

# The Canadian Courier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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446 Parliament St  
5064



SANTA IN CANADA

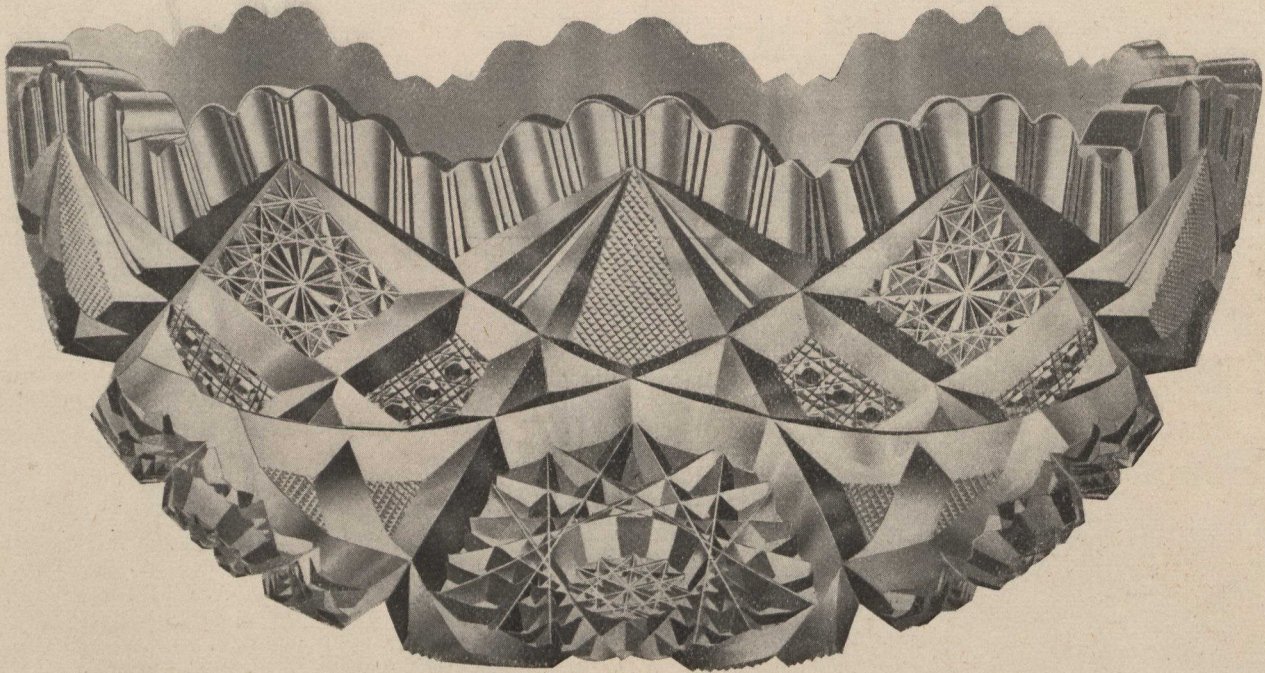
DRAWN BY R. E. JOHNSTON

EDITED BY JOHN A. COOPER,  
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THE  
**Canadian Courier**

A NATIONAL WEEKLY

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**PUBLISHER'S TALK**

A MERRY CHRISTMAS to all our readers—and that means about twenty thousand more readers than when we sent out the same wish in 1907. The more, the merrier.

SEVERAL prominent men, including a premier and a university president, have written to say that our Voting Competition for "Canada's Ten Big Men" is founded in impossibility. One says popular opinion is unstable and fickle. Another says that there so many points of view that a decision is impossible. Another says the public have no standards, and do not know great men from pigmies. To these gentlemen, we have but one reply: Our purpose is not to decide who are the great men of Canada, but to find out who are great, in the estimation of the public. We admit that the result of the voting will not be the final word in this question, but we are satisfied that the public are not so far astray as some very intelligent people would have us believe. Next week we shall have an article on the subject, in which some of the peculiarities of the competition, so far as it has gone, will be discussed.



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The rare delicacy of bouquet which is found only in genuine Douro Port Wine, apart from its medicinal properties, makes it not only acceptable to the tired invalid but almost a necessity in private homes.

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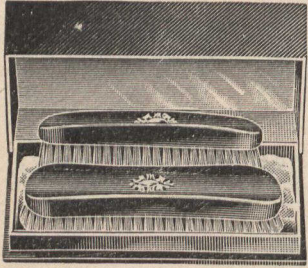
Merzerized Cotton, 25c.  
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With new "CMC" MID-GET CLASP. It won't tear; it can't come off; no pulleys or cord to cut or wear; made entirely of best English elastic.  
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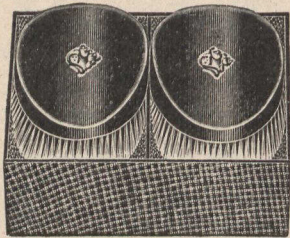
In answering advertisements mention Canadian Courier



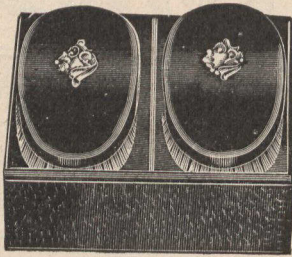
# EATON'S CHRISTMAS SUGGESTIONS



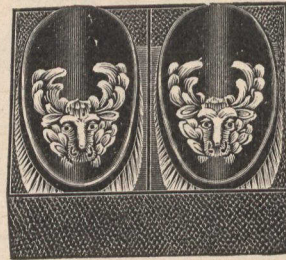
G3-L6911. Beautiful Cloth and Hat Brush Set, in black polished wood, neat shape, hinged box. Set.....**1.09**



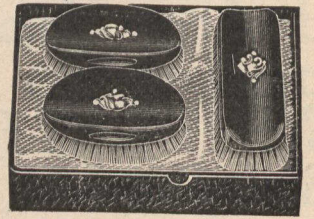
G3-E404. "Ebonoid" Military Brush Set, sterling silver mounted, 11 rows fine white bristles, size 2 3/4 x 4 1/2 inches. Set.....**1.95**



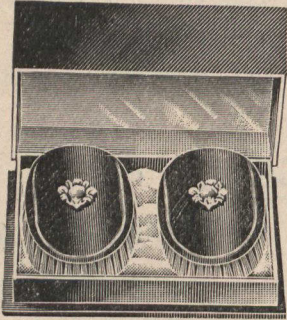
G3-E904. Pair of fine "Ebonoid" Military Brushes, put up in morocco paper covered box, 11 rows of good bristles, sterling silver mounted. Set.....**2.50**



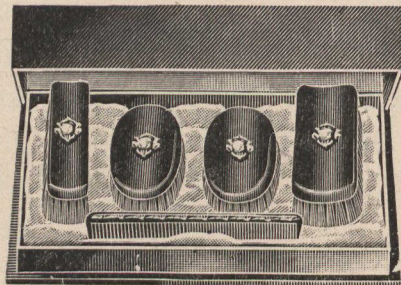
G3-E314. Handsome Pair of "Ebonoid" Military Brushes size 2 1/2 x 5 ins., with 11 rows pure white bristles, mounted with elk head ornaments. Set.....**3.45**



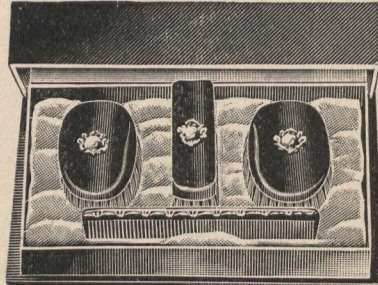
G3-E434. "Ebonoid" Gent's Brush Set, one pair military brushes, concave back, and one fine clothes brush, 8 rows fine white bristles, sterling mounted, set. **3.50**



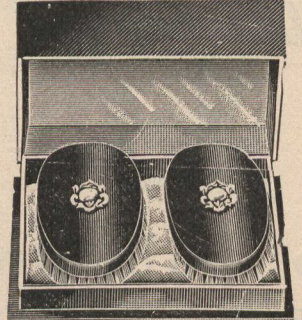
G3-L4911. Military Brush Set, good quality of bristles with silver ornaments, put up in hinged box. Extra special. Set.....**69c**



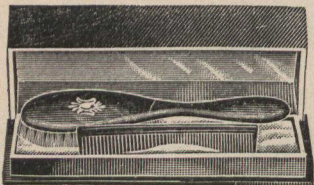
G3-LX2. Gent's Brush Set, consisting of two military, cloth and hat brushes and comb, with mountings, as cut. Set.....**2.75**



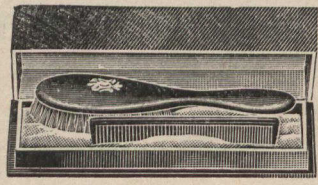
G3-LX1. Gent's Brush Set, two military and hat brushes and comb, with silverine mountings, put up in hinged box. Extra special. Set.....**2.40**



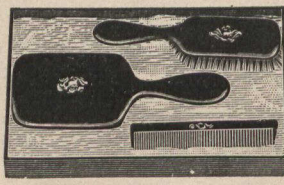
G3-L1911. Pair of Military Brushes in lined hinged box, good quality of bristles, silverine mountings. Special value. Set.....**98c**



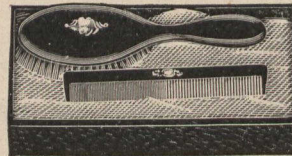
G3-L5911. Special value in two-piece Toilet Set, put up in lined hinged box, black polished wood.....**48c**



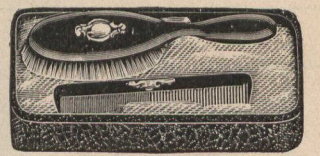
G3-L9811. Two-piece Toilet Set, polished wood, good bristles, extra special value for mail order business. Set.....**59c**



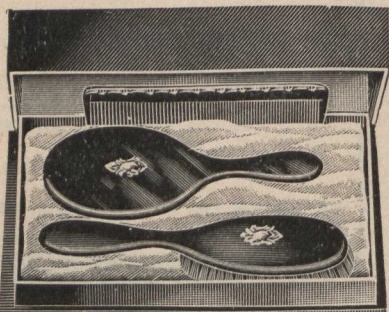
G3-E451. Beautiful "Ebonoid" 3-piece Toilet Set, extra quality brush, bevelled hand mirror and good comb, all mounted with sterling silver. Set.....**2.95**



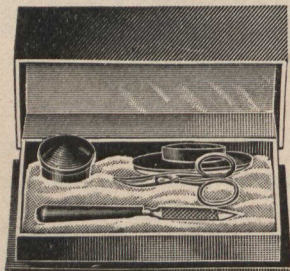
G3-E501. "Ebonoid" Brush and Comb Set, brush with 11 rows fine white bristles, sterling silver mounted, put up in fancy lined paper covered box. Set.....**1.29**



G3-E111. Brush and Comb Set, "Ebonoid" make, size of brush 10 1/2 x 2 1/4 with 11 rows fine bristles, finished with sterling silver mounts. Set.....**2.35**



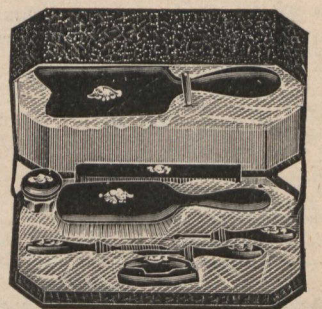
G3-L3911. Special value in 3-Piece Toilet Set, brush, comb and mirror in black highly polished wood, silverine mountings. Set.....**1.48**



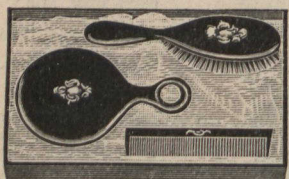
G3-L239. Manicure Set, as cut, paste jar, file, polisher and scissors, made and finished of black polished wood. Extra Special Value. Set.....**48c**



G3-E213. "Ebonoid" Manicure Set, in fancy lined paper covered box, contains 5 pieces good manicure fittings, all sterling mounted. Set.....**1.00**

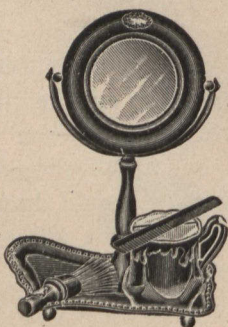


G3-E322. Fine "Ebonoid" Combination Set, brush, comb and mirror and 5 manicure pieces, all well finished with sterling silver mounts, in fancy lined box. Set.....**3.90**



G3-E751. "Ebonoid" Brush, Comb and Mirror Set, brush has 11 rows fine white bristles, ring mirror 5 1/2 x 8 1/2 ins. and 7 in. comb, all sterling silver mounted, put up in neat lined box, set **3.85**

G3-E565. Fine "Ebonoid" Shaving Set with stand mirror on fancy square stay, fancy "Ebonoid" china mug, lather brush and gents' comb, partly sterling mounted, 13 inches high. Set.....**2.95**



G3-E223. "Ebonoid" Manicure Set, consisting of 8 good manicure pieces, all sterling silver mounted and well finished, put up in fancy lined hinged box. Set...**3.35**



G3-E105. Shaving Set, "Ebonoid," china mug, fine badger lather brush, sterling mounted, in fancy lined paper covered box. Set.....**1.25**



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# The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

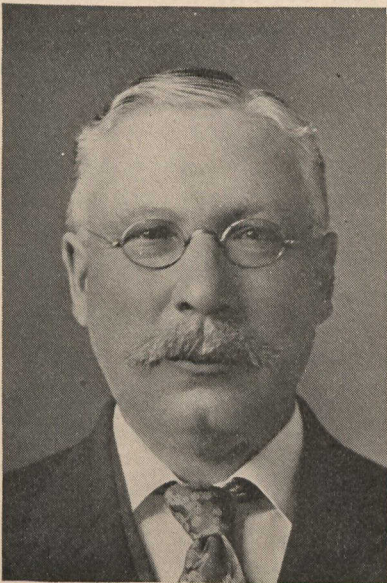
Subscription: \$4.00 a Year.

Vol. V.

Toronto, December 12th, 1908.

No. 2

## IN THE PUBLIC VIEW



Hon. A. C. Rutherford,  
Premier of Alberta.

NEW ideas are beginning to emanate from the West. The most recent and spectacular comes from Alberta whose Liberal government has declared itself in favour of provincial railways. Premier Rutherford says he will institute a department of railways in Alberta. He says that settlement is outstripping the steel. Private enterprise, however progressive it may be, does not satisfy Mr. Rutherford, who from personal acquaintance does not strike one as being a whirlwind of innovation. Indeed, the Premier of Alberta is a very quiet, unobstreperous gentleman who presides with much dignity over the Legislature facing an Opposition of two members. He has been in the West for about fifteen years, and has lived most of that time in Strathcona, which for some years had the distinction of being the terminus of a railway that refused to cross the river to the present capital of the province. When the present Premier hung out his first law shingle in that disconsolate wooden town, it looked to the new arrival as though the last hope had its home somewhere about that humpty-dumpty, yawning street marked mainly by hotels. Strathcona of that day was a sad, sombre spot, and even when the Klondike stampede made a world's fair of Edmonton, the railway town failed to get into the march of modernity; for the people persisted in crossing the river to outfit at Edmonton, not caring a continental about the railway and knowing that for some thousands of miles there was nothing but the cold, hard trail of the overland route. Hundreds of those overlanders who drifted back to Edmonton and Strathcona down on their luck could have predicted to Mr. A. C. Rutherford, leading lawyer of the dismal town, that there never would be another mile of railway in that part of the world. But private enterprise and immigration changed that trackless solitude to a land of railways and of new towns. When Edmonton got its first railway there was a celebration second only to the pow-wow that took place when Edmonton became the capital of the new province. Now the Premier who had to wait so long for even a box car, says that Alberta must have more railways in a hurry, even if the Government has to guarantee the necessary bonds. Alberta has government telephones. Edmonton has municipal utilities. The West is marching on.



President Eliot,  
Of Harvard, just retired.

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PRESIDENT ELIOT is the latest most conspicuous advocate of temperance. Now that the British House of Lords has thrown out the licensing bill and the time of year has arrived when municipalities in Canada are reconsidering the liquor question, the opinions of the ex-President of Harvard carry unusual weight. All his life President Eliot has been a careful drinker. He has not considered that high thinking and occasional drinking are opposed. He has been a high thinker. His intellectual activities

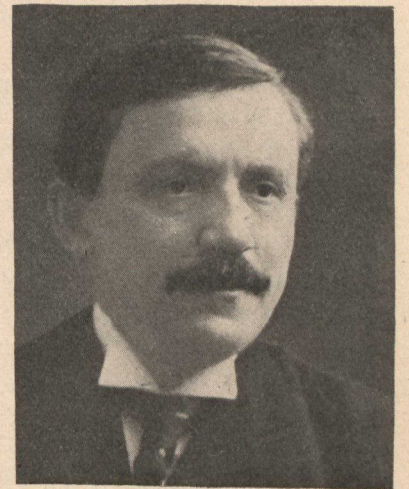
have been many-sided. He has been a practical progressive who while at the head of a great university devoted mainly to academic questions, has been one of the foremost thinkers in political economy. He has studied communities and social development. He understands the forces that make for the upbuilding of social systems. He is a student of democracy. At the same time President Eliot has studied the individual man. Now at the age of seventy he has discovered that he really did not need the moderate amount of liquor which he has consumed. He says that though liquor undoubtedly induces a form of gladness, it is a species of gladness he can very well do without. This is a sane and high opinion which will carry much weight with temperance reformers.

\* \* \*

HON. JOHN BURNS also has spoken his mind concerning drink. He says that British workingmen know too much about the bottle. This is one of the outspoken things for which Mr. Burns is well hated by some people. At present he is rather under the ban of a section of the Labour party whom he represents in the Commons and Cabinet. The Socialists do not like him. As President of the Local Government Board he has incurred the resentment of Liberals. Mr. Burns will persist in saying bluntly the things which he thinks deeply. Here and there in Canada on a railway train you may encounter a labouring man with a kit of tools and an English accent who relates with much pride how he used to know "Johnny" Burns in the days when he was simple member for Battersea and a very plain man whose house was frequently visited by such notables as Lord Rosebery and Mr. Balfour. Anybody who has met Mr. Burns knows that he was never born to be a diplomat. He is plain, blunt John Burns, who as Cabinet Minister and special adviser to His Majesty on the problem of the unemployed, carried the same sturdy simplicity that makes the most remarkable combination of rugged strength and honesty ever known in a British Cabinet. And it is quite likely that if occasion arose Mr. Burns could do as once he did—stand outside St. Paul's and lead a mob of unemployed folk in the singing of "Dare to be a Daniel." Indeed, John Burns is very much of a Daniel who is not afraid of the lions.

\* \* \*

MR. C. R. HOSMER, manager of the Canadian Pacific Telegraphs, has recently been made a director of the Bank of Montreal. Mr. Hosmer comes near to being a great man. In finance, he has been a success. In national undertakings he has shown a fair grasp of general principles, without going so far as to lead any one to accuse him of being too ideal or too statesmanlike. He began life as office boy, became a telegraph operator, and finally "promoter and perfecter" of the Canadian Pacific's wonderful telegraph and cable service. He is above all else a worker. Strange how industrious telegraph operators get to the top—Van Horne, Shaughnessy, Edison, Carnegie, and a few others, and Mr. Hosmer is president or director of as many companies as almost any of them.

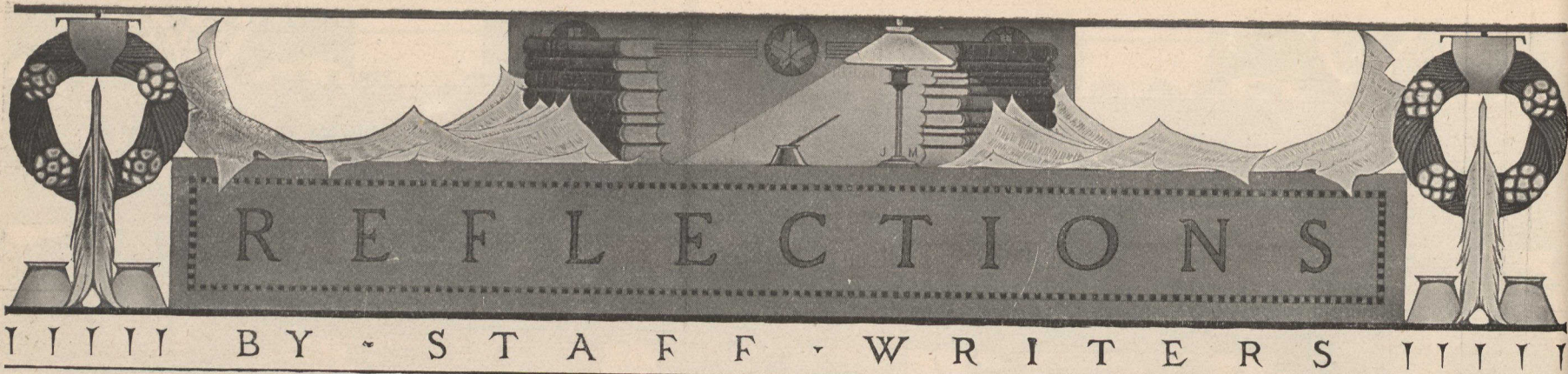


Mr. C. R. Hosmer,  
President C.P.R. Telegraph Company.



Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux,  
Who is attracting so much attention in England.





# REFLECTIONS

BY STAFF WRITERS

## A SIGNIFICANT VICTORY

NOT so long ago, the name of Benjamin Barr Lindsey was little known beyond the State of Colorado. Now, it would be difficult to go into a city on the continent where someone would not arise and call Judge Ben Lindsey blessed. It was a small work that this little man, with the brave eyes and frail hands, set himself to do—just to win the confidence of the “bad boys” of Denver. He persuaded them to tell him how they got into trouble, he actually trusted to their sense of honour when he sent them away to learn how to keep out of the courts, and, when they came back, he induced citizens of repute to give them work and confidence. Not very much to do, the worldly-wise might say; yet it has become an immense force in the saving of the youth of this new world, for the Juvenile Court of Denver has been preached wherever there is erring childhood to be rescued. Judge Lindsey visited Canada in the winter of 1907, impressing all who met him with his blending of delicacy and courage. As might have been anticipated, Judge Lindsey has had bitter foes, for there are deadly enemies of social order who are only too eager to destroy that which “the kids’ judge” seeks to protect. In a recent contest, Judge Lindsey ran independently, in opposition to both the old-party candidates, and received about 20,000 votes to 17,000 apiece polled by the Republican and Democratic aspirants.

The victory is essentially a women’s triumph, for the suffrage of Colorado women went in favour of this Daniel of Denver. The *News* of that city, commenting on the election, declared that the voting strength of the women of Denver has been effectively demonstrated, because “it is undoubtedly to the women—to the mothers largely—that the tremendous strength of Ben. B. Lindsey, running for judge of the Juvenile Court, is due.” The victory is one for moral reform and enlightened legislation. Judge Lindsey is no sentimentalist. A boy would find it as hard to deceive him as he would find it easy to confide in him. But the Judge has followed the plan of fixing the blame where it belongs—on the negligent parents and criminal dive-keepers, and these classes naturally resent being called to account for their wrong-doing. The Judge of Denver’s Juvenile Court has put up a splendid fight and it is welcome news that the merely political forces have been soundly defeated. One observer declared that it was the wine-shops against the women, but the latter’s candidate proved too strong for the forces arrayed against him. The recent movement in behalf of juvenile courts will receive decided impetus from the election of Judge Lindsey, the man, “who believes in the boys.”

## A DEPLORABLE FEATURE

ONE curious feature of our financial operations in this country is the ease with which “insiders” find out all about a raise in dividend rate long before it is publicly announced. Several prominent financial and industrial companies have increased their dividend during the past two years, and in every case the announcement has been preceded by a considerable rise in the price of the stock. This does not occur in the case of companies like the railways, which publish their weekly earnings, nor of coal and steel companies, which publish weekly statements of their output. It occurs in the stocks whose earnings are published only once a year, or whose statistics are so complicated that the ordinary student of finance cannot understand their significance.

The regularity of the occurrence would, however, seem to indicate that managers and directors of many companies are in the habit of handing out advance information to their friends. This is unfair and immoral, even if it is not illegal. Further, it is discouraging to the real investor, who is a person to be encouraged, not discour-

aged. The man who is a trustee for stockholders should not use advance information nor allow it to be used until all the stockholders are in possession of it. This is the only fair rule, but it is one which Canadian directors honour in the breach rather than in the observance.

## SELLING AND BUYING STOCKS

WHEN the United States of America got into financial difficulties in the fall of 1907, the European investors and speculators bought a large quantity of United States stocks. Now, when the United States people have put their money back into the banks, and business has resumed its natural characteristics, these stocks are coming back from Europe. The big men of New York are not buying them, but the people are. Perhaps, even at present prices, they are a good investment, but the European speculators have made a fairly good profit in the twelve months.

The moral of the tale is simple. The capitalist who is looking for a “scoop” in stocks must buy only when the general public is in difficulties. He will sell when there is a rush to buy, and buy when there is a rush to sell. It is a splendid moral, but one which has little popularity on this optimistic continent.

## VANITY OF VANITIES

AN experienced prima donna gives an interview to the newspapers in which she warns young singers against ambition to follow her art, saying that they will be happier if they confine their efforts to the home or parish circle. A great actress who has spent years upon the stage gives a similar warning to the young women who are stage-struck. She declares that the way is hard and dangerous. She advises all these young women to marry, create a family circle and be content in “woman’s only sphere.”

Two great millionaires warn all men against amassing great wealth, because it leads only to vexation and unhappiness. They declare that millionaires who laugh are rare, that the most miserable men, as old age approaches, are those who have made money-making their god. Like the prima donna and the actress, they are generous with advice which they themselves have not followed.

It seems difficult for the human to be content. Ambition makes slaves of us all. The manager of one of our largest industrial concerns told the story of his growing ambitions the other night. He was raised on a farm and loved horses. When he visited the city he conceived that the goal of his ambition would be reached if he could get a situation as coachman with one of the rich merchants who owned a pair of horses. After he had been in the city a while, his ambition was to own a pair of horses and have a man to take care of them. Now he drives an automobile. This is typical. It is practically useless to give advice to human ambition. It bounds from rise to rise and never rests. It drives us all from point to point, until we are finally broken in body, mind and spirit and are willing to cry “Vanity of vanities, all is vanity.” Yet not us all; a few keep their heads, live wholesome lives, acquire a little competence and a few friends, and live out a pleasant old-age. Ambition under sensible control is one of the greatest of all great qualities, the misfortune being that so few of us possess it in any noticeable quantity.

## WHEN SCOT MEETS CANADIAN

SOME years ago an Englishman of much discrimination visited Canada and made a tour of inspection from the Atlantic to the other great ocean which belongs to this Dominion. When he went home he talked and wrote about Canada in a fashion much more benevolent and discerning than that cultivated by the ordinary journalistic tourist. Among other things he said, that, with the



exception of the distinctly French-Canadian province, Canada is more Scotch than any other country outside Scotland.

This remark leads one to observe the attitude of the Canadian towards the Scot, be he tourist or intending settler, who lands at our ports. It must be admitted that while too many Canadians assume an attitude of hostility on hearing the English accent, they almost invariably regard the undeniable Scot and his "burr" with friendly aspect. There is something indefinitely superior about the Englishman's broad "a" but the roll of the Caledonian "r" has a warmth which assures us that he is of those who construct before they criticise. The Scot may have a talent for acquisitiveness, but he also has a genius for minding his own business. Not for him to tell how they do things at home—not until he has a Canadian homestead with so many dollars in the bank that it would be perfectly safe for him to turn up his nose at the British North America Act, or speak slightly of the architecture of the Parliament buildings at Ottawa.

Whatever may be the effect of international sport or athletic contests, those in which Canada and Scotland are concerned invariably produce the happiest results. The Canadian curlers who are arranging to go over to Scotland this winter as guests of the Royal Caledonian Curling Club, for the big bonspiel at Glasgow next month, may be assured of the best of sport and the warmest hospitality. The Scotch curlers, who were the guests of the Montreal brethren of the "stones" some time ago, promoted international good-fellowship wherever they visited, and it is altogether likely that the Canadians, however they distinguish themselves on the rink, will return with as glowing language as Scottish blood allows on the subject of the bonspiel.

#### MR. HILL AS HERCULES

MR. JAMES J. HILL'S recent deliverances on the desirability of less restricted trade relations between the United States and Canada have not been received with profound seriousness. The *Montreal Star*, in fact, in an article entitled, "When Hill Will Succeed," decides that his triumph will take place only after he has overcome twelve "unwillingnesses" on the part of the people of the land he left and the land he railroaded. Any one of these "unwillingnesses" is enough to daunt a stout heart, and when Mr. Hill sees the round dozen in uncompromising black print his purpose, to tie Winnipeg and St. Paul in a beautiful loving-knot of free trade, must weaken perceptibly. Probably the strongest member in the *Star's* group is: "The unwillingness of Canadians to abandon the policy of developing this country along east-and-west lines, as evidenced by the money they have put in transcontinental railways and a big canal system."

After impressing the optimistic Mr. Hill with the invincible reluctances which are to be overcome, the Editor of the *Star* cheerfully concludes: "But these trifling chores will not baulk Mr. Hill. When he has converted Canada from protection, taught the Canadian manufacturer to eat out of the hand of the 'dumper' and lie with the 'trust' lion of the American jungle, the American farmer to have no fear of the free and fertile prairies of the north, the American manufacturer to fear neither the cheap and abundant raw materials nor the other local advantages of certain Canadian 'lines,' the lover of British connection to pat Commercial Union on the head, and the Canadian shipper to prefer the American to the British market,"—then, according to the Montreal seer, Mr. Hill may enjoy himself under his Minneapolis vine and fig-tree in the thought of all the impossibilities he has brought to pass.

Nor does the *Toronto News* assume a more serious attitude towards the glittering projects of James the Free Trader. The editor of that journal sees a United States tariff for Canadian coasts and begs to be excused from any lengthy contemplation of such conditions. The press of his native land appears to be of the opinion that Mr. Hill has forgotten many things, is ignoring others and is altogether capable—not of loving us less, but loving U.S. more.

#### WORLD'S FAIR IN WINNIPEG

SOMEONE has proposed that Winnipeg hold a World's Fair in 1912, to commemorate the arrival of the Selkirk settlers in 1812. There should be a celebration of some kind, undoubtedly, but that it should take the form of a World's Fair is a question. The story of the first agriculturists of Western Canada is the story of the Red River Valley and Winnipeg. Manitoba and Winnipeg should have

such a centenary exhibition that public attention may again be directed to the beginning of things and that the memories of these hardy pioneers shall be revived.

A World's Fair, however, is as dangerous as a land boom. When it has passed, the city in which it has been held goes "flat." It was so in Chicago, Buffalo and St. Louis. It may not have been so in Portland and it may not be so in Seattle, but the general rule is well established. The storm must be followed by a lull. After every great human effort there must be a reaction. A National Fair, even a Pan-American Fair, might be safely attempted. A Dominion Fair and Historical Celebration would be quite legitimate and probably successful. A World's Fair would be most dangerous for a city so small as Winnipeg; it would either swamp the city and be a failure, or it would cause an unnatural development which would afterwards be most harmful. Quebec gained a great deal by its Tercentenary Celebration this year, but, at the most, the outside attendance did not exceed 50,000, of whom 20,000 were brought there by the Government. A World's Fair requires an attendance of several million to achieve a success, and Winnipeg cannot get it. Let us have a national celebration, not a World's Fair.

#### THE VALUE OF FRESH AIR

SOME of the most influential journalists and many prominent medical men are drawing the attention of the public to the value of fresh air in home and meeting house. The people of this continent need the advice. We are too timid of the open window; too much afraid of a draft. Canada is even more in need of the advice than the United States, because our colder winter weather has a window-closing effect which it is hard to fight against.

The *St. Mary's Journal* has taken up the subject, under the heading, "Ventilate the Churches," taking as its text the words of Dr. Woods Hutchinson, that "open air, whether hot, cold, wet, dry, windy, or still, is our best friend, and house air our deadliest enemy." It publishes the opinions of the local doctors. Dr. Knox points out that the amount of oxygen used by an individual is twenty-five ounces, and the amount of food twenty-five to thirty ounces. Therefore oxygen is as valuable as food. The amount of air befouled by each of us in an hour is two thousand quarts, which gives some idea of how much fresh air is required every hour in a house containing from three to ten people. Dr. Brown says that we pay too much attention to architecture and furnishings and too little to good ventilation in churches, schools and houses. Too often, the cold air is taken from the floor or lower part of the room, or even from the cellar, conducted to the furnace, heated and sent up into the room again. The cold air should be taken from outside only. Dr. Stanley quotes from a sanitary inspector in Chicago, who said: "The air in most of the Chicago churches will send people to heaven quicker than any of the preaching they listen to." He sets the standard of requirement for each individual at 3,000 cubic feet of fresh air per hour. Most churches require a change of air every five minutes. This is certainly valuable material which the editor of the *Journal* has gathered together for the people of St. Mary's.

Most of the common "colds" to which Canadians are so subject is due to their living in super-heated and ill-ventilated buildings. Much of the prevalence of tuberculosis is due to the same cause. Sleeping-rooms should have an open window all night. The writer has for many years slept in a room which is never heated from one year's end to another, except such heat as enters from a hallway. The window is open always when the room is occupied. In winter-time, heavy bedding supplies sufficient warmth, even in the coldest weather. His only regret is that he did not learn these methods earlier in life.

#### IS BRITAIN LOSING?

A WRITER in the *Daily Mail* points out that during the past eighteen years the greatest expansion in exports has been made by the United States, the second by Germany, and the third by Great Britain. The figures in millions of pounds are 194, 184 and 163. In manufactured exports, Germany leads with 133, Great Britain comes second with 114, and the United States third with 112. Figured in percentages, the United States leads in the second feature with 320, while Germany has 124 against Great Britain's 50. The figures are not conclusive, but they certainly indicate that the larger countries are slowly gaining on little Great Britain.





**T**HERE is only one class of people who observe Christmas; and that is the children. The children may be of any age you like; but they must—for the nonce—be children. A sensible adult can no more enjoy Christmas than she can nurse a doll or than he can spin a top. She or he may go through the motions, either in doll-nursing or in Christmas-ing, but they miss the spirit, the genuine pleasure, the soul of the thing. Now it is not the easiest task in the world for those of us who must play at being "grown-ups" for fifty-one weeks out of the year, to manage to get rid of this cumbersome pose all at once for the glorified fifty-second week. We have been so accustomed to taking things seriously and sensibly that the play of childhood comes hard to us. Consequently we should seek help from the forms of play; for the symbol will sometimes awaken the spirit, no matter what an unromantic age may say of idolatry.

\* \* \*

**N**OW the forms of the Christmas play are many and delightful. We can have a Christmas tree if we like, and get our presents from its lighted branches. Or we can go farther back into the nursery still and "hang up our stockings" in front of the grate, and pretend that Santa Claus has come down during the night and filled them with the lovely things which every one of us then proceeds to "guess" back to the giver. To the adult, this is very silly; but—as I have said—the adult has no place in the Christmas festival. Except ye become "as a little child," ye "shall not enter" in. Adults can hand their presents to each with cold embarrassment if they like that method the better. There is no law against it. But they will have missed the sentiment of Christmas present-giving. They might as well be so many employes of the Marine Department. And sentiment is the soul of Christmas. If we do not approach it with the feeling which is so well expressed in the immortal Christmas stories of Dickens, we are not observing Christmas; we are merely suffering another of those interruptions to business which holidays often mean to people who rather like the feel of the grindstone upon the nose.

\* \* \*

**T**HEN there is the Christmas dinner. To every child it is one of the high festivals of the year. It is the next mountain peak of gastronomic enjoyment after Thanksgiving. What if people do tell us that plum pudding is indigestible and that mince pies are deadly! Who cares? One must approach the Christmas dinner with the faith of a child. This year, at all events, Christmas comes on Friday; and we can have till Monday to rest up. It is perhaps more difficult for those whose stomachs are not imaginative enough to achieve the rejuvenation required of the spirit on Christmas, to observe the day at the table than anywhere else. They can be as

care-free and excited as a six-year-old under the spreading Christmas tree; but they feel the weight of the years when it comes to sitting down at the well-spread table. However, we all should read that charming book of Janvier's—"The Christmas Kalends of Provence"; and see how the elders of that fascinating and ever-youthful land join in the Christmas festivities. Winter touches Provence with a tender hand; and the winter of age is quite as kindly. But we Canadians, though we have winter in our streets, need not let it bite into our hearts.

\* \* \*

**I**NTERNATIONAL golf between President-elect Taft and Opposition Leader-elect Borden, with a couple of "seconds" to make up a foursome, was not such bad international politics in its way. We all like Taft better because he plays golf; and why shouldn't our American cousins, who are at least as fond of games as we are, like Borden better because he swings a "brassie" too? It gives a human touch to these striking figures who stride the world like Colossi and seem at times to be about as personal as a battleship. How much of President Roosevelt's popularity is due to his gamesomeness, it would be hard to calculate; but his people love to think of him bestride a fiery horse or chasing the wild beast to his lair or even in tennis flannels teaching a foreign diplomat that America can produce adepts at Society's game as well as the idle courts of Europe. Cleveland never was nearer to the hearts of his countrymen than when he was sorting his lines to "go fishing"—probably with "Joe" Jefferson; and poor McKinley seemed less human because we did not know what game he played at.

\* \* \*

**A**LL the world loves a sport. Balfour is at home on the golf links and Rosebery had a passionate desire to own a Derby winner until he achieved his ambition; and they are probably the two most popular men in a personal sense in Britain. "Joe" Chamberlain achieved immense popularity in spite of the fact that he would not even walk when he could get a hansom; but it was more a political than a personal liking that the people had for him. They loved him chiefly as a good fighter; and fighting is one of the most popular of British sports. Still, public men can get very near to the hearts of the people without playing at games, as Mr. Gladstone and Sir Wilfrid Laurier attest; but it requires a quite exceptional genius to overcome this handicap. Then these men stood as past masters in the great game of oratory. Probably there is no art which the great mass of the people love quite so passionately as the electric art of eloquence. It lifts a man over the heads of his fellows and makes him superior to all the little rules by obedience to which lesser men achieve success.

N'IMPORTE

#### POLITICS AND BUSINESS.

**M**R. JAMES J. HILL, of St. Paul, is quoted as mildly discrediting the post-election industrial boom by the remark that "Politics don't make business." This remark is rather more striking than profound, be it said with all due respect to Mr. Hill. Good politics does, indeed, "make business" by supplying the elements of stability and confidence upon which commercial and industrial activity is based. And, by the same token, bad politics has a definite relation to business by creating distrust and alarm.—*The Argonaut*.

#### A NEW WAY OF DECORATING STREET CARS



At a recent celebration in Holland, on the Queen's Birthday, the Street Cars were decorated and used in a procession as Carnival Cars. One was a Thatched Inn and another a Chinese Pagoda, as shown.



# THE PLUM-PUDDING AT OTTAWA

By A. POLLIE TISHUN



Hon. W. S. Fielding.

than any other plum pudding!"

"But don't you have any trouble in making the plums go round?"

"Naturally. But that is where the chef's truly artistic skill is shown. Sometimes I am obliged to give a member of my family a slice with merely a suggestion of plum flavour—a *soupcou*, as it were.

However, he is satisfied with the helping and usually has a liberal supply of sauce."

"Hard sauce?"

"According to taste. Now my friend, Hon. R. W. Scott, would never have even a teaspoonful of brandy sauce with his; so, I had to give him really, truly plums—and some to take home to his boy."

At this point, a sleek secretary presented a card which Sir Wilfrid scanned thoughtfully. "You will excuse me," he said graciously. "I promised to see Mr. John Horner at this hour. He likes to ask about his Christmas plum before the other boys get here."



Hon. Frank Oliver.

The Wizard of the Tariff was in a happy frame of mind as he absently toyed with a bronze paper weight inscribed: "Væ victis." He broke into almost Laurier benignity at the mention of plum pudding. "It is the *pièce de resistance* of the political menu," he said positively. "No Ottawa season is complete without it. As for myself, I partake of it sparingly, because I have a somewhat delicate digestion. This year there will be *Liberal* helpings for all and I should not be surprised if some would pass their plates for a second supply of plums. Now there's Oliver! Like his famous namesake in Dickens, he always wants more."

"But it was porridge *Oliver Twist* asked for."

"Porridge or plums, it's all the same—and I'm not saying that Frank doesn't deserve them. But he ought to say 'thank you' for them and sometimes he forgets that plum pudding comes but once a year."

"How about the duty on



Hon. Wm. Paterson.

plums?"

"That's not exactly in my department. Perhaps you had better see my friend, Hon. William Paterson."

As Mr. Paterson was suffering from a severe cold and had mislaid the deeper notes of his magnificent voice, he was forced to reply in a whisper which could be heard only two corridors away. "I've no special fondness for plums," he gasped hoarsely.

"I've never favoured anything but simple fare—biscuits are more in my line. But there's a lot of nourishment in a slice of plum pudding. But here's our friend, the Postmaster-General. You might ask him for an opinion. These Frenchmen are epicures all right."

The Honourable Rodolphe looked thoughtful, over the gastronomic proposition. "I've eaten a good deal of it in my time," he admitted. "However, I wouldn't call it one of



Sir Richard Cartwright.

the bulwarks of the constitution, or the palladium of our liberties if I may be permitted to fall into several metaphors. There is no doubt that it gives a flavour to political life. Ask Murphy about it."

The very latest thing in Cabinet Ministers smiled reservedly. "I really don't know whether I can say much in its favour. It is too thoroughly Saxon for my palate."

"It's an acquired taste with some," interrupted Sir Richard Cartwright, "but I have never known a member of the Dominion Cabinet to remain indifferent to plums. He begins with just a taste, and, before you know it, he is getting most of the fruit and leaving the mere currants and spices for the rest of us."

"I believe Sir John Macdonald had a nice taste in the matter of plums." Sir Richard scowled darkly and replied with exceeding stiffness:

"So far as I remember, his plum pudding invariably turned out a lemon pie."

Sir Frederick Borden's affability was in keeping with the season of peace on earth. "The plum pudding," he said cheerfully, "is a dish of which I partake sparingly, for my digestion is not what it used to be. Still its disappearance would create a panic, for many members look forward to a plum diet as a dish for a good boy. Really, I prefer something simpler—dried plums are not bad—and Nova Scotia packs them in neat layers. Then I am also very fond of Peaches."

"Speaking of plums," said Hon. William Pugsley dreamily, "reminds me of St. John harbour. Ah!



Sir Wilfrid Laurier.

St. John is the place to spend Christmas. And—would you believe it? My special brand of pudding is advertised in everyone of the daily papers. Then, the first thing you know, some chap in Toronto raises a howl about the slice I'm getting. You won't tell if I let you know something?"

"Never!" was the ready answer.

"Well, this year my helping is to be mostly currants and lemon peel—precious few plums. You see I got into the plum jar last summer and I'm on short rations now."

"No," said Hon. A. B. Aylesworth with decision, "I find the plum pudding disagrees with me."

"Didn't you have any, at the banquet of 1903?"

"I might have had a ton of it then," said the Minister with a frown, "but I'm not fond of lavish supplies. However, Fisher knows something of plums. They're a juicy feature in the agricultural department, you know."

"The plum is simply invaluable, in either puddings or politics," said the Minister of Agriculture gravely, as he toyed with a blue book. "You may be pleased to know that I have offered prizes for essays on the plum."

"No grafting in connection with it?" was the innocent query.

"Not the slightest. Now, I tried to introduce a little of the flavour into the militia fare about the spring of 1904 but that impossible Dundonald made such a riot about the experiment that I felt horribly discouraged about plum-culture for a while. However, it's a poor government orchard that won't furnish the ingredients for a really 'filling' pudding, at

least once during the year."

"I'm not especially keen on plum pudding," said Hon. G. P. Graham, as he produced a smile which was an Ontario imitation of Sir Wilfrid's sunny ways. "Down in Toronto I didn't get much chance at it, for G. W. Ross and Gibson kept most of it all to themselves. When Whitney finally overturned their fruit-stand, and all the little Tories began to scramble for the plums, I saw it was time for Your Uncle George to move to Ottawa if he ever wanted anything like a plateful of the real thing. But I'm not one of those who *profess* to like it," he concluded vaguely.

"Plum pudding," echoed Hon. L. P. Brodeur, as he drew down the corners of his oratorical mouth. "I assure you, I am sick of the very name of it. Plums! Mention them not in my presence."

"Then you prefer a simple diet?"

"Of the plainest I assure you. The plum pudding is the politician's tragedy and yet he will not—what does my friend in Toronto, the *News*, say?—cut it out. The very worst attack of nervous prostration I have known came from an overdose of plum pudding. I'd like you to mention that I find it nauseating, for some of my best friends persist in asking me to have some. It may be a safe enough dish in other climates—but in Ottawa, plum pudding has proved the curse of many a constitution."

"You seem to have had an unusually severe attack of dyspepsia," I said in surprise, for the Honourable Louis Philippe was throwing bits of the *Toronto News* into the waste-paper basket. "I know that some politicians dislike the ingredients of the plum pudding but I had no idea you had gone so far in aversion to it."

"I'm the first man to abolish the list of select plums," said the Minister of Marine and Fisheries, "future generations of Canadians will know me as the man who put his veto on this plethora of plums. No man," he added magnificently, "is appreciated in his lifetime. But I shall be remembered as the Anti-Plum Politician. What nobler epithet could any man desire?"

"And epitaphery is always so true," I murmured pleasantly. "I'm sorry you don't like plums, because, after all, they lend a little colour to the year's diet. Our daily bread is what we pray for; but secretly every one of us hopes for plum pudding before the year is over."

"Nevertheless," croaked the Honourable Louis Philippe in raven tones, "shall I partake of even the smallest slice and, as for foamy sauce, I detest it. The stuff reminds me of the sea. Plums have been my pit-fall."

"The pits *are* rather awkward," I agreed genially, "but the plum pudding is sometimes abused more than it deserves."

"I tell you," reiterated the Member of the Mournful Countenance, "I feel like the twenty-sixth of December every day. If you have any friends in politics, just tell them from me that plums are sure to turn out lemons. But—it's nearly six o'clock and—a Merry Christmas!"

The season's greeting was warmly echoed.



Sir F. Borden.



Hon. Wm. Pugsley.

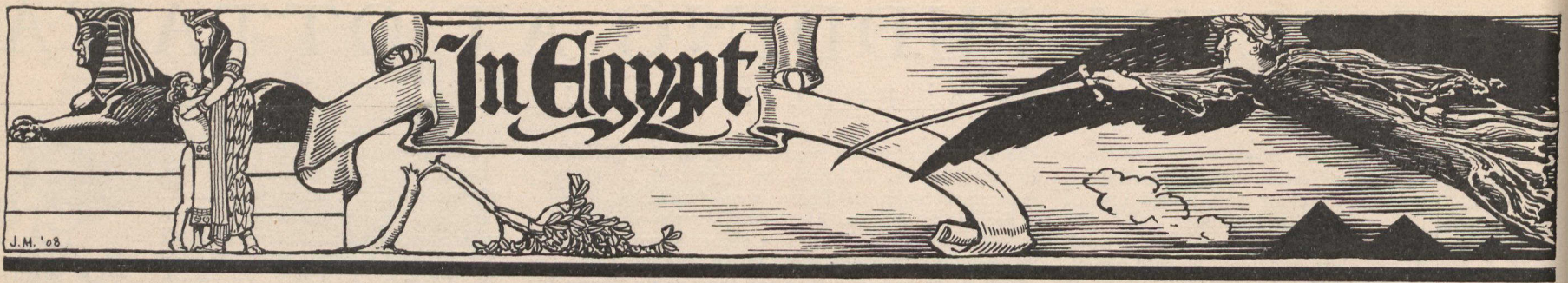


Hon. A. B. Aylesworth.



Hon. L. P. Brodeur.





By VIRNA SHEARD

*It was the Angel Azrael the Lord God sent below  
At midnight, into every house in Egypt, long ago—  
O long, and long ago.*

All day the wife of Pharaoh had paced the palace hall  
Or the long white pillared court that was open to the sky,  
A passion of wild restlessness ensnared her in its thrall  
While she fought a fear within her,—a thing that would not die.

The mighty gods had failed her,—the river-gods and the sun,  
And the little gods of brass and stone,—who stared but made no  
sign,  
So she pled with them no longer, her prayers were said and done,  
And now she neither bowed her head, or knelt at any shrine.

Her hair was blown upon the wind like wreathes of golden flame,  
And the sea-blue of her eyes cast blue shadows on her face,  
For she was not of Egypt,—but unto the King she came  
A captive—yet a princess—from a northern sea-bound place.

She had sent away her maidens, their weeping vexed her ears;  
Their pallid faces filled her with impatient pitying scorn;—  
But she kept one time-worn woman, who long had outgrown fears,  
The old brown nurse who held her son the day that he was born.

She watched the fiery wheel roll down behind the level land,  
One small hand curled above her eyes, and one above her heart,  
But when the ruby afterglow crept up and stained the sand  
Turned she and gazed toward Goshen, where Israel dwelt apart.



Nine plagues had wasted Egypt with their tortures grim and slow;  
The earth was desolated, and scarred by hail and fire;  
Still even yet her Lord refused to let his bondsmen go  
To worship in the wilderness, the God of their desire.

The yellow Nile had turned to blood before her watching eyes,—  
It was branded into memory—a haunting death-strewn sight;—  
The very dust upon the street the rod had made to rise  
In a living moving horror, of atoms leprous-white.

The frogs had come as things bewitched; an army without fear  
They had broken through the rushes their upward way to take;  
And each one followed steadily a voice no man could hear,—  
While poisoned wind and pestilence came swiftly in their wake.

Then oh, the little flies that swarmed from out the earth and air!  
And the murrain of the camels, and cattle in the field!  
She prayed the King for love of her to hear the people's prayer  
And send the slaves far hither;—but for love he would not yield.

His face was like the carven face upon the basalt door;—  
Her beauty could not charm him, her voice had lost its power;  
So she wrapped a veil about her and entreated him no more  
But sat alone and watched, from out her window in the tower.

She saw the Hebrew leader with uncovered silvery hair  
Come with the priest at daybreak to the outer palace gate,  
And the rod of woe and wonder they carried with them there,  
Yet Pharaoh bid them enter,—for he dared not bid them wait.

But naught prevailed, for sore disease had scourged the low and high,  
And the hail of God had fallen and crushed the growing grain,  
And a fire no hand had kindled in searing wrath swept by,—  
Such fire as none had seen before—as none would see again.

Then came the pirate locusts, with a sea-song free and bold;—  
The spent and broken people lacked the strength to force them  
back,  
But watched them take the last green blades that never would be  
gold,—  
And shut their doors against the foe that turned the meadows  
black.

Then Pharaoh wavered—more—he called the Hebrews in his haste  
Imploring respite,—pleading his repentance bitterly,—  
For there was death on every side, and all the land was waste;—  
So the western wind of God blew the locusts out to sea.

Yet not enough. Once more the King denied his given word;  
He dared the wrath of Heaven, and he made his heart as steel;  
Then all the lights of God went out, and no man even stirred,—  
But stayed companioned by his fear, in darkness he could feel.

So had each dreadful day gone by, each slow departing night,  
And the queen stood now at sunset alone with grief and shame,  
When one came running towards her through the failing crimson  
light,  
A little lad, with Egypt's eyes—but hair like golden flame.

"Thou hast been long, Beloved!" she cried, and frowned all tenderly,  
"Indeed I have not seen thee since the burning noon took wing."  
"Mother of mine," he answered, "I have been where I should be  
These burdened times of Egypt,—beside my Lord the King."

"'Twill take the country many days to gain its old time peace,  
But thou shalt suffer nothing;—I, myself, will care for thee  
And see that naught doth harm thee—until all these troubles cease;—  
These sad and magic doings that no man can solve," said he.

"Ay! That thou wilt," she said. "But tell me, how doth fare the  
King?"

Doth he relent? Or is his face forbidding—dark and cold?—  
Or hath he sent thee hither but some word of me to bring  
As he cannot leave the council, and now the day grows old?"

He shook his head. "I came because I longed to see thee so;—  
And Pharaoh reads the chart of stars while time goes creeping by;  
Or he sits in weary silence—or paceth to and fro.  
Since he banished the magicians, all fear him—all save I."





"Put on thy golden girdle with the mighty emerald clasp  
And thy lotus broided robe. Braid thy hair all cunningly,  
And wear the winged head-dress with the turquoise jewelled asp,—  
Then come and coax him from his gloom.—Thou only can'st,"  
said he.

"Wise counsellor!" she smiled; "Nay, but too wise for thy short  
years,  
I will unto the King;—and such great issues are at stake  
This time I dare not fail. I must go queenly—without tears  
Or humble supplications,—but as one no woe can break."

"Stay thou with thy old nurse, Beloved,—she sitteth in the hall,—  
And she will tell thee wondrous tales, to win from thee a smile,  
Then take thy supper by her side, and when deep night doth fall,  
Go to the tower, whence I'll come, but in a little while."

Arrayed in her most lovely robes she took her stately way  
By courtiers unattended, through the palace vast and still.  
Her beauty was a thing to hold all bitterness at bay,  
To move the hearts of men, and bend their spirits to her will!

She passed beneath the rose red lights that hung from roof and door,  
And by unseeing gods, where curled an incense, blue and sweet;  
As one who walks in sleep she crossed the cool mosaic floor,  
That echoed to the music of her silver-sandalled feet.

She reached the council chamber and there entered silently;—  
But though the bowing wise men had been reeds the wind could  
sway  
Would have noted them as little. She only seemed to see  
One face, inscrutable and dark, toward which she took her way.

The King sat still as Fate. "Most High," she said, "I come for truth  
Of this new threat of vengeance. There is horror in the air;—  
The Ethiopian runner hath brought word to me in sooth  
Blood is sprinkled on the door-posts of Hebrews everywhere."

"There are rumors—so he sayeth—of an Angel who will slay  
The first-born sons of Egypt—should these bondsmen not depart.  
Thy people weep in anguish—I myself must hear thee say—  
The Hebrew leader threatens no such danger to my heart,—"

"He is my heart—my inner heart;—O straight he is and strong!  
To me he meaneth Egypt—Egypt meaneth but my son—  
So I would take him swiftly toward the land where I belong  
To return to thee in safety when these troubles all are done."

"The streets are filled with mourners;—every day more tears are  
shed;  
The embalmers have grown weary,—they will not work for gold,—  
And everywhere the eye doth see processions of the dead  
Till they seem but mocking phantoms, we watch unmoved and  
cold."

"Thou wilt not let the Hebrews go—I read it in thine eyes;—  
There are no gods in Egypt—there is nothing but thy Will—  
That sets itself against some force that yet in strength will rise  
But to silence all thine answers and bid thy voice be still."

Then Pharaoh leaned toward her: "O most beautiful!" he said,  
"There is not a man who liveth dare say so to my face;  
And truly were there such an one t'were better he were dead,  
For dead men suffer nothing.—Yet I pray thee of thy grace"

"Have patience now to hear me. 'Tis as the Ethiope heard.  
They threatened all the first-born;—but the tower is brass  
and stone,  
There my son shall stay to-night, guarded well, I give thee word.—  
Where armies could not enter—can one angel pass alone?"

"Think'st thou that I am one to be affrighted by the dark?  
A weakling to be played upon,—a coward or a fool?  
Nay!—I defy the Israelites!—Their weapons miss their mark,  
They have roused my utmost anger: it taketh long to cool."

"But thou!" he said; "but thou! Methinks had they but threatened  
thee  
I should perchance have known the very quality of fear;—  
Thou thing of perfect loveliness! Content mine eyes will be  
Though in the land of Egypt is no blossom for a year."

"But thou art queen, and thou art free;—free now to go or stay,  
I would not bind thee to my side—not by one golden hair.—  
Leave thou this land of peril e'er the breaking of the day  
Or give thy life to my dark life,—and bear what it doth bear."

Then blanched her face to whiteness of the lillies on her gown,  
And low she bowed as lillies bow in drift of wind and rain;  
"My Lord," she said, "I have no will except to lay it down  
At thy desire. As I have done, so will I do again."

"Thou art my King, my son is thine. It is not mine to say  
That I will bear him hence.—Yet gropes my soul unto a light;  
The quarrel is t'wixt Heaven and thee alone,—so I will stay  
With him I love within the tower throughout this fateful night."

"And if the Angel cometh through the walls of stone and brass,—  
And if he toucheth Egypt's son, to seal his gentle breath,  
Then will we know that God is God, He who hath right to pass  
Our little doors, for He Himself is Lord of Life and Death."



O when the desert blossomed like a mystic silver rose,  
And the moon shone on the palace, deep guarded to the gate,  
And softly touched the lowly homes fast barred against their foes,  
And lit the faces hewn of stone, that seemed to watch and wait,—

There came a cry—a rending cry—upon the quivering air,  
The sudden wild lamenting of a nation in its pain,  
For the first-born sons of Egypt, the young, the strong, the fair,—  
Had fallen into dreamless sleep,—and would not wake again.

And within the palace tower the little prince slept well,  
His head upon his mother's heart, that knew no more alarms;  
For at the midnight hour—O most sweet and strange to tell,—  
She too slept deeply as the child close folded in her arms.

Hard through the city rode the King, unarmed, unhelmeted,  
Toward the land he loaned his bondsmen, the country kept in peace;  
He swayed upon his saddle, and he looked as looked the dead—  
The people stared and wondered though their weeping did not  
cease.

On did he ride to Goshen, and he called "Arise! Arise!  
Thou leader of the Israelites, 'tis I who bid you go!  
Take thou these people hence, before the sun hath lit the skies;—  
Get thee beyond the border of this land of death and woe!"

\* \* \* \* \*  
Across the plains of Egypt through the shadows of the night  
Came the sound as of an army moving onward steadily,  
And their leader read his way by the stars eternal light  
While all the legions followed on their journey to the sea.

\* \* \* \* \*  
The moon that shineth overhead once saw these mysteries,—  
And then the world was young, that hath these many years been  
old;

If Egypt drank her bitter cup down even to the lees  
Who careth now? 'Tis but an ancient tale that hath been told.

Yet still we hear the footsteps—as he goeth to and fro—  
Of Azrael, the Angel, that the Lord God sent below,  
To Egypt—long ago.





# UNCLE DAN'S MORTGAGE

A Christmas Story

By JEAN BLEWETT

"WHEN an old fellow that hasn't been in the saddle for a score of years mounts an evil-minded, raw-boned nag—and goes pounding along a country road, by way of showing off, he deserves all he gets." Daniel Wilson spoke with feeling, also with authority; he was the old fellow referred to. Back in the village the liveryman had warned him, but when had dour Daniel listened to warning?

"The roads are bad," so had urged the liveryman. "Not much but humps an' hollers and patches of ice twixt this and Thornhedge."

"I've ridden over them when they were worse. Put on the saddle."

"Better have the bay mare and cart, mister. The chestnut's an ugly brute if he don't get his way."

"So am I. Twenty-five years ago I left Thornhedge on horseback and I've the whim to go back the same fashion. Tighten that girth and—clear the track."

Daniel's face was grim, his air morose as he rode along. He was on his way to pay a visit, a long promised visit to his brother Jacob at the homestead. Why not? Christmas Eve was the time when all the prodigals came straggling back.

The chestnut took Waterman's bridge on the gallop, and with a crunching of thin ice and scattering of frozen mud went up the hill, on past the church, the graveyard, with the tall stones looking over the wall like a row of ghosts curious to know what was going on in the outside world, past the wood, the brown pasture land, the creaking windmill by the silent creek.

Daniel knew the road, right well he knew it, had ridden over it in the day time, night time, in the small hours of morning, ridden at a madder pace than this chestnut would ever strike. Wild Dan Wilson, the neighbors had called him; and, yes, he had earned the name.

His father had been unjust. Daniel's face grew grimmer still as he recalled how his father magnified his faults into crimes, prophesied for him disgrace, poverty; called him spendthrift, roysterer, ne'er-do-well. Never mind, he had more money now than any Wilson of the name, and he was on his way to settle up with Jacob. How hard they had been on him! and after all he had been but a headstrong young fool with a genius for getting into scrapes, and a burning desire to pose as being worse than he was.

He had tried to justify his father's poor opinion of him, and with such success that presently he had found himself disinherited in favor of his brother. Jacob—the name suited—had always grudged him a place in his father's heart, an interest in the old home; had been glad to see him ride away from Thornhedge for good that winter night. He felt bitter, meant to feel bitter, wanted to feel bitter. He was going to the homestead on this Christmas Eve for no other purpose than to get even with Jacob. The hard years, the homeless years, the unhappy years, these had to be settled for.

"I wonder," with a mirthless laugh, "what mother's pretty boy will find to say for himself?"

Something soft and tender touched Daniel's grimness, softened his mouth, warmed his eyes. It was only for a moment, but it told. A memory he had been thrusting back, keeping back—back—with the force of his strong will, had insisted on coming forward, the memory of his mother. She had died young. He saw her now in her week day gown of plainest material and make, saw her in her Sunday gown, a rose flowered thing with skirt billowing out around her little figure, pointed waist, and sleeves which did not cover the pretty arms but fell back from them. There was a flowered cashmere shawl with fringe, and a bonnet which tied under her dimpled chin. What a quaint picture she made with her hair combed low over the ears, and her face—ah! her face! Daniel saw the dark eyes love-filled, wonderful; saw the smile on her lips, heard her whisper of peace and gentleness; saw and heard all this as plainly as though it were only yesterday Jacob and he, two fair haired little boys, had quarrelled and made up in the garden at Thornhedge. He put the memory away. Nothing, not even his love for his mother, should shake his resolution to square accounts with Jacob.

From Gardiner's hill he got his first glimpse of



"Who was this with the billowing rose-flowered frock, the shawl with the silken fringe?"

the homestead—a rambling stone house with all its western windows red from the sunset glow—but he had still some hard riding to do. It was almost dark when he opened the farm yard gate. He put the chestnut in the stable and walked stiffly toward the house. Two lads were out doing chores, their lantern making a cheery glow here and there. He stood still to watch them.

It was quite natural that they should climb the straw stack for the fun of sliding down; that they should quarrel as to whose turn it was to pump the trough full of water; that one should throw the other's cap through a hole in the granary door and dare the owner to face the dark in search of it. Daniel knew without looking that the tow-headed one carried a lazy man's load on his pitchfork when he went toward the cow stable. It had been a trick of Jacob's in the old days. So these were Jacob's sons! It was in the nature of things, he told himself with a sneer, that Jacob would have a home, a wife, a family.

"What's wrong with Dad?" called the smaller of the two. "He's awful down in the mouth about something."

A voice not quite so shrill made answer. "You ain't s'posed to know. You're too young."

"I know more'n you think, Danny. I keep my eyes an' ears open, I do. Some guy's got a mortgage on the place, but sakes alive! the mortgage is most as old as me. Dad ought to be kind of used to it." Both boys disappeared in the cow shed with fork loads of bean straw. By and by they came out, the younger still talking. "Not take it away from us! You don't mean he—sho! you're tryin' to scare me, Dan Wilson. Nobody could put us out in the road right at Christmas, an' Sis havin' a shine, an'—"

So there was a Sis. It was not enough that Jacob had those two strapping boys, he must have a girl as well. And Sis was having a party. This explained the lights upstairs and down. Well, there would be one uninvited guest.

As he went up the path to the kitchen door a man came out, broke the ice in a rain barrel, filled a hand basin with water, and went in again. It was not Jacob, oh no; Jacob was slim and sleek and straight as a hickory pole. This stout old chap with the bent shoulders and grizzly whiskers must be the hired man. Yet it was the same man who came forward hesitatingly when Daniel entered. The two men peered curiously at each other. The

lamp burned dimly, the eyes of neither were what they used to be.

"I've called to see Jacob Wilson on business," said Daniel.

"Has the—has the business anything to do with the homestead?" asked the other.

"It has," snapped Daniel, who resented the stranger's knowledge of affairs, "and I'll thank you to let him know I'm here."

"Hope you're not too big feeling to make yourself at home in the kitchen, Mr. Hall—that's the name, isn't it? Fact is," pushing a chair forward and speaking with nervous haste, "our girl is having an old time party, sort of masquerade affair, and this is about all the free spot I can find. I was set against this party, but girls are persuasive things, eh?"

Not receiving an answer he favoured his visitor with a glance furtive but searching. "Burke and Halliday wrote you was going to foreclose."

"Burke and Halliday are right. How soon can you get out of here?"

"I hoped," he put his hand over his lips to smooth the trembling from them, "we could come to some agreement. I'd like to stay on and work the place on shares. It's all the home I've ever known, or my children have ever known. It can't mean as much to you as to me."

"You've let it slip through your fingers, though," broke in Daniel, who every moment seemed to be growing angrier with his brother, himself, the whole world.

"Things haven't prospered with me," tears of self pity stood in Jacob's eyes. "Crops have been poor; a stranger cheated me out of—"

"Better a stranger than a brother." His fierceness made Jacob draw back in alarm.

"Of course, of course," soothingly, "but a man hates to have somebody cheat him out of his eye teeth. The sharks aren't all in the city, stranger; the country has 'em too."

"I believe you, I believe you. A country shark did me out of all I had, all I had—house and home, family affection, and that sort of thing. I can see him now leaning on my father's shoulder, whispering in my father's ear, see him smiling innocent as you please over the mischief he made. But it's a long lane, you know the rest." He took his hat from his head and faced the other squarely. "So you haven't been able to hold what your craft won? You're a poor affair, Jacob."

"Daniel!" Jacob's eyes were fixed in a horrified stare on the other's face. "Why, you're an old man, Daniel!"

Strange to say Daniel resented this. True he was fifty-five, but young and active for his years. A nice thing indeed for this grey-headed cringing brother of his to pretend to be shocked at his appearance.

"I'm no Rip Van Winkle," he retorted. "I've kept wide awake. I told you at the time you couldn't hold the old place, told you it would come to me in time. You laughed, Jacob; thought it a joke. You were always laughing in the old days. You said, I've kept the exact words in mind, you said, 'Your room is better than your company. You'll find no welcome at Thornhedge.' Well, I kept away till I was sure not of my welcome but of Thornhedge. You laughed when I left home—your home. You're not laughing to-night, Jacob."

Not a particle of color remained in Jacob's flabby cheeks, his voice was beyond his control. "A dozen years ago we heard of a Daniel Wilson who was making money hand over fist in the west, but never thought it was you," he jerked out at last. "I—I've wondered where you'd gone, Dan, and to—"

"Just confine your wondering to where you're going to take yourself in the near future," cried Daniel, and struck the table with his fist.

Jacob's head went down. "You're plannin' to turn me and mine out of doors by way of evening things up?" he cried.

"You've hit it," with aggravating unctious, "that's the programme up to date."

"But where'll we go?" asked the other helplessly. "Couldn't you help us, Danny? Couldn't you forget what's past, and not be hard on us?"

"Listen, Jacob." Daniel got to his feet and This is the time I've waited for. I wouldn't forget if I could, wouldn't—"



# YULE-TIDE IN HOME AND HOSPITAL



Christmas Week on the Market



Shall it be Goose or Turkey?



A Tree of Christmas Treasures



Christmas Dinner Distribution at the Salvation Army



Happy Little Ones at the Children's Hospital



stood glaring down on his brother. "I don't care where you go, or what becomes of you or yours.

The words died on his tongue. The door from the hall had opened to admit the little—no, it was some trick of the imagination, the little mother slept in the bleak churchyard by the country road. Then who was this with the billowy rose-flowered frock, the shawl with the silken fringe, the bonnet tied beneath the dimpled chin? Who was this with his mother's face, her tender eyes, this quaint dear thing with the flowing sleeves and hair combed low over the ears. Daniel had no glance to spare his brother. His eyes clung to the new comer.

"I heard you quarrelling," her tone was of soft raillery, the very tone his mother had been wont to use in alluding to any passage of arms between her boys, "and I came to tell you that you mustn't." She drew so close that the fringe of her shawl trailed over Daniel's knee. "What is wrong?" she asked of Jacob, laying a hand on his bowed head.

"My brother is hard on me," came the answer. "He hates me."

"Not to-night, surely," turning her soft eyes on Daniel. "The angel of Christmas Eve wills it that everyone in the world should be at peace when the bells ring, you remember."

Yes, he remembered, but he had hated Jacob so long, or thought he hated him. He was growing suspicious of himself. What business had he feeling sorry that Jacob had grown a fat old fellow with grizzled hair? He took hold of the rose flowered skirt and drew the wearer closer still.

"No, you're not her," he spoke in a half whisper, "but you are like her. Who are you?"

"I'm Betty Wilson," a warm little hand crept into his cold one, "and I can guess who you are. You're Uncle Dan. Oh, I know all about you. The wildness and the running away and that, and I'm so glad you came home in time for my party."

"Betty," said Daniel very gently, "I took you for a spirit. Where did you get those clothes?"

"In the cedar trunk upstairs. They belonged to grandmother, you know, and as father has told me how much I resemble her I thought I'd dress like her and comb my hair as she did hers for my old time party. Wasn't it lucky that you got here to-night? And oh, Uncle Danny, wasn't it lucky I came in to make peace between you and daddy? We don't want the angel of Christmas Eve to have its feelings hurt, do we?"

Daniel had gathered a bunch of the silk fringe and was making it into a braid. It had been an old, old pastime of his, that braiding of the strands on his mother's shawl. He felt that he was very young and foolish. This coming to the homestead was not the thing he had planned at all. Why that shuffling weak old man wasn't worth hating, and this girl of a sudden seemed near and dear to him. Then those two young villains at the barn with their fun and their games, they had to be thought of. Heavens! he had come home to a fine load of responsibilities!

"Do we, Uncle Danny?" reiterated Betty.

"No, we don't," he agreed. "Just as you say, little girl."

"Now I must run." She got to the door, turned and looked back.

"You're glad, aren't you, daddy?" she asked.

Jacob, with relief written on his visage, assured her that he was.

"And, Uncle Dan, you're home for good, remember. No more running away. Here's something to bind the bargain." She ran back, clasped her soft arms about his neck and kissed him. "It seems good to have you. Mother is dead and daddy is not—is not strong. You'll look after us, won't you?"

Daniel swelled with a sense of his own importance. Oh, yes, he would look after them. The boys came rushing in from the barn and stared at the new comer.

"Here you, Dan, you're a namesake of mine. Pull your uncle's boots off; I'm too stiff to try it. Can you ride?"

Could he ride! Young Dan laughed. "I've never been thrown yet," he announced as he tugged at the boots. "If I'd a horse—"

"There's one in the stable you can have for a Christmas box if you'll ride him to town in the morning and settle up with his owner. I'd go, but riding don't agree with me. There, there, don't tip the lamp over. Ouch! I'm going to have a time with my back."

"Can't I do anything?" asked the younger boy.

"Sure, you can dish me up some of those baked beans and biscuit, I'm most starved." Daniel looked at his brother, scowled, then laughed.

"I say, Jacob," swallowing hard, "by-gones can be by-gones for all I care. That Christmas Eve angel Betty talks of ain't going to get any snub from me, not if I know it."

# A SACK OF PLUM PUDDING

A Christmas Story of the Far North

By HOPKINS MOORHOUSE

TO FIND it one must go far northward, beyond the country of the Crees, beyond Ile a la Crosse and by way of the long Buffalo Lake up to where the Portage la Loche rises between the long chain of waterways southward and the flow of rivers that sets toward the Frozen Ocean; then miles and miles through the deep winding valley of the Clearwater where pine-clad hills are high and on to the Forks of the Athabasca; after that, leagues along the broad reaches of the mighty river and straight away into the wilderness that stretches ever northward to the "Meeting-Place-of-Many-Waters; and there, where the lonely waters of the "Lake-of-the-Winds" lave the granite rocks, it will be found—the Hudson's Bay post at the Fond du Lac. There alone in the country of the Chipewyans for seventeen years had lived old John Hawkins. Once, four years before, his dogs had travelled many weary miles southward to Fort Carleton to meet the winter-packet.

Twelve days' journey farther still into the North beyond the borders of the Barren Grounds and far across wintry wastes to the desolate shores of the Great Slave Lake lay the way to "Rory's Hope." There alone, at this little lost fur-trading post, for sixteen years had lived old Roderick MacQuaig in the country of the Slave Indians and the Dog-Ribs. Once, three years before, his dogs had dragged his sled south and east, many weary miles over the frozen distances to the Fort at Fond du Lac.

And at that time these two old traders had agreed that three years hence they would meet, God willing, and spend Christmas Day and the Yuletide together. For three years now, each had been looking forward to this.

For great friends they had been in younger days when side by side they worked for the company as clerks at old Fort Garry, two thousand miles to the south; that was before the remoter wilds had exiled both from the far-off busy world of men and their activities. And great friends they were now when the years had laid upon their beards and sifted in their hair the silver-frost that does not melt away; and the friendship of their latter years had grown



mighty in the dreary isolation of the lone spaces where pine trees stretched arms to an icy sky.

Big framed, broad shouldered, bright of eye and red of cheek, was the Englishman, John Hawkins. His work was always well done; the company knew what they were about when they made him Factor at Fond du Lac. His store within the stockade was filled with blankets, coloured cloths, guns, ammunition, bright handkerchiefs, ribbons and staples of Indian trade; in his storehouse the pelts accumulated till from the beams hung myriads of skins, worth many a gold piece in the marts of London City—martens and minks and dark otters, fishers and black foxes, bears and beavers. The Indians came in blanket robes and dirty white *capotes*; the pointed poles of a wigwam or two would rise on either side of the outer palisades while the Indians stayed and smoked; by and by they would go away. From the tapering staff, day after day, the red flag flew in the cold north blast.

Throughout the long, rigorous winters it was so; throughout the short, lonely summers, too. In the summer the harsh cry of the "wavy" kept time to the lapping of the waters on the rocky shores of Athabasca; the pine islands rustled in the western breeze—nothing else moved over the eight thousand square miles of crystal sea; perhaps at long intervals the canoe of a Chipewyan might glide along the bay indented shores or cross some traverse of

the open lake. In the winter—but only the "winterers" themselves could really know what that was! Late dawns, a few hours daylight; dusks, closing into long dark nights; tempests sweeping and roaring and moaning through stunted pine forests while wrack and drift hurled across the frozen lake! Landscape and life alike a drear monotony without excitement, each day just a little taken from the dreary prospect before and added to the hopeless separation behind! Wailings of storm and the haunting hush of solitude! Firelight and memories of faraway Scottish glens and English lanes, primroses, and heather! Roderick MacQuaig had known these things for sixteen years and for seventeen, John Hawkins.

The one bright break in the long winters for the Factor at Fond du Lac was when he journeyed two hundred miles to Fort Chipewyan at the west end of the lake to meet the winter-packet. There the huskies of the voyageurs from the far Yukon and the distant Peace River country came together and fought; there the voyageurs themselves sat and smoked and told stories of the long trails while they waited. And there among these untamed men of the *pays du nord* had waited old John Hawkins many a time for the coming of the packet—had peered many a time far away through the *poudre* haze that hung low upon the surface of the lake for the first glimpse of an incoming dog-train.

And the excitement that always broke loose when at last shadowy figures could be seen through the drift! *Sacre!* but there was one grand noise! Maybe it was only Antoine la Fleur, a solitary "Freeman" from the Quatre Fourche, going like a good Christian to his prayers at the French Mission; but maybe not. For were not the dogs steering for the Fort? Hurrah! *Voici le paquet!*

That was the way of it. Here was news—glad news, sorry news, letters from faraway homes, tidings of great doings on the earth, brought after months of toil, two thousand miles through a winter wilderness! No wonder there was excitement! No wonder there was noise! How could two wooden boxes possibly carry so much? Here at Fort Chip-



ewyan they must be unpacked and packed again into three. Then on to the north goes a train of dogs for the distant Yukon; on to the west a train of dogs for the head of the Peace River, and eastward once more the dogs of old John Hawkins.

Not this year! He had it from Baptiste Charette, the half-breed voyageur, just in from the long Yukon trail—the swarthy Baptiste of the tassellated cap and the swift *racquettes*. He had passed Rory's Hope more than ten days before and he had seen the big white Factor there and the Factor's face was white and thin and his voice weak with a sickness. Had not Baptiste stayed there a whole day because of it? The weather had been very bad and few had passed that way, even Indians; the big Factor was much alone. But him, Baptiste, what could he do? He had already lost one day; he must go on.

That very afternoon a train of dogs set out swiftly into the dark of the quick-coming night, and at the gee-pole sped the Factor from the Fond du Lac. Twelve more nights and it would be Christmas Day. At the old Mission near the Pointe de Gravois they were to have spent it; but not now! He had need to travel swiftly, for far across wintry wastes to the desolate shores of the Great Slave Lake lay the way to Rory's Hope and old Roderick MacQuaig was weak with a sickness.

There was a moon that night and he was able to push on without a stop. It came up out of the ocean of snow, round and yellow; after a little it turned to silver that stole brightly over the white wilderness and showed him the track. For a time he skirted the rim of the frozen lake where the pines threw black shadows along the steep rise of the shore; between the trunks the moonlight slanted and the snow, piled high on forest wreck, sparkled and glowed in the fretted light. Debouching from the forest, he descended into a marsh and reached the river. All night they travelled in the bright open of the river reaches and when the daylight came, the last sand ridges and island tops of Lake Athabasca had sunk beneath the horizon.

So the long journey began. The short twilight at the end of the first day found man and dogs alike fagging with the speed of their going, but well on their way. A few scant willows raised dry, leafless saplings through the snow at the place where they made camp, and by burrowing in the deep drift of the willow bushes they found shelter for the night. In this manner they went on, each day but a repetition of the day before, and each night the man crawled into his sleeping-bag, the dogs close at his feet, miles deeper into the freezing waste that stretched to the north in endless distances of hard, drifted snow.

The sixth day found him at Pointe de Gravois; but he paused there only long enough to rest the dogs, then pushed on as before through the nip of the freezing cold. For two more days they pressed on while the light lasted and when the dark closed in, they made camp and the man hauled the bag of frozen fish from the sled and fed the dogs. The next night they rested for a few hours only, then broke camp and went on under a sky that blazed with Northern Lights; there was another reason now to hasten John Hawkins besides the sickness of his friend, for he knew that he must travel nights as well as days if he hoped to reach his journey's end before a northern blizzard filled the air with flying *poudre* snow.

"Mush! Mush!"

His sharp command became a constant urge on the lagging dogs while the icicles gathered in his mustache and clung thick in his beard. But always the great drifts rolled in billows as far as he could see, piled up by the violent winter storms that had swept down from the north. The breath of dogs and man smoked white on the frosty atmosphere and the dry snow spoke beneath the sled. Two of the dogs were limping badly; but the man in front, breaking the path, only clenched his teeth and went on, beating his mittened hands together as he went.

Another day of this, then just before the dark fell, there suddenly opened ahead a vast expanse of frozen lake. The Factor from the Fond du Lac gave a glad shout as he saw it. The dogs were quick to catch the new note in the cry and sprang forward with fresh vigor. They pressed on a little longer in the teeth of the bitter north wind.

Christmas morning broke on a chaos of swirling snow. The *poudre*, caught in the whirl of the gale, smoked in clouds along the frozen crust and sailed away, never ending. The air was blind with flying snow; it bore down with the shrieking wind upon the huddled buildings of Rory's Hope, eddied about

the gables, swept and drifted. Veiled in by the sheets of fine snow that filled the air, a man and a team of dogs hugged the lee of the shore, slowly fighting their way.

"Mush! M——"

But the Factor's gasping shout was smothered in the roar of the wind and flung far away on the wings of the blizzard. The dogs needed no urging; plunging forward through the driving wind and snow, they headed straight for the shelter of human habitation with unerring instinct. They were on top of the place before they knew it and they staggered in at last to Rory's Hope.

"Mon, mon! And is it y'rsel'—y'r very ain sel'? I knew ye'd coom, John, old friend—Ou-aye! I knew ye'd coom!"

Poor old Roderick MacQuaig! That was all he could speak while he stroked the hand of the Factor from the faraway Fond du Lac and would not let it go. Over and over he said it half-hysterically, tears of gladness rolling unheeded down the furrows of his cheeks. Baptiste Charette had spoken truth; the face was very white and thin and the voice little above a whisper.

"Aye! John, it's the heart's gang wrang I'm thinkin'. I hae been readin' a' about it in yon almanac, hangin' by the wee bit string. It speers twenty-sax times so't a mon may unnerstaun when somethin's gang wrang wi' his heart. Twenty-sax!—one after the ither, till a man micht gae fair daft and losh wi' frettin' did he no trust i' the Lord. I hae been tellin' 'em ower, John, and I maun say to ye I hae twenty o' them things the matter wi' me! I'm nae sae sure about the ither sax.

"Aweel, ye needna fash y'r noodle. I maun just bide patient for deeleverance and be thankf'—Aye, sae thankf'!"

He propped himself painfully on an elbow, slowly shaking his white head from side to side in the wonder of his joy while the hunger of his loneliness looked from his eyes.

"Mon, mon! but it's the bonnie sicht for sair eyes ye are!" He patted the other's rough hand fondly. "And it's Chrus'mus morn, lad, d'ye no ken? And we're alookin' into one anither's eyes and ahaudin' o' one anither's honds, just as we planned it a' three lang year ago. A Murry Chrus'mus to ye, old friend! A Murry, Murry—Chrus'mus!"

He sank back weakly among the blankets of the bunk.

It had needed but one keen glance to satisfy the Factor from the Fond du Lac that Roderick MacQuaig was a sick man and the shock of that first look had startled him like a blow. He had expected to find him ill; but not like this—not a mere shadow of his former rugged self. There came to him quickly a vision of the long, lonely hours, dragging by so slowly, one by one, there in that little storm-swept log building, and when he tried to speak his voice was husky with a great tenderness.

Christmas Day had indeed come and they had met, just as they had planned it all three long years ago, but—Yes, and God willing, it would be a merry Christmas; it must be! He would see to it; wasn't that what he was here for? It could not be the Christmas they had planned exactly, with a great old-fashioned dinner and all that—MacQuaig was too sick for that; but he could be made comfortable and with a great fire roaring up the big chimney, they could be cozy in there, let the blizzard howl its worst. They were together again after three long years and that in itself was the real pleasure.

Besides, there was hot broth, steaming hot and savory, made from tender moose venison—surely he was not too sick to sip a little hot broth! And it was such a great strengthener, hot broth! Perhaps they could have their "musquash talk" about the Company's affairs after all, and who knew, before the day was over, they might even get down the old checker-board and settle that never-settled dispute as to who was best man! A merry Christmas it should be in spite of the sickness; nothing was ever so bad but it might be worse, and they had a lot to be thankful for. He'd have MacQuaig out of that bunk and eating like a timber-wolf before he left him.

John Hawkins hummed cheerfully as he began to potter around and "tidy up a bit." He soon had a brighter blaze crackling musically in the great fireplace. He pulled his fur cap down tightly over his ears, muffled up in his big fur coat, and went out into the blizzard to attend to the dogs, housed near by. When he came back he brought a load of evergreens with him, and these he decked about the blackened rafters and the log walls till the place took

on quite a festive appearance. And the Factor of Rory's Hope, lying back snugly in his blankets, chuckled in the pure contentment of it, and his eyes grew brighter and brighter as they followed every move the big man made.

"John, lad, wull ye no coom here a wee," he called faintly from his bunk at length.

There was a certain mystery in his manner that puzzled the Factor from the Fond du Lac.

"Oop on top o' yon shelf ye'll find it—i' the tin box—Aye! I hae a bit giftie to make—the lid, mon!—tak the lid aff! Canna ye unnerstaun? Noo, ye maun just lift oot the ither box—Aye! She's in there—Losh! mon, but ye're slow!—Lift her oot!" he urged impatiently.

"Plum-puddin'!" fairly shouted Hawkins in astonishment. He stared, his mouth open.

"Aye."

Snf!—Snf! Poking his nose eagerly into the tin, he sniffed at it.

"Great Bumble Bees an' Hummin' Birds!" he ejaculated, eyes round with wonder. "Why, it's English plum-puddin'—real old English plum-puddin'! Don't tell me it ain't; I'll bet fifty beaver skins that there puddin' come from the other side! I know the smell of 'em! I ain't had a whiff o' one for years an' years but you can't fool me on that flavour."

"Aye, she's travelled some, John," nodded MacQuaig.

"Where'd you get it, eh? Where on earth'd you get it?" demanded Hawkins excitedly. His whole face was wreathed in smiles. He was as tickled as a boy.

"She cam' by the packet twa year ago," said the Factor of Rory's Hope proudly; his eyes were beaming. "Twa year ago, mon, and I maun just be a-savin' of her ever sin', awaitin' for ye to coom and hae a bit wi' me."

Hawkins lifted out the little round sack and poised it solicitously on his knee. He stared into the thin face that looked from the bunk.

"Two years!" he repeated slowly. "Do you mean to say, MacQuaig, you've had this here puddin' in y'r possession for two years an' y' ain't never et any of 't?"

"Aye. She cam' along in Feb'uary. Last Yule-tide I was sair temptet, she looket that guid, mon. I tuk her oot to haud her a wee and there I was like ony dom ful, a-spankin' of her and a-snuffin' at her an' a-wushin' 'twur y'rsel' was wi' me so't we micht hae spread her oot an' discusset her to the last crumb. It was a sair temptation, John, but I had said I wadna tech her twull ye cam'. But noo, I hae a confession to mak' ye, an' if ye wull just be untyin' the string, ye wull see whur I poket oot a wee bittie wi' my finger. She looket that guid, mon, I was fair daft to tak a wee taste, knowin' ye wadna mind—"

Then did John Hawkins' lips come tight together till his whole bewhiskered face bulged indignation. He deliberately tied the string again about the pudding-sack, got up with equal deliberation, strode over to the bunk and brought the pudding down with a thump among the blankets. He wobbled his big fist within an inch of the other's nose and scolded till even his mighty chest was empty of breath.

"Hoots, mon!" gasped the Factor of Rory's Hope with spirit. "Dinna ye claver i' that feckless fashion! Haud y'r tongue, wull ye! I'll hae ye unnerstaun I want nae mair o' y'r blab! Haud y'r tongue an' dinna let it be rinnin' awa wi' ye! Ye maun just sit doon this very meenit an' eat a piece o' yon puddin'—!"

"An' that's just what I won't be doin', MacQuaig!" snapped John Hawkins resolutely. "D' you think I come away up here for Christmas Day, only to be gettin' up a spread for myself an' eatin' it in front of your very nose when y'aint able to join in, you blatherskite! Tut! Tut! I'll tell y' just what I am goin' to do. I'm goin' to make some hot soup for you an' what's more I'm goin' to have some of it myself whether you say I can or whether you don't. We'll eat the puddin' when you're well enough to enjoy it an' we ain't goin' to eat it a minute sooner whether you say so or whether you don't. We'll have the puddin' on New Year's. To-day it's soup—good hot broth an'—"

"Broth!" snorted the Factor of Rory's Hope. "Broth—for y'r Chrus'mus dinner!"

He lay back, weak with his disgust.

"Now, look y'here, Rod, 'taint goin' to do no good, you gettin' up that Scotch temper o' yours. Who's bossin' Rory's Hope while you're abed? Who's y'r doctor? It's doctor's orders you must be quiet an' peaceable or first thing you know, you won't get



any soup even. I've got you at my mercy an' you better behave yourself. Soup, I said; then a good old talk an' then—checkers. Eh? It's a great drubbin' I'll give you—"

"Haud y'r tongue! Ye know verra weel ye canna do ony sic' a thing!"

Hawkins only laughed as he bustled about the fireplace.

"I see you've forgotten the lickin' I gave you the last time at Fond du Lac," he chuckled.

"Ye cheatet me oot o' twa men i' the last game—I'm still thinkin' that," retorted MacQuaig, "and one o' 'em nicht hae been a king, d'ye no ken? Ony-way, hae ye forgotten the turrible lickin' ye got the time before last? Losh, mon, but I beat ye sae sair ye tuk to pullin' y'r snaw-white whiskers an' y'r face was fair red wi' shame. D'ye no ken?"

Hawkins grinned broadly as he swung the crane into the fireplace and broke out airily into his favourite ditty:

Oh, a doughty Admiral he would be,  
Yo ho, my lads, yo ho!

He made the coxswain pour his tea,  
Yo ho, my lads, yo ho!

"Hoots!" grunted MacQuaig, irritably.

In the rosy morn, too, if he choose,  
The bos'n's mate shall shine his shoes;

He'll box the compass a round or two

To limber up, and when he's through,

Why, the steward shall make him a sou'west stew!

Yo ho! Yo ho! Yo ho!

"Haud y'r tongue, wull ye!"

The Factor of Rory's Hope thereupon turned his face sulkily to the wall; checkers was a serious subject to him and such levity was out of place. For perhaps a full two minutes he would not speak to the Factor from the Fond du Lac.

Outside, the storm gusts romped, swirled, drove. The powdered snow flew in clouds, hissed, drifted and smoked from the roofs of the wooden fort buildings. About the eaves of Rory's Hope the wind whistled and whined and threw the snow rattling against the parchment windows; from the forest came a dull booming like the sweep of turbulent surf

on some wild night along the far-off coast of Stornoway.

But within, where the fire roared up the great chimney, the two old "winterers" were oblivious of the storm, of everything but themselves and the joy of being together once more for the first time in three long years. The hours passed quickly; there was so much to talk about—old times, old homes and homefolk in the old land, their work. A faint smile played with the lines in the thin face of old Roderick MacQuaig. The excitement which the day had brought lent him unnatural strength; it glittered in his eyes and burned in the hollow cheeks. His voice was stronger now than it had been for days.

The sun had been muffled in the clouds all day and the dark came even earlier than usual. Hawkins lighted the big oil lamp with the rusty tin shade, got down the checker-board and dropped another coal into the bowl of his pipe. The Factor of Rory's Hope felt very tired; but he could not remember the time when he had been too tired for a game of checkers. They began to play and the game in the hands of these two past-masters was no give-away; every move was the subject of much careful deliberation and the wooden men changed hands very slowly. The sounds of the fire alone broke the silence of the game's absorption.

Time flew beyond all reckoning when John Hawkins was pondering over a checker-board; he could not have told just how long they had been playing. If he remembered correctly, they were in the middle of the fifth or sixth game when he looked up, after waiting a full two minutes for the other to make his move, and found him lying back among the blankets that had propped him up. Hawkins could scarcely believe his eyes at first.

"Well, 'pon my word, if he ain't gone to sleep!" he muttered in astonishment. "Gone to sleep in the middle of a game of checkers—well, sir-ee!"

He got up quietly, chuckling to himself. For a moment he stood there, enjoying the situation; then he leaned over the edge of the bunk and peered into the face of the Factor of Rory's Hope.

"Sleepin' like a top, by golly!" he chortled. And in the middle of a game of checkers—Lordy! Lordy! What a joke on MacQuaig this was! He'd never let him hear the end of this!

Quietly he gathered together the checkers and packed them back into their wooden box. He tiptoed across the room and put them on the shelf, grinning as he did so. He laid another log across the dog-irons, taking great care to make no noise. Then he went back and sat down on the upturned box beside the bunk.

"Tuckered out—clean tuckered out!" he muttered. "I might 've known."

He leaned over and drew the blankets closer. His eyes roved to something lying on the blankets in front of him and he reached out for it, smiling as he saw what it was. He stroked the smooth surface of the little English plum-pudding, firm and round in its protecting sack.

"Two years!" he murmured. "Two years an' he never et any of it! It was just like you, old friend—just like you."

He patted the little sack wistfully and a mist came into his eyes—a mist that was filled with dim shapes of other Christmas times, long gone forever, when as a boy he had listened to the musical bubbling of puddings in the boilers and the home circle yet remained unbroken.

For a long time the Factor from the far-away Fond du Lac sat in the firelight. He grew drowsy after awhile and his head sank forward upon the bunk. One hand crept across the blankets and rested in that of the Factor of Rory's Hope; the other held close the little round sack.

Outdoors the storm was over. Everywhere for leagues and leagues the snow stretched in great white drifted piles. Overhead a vast dome of coldly glittering stars spread down and down to the freezing sky-line in the north.

But within the little wooden Fort was drowsy warmth and no sounds save the soft purring of the fire and the gentle breathing of the sleeper.

So Christmas passed out at Rory's Hope.



# JESSICA'S DILEMMA

By MRS. T. L. MEAD

"IT does not matter to me how you get into debt," said George Sachs, "but the fact that you owe me five thousand pounds, and that I require the money or the child, is self-evident. The child is your discharge of the five thousand pounds you owe me, Ruttledge. That is the only offer I can make you. You can take it or leave it. The debt is owing; the debt must be paid. I take the child. My wife never stops crying for her. She has a look of our little one who died in the spring. We will bring her up as though she were our own. She will want for nothing."

"And are we never to see her again?" asked Ruttledge.

"I can make no promises. You give her to me absolutely, and your debt of five thousand pounds is cancelled. She is my wife's fancy, and I mean to take her to my wife on Boxing Day or put you through the Bankruptcy Court, so you had best make up your mind."

"I have made it up," said Ruttledge, slowly. "There is no help for it."

"Well, that's sensible of you. I will tell my wife to-night that I will bring her on Monday. Now, good-night, Ruttledge. I'll be here at twelve o'clock on Boxing Day, and will expect you and the child."

"Good-night," said Ruttledge. He went slowly down the stairs—stone stairs, hard and cruel—from the great architect's office.

George Sachs was one of the greatest and most successful architects in the world. Ruttledge, in the same profession, with abilities quite as good as

those of Sachs, had been unsuccessful. The one man had money, and indomitable perseverance; the other had no money except what he had borrowed from Sachs; and although his genius often caused him to bring a commission to a satisfactory conclusion, he was never definite or decided in his dealings with his fellow-men. Consequently, he let valuable work slip by, and there came that terrible Christmas Eve when there was no way out of bankruptcy but by the sale of his little daughter Dolly. It was an awful thing to have to sell his child.

As James Ruttledge walked back to his little home in the suburbs of Birmingham he could not believe that he had done anything so dastardly; and yet he knew that he had. He could not allow his wife to go through the agony which would be hers if he were made bankrupt. He had no friend to help him. The offer must be accepted. The child must go. He would make it up somehow to Jessica. Jessica would be wise. She would see how good it would be in the long run for poor little Dolly to be the petted darling of a rich woman like Mrs. Sachs.

This was Christmas Eve, and a reckless mood came over him. He resolved to enjoy Christmas as much as possible.

He stopped at a toy-shop, and bought a large new Noah's Ark for Dolly. There was a great lump in his throat, but he kept back all outward sign of trouble. He would give his wife and his only child a happy Christmas Day, whatever happened in the future. He paid nearly ten shillings

for the Noah's Ark. He then entered another shop and bought a warm, knitted jacket of the whitest, softest wool for little Dolly, and a hood of the same material to frame her charming little face. He then purchased several presents for his wife, and ended by having so many parcels, including sweetmeats of different kinds, that he was obliged to have a cab to take them home.

"It doesn't matter," he kept saying to himself, "we will have one happy day together. If it's a bit fine to-morrow, I'll take Jessica and Dolly for a walk. We can easily get outside the town, and Dolly in a snowy white coat and hood will look like a snowdrop herself. I won't let out a word to Jessica. I'll have a happy Christmas Day, whatever happens."

The cab had scarcely drawn up at 5, Dynever terrace before the door was swiftly opened, and a tall, very slight girl with a beautiful face, dark eyes, and a wealth of black hair stood waiting for him. She was holding in her arms a winsome little child of four, who clapped her hands and called, "Dad, dad, dad!" The man felt as though an icy hand were contracting his heart.

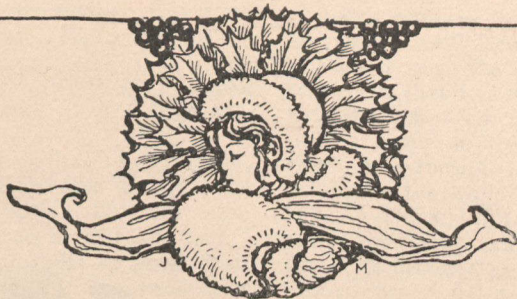
"Still, I must go through it," he said to himself. "I will tell Jess all about it on the evening of Boxing Day."

"What a lot of sings oo's 'bwort, daddy!" said the little one.

"They're all for mother and you," he replied. Jessica's dark eyes began to shine. Her husband had been in terribly low spirits for days past. He







could scarcely bear even to talk of Christmas, and yet now he had returned with a cab full of Christmas things.

"Oh, what a turkey!" she exclaimed; "and such a lot of parcels! Why, Jim—Jim dear!"

"Take Dolly out of the draught," said Ruttledge. "I'll pay the cabby and be with you in a minute, Jess."

He kissed her almost roughly. She went into the house with her little girl. A minute or two later Ruttledge entered the room.

"Well, Jess," he said, "now begins our Christmas fun. Give us a big hug, Dolly mine."

"Has oo bwort Santa Claus wiv oo, daddy?" asked the little one.

"Yes, that's about it," said Ruttledge. He laughed, to all appearance, quite heartily.

"Jim darling," said Jessica, when later on they sat at dinner, Dolly having been tucked cosily in her little cot upstairs. "Do tell me what has happened. You're a totally different man from what you were when you went out this morning."

"I was bothered with having to make up my mind on a certain subject. I have done it now, and I'm as right as rain. We'll have a jolly Christmas, you and I and the kiddie."

"'Tis nice to see you so happy," said the young wife, taking her husband's hand and pressing it against her lips.

"We must fill Dolly's stocking," Ruttledge suddenly exclaimed. "I'll bring in the parcels, and you can fetch the biggest stocking you can find."

Jessica ran gaily out of the room. She glanced for a minute at the child who, in all her wonderful beauty, flushed with sleep, her dark lashes lying against her rosy cheeks, her golden hair tumbling about her head, lay like a little princess in a fairy dreamland.

"God is good!" thought the poor mother to herself. "After all, what does poverty matter if Jim is happy once more, and Dolly and Jim and I are together?"

Meanwhile Ruttledge sat with his face buried in his hands. His heart was beating like a sledgehammer. He had given himself a task almost impossible to perform. Nevertheless, when Jessica's quiet step was heard on the stairs, she only saw a reflection of apparent happiness on her husband's face.

"Here's the stocking!" she cried, excitedly. "And I've been to peep at Dolly, and I never, never saw her look so lovely."

The stocking was filled with innumerable small gifts until it could hold no more. "Now I'll take it up and fasten it to the foot of her bedstead," said Mrs. Ruttledge. "What fun we are having!" Her cheeks were blazing with colour. She looked as young as on the day when Jim had married her.

The next day Dolly was beside herself with delight over the contents of her stocking. She looked as charming as he had anticipated in her fluffy white coat and little hood to match. The sun shone brightly, and the Ruttledges spent most of the day in the country. They came back in time for dinner in the evening. Dolly was to sit up for this famous Christmas dinner. There was not a hitch anywhere.

The glorious day came to an end. Ruttledge felt really happy. He had managed, by a superhuman effort, to cast away the thought of Boxing Day. Mrs. Ruttledge's face glowed with happiness.

"I suppose you'll take us into the country again to-day, won't you, dear?" she said to her husband the next morning. "It would be such a pity to waste our holiday."

"I can take you anywhere you like, Jess, after one o'clock."

"Oh, but what a pity to put it off so late."

"I am sorry, but I have a little business to transact with Sachs. I have to see him at his office at twelve o'clock."

"Oh, well," she replied, "Dolly and I will be ready for you at one o'clock."

The man's heart seemed to stand still for a minute, but Jessica noticed nothing.

"As you are going to be busy this morning, darling," she went on, after a pause, "I will go and see Mrs. Chesterton. She is ill, and I may be able to cheer her up a bit."

Ruttledge could hardly suppress a sigh of intense relief. This was the very thing to enable him to

carry out his design without acquainting his wife, or having terrible trouble, as he expressed it, beforehand. If the horrible thing had to be done, it must be done thoroughly. She would suffer, of course she would suffer, but at least the blow would fall before she knew anything about it.

"Shall I take Dolly with me?" she said.

"No, Jess. Leave her with me."

"You're so wrapped up in her, and no wonder, bless her!" said the wife.

Soon after eleven o'clock she went out, singing a song of thanks to God for His goodness. When she had gone Dolly clambered on her father's knee, nestled up in his arms, and chattered away merrily.

"I can't do it!" Ruttledge said to himself as he looked at her. "She is worth twenty times five thousand pounds. And yet—and yet— Oh, this will break my heart! And yet—I *must* do it!"

"Mother has gone out," he said, suddenly, bracing himself up with a mighty effort. "Come upstairs with me; we'll put on your pretty things and go out for a walk too."

"My Kismas Santa Claus sings?" she asked.

"Yes, your Christmas Santa Claus things."

So arrayed, all in white, Dolly and Ruttledge left the house.

They very soon reached Sach's office. Dolly was not in the least a shy child, and when she entered the great business room, holding her father's hand, her dark eyes smiled, and her radiant golden curls were tossed about her face.

"Here, let's have done with the thing," said Ruttledge, in a harsh tone.

He tried to unclasp his hand from Dolly's, without looking at her. Sachs got up quickly.

"That is all right," he said. "We will do our best, our very best, for the little one; and here's your receipt in full." He handed the man a paper as he spoke.

"There, now you are free—free as the air," said Sachs. "You don't owe anything else, do you?"

"Nothing else."

"Well, here's a hundred pounds for yourself, and—I have you in my eye—there'll be a vacancy soon in my office, and I'll put you into it. You're a brave man, Ruttledge, and, though you may think me a brute, a fellow in my position will do more than this to save a woman's reason."

"I can't take that money," said Ruttledge. "I'll manage. You will—you will give me the berth if you can? I—I'd like to be in London—if—if she is there. I don't want to say any more. Let me slip out."

Dolly's back was turned. She was intently examining something in a glass case. "See, farzer, see!" she cried. "Oo look—"

Ruttledge heard, but made no reply. The door slammed behind him. He rushed downstairs, feeling like a madman. He had parted with Dolly; he had sold her for five thousand pounds. He was free now, and could begin the world over again. But for that horrible, most horrible aching in his heart, he ought to be almost happy.

He walked very fast. By-and-bye, he came to a telegraph office. He went in, and sent a wire to his wife: "Dolly and I all right, but can't be home at one o'clock." This wire, which Jessica received on her return from her neighbour's, puzzled her a great deal. She was not alarmed, however. Her nature was really one of absolute trust. But she was a little disappointed, for Jim had been so delightful, and yesterday had been so happy. But she would not waste her time. She went to the nursery, and put all Dolly's little nightclothes in order. Then she went downstairs to lunch. She found, however, that her appetite was gone, and scarcely touched the food. Tea-time arrived, and still she could not eat. It was just about then that Ruttledge's latch-key was heard in the door.

"Ah, they've come!" thought the mother. "Now I shall be at rest. I can't imagine why I've had such a queer feeling over me; but he oughtn't to have kept the precious darling out so long, for the weather

is cold, although sunny." She ran into the hall. "Jim dearest—here you are! And—why, where's Dolly?"

"I'll tell you in a minute," said Ruttledge. His voice was harsh. Jessica took his arm and dragged him into the dining-room.

"Where's Dolly?" she demanded. "You must pluck up your spirit, Jessica. I have something to show you."

"I don't want to see anything except Dolly. Where is she?"

"You must look at this; you know how it has harassed me."

She stood perfectly still, her hands by her sides. Ruttledge took the receipt for five thousand pounds from his pocket, opened it out, and laid it on the table.

"See," he said, "I have often told you that Sachs was the man I dreaded most on earth—that he could ruin me at any time. Of late I haven't been able even to pay interest on the money I owe him, and he became troublesome a little time ago; and don't you remember, don't you recall Mrs. Sachs coming to see us in the summer?"

"Yes, yes," said Mrs. Ruttledge, "and Dolly sat on her knee, and Mrs. Sachs bent over her and cried. But where is Dolly? I don't care about that paper—where is my child?"

"Well, this debt is off my mind," said Ruttledge, "and Sachs is to be my good friend in future. I have practically got a berth in his office in town. A berth in that office will make me— Oh, Jess!"

"What is it, dear? What is it, darling? I wish you would speak out. You terrify me by your look and— and your words."

"I know you'll take it hard for a bit; but perhaps God will some day give us others—and—there was no way out. Mrs. Sachs wanted her—and—she is the price of *that*." He touched the bit of paper.

"You have—sold her?" said Jessica.

"Yes, that is it; I have."

"You have done this—and for—just for money!"

"Heaven help me; I can't explain. If you would but look in my heart, you'd know that I am nearly wild. But I couldn't face ruin for her and for you; I could not face bankruptcy. We'd have had nothing. We'd have had to go to the workhouse. There was no help for it, Jess."

"No help for it!" she said. "You have—sold her!"

She stood very still for a minute. He had sunk into a chair, and was watching her face. Her face was white, as though it had turned to marble. Then, without taking the slightest notice of him, she took up the piece of paper which represented the price of Dolly and went up to her room. She did not hesitate for a single moment. Dolly was her's as much as she was Jim's. She slipped the receipt for five thousand pounds into her purse, put on her shabby clothes, and went downstairs.

She never went near her husband; she hardly thought of him at this moment. As to the man himself, he was seated doubled up with pain, his eyes fixed on the glowing fire.

"I wish I hadn't done it," he said once or twice to himself. "If a man can't—*can't* do without five thousand pounds for the sake of a little creature like that, he isn't a man at all."

He was so dumb with misery that he felt quite stupefied. He heard the hall door shut as his wife went out, but he did not notice it, nor did he observe that the precious receipt, the price of Dolly, had vanished from the table. For a long time he sat thus; then he put on his hat and went out.

Meantime, Jessica found herself at the mansion where Mr. Sachs, the millionaire, lived. She felt a slight return of warmth coming into her heart as she reached the house. She rang the bell. A footman, with powdered hair and in full livery, opened the door.

"Will you kindly pay for that hansom?" she said, in a voice of such indifference that the man obeyed her without any hesitation. "I have come here to see—ah! there is Mr. Sachs!" she said. "That is all right. Thank you."

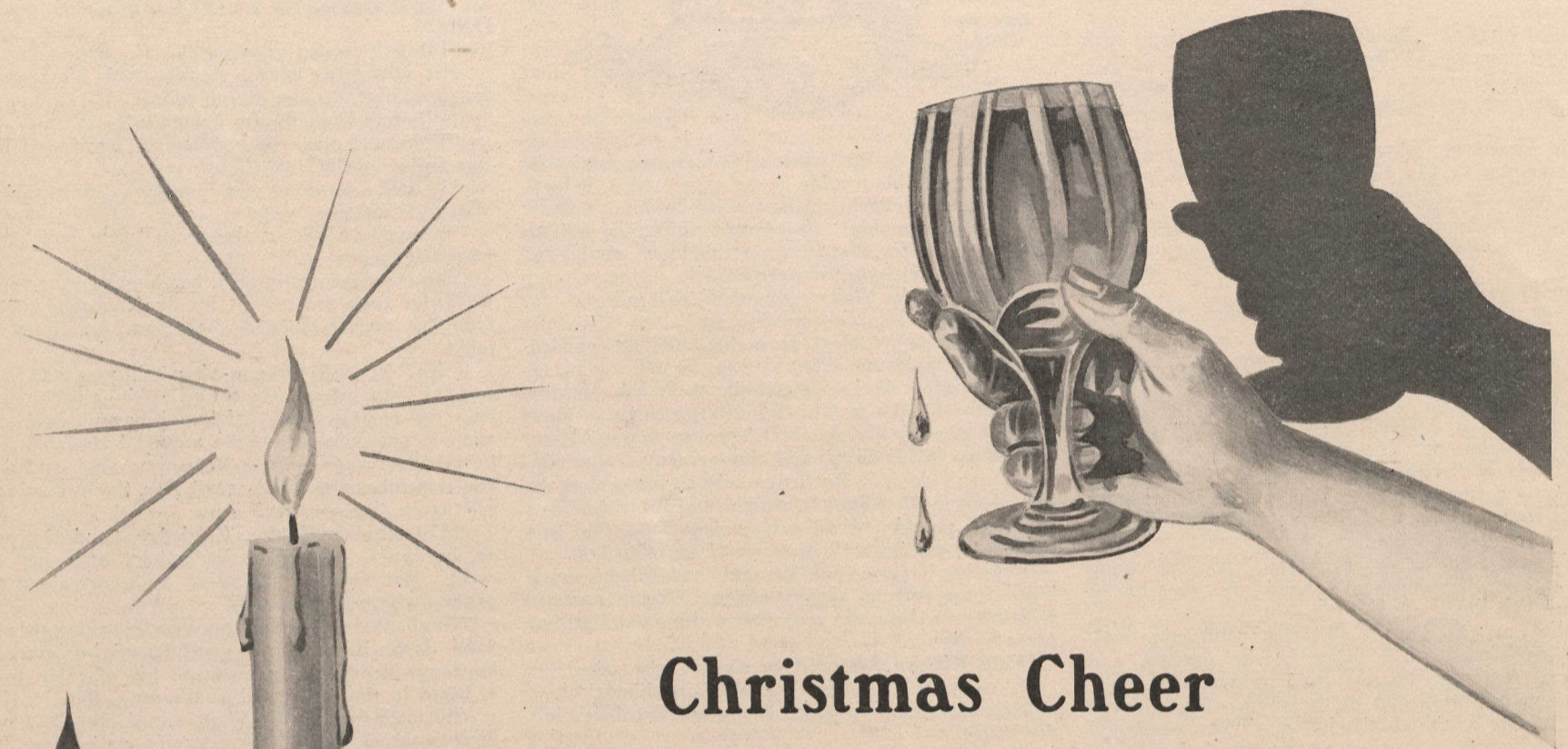
She sprang past the footman. Sachs was crossing the hall. He did not recognise Jessica, and supposed she was a friend of his wife's; but his wife was busy just now trying, vainly trying, to stop the ceaseless tears of a little child.

"I want to speak to you," said Jessica.

"Yes; what do you want?"







## Christmas Cheer

Logs crackling—lights blazing—holly and mistletoe (don't forget the mistletoe)—hum of voices—bursts of laughter—plenty of goodies—wine and punch and a goodly supply of

## MAGI WATER

bubbling over with the Christmas spirit and fairly laughing with life. Sparkling as old wine and vibrant as Christmas chimes.

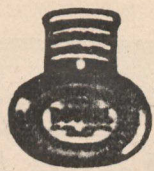
So don't forget *Magi Water* when you're ordering for a complete Christmas.

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Caledonia Springs, Ont.







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or BOVRIL sandwiches quickly rebuilds wasted strength, and gives increased vitality to the system.

Because BOVRIL yields more nourishment than any other food. Invaluable for nursing mothers, dyspeptics, etc.

ORDER BOVRIL FROM YOUR DEALER

### Windsor SALT

is always the same, whether you buy a 5c. sack or a carload.

There is only one grade of Windsor Table Salt—the best—and all of it measures up to the same standard of quality.

### Pitner Gasoline Lighting Systems

Have been in use the past five years and the unvarying confidence in them by users as a giver of good light and plenty at small cost, has been the means of rapidly increasing sales.



Write for Catalogue and Prices

The Pitner Lighting Co. Limited  
TORONTO - - - ONTARIO

### THE HIGH PARK SANITARIUM



A modern medical institution, affiliated with the Battle Creek (Mich.) Sanitarium. Delightfully located near the north gate of High Park, overlooking the park and Lake Ontario. Thoroughly equipped with modern appliances for the medical application of Electricity, Baths of all kinds, including the Electric Light Bath, Massage, etc. Resident Medical Staff assisted by trained attendants. For rates and descriptive literature, address Dept. C  
144 GOTHIC AVE. - WEST TORONTO

"My name is Ruttledge. Can I see you alone, please, for a minute or two?"

"Certainly, Mrs. Ruttledge." Sachs became polite, and even a little uneasy.

"I am Dolly's mother," said Jessica, when Sachs had ushered her into one of his sitting-rooms. "I have come for Dolly. I mean to take her back."

"I think there must be some mistake," said Sachs. "She feels it a good deal now, and I am afraid you will also for a little; but in a day or two she will be quite, quite comforted, and we will do everything for her. Why, what is the matter?"—for Jessica had taken the receipt for five thousand pounds from her pocket. She tore it in strips, and handed it back to the man.

"There," she said. "You thought you could buy my child for that! I won't touch your money. I want my little girl."

"Good heavens! But your husband is in debt! I have even foregone some of the interest. What do you mean—are you mad?"

"No, I am sane. I want the child God gave me. Ah! I hear her—I hear her crying. Don't keep me—I will find her—I must have her!"

"One minute, Mrs. Ruttledge. If you refuse the receipt which I gave to your husband in liquidation of his debt to me, neither my poor wife nor I have any right to keep your child. But consider what it means. I am not one to say a thing and not do it. Your husband will be made bankrupt; he won't have any money. He is young and clever, and bankruptcy in his profession and at his age will spell ruin for him. Do you deliberately mean to allow this to take place?"

"Deliberately I do," said Jessica. "If my husband were to be made bankrupt six times, not once, I wouldn't give up Dolly."

"You are a plucky woman," said Sachs. "Go up those stairs, straight up. Her cries are—they get on one's nerves. They will guide you where she is."

Jessica did what she was told. She flew up the stairs and burst into a luxurious bedroom. Mrs. Sachs, a faded, pretty woman, was seated by a little cot. There was a grand nurse in a grand dress somewhere in the shadow. A night-light was burning in the room; there was a very bright fire, and a tiny child was sitting upright in bed, sobbing the exhausted sobs of one whose little baby heart was broken.

The moment Jessica entered the room and saw the child, her quick, excited manner changed to one of calm decision, gentleness, and firmness.

"Stop crying, dearest, darling. Here is mother," she said; and, without saying a word to Mrs. Sachs, she sat down by the little cot and lifted the child out. "Lay your head on mother's breast, Dolly, Now it's all right, isn't it?"

"Ess—so fwightened I was!" gasped Dolly.

"Mother's little darling!" said Jessica.

Mrs. Sachs went softly downstairs. Her knees were trembling; her hands were shaking; her face was very white. She entered the room where her husband was.

"George," she said, "the child and the mother are together. I will never, never, as long as I live, take a child away from its mother again. I would rather just have the memory of my little one in her grave than ever again witness what that child has gone through. George, if you had only seen them—if you had only seen the look in the woman's face when she entered the room!"

"She's a plucky 'un, when all's said and done," said George Sachs. "Do you know what she did, Emily? You remember that fellow Ruttledge owed me five thousand pounds, and you took a fancy to the baby. Well, I gave him a receipt in full for the debt and took the child. A big sum to pay for a child; but you wanted her, and I couldn't deny you anything. The wife brought me back the receipt this evening, and tore it into fragments before my eyes. I can ruin Ruttledge."

"But you won't," said Mrs. Sachs; "you couldn't. I never, never lived through such a terrible afternoon as I have spent since that little child came to the house and I found I could not comfort her. Now, if you want to please me, do what is right."

"Well, Emily, my darling, I live for you. You know that."

"Then you will do what is right," she said. "Go out this minute and see that poor fellow, Jim Ruttledge. Tell him that his wife is here, and his child safe, and—and—you can give him a fresh receipt for that money he owed you. Let it be my Christmas present to him. Oh, George, you will, for my sake!"

"Well, you're a pretty sort of woman," said her husband, "crying your eyes out just for a baby to fondle, and then, when I took this step to please you, turning round as you have done."

"I forgot that there was a mother in the case," was Mrs. Sach's answer. "You will do what I wish, and you will set that poor young man on his feet?"

"I could easily do that. He's as clever as they're made, and I want a sharp fellow at my office. Well, all right, Emily, I will go."

And he went.

### The Sea Hate

Soft it sings in shining ripples, glad beneath the golden day,  
With a laugh among the dune grass, as it flings its jewel spray;  
But I hate its smiles and whispers, for beneath the white, curled crests  
Lies the great black heart of terror and the wrath that never rests.

Hidden from the blessed daylight, in its caves it heaves and throbs,  
With a dreadful, choking gurgle and a sound of dying sobs;  
And the long dark trailing seaweed, lifted on its ebb and flow,  
Is like hair of drowned women whelmed within the undertow.

Through the pale green dusks of twilight, from the rolling mystic line,  
Comes a chant of fear and beauty, calling sweet to me and mine.  
But I flee the siren music of the cruel luring flood,  
For 'tis doom is in its message and the answer in my blood.

—F. O'Neill Gallagher in *London News*.

### Would Keep Oliver

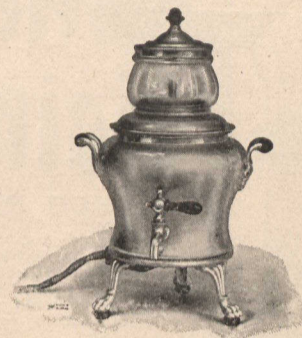
(Lethbridge Herald.)

THE Toronto *World* suggests that Hon. Frank Oliver may succeed the late Hon. Thomas Greenway on the Railway Commission. No better man could be chosen, for Mr. Oliver knows the needs of the West better than any other man, and he is not tangled up with any corporations and would see that the people were fairly and squarely treated. But Mr. Oliver is needed more in Parliament. His understanding of western needs demands his presence in the Cabinet, where he has already given this country splendid service. He is an honest, fearless public man, whose aim is to serve the people, and we cannot afford to lose him.

# Yuletide Gifts

Of course you wish to remember your loved ones with useful and appropriate gifts, gifts that will show careful consideration on the part of the giver.

Let us suggest any one of the following Electric Devices that we know are certain to be received with genuine appreciation.



### Coffee Percolator

An ornament to any table. Enables you to brew coffee at the table steaming hot and the coffee is delicious, the process of spraying the grounds with steam and hot water is exactly uniform thereby retaining the pure wholesome qualities.

PRICE - - - - - \$13.75



### Electric Tea Kettles

Made of sheet copper highly nickeled and polished and have the regular heat resisting handles and cover knobs. No flame—no difficulty in controlling heat—always ready for use.

PRICE - - - TWO QUART \$10.00  
FOUR " " 15.00



### Electric Shaving Mug

is new and very useful, with nickel-plated soap tray fitted neatly in the top of the cup and may be removed if desired. Shaving water may be heated piping hot in a very few minutes.

PRICE - - - - - \$3.50



### Electric Chafing Dish

An ever ready device for preparing dainty dishes for luncheon or supper. One of the most convenient and useful articles to have in any household.

PRICE - - - - - \$15.00

Any of the above articles are very easy to operate—simply attach cord to light socket and snap the switch.

Toronto Electric Light Company Limited  
12 ADELAIDE ST. E.

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You would give pleasure to all the family, not for a night or a day, but for years. Anyone can play it. It is the only player piano in the world that plays the whole keyboard of 88 notes perfectly. You would not purchase a 65-note piano, then why consider a 65-note player?

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like to wear Turnbull's Vests—they are so nice and warm, soft and comfortable.

Knitted by a special process they keep their shape.

### Turnbull's Vests

and the famous Cee-Tee underclothing are manufactured at Galt by the

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ASK YOUR DEALER TO SHOW YOU  
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1317

## CANADA'S TEN BIGGEST MEN

NO FEES—NO PRIZES

Send in your ballots at once and help influence the late voters. Any resident of the Dominion, male or female, over 21 years of age may vote. Don't vote for more than ten, otherwise your ballot will be disallowed. See page 12, issue of October 31st.

ADDRESS:

VOTING COMPETITION  
Canadian Courier, Toronto

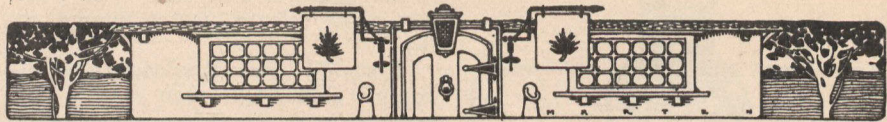
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Interest Paid at the Rate of

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26 KING ST. E., TORONTO



## AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

CHRISTMAS EVE.

THERE is that blessed old subject of High School debate, about the relative joys of anticipation and realisation, which always comes into one's head as December gets into the twenties. After all, looking back at the thrills one felt in the days of dolls or rocking-horses, was not Christmas Eve a much more exciting time than the great day itself? The chimney, that useful and uninteresting feature of the house during the rest of the year, suddenly took on a delightful mystery and the least swaying of branches or creaking of rafters made one morally certain that the reindeer must be near the roof. There was a delicious mingling of fear and hope in the childish forms which suddenly sat up "to listen for Santa Claus." One did so long for a glimpse of the old gentleman's rosy face and snowy beard—yet the very suspicion of a strange presence, over near the mantel-piece, sent curly heads cowering beneath the blankets. Ah, it's a great night—Christmas Eve—with all the subtle hints of the feast of to-morrow. There's a suggestion of sage, a faint odour of oranges and a curious mingling of all the spices that the Small Person loves.

Then the ghost stories, told by many an Old Country fireside, seem to be in the air on this thrilling Eve and the echoes of carols of long ago come across the sea. To all of us who have left the Peter Pan country, Christmas Eve brings ghosts indeed—"one mute Shadow watching all"—but to the trusting Small Person it is all a wonderful and magic night.

\* \* \*

### A WORD FROM OUIDA.

TWENTY-FIVE years ago the publishers of *Lippincott's Magazine* purchased from Ouida (Louise de la Ramee) three articles setting forth that novelist's views on certain problems affecting womankind. During the last quarter-of-a-century the manuscripts have been kept in a safe where they passed unsung through the fire which destroyed so much of that publishing house in 1899. The title given the articles is the widely inclusive "What do Women Want?" Ouida wrote these sketches many years before the suffragettes began to cut the figure eight on the floor of the British House of Commons. It is, therefore, unlikely that the author of "Under Two Flags" has any intention of proclaiming the suffrage as the height of feminine ambition. Ouida was not fond of her sister woman and had even less tolerance for mere man. So, her views on problems which we women attempt to solve will be read with interest. Ouida's work was often marred by affectation and extravagance, but much of it is delicately wrought. Christmas never comes to those who have read "A Dog of Flanders," without bringing memories of good old Patrasche and his little master, Nello, and the bitter, pathetic words of the closing scene: "And so they had gone from a world which for love has no recompense and for faith no fulfilment."

\* \* \*

### THE PEARL AGAIN.

THE fashion in gems has lately turned to the purest of them all—the pearl. There are so many imi-

tations that we sometimes forget that the genuine pearl is a costly adornment. Among modern women who are noted for their collections of pearls are the Empress of Russia, the Queen of England, the Dowager Queen of Italy, Mrs. George J. Gould and Senora Diaz. The Duchess of Marlborough is also very fond of this gem and has ropes of pearl which are said to rival those of Queen Alexandra. Two distinguished scholars have lately written "The Book of the Pearl," giving all manner of curious and historical information on the subject. "Pearl Farming" has an attractive sound for the woman reader, who straightway begins to wonder if that would not be a poetic and paying industry. The jewel mysteries of the world have laid the foundation for an immense library of fiction, for which the diamond has no doubt supplied the bulk of thrilling romance.

However, the pearl, or imitations of that lustrous ornament, will be worn in every style of ear-rings and pendant this winter, often combined with the amethyst or topaz. The fashion of huge hatpins and buckles is said to be on the decline and we shall probably rush to the other extreme, wearing thread-like chains, and brooches hardly more than an exaggerated pin-head. The pearl necklace is an old friend which most of us will be glad to see again, for it possesses that invaluable qualification of "going with anything."

\* \* \*

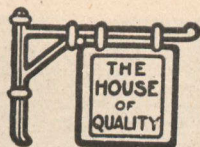
### THE CHEERFUL BORE.

THERE is a story to the effect that a woman, who was rather given to tears, once read, in a journal for women, one of those columns of advice in which such publications abound. This particular counsel was to the effect that cheerfulness is an admirable quality in the housewife, one that will surely cause the husband to cherish his beaming partner. The woman resolved to try a course of cheerfulness on her somewhat irascible husband and, on a certain evening, stationed herself near the hall-door, so that she might "greet him with a smile" on his return from that extremely trying office. The weary bread-winner, on his entrance, was somewhat bewildered by the spectacle of a broadly-smiling wife and proceeded to snap at her the question: "Well, old woman, what on earth are you grinning at?" This was more than flesh-and-blood could endure, there was a spirited retort and dinner was a doleful meal.

There is a kind of automatic amiability which is more irritating to the household on which it is tried than any ordinary outbreak of nerves or high spirits. This machine-made cheerfulness is like the little optimistic sayings which disfigure the walls of too many homes. Let us be frankly dismal once in a while—not on Christmas Day but on the second of January in the New Year, as we survey the fragments of the resolutions which were good and sound on the evening of December thirty-first. There is nothing like an occasional "Richard II." talk with oneself about "graves and worms and epitaphs" to restore one to comparative serenity.

CANADIENNE.





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# Fairweather's FURS



Stand for the best  
and most useful  
Christmas Gifts  
that can be made.

Early Buying Means  
Best Choices.

Write for Fur Catalogue "L"

**J. W. T. Fairweather & Co.**  
84-86 Yonge Street, Toronto

ERMINE SETS	\$50.00 to \$250.00
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SEALSKIN JACKETS	\$225.00 to \$650.00
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Arrives New York next morning 9:03 A.M.

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Leaves New York, except Saturday, 5:20 P.M.  
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### Other Good Trains for New York

leave Toronto at 9:30 A.M., connecting with the Empire State Express, due New York 10:08 P.M. daily, except Sunday; at 3:45 P.M. daily, except Sunday, due New York 7:26 A.M., sleeper from Buffalo; and at 5:20 P.M. every day, the latter with two Pullmans and Dining Car, due New York 7:50 next morning.

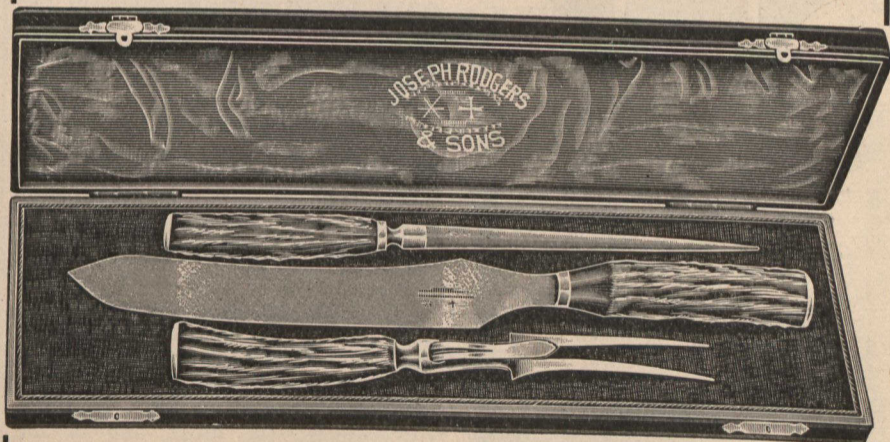
For full particulars apply at C. P. R. ticket offices, or address Frank C. Foy, Canadian Passenger Agent, New York Central Lines, 80 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ont. Telephone 4361 Main.



"America's Greatest Railway System"

## What Shall I Give ?

One of the most satisfactory gifts to give, and one that will be most appreciated by a friend is a set of Carvers—3 pieces—Knife, Fork and Steel. Similar to illustration.



Satin Lined Case, Sheffield Make, from \$4.00, or a Set of Table Knives and Forks; Case of Pearl Handled Fruit Knives; Dessert Knives. We have a large variety of these goods to select from. Call and inspect our stock before buying.

PRICES TO SUIT ALL

**Aikenhead's**  
**Aikenhead Hardware Limited**  
TEMPERANCE STREET, TORONTO



# Vapo-Cresolene

Established 1879

Whooping Cough, Croup, Bronchitis  
Cough, Grip, Asthma, Diphtheria

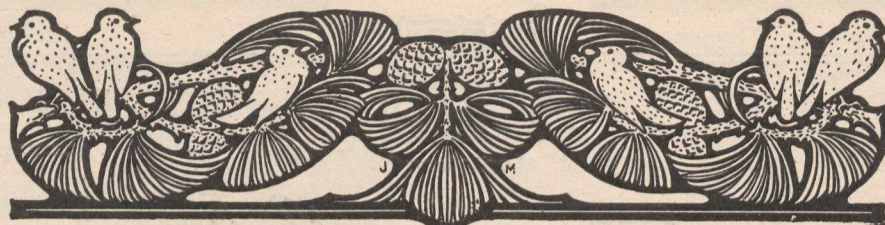
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Does it not seem more effective to breathe in a remedy to cure disease of the breathing organs than to take the remedy into the stomach?

It cures because the air rendered strongly antiseptic is carried over the diseased surface with every breath, giving prolonged and constant treatment. It is invaluable to mothers with small children.

Those of a consumptive tendency find immediate relief from coughs or inflamed conditions of the throat.

Sold by druggists.  
Send postal for booklet.  
LEEMING, MILES Co.,  
Limited, Agents, Montreal, Canada. 307



## FOR THE CHILDREN

### WHAT SANTA CLAUS DID FOR THE ANIMALS.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

By Charlotte Curtis Smith.

THE midnight bells were ringing. Santa Claus was driving post-haste through the streets. There were many people passing to and fro, but no one saw him. Large feathery snowflakes obscured his sleigh, and his eight reindeer were speeding along as silently as fell the snowflakes. There were no dolls or skates or sleds or toys of any kind in his sleigh, because he had just finished filling the children's stockings.

Now he had other work to do. So he gave a low whistle to his reindeer, and guided them down a narrow street to a stable. The hostlers were asleep. Santa Claus glided past them into the stalls and quickly lengthened the halters of the horses so that they could lie down and rest their tired legs. Hastening from stable to stable he went to the harness-rooms and let out the checkreins, and took away some of the cruel bits, leaving other bits in their place. He put sugar and apples into the mangers, and he gave a double quantity of apples to the docked horses, at the same time saying: "Poor creatures, I'm going to put a stop to this cruel business of cutting off your beautiful tails."

Then, jumping into his sleigh, he drove to another part of the city, where he found lame and sick horses. Taking off his fur mittens he rubbed the poor animals' stiff and aching legs with liniment, and filled the empty mangers with hay and oats, and in a jiffy he mended all the loose blinders he could find. In an old tumble-down shed he spied a galled mule shivering with the cold. Quick as a flash Santa Claus put a blanket on the half-frozen animal, gave it a bundle of hay, and nailed boards over the holes in the shed.

As this good-hearted friend rode from place to place he threw a blanket over every horse that stood exposed to the snow storm in the streets, and he threw food to all the stray cats and dogs.

In every house he gave seed and water to the neglected canaries and fresh water to the goldfishes.

The sparrows roosting under the eaves of the buildings, and the pigeons and doves in the church towers took their heads from under their wings and saw this merry old elf flying through the air as he threw a shower of grain to the birds, and in the twinkling of an eye was out of sight.

Then on he fled to the country farmyards where he surprised the sleeping horses with apples and sugar, and the cattle and sheep with chopped pumpkins and a supply of rock salt. To the pigs he gave long ears of yellow corn, and he flung a shower of grain to the hens, ducks, turkeys, geese and guinea-fowls.

Having finished his Christmas round with the domestic animals, Santa gave a long, shrill whistle, and away he sped to the woods, where he found the owls wide awake, watching for him.

"Merry Christmas, my wise friends," cried Santa, tossing packages of meat up into the trees.

"Tu-whit, to-whoo, a merry Christ-

mas to you," sang back the owls from far and near.

Santa had been very shy while in the city and around the farmyards, but when he reached the woods he felt perfectly at home. There many animals were waiting for him. The woods were all aglare with bright eyes watching for the jolly little man and his reindeer. There was a rustling of little feet, and suddenly a troop of rabbits and woodchucks appeared close up to Santa Claus' sleigh, standing on their hind legs to receive heads of cabbage and celery. The squirrels and chipmunks were fast asleep, the weather being too cold for them to be out of their nests; but kind old Santa dropped nuts into the hollow trees, a happy surprise for the little animals.

All the birds were ready for their Christmas dinner, nor did Santa Claus even forget the wild bees. They all wished Santa Claus a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. — *Our Dumb Animals.*

\* \* \*

### CHRISTMAS.

BY JAMES P. HAVERSON.

Say, it's gettin' 'round to Christmas,  
The crops is in an' all,  
We're nearly into winter,  
We're almost out of fall.

I'm awful fond of Christmas,  
I tell you it is great  
When the puddin's in the kettle  
An' the turkey's on yer plate.

It's awful hard a-waitin',  
An' spechly that last night  
When ye're wishin', wishin', wishin',  
Christmas Day would just get light.

There ain't no time like Christmas  
Fer fun an' food an' joy,  
An' there's none appresheates it—  
'Cept, perhaps, it is a boy.

—Canadian Magazine.

\* \* \*

### WANTED—A PLAYFELLOW.

BY BESSIE DICKINSON.

The Rinktum-Winkletum-Wiggledy-Hoy,  
A very nice playmate for girl or for boy,  
Sang low to itself as it danced in glee:  
"Oh, I want some dear children to play with me!

"Together we'll slide on a moonbeam cool  
From the sky straight down to a star-studded pool;  
We'll dance till the short summer-night shall pass  
And eat on a fairy-web spread on the grass!

"We'll drink the honey from many a flower  
And bathe in a sweet-scented morning shower!  
Come play with me now, little girl and boy!"  
Coaxed the Rinktum-Winkletum-Wiggledy-Hoy!

—The Circle.

# MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER



### "BABY'S BEST FRIEND"

and Mamma's greatest comfort. Mennen's relieves and prevents Chapped Hands and Chafing. For your protection the genuine is put up in non-refillable boxes—the "Box that Lox," with Mennen's face on top. Guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act, June 30, 1908, Serial No. 1542. Sold everywhere or by mail 25 cents—Sample free. Try Mennen's Violet (Borated) Talcum Toilet Powder—it has the scent of Fresh-cut Parnia Violets—Sample free. Mennen's Sen Yang Toilet Powder, Oriental odor, Mennen's Borated Skin Soap (blue wrapper). Specially prepared for the nursery. No samples. Sold only at stores. **Gerhard Mennen Co., Newark, N. J.**

# Chase & Sanborn's

## HIGH GRADE COFFEE

A Welcome Sight.

Made of

Chase & Sanborn's  
High Grade Coffee

there is no cup so clear and fragrant.  
The aroma pleases the most fastidious drinker of coffee.



## MADE IN CANADA

# GILLETT'S CREAM TARTAR

High



Grade

Guaranteed Chemically Pure  
SOLD IN PACKAGES AND CANS

Same Price as the poor  
Adulterated Kinds

E. W. GILLETT CO., LTD.  
Toronto, Ont.



ONTARIO, MANITOBA and  
NORTHWEST BRANCH  
ALFRED WRIGHT, Manager - TORONTO

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## The Hamilton Steel and Iron Company

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PIG IRON  
Foundry, Basic, Malleable.

FORGINGS  
of Every Description.

High Grade Bar Iron.  
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HAMILTON - - ONTARIO

Head Office for Canada: MONTREAL.

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Office: "Royal Building," 27 Wellington St. E., TORONTO.  
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## Ten Years' Growth

The measure of a Company's prosperity is its steady growth, along safe lines, at a moderate outlay for expenses of management.



fills the bill in these respects, its operating expenses for many years having been much lower than any of its competitors while its growth for the past ten years has been abundantly satisfactory in every department of its business.

Year	Income	Assets	Surplus	Business in Force
1897	\$ 819,980	\$ 3,790,777	\$ 218,140	\$ 21,487,181
1907	2,243,570	11,656,410	1,503,719	51,091,848

HEAD OFFICE - - WATERLOO, ONT.

In answering advertisements mention Canadian Courier



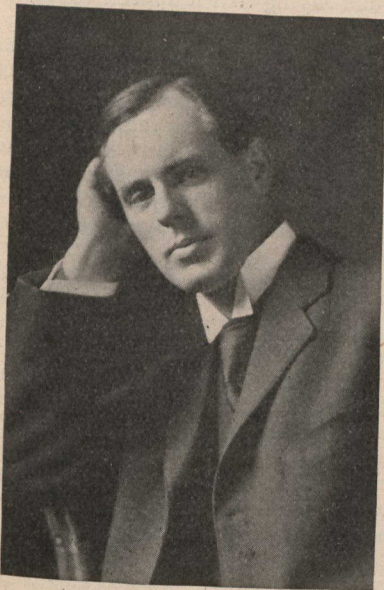
# MUSIC AND DRAMA

LAST spring, the famous Italian singer, Caruso, came to Canada for a first visit, delighting large audiences in Toronto and Montreal. The people expected great flights from Caruso and, therefore, applauded the "I Pagliacci" prologue, with a satisfied enthusiasm. However, there was another and unexpected pleasure, in the singing of Miss Margaret Keyes, a charming and comparatively unknown contralto, who aroused her Toronto hearers to a frenzy of encore demands. Everyone knows that there is nothing more foolish than a Toronto audience in an advanced stage of "encore." However, Miss Keyes regarded the perspiring people with amiability and sang them into restored serenity.

Now the glad announcement is made that Miss Keyes is to return to Toronto on January 18th and 19th, 1909, for two concerts, those given by the National Chorus of Toronto, assisted by the New York Symphony Orchestra. Dr. Ham, the conductor of the chorus, is to be congratulated on securing this remarkable soloist, who certainly created an extraordinary impression on her first Canadian appearance.

At the Monday concert, called "British Composers Night," the cantatas, "He Giveth His Beloved Sheep" and "The Flag of England," will be given by chorus and orchestra, while Sir Edward Elgar's "First Symphony" and "Pomp and Circumstance" will receive their first performance in Canada by the orchestra. At the second concert, there will be two Mendelssohn choral numbers in commemoration of the centenary of the birth of that composer. Miss Helen Davies, the Peterborough singer who has done such artistic work on former occasions, will be the soprano soloist.

\* \* \*



Mr. Frank Welsman.

MR. FRANK WELSMAN, conductor of the Toronto Symphony Orchestra, will be given full opportunities this season for showing the quality and enthusiasm of this organisation, as there is no doubt that the public is more than willing to give encouragement to this undertaking. Mr. Frank E. Blachford has assumed the position of concert master, succeeding Mrs. Drechsler Adamson, who voluntarily resigned. The graceful action of the latter, in giving up such a position, is in keeping with the general whole-heartedness of the musicians forming this orchestra. Toronto is occasionally singularly lacking in

appreciation of musical ability and ambition, but in the case of the present organisation, she has displayed a genuine warmth and good-will.

\* \* \*

THE Woodstock Operatic Association, to whose production of "Burra Pundit" on December 10th we referred last week, issued daintily-executed invitations to a banquet given after the performance to Mrs. Frank Leslie, the Baroness de Bazus, the guest of honour. Evidently this association is making both operatic production and its social accompaniment a pleasing success.

\* \* \*

MISS GERTRUDE HUNTLEY, the talented St. Thomas pianist, to whom reference was made two weeks ago, will probably play in Toronto in January. Miss Huntley studied for several years in Paris under Moszkowski, who played at his pupil's debut concert in the French capital last March. In an interesting letter, Miss Huntley remarks:

"Moszkowski is such a wonderful man—only fifty-four years old, too. The reason people sometimes ask if I did not study with his son instead of 'the' Moszkowski is because they think he is dead. He lives a very secluded life in rue Nouvelle, Paris, has a few firm friends and does not care much for publicity. His world-famed 'Serenata' was written when he was sixteen and he was paid only thirty francs (six dollars) for it, while his publishers made thousands and thousands. It is strange that his son is no musician at all—he writes poetry."

The letter of this talented girl, written on a request to know something of her work, shows the bright determination to succeed which, we should like to believe, is characteristic of Young Canada.

\* \* \*

THE preparations for competition in the Governor-General's musical and dramatic trophy contest are already going on. The Dickens Fellowship of Toronto will be on the list again and several amateur musical associations in the East are busy with work to be presented next April. It is to be hoped, as we have said before, that in spite of distance, Victoria, British Columbia, may be induced to join in the competition.

\* \* \*

DURING last month the greatest woman composer living, Madame Cecile Chaminade, came to New York for her first visit to this continent, where she played in recital at Carnegie Hall. There was nothing in the programme but Chaminade compositions and, of the effect of this exclusiveness, one critic remarked: "It was a feast of confectionery, a draught of lemonade in which the sugar was more noticeable than the citric acid." It is somewhat curious that while nearly every girl is expected to study music, while women form the overwhelming majority at recitals, there have been comparatively few women composers. Madame Chaminade does not profess to be a great pianist but plays with charming delicacy. Her best-known composition is "La Flatteuse."

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LITERARY NOTES

AN ISLAND IDYLL.

MISS L. M. MONTGOMERY of Cavendish, Prince Edward Island, has written a quiet but sparkling chronicle in "Anne of Green Gables," the story of a quaint little orphan who enlivens a farm-house of Avonlea, where Matthew Cuthbert lived, with his sister, Marilla. Anne is an extremely voluble young person with a temper to correspond with her ruddy locks. But she is a lovable chatterbox with a capacity for affection which appears to be boundless. The Canadian reader is absolutely at home in Avonlea and knows all about the farm and school in which Anne found her world. The familiar is touched pleasantly with the writer's imaginative skill and the Green Gables dooryard stands invitingly open to all who desire a rest from the day's toil. "Anne of Green Gables" will make a delightful gift book for girls, which



Miss L. M. Montgomery.

is not saying that it appeals exclusively to the Young Person.

Miss Montgomery has made all her readers resolved to take the first boat next spring for Prince Edward Island, such is the gentle radiance which shines upon Avonlea. One would travel far to spend an hour in such a spot as the Barry garden.

"It was encircled by huge old willows and tall firs, beneath which flourished flowers that loved the shade. Prim, right-angled paths, neatly bordered with clam-shells, intersected it like moist red ribbons and in the beds between the old-fashioned flowers ran riot. There were rosy bleeding-hearts and great splendid crimson peonies; white, fragrant narcissi and thorny, sweet Scotch roses; pink and blue and white columbines and lilac-tinted Bouncing Bets; clumps of southern-wood and ribbon grass and mint; purple Adam-and-Eve, daffodils, and masses of sweet clover white with its delicate, fragrant, feathery sprays; scarlet lighting that shot its fiery lances over prim white musk-flowers; a garden it was where sunshine lingered and bees hummed, and winds, beguiled into loitering, purred and rustled."

This story of girls and gardens is presented to the public in most attractive form by the publishers, who have spared no pains to make "Anne of Green Gables" a book to be desired. (L. C. Page and Company, Boston; William Briggs, Toronto.)

\* \* \*

A SECOND edition of the reprint of Dr. William Dunlop's "Recollections of the War of 1812" has been brought out by the Historical

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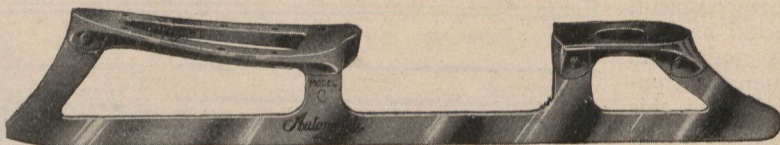
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Publishing Company, Toronto. The first was only 250 copies; the second is 750 copies. This is undoubted evidence of the popularity of the little volume. Of course, there could be only one "Tiger" Dunlop.

\* \* \*

AN advance chapter from Dean Harris's "By Path and Trail" was published in THE CANADIAN COURIER some months ago. Now the volume is ready. In his previous book, the wandering Dean described his journeys through the Isles of the Eastern and Western Atlantic and through the central portion of Mexico. In this newer book, he describes Sonora, the north-western province of Mexico, and Lower California, where he went to visit the Yaquis, the last of the unsubdued and uncivilised American Indians. As the author says, when the Yaquis are subdued "the last dread war-whoop will shriek his requiem. It will never again be heard upon the earth." The whole continent must thank this venerable Roman Catholic student and traveller for the charming description he has given of that wild, weird and almost inaccessible region, and for his sage observations on missionary work among these fierce natives. Dean Harris is now engaged upon a history of the Roman Catholic Church in Utah, which is to be published when the cathedral at Salt Lake City is completed next year. Perhaps after that he will return home and write something about some of the unknown portions of our own country. Chicago: Chicago Newspaper Union. Toronto: W. A. Murray & Co.

\* \* \*

R. HENRY MAINER is a Canadian and a writer of stories—a man of some promise. It must be five or six years since his short stories began to appear in the *Canadian Magazine* and other publications. Now he has tried his hand at a novel and has succeeded. "Nancy McVeigh of the Monk Road" is one of the best first-attempts which grace our literary record. A more lovable heroine never existed in a book in which the love-element plays no part. This big-hearted Irish woman kept an inn on the Monk Road, another in on Yonge Street, and played the part of mother and saviour to many people. She was a typical Canadian pioneer. The strength of the story lies in the fairness and calmness of the telling—the pathos is never bathos, as in some of the work of our clerical novelists. It has the ring of the genuine.

\* \* \*

A TERCENTENARY BOOK.

A MOST attractively-presented volume is "The Quebec Tercentenary: Commemorative History," compiled and edited by Frank Carrel and Louis Feiczewecz, and revised by E. T. D. Chambers. The introduction, by Dr. A. T. Doughty, the Dominion Archivist, recounts the development of the country, from the early settlement to the great confederacy, and emphasises the lesson of unity to be learned from the complex elements in the Parade of Honour at the Tercentenary. The proceedings of pageantry are described and illustrated after a fashion which makes this publication a commemorative work *de luxe*. The paper, of excellent quality and tint of deep cream, the half-tone illustrations of every aspect of the display and all historic scenes associated with Canada's Three Hundredth birthday, the picturesque cover, with decorations of gold, are a worthy setting of a vaster pageant than has been. The *Quebec Telegraph* is to be congratulated on the sumptuous manner in which this publication has been executed.

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MONTREAL

## STORIETTES

### NOT WHAT HE MEANT.

DURING the Quebec Tercentenary, a visitor from New Brunswick overheard two well-to-do United States guests discussing the naval representation, as they sat on a bench on Dufferin Terrace.

"There is no doubt," said one, "that America has the best navy."

"Yes," said a British Tar, who caught the remark, "smoking and chewing."

### MUST HAVE READ STRINGER.

"Daddy," said Gordon, aged fourteen, "Tommie's a Canada-faker."

"What's that?" asked the startled parent.

"He's a Canada-faker," persisted Gordon. "He says there's bears in Rosedale."

### AN ABSENT-MINDED BISHOP.

IN the county of Wicklow, the garden of Ireland, the late Doctor Trench, when Archbishop of Dublin, had a charming villa residence on a height overhanging the village of Ashford, and not far from the Devil's Glen. His grace had latterly become at times slightly absent, and at a banquet in that neighbourhood the archbishop received a nudge from a friend who felt so privileged, to remind him not to let a specially delicious entree pass. Archbishop Trench, mistaking it for a hint to say grace, at once stood up, and, in the solemn deep-toned voice so peculiarly his own, delivered himself of an impressive thanksgiving. More than half of the courses had yet to come! On another occasion, soon after he resigned his archbishopric, Doctor Trench went to dine with his successor; and, the familiar room making him fancy himself at home, he said, during a pause towards the end of the dinner, across the table to his wife: "My dear, I fear we must pronounce this cook another failure!"

### ILLUMINATING EVIDENCE.

AN Irish soldier on sentry duty had orders to allow no one to smoke near his post. An officer with a lighted cigar approached, whereupon Pat boldly challenged him and ordered him to put it out at once. The officer, with a gesture of disgust, threw away his cigar, but no sooner was his back turned than Pat picked it up and quietly retired to the sentry box. The officer, happening to look around, observed a beautiful cloud of smoke issuing from the box. He at once challenged Pat for smoking on duty. "Smoking, is it, sorr? Bedad, and I'm only keeping it lit to show to the corporal when he comes, as evidence agin' you."

### A HUMANE WRITER.

ARTEMUS WARD called on a friend the night before one of his panorama lectures. There were some three or four large roaches scurrying about the room, and they attracted his attention. "I am very fond of roaches," he said. "Once, in my own home, I found a roach struggling in a bowl of water. I took a half walnut shell and put him in it; it made a good boat; I gave him a couple of toothpicks for oars. Next morning I saw that he had fastened a hair to one of the toothpicks, and had evidently been fishing. Then, overcome with exhaustion, he had fallen asleep. The sight moved me I took him out, washed him, gave him a spoonful of boiled egg, and let

him go. That roach never forgot my kindness, and now my home is full of roaches."

### HISTORICAL RELICS.

THE visitors in the historical museum gazed curiously at a small feather pillow which nestled in a glass case.

"I don't see anything unusual about that pillow," remarked one of the visitors, turning to the guide.

"It's a very valuable pillow," replied the guide. "That is Washington's original headquarters." — *Lippincott's*.

### WHAT SHE NEEDED.

A POPULAR portrait-painter, noted for his good work and plain speaking, was once asked by an overdressed lady of uncertain age to paint her picture.

"Now, my dear Mr. Vandyke Brown," she exclaimed, with a languishing glance, "I hope you'll do me justice."

"Madam," replied the painter, "you don't want justice, you want mercy."

### NO SUCH SIGHTS FOR HIM.

A SIMPLE rustic coming across an enthusiastic lady artist sketching a small landscape with a large sky, took a respectful interest in the picture.

"Ah," said the lady, "perhaps to you, too, Nature opens her sky-pictures, page by page. Have you seen the lambent flame of the dawn leaping across the livid east—the red-stained, sulphurous islets floating in lakes of fire in the west—the ragged cloud at midnight, black as a raven's wing, blotting out the shuddering moon?"

"No, miss," replied the man, "not since I quit drinking."

### WILLING TO PAY.

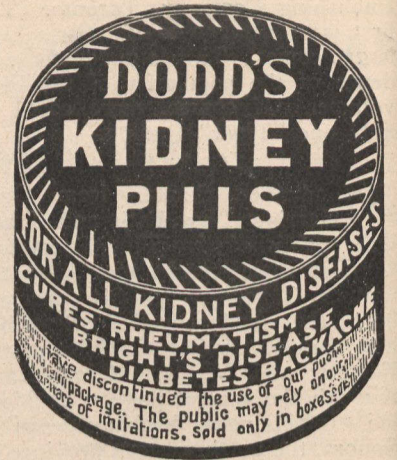
A certain bishop lived all his life unwed. A friend mentioned that one of the States of America was imposing a tax on bachelors, to be increased a certain percentage every ten years of bachelorhood, and added: "Why, Bishop, at your age you would have to pay twenty pounds a year."

"Well," said the bishop quietly, "it's worth it."

## Voting Competition

THE following is our voters' list, in "Canada's Ten Biggest Men," giving the twenty-five leaders:

- Sir Wilfrid Laurier.
- Lord Strathcona.
- Sir William Van Horne.
- Mr. Goldwin Smith.
- Mr. William Mackenzie.
- Sir Charles Tupper.
- Hon. W. S. Fielding.
- Dr. Osler.
- Sir James Whitney.
- Sir Thomas Shaughnessy.
- Mr. R. L. Borden.
- Sir William C. Macdonald.
- Mr. D. D. Mann.
- Hon. Edward Blake.
- Sir Sandford Fleming.
- Sir Gilbert Parker.
- Professor Graham Bell.
- Sir Charles Fitzpatrick.
- Hon. George A. Cox.
- Sir Hugh Graham.
- Dr. A. S. Vogt.
- Dr. B. E. Walker.
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