passage of the supply of foodstuffs sailing Britainwards would paralyze the offensive power of that nation so that a hundred Dreadnoughts would become totally inoffensive against a well-supplied enemy.

So that the function of Canada, and the other colonies is to furnish armed naval policemen that will patrol the trade routes as trouble threatens, and when trouble breaks. The vessels required are not Dreadnoughts. They could not be Dreadnoughts, for a Dreadnought could not chase and catch a light fast steamer. They are not to hug home waters. The Canadian armoured cruisers are to get away from Canada and be stationed for six months or a year in Australia, while the Australian vessels are

to introduce themselves to a station contiguous to Canada. New Zealand cruisers would receive experience and tuition in South Africa, then to repair to Australia, while the Canadian cruisers would sail for Canada, remain here for a specified period, and then go to school in another world precinct. Each police unit would feel each trade route, would manoeuvre in and out and about the harbours of their temporary stations, would cross each other, would secure world experience; would develop into police big enough for the game they in future might have to play.

It must be apparent to everyone, as it was to Lord Charles, that Canada has no need for a dozen cruisers merely to assume her part in this national protective service. What Beresford did have in mind was that Canada could start with one or two armoured cruisers, the number to be increased as the apparent exigencies of the situation might demand.

Specimens of Art

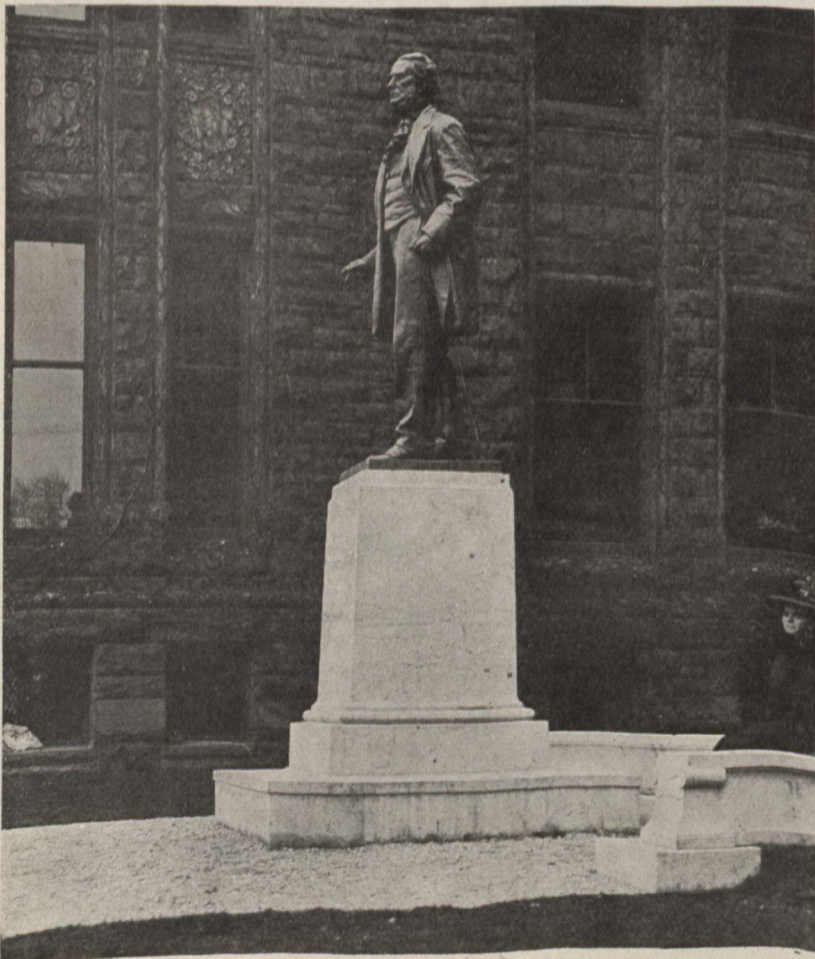
BELOW are presented two photographs of Canadian art productions which are extremely creditable. The statue of Hon. John Sandfield Macdonald, which was unveiled in Queen's Park, Toronto, is by Walter B. Allward, the well-known Canadian sculptor, who was born in middle Ontario and has imparted to his many beautiful works in public places a classic severity based upon fine historic study and tempered with the geniality of a warm poetic expression.

The long brown coat and high, stiff collar of Ontario's first Premier are well known. The story goes that on one occasion, Sir John A. Macdonald telegraphed his friend John Sandfield that he desired him to come down to Ottawa to attend a fancy dress ball there. Sandfield wired back, "What shall I wear?" The answer was one which only Sir John would have had the courage to send: "Wear that coat and that collar."

The second photograph shows a silver inkstand which is to be presented to the steamer *Hamonic*, the finest passenger boat ever built in Canada, by the journalists, railway representatives and other guests who had the honour of being on the maiden trip from Collingwood to Sarnia.

The designing and execution was done by the artists of the Toronto Silver Plate Company.

TWO FINE EXAMPLES OF CANADIAN ART



Splendid Monument to Hon. John Sandfield Macdonald, Queen's Park, Toronto.



A Silver Inkstand for Steamer *Hamonic*—Present by Guests on Maiden Trip.

THE COUNTESS DECIDES

A Story of Strong Motives and Sharp Wits.



THE arrival of the Countess caused a subdued flutter in the society which frequented the edge of the desert. The Ptolemy Park Hotel, as everybody knows, occupies a depression in the sand a short distance from the Great Pyramid. It is rather a fashionable resort, and you may live somewhat better at the Park than on the sand which is there, as the ancient humourist remarked. It became known that the Countess of Croydon had taken a suite of rooms at the hotel, and the inhabitants thereof wondered whether they would be permitted a sight of this great lady, for she was said to be extremely eccentric, fairly young, admittedly beautiful, and undoubtedly rich. Although she owned a desirable town house, she had never occupied it, and London Society knew nothing of her personality. At last this mysterious young lady was about to issue from her seclusion and brave the publicity of a popular hotel. Naturally the guests of the Ptolemy Park were anxious to see a person so much talked of, and bets stood at ten to one that she would not come. The knowing ones, predicting disappointment, said that on several previous occasions the Countess had been announced to appear at certain social functions in London, but invariably had failed at the last moment. Her apartments had unquestionably been taken, and rooms were at a premium, because the Season had just begun with more than ordinary promise. Cairo was buzzing with excitement over the opening of the great dam at Assouan, and was crowded with distinguished visitors on their way to the ceremony. If Cairo could be likened to a social dam, the Ptolemy Park Hotel might be said to receive the irrigating result of the overflow; and those who had not secured accommodation in advance now applied in vain at the cashier's desk.

The arrival of the Countess was much less imposing than had been generally expected; but then Lord Warlingham himself had come by tramcar a few days before, so it was universally agreed that members of the nobility could not always be counted upon to indulge in the display popularly supposed to pertain to their rank. The Countess drove up to the main entrance in an ordinary hotel carriage, hired for the trip at Cairo. Her sole attendant was one exceedingly plain maid, who inquired tartly of the gold-laced individual who came to open the carriage door if the rooms of the Countess of Croydon were ready, and was obsequiously assured that they were. Gold-lace led the way, and the Countess, looking neither to the right nor the left, followed. The guests had an excellent view of her, and even the women admitted that she was more than handsome, carrying herself with an air of distinction. They agreed, however, that she was not so young as she appeared to be, and hinted that the plain maid must understand the art of making up in a manner that would do credit to an actress. The next problem was: Would she appear at dinner, or would the meals be served in her own sitting-room? The puzzle was solved long before dinner was announced. Every afternoon the denizens of the hotel gathered in the ample hall, in the reading-room, and elsewhere for tea; in fact, for all the difference of living, each one might have been at the Metropole in Brighton rather than at the base of the Pyramids.

The Countess came down the broad stairway with some slight degree of hesitation, as if she feared the multitude of inquiring eyes about to be turned upon her. A tall gentleman, who happened to be passing, looked up at her, then paused and actually appeared to be waiting for her. He spoke with a half-laughing diffidence that almost amounted to a stutter, as he fumbled with his eyeglass.

"Although I have never had the pleasure of meeting you, I believe we are by way of being related to each other. My name is Warlingham."

The lady stopped on the lower step, and a look of startled annoyance came for a moment into her eyes. There was a note of indifference, but nevertheless of inquiry, in her voice when at last she said—

"Lord Warlingham?"

"Yes. I think I was not mistaken when I ventured to suggest that our families are connected."

"Very remotely, I fear."

"I am told that the kinship of cousinship extends

By ROBERT BARR *

to the forty-second degree," replied his Lordship, with that depreciatory, audible smile of his which gave him the air of a bashful boy making his first venture towards conversation, although he must have been well past his fortieth year.

The lady laughed nervously.

"I think that when the kinship reaches the forties the adjective remote becomes justified," she said.

"Possibly. Still, as like clings to like, remoteness has affinity for remoteness; and we are so remote from England that I venture to claim our distant relationship as warrant for my escorting you to a tea-table."

The lady descended the remaining step. Her awkwardness at the unexpected encounter vanished, and they walked together down the hall, at that moment thronged with tea-drinkers. Every one of the small tables was occupied, but Lord Warlingham guided his fair cousin towards a couple of wicker chairs that were empty, although a lone man sat at the table beside them. Lord Warlingham seemed the most popular person in the assembly; women smiled at him as he passed, and men nodded in cheerful comradeship.

In a low voice, his Lordship said to his companion, quite with the confidential manner of an old acquaintance—

"Do you care to be introduced to people, or would you rather not?"

"Oh, I don't mind in the least, if they are nice people."

"Is the recluse to become a woman of fashion?"

"For the time being, at least," replied the Countess, with a slight laugh.

The lone man, when the two approached, rose hastily as if to leave the table to them, but the genial Warlingham begged him to resume his place. Turning to his cousin, he said:

"May I introduce to you Mr. Sanderstead, C.E., F.R.G.S., and so forth, with more letters after his name than there are in it? Lady Croydon."

Sanderstead murmured something as he bowed, his dark face flushing as if he resented the flippancy of the introducer. The lady, noticing his gaunt appearance and tanned cheeks, thought that he was likely one of those newly returned from the finished war; but as they all sat down at the wicker table, Warlingham rattled on and explained.

"Sanderson and I represent the two opposite poles of human existence. He has just completed the great Nile dams, and is down here to learn what the ancient and honourable Pyramids have to say about it. I represent the useless but ornamental Pyramid, while he represents the useful but un-beautiful dam. He is the ant, I am the grasshopper. He is the bee, and I am—"

"The honeysuckle," broke in the engineer.

"Thanks. I was going to say the butterfly, but I accept the amendment as adding a modern and musical touch."

The Countess seemed to understand intuitively that Sanderstead did not quite relish his Lordship's frivolous badinage, so she turned the direction of the conversation, saying to the latter—

"I supposed, from an item in the newspaper, that you were residing in Cairo this season."

"Yes; but I left there to get out of the rush that has taken place because of the ceremonies at Assouan. Still, this spot is actually Cairo. The Pyramids occupy the relative position with regard to the chief city of Egypt that the Crystal Palace holds with respect to London."

"Really? I hope you haven't fireworks every Thursday night."

"Dear lady, we have fireworks every day from a blazing sun."

"And have you come here to avoid the rush?" she asked of Sanderstead.

"Practically, yes. But not the social rush dreaded by Warlingham. The rush of Nile waters has been in my ears this long time past, and I am resting in the eternal silence of the Pyramids."

"How romantic!" exclaimed the Countess.

"Indeed, madam, it is nothing of the sort," put forth his Lordship. "Sanderstead is troubled with the affliction that haunts the criminal. He flees from the scene of his crime. He has throttled Father Nile and has extinguished the roar that for centuries broke the stillness of the desert. He found a joyous, ambulating, laughing cataract—life embodied in a dancing torrent; he has left in its place a graveyard of motionless waters. Not to put too fine a point upon it, Sanderstead is a murderer."

The engineer smiled grimly, but made no comment on the other's rhapsody.

"Aren't you going up for the opening ceremony?" asked the girl, turning to Sanderstead.

"No. The work is done, and that leaves me free for a short time. Now is the opportunity for the ornamental personages, as our friend called them, to take a hand and make speeches. I have been urging Warlingham to go, and almost persuaded him; for he cannot work, so he should not be ashamed to do the ornamental."

"Ah! persuasion was possible yesterday; it is out of the question to-day," said Warlingham in a low voice, with a speaking glance at his handsome companion. She, however, took no notice of either tone or look, but asked with candour apparently innocent—

"Why not to-day? Isn't there plenty of time?"

"It is not a question of time," sighed his Lordship.

"If it is a question of money, Warlingham, I can help you out. I was paid off, you know," said the engineer.

This was an unkind remark, because his Lordship was well known to be in constant lack of the necessity named; so Warlingham flushed slightly and replied with some asperity—

"Thanks, dear boy; but why should I wish to see that curse of so-called modern progress you have placed on a noble river?"

"I didn't curse it, I merely dammed it," replied Sanderstead.

The Countess rose.

"The Pyramids have been waiting a long time for me," she said. "I am going out to view them in the afternoon light."

"It will be the case of age before beauty," said his Lordship, also rising. "May I accompany the beauty to the age?"

Sanderstead, also standing, took his share of the smile with which the lady favoured both; but apparently remembering the adage about three being too many, so far as company is concerned, he sat down again when they had taken their departure, muttering to himself—

"A case of beauty and the beast, I should say," which showed he was already envious of the good fortune of the nobleman.

Lord Warlingham made the most of his opportunity. When we reach forty, we know what we want, and lose no time in schoolboy dalliance. He was charmingly urbane, qualified by a slight tinge of sentimentality, and was wide enough awake to see that he made a favourable impression. He regretted that he had not looked up this delightful, if very distant, relative long since, and he resolved to visit Cairo next day and learn something definite regarding her income, even if he had to cable for the information to his legal advisers in London. They would know the importance of the facts and the need of their client. Meanwhile, with the deftness of much experience he laid the foundation upon which might be builded either a frivolous flirtation or a serious courtship. It was quite evident that the girl knew as little of fashionable life as if she had just emerged from a convent, and this gave him hope that she had heard nothing of his adventures in quest of an heiress, if she happened to be of a romantic turn of mind, which his slight acquaintance with her caused him to think highly probable.

He regretted that in a heedless moment he had introduced her to Sanderstead, for if his own stay in Cairo were prolonged, or if he went there day after day until his message came from London, he left the field open. If the lady were merely the daughter of a rich nobody, he might rely on the glamour of his title to keep her safe during his absences; but the girl had a title in her own right, so one of his chief assets was discounted. He had seen the young lady's eyes sparkle when the great work up the river was mentioned, and he noticed the look of interest with which she had regarded this newspaper-famed miracle-worker. It was quite possible that she had some silly notions about men who could do things. Many women had. Besides, he could not conceal from himself the fact that the worn engineer had a certain gaunt, bronzed handsomeness which the women of the hotel admired; and besides, he was ten years younger than Warlingham, although perhaps that might not count.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 22.

SIR JAMES WHITNEY—AT HOME

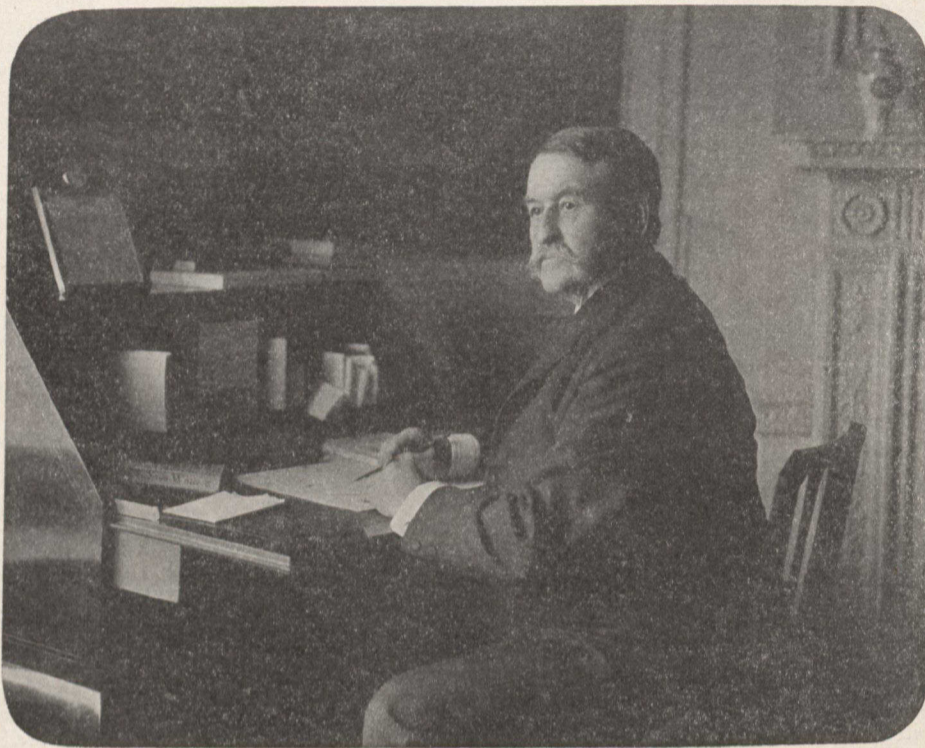
A Biographical Sketch—From Country Barrister to Provincial Premier.

By J. SMYTH CARTER

IN a quiet, yet pretty, little St. Lawrence town east of Brockville and not as far as Cornwall, there lived, once upon a time, a lawyer, just a plain every-day lawyer, with his coterie of clients, estate matters to care for, John Brown's creditors to awaken, the accustomed round of conveyancing, etc., but who afterwards rose to eminence in the political life of his own province. The town referred to is none other than Morrisburg, in the County of Dundas, and the lawyer is now Ontario's worthy Premier, Sir James Whitney.

So oft have we heard and repeated the old adage, "A man is not without honour save in his own country," that we have come to consider it almost, if not altogether, a truism. But there are instances where it is most inapplicable. Often, yes very often, individuals who rise to higher things politically, commercially or otherwise, acquire such a standing outside the boundaries of their own county, if not their own province. Not so, however, with Premier Whitney, a native of the County of Dundas, which county he has so long and well represented in the Legislature.

He was born in Williamsburg, one of the front townships of that county, October 2nd, 1843, and is a son of Richard Leet Whitney and Clarissa Jane Fairman, his wife. A few years later the family moved to the west side of the Township of Osnabruck, County of Stormont, on the river front, where J. P. spent his early life on a farm. After leaving the public schools he continued his education at the celebrated old Cornwall Grammar School, the most historic institution of its kind in the old Eastern District. Finally he began the study of law in the office of the late John Sandfield Macdonald, at one time Premier of the old Province of Canada and also the first Premier of Ontario. He gave up his legal studies for a time, resuming the task later, and was called to the bar of Ontario in Trinity term, 1876, after which he began the practice of his profession at Morrisburg. Ten years later he was a candidate for parliamentary honours and now, for more than twenty years, has represented his home constituency in the Provincial Parliament. From the time of his entry therein Mr. Whitney took a prominent place in the House, and in the councils of his party, and on the retirement of Mr. Marter in April, 1896, was unanimously chosen leader of the Opposition. The confidence thus reposed in him rapidly increased, so much so that three years later, March, 1899, he was presented by his followers with a valuable testimonial of their regard. A member of the Church of England, he has been a representative of the Diocesan, Provincial and General Synod. The only public offices held by the Premier before entering the Legislature were those of high school trustee, and commissioner for consolidating the statutes, to which he was appointed by Sir Oliver Mowat. In 1890 he was created Queen's Counsel by the Govern-



SIR JAMES PLINY WHITNEY AT WORK.

Photograph by Reginald Haines, London, Eng.

nor-General. In June, 1902, the University of Toronto conferred upon him the honorary degree of L.L.D. A short time afterwards, Trinity University, Toronto, gave him the honorary degree of D.C.L. and in October, 1903, Queen's University, Kingston, similarly honoured him with the degree of L.L.D. His translation to the Premier's chair on January 25th, 1905, was a most signal honour and the wise legislation which he has since directed has proven the wisdom of the people's choice. So greatly was his ability and statesmanship recognised, that at the Quebec Tercentenary the Premier had conferred on him the honour of knighthood, at the command of His Majesty, King Edward VII.

MORRISBURG IN EARLY DAYS.

THE recital of Morrisburg's life and growth furnishes an interesting background to the picture story of the career of her illustrious son. Sixty-six years ago, which marks the birth year of Sir James, the site of the present village was little known but as a farming area. Here in the gaiety of youth, the sons and daughters of the early settlers romped and frolicked o'er meadow land, hill and glade. Society had not as yet outgrown itself and the most interesting topic among the "Four Hundred" of those days was that of the next "husking," the supper, the dance and the games to follow the logging. About the river the inhabitants, all and sundry, spent spare hours, fishing, paddling and reciting stories of Indian occupancy. This freedom, so ideal, suffered no interruption, until was begun the construction of the Williamsburg canal, paralleling the river in order that vessels might escape the dangers of Rapid du Plat. As a result of this, the nucleus of the present Morrisburg was formed about 1847. Two years later a grist mill was erected by Benjamin Chaffey. To this milling centre came the farmers and the farmers' sons for many miles about, and it is not unlikely that James Whitney, then a lad of junior years, residing in the township, came to the old mill along with his father and perchance visited the stores of the early merchants, Wm. Kyle, James Holden and H. G. Stearns. Those men, and others of their kind, were citizens of influence in the community. Those were the days when goods were sold in their purity. False labels had not arrived. The appointment of pure food commissioners was not then dreamed of and in parcelling out sugar, tea, rice, cotton, etc., the pound was a just pound, the yard a full yard and the quality undisputed.

The incorporation of Morrisburg was consummated October 17th, 1860, the name of the village being chosen out of compliment to Hon. James Morris, Postmaster-General of Canada. In view of the honour thus done him, Mr. Morris, a few years later, donated to the village the sum of one hundred dollars to aid in securing a bell or clock for the town hall.

But a look at Morrisburg when Ontario's Pre-

mier was a lad of eleven summers—a school-boy—cannot but interest, and in this connection a gentleman who for long years was a resident of Toronto, thus sums up in part the recollections of a twelve months' stay in Morrisburg: "The period thus embraced was during the year or two prior to the advent of railway facilities, which went into operation between Montreal and Brockville toward the close of the year 1855. Previous to this the chief mode of transportation during the season of navigation was by steamer, a choice of two daily lines being available. These were the Royal Mail line and the American line; of the former about the best vessel was the *Banshel* and of the latter the *Jenny Lind*. The new iron steamer *Kingston* came out later in the season of 1855 and was employed chiefly in moving the parliamentary paraphernalia from Quebec to Toronto during the then existing system of perambulating seats of government. In addition to the trim passenger vessels there were lines of freight boats and schooners, the latter being towed chiefly by old paddle boats, which had been superannuated from the passenger service. The

movement of all this variety of craft upon the bosom of the noble St. Lawrence created a most pleasing and inspiring scene, scarcely equalled elsewhere. Morrisburg was then a bright and thriving village with several live industries. Besides being an important grain market, the farmers also brought into town squared timber which was used at the mills and lock gate works. They also supplied large quantities of cordwood for steamboat fuel which was retailed from the wharves of I. N. Rose and Captain Farlinger. In addition to the merchants and hotel men to be seen on the streets were Lieut. Hilliard, one of the Duke of Wellington's Peninsular veterans; T. S. Rubidge, C.E.; A. G. Macdonell, barrister; Dr. Sherman and J. W. Rose, who was the parliamentary representative for Dundas about that time. The Crimean War, in which Great Britain participated, was then in progress and constituted an engrossing topic. The fall of Sebastopol was celebrated in Morrisburg by the lighting of bonfires in a field a little to the north-west of the business part of the village; rockets were improvised by saturating balls of candle wick in burning fluid, coal oil being, as yet, an unknown quantity. At the close of the fireworks function an adjournment was made to the ballroom of Waite's hotel, where patriotic and enthusiastic speeches were delivered by Mr. West, P.L.S., and Mr. Macdonell (Inch), the latter being quite conspicuous in the old tartan coat of his earlier years."

SIR JAMES AS A SOLDIER.

NOT only is Ontario's Premier an able and far-seeing legislator, but his wisdom and ambition are quickly kindled when any emergency arises. Speaking figuratively, he is ready at any time to



The three second-storey windows on the right mark the offices in Morrisburg, of J. P. Whitney, Barrister.



Former residence of Sir James P. Whitney, in Morrisburg.

"take off his coat and buckle in" if duty thus demands. No doubt this selfsame spirit was very present during his school days and we can well imagine that the proverbial John Jones or Jack Smith had to move round, and move quickly, at James Whitney's bidding. The aggressive, progressive spirit which has characterised his career as Premier was of course plainly illustrated in his boyhood. But a more striking example of his courage and manhood soon arose. The Fenian trouble of 1866 caused a good share of uneasiness all along the Canadian frontier. Many were the sleepless nights experienced by the scattered settlers when some new tidings of the attacking forces were passed along. In the absence of daily papers, telephone and telegraph, all later creations, the dread of what might be sent a chill o'er the very souls of the settlers. Particularly to the women and children was every day a long and wearisome vigil. Just then, and for long years after, the Fenian doings exercised a quieting influence on naughty youngsters. Both the incident and the story had left an imprint on memory's wall, which seemed almost indelible, and consequently the mere mention of the name Fenian had a sort of "Hush ye! Hush ye! Little pet, ye! Black Douglas" effect. But it is to the honour and glory of Canada that even at that early day there prevailed a patriotic spirit which was assertive. Then, as now, only no doubt to a larger degree, the struggle for existence in the rural localities was present. Every person in every household shared in the toils incident to the maintenance of home, but yet the male population, particularly the younger men, found time to protect their "ain" firesides, by going forth in defence of their country. Bidding farewell to mother, sister or sweetheart, many of them crossed the family threshold and went forth to meet the foe. And among those brave volunteers, whose example has been so worthily emulated by Canada's sons, was James Pliny Whitney, then a young man in his early twenties. Can we not picture the then future Premier going forth with musket in hand, obeying the commands of his superior officer? Shoulder arms! Order arms! Quick march! How valiant a soldier! For five months he continued in active service. With the lapse of time he never lost grip on things military, and in later years was created Lieutenant-Colonel commanding the regimental division Dundas reserve militia. Those months of active service in '66 were memorable, portraying a spirit like unto that which has characterised the career of the Premier during these latter years in the wisdom of his government and his defence of provincial rights.

THE POLITICAL TIDE.

LIFE is moving music. Back in the latter seventies and early eighties, while Lawyer Whitney performed the daily round, the common task in connection with his legal practice, the Conservatives of Dundas were watching his course, and recognising in him the qualities of a successful standard-bearer they finally asked him to be their candidate in the provincial contest of 1886. Mr. Whitney acquiesced, and entered the campaign with characteristic vigour and earnestness. His opponent was Dr. T. F. Chamberlain, who was elected by a majority of twenty-five. But the story of the ballots must be retold. A protest was entered, the Doctor unseated, a new contest finally brought on, and on January 31st, 1888, Mr. Whitney was first elected to the Legislature by a majority of twenty-eight. Since then he has, each time, been opposed in his home constituency, and each time has been the choice of the electorate. In 1890 his opponent was the present Federal Minister of Railways, Hon. Geo. P. Graham. One feature throughout has been the gradual increase in Mr. Whitney's majority until in the last contest it reached almost the thousand mark. This constant and unwavering growth of confidence is greatly in accord with the Premier's popularity provincially. The story of his career is indeed a succession of successes, not unmingled, however, with struggles and defeats. From the rank of an humble youth, herding the cattle and

sheep, and doing errands about his father's farm, to the leading position of eminence in his province is indeed a far cry, but he has climbed the steep, courageously and well, and throughout those years has brought honour to himself and his native land. Surely in the lives of Sir James P. Whitney and other statesmen there is a wealth of example and encouragement for the youth of our country, but it is only by devout, earnest, faithful, unflinching effort that such success can be obtained. There is no



Interior of Sir James Whitney's Office at Morrisburg.

royal road to true eminence—none but the path of duty and perseverance.

BACK TO THE OLD TOWN.

IT is not often that Sir James Whitney wanders back to Morrisburg, the town of his earlier love. Without doubt were he to consult his wishes in the matter his visits would be multiplied. As it is, his time is quite fully occupied. In fact the Premier is a very busy man. The daily round of duties, legislative and social, which devolve upon him, can not well be played on the shoulders of others, and at any rate he is not one to shirk responsibility. He is substantially a working statesman. But when he does take time to go east for a few days, his visit becomes one round of handshakings and greetings. Surrounding him, at times, are the men and women who grew up in the community with Sir James, and our readers may be sure there is a general digging up of ancient antics and occurrences. Then there are the boys and girls who have been growing up physically while Ontario's chief officer has been growing politically, and closely have they watched his career. And once again we behold that group of business and professional men among and with whom he mingled and laboured for years in and about town. All join in extending the glad fraternal hand. Perhaps there is not the festooning of the public buildings with electric garlands, flags and bunting, for down at Morrisburg they do things in a modest way; but there is a true welcome which has no uncertain sound, and in which all participate, for the town is indeed proud of her illustrious son, the first citizen of the province. Local patriotism



Main Street, Morrisburg, where Sir James' Office was situated.

Photos by J. M. Whitteker, Morrisburg

in every small town is strong, and when it gets an opportunity of displaying itself it is apt to do so with a freedom unknown in the cities.

But while time has wrought some changes, the general appearance of Morrisburg is much the same as it was back in the seventies and eighties. To the Premier perhaps the greater change is the absence of many citizens prominent in those days, and the new faces in store and office. Apart from that, however, as he saunters about with as much freedom and at-home feeling as he displays at Queen's Park, he views many familiar scenes. There looms up the same old familiar waterfront, the islands with the recollections each affords, and crowding in with these come reminiscences of his professional and early political days. Of all, perhaps the business section of the town has been least remodelled. In the south-eastern part of the second floor of the Victoria building, north side of Main Street, is the office where he practised law and politics and saw visions of political greatness which have since been realised. Up on First Street is the "old home," the Premier's residence, a comfortable and well arranged brick building, standing back from the street, affording a nice frontage. Down on Lock Street comes to view the *Herald* office, where in those earlier days his political opponent, George P. Graham, now Minister of Canadian Railways, was editor and publisher, meanwhile adjusting his political spurs for

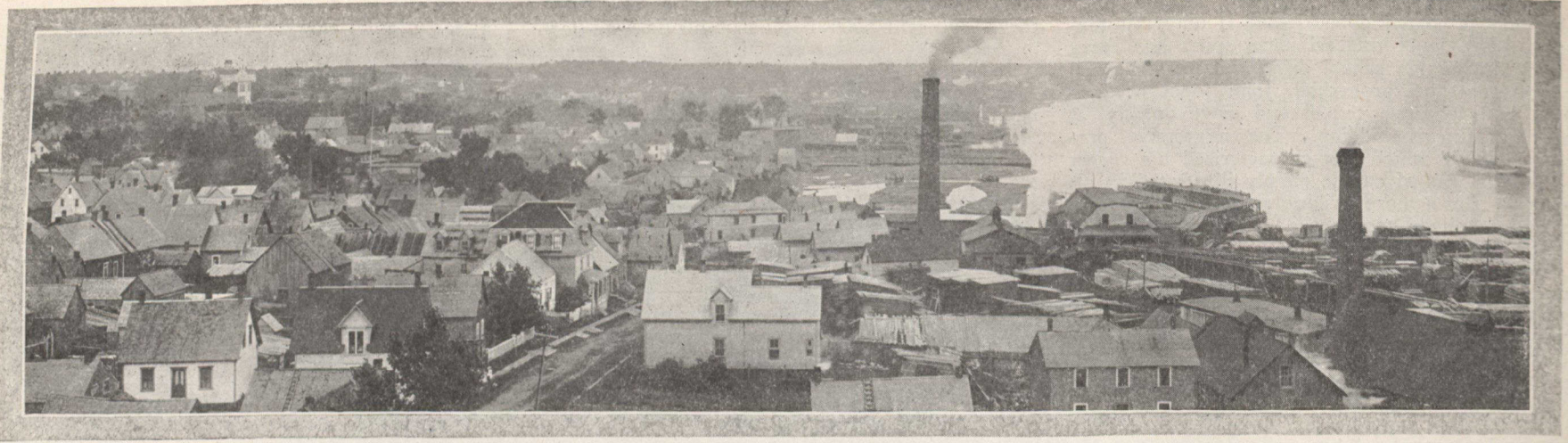
the warfare which was yet to be. These and many other scenes become part and parcel of the Premier's joy, each time he re-visits the old town, where for many years he was just plain J. P. Whitney, Barrister.

Leaving Morrisburg and going through other portions of the constituency of Dundas, evidences of his popularity are everywhere met with, and everywhere people turn out to greet the Premier. During the summer of last year, after the stress of political battle had subsided, one of the most pleasant reunions ever held in the county took the form of an old-fashioned picnic at the Sanitarium grounds, Winchester Springs. The gathering was planned in order that the Premier—separated from legislative duties—might enjoy a real visit, strictly informal, with all the county folk.

SIR JAMES IN PERSPECTIVE.

BUT taking a perspective view of the Premier's career, watching his movements about the halls of legislature, catching a glimpse of him passing on his wheel about Queen's Park, conversing with him or visiting him at his pretty home on St. George Street, the student of men and affairs is strongly impressed that there is a certain something in the man's individuality which impels success. Perhaps this something must be pluralised, for there seem to be several outstanding traits. A certain old Scotchman, during the Premier's political tour of the province some years ago, remarked: "Mon, but isn't he a monly mon!" In those simple words of the canny Scot there was much wisdom, for honesty and manliness are two features prominently to the fore in the make-up of Sir James. Then there is that indomitable will-power, that force of energy, zeal and ambition which reaches out toward the accomplishment of things. And once again that forthright, downright mode of utterance which the people of Ontario have learned to love. Speaking from the chair at the opening meeting of the Canadian Temperance League in Massey Hall recently, Sir James said the newspapers had never charged him with fearing to express an opinion on any issue with which he should deal. Such was the duty of public men even though at times they might be incorrect in their conclusions. This is indeed one of the prime features in the political strength of Sir James.

Glancing from the pinnacle of our present progress in this country we behold a "New Canada" and commensurate with the needs of our advanced status as a nation there must be a new code of political ethics. And among the early apostles and advocates of this "new code" the name of Sir James Whitney has already attained a brilliant setting.



THE HOME OF THE MARITIME LIEUTENANT-GOVERNORS

Chatham, on the Miramichi, has given two Governors to the Province of New Brunswick, the present Lieutenant-Governor Tweedie and his predecessor Governor Snowball

ON THE MIRAMICHI

By REV. W. C. GAYNOR



Chief Peter Julian.

IN north-eastern New Brunswick, in that part of ancient Acadie which reputable historians claim to have been the veritable territory sold to the King of France by Sir David Kirke in 1632 or thereabouts, a magnificent river runs to the sea draining and watering a fertile and prosperous country. Both river and territory are called Miramichi. Here in aboriginal days was the ideal hunting-ground, rich in fish and game, with a wealth of forests, intersected by innumerable full-flooding streams, all emptying into

the one great mother-river; and because it was removed from the war-trail of either Mohawk or Iroquois and so richly endowed by the exuberant hand of Nature, the Micmacs called it Miramichi, *Happy Retreat*.

The Micmac has not gone—he will ever survive in this and other place-names—but his place has been taken by the efficient sons of Great Britain—English, Irish and Scotch settlers. Their settlements, which every little while flower out in large incorporated towns or pretty, picturesque villages, fill the watershed of the river except for the unbroken forests at its head. North of them lie the French districts of the Bay Chaleur, the Nepisiguit and Restigouche, and to the south that composite of French and English which ramifies through the counties called Kent and Westmoreland. A sturdy race their pioneer forefathers were, hard-headed Scotchmen, hard-working Irishmen, with a sprinkling—just enough to notice—of capable Englishmen. Presbyterians and Roman Catholics, both deeply sincere in their religious professions and both, strange to say, idealists in their religious beliefs, respected each other from the outset, and have ever lived in the most agreeable harmony. They might differ in their opinions as to the right way to the best positions in the other world, but in politics they were as likely to be on the same side or to be divided in their views among themselves as honest men are everywhere. Hence religious bickering was unknown among them; so that the real Miramichi man of our day, true to the traditions of his fathers ever finds a subject of wonderment and often of amazement in the religious jealousies of the outside world.

It may thus be safely inferred that Miramichi still deserves its sobriquet of *Happy Retreat*.

The one generously attractive feature of the country—ethical considerations apart—is, however, its noble river, the Mira-

michi. Rising in the far watersheds of western New Brunswick, its course almost for the first one hundred miles checked and impeded by Laurentian upheavals, it no sooner shakes itself free than it widens and develops into a lordly, full-flowing river, several miles wide at its mouth. Along its northern bank soft sandstone cliffs rise to precipices and then lose themselves in smooth, sloping lawns, only again to assert themselves before giving way to the intervale country at its mouth. The south bank is not so picturesque, the sandstone showing only in feeble heights; but an acclivious background is never wanting, except perhaps near the sea where sandy reaches glow in the August sun.

Along the river, but more especially in the towns and their vicinity, great sawmills and pulp-mills proclaim their industries. King log still reigns

in by-products everywhere. Even the butchers no longer throw away the hoofs and horns of cattle as waste products.

Chatham, the largest town on the river, enjoys the distinction of being the home of the present Lieutenant-Governor of the province, Hon. L. J. Tweedie, as it was of the late Lieutenant-Governor Snowball. It is not every provincial town which can give, hand-running, two governors to a province. I may here remark upon the democratic ease with which Governor Tweedie moves among his fellow townsmen. He is one of themselves, and yet maintains his dignity and forfeits no prestige. In the olden days when the lumber business was at its best and Miramichi was familiarly known in the timber markets of Europe, it was no uncommon sight, so old residents say, to see one hundred square-rigged ships lying at anchor before the town. In fact, as if in presage of its distinction in this respect, the site upon which the town now stands was known to the early pioneers as *Spruce Tree*,

by reason of a great spruce which projected upon the river and was a landmark there. Here until quite recently you could see the old Henderson house, made famous as one of the oldest residences on the river, and the refuge to which the early British settlers fled when there was likelihood of a Micmac uprising. The Roman Catholic cathedral, Hotel Dieu Hospital and convent school-buildings overlook the town. The cathedral is an especially handsome structure of brown stone, designed on chaste Gothic lines, and wins admiration the closer one views it. One of the landmarks of the town is "the old McCurdy Church," the first religious home of the Free-Kirkers or Antiburghers, as they were called, when they seceded from the Auld Kirk; a monument to the independent spirit of certain Scotchmen of that day. To the irreverent young boy it is still known as "the church with the rooster," the weather-vane on the spire being the cock which chided Peter. It was a case of crowing over the other party. When the question of a suitable and ornamental finial to the spire came up before the building committee, a member stood up and moved that it be a cock, adding as a clincher: "We'll hae a cock to craw over them!"—meaning the Auld-Kirkites. And so it was; and the church was built around a young minister of the name of McCurdy, who had come up from Nova Scotia to the Antiburghers in their distress, and whose long and efficient ministrations in it identified it with his name.

But at Moorefield, across the river, burgher and antiburgher laid aside their theological repugnances and were interred in one common graveyard, the moss-covered stones of which bear dates from 1791 downward.

On the river, between Chatham and Newcastle, on the northern bank, a mile below the latter town, is an historic spot, dating from the ancient French regime and now known as French Fort Cove. Here two hundred years ago the white flag of the Bourbons floated above a fort of sixteen guns built upon a rocky promontory. It commanded the river in both directions and was designed to protect a large trading village of voyageurs and fishermen upon

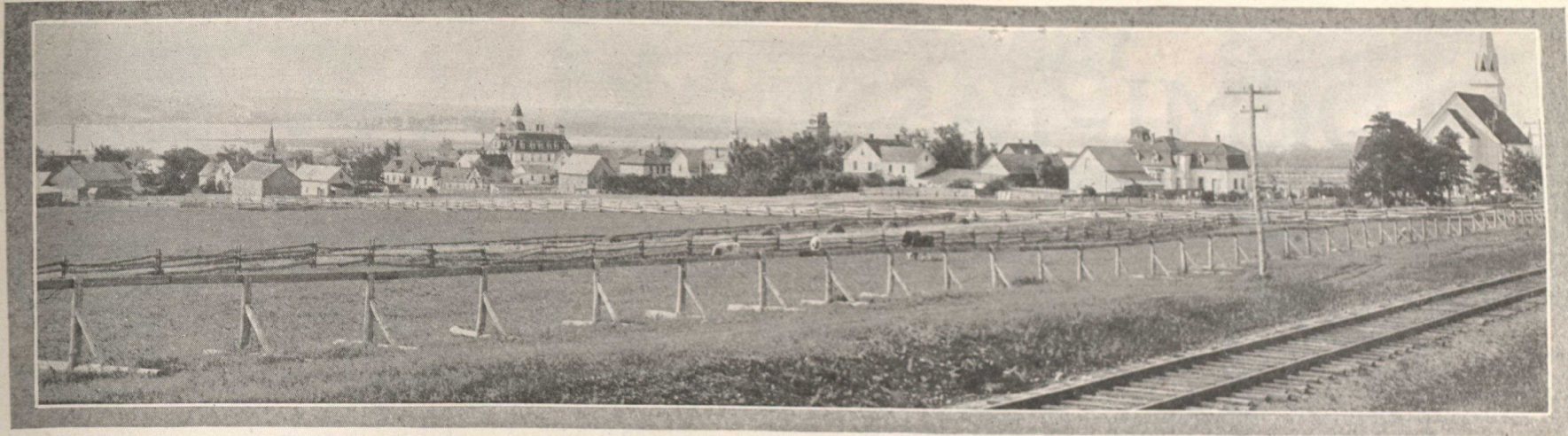


Beaubairs Island on the Miramichi below Newcastle.

And while the supply of lumber is said to fall far short of what it was in the good days of old, the piles of sawn material which each mill emits show no visible diminution of forest supply. The presence of pulp-mills or those adjuncts of pulp-mills which prepare the raw material, cutting it into lengths or blocks, is instanced as proof of degeneration and failure of supply of merchantable timber. This may be the case, and no doubt is the case, but the tendency nowadays is towards economy



Newcastle's Historic Public Square.



A General View of Newcastle, a prosperous Town on the Miramichi. On the upper Miramichi, the chief occupation is lumbering; on the lower, principally fishing and farming.

the opposite, low-lying shore, still known as the Canadian Marsh. This was "the first line of defence" against both English and Micmacs; the second was a powerful battery on the east or tidal end of Beaubair's island; which was supplemented by a shore battery on the north bank of the river still further up. Only the sites are left of these evidences of French prestige in this part of *Acadie* in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, but local tradition still embalms them and pays generous tribute to the valour and misfortunes of France's knight-errants of those troublous times.

One of the pretty sights of Newcastle, the shire-town, is its square, situated in the heart of the town, close to the water. There on that melancholy night in October, 1825, when the Great Fire spread devastation and death along the river, two prisoners were burned to cinders with and in the county jail. There also began the great election riot of 1842, when the rivalry between the two towns embittered both sides of the contest and led to regrettable excesses. At the first onset the Newcastle men retired to the rear of the town where they had piles of stones in readiness, covered with sods. After that it was "Save himself who can!" for the men of Chatham. They were driven headlong to their steamer and barges. One participant assured me that the steamboat which conveyed them to Newcastle, and which plied in ordinary commerce to Prince Edward Island, had coal enough thrown as missiles upon her deck to feed her furnaces on her return trip to the island. At least one man was killed in this meleé.

A notable feature of the river is its Micmac Indians. They have at least three reservations, secured to them by royal charter, inalienable, and under the control alone of the Department of the Interior at Ottawa. At El Ground, a few miles above Newcastle on the northwest branch of the river, the Julian chiefs hold sway. Other chiefs there are with quasi-independent chieftainships, but to the family of Julians belongs the highest rank. The Archbishop of York may be primate of England

as a matter of courtesy, but the Archbishop of Canterbury is primate of All England as a matter of fact. So it is with other chiefs and the Julians. Here in the home of the last descendant of this notable aboriginal family one is shown ancient documents—one dating under royal seal from 1794—bearing witness to the steadfast loyalty of this line of sachems, and paying a well-deserved tribute of acknowledgment for their services in protecting the first British settlements.

Canada has very little to reproach herself with in her treatment of the Indian tribes, but nowhere, perhaps, in the Dominion has a better feeling—a sociable, man-to-man feeling—existed than between the old British settlers, their descendants, and the Indians of the Miramichi. This was in part due, of course, to the Indians themselves. They were primarily *men*—physically giants, ready to take a share in the white man's work; while in mental acumen they were distinguished. Some of their quaint expressions have already passed into proverbs: "Too much bush for a birch canoe" is a warning which can be given a value entirely apart from the occasion which it first served.

As evidencing at once the wit and *naivete* of the Micmac the following story, of actual occurrence, is told. Lewy Julian, in his day—say forty or fifty years ago—chief, was a man of unusual presence and intelligence. Moreover, in a commercial sense he was trustworthy and reliable. At one time he needed a loan of three pounds in currency and he applied to a white friend of his, a Mr. Salter of Newcastle. Salter, knowing Lewy's character and respecting him, immediately lent him the money. In due time Lewy repaid the loan, and then, to the white man's surprise, asked for a receipt.

"How is this, Lewy?" Salter enquired. "I lent you the money without asking for your note. Why do you ask me for a receipt?"

"Well, you see," Lewy explained, "when I die and go to the Gates, St. Peter he say, 'Lewy, did you pay back the three pounds you borrowed? Where's your receipt?' I be in bad fix, Salter. I

can't go all over hell look for you to get receipt. No; I take him now."

Strange to say, the Micmacs have no recollection of the French occupation of the river—not a tradition even, yet the old men who might have linked the present with that forgotten period are dead. Moreover—an unusual thing—the Micmacs were almost irreconcilable enemies of the French.

On the lower reaches of the Miramichi, where it spreads into a bay before merging its waters with the Gulf of St. Lawrence, the inhabitants live principally by fishing and farming. They are fishermen to whom farming is an avocation—farmer-fishermen. The waters abound with fish of all kinds from the smelt to the salmon—cod, shad, mackerel, halibut, gaspereaux, salmon, with that toothsome crustacean, the lobster, closer to shore, and smelts in millions for net-fishing through the ice in winter. Their catches are sold on the spot, and the market is unvaryingly good. Under such conditions, with the products of their farming between times to live upon, they naturally live easy, and are independent—no slaves to bell or factory whistle.

IN a very large part of Canada—not including the Arctic Circle—there are as yet no rats. A year ago rats began to appear in large numbers in Winnipeg. But in most of the Canadian West the rat as yet is a rarity. The invasion of Europe by the rat is supposed to have taken place in the earlier years of the eighteenth century, when some rats were brought over in a ship from India. Captain John Smith, on his visit to the Bermudas in 1617, was much pestered by the vermin. "They used all the diligence they could for the destroying of them, nourishing cats both wilde and tame, for that purpose; every man was enjoined to set twelve traps, and some of their owne accord have set neere an hundred, which they ever visited twice or thrice in a night; they also trained up their dogges to hunt them, wherein they became so expert that a good dog in two or three hours would kill forty or fifty."

FIRING A SALUTE ON THE KING'S BIRTHDAY



In the leading Cities of Canada, on November 9th, a Salute of 21 Guns was given in honour of King Edward VII.



In Montreal the custom was duly honoured, as these pictures show. Afterwards came the usual "Three Cheers for His Majesty."



THE DEMI-TASSE

A DISASTROUS VISIT.

A CLERGYMAN living in Toronto was lately very much horrified when his small daughter, aged three, returned from a visit to an unclerical uncle, with several unorthodox expressions in her infant vocabulary. One of the diversions at her fond relative's home is a game in which Chance is supposed to take a hand. On her return to the paternal manse, the small person, when asked concerning the state of her health, replied cheerfully:

"I pash!"

This retort, so suggestive of an undesirable association, grieved the family exceedingly. But their regret was deepened when the angel child, on being asked if she wanted her blocks to play with, remarked:

"Yesh! Baby p'ay it alone."

The head of the household has made a firm resolve that Baby is never again to pay a prolonged visit to "Uncle Charlie."

* * *

A WISE SCHOLAR.

TEACHER: "And when the Philistines saw how small David was, they laughed. Can anyone tell me why they laughed?"

Willie: "Guess they laughed 'cause they didn't know much about fightin'. It's always safe ter put yer dough on de little feller. Dey got a spring in dem dat does de trick. First, dey dances all around de big sport and planks him one and makes a quick get away, den he—"

Teacher: "That will do, Willie. We will continue the study of the lesson."

* * *

HAVE YOU HEARD THIS.

"Yes," said the man from the Northwest, "it's cold where I come from. But you don't feel it—no sir! We don't have any of these cold winds out there; fifty and sixty below is nothing when there's no wind. Why, out there, you can leave your window open, nights, and the air's so still it won't come in—frozen stiff, yes sir!"

* * *

THE KEY-NOTE.

The first note in the social, as well as the musical scale is "dough."—*Smart Set*.

* * *

NEWSLETS.

The Mayor of Plymouth, England, considers that the best way to get rid of the feeble-minded would be by putting them to death painlessly. The *Toronto News* cheerfully agrees, reflecting that chloroform would be a pleasant and gentlemanly way of disposing of the present Dominion cabinet.

The address replying to the Speech from the Throne is moved this year by Mr. Kyte of Rich-

mond. Mr. R. L. Borden bitterly remarks that the government is flying high.

There are reports of an earthquake in Jamaica. That's nothing. Wait until you hear from the next heart-to-heart talk which the Conservatives will hold at Ottawa. That will be a seismic disturbance worth mentioning.

Lord Dundonald has proposed that each town and populous county in Britain shall acquire a Canadian estate as a means of relieving the unemployed problem. Men out of work could be sent to these estates under contract to stay on them for a certain length of time. This is a scheme worthy of a Noble Lord. We understand that Hon. Sydney Fisher has been asked to manage the estates.

* * *

THE OLDTIME RELIGION.

Presbyterian Elder: "Nae, my mon, there'll be nane o' they new-fangled methods in Heaven."

Listener: "I don't know how you can be sure."

Elder: "Sure! Why, mon, gin they tried it, the whole Presbyterian kirk wad rise up an' gang out in a body!"

* * *

STRICTLY UP-TO-DATE.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"

"I'm going to gaol, kind sir," she said.

"But what have you done, my pretty maid?"

"I've wanted a *vote*, kind sir," she said.

"Sure, that is no crime, my pretty maid."

"But I threw a few brickbats, sir," she said.

"Oh, give up these antics, my pretty maid,

And take a *rotary* fond, instead."

* * *

AN INSPIRING SUGGESTION.

THAT estimable journal from Victoria, known as *The Week*, has a horrible suggestion concerning Mrs. Pankhurst. The editor says emphatically: "There is a need of corporal punishment for this class of woman. * * * You can never govern a woman by reason. She only knows two controlling motives—love and fear. * * * It is, therefore, an excellent time for the strong hand to teach them by the salutary influence of severe bodily pain, the error of their ways."

This is a cheerful bit of penal suggestion. But who will be bold enough to enforce it? When Mayor Oliver approves and James L. Hughes smiles sunny encouragement and William Maclean, M.P., of the *World* throws his journalistic protection around the lady who boxed the august ears of a London policeman, who will be daring enough to suggest chastisement? It is all very well for an editor in British Columbia to write like that. If he were in Toronto, he'd be scared stiff and just move his lips long enough to say "Votes for Women!"

Ah, we have it! The very man for such a heroic deed! There's that poor dear Blythe, who beat a long-suffering wife to death and who is having an easy time of it in Kingston. Let us have him back in Toronto and assign him the congenial task.

* * *

A DARNED HOLE.

The socks I darn for thee, dear heart,
Mean quite a pile of work to me;
I count them over, every one apart,
Thy hosiery, thy hosiery.

Each sock a mate, two mates a pair
To clothe thy feet in storm and cold;
I count each sock unto the end, and find
I've skipped a hole.

Oh, carelessness, this thy reproof,
See how it looms across my sole,
I grind my teeth, and then in very truth
I darn that hole, sweetheart, I darn that hole!
—*Puck*.

* * *

A TALL TALE.

THE proprietor of a menagerie relates that one of his lions once had a thorn taken out of his paw by a French major in Algeria. The lion afterwards ran over the list of officers belonging to the regiment of his benefactor, and, out of gratitude, devoured both the colonel and lieutenant-colonel, whose places were then filled by the good major.

* * *



Her Protector: Here comes yer ma, Clarisse. Quick! hide behind me.—*Life*.

* * *

CONSIDERATE.

FOUR old Scotchmen, the remnant of a club formed some fifty years ago, were seated around the table in the club room. It was 5 a.m. and Dougal looked across at Donald and said in a thick, sleepy voice:

"Donald, d'ye notice what an awfu' peculiar expression there is on Jock's face?"

"Aye," said Donald, "I notice that; he's deead! He's been deead these four hours."

"What? Deead! Why did ye no tell me?"

"Ah, no—no—no," said Donald, "A'm no that kind o' man to disturb a convivial evening." —*Tit-Bits*.

* * *

GIVING THANKS!

A FAMOUS dean was once at a dinner, when, just as the cloth was removed, the subject of discourse happened to be that of extraordinary mortality among lawyers. "We have lost," said a gentleman, "not less than six eminent barristers in as many months." The dean, who was quite deaf, rose as his friend finished his remarks, and gave the company grace—"For this and every other mercy, make us truly thankful."

* * *

A REMARKABLE PREACHER.

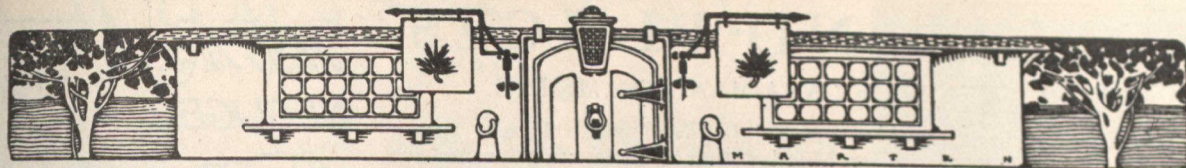
A YOUNG preacher who was staying at a clergy house was in the habit of retiring to his room for an hour or more each day to practice pulpit oratory. At such times he filled the house with sounds of fervour and pathos and emptied it of most everything else. Phillips Brooks chanced to be visiting a friend in this house one day when the budding orator was holding forth.

"Gracious me!" exclaimed the Bishop, starting up in assumed terror. "Pray, what might that be?"

"Sit down, Bishop," his friend replied. "That's only young D— practising what he preaches." —*Everybody's Magazine*.



Conductor.—"Vy iss der flute more softly dan it can?"
Flautist (pointing to score, ppp)—"Because dey does."—*Punch*.



AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

A RAINY DAY IN THE COUNTRY.

AND such a rainy day as it was! No mere ordinary commonplace affair, but a good steady, hard-working rain, precursor of at least two or three more days of the same heart-breaking, spirit-destroying kind.

When the two who beheld it on awakening realised what the black, lowering clouds, and the monotonous drip, drip of the pipe outside the window meant, their spirits sank straightway to the dark abysses occupied by so many spirits on a rainy day. "Why should it be so?" you ask. Full well we know it should not, that we being made with wills and minds, as well as variable bodies and spirits, should rise superior to such trifling ills, and soar on the wing of thought far, far above the black, into the blue Empyrean where "neither rain, nor hail, nor any snow" can "vex the dwellers in that upper clime." But as dwellers on a lower level, and having never yet pretended to attain that lofty height, that calm superiority over things of time and sense, the two who had come to the country to live with nature, and re-create mind and body by drinking in large draughts of the perfume of the apple-trees in the Garden of the Hesperides, and by basking in the gloriousness of the full May sunshine, find themselves distinctively aggrieved, and somewhat at a loss.

Lotus-eating being an impossibility under the present condition of gloomy skies and winds left over from stormy March, we betake ourselves to reading, but the supply is not equal to the demand. Therefore what is to be done? Eureka! We have it! Have we not crochet, the resort of weak and spinster minds; and button-holes, which we did think we might *perhaps* do in the country, but only as a dernier resort. Alas! the dernier resort is become a case of necessity, otherwise we should betake ourselves to language, after the manner of ignoble man, and the descent once begun whither would it lead?

So the crochet and button-holes hold a ricketty sway for a time that seems endless, while anxious looks are shot out of the window with the regularity of minute-guns. But Jupiter Pluvius, Boreas & Company Unltd., are thoroughly enjoying themselves after their own estimable fashion, which we fondly try to persuade ourselves is at least "good for the crops." In our heart of hearts we don't believe it, though, and each knows the thought of the other, but it sounds farmer-like and knowing, and we persist in the pleasant little fiction, as so many fictions are persisted in which never deceive even the novelist, far less those for whose benefit they are intended.

At last a happy thought comes with a sense of relief to our jaded, unoccupied minds. It must be nearly dinner-time! The clock strikes, we listen breathlessly. One, two, three, etc., etc., nine, ten, eleven. Eleven! And we thought it twelve at least! Alas! what now remains but lassitude and complete despair? Then it was that we realised the truth of Cowper's lines in all their full significance:

"Absence of occupation is not rest,
A mind quite vacant is a mind distressed."

Verily our minds were distressed; we gloom and sigh, and droop and pine till another bright thought beside which even the radiance of the crochet and button-holes pales, strikes one of us. Halma! Have not our respected relatives sojourning with us in this vale of woe, a Halma Board, left over from the far-away time when Halma reigned with undisputed sway? 'Tis true! Oh, blessed thought!

Now quickly speed and fetch it here,
That we our doleful souls may cheer.
Bring forth the Board. The Board is brought,
In truth it is a noble game,
And puts our late ennui to shame.

We attack it feverishly, fall to with delight; and are soon deep in the mysteries of ladder-making, jumping, spoiling the enemy, and the thousand and one other joys it opens to our eyes. But what is this feeling stealing over us, softly, insidiously, like a thief in the night? It cannot be—it must not be—we resist it womanfully, we fight on. But we move slowly, no longer is the atmosphere laden with those gentle, purring little epithets with which it has resounded when our most precious moves are stopped and spoiled. "'Tis true, 'tis true, and pity 'tis, 'tis true," and we shudder as we realise it—we are getting longer? Why not? Are not many lives one long pretence? Therefore why not ours, at this critical juncture? It must be so—neither must say "I tired first." But at last after a long struggle with weariness we give in, and confess that we are—well, that we "don't care particularly for another game unless you would really like it," to the

intense though hidden relief of both parties; and then, why then, the dinner-bell rings. We hasten to the festive board. Here at least is something tangible, something to distract our thoughts. We grow comparatively cheerful, we hazard a few jokes which, considering our preparation for them, go not so badly.

But the meal is soon over, and now, what shall we do? We loiter round the fire which seems an anachronism in May, and then decide to go for a walk. Where but on the railway track, for Mother Earth is damp beyond belief. So we array ourselves and sally forth, leaping, not from stone to stone, but from sleeper to sleeper in a manner that would have called down anathemas upon our devoted heads from our grandfather and grandmother had they seen us peregrinating the country in a manner so devoid of grace and lady-like deportment. But the walk, and not grace, was the thing to be achieved at the moment; we feel better, mind and body, and altogether more fitted to bear with complacency "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune." The rain again descends, in fact we begin to think that Dame O. Fortune is emptying her quiver with lavish hand on our two particular selves. So we return to Halma again, then to books, then to tea, where our spirits rise at the thought that the day is near its close and it *may* be fine to-morrow. And "so to bed," as Mr. Pepys says; but the last look at the sky does not lead us to be too hopeful. If this be the first of three, what shall be the end of these days?

EMILY F. DENISON.

A BRAVE YOUNG WOMAN.

CHARLOTTETOWN is rather proud of Miss Bertha Rattenbury, who is to receive a silver medal and \$2,000 as a reward for a heroic deed. The money is to

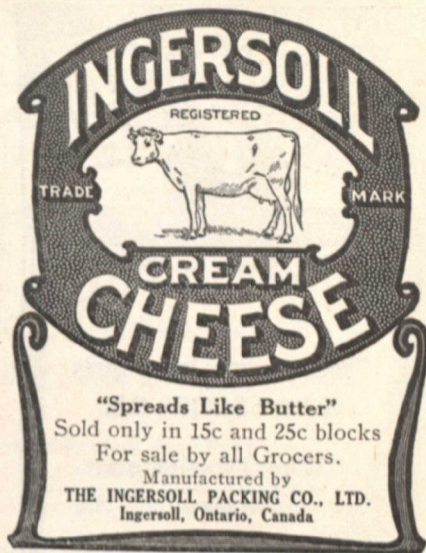


A HEROINE OF THE LITTLE ISLE

Miss Bertha Rattenbury, of Charlottetown, P.E.I., to whom the Carnegie Hero Fund Commission awarded a Silver Medal and Two Thousand Dollars for an act of bravery.

Photo by Bayer, Charlottetown.

be used for the young lady's education. On August 6th, 1909, she, at the risk of her own life, saved Miss Abigail Wellner from drowning in Charlottetown harbour. The deed aroused considerable attention and admiration and the facts were brought to the attention of Mr. F. M. Wilmot, manager of the Carnegie Hero Fund Commission in Pittsburg, Pa. The Commission thoroughly investigated the report and made the award as above.



From Kitchen to Parlor
—From Cellar to Garret

Lacqueret

IS WINNING ITS WAY



If YOU have not tried LACQUERET
—ask your dealer to-day for free
sample.

SOLD EVERYWHERE

International Varnish Co.
Toronto Limited

Fine Varnishes, Enamels,
Lacquers, Etc.

Hotel York

New York



NEW AND ABSOLUTELY FIREPROOF
Seventh Ave., Cor. 36th St.
EUROPEAN PLAN

RATES \$1.50 to \$2.50, with detached bath
\$2.00 to \$4.00, with private bath

Occupies the geographical centre of the city, near the vortex of travel. Within from one to five minutes' walk of twenty-one theatres. Cars pass the door, and within five minutes of all the large retail shops. Norman Grill Room. Cuisine of superior excellence. Moderate prices.

H. G. WILLIAMS, Manager

In answering advertisements mention Canadian Courier

PEOPLE AND PLACES

A HUNDRED YEARS OF CANADIAN STEAMSHIPS.

THERE has just been another centennial down east. It was just a hundred years ago the other Monday that a little craft twenty-five feet long puffed into Quebec from Montreal in 48 hours. The two dozens passengers were heroes amid the plaudits of the spectators who lined the St. Lawrence, banks listening to the throb of the ship's engines and watching the black train of smoke which hung over the waters. They were the first who had ever made the trip except behind stiff canvas and a breeze. To-day an Allan liner glides over the miles and there is no more mention of her than of a passing shadow. There is nothing more romantic about steamboating on the St. Lawrence. It is so big a fact that it is a commonplace. But the great shipping marine which Canada now controls, had its beginning with the voyage of the sturdy little *Accommodation*. This boat was the proud possession of Hon. John Molson of Montreal. The owner was as whole-souled a Canadian as ever lived. He invested wealth in an invention which was as uncertain as the modern airship; he insisted that every stick which went into his craft should be made in Canada. He prospered. The *Accommodation* soon had a sister, the *Swiftsure*. The success of the Molson boats made other masters o' ships sit up. Why should not steamboats from Montreal take in Liverpool? In 1853, Messrs. Allan built the first of their greyhounds and called it the *Canadian*. Then came the *Indian*, the *North American* and the *Anglo-Saxon*. The course of the first of these Canadian ocean liners did not run too smoothly. The surveyors were not aware of all the eccentricities of the route, and the government did not do much ice-breaking at the time. Sometimes the ships never made port, and the papers would leak out harrowing tales of the sea. However, the navigators had faith. They persisted. Conditions improved. So, to-day, Montreal is but a week from the centre of the Empire and the St. Lawrence is among the great inland shipping routes of the world.

* * *

INDIAN WORRIES.

THE Blackfeet at Gleichen held a big powwow on Thanksgiving Day. They came to talk about lands and the memory of the shaggy buffalo. They told all their troubles to the big white chief who controls all the land. The Minister of the Interior stood on the platform of the Agency offices, all the braves gathered about him, and spoke soothing words. He assured them that the King's ministers would protect them from dishonest white men who were filled with envy of their acres. They had ever stood by them. In the old days, the buffalo wobbled through the tall grass and great was the rivalry of the Blackfeet with the Crees. When the tomahawk was drawn, the government chorused in the Blackfeet war cry. The buffalo vanished. The Blackfeet had nothing to eat and the government fed them. They sat down by their wigwam fires and watched the thin smoke curl. There was nothing more in life to do. Then the government ceased sending over delicacies. The Blackfeet must sow in the springtime, and reap the golden grain in the summer, just like their white brothers do, in order to live. They must learn to toil like other men. They had land as far as the eye could see; they had horses and cattle; their numbers were many. They could have pretty houses and bright raiment if they would roll out of their blankets and follow their chiefs to the ploughs. If they would not, the white men who wanted all the land, would say that they were careless, and did not deserve nor need their possessions. The government would teach them new and easy ways to till the soil if they would hearken. Then, in a short time, they would become very clever and surely would outwit all their enemies.

The Blackfeet are not the only redmen who have been ruffled lately. The Kespiox warriors out in British Columbia spilled their paint in excitement a couple of weeks ago. It was all over Premier McBride's railway. Railway troubles have caused British Columbia's premier a few bad nights lately; but probably he did not have half the lurid nightmare of screeching engines and crashing cars which Foreman McCulley and his construction gang say the Kespiox experienced, when the government engineers started throwing the iron rails across the green of the Kespiox valley. The Kespiox hissed defiance. Foreman McCulley dipped two of them into the water to cool off and thrashed a third disdainful chieftain. Then two hundred braves held a powwow, laying formal claim to their beloved valley, and swearing unutterable vengeance on the valiant McCulley. The foreman got his congregation together, too. He locked heads with the chief constable of the district. One dark night, the P. C. and McCulley with fifty roystering blades sneaked over the Skeena to the sky-pilot's house. The preacher told the raiders of the wolves in his flock. In ten minutes, eight ringleaders snarled in irons. There was a romantic jaunt down to Hazelton jail in a big canoe by moonlight.

* * *

ECHOES FROM THE NORTH.

IT is written in the Ottawa books that Mr. William Beech has a homestead farther north than any nation-builder who has yet paid the required ten. Mr. Beech squats down on the south shore of Churchill Harbour. He grows fruit up there; he hunts; a great deal of his spare time he gives up to archæology. The other day, Mr. Beech and Mr. Beech Jr. got off a train in Winnipeg, darker-skinned with the Arctic gales than any foreigner in the cosmopolitan metropolis. They opened their grips for their friends. With the whiff of the northland breeze came forth cranberries, blackberries, blueberries, of a flavour and taste which would make an Ontario fruiter gasp; also furs—white fox, mink and otter; and walrus whisksers, teeth of the polar "Teddy," and a thousand oddities of Eskimo ingenuity in the shape of paper-knives, miniature harpoons, paddles, spears, and gods. The travellers had not brought the whole north with them at that. They told of minerals at Hudson's Bay—of anthracite coal, which showed but one per cent. of ash. They told of romantic happenings, too. They heard whispers in the north of a little ketch *Paradox* which got jammed in an iceberg. The icy water was eating into the hull. Along came the good ship *Pelican* of His Majesty, the Hudson Bay Company. Now, the skipper of the *Pelican* refused to accommodate the *Paradox* tars on his craft unless they would agree to abandon their little ship. It was very cold; they did so. They were towed to Churchill. Then, according to report, they were told to drift—but not with their ship. There is talk of an investigation into this tale of heartlessness.



WINDSOR TABLE SALT

"You are very lucky girls to have Salt like this

"When I was just starting housekeeping, the only good thing about the salt we had, was its salty taste.

"But you girls can get

Windsor Table Salt

—that excellent salt which stays fresh and dry in all kinds of weather—and never "cakes" or "hardens." You will never have any trouble with Windsor Table Salt."

14

O'Keefe's PILSENER



Insist that your dealer always sends O'KEEFE'S "PILSENER"

"THE LIGHT BEER IN THE LIGHT BOTTLE" (Registered)

The O'Keefe Brewery Co. of Toronto, Limited

Read a **FREE** Book **PEDLAR People of Oshawa** about better ceilings. Tells of two thousand designs for every sort of structure from a cathedral to a warehouse—proves why our ceilings cost less. Get the book. Ask our nearest office.

Montreal, Toronto, Halifax, St. John, Winnipeg, Vancouver

In answering advertisements mention Canadian Courier

W.G.P.R. MARK
NEGLIGEE

COAT SHIRTS

Slip on and off easy as an old coat—hold their looks longer—launder better—more style and smartness to them. Try this made-right negligee coat shirt and you'll never go back to the over-the-head kind. In all good patterns and right fabrics. Ask for the brand—red label—look for the script letters.

W.G.P.R. Makers, Berlin

302

EXTRA GOOD NEWS TO GOOD DRESSERS

Commencing on Monday Nov. 22nd and continuing all next week

BRODERICK'S

will sell some of the finest Scotch tweed in their magnificent stock at

\$22⁵⁰ per suit

If you're one of those men who appreciate

- highest class tailoring.
- finest grade materials.
- tasteful, dressy patterns.
- style distinctiveness.
- and money saving unusual

Come and pick out your suit, and come as early as you can.

We'll surprise you

And don't forget that we excel in **OVERCOATS.**

Frank Broderick & Co.
113 West King - Toronto

CANVASSERS WANTED

The Circulation Department of the Canadian Courier is always able to take in representatives of recognized ability. Just now we could use one or two good men in Western Ontario.

Local agents are also wanted in every town and village. Write to-day. Circulation Dept. Canadian Courier, Toronto

A WOMAN'S WAY

By JAMES FORBES

CICELY had just refused Sam Ludlow's sixth offer of marriage when she met *him*. She was in a mood of complete satisfaction with the universe at large. Had she not been enjoying one of the keenest pleasures a woman knows, reducing the man who loves her and whom she does not love, to a state of the completest misery? Sam was still hanging on to her skirts when Mrs. Benjamin Fitzallen brought the newcomer and introduced him in her own perfumery fashion, by saying to Cicely:

"You are the very person I want. I shall leave Mr. Talbot in your charge. He is quite a stranger here, and both of you being literary people you are sure to get on together."

Like most people of limited intelligence and wide social ambition, Mrs. Fitzallen had but the vaguest notion of the personal elements that went to make up the crush at her garden-parties and her At Homes. Now, having made two people thoroughly uncomfortable by giving them labels neither deserved, she bustled off in search of other victims of her hospitality.

"So you are a literary celebrity, Miss Hammond?"

Cicely explained that her only claim to distinction lay in verses written in the *Church Magazine*. Mr. Talbot explained that he illustrated books instead of writing them.

At that they both laughed, and the laugh brought a sudden sense of comradeship. Presently Cicely was being escorted off to tea by her new acquaintance, while Sam, left behind, glowered after them in sulky wrath.

The sudden ease which had come into their companionship was shown by Mr. Talbot remarking:

"That nice boy looked very unhappy. I don't see why he could not have come along to tea also." And he smiled in a knowing, fatherly way.

But Cicely shook her head and replied:

"I have known him since I was a baby. We are great chums. He really does not mind. He always says he hates teas and crushes."

Conscience thus placated, the search for tea was continued, ultimately with a success that led them to a tiny arbour wherein was found a table and seats for two.

Cicely thoroughly enjoyed herself; she had always liked men older than herself—Sam Ludlow was ridiculously young—Mr. Talbot talked to her with a seriousness of a world with aims and activities of which she knew nothing, and withal there was a merry gleam in his eyes which made Cicely feel he was in many ways as young as she.

Perhaps the acquaintanceship would have ended with that pleasant hour's chat in the arbour had not Sam Ludlow, in a rage, gone off with the motor-car. That he had intended to return but was prevented by a burst tire, had nothing to do with the fact that his action had left Cicely without an escort or a means of getting home.

The dilemma was easily bridged over. Mr. Talbot knew how to manage a car—Mrs. Fitzallen was delighted to lend one.

The *tete-a-tete* of the garden was continued with quite evident mutual satisfaction during the spin through country lanes, under the hallowing influence of a rising harvest moon.

After good-bye was said, Cicely was in so contented and happy a frame of mind that she astonished Sam by her kindness and leniency when he came in later on full of excuses and apologies for his flight from the garden-party.

On a day of the same week Cicely met Mr. Talbot at the railway station. He was going up to town by the same train as she. When they got out at Victoria it was time for luncheon. Obviously, Cicely could not have had anything to eat—what, therefore, more natural than that Mr. Talbot should put on his I-say-it-and-there-must-be-no-refusal manner; steer her to a cab and whisk her off to the Carlton?

There were many more meetings, generally managed, let the truth be confessed, by Cicely. Her knowledge of Mr. Talbot's movements would have done credit to a staff of detectives—this perhaps because it was the first thing in her life she had put her whole soul into. Without entirely realising it, she gradually let the thought of meeting Mr. Talbot dominate her whole existence, and she felt completely happy and contented in a dreamy sort of way; love with her was still in the expectant stage—none of its great hopes or fears sent her storm-stricken against the rock of life. She just met Mr. Talbot as often as she could manage, and whether they remained together for one minute or fifteen, she had for the time a consciousness of perfect accord—of a rushing together of some obscurely hidden sympathies. On such days Cicely walked as on a cloud, and fed on moonbeams. She was so kind and tender in her manner to Sam, that he always attempted to make his seventh proposal.

Yet, though Cicely managed many little meetings with Mr. Talbot, it was to chance she owed those which gave her food for her most tender reflections—those about which memory could faithfully recall many shades of tenderness shown in his manner, many fleeting looks of interest which flashed from his eyes.

One such a meeting had taken place as she was on her way to visit Mrs. Fitzallen, just about a month from the day on which she had first met him. She was riding a stolid grey pony, and, when she overtook him in one of the green-shaded country by-ways, it seemed for the moment as if he were the visual expression of her thoughts. Perhaps her eyes told something of what she felt; he helped her to dismount without a word, and they walked along for some distance in that mute companionship which is the surest test of understanding. They then suddenly became very gay; they sent points and counter-points of conversation about with the lightness of tufts of thistledown. Cicely only got back on her pony when the pretentious and glaring facade of Mrs. Fitzallen's villa came into sight.

As she remounted she perhaps leant a little heavier on his shoulder than was necessary, he perhaps held her hand in farewell longer than was necessary. At any rate, her face got touched with a glow of youth and beauty that made Mrs. Fitzallen loud in her exclamations of admiration when she was greeting her a few minutes afterwards.

"Riding always brings a colour to my face," said Cicely.

"I should think it does," said Mrs. Fitzallen. "I have never before seen you looking so well."

"I must hide my blushes in those lovely roses of yours," said Cicely, going towards a magnificent bowl of roses which brightened a recess near one of the windows.

Why did Mrs. Fitzallen's voice suddenly sound as if it were coming from the other end of the world, instead of from the other end of the room? Why did she, Cicely, answer

Better quality on the table — less work in the kitchen



Pure Gold

(Trade Mark Registered)

Quick Puddings

Have made "Made in Canada" mean something.

Our Book of Recipes Sent Free

Let us send you our valuable little book "The Secret of Delicious Desserts." It tells you how to make any number of dainty desserts and delicious salads in very little time and almost no trouble at all

Pure Gold Mfg. Co.,
Limited
Toronto
100 C

MADE IN CANADA

Samples on Request.
Send us 10c in stamps to pay packing and postage and let us send you generous samples of our Vanilla and Lemon Extracts and a small can of Baking Powder. Mention your own and dealer's name and address.



Taylor's

Jap Lily Perfume

Jap Lily is our greatest triumph in perfumes. It has a most delightfully exotic odor that brings you the breath of the choicest blossoms that grow in the far-off "Flowery Kingdom." Jap Lily is just the perfume that refined women will like. It is powerful but it is not offensively strong—just a drop or two is all you need and the odor is wonderfully persistent. Your druggist has Jap Lily. Try it. You will be delightfully pleased.

John Taylor & Co., Ltd.
Toronto, Canada

[13]

More bread and Better bread

—And the Reason for it

A STRONG FLOUR can only be made from strong wheat. Manitoba hard wheat is acknowledged the strongest in the world—and that is the kind used for Purity Flour.

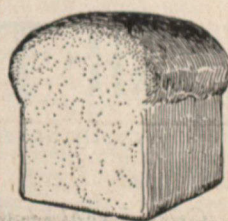
But that's not all. Every grain of this wheat contains both high-grade and low-grade properties. In separating the high-grade parts from the low-grade the Western Canada Flour Mills put the hard wheat through a process so exacting that not a single low-grade part has the remotest chance of getting in with the high-grade.

Of course this special process is more expensive to operate but it means a lot to Purity flour users—that's why we use it.

It means that Purity Flour is made entirely of the highest-grade flour parts of the strongest wheat in the world.

It means a high-class, strong flour and therefore yields "more bread and better bread."

Purity may cost a little more than some flours, but results prove it the cheapest and most economical after all.



PURITY FLOUR



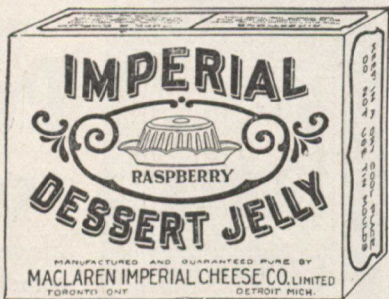
WESTERN CANADA FLOUR MILLS COMPANY, LIMITED
MILLS AT WINNIPEG, GODERICH, BRANDON

Doctors differ on some points, but they are unanimous in declaring that selected nuts are the most nutritious of all foods. HAVE YOU TRIED

Imperial Peanut Butter



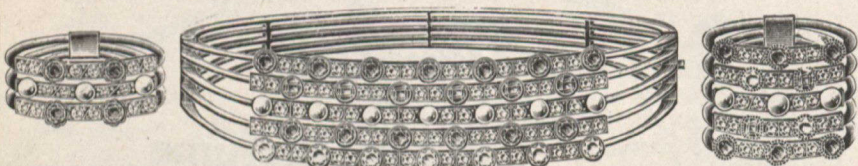
the most nourishing and appetising of all pure foods? MacLaren—of Imperial Cheese fame—makes it. That's a surety of its purity and quality. Imperial Peanut Butter is especially good and wholesome for the young folks. A better or a purer food for them you cannot buy. Just the concentrated goodness of extra selected Spanish peanuts. Try a bottle.



A dessert every member of the family will like—a coaxing, appetising food for invalids and children, and nourishing as well. You can make it quickly—any flavor you desire. Directions on every package.

Sold by all Grocers. Manufactured and Guaranteed Pure by
MacLaren Imperial Cheese Co. - Toronto
Limited 1833

The ASSOCIATION OF DIAMOND MERCHANTS Ltd.



Our New Specialty—3 and 5 Row Rings and Bracelets, composed of Diamonds, Rubies, Sapphires, Emeralds and Pearls. Prices:—3 Row Ring, \$15.35; 3 Row Bracelet, \$37.75; 5 Row Ring, \$25.50; 5 Row Bracelet, \$57.25.



Pearl and Amethyst Pendant \$13.95



Gold Art Locket, Set 4 Diamonds \$5.10



Ruby or Sapphire and Diamond Scarf Pin, \$8.50



Gold Cat and Goldfish Charm, \$2.75



New Pearl Drop Earrings, \$6.00 per pair.



New Princess Amethyst and Peridot Brooch

Brooch Pearls, or Pearls, \$5.10

You can buy from England, pay your duty and purchase cheaper and better than you are now doing.

Please write for Catalogue, 6,000 Illustrations. Post free on application.

6 GRAND HOTEL BUILDING, LONDON, W.C.

A limited number of these catalogues can be obtained from Room 107 Mail Bldg., Toronto. 1885



An
**ELECTRIC
IRON**

would make a most appropriate

CHRISTMAS GIFT

Leave the order or phone in and we'll send an iron neatly boxed Christmas morning.

THE TORONTO ELECTRIC LIGHT CO. LIMITED
No. 12 ADELAIDE STREET EAST

"Yes, with pleasure!" to a question which seemed to be thrown at her from some obscure and dismal region? It took her all the minutes Mrs. Fitzallen was away "putting on her bonnet," to make the words clear and the situation intelligible to Cicely. Mrs. Fitzallen had said:

"I was going to make a call, dear, and I'd like you to come with me, if you are not too tired. I'm sure you will like Mrs. Talbot, she is the wife of that nice man you got on with so well at my garden-party, if you remember?"

And she, Cicely, had promised to call on Mrs. Talbot, the wife of "the nice man she had got on with so well at the garden-party."

Half-an-hour later Cicely was calmly drinking tea in Mrs. Talbot's drawing-room. She had the impression of being in a theatre and watching the movements of the gentle-faced, pleasant-voiced woman as if she were on a stage. She did not fully awake to reality until Mrs. Fitzallen stood up to go. Then some words were said so tonic in their effect, that they sent the blood back to Cicely's cheeks, the grip into her nerves. She became as alert, as spirited, and as daring as a young race-horse.

"I wish you could wait until my husband comes in," said Mrs. Talbot. "I am expecting him every moment. He loves pretty faces so much, that I should like him to see Miss Hammond."

Then, before anyone could reply, Mr. Talbot entered.

Cicely was the first to speak. She was smiling so brightly that no one noticed that the light from her eyes was of the quality reflected from steel.

"I have already met Mr. Talbot," said Cicely.

Mrs. Talbot smiled kindly. "I was just saying," she said to her husband, "what a worshipper of beauty you are. I did not know you had already discovered her."

Cicely still smiled. "We met at Mrs. Fitzallen's garden party," she said.

"Yes," said Mr. Talbot, "the day you were so cruel to that nice boy—Mr. Ludlow."

The steady, unemotional tones of the voice turned Cicely's heart to ice. One thing in the world now only mattered to the girl, that this cool, matter-of-fact man of the world should not know that he had made a fool of her—that his amusement had meant for her the most serious days of her life—that she loved him. She forgot in her blind anger her own cultivation of the intimacy which had sprung up between them, his unknowingness of the fact that she regarded him as a single man.

She looked at him full in the face as she said, a little ripple of amusement lending music to her full voice: "I happen to be engaged to be married to that 'nice boy.'"

Mr. Talbot had moved a little into the shadow behind his wife, and Cicely saw a peculiar rigidity settling over his features, and his eyes for a moment had the wild glare of fever.

She learned in that moment that the amusement had been as serious for him as for her, and the finger of aged experience seemed suddenly to press very hard on her young shoulder.

She felt sorry for him and for herself, and for Sam and—for Mrs. Talbot.

In the meantime Mrs. Fitzallen was offering congratulations.

"I am so delighted! Sam must have at least four thousand a year. I was always afraid that, with all your dilly-dallying, someone else could come along and pick him up. I'm so glad, my dear!"

For such is Life.

Professor Wrong on the Attitude of Canada

PROF. GEORGE M. WRONG, of the University of Toronto, has something to say about the "Attitude of Canada" in the October number of the "Nineteenth Century." Mr. Wrong believes that the average green-capped Englishman knows more about Canadian rivers and wheat than the every-day citizen of the Dominion of the baronial castles and peers of Merry England. John Bull's "Times" blossoms with Canadian news, while our "provincial" newspapers, dependent on a one-horse cable system, are noticeably defective in supplying us with the doings of the Dukes in the old land. Canadian ignorance of Britain is resulting in a differentiation of the people of Canada and of Britain. The variance is best illustrated in the outlook of the Canadian and that of the Englishman upon the society of which he forms a part. England is aristocratic; Canada is democratic. Canadian democracy is not "Yankee." "The traditions of society in the United States are not understood or regarded in Canada; the new citizen of the West is respected as little as the Boston Brahmin."

Politically, the outlook of Canada and Great Britain is more substantial now than at any time in their history. The same type of government is the ideal of both countries, and the grievances and misunderstandings of the past are by-gones. Separation from Britain, Mr. Wrong thinks, extremely improbable; nor does he affirm that Canada will be led to a closer organic union with Britain. The vast territory of the United States has great difficulty in maintaining the centralisation of its government at Washington. What a problem for one parliament to administer all the units of the Empire! Canada has an independent destiny of her own to work out. In fulfilling her aim of becoming a great nation, Mr. Wrong points out that Canada cannot always expect to be protected by any arm but her own.

A Model Building

EVERYWHERE in Canada the merchants are pulling down their stores and building greater after the manner of a man mentioned in Holy Writ. Every large business in this country has growing pains. Toronto has its share of these new buildings and among them the new home of the Gerhard Heintzman Company is one of the most beautiful. Every such building should be adapted to the purpose of those who are to occupy it. The Heintzman building is especially beautiful and harmonious as a building devoted to the sale of musical instruments should be. It is situated on Queen Street just opposite the City Hall and not far from the corners of Queen and Yonge Streets, which form the retail business centre of the Queen City.

The front of the building is a combination of maximum of utility and attractive ornamentation. Though for the greater extent the two first floors are designed of glass, marble so enters into the scheme as to produce a harmonious and dignified effect. The upper stories are of red brick, set off with four columns of grey cut stone. The interior is beautifully decorated along lines which are entirely new in Canada wareroom decorations.

Visitors to Toronto who are interested in modern decorations, in musical surroundings and in high-class musical instruments will be welcomed if they should pay a visit to the musical mansion of the Gerhard Heintzman Company.

An Authorized Trustee Investment

The Debentures issued by this Corporation are a security in which Executors and Trustees are authorized to invest Trust Funds.

They bear interest at FOUR PER CENT. per annum payable half-yearly.

They are issued in sums of one hundred dollars and upwards, as may be desired by the investor, and for terms of from one to five years.

Interest is computed from the date on which the money is received.

They have long been a favourite investment of Benevolent and Fraternal Institutions, and of British and Canadian Fire and Life Assurance Companies, largely for deposit with the Canadian Government, being held by such institutions to the amount of more than ONE MILLION DOLLARS.

A miniature Specimen Debenture with Interest Coupons attached, will be forwarded on application.

CANADA PERMANENT MORTGAGE CORPORATION
Toronto Street - TORONTO

PELLATT & PELLATT

(Members Toronto Stock Exchange)
401 Traders Bank Building, Toronto

BONDS AND STOCKS
also COBALT STOCKS
BOUGHT AND SOLD
... ON COMMISSION ...

Private wire connections with
W. H. GOADBY & CO., Members
New York Stock Exchange.

MUTUAL LIFE OF CANADA

(Head Office—Waterloo, Ont.)

IS A THOROUGHLY

SOUND AND PROGRESSIVE

company confining its business to the Dominion of Canada and Newfoundland, noted for the most healthy climates

IN THE WORLD

ITS EXPENSE RATE TO INCOME IS THE
LOWEST OF ALL CANADIAN COMPANIES

EVERY DOLLAR

accumulated by the company from whatever source is the sole property of its policyholders and is under the direct control of the Board, elected by policyholders to manage the Company and direct its affairs in the sole interests and for the sole benefit of policyholders who alone

OWN EVERYTHING
CONTROL EVERYTHING
GET EVERYTHING

McQuaig Bros. & Co.

MEMBERS MONTREAL STOCK EXCHANGE

Studies of leading corporations published weekly in circular form. General market review also given.

COPY MAILED ON APPLICATION

157 St. James St. - Montreal

In answering advertisements mention Canadian Courier

MONEY AND MAGNATES



Mr. Frank P. Jones.

ONE OF CANADA'S LEADING INDUSTRIAL MEN.

BIG industrial consolidations mean jobs for big industrial men and so the Canada Cement Co., with its dozen plants spread across the whole country, had for weeks been looking about for the biggest industrial man available and they quickly decided on Mr. Frank P. Jones, the general manager of the Dominion Iron and Steel Co. The interests behind the cement concern talked the matter over with some of the Steel people but the latter insisted they could not have their man. The Cement people looked around again but the more they looked around the more they wanted to get Mr. Jones, so back again they went to the Steel people and told them they must have him. They pointed out that the Steel Company was now in a very strong position and that every department was thoroughly organised, and it was only a question of having Mr. Jones' policy continued to ensure satisfactory results being obtained. On the

other hand, the Cement concern represented by far the largest consolidation that had ever been effected in Canada and while all the plants were in excellent running order, it required a man of wonderful powers of organisation to bring them under one central management. This was just Mr. Jones' forte as shown during the time he was general manager of the Steel Company, and so he takes the general management of the Canada Cement Company on the first of January next. Some of the Steel people, who have been closely associated with Mr. Jones, have gone as far as to state that he was the biggest industrial man in Canada, and in his work in connection with the Cement Company, he will undoubtedly have an excellent opportunity of convincing many more people of this fact.

Mr. Jones is an Ontario boy, having been born and brought up in Brockville, and went to the Dominion Iron & Steel Company when still quite a young man, in the capacity of sales agent. When Mr. Plummer took over the direction of the Steel Company he paid a nice compliment to Mr. Jones' ability by appointing him general manager. The progress made since he took hold at Sydney has been most marked, and many had thought that if the merger of the Dominion Iron & Steel and Dominion Coal Companies went through he would be the general manager of the merged companies. In the meantime, however, the Cement Company stepped in and have secured him for themselves.

BANKS APPRECIATIVE OF ART.
ALTHOUGH banks have the reputation of being commercial institutions bereft of any kind of sentiment, it is a matter for surprise to see the extreme attention some of them give to art and to having all their booklets and reports prepared with a good deal of taste.

The Royal Bank of Canada seems to be the pioneer in this field. In one way it almost shuns publicity of any kind and yet in another, without apparently making any effort to do so, it gains the most continued and, on reflection one would almost be inclined to say, the best kind of publicity.

Already it has close to a hundred branch buildings situated throughout Canada and in Cuba and yet even with so many, each and every one of them may be termed a model building. Some way or another there is always something very attractive about them, so much so that in getting into a town one almost instinctively looks out for the branch of the Royal or on seeing a particularly attractive building will almost at once remark it must be the "Royal." Mr. Pease, the vice-president and general manager, and his immediate associates seem to have always given a great deal of their personal attention to these matters and always make a point of talking matters over with the architect with a view of getting something that will have a great deal of character to it. And then the bank likes its own shareholders, at least, to keep in touch with the manner in which their institution is spreading quietly but steadily out through the different provinces of the country and so it publishes a booklet containing the photos of all the buildings of the bank.

TWO BROTHERS WHO HELP EACH OTHER.

WHEN the other day the news came out that Mr. "Tom" Drummond had been appointed president of the Lake Superior Corporation while at the same time his brother, Mr. George Drummond, had been invited to go on the executive committee of the largest Canadian consolidation included in the Canada Cement Company, industrial interests quite naturally remarked to themselves: "How those two brothers are getting on!" They might have more naturally remarked had they known them better, "How they have helped one another along!" "Tom" and "George" have been together right through their business careers and although almost as different in character as night and day, the one seems to have just what the other lacks and in this way they seem to help one another out just at the time when one might fail if he had to do without the other.

"Tom," who is the older of the two, is somewhat quiet and reserved, while "George" has a distinct liking and aptitude for the platform. In fact sometimes I think that George with his strong ideas on Imperial questions may yet become a member of the British House of Commons. It is just this difference between them that has resulted in George being somewhat more generally known than Tom.

Together they have been pioneers in the iron and steel trade in Canada and the many concerns situated in different parts of Canada that belonged to the Drummond boys are now included in the Canada Iron Corporation.

When one of them is singled out by one group for some appointment, some other group gets in touch with the other, as was recently shown when Mr. "George" was invited to go on the board of directors of the Molsons Bank while Mr. "Tom" was requested to join the board of the Royal Bank.

Coupon.

Investors' Reference

COMPILED BY

A. E. Ames & Co. Ltd.

INVESTMENT AGENTS

7 AND 9 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO

A handbook containing in condensed form the salient features in the last published annual reports of all leading Canadian companies, the securities of which are held generally by investors, as well as those of some foreign companies of which Canadians hold bonds or shares.

Several pages are devoted to descriptions of the different classes of investments, and a few points relating to dealing in securities are indicated, for the benefit of any who are inexperienced in investments of this nature.

A copy will be sent upon request.

The Merchants' Bank

of Canada

President, SIR H. MONTAGU ALLAN
Vice-President, JONATHAN HODGSON, ESQ.
General Manager, E. F. HERBEN

Paid-up Capital,	\$6,000,000
Reserve Fund and Undivided Profits,	4,400,000
Deposits. (May 31)	40,847,804
Assets,	56,393,723

138 Branches in Canada

General Banking Business transacted

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT at all Branches.
Deposits of \$1.00 and upwards received and interest allowed at best current rates.

TORONTO OFFICES:

13 Wellington St. West 1400 Queen St. West
Parliament and Gerrard Sts. (Parkdale)

Lorsch & Gamey Limited
Members Standard Stock and Mining Exchange.
COBALT STOCKS A SPECIALTY
36 Toronto Street
TORONTO

ASSETS
\$2,143,485

CAPITAL (SUBSCRIBED) \$2,500,000
CAPITAL (PAID UP) \$1,500,000
RESERVE FUND \$1,150,000

CENTRAL CANADA

LOAN & SAVINGS COMPANY

TORONTO

DEPOSITS RECEIVED AND DEBENTURES ISSUED

HEAD OFFICE FOR CANADA - MONTREAL

W.M. MACKAY, Gen. Manager. J. H. LABELLE, Asst. Manager.

ROYAL INSURANCE COMPANY LIMITED

The Largest and Strongest Fire Insurance Company in the World.

Maguire & Cannon
GENERAL AGENTS
Office: "Royal Building," 27 Wellington St. E., TORONTO
Telephones / Main 6000 Residence, North 3571 and M. 978.

In answering advertisements mention Canadian Courier

If You Get Chilled

there is great danger of colds and grip.

When the blood is impoverished and circulation is poor disease is invited because the power of resistance is low.

Your blood should course vigorously through your body carrying warmth and restoring waste. There is then no danger of colds or grip.

HOT BOVRIL renews the blood, nourishes the system, stimulates and warms the whole body.

BOVRIL

gives Health and Vigor

20-11-09



BY APPOINTMENT.

WHITE HORSE WHISKY

Established 1742.

Great age and fine bouquet with guarantee of purity are its recommendation.

Always ask for **WHITE HORSE** specially if you want it.

Sold by all Wine Merchants, Grocers and Hotels.

ANY KIND OF SKIN TROUBLE

Quickly Yields to D. D. D. Prescription.

Oil of wintergreen is recognized by the medical fraternity as one of the best of all remedies for skin diseases. But it has been found most effective when combined with thymol, glycerine, etc., as in D. D. D. Prescription.

The following letter, written on July 12 last by Mrs. R. E. Purdy, of Condie, Sask., gives an idea of the variety of the uses of D. D. D. in the household:

"Last winter I sent for one of your free samples of D. D. D. Prescription. I tried it on sores that broke out on a teething baby's head, on cold sores and on a mild type eczema, and found it worked well, curing each trouble quickly and easily.

This summer we have used it on bad mosquito bites and it heals them in two or three applications.

D. D. D. is wonderfully soothing, cooling liquid, which instantly allays the itching caused by skin diseases, and cures them.

For free sample bottle of D. D. D. Prescription write to the D. D. D. Laboratory, Department T. C., 23 Jordan St., Toronto.

For sale by all druggists.

CANADIAN HOTEL DIRECTORY

The New Russell

OTTAWA, CANADA
250 rooms
American Plan \$3.00 to \$5.00.
European Plan \$1.50 to \$3.50.
\$150,000.00 spent upon Improvements

La Corona Hotel

(The Home of the Epicure)
European Plan, \$1.50 up. Montreal

King Edward Hotel

TORONTO, CANADA
—Fireproof—
Accommodation for 750 guests. \$1.50 up.
American and European Plans.

Grand Union Hotel

TORONTO, CANADA
Geo. A. Spear, President
American Plan \$2-\$3. European Plan \$1-\$1.50

Hotel Mossop

TORONTO, CANADA. F. W. Mossop, Prop.
European Plan. Absolutely Fireproof

RATES

Rooms without bath, \$1.50 up
Rooms with bath, \$2.00 up

Calgary, Alberta, Can.

Queen's Hotel Calgary, the commercial metropolis of the Last Great West. Rates \$2.00 per day. Free 'Bu to all trains. H. L. STEPHENS, Proprietor

The Countess Decides

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

As the days passed, the Countess became the acknowledged leader of society at the Ptolemy Park, and the young lady quite palpably enjoyed her reign hugely, which she had every right to do, because her Paris gowns were numerous and resplendent. It was unaccountable that one so well qualified to shine in polite society should have been a recluse for so long, and predictions were freely made that she would never return to her hermit life.

The man who had helped to conquer the Nile allowed no grass to grow under his feet in his attempt to conquer the lady, even if grass grew in the desert, which it did not. The frequent absences of Lord Warlingham, who quite correctly stated that annoying matters of business called him to Cairo, and even to Alexandria, gave Richard Sanderstead opportunities of which he was quick to take advantage. These opportunities vanished when the submarine cable at last fulfilled its destiny. The news was well worth the money it cost, for the lady's income proved to be between £14,000 and £15,000 a year. Even a man with the expensive tastes of Warlingham could do with that, as he remarked to himself. Nevertheless, two words at the end of the cablegram disquieted him. They were: "Wait letter." He wondered what the letter could contain that it needed this courier of caution. Perhaps there was insanity in the Croydon family, which might account for the lady's avoidance of publicity. Still, she showed no sign of it, and, anyhow, that would not matter if the money were right. Hard cash has no delusions, whatever may be the mental attributes of its owner. Perhaps, however, the money might be tied up in some annoying manner, which would be a more serious, but probably not an insurmountable difficulty. He would chance it and wait no letter. That confounded engineer was making the running, and his advances were far from being discouraged by their object. Hang it all! when the letter arrived, it might be too late; whereas when he secured her, he could always find a way of retreat if the contents of the letter made retreat necessary. The nobility often sued for divorce, but never for breach of promise. The latter was a form of litigation monopolised by the lower classes, so he was safe in any case.

The moon was growing older, and the nights were becoming like chastened silvery days. The Countess declared that she never before knew what moonlight really was, and Lord Warlingham urged her to view the Pyramids as Melrose should be viewed. As the night was chilly, he advised wraps, and his attitude was one of fond protection, which is not without its influence upon the feminine heart. The moon shone upon the right-hand cheek of the Sphinx, bestowing additional mystery upon that inscrutable face. It lit the eastern side of the Great Pyramid, and thither the two bent their steps. Their conference was disturbed now and then by unexpected Arabs who seemed to rise out of the sand to demand contributions; but one glance at his Lordship's countenance sent them to earth again. They knew him these many days, and had made no money out of him, so even their insistent clamour was stilled when they recognized the Englishman whose imperturbability had always baffled them. Their unlooked-for advent somewhat startled the lady, but Warlingham made some jocular allusion about those classical Johnnies, don't you know, who sprang full armed from



Guaranteed to Wear Longer or you get 2 pairs free

We guarantee the following lines of Pen-Angle Hosiery to fit you perfectly, not to shrink or stretch and the dyes to be absolutely fast. We guarantee them to wear longer than any other cashmere or cotton hosiery sold at the same prices. If, after wearing Pen-Angle Guaranteed Hosiery any length of time, you should ever find a pair that fails to fulfill this guarantee in any particular, return the same to us and we will replace them with TWO new pairs free of charge.

Let us again remind you that we guarantee the following lines of Pen-Angle Hosiery to outwear others. That means the best wearing hosiery sold anywhere.

The reason why they will wear longer is because of the exceptional quality of the cashmere and cotton yarns we use. And because we knit them on Penmans' exclusive machines. We have the sole rights to use these machines in Canada.

They're Seamless

These machines form-knit the hosiery to fit the form of the leg, ankle and foot perfectly, without a single seam anywhere to irritate your feet or rip apart.

They reinforce the feet, heels and toes—the places that get the hardest usage—without you ever being aware of any extra thickness.

You see, these machines increase the wear resistance of Pen-Angle Hosiery and at the same time make them more comfortable—your ideal hosiery.

Make up your mind right now that you will never again buy hosiery with horrid seams up the leg and across the foot—hosiery less serviceable—but get Pen-Angle 2 for 1 guaranteed hosiery.

For Ladies

No. 1760.—"Lady Fair" Black Cashmere hose. Medium weight. Made of fine, soft cashmere yarns. 2-ply leg. 5-ply foot, heel, toe and high splice, giving them strength where strength is needed. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.50; 6 pairs, \$3.00.

No. 1020.—Same quality as 1760, but heavier weight. Black only. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.50; 6 pairs, \$3.00.

No. 1150.—Very fine Cashmere hose. Medium weight, 2-ply leg, 4-ply foot, heel and toe. Black,

light and dark tan, leather, champagne, myrtle, pearl gray, oxblood, helio, cardinal. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.50; 6 pairs, \$3.00.

No. 1720.—Fine quality Cotton hose. Made of 2-ply Egyptian yarn with 3-ply heels and toes. Black, light and dark tan, champagne, myrtle, pearl gray, oxblood, helio, sky, pink, bisque. Box of 4 pairs, \$1.00; 6 pairs, \$1.50.

No. 1175.—Mercerized. Same colors as 1720. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.00; 6 pairs, \$2.00.

For Men

No. 2404.—Medium weight Cashmere half-hose. Made of 2-ply Botany yarn with our special "Everlast" heels and toes, which add to its wearing qualities, while the hosiery still remains soft and comfortable. Black, light and dark tan, leather, champagne, navy, myrtle, pearl gray, slate, oxblood, helio, cadet blue and bisque. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.50; 6 pairs, \$3.00.

No. 500.—"Black Knight." Winter weight black Cashmere half-hose. 5-ply body, spun from pure Australian wool. 9-ply silk splicing in heels and toes. Soft, comfortable, and a wonder to resist wear. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.50; 6 pairs, \$3.00.

No. 1090.—Cashmere half-hose. Same quality as 500, but lighter weight. Black only. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.00; 6 pairs, \$2.00.

No. 330.—"Everlast" Cotton Socks. Medium weight. Made from four-ply long staple combed Egyptian cotton yarn, with six-ply heels and toes. Soft in finish and very comfortable to the feet. A winner. Black, light and dark tan. Put up in boxes. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.00; 6 pairs, \$2.00.

Instructions

If your dealer cannot supply you, state number, size and color of hosiery desired, and enclose price, and we will fill your order postpaid. If not sure of size of hosiery, send size of shoe worn. Remember, we will fill no order for less than one box and only one size in a box.

Catalog Free

If you want something different than the styles and shades listed send for handsome free catalog which shows an extensive line in colors.

44

Pen-Angle Hosiery



Penmans, Limited, Dept. 40

Paris, Canada

The Hamilton Steel & Iron Co., Limited

PIG IRON—Foundry, Basic, Malleable.

FORGINGS of every description.

High-Grade Bar Iron.

Open Hearth Bar Steel.

HAMILTON

--

--

--

ONTARIO

the earth like "I forget the beggars' names," he added, "but you know the chaps I mean"; and so the pair came unmolested to the eastern base of the Great Pyramid; and he helped her over broken stones up a step or two, where they sat together facing the distant Nile and the still more distant moon. He sat very near to her and tried to capture her hand, but at that moment came the necessity of gathering her wraps more closely about her, and he gave up the quest for the moment. Even so blase a man as Lord Warlingham never had a better setting for a proposal than was his fortune in this case. The glamour of the moon filled the lustrous eyes of the lady beside him. Behind them rose this great monument of Egypt's power; Egypt, whose queen was a very goddess of love; Egypt, at one time the treasury of the world, and, before his Lordship's mind, even at that moment floated the golden glow of fifteen thousand sovereigns per annum. In front of them stretched the languorous East. Every requirement of situation was satisfied; and, after all, she was deucedly pretty, as his Lordship admitted when he glanced sideways at her as she sat near him on the elevated fifth step of the Great Pyramid. The influence of past ages was upon her. She gazed to the East as the Sphinx gazed to the North, and as silently. Hitherto she had spoken almost pertly, one might say, were not such a saying inexcusable when she held the rank she did. A real countess cannot speak pertly; a king can do no wrong. Lord Warlingham drew a deep breath as he recognized the perfection of his stage management—a deep breath as he recognised the tender sigh. He wished he knew the girl's Christian name, so that he might begin tenderly; but as he was ignorant on that point, he was compelled to use her title, which he recognised was bad form, as if a friend had addressed him as "your Lordship."

"Countess," he began solemnly, "on our first meeting you held that our relationship was a very distant one."

She almost gasped, and the enchantment of the Orient faded from her face as she turned it upon him. A humorous Western twinkle came into her eyes and somewhat chilled the sentimentality so well portrayed by his deep, tremulous voice.

"Well, if we are relations, we are certainly very close ones at this moment." Whereat she shifted a little further along the fifth step toward the south. "To tell the truth, I had forgotten you were here." She laughed lightly.

This might have discouraged a less adept lover, but it merely proclaimed to Lord Warlingham that he must put his best foot forwards. It also banished from his mind those two words on the cablegram in his pocket, "Wait letter," which had been rather haunting him during the evening.

"Countess, I was never more serious in my life. We have known each other but a short time, yet this brief period has been to me a—a—"

"An interval of bliss hitherto undreamed in my—in my intercourse with your siren sex.' Is that what you wish to say? My dear cousin that is on the way?"

The lady clasped her hands and leaned towards him, the witchery of mischief in her dancing eyes. Lord Warlingham was aghast. He had never met anything like this before. Yet, to his credit be it said that he held himself well in hand, and did not take quite justifiable offence at the flippant reception of what he knew was a great honour on his part.

"Cousin," he said, with a solemnity equal to that of the Pyramid behind him, "you are pleased to laugh at me.

To me, however, it is the most fateful moment of my existence. I freely admit that I have led a somewhat aimless life. This has doubtless been my own fault. Yet not entirely. If a man has a guiding star, his course through—"

"Oh! I read somewhere that one corner of this Pyramid points to the North Star. Do you know if that is true?"

"I must confess I have not the slightest idea."

"Let us find out. It must be one of the southern corners, of course."

She was about to spring from the fifth step, but he laid a restraining hand upon hers, which, in this instance, had not the opportunity to seek refuge in adjusting the wraps.

"Never mind the North Star," he said.

"But it is a fixed star; just the one to be a reliable guide for an erratic man. Are you sure it isn't the star you are longing for?"

"I am quite sure. The star I am longing for shines from your eyes. As I said in the beginning, you spoke of our distant relationship. I wish to make our relationship the closest bond that can bind two human beings together."

"You speak a great deal about our mythical relationship, Lord Warlingham. I have lived all my life in Devonshire; you have lived much of your life in London. Well, the Great Western Railway has a speedy and excellent service. Why did you never look up your lone cousin before?"

"How could I know?"

"How could you know what? Did you think we had nothing to eat in the house? Or do you mean that I am so transcendently beautiful and charming. You ought to know that people say I am decidedly eccentric. Some give it a harsher term. What is it you could not know?"

"I could not know that you were the one of all this world to me, until I had met you."

"I see." The lady nodded several times, while he gazed at her with ill-concealed apprehension. "This, then, is a proposal, as I suspected. Well, I have never had a proposal, and naturally I am somewhat at a loss how to act. I am, nevertheless, delighted to think that the first time I have appeared, as it were, in public, I have been honoured by so distinguished a person as Lord Warlingham."

"I ask you to be my wife. What is your answer?" His Lordship was piqued by her nonchalant reception of what she had described as an honour, and not being a schoolboy, as has been remarked, he thought it best to bring the question to a definite issue.

"Should a person answer immediately? It is so important you know. In penny novelettes they always ask for time. Do you ever read penny novelettes?"

"No," he replied gruffly.

"They are very interesting."

"I suppose they are." For the first time during this unsatisfactory conversation, the fear penetrated through his Lordship's armour of self-conceit that this accursed dam-builder had won the fortune while he was waiting for information regarding its extent. He leaned over towards her and said in a low voice—

"Am I too late?"

"I don't think so," she replied brightly, glancing up at the moon, which had risen perceptibly since they had taken their seats. "It cannot be more than half-past ten, or perhaps eleven. But don't you think it is getting more and more chilly?"

"Yes," said his Lordship, with a sigh that was genuine. "It has been chilly from the first."

The Countess laughed merrily.

CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.

THE BEST COOKS
WILL TELL YOU,

THAT to roast or bake properly you must have an evenly heated oven such as you'll find in the—

"IMPERIAL OXFORD"

There's no dissappointing bake days with this range—there can't be. Visit the nearest Gurney-Oxford Dealer and ask him to tell you about the—

Dividing Flue
Strip.

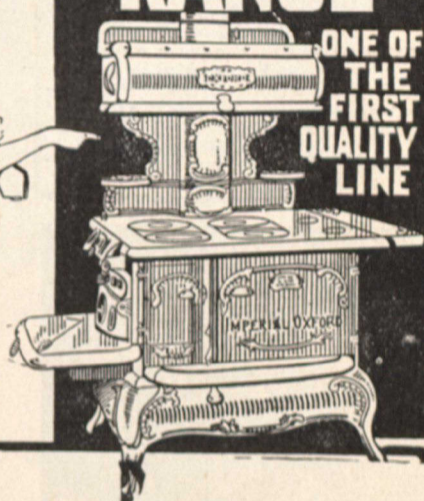
"That's Why
The Oven
Bakes
So Well"



GURNEY-OXFORD

IMPERIAL
OXFORD
RANGE

ONE OF
THE
FIRST
QUALITY
LINE



The Gurney Foundry Company
TORONTO LIMITED

With Branches at MONTREAL, HAMILTON, LONDON,
WINNIPEG, CALGARY, EDMONTON, VANCOUVER
For Sale by all Leading Dealers.

"CEETEE"
UNDERWEAR

The most important part of your dress

Your underclothing is the most important part of your apparel. No matter how good or well made the rest of your clothing may be—if your underclothing does not fit or is uncomfortable, you cannot look or feel properly dressed. Just try "Ceete" Underclothing—it will delight you.



All sizes for men, women
and children. Ask your
dealer to show you "Ceete."

THE C. TURNBULL CO. OF
GALT, Limited, GALT, ONT.
Manufacturers — Estab. 1859
1887

GUARANTEED UNSHINKABLE
CEETEE
PURE WOOL

HOLBROOK'S

Adds a delicious zest
and piquancy to
SOUPS, FISH, MEATS,
POULTRY, GAME. SAUCE

MADE AND BOTTLED IN ENGLAND—SOLD BY ALL GROCERS

FOR THE CHILDREN

UNDER THE UTUMFLUTIX TREE.

BY EDWIN A. BURNS.

HIST!" ejected the Gillylulu bird perched on the lowest limb of the utumflutix tree. "I hear footprints!"

"Piffels!" exclaimed the Teddy bear seated on the ground beneath, "go on with your story."

For a space the bird shuffled uneasily and straining his neck peered in all directions of approach. "Well, I am game," he asserted finally, "but I was sure I heard—Hist!" he again broke off abruptly.

At that moment a patter of little feet could distinctly be heard, and the Teddy bear, turning his head, beheld a most peculiar little man dancing across the meadow. He was just about two feet high and had a long grey beard reaching nearly to his toes. He wore a green frock coat exactly the shade of the trees and grass, which made it very difficult to see him, yellow knee breeches, green stockings and shoes adorned with large brass buckles and a funny, flat green hat. A stranger little fellow one could never wish to see. For a minute he pranced to and fro most nimbly before the utumflutix tree, and then with an odd squeaky laugh he suddenly vanished.

"Well, I'll be plucked," laughed the Gillylulu when he had gone, "if that is not the Leprahaun!"

"The what?" cried the Teddy, in a most astonished tone.

"Why, the Leprahaun," repeated the bird. "Never saw him before, I suppose. Well, I don't wonder at that, for not many people have. You know, if he values his skin he must keep out of sight. That is, if you see a Leprahaun and keep your eyes fastened on him you can catch him. Sounds simple, but it is the hardest thing in the world to do, for if you remove your eyes from him for a thrice he is off with the same little laugh we heard just now."

"But why should they wish to catch him?" questioned the Teddy. "He seems quite harmless."

"A purse made out of the skin of a Leprahaun," answered the bird gravely, "will never be empty."

The Teddy puckered up his lips and whistled a long, soft note at the thought. "Are there many more, Gillylulu?" he presently asked.

"There is just one here," replied the bird authoritatively; "but in Ireland the woods are just cram full of them. They sit on stumps all day long mending shoes for the fairies who dance holes in them at night."

"Irish, is he," concluded the bear. "Well, then how in Jumbledom did he come over here?" he queried inquisitively.

The Gillylulu put his head to one side and studied him thoughtfully for a little while before answering.

"Well, it all came about this way, Ted," he presently began, after making himself as comfortable as that particular branch would permit him. "A long time ago many swarms of horrid, little, black, fuzzy bugs appeared on the earth. Each one had two heads and sixteen tails and four pairs of wings. More and more bugs came each year for a long time until at last they covered the whole earth. They ate up all the fruit and green things in the fields and drank up all the water, great clouds of them, flying in the air, darkened the whole

sky, and soon they began to crowd all the other things off the face of the earth. They were a terrible pest. Now, these bugs were called 'worries' and one was created every time a person frowned, while every time a person smiled one died. As there were a great many more frowns than smiles, in those days, the number of worries rapidly increased.

"At last things reached such a stage that something simply had to be done. When men saw that their land was full of worries and that all their food was being devoured by them, they only frowned more and more, and this of course made matters worse. Then the good old 'Banshee,' that is the Leprahaun's grandmother, and a kinder old soul never lived in the woods, for she is forever doing good deeds, relieved the terrible situation, and this is how she did it. She took out her famous receipt book and a huge iron cauldron and mixed up three parts of contentment with six drams of cheerfulness, and then added two parts of charity grated over merriment. These ingredients she allowed to come to a boil before

try. Watch out for him, for he is a most interesting littlefellow, and—Hist again!" he cautioned suddenly. "I hear more foot prints."

Someone advanced, but this time the tread was heavier than that of the Leprahaun. The Gillylulu bird quietly slipped inside a hollow branch of the utumflutix tree, and the Teddy bear rolled over on his face, the way he had been left two hours before, just as a little girl with golden hair came into sight. In a moment she noticed the Teddy bear lying on the ground.

"Oh, you poor, poor Teddy!" she cried, picking him up and hugging him. "I have been looking for you all afternoon. Whatever were you doing?"

The bear said never a word, but he turned his big head to one side, and cocked his shining eye so comically that the child was obliged to smile delightedly and then burst into peals of joyous laughter.

"You dear, funny thing," she cried, "I do believe you just tried to make me laugh!"

And so he did.

* * *

EARS FOR EYES.

BY EMMA C. DOWD.

AUNT RUTH, Bertha and Alice were on the piazza, busy with needlework. Carl and Norton were lounging near.

"Oh, put up your work—do! I want a game of some sort," pleaded Norton.

"This mat never will be done if I don't hurry up," replied Alice.

"Shut your eyes, Norton," said Aunt Ruth, "and tell us what you hear."

"Is it a game?"

"I'll leave that for you to say when we have all tried it," laughingly said his aunt.

"Well," began Norton, as his eyes went together, "I think I hear wheels down the road. Yes, they are coming nearer. Shall I open my eyes now?"

"Wait a minute! Tell us what the wheels are on."

"Why, a waggon of some sort. I guess it's a grocery team—I don't hear it now."

"Where has it stopped?"

"Down the street somewhere maybe at the Braces'."

The others laughed. "Oh, that's no fair! I'm going to open my eyes—why, I thought it was nearer than that! And it isn't a grocery waggon!

It is Mrs. Parker's father, with his double carriage!"

"Let me try it!" cried Bertha.

But she mistook a furniture van for an ice-cart, and there was a call for Aunt Ruth to play the part of guesser.

She laid her embroidery in her lap, shut her eyes, and listened.

"Mr. Wilson's horse has just turned the corner of Hubbard Street," she presently announced.

"Why-ee! How could you tell?" gasped Norton.

"I know his step," she replied.

"I never thought anything about a horse's step," said Alice.

"If you will listen to various horses, you will find that their steps differ as much as people's. But here comes a doctor's carriage!" said Aunt Ruth, her eyes still shut. "I think it must be Doctor Post, going to see the Higby baby—yes, he has stopped there. Am I right?"

"Exactly!" responded Carl. "But how in the world do you do it?"

"I wasn't sure until he stopped;

CONTINUED ON PAGE 26.



Vapo Cresolene
ESTABLISHED 1879

For Whooping Cough, Croup, Sore Throat, Coughs, Bronchitis, Colds,

"Used while you sleep" **Diphtheria, Catarrh**

VAPORIZED CRESOLENE stops the paroxysms of Whooping Cough. Ever-dreaded Croup cannot exist where Cresolene is used. It acts directly on the nose and throat, making breathing easy in the case of colds; soothes the sore throat and stops the cough. CRESOLENE is a powerful germicide, acting both as a curative and preventive in contagious diseases. It is a boon to sufferers from Asthma. CRESOLENE'S best recommendation is its 30 years of successful use. For sale by all druggists. Send Postal for Descriptive Booklet. Cresolene Antiseptic Throat Tablets for the irritated throat, of your druggist or from us, inc. in stamps.

THE LEEMING-MILES CO., Limited
Canadian Agents
Leeming-Miles Building, Montreal, Canada.

Ideal Orchid Cream
Increases Your Face Value

by keeping the skin beautifully soft and smooth. A matchless complexion beautifier.

Its rich perfume lends a fragrance to the person that one always associates with dainty, elegant women.

If your druggist cannot supply it, send 25c. for full size bottle.

Sovereign Perfumes Limited, Toronto, Ont.

The Wolsey
Pure Wool Underwear
IS GUARANTEED UNSHRINKABLE

The Wool is the very finest—pure and silky—the weave is the best and the fit is perfect.

At all Leading Dealers

Chief Office for Canada: TORONTO
ALFRED WRIGHT, Manager

LONDON & LANCASHIRE
FIRE
INSURANCE COMPANY

IRISH & MAULSON, Limited
Toronto General Agents



"Hish!" said the Gillylulu, "I hear footprints."



She may receive more costly, more pretentious gifts, but none will bring her more real pleasure than a dainty bottle of Taylor's distinctive Perfumes. These Perfumes are made from the distilled essence of real flowers, and are highly concentrated, so that a few drops are sufficient to give an enchanting, lasting odor; sweet, subtle and lingering.

These Perfumes are packed in handsome, attractive boxes, and are suitable for gifts for all occasions.

Taylor's
ESTABLISHED 1865

Some of the essences from which Taylor's Perfumes are made cost as high as \$1,500 per pound. Insist upon Taylor's if you wish the utmost in toilet articles.

Delightful, Concentrated Perfumes

Jap Lily

Like the scent of a thousand lilies from the gardens of fairyland. Bewitching, dainty, lasting, the fragrance lingers. \$1.00 per ounce.

Valley Violet

The true violet odor, penetrating, yet delicate. As fragrant as the flowers from which it is distilled. We know of no perfume that equals it. \$1.00 per ounce.

Persian Bouquet

For those who desire perfume with individuality, not offensively strong, but unusual, like the exotic scent from an Oriental garden. A perfume decidedly out of the ordinary. \$1.00 per ounce.

Infants' Delight Soap

Used from Halifax to Vancouver—the most popular toilet soap in Canada. We go thousands of miles for the pure coconut oil from Ceylon and the olive oil from the gardens of France. A soap so wholesome, so beneficial it keeps the skin as soft and rosy as a baby's. 10c a cake everywhere.

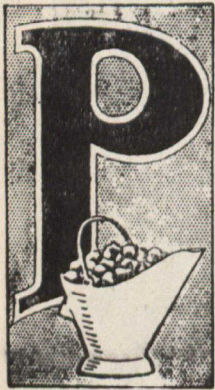
JOHN TAYLOR & CO., Limited
Makers of Soaps and Perfumes—TORONTO

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

In sickness or in health the best food is

SHREDDED WHEAT

Try it for breakfast with milk or cream
—easily digested—strengthening and sat-
isfying.



Pays for itself in fuel saved

Don't allow a few extra dollars to prevent you from taking the perfect-cooking, sure-baking, easily-regulated Pandora in place of a cheaper stove. In a season or two Pandora will pay the difference in the fuel it will save—and it will keep on saving until it has paid for itself. 20

Pandora special flue construction makes fuel do double duty. Wide fire box is another fuel-economizer. The steel oven heats quicker than a cast oven, thus saving still more fuel. Further economizing features will be explained by the McClary Agent.



Pandora Range

McClary's

CHATEAU BRAND BAKED BEANS



Beginning with the very best material Clark's process of cooking brings out all the nourishing qualities of the beans.

They are left whole and mealy—tempting to the eye and tasteful to the palate.

In good beans 80% is pure nutriment.

In "Chateau Brand" you get this 80% in its most palatable and most easily assimilated form.

WM. CLARK - MONTREAL

At Your Grocer 10c, 15c and 20c a tin.

Manufacturer of High Grade Food Specialties

For the Children

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24

but as I heard only the horse's hoofs, I knew it must be a rubber-tired carriage, and I thought at once of Doctor Post. He often comes about this time."

"I wish I had such ears," said Bertha.

"You can train your ears, and this is good practise."

"Oh, let me try it!" begged Carl. "I hear an auto down on Hubbard Street! Now I'm going to guess. It must be Mr. Huntington's, because Mr. Barry never comes homes at this hour."

"No!" "Wrong!" chuckled Norton and Bertha.

"Oh, it's that friend of the Shipmans'!" he went on, as the car drew near.

"No, it's——"

"Don't tell!" Carl put in. "Why, it is stopping here!" His eyes flew open. "Uncle Stanley!" he shouted, jumping up and waving his arms.

"Who wants a ride?" called out the man in goggles.

"I!" "I!" "I!" was answered from the piazza, while Carl said, "We'll play that game again, or I'll play it by myself, till I can tell Uncle Stanley's auto when I hear it."—*Youth's Companion*.

MR. H. J. HADFIELD is touring America, giving impersonations and readings of Kipling. At the instigation of a friend of his, Mr. R. S. Pigott, and the Toronto chief librarian, Mr. Geo. H. Locke, he stops off in Toronto next week to give an evening in that city. Mr. Hadfield used to be the messenger in "A Message from Mars." He is said to have the finest stage voice that even Henry Irving ever listened to. He is also a thorough gentleman and is able to recite almost every line of verse Kipling ever wrote. "The Road to Mandalay" and "Gunga Din," "The Recessional" — anything but "The City of Brass," at which naturally he draws the line. There is probably no better Kipling authority in the world than Hadfield.

Consulting the People

THE referendum is in demand both in England and Canada.

In the old land the cry is that the people, who are supreme, should be consulted about the basis of taxation on the ground that the budget involves considerations which cannot be disposed of without appealing to public opinion. In Canada the cry is that the people have not been consulted about the proposed navy and the expenditure which it invites, that the country should not be committed to vast expenditures until there has been a poll of the people.

The referendum is the recourse usually of those who do not wish to assume the responsibility of dealing with great issues as they arise. The referendum is sometimes the resort of governments that want to test the people upon passing events, and the imperial government is showing no desire to avoid a canvass of the electors on the budget, which is the greatest issue that has been laid before the people in many years. Incidentally there is the constitutional question, affecting the place and prerogatives of the House of Lords, and the people cannot very well pass on one and not upon the other. Eventually there may be some keen-witted persons who will repent of the fatuity which carried them into embarrassing relations.

While it is well to seek a mandate from the people at times, it is not

a fundamental of government in either Britain or Canada that dissolutions of Parliament should attend every important development of public policy. The government of the day is composed of men who are the trustees of the people and who are expected to act at all times as they believe the people would have them do. It is theirs to study the public interests and pursue the course which prudence and discretion dictates. It is a little over a year since there was a general election, and it is absurd to talk about another election now.—*Kingston Whig*.

Telling Factors

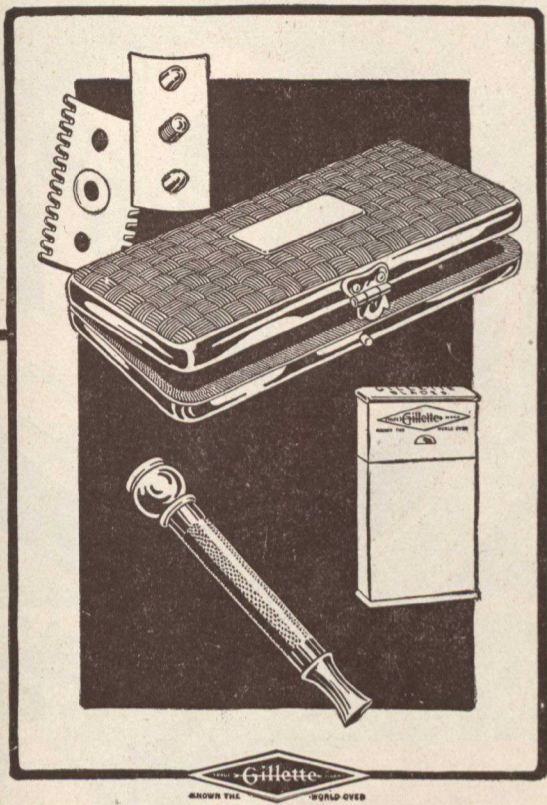
THE tide of immigration from the United States to Western Canada has been increasing in volume year by year. The increase has now assumed such proportions that it is calculable month by month in figures that are pregnant with portentous meaning to Western Canadian progress.

Two of the many causes that have been factors in the good times, agricultural development and industrial activity in the Canadian West at the present time have been of greater influence than the influx of people from the United States. Not only are the majority people who have gone on the land with a reasonable knowledge of the conditions that have to be met if success and happiness are to be achieved, but a large proportion are men of means and of large initiative.

The accession to the population is in itself a matter of congratulation. This is increased by the knowledge that a large body of people have come into Western Canadian life without the handicap of poverty and the lack of intelligent knowledge of existing and unavoidable conditions. How important an influence in the social, industrial and agricultural life of Western Canada the American "invasion" has had, the West already knows. That this welcome invasion has now become two-fifths greater in even one year of time will perhaps surprise many and explain to some extent the widespread confidence of the people and the buoyant condition of the commercial and real estate situations. The number of United States immigrants into Western Canada in September, 1908, was 3,239. In September, 1909, the number was 4,652. In October, 1908, the number was 3,179. In October, 1909, the number was 5,250. These figures are undoubted factors in the sum of Western Canadian business conditions to-day.—*Winnipeg Telegram*.

Peers and the Budget

OPINION in Britain is now general that the peers will reject the budget bill. They may attempt to conceal their act by refusing to accept the measure until the country has indicated its will, but the fact stands that refusal means rejection. The bill will fall with the dissolution of Parliament and must be reintroduced in the new House of Commons and run the usual course before it can become law. Disguise it as they please, the peers will take a momentous step, which, whatever the immediate issue of the electoral appeal, will leave ineffaceable traces on the political history of the United Kingdom. Should their decision be sustained, the position of the House of Lords will be strengthened for the time being. A precedent will have been established enabling the hereditary chamber to compel a referendum whenever in the opinion of its Conservative majority a Liberal government has no express mandate from the people.—*Toronto World*.



No
Honing

No
Stropping

Carry your razor with you. The "Gillette" is now made to slip in your vest-pocket.

THE "Gillette" Pocket Edition is so compact that it takes up as little space as a cardcase.

Finished in gold and silver—with handle and blade box to match—also gun-metal—\$5 to \$7. The blades are fine. Gillette Signs indicate the dealers handling Gillette Razors.

The Gillette Safety Razor Co. of Canada Limited, Montreal.

95



Your Winter Trip

At this time of the year a great many people go West or South to enjoy the milder climate of CALIFORNIA, MEXICO OR FLORIDA.

ARE YOU GOING?

If so bear in mind that the Grand Trunk and connecting lines offer excellent train service and equipment.

Illustrated booklet—"Winter Tours"—free, address

J. D. McDONALD, D.P.A.,
Toronto

J. QUINLAN, D.P.A.,
Montreal

Finest Sleeping Cars in America

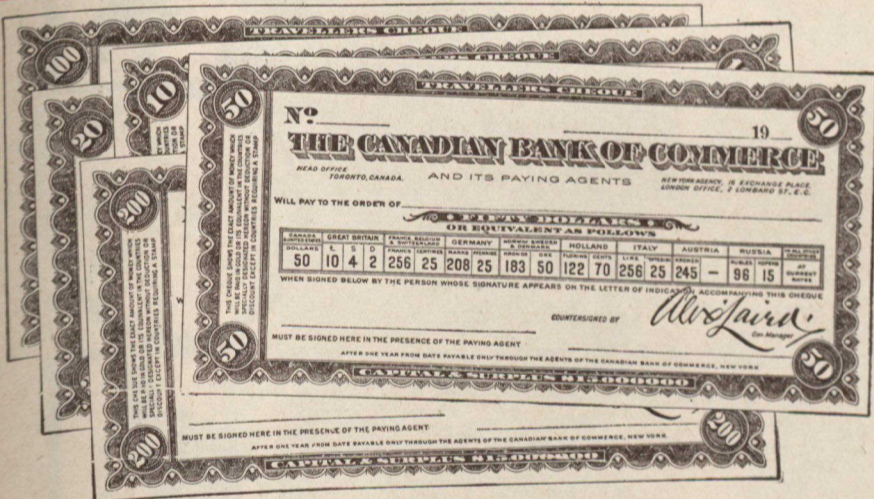
Famous for their longer and higher berths are those in service on the



CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

The pleasure of a night's rest is not spoiled the next morning by bumping one's head off in an endeavor to sit up.

Operated On All Trains



FACSIMILE OF TRAVELLERS' CHEQUES

ISSUED BY

The Canadian Bank of Commerce

These cheques are a most convenient form in which to carry money when travelling. They are NEGOTIABLE EVERYWHERE, SELF-IDENTIFYING and the EXACT AMOUNT PAYABLE in the principal countries of the world is shown on the face of each cheque.

6%

SECURED INVESTMENTS

A low rate of interest is not indicative of a safe investment neither is a high rate necessarily significant of undesirable securities. Differentiating in Investment Securities makes one person's money earn twice as much as the one who concludes that a low rate means absolute security.

If you have money to invest and want the highest rate compatible with gilt-edged securities you will be interested in getting our 16th Annual Report. Write to-day.

THE PEOPLES BUILDING & LOAN ASSOCIATION
LONDON, ONTARIO

KINDERSLEY



WRITE to the
Information Bureau
Canadian Northern
Railway System
Toronto, Ontario

KINDERSLEY is the jumping-off place of the last great area of new territory that is left for the settler in the Saskatchewan Valley.

KINDERSLEY is the first divisional point on the Canadian Northern line from Saskatoon to Calgary which will be finished next year.

KINDERSLEY townsite was first put on the market on October 5th, 1909. At the end of the day \$40,000 worth had been sold—nearly all the purchasers being men who knew Western Canada, and wished to locate in the districts most certain to grow rapidly.

KINDERSLEY is the point from which to look for homesteads and pre-emptions—the homesteads free, the pre-emptions at three dollars an acre. :: :: :: ::



National Trust Company

LIMITED

18-22 King Street East, Toronto

Capital, Paid Up - \$1,000,000.00
Reserve - - - - - 550,000.00

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

President—J. W. Flavelle. Vice-Presidents—Z. A. Lash, K. C.; E. R. Wood and W. T. White.
Hon. Mr. Justice Britton
Chester D. Massey
Cawthra Mulock
H. M. Molson, Montreal
H. H. Fudger
William Mackenzie
Hon. Geo. A. Cox
Elias Rogers
Jas. Crathern, Montreal
Alex. Bruce, K. C.
H. B. Walker, Montreal
Alex. Laird
Geo. H. Watson, K. C.
Robt. Kilgour
H. S. Holt, Montreal
E. W. Cox
A. E. Kemp
J. H. Plummer



For Health and Hardiness

*"Tired of listless dreaming all the lazy day,
Jovial wind of winter turns us out to play.
Let the languid zephyr live in lovers' dreams,
While our skates are ringing o'er the frozen streams."*

Canadian winters are made for vigorous people.

OXO makes people vigorous. It kindles the inward fire that makes you greet with delight zero weather and frozen fields and waters.

OXO is a concentration of prime beef—the best meat known to man. OXO gets every ounce of its beef from its own cattle. The immense OXO farms are the key to the superior quality of OXO. The OXO Company guarantees, from its own personal and governmental veterinary inspection, that every ounce of beef used for OXO is perfectly sound and healthy.

The perfect purity of OXO is absolutely guaranteed.

Its stimulating, invigorating properties have been abundantly proven.

Of its delicious flavor you can easily and pleasantly convince yourself.

A teaspoonful of OXO to a cup of hot water makes a beverage that is a delight to the palate, an aid to digestion, and strength for body and mind.

When you come in, flushed and a little tired, from an evening's sport on Skates, Snowshoes, Skis or Toboggan, or from a rollicking Sleigh-drive, a steaming cup of OXO completes the pleasure. It has the remarkable power of removing the effects of muscular fatigue, and it freshens you up at once.

Because of this unique power athletes find that a cup of OXO during the game or the race gives them a fresh supply of energy and greatly increases their staying power.

If you are sick or run-down, OXO will build you up, and fortify you against coughs, colds and the grippe.

Children love OXO. Puny, delicate little ones grow strong and rugged when they have OXO regularly.

In the kitchen OXO is a treasure. It adds zest and a rich, meaty flavor to soups, gravies and stews, and turns left-overs into the tastiest of dishes.

Until you have tasted OXO you have no idea how delicious fluid beef can be. You cannot possibly get the goodness of OXO under any other name.

Canadian Offices: 21-27 Lombard St., Toronto -- 41 Common St., Montreal
OXO is sold by all Grocers, Druggists and General Stores

