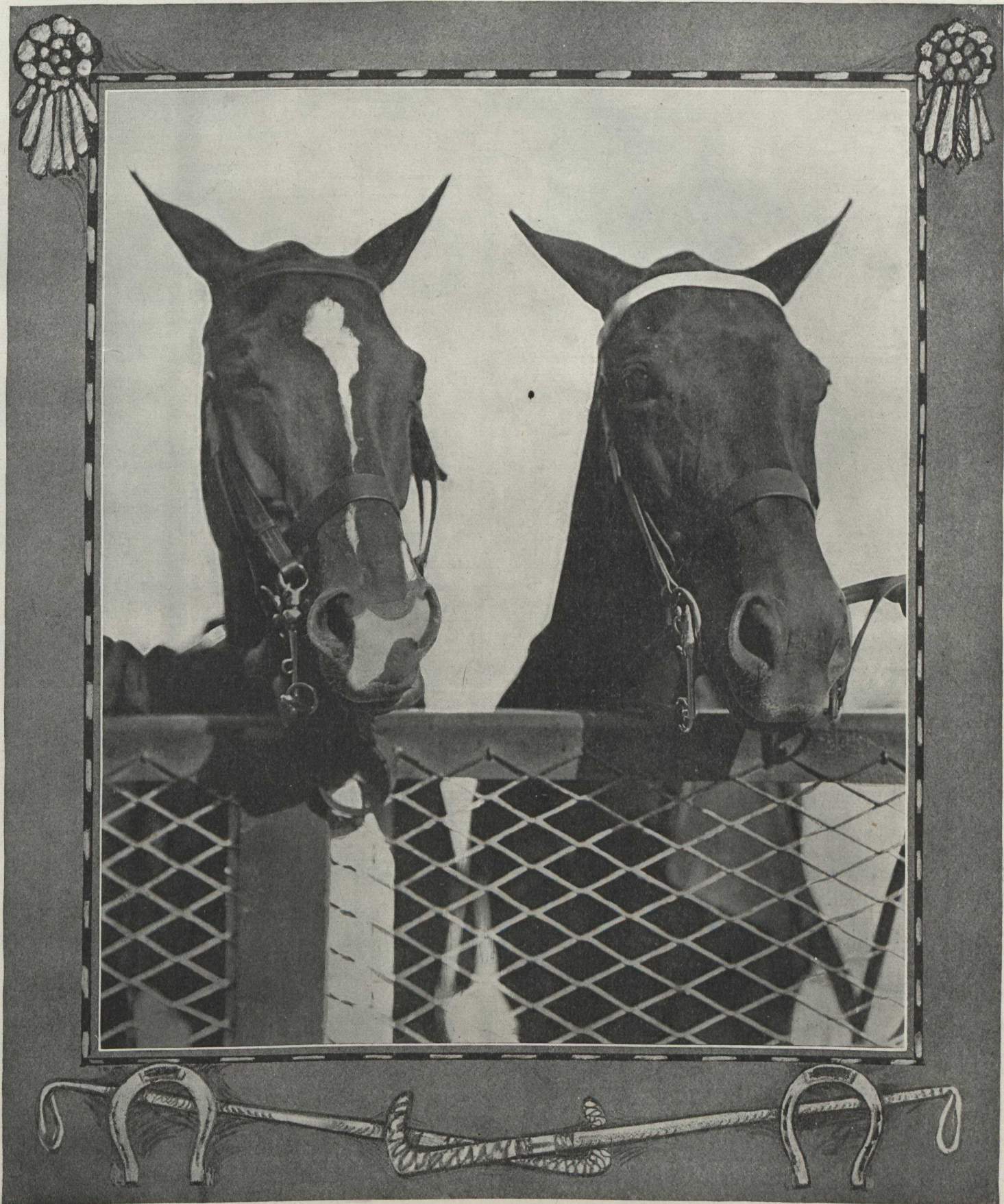


The Canadian Courier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



AT THE FAIR

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the rising tide of Western Prosperity; locate yourself where you will profit by it. Don't wait until the West achieves its destiny; be in right at the start.

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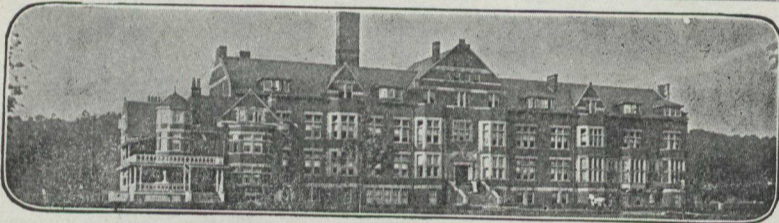
is an ideal town from which to direct your operations. Around it, within easy reach, lie the cities of the West, and in every direction stretch the railways of which Yorkton is a centre and distributing point. Yorkton has many fine buildings, water, drainage, schools, churches, etc., and its growth along the most progressive lines is assured.

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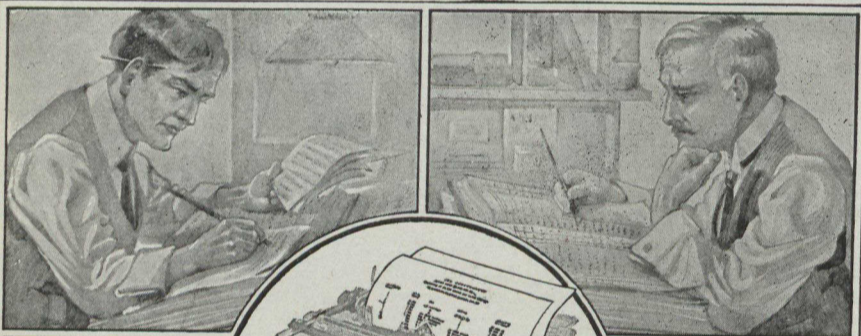
The industries are growing so rapidly that it soon will be difficult to get the foothold that can now be had for the asking.

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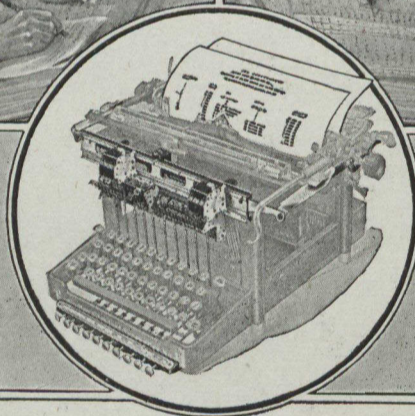
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The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

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

VOL. X.

TORONTO

NO. 16

In this Number
Eight Pages
Of Especial Interest
to Women

CONTENTS

- Tussling with a Tuna Full-Page Photograph.
- Weddings on the Border By Jean Graham.
- The Shadow on the Dial By Marjorie Pickthall.
- Women at the Fair Caught by the Camera.
- Women Motorists of Calgary .. By Currie Love.
- A Woman's Viewpoint By Jean Blewett.
- The Matinee Girl By Margaret Bell.
- Music at the Fair News Photographs.
- When the Ice was Broken By M. de L. Bartlett.
- The Wildcatters, Serial By S. A. White.
- Reflections By the Editor.



Editor's Talk

THIS week we publish the last of our series of both-sided letters on reciprocity. Numerically the opinions on one side are just about equal to those on the other. Politically it is rather difficult to judge. But the Forum has at least the merit of determining that the readers of a weekly paper which circulates impartially among both Conservatives and Liberals, seems to be about equally divided in their opinions. The winner of the best letter prize will be announced next week.

The Woman's Supplement in this number we believe to be not only the best we have ever published, but also an indisputably good feature of interest to women in any sphere. Judged by the excellence of its picture material or the variety and human interest of its literary contents by a corps of trained women writers, it is of interest not only to women, but to any man to whom women are interesting.

With Christmas only three months distant, we are already collecting material for our Christmas Number, which will be well worthy of issue at the end of the fifth year of The Canadian Courier.

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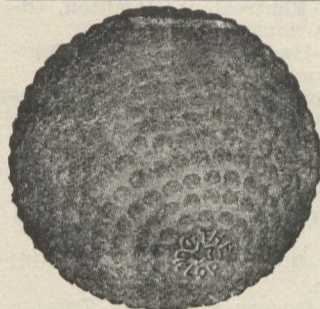
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Sport in General

Eastern Football Schedules.

EASTERN football leagues are now arranging their schedules. The Ontario Rugby Football Union has not yet settled on its dates, but the other two "big" leagues have made announcements as follows:

INTERPROVINCIAL.

Oct. 7—Montreal at Ottawa, Hamilton at Argonauts.

Oct. 14—Argonauts at Montreal, Ottawa at Hamilton.

Oct. 21—Montreal at Hamilton, Ottawa at Argonauts.

Oct. 28—Hamilton at Ottawa, Montreal at Argonauts.

Nov. 4—Ottawa at Montreal, Argonauts at Hamilton.

Nov. 11—Hamilton at Montreal, Argonauts at Ottawa.

INTERCOLLEGIATE.

Oct. 7—Toronto at Queens, Ottawa at McGill.

Oct. 14—Queens at Ottawa, McGill at Toronto.

Oct. 21—Queens at McGill, Toronto at Ottawa.

Oct. 28—Ottawa at Queens, Toronto at McGill.

Sept. 4—Queens at Toronto, McGill at Ottawa.

Sept. 11—McGill at Queens, Ottawa at Toronto.

* * *

Tennis Championships.

SATURDAY, September 2nd, saw the completion of the Canadian Champion Tennis Tournament at Niagara-on-the-Lake. The finals in all events brought out some very interesting and close contested sets. The ladies open singles were interesting because at least three of the players, Miss Hazel Hotchkiss, Miss May Sutton and Miss Florence Sutton are easily the best exponents of the game in the United States and possibly in the world. Miss Moyes, of Toronto, reached the semi-finals, but in spite of her excellent playing was disposed of in straight sets by Miss May Sutton. In the finals Miss May Sutton was out playing Miss Hotchkiss at every point, winning the first set six love and obtaining a lead of five games to one in the second set. At this point Miss Hotchkiss took command of the situation, and by superb playing captured the next twelve games, thereby winning the match.

The men's open singles was won by Whitney, an American, who defeated his fellow-countryman Harris. Whitney and Harris were paired in the doubles, but were beaten in the semi-finals by Marty, the Ohio State champion, and Benton, the Michigan State champion. This entitled the latter pair to play in the finals against Baird and Sherwell of Toronto. This event was won by the Canadian team after a close and exciting match which went the full five sets. Marty's service was strong, and his four-hand ground stroke was very fast. In fact, nothing like it has been seen at Niagara in previous years. Both Baird and Sherwell played a steady all-round game, and won out on their accurate placing.

From the spectator's standpoint the most interesting and exciting match was the semi-finals in the mixed-doubles, in which Miss Florence Sutton and Baird defeated Miss Rotch and Whitney. Baird showed up in his best form and the games were full of good rallies. In the finals Miss Hotchkiss and Harris out-played their opponents, Miss Sutton and Baird, largely due to Miss Hotchkiss' wonderful smashing and her ability to follow her service to the net.

* * *

Minto Cup Struggle.

VANCOUVER failed to annex the Minto Cup on Labor Day. Westminster took the final game of the regular lacrosse series before a record crowd at the Royal City. That left the teams tied for the cup, and they are playing two extra series of games, one in Vancouver and the other at Westminster.

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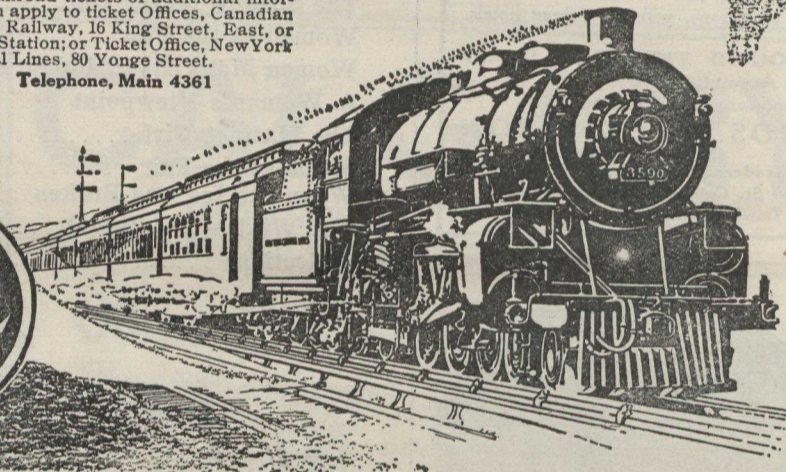
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The CANADIAN COURIER

A National Weekly.

Vol. X.

September 16, 1911

No. 16



The biggest fish ever caught by hook and line in Canada; weight 500 lbs; length 8 feet. Mr. J. K. L. Ross, of Montreal, and his almost fabulous Tuna caught in St. Ann's Bay, P.E.I., from a rowboat. (See page 7.)

Photographed by E. W. Kelly, Sydney.

WHEN THE ICE WAS BROKEN

How a Picture Started an Interesting Romance

By M. de L. BARTLETT

THE pitiless glare of the hot Indian sun made the distant plain quiver; even the white of the tents was too dazzling to contemplate for long. The heat in the small hill station was so great that even the insects were still. There seemed no life anywhere.

Out in the shady verandah in his long cane chair lay Captain Maurice, a long iced drink fixed firmly in the arm ready to hand, a pile of letters and newspapers reposed on the table drawn up close to his lounge. His sun-hat was tilted over his tired eyes; he lay still and inert as though fast asleep. Presently, however, one hand stole out towards the glass, he raised it to his parched lips and drank long and deep.

"Oh! for old England, and a climate in which one can live!" he sighed as he set the glass down empty. "Here existence is merely a foretaste of hereafter! What wouldn't I give to be in England now, out of this sweltering heat and eternal monotonous drill." He stretched himself wearily, and as he did so his eye caught the gleam of the letters and newspapers by his side.

"The English mail—in already! Oh, joy and rapture, this is indeed corn in Egypt!"

He pounced upon the pile by his side, as a starved man flings himself upon the food that has been so long withheld. For a long time no sound was heard but the rapid ripping open of envelopes, and the rustling of the paper turned by eager hands. Suddenly a long expressive whistle issued from the dry, parched lips.

"My conscience! what a lovely face—what a vision to meet a weary man in a hole like this!"

In his hand he held a small watercolour sketch that showed some skill and knowledge of the painter's art—a young girl's head thrown back, with wide dreaming eyes, a small, straight nose, and a beautiful sensitive mouth, which dropped slightly at the corners.

He gazed long and earnestly at the small picture; for the moment the burning sun and his own strong discomfort were forgotten. A curious expression crept into his thin bronzed face; he looked like one who gazes afar into the future and sees a beautiful dream, a dream far too beautiful ever to meet with fulfilment in this contrary world.

"Ah! if it could only be!" he murmured softly. His own voice aroused him from the spell that the picture had woven around him, he laughed hoarsely, and poured out another cooling draught.

"Bobby, my lad!" he said grimly, "there's no luck in store for you like that, old man. Don't you believe it, no, not for one delicious moment; life holds nothing but grim and rude awakenings for you, you may lay your bottom dollar on that! But who in the world so kindly sent me this radiant vision of all that a woman ought to be?"

He picked up the sketch again, very gently, and scrutinized it closely, then he turned it round and saw some writing on the back.

"Isn't she just too lovely? I am writing to you about her!—Your loving sister, Lucy."

He laughed, almost in spite of himself, long and loud, the heat was slowly sapping his usual self-control.

"When will Lucy learn not to drop this kind of bombshell around?" he wondered, as he sought her letter from amongst those that still remained unopened. "Isn't life hard enough among these fierce precipices and under such a scorching sun, without her throwing such a vision as that at my head to give me a tangible something to ache for?"

He sighed wearily and opened his sister's letter. As he finished reading it, a step rang out on the verandah, and another white-clad figure hove in sight.

"Hullo! Maurice, old man!" cried out the newcomer. "The mail is in for a wonder! Any news from home?"

"Any news from Lucy, I suppose you mean!" Captain Maurice answered drily, but with a merry gleam in his eyes as he sleepily regarded his amorous friend. "No, don't, Jack, old man! don't waste good liquor," as his friend raised the long glass threateningly in his hand. "If you will sit down, and be a very good boy, I will read you extracts from her letter. Help yourself, old man, and make yourself at home. Isn't the heat awful to-day? It really gets more and more unbearable every moment—yes, I know you did not come here to discuss the weather, don't be impatient. What

do you think of that—did you ever see such a beautiful face in your life?"

He handed the small sketch carefully across to his friend as if it were something too sacred for ordinary everyday use. Jack Hunter examined it carefully, turned it over, and saw the writing on the back.

"She ought to make a name for herself," he said, tenderly; "yes, it is beautifully painted," he added, as an afterthought.

Maurice leant over and snatched the sketch out of his hand. "I didn't ask you, you idiot, for the expression of your useless criticisms on the subject of art, I asked you if you had ever seen a more beautiful face!"

"I know one more beautiful," Jack Hunter said, sententiously.

"My dear Jack," Maurice cried, angrily, "Lucy may be a dear girl, she is of course one of the best, but even her best friend could not call her a beauty. She simply cannot hold a candle to this girl."

His eyes devoured the sketch once more—greedily, absolutely absorbed.

At first Jack looked furious, then he smiled broadly. "Old friend of yours?" he asked, laconically.

MAURICE flushed up under the tan, and laughed a little awkwardly. "You got home there all right!" he said. "No, I have never seen her; she is a friend Lucy met in Florence while studying art there. She says she is many times more beautiful than the sketch both in face and character—quite the most charming person she has ever met." "Lucy's geese always were swans!" Jack Hunter remarked, with all the tender prejudice of a fond lover.

"Yes, that must be why she thinks such a lot of you," Maurice rejoined with some acerbity. "But, seriously, old chap, that sketch has knocked me right out; of course, it may be only the effect of this awful glare or slight sunstroke, but I feel I have at last seen the woman I should like to make my wife."

Jack rose slowly from his chair, gravely drew out his watch, and laid his finger gently on Captain Maurice's wrist.

"Going like a race pond!" he cried. "I might have known it. You had better go off to bed at once, and have ice put on your head to cool your brain, my poor friend and brother warrior."

Maurice closed his eyes and sighed heavily. "If it wasn't so hot," he said, "I'd kick you, Jack, hard and long. Sit down, for goodness' sake, and keep quiet. Here's Lucy's letter: you may read it for yourself, as I know you are pining to—one would think you had never received eight pages by this very mail, written across and yet again, by the way you settle on to it, like a bee to the honey-suckle. You've got it very badly, old man; I'm sorry for you—"

The voice died off into a sleepy drawl. In another moment the heat and even the picture were forgotten. Captain Maurice had fallen into a long, deep sleep.

"It seems so heartless to leave you, Bobby, all alone, lying there looking such a shadow of yourself; I do not think I can go to the 'At Home' after all. All possible patrons or patronesses, of the future Mrs. Joshua Reynolds (meaning myself, you understand), must go to the wall, like my unsold pictures do, when my darling soldier brother lies stretched on a bed of sickness, brought on by too stern a devotion to the call of duty."

The low, caressing voice soothed the invalid. He opened his eyes lazily, and smiled lovingly at his sister, perched insecurely on the end of the sofa.

"A sofa isn't a bed exactly, my dear Lucy; it's a great deal more cheerful and comfortable. You may go with an easy mind to your Tamasha. I shall probably sleep all the afternoon, which you will spend equally profitably in winning people with more money than wit, by your wicker little airs and graces, to come and see your artistic productions. It will be the old case of he came, he saw, she conquered! Put the little sketch of your friend Monica where I can see it, and you can leave me with a perfectly clear conscience in far better society than you can possibly meet anywhere else."

He spoke lightly; but there was a ring in his voice that betrayed him to Lucy's loving ears.

She bent over his prostrate form, and turned his

face up for closer inspection.

"Bobby, do you know, I am getting quite jealous of that sketch of Monica. You are always inventing excuses to get me out of the way, so that you can lie and look at it and dream about the original. Well, you shall see her soon; she is coming to town almost immediately, and she promised to come and see me at once, and for once in your life I can promise you with perfect safety that you will not be disappointed! Good-bye; sweet, pleasant dreams."

Left alone, Captain Maurice opened his eyes, no longer heavy with sleep, and gazed long and earnestly at the sweet face in the sketch, propped up on an easel, exactly in his line of vision.

"No," he said, reflectively, "it was not only the sunstroke that bowled me over so completely—you had your share in it, you innocent-looking witch. The sunstroke I am recovering from, your dart is fatal. Never, till I meet you, shall I recover my peace of mind, perhaps not then. Who knows, the last state, will most probably be worse than the first."

The small face seemed to smile at him in lofty disdain, poised like a lily on its long white throat. He sat up suddenly, reached across, and took the sketch in his hands.

"Is it only Lucy's art, or are you really a subtle, elusive sprite, wandering here below by mistake and seeking an outlet to escape back to the world of spirits? Do you always wear that mocking smile, or are you sometimes more human, you little witch?" He raised the sketch to his lips, and kissed it long and passionately.

"Oh, I am so very sorry! I think the maid must have made a mistake, this is not Miss Maurice's flat."

The clear, low voice, that had such a suppressed ring of laughter in it, roused Maurice from his reverie. He raised his eyes, and there, unless he were still dreaming, stood the original of the sketch he had been kissing so ardently. The same, and yet not the same—the living, breathing woman in her agitation was a thousand times more charming, more alluring, and desirable.

She stood half-turned towards the door, alarm and suppressed mirth struggling for expression in her face. Masses of red-gold hair gleamed from beneath her hat. Her large black eyes regarded him doubtfully.

"Monica!" he cried, and leaped from the sofa towards her.

"Oh!" she gasped, really terrified at last, and backed hastily towards the door. She seized the handle in a vigorous, convulsive grasp, and it came away in her hand!

For one moment she stood appalled, then her sense of humour came to her rescue, she sank helplessly into a chair, and laughed as Captain Maurice had never heard a woman laugh before. Peal after peal of ringing silvery laughter rang through that sunny room. She crossed her slender arms on the back of the sofa and shook helplessly from head to foot. In spite of the turmoil he was in, and the violent shock he had received, her example proved too contagious to resist for long. Captain Maurice joined in till, from sheer weakness, the tears poured down his cheeks.

"I AM afraid I am behaving very badly," she gasped at last, as she unsteadily wiped her eyes. "Might I ask you to ring the bell, so that I may not be prosecuted for my trespassing—oh, what is that?" She stooped suddenly over the sketch that Captain Maurice had dropped face upward on the carpet.

"My picture!" she said, wonderingly. "Then I am right after all, and you must be Captain Maurice, the brother Lucy loves so much."

"She doesn't love—I mean, yes, I am Captain Maurice. I am home unexpectedly on sick leave, the result of a bad sunstroke. I really am fairly sane now—though you might not think it. I hope that I did not alarm you just now, but you startled me so! I was just thinking about you—I mean I didn't expect you so soon—oh! you must think me quite mad, what I really mean is you came in so unexpectedly."

"I was afraid I had rather startled you when I was shown in." She stood as if waiting to go. Her lips twitched once more, a most fascinating dimple played hide-and-seek on one cheek; he watched it absolutely absorbed.

"I know a shock is very bad for sunstroke!" She laughed again helplessly; in spite of himself he joined in her merry mirth.

"Oh, you must think me very rude and ill-behaved—but you look so funny, just like a maiden aunt of mine—you have an anti-macassar hanging down your back."

(Continued on page 25.)

THROUGH A MONOCLE

PARTIES AND POLITICAL ISSUES.

THIS election has been marked by a great many changes in political allegiance. Liberals are voting Conservative—as they put it—and Conservatives are voting Liberal. As a matter of fact, it would be better to say that a lot of men who hitherto have regarded general elections with indifference or as “a sporting event,” are at last voting intelligently. This is the effect—the beneficent effect—of an issue. Nothing can be worse for a country, politically, to have all its politicians agreed.

* * *

THE obvious evil of having our politicians agreed, is that politics becomes largely a matter of “the loaves and fishes”; and self-respecting citizens, who feel capable of earning their own livings, are not much concerned with them. Now that is a very bad thing for the country. When no one meddles with politics but those who expect to get an office or a shift in the tariff, genuine public interests are very apt to suffer. Big men are indifferent. After an election has been passed three months, it would be impossible to tell which party had won by the state of things in the country. Both parties have been frankly opportunist; and each party would carry out the policy of its opponents if it were in power. Public spirit finds itself out of employment. It is impossible to get up any profound interest in the difference between “tweedledum” and “tweedledee.”

* * *

BUT when an issue appears on the horizon, the aspect of the arena changes. Probably the first effect seen is that even professional politicians begin to ask themselves if they are in the right camp. They are naturally the first to move, for they are the first to notice the change—both in the basis of conflict and the feelings of the people. Still they soon have company in their tendency to migrate. Men who have contentedly shouted and voted for a party name for years, suddenly awaken to the discovery that politics mean something; and that it makes a real difference which party gets possession of the reigns of government. “Captains of industry,” financial leaders, railway magnates, begin to feel a new concern in “the petty squabbles of politicians”; and we get political advice from men who are commonly as silent on the subject as the grave. Finally, the masses of the people feel the impact of new currents of opinion; and a shifting is observed which upsets all the calculations of the shrewdest political weather-prophets.

* * *

THE splendid effect of this sort of thing upon indifference and “partyism,” is at once apparent. Anything which makes a man think—which liberates him from party servitude—quickly shows us how weak are party ties. The truth is, that party only appears to be strong when it is matched against nothing. “Liberal” and “Conservative” are great swelling names and seem to command the allegiance of thousands when they have no competition. They are like many other forces—and men—who enjoy high reputations for power and cleverness when they have the field to themselves. But we in Canada should long ago have learned how essentially weak is “party.” We have seen nearly every other factor in the political world crush it to atoms. “Honest Government”—one of the weakest of these factors—smashed it in Quebec when the potent Mercier regime was overthrown. “Pocket” was too much for it in 1878 when the National Policy routed the Liberals. “Clean Election Methods” defeated Sir John Macdonald himself in 1873. “Race” downed “party,” linked with religion, in Quebec, again, in 1896. In the smaller Provinces “party” has never been able to make a very effective stand against the popular belief that this or that party would be in power “after the elections.”

* * *

THERE are very few “safe” constituencies in Canada. There are no “safe” Provinces. All our Provinces have given majorities to both parties at some time or another. The Giant has been cudgelled into insensibility in this country; and we may depend upon it that any real issue will always make a lot of what are called “party changes.” I am merely emphasizing this fact to-day when it is obvious; for we are apt to get the erroneous im-

pression that most of our people are “hide-bound” partizans, when they are nothing of the sort. The real thick-and-thin party man, who can never see any good in what his opponents say, and who is equally blind to bad in his own party, is becoming as rare as the “dodo.” He existed at one time in large numbers. He is the natural product of strong personal leadership, joined with issues which do not lend themselves to discussion. But spreading intelligence is the death of partizanship; and the arrival of a new issue but fixes the date of the public funeral.

* * *

THE party “organ” is disappearing with the party spirit. The few such as survive to-day are utterly without influence. It is fatal for a publication to announce beforehand that it is going to support—or oppose—any measure proposed by any one party. This deprives its utterances of all influence. Its editorial page sinks to the level of a party circular. A newspaper should be at most a member of a party—never its mouthpiece. Newspapers are in better business leading parties than they are following them. It is better still to be a member of neither party, but a plain Canadian citizen, judging every measure on its merits and co-operating with men as the duty of the day dictates.

* * *

I WOULD like to break a lance in this connection in favour of personal journalism. There is no reason in the world why the anonymous editorial should survive the disappearance of the “big” editor. When George Brown, for example, wrote the *Globe*, and when Horace Greeley wrote the *New York Tribune*, there was no need for signed editorials. The paper was the voice of one man. But few papers are that to-day; and have the public not a right to know who is talking to them? Have they not even a right to know whether a theatrical or book criticism is written by the office boy or by an expert? Some day a great Canadian daily will go in for signed articles; and it will make the “hit” of the decade thereby.

THE MONOCLE MAN.

TUSSLING WITH A TUNA

Daring Capture of a Fabulous Big Fish by a Man from Montreal

[Pictured on Page 5.]

THERE have been tall fish stories before now. This one, which is entirely true, concerns probably the tallest fish ever caught by hook and line in any sea of the known world. A full-figure photograph of this fish may be found on page 5.

The capture was pulled off on August 28th, down in St. Ann's Bay. And it was a tuna eight feet long, weight 500 lbs., that for four and a half hours was chased by Mr. J. K. L. Ross, of Montreal, aided by “Captain Bill” of his sailing yacht, and for a good part of the time dragged the rowboat and the fishermen with Mr. Ross at the end of the line, and the boat heading wherever the tuna had a mind to go. This sounds like miniature whale fishing. But the story is absolutely true; and it has taken years to bring it about.

“So Jack's landed his tuna at last!” said a friend of the sportsman when he heard of it. “Well, well! By Jove! He's been after that son of a gun for years; at it last summer when I was down there. Glad to hear it!”

Never before was a Cape Breton tuna caught with hook and line. This summer Mr. Ross landed a 400-pounder with a harpoon, after nineteen hours of a struggle. But he yearned to do the trick with an ordinary sportsman's outfit; and he did it—from a rowboat.

Many famous fishermen have tried for the Cape Breton tuna. Last summer Col. Conn, of California, and Mr. F. G. Alfalo, an Englishman, both of whom are wearers of the well-known blue button from the Tuna Club of California, tried for this trophy in Cape Breton waters. The Canadian tuna was too much for them. It remained for the first Cape Breton tuna ever caught without a harpoon to be landed by Jack Ross, of Montreal.

Mr. Ross is a son of Mr. James Ross, of the Dominion Coal Co. The Ross summer home is on St. Ann's Bay. The Ross yachts are known in all the eastern waters. The name of Ross is well-known

to almost every man, woman and child in the Maritime Provinces. But there never was a financial or industrial coup pulled off by the Ross clan in Eastern Canada quite so sensational as this daring capture of an eight-foot, 500-lb. tuna, caught with hook and line from a rowboat by J. K. L. Ross last month. It was the biggest sporting event of the season. The bare recital of the facts sound like a fable. If Mr. Ross could relate his sensations during that four and a half hours when he tussled with the tuna in St. Ann's Bay, it would make one grand chapter in the literature of real Canadian sport.

The Close of the Great Show.

MORE interesting than any exhibit or spectacle—is the sight when the wagons go rambling out to the Fair; when the last red ticket has been displayed, the last note of the band dies away over the lake, the last lights flickered out; and the last street-car pulls away with its load of visitors. The stoppage of the great show is perhaps the greatest show of all; when the army of workers are left alone on the grounds and the doors begin to shut one by one, through the night, till the opening next year. It is much like a huge circus.

JUDGING THE GOVERNMENT

Editor CANADIAN COURIER:

Dear Sir,—Governments are never wholly good and seldom wholly bad. The present Liberal administration is no exception to this rule. Both Sir Wilfrid and Mr. Borden possess unquestioned integrity and splendid ability, but, while the former is strengthened by the unlimited confidence of a united party, the latter is weakened by the internal criticisms of the factions which make up the present Opposition.

Votes for and against an administration should be given on the record of that administration. I shall attempt to summarise impartially the principal sins and virtues of the Laurier administration as an indication of how I shall vote:

SINS.

1. The excessive cost of the National Transcontinental Railway which, like the Temiscaming & Northern Ontario Railway of the Ross administration, is a lamentable exhibition of public ownership.
2. The commencement of an entirely useless undertaking in the Newmarket Canal.
3. Grave delinquencies in the administration of the Marine and Printing Departments which were neither sufficiently investigated nor sufficiently punished.
4. The failure of the Sifton regime to conserve public interest in the administration of the timber wealth of Western Canada.

VIRTUES.

1. Imperial preference which resulted in
 - (a) Investments of English capital on an extensive scale in this country;
 - (b) Sentimental preference for Canadian produce in Old Country markets;
 - (c) Cheapened cost of clothing and other items in the cost of living.
 2. The cessation of land grants in assistance of railway construction, and the adoption of the policy of judicious guarantees which insure the possession of the railway undertaking by the people in the event of the country being called upon for expenditure.
 3. Assistance to Imperial defence consistent with Canadian autonomy in the commencement of a navy to be built, manned, directed, and, if needs be, made effective in war by Canadians.
 4. An aggressive immigration policy which has made the West agriculturally productive and the East industrially prosperous.
 5. The establishment of a Railway Commission which has worked relief to the public, and at the same time has maintained the confidence of the investing public in the national highways of the Dominion.
 6. The reciprocity pact from which we have reason to expect the following good results:
 - (a) The opening of the markets of the large cities of the United States near at hand to the farmers of Canada.
 - (b) In the opinion of Britishers, barring Chamberlain tariff Zolverein zealots, it will cement the friendship of the United States to the British Empire.
 - (c) Remove the possibility of any desire for annexation in Western Canada by giving the people of this country full advantage of the American market without the necessity of a political union.
- I labour under no false impression that in my summary of points for and against the Government I shall please either Grit or Tory, nor do I care to, for partizanship is not my forte. If you are still in doubt as to the sufficiency of my reasons, I may say that my vote shall go to the man who in the present campaign has to bear the opposition of the ultra-Protestant in Ontario and the ultra-Catholic in Quebec.

AEQUITAS.

REFLECTIONS

By THE EDITOR

Stock Hunters Are Slow.

LAST week I offered the readers of this page a splendid business opportunity, but I am sorry to say that they have not responded as well as could be desired. My "Association for the Relief of the Down-Hearted" is still in the air, so to speak. The million dollars is unsubscribed and my salary of \$25,000 for the first year is yet unpaid.

However, one recognizing letter has been received. It runs as follows:

Montreal, Sept. 9th, 1911.

Editor COURIER:

Sir,—I will be pleased to accept, "under pressure," the vice-presidency of your "Depressed Canadian Securities Company," and will accept \$10,000 a year and one-eighth of the profits.

Yours in woe,

SAML. J. MATHEWSON.

I am delighted to have Mr. Mathewson with me on the salary list, but I am sorry to notice that he desires to change the name of the company. "Association for the Relief of the Down-Hearted" really seems more noble than "Depressed Canadian Securities Company." But no doubt Mr. Mathewson's heart is in the right place—he bleeds for the misfortunes of his fellows.

Mr. Mathewson, moreover, deserves to go on the roll of fame. He is a Canadian with a sense of humour—and the species is decidedly rare.

* * *

The Future of the Preacher.

A SOMEWHAT pessimistic view of the Protestant preacher is taken by Dr. Thomas E. Green, in the August number of *Hampton's Magazine*. He thinks that the average salary of the United States ministers is relatively lower to-day than it was some years ago. This average he places at \$663, or about one-half of the earnings of a good bricklayer.

He cites the case of a typical Wisconsin town, which he calls Cedarville, and in which there are eleven resident ministers. The weakest sect in the town is the Christian Scientists, who number only twenty-five. The Reformed Presbyterians have 140. The Congregationalists have an even 100. The rest have below 60 each. Nine of the ministers get a starvation salary, while two get a fair wage, \$1,500 and \$2,000. These eleven congregations pay \$8,100 in salaries and \$2,300 in other expenses, a total of \$10,400. The town is burdened with a heavy payment for religious purposes, and nine ministers and their families are "facing the actual problem of existence."

Dr. Green does not argue in favour of church union; he allows his facts to point their own moral. So long as Protestantism allows itself to be divided up into a hundred or more sects, and so long as every small town contains a dozen churches when only two or three are required, so long must the "Tragedy of the Ministry" remain. Church union is a necessity and is as pressing a question in the United States as it is in Canada. The Protestant Episcopal Church of that country is moving towards that object, and at a recent general convention one layman placed a fund of one hundred thousand dollars at the disposal of those interested.

* * *

Charity Begins at Home.

TO my mind, the most interesting comment by Dr. Green is that which he bestows upon the Foreign Missionary movement. While Protestantism in the United States starves its ministers at home, and pursues an inane and suicidal policy of numerous churches and small congregations, it is calling for greater contributions and more missionaries for the foreign field. There is a cry of "Fifty Millions for Foreign Missions," and for thirty thousand new missionaries. All this, in addition to the thirteen thousand odd missionaries now supported by the Protestant Churches of the United States and the ten million dollars now collected annually for their support.

According to his figures, it cost one dollar to send

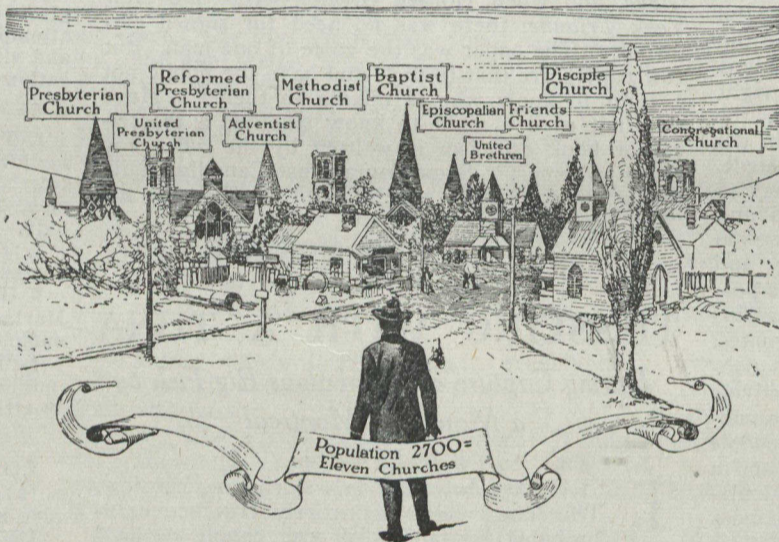
one dollar to the mission field. Indeed, he quotes one missionary from India as stating that every dollar that came into actual practical use in his work cost foreign missionary societies three dollars and seventy-five cents to put it there.

There is much the same condition in Canada. While there are thousands of ministers' families suffering under the stress of poverty, the Layman's Missionary Movement is pleading for more money for foreign missions. Indeed the situation in Canada is more acute than in the United States. A large number of new towns and districts are being annually opened up by the great inrush of settlers and the domestic mission field is enlarging daily. While we are struggling to send more missionaries to China, Japan and India, hundreds of small settlements in our own country are being left without religious services, or with inadequate facilities for religious worship. A cry of "Five Millions for Home Missions" would be reasonable just now, but a plea for "Five Millions for Foreign Missions" seems absurd.

* * *

Where the Blame Lies.

UPON the Protestant ministers themselves lies most of the blame for these inconsistent and unsatisfactory conditions. They have allowed a few of the well-paid ministers in the big city churches to mislead the adherents of Protes-



THE TRAGEDY OF THE MINISTRY.

—*Hampton's Magazine.*

tantism and to focus the attention of the public on the foreign mission field instead of on home conditions. The clerical leaders of the missionary movement get large salaries and their wives have maids to do the washing, scrubbing and cooking. They overlook the pinching and scraping which the country minister and his wife must endure. The foreign missionaries themselves get larger salaries than the average minister at home and are well provided with cheap native service. Usually, too, the wife of the missionary in the foreign field gets an allowance in addition to what her husband receives, and they are able to live well and raise their families in comfort. When the foreign missionary returns home for a long holiday he is greeted as a hero and receives the acclaim of the multitude who labour under the false impression that the work is done at great personal sacrifice.

Also the blame lies upon the rich members of the larger congregations, and women who wear silk and the men who ride in automobiles. They find more glory is gained from large donations to foreign missions than from similar donations to the domestic field. There is something alluring about "sending the gospel to the heathen," which appeals to the rich but unthinking church member. To send a thousand dollars to some curiously named town in China or India seems to be real missionary work, while sending the same amount to Athabasca Landing would be a deed unworthy of record.

When the leading clergy and the leading laity set the example, the smaller fry must follow. In matters of religion and church government, few people think for themselves. It would be unseemly and unfashionable to have ideas of their own. Nearly

every Protestant congregation is a close corporation, consisting of the minister and a few well-tried enthusiasts. So in the Conferences and Synods and General Assemblies there are a few men who dictate the policies of the church. Anyone who dares to rise in criticism is autocratically squelched or is made the uncomfortable subject of public prayer.

* * *

A Suggested Programme.

MY own suggestion to the Protestant Churches of Canada would be to resolve to send no new missionaries to the foreign heathen for at least ten years, and to confine their annual contributions to the present figures. Then undertake a campaign to establish "union" churches and "union" missionaries in every town, hamlet and rural district in the newer parts of Canada. This would necessitate the union of the missionary societies of all the churches and would ensure that out of every dollar given for home missions about ninety cents would be spent on the purpose for which it was intended. Furthermore, a union of missionary societies would be a practical first step towards organic union of all Protestant bodies.

Canada is growing fast, faster than ever the United States grew in proportion to population. The need for missionaries and churches and hospitals and schools in the newer districts is assuming tremendous proportions. These new settlers have not the means to provide themselves with these necessities for good citizenship. The national interest, as well as the religious interest, demands that this work be not neglected.

If Canada is to be a great Christian nation, the work must be done and done quickly. Protestantism is going back in the United States. The churches are losing their enthusiasm. On January 1st, 1911, says Dr. Green, one denomination reported one

thousand vacant charges and eight hundred and seventy-eight closed churches. In 1906, the Methodists of the United States had 20,523 churches without ministers, and the number is probably larger now. There are fifty-seven million people in the Republic who have refused to enroll themselves as adherents of any church. So in Canada, the number of people unattached to any church is growing larger. The restraining and refining influence of regular church attendance is being lost to national development and progress. And largely because of two evils—a neglect of home missions in favour of foreign missions; a ridiculous and wasteful overlapping of churches and church organizations.

* * *

International Influences.

CANADA is coming slowly but surely to a position where it is subject to international influences, events, tempests and storms. Every financial depression or elation in the United States is felt more or less in this country. The other day, a strike in Great Britain seriously interfered with business in Canada and checked temporarily the movement of business men from the one country to the other. The Moroccan trouble has produced a stock-selling era in Germany where there are many shareholders in Canadian companies, and there has been a slight stock-market depression. Canadian Pacific Railway Stock fell from \$247, the price on July 21 to \$218, the low price on Sept. 9.

Because of these circumstances, Canada should have better information concerning international happenings. It is time that this country had its own correspondents in every country in the world. It doesn't matter much whether these are called diplomats, ambassadors or consuls. Keen men of business with some knowledge of the world's great problems. They should not be superannuated party hacks, nor worn-out cabinet ministers, nor even blase men of the social world. Canada has some excellent trade agents now, but it needs more.

* * *

An Advisable Promotion.

MONTREAL has lost a postmaster by death. For several years he was scarcely ever in his office, because of ill-health. His deputy has been doing the work, and apparently doing it well. Will he be promoted to the chief position, or will some worn-out politician get the place because the party "owes him something?" Will the interests of the public prevail or will the interests of the party triumph? Will the Civil Service again be deprived of one of its just prizes, or will the politicians be deprived of one of their unjust prizes?

If you hate the "spoils" system, and if you have any influence, here is your chance.

MUSIC AT THE FAIR

The Band of H. M. Coldstream Guards.

ONE of the many remarkable things about the greatest annual exhibition in the world, is the interest taken in the bands. On Labour Day this year ten thousand people at once stood listening to the band of the Coldstream Guards. When a Canadian band came on the same bandstand about nine thousand of them tried to drift away somewhere else; but there was no room. "Really," said a critical young lady music teacher from Bingville, "do you think the Coldstreams are as good as the Grenadier Guards that played last year?"

"Far better!" said her friend. Last year a discerning young lady asked Bandmaster Williams, of the Grenadier Guards, how his band compared with the band of the Black Watch, who played here several years ago. The Black Watch happens to be a sort of forty-second cousin in rank to the Grenadier Guards, the Coldstreams and the Irish Guards, which being all foot guards bands are the best regimental bands in the world. Following them in order of rank are the Horse Guards bands; then the artillery and marine bands; last in the regimental series the bands of the line, of which the Black Watch is a fairly good example.

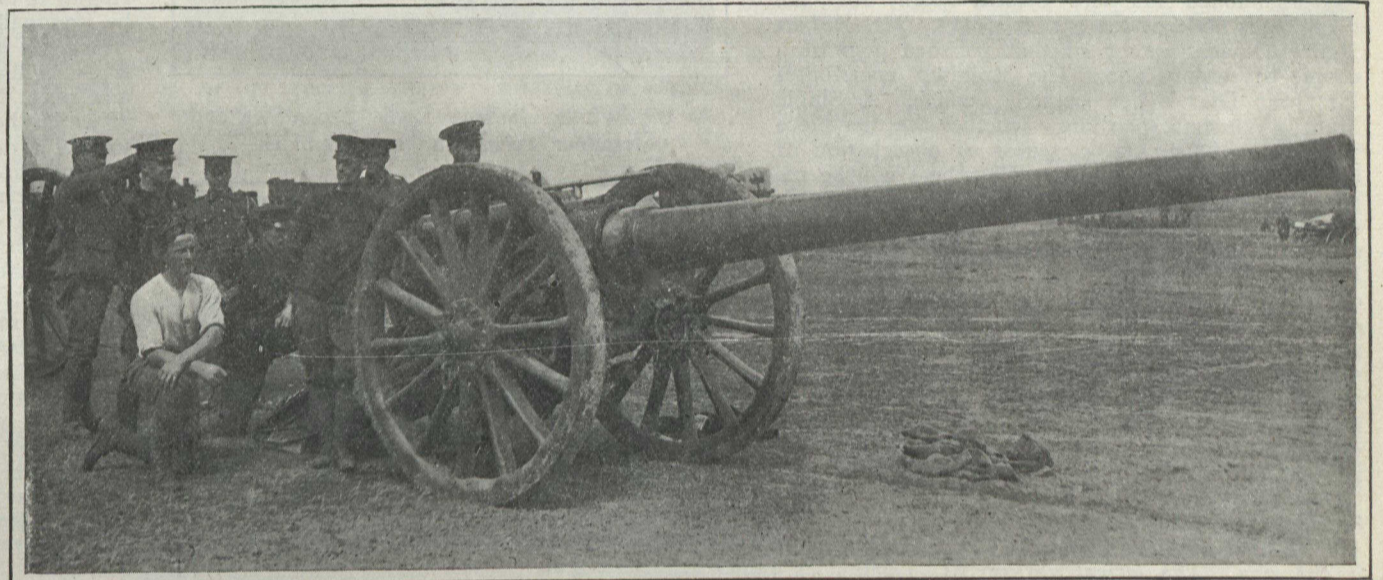
Two years ago the visiting British band was replaced by a tournament of bands from all over Canada, including the famous Winnipeg band, the band of the Calgary Light Horse, and the band of the Royal Canadian Regiment at Halifax. There were also some American bands—as last year that of the 65th Regiment of Buffalo was a contributor to the programmes.

The Coldstream Guards may be reckoned among the greatest bands in the world. It has a style and dignity of utterance well corresponding to the austere, dominant personality of its conductor, Lieut. Mackenzie Rogan. Owing to a week's delay in arrival, because of the great transportation strike in England, they have put extra work on the programmes, as well as helping in the military tattoo in front of the grandstand in the evening.



On Labour Day ten thousand people at a time listened to the Coldstream Guards Band, led by Lieut. J. MacKenzie Rogan, sternest of all British bandmasters.

CANADIAN ARTILLERY IN ENGLAND



CANADIAN ARTILLERY PRIZE-WINNERS ON SALISBURY PLAIN. The "Long Tom" fired by the Canadians in the contest for the King's Prize on September 2nd.

CANADIANS MAKING A GOOD IMPRESSION ON A GREAT SOLDIER



Lord Roberts inspecting the Canadian Artillery at Chelsea Barracks. Col. MacNacht is the second officer in uniform on left.

Lord Roberts and Col. MacNacht "snapped" at the inspection.

BEFORE THE MAGIC CURTAIN

THE moment before the curtain is usually charged with expectation. Programme in hand we sit impatient for the lights to dip and the little tinkling bells behind the scenes to summon a make-believe world, wherein life is seen in stronger contrasts, and is richer and more varied, vital and intense than actual experience.

The season's forecast contains some interesting announcements and our moment before the curtain of 1911-12 might justifiably excite some lively expredilection for foreign made plays is notorious, and of us that in matters theatrical at least, the way between promise and fulfillment is long and sometimes attended with many disappointments. Eagerness is consequently tempered just now with certain judicious misgivings, and the "season on paper" taken with the customary grain of salt.

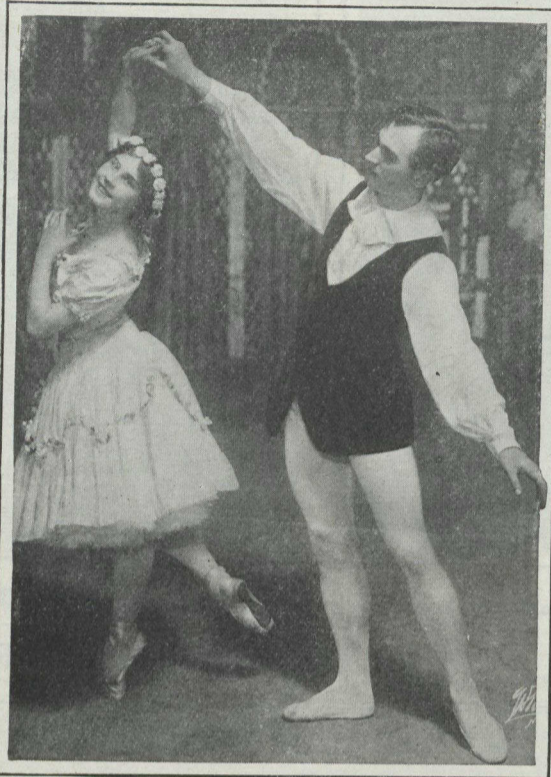
It was only natural that the popularity of American made plays last season should make American authors somewhat conspicuous in the announcements for this season. Even Mr. Frohman, whose predilections for foreign made plays is notorious and who is said last year to have rejected "As a Man Thinks," has been persuaded to add an American author or two to his formidable list of English and French authors, including Sir Arthur Wing Pinero, James M. Barrie, C. Haddon Chambers, W. Somerset Maugham, Hubert Henry Davies, Alfred Sutro, Pierre Veber, Rostand de Caillavet, de Flers and Bernstein.

The new Pinero offering, "Preserving Mr. Panmure," is a comedy in which the author, it is said, has abandoned his late cynical vein for the humorous style of his earlier works. Mr. Hubert Henry Davies, author of that polished gem of a couple of seasons ago, "The Mollusc," contributes Mr. John Drew's new comedy vehicle, "A Single Man." We shall soon know whether the new piece reveals the finish and closeness of observation of the earlier play. C. Haddon Chambers will be represented in "The Passer By," a piece which is already a London success. Mr. Frohman has selected another London success for Miss Barrymore, "The Witness for the Defence," by A. E. W. Mason. One of the most interesting items from the Frohman offices is the promised return of Mme. Nazimova to the New York stage, after an absence of two seasons. The only misgiving that attends this announcement is the contemplated abandonment of Ibsen, whom the distinguished Russian is so competent to interpret, in favour of authors of more popular appeal. In "The Siren," by the authors of "The Dollar Princess," Mr. Frohman has already launched a successful musical comedy, of which Mr. Donald Brian, a Canadian singer and dancer, is the star. The lyrical version of "Chantecler," with Maude Adams in the title role, is to re-appear and after a few weeks on Broadway will go on tour for the balance of the season. In her New York season Miss Adams promises a theatrical novelty in the form of "afternoons with Barrie," in which three little plays by this charming and whimsical author, will be presented. Surprises are promised in each, and the charming Barrie satire of last year, "The Twelve Pound Look," warrants curiosity.

MRS. FISKE will present a new comedy by Mr. Langdon Mitchell, entitled, "The New Marriage." Mr. Mitchell will be remembered by players as the author of "The New York Idea," a

Forecast of Plays for 1911-12

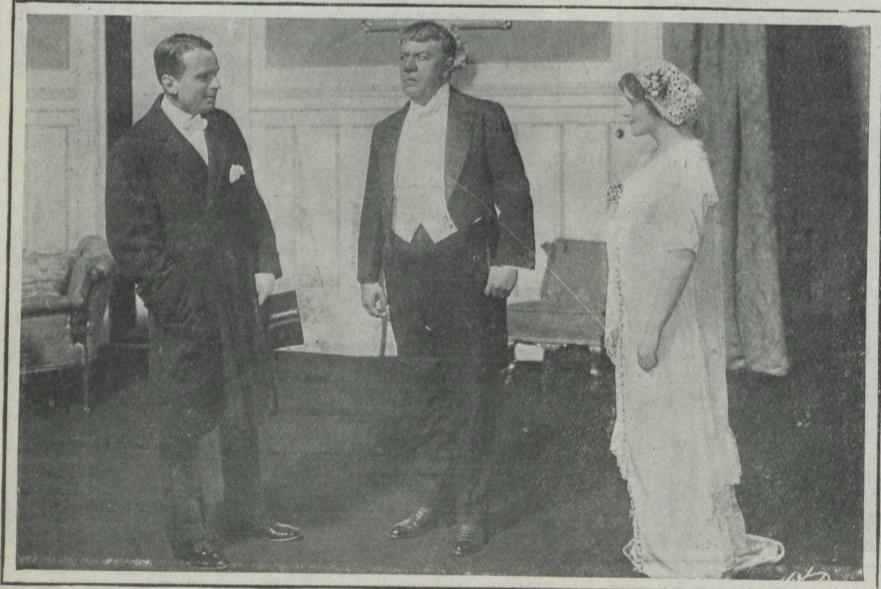
By J. F. WEBBER



At the Winter Garden: Lydia Sepantowa and Alexander Volinine in "Les Sylphides."



Henrietta Crossman in "The Real Thing."



At the Playhouse: Douglas Fairbanks, Geo. Fawcett and Ruth Shepley in "A Gentleman of Leisure." Donald Brian as Armand, Marquis de Ravailiac, in "The Siren."



brilliant satire on New York's smart set, and the dramatized version of "Vanity Fair," which Mrs. Fiske uses. Mrs. Fiske also announces for later production "Julia Francis," a play in which Gertrude Atherton, the novelist, will make her debut as playwright.

Mr. Belasco's new productions include "The Return of Peter Grimm," a drama on the subject of co-incarnation, with David Warfield in the title role; "The Woman," by Wm. C. De Mille—both of which had a presentation outside the metropolis last season—and "The Governor's Lady," by Miss Alice M. Bradley, a transplanted English writer.

* * *

AN elaborate stage spectacle is promised by Liebler & Co., in their production of Robert Hichen's "The Garden of Allah," and in which they will inaugurate their tenancy of the new theatre, now renamed The Century. Mary Anderson, the famous English actress, is said to have collaborated with the author in the dramatization of his popular novel. In the elaborateness and expensiveness of the stage mountings for the desert scenes we are promised a genuine sensation, while the costly edifice may be depended upon to house the production with becoming splendour. Another interesting announcement from this theatre is the promised American debut on its stage of Mme. Simone, the noted French actress who is said to have discovered Henri Bernstein. Naturally this famous French author's plays will fill a large place in her repertory. The metropolitan appearance of Mr. George Arliss in Louis N. Parker's "Disraeli" is also an event of genuine dramatic interest. The play has had a successful Chicago run, and is said to provide a worthy vehicle for this actor's great gifts. Miss Anglin is to have a new play, "The New Religion," by Zangwill, after a season in "Green Stockings," which has not yet been seen in New York. Liebler & Co. will also present Miss Gertrude Elliott in a new play, "Rebellion," by Joseph Medill Patterson, of which the attitude of the Roman Catholic Church toward divorce forms the principal theme.

Henry B. Harris's announcements include Gelet Burges' comedy prepared for Robert Edson, "The Cave Man"; "Snobs," by George Bronson Howard; "The Price," by George Broadhurst, in which the talented emotional actress, Helen Ware, is scheduled to appear; "Dolly Madison," with charming Elsie Ferguson in the historic role, and "The Arab," Mr. Edgar Selwyn's most recent play, with the author-actor in the title role.

"What the Doctor Ordered," held over from last spring on account of the untimely death of Jacob Wendel, Jr., who was to have played the leading part, will be presented this season. "The Assassin," a new play by Eugene Walther, is also down for early production.

The curtain has already rung up on two new comedies, "A Gentleman of Leisure," and "The Real Thing," in the latter of which Henrietta Crossman is appearing. "Maggie Pepper," with Rose Stahl in the peppery role, has also reached New York after a season on tour that included Canada in its itinerary.

The rescue of a young wife hitherto attractive and athletic, but now absorbed in children and domestic duties to the neglect of personal appearance and her still energetic husband, is the somewhat trite theme of "The Real Thing," by Catherine Chisholm Cushing. Fortunately an interesting situation develops toward the close of the second act and some innocent complications arise in the third that give a touch of genuine farce to the work of rescue.

* * *

"A GENTLEMAN OF LEISURE" is one of the most energetic persons seen on the stage in some time. An athletic, resourceful, well-to-do young American with betting propensities, wagers that he can rob a house and get away with it. Dramatic coincidence sends to his bachelor lodgings that night a real burglar, whom he straightway engages to assist in his own burglarious enterprise. The situation is complicated by the fact that the house selected by the pair for burgling is the home of the deputy police commissioner, "Big Phil" Neelon, and, of course, Big Phil's daughter, who interrupts their entry proves also to be the unknown heroine of a romantic attachment formed on shipboard with the hero. Sentiment plays a leading part in the misunderstanding and complications that follow, and in the final extrication of the hero from his unhappy plight. It is a bright, interesting story, full of fun, with touches of real sentiment, and containing some genuine character drawing.

Summer theatrical efforts may usually be ignored in any critical survey, but in the past summer's revival of "Pinafore," and the season of Russian ballet at the Winter Garden, we had artistic enterprises of the highest.

WOMAN'S SUPPLEMENT

A FEW PAGES PREPARED TO MY LADY'S TASTE

THE EDITOR'S SCRAP HEAP

The Eternal Mission.

THE Women's Building at the National Exhibition is evidence in itself of the most vital spot in the modern woman's life. Despite suffrage rabbles and numerous clubs and societies, despite the cartoons and caricatures made of the modern woman by ultra modern periodicals, despite the increasing sale of alcoholic stuffs, despite everything pointing to the contrary, it seems as if the ultimate desire of woman is in the pretty jinky rinks which ornament her boudoir, her dining-room, her library. Bits of embroidery, elaborate workings in lace, crochet of all kinds, pen and ink sketches, all of them are there, paying a silent tribute to the eternal mission of woman. And we pause a moment or two, and offer up a bit of thanksgiving to the good Penates who have willed that it should be so.

For in the wild rush of commercialism in the midst of a social struggle or battle for the ballot, these silent little gods of the household hover near and whisper into every woman's ear that there is still a something beyond all this, much more worthy her efforts than all the vain rushing after ultra-modernisms. And bye and bye the desire after the public life or the reaching after the topmost rung on the social ladder becomes so slight as to be a mere dimness on the horizon of greater things.

It may be an antiquated idea, it may smack of prosiness, but the essential element of all the modern woman's life is found in the exhibition cases in the large new Woman's Building, where the centre pieces and luncheon cloths nestle against dainty bits of lingerie and lace.

* * *

The Value of Courtesy.

OH this twentieth century rush, what a robber it is! Not only does it seek to deprive man of his leisure time, and make him forget that there are a million little eyes a-twinkling down at him, every night as he sits balancing his accounts, but it comes rushing pell-mell into the feminine ranks and calls aloud for attention to the utter annihilation of all the little attributes which once tended to give woman the title of the most beautiful creation of the Almighty. It is a potent factor in public and private life, and makes violent inroads into all kinds of society. It is as noticeable at a brilliant "crush" as at a Friday bargain sale, and is evinced mostly in a series of rude bumps against the nearest neighbour.

Speaking literally, I was struck with the great lack of thought for others which hung like a pall over the whole big National Exhibition. Everywhere were crowds, everyone seemed to have some inherent delight in bumping into everyone else. There surely must have been some mammoth banner waving before everyone's desire vision which said, "Go ahead and think of nobody but yourself." And again comes the thought that all the courtesy in the world must spring from unselfishness. It hurts no one to murmur a "Pardon me," if that one's heel chance to tread on another's most petted toe, and how much it alleviates the wounded feelings! Even the women sometimes forget that the keynote to charm is thought away from oneself.

* * *

The Village Outlook.

A BACKYARD, a clothesline or two, and representatives from the two—there you have the modern village viewpoint. Possibly it may be owing to the meagreness of its inhabitants, possibly to the lack of immensity of industry and interests, but the positive end all and be all of every village girl's existence, which is injected into her very ambition-fibre from the moment she places her dollie rags in the toy-trunk on the attic shelf is

to entangle herself in a matrimony mesh where the granite kettles and pans tinkle a merry accompaniment to the sizzling of six o'clock bacon and eggs. Not such a bad ambition after all, you say. But when this matrimony bee comes a-buzzing out of mere convenience, or hums a little song which warns lest the race toward Hymen should end ere it has well begun, then, oh then, is when the marriage mart becomes a sordid place and all the dwellers slaves.

And have you ever attended a village reception? The little conversation imps dance around you and weave a net of other's planning, so tight that you wonder vaguely if you can ever extricate yourself from it. Truly, the slogan of the small town is, "They say," elaborated and touched up with the imagination brush to such an extent that the one original "say" is almost lost amidst the maze. There is always some pretty young thing who is willing to lend herself to the gossip fangs of the hungry village and allow her movements to be torn to shreds and thrown amongst the scandal wolves of the community. For it lends quite an air of distinction, don't you know, to be the subject of unravelling at an afternoon rag party or sipping bee. Ay truly, the village wheel is propelled by the gossip hand, and goes spinning blithely around, while the rest of the mechanism rusts in helpless indolence.

Why does not some aspiring benefactor arise and endow an institution for all worthy silence makers among the small towns of the land? I greatly fear the walls would crumble from inhospitality.

* * *

Women and the Sickle.

THAT old man who goes around so cruelly, brandishing a sickle in his hand, is not such a bad old fellow after all. For he is willing to listen to reason and reason is always good. But by this same reason, he is very likely to lose his old sickle before the lapse of many eons. For it is like this, you know. There have arisen a whole army of potentates whose sole mission in arising is to dull the edge of that eternal sickle. Some are more powerful than others, which is just what one would expect. There is the monarch of cheerfulness who reigns over the sunny lands and wears a perpetual crown of optimism. Possibly he is working harder than any other for the ultimate annihilation of the scythe. He dwells in a roseate castle, all bathed in sunlight, where the birds' songs come in from the treetops

and the blue of the sky filters in through the windows. The old man with the long beard is afraid of this monarch, and flies from him in great alarm.

And then there is another king, a neighbour to the first, who dwells in a castle where each courtier vies with his fellow in thinking of himself last. It is a jovial court, a court where there is laughter instead of tears, and where smiles chase frowns away. The old reaper stands in dread of all this court and slinks quietly away if one of the courtiers approach him. And several more there are, who tell of laughter, song and happiness. Some day, they will inhabit the whole big world, and drive the sullen powers into oblivion. And the other make-believe monarchs who have the effrontery to take their places beside them, the dope monarchs, who mix vile stuffs and send them into pretty boudoirs, who fill the world's four walls with bulletins telling of the excellence of their mixtures, they, too, will be chased into the Dead Sea, where all their drugs and compounds will mingle with the polluted waters of the deep.

But even as I write it a young imp arises and whispers in my ear that there will still be some range-coated wanderer hovering along the Dead Sea's shores, who will fling a flower or two after one of the drowning dope-kings, and a silent tear will fall beside the bud.

M. B.



A WOMAN'S BUILDING.

Toronto Exhibition has a new Woman's Building this year, with a lecture hall, an octagonal gallery looking out over Lake Ontario, and two small roof-garden tea-rooms. It has already become a social centre for all the important women of the community which this Exhibition serves.



The Shadow on the Dial

By Marjorie L. C. Pickthall

PEOPLE who live in the country have great luck, which they do not seem to appreciate very often. Think of all the places they have to play in, for instance. Consider just for a minute the possibilities of haylofts, barns, ponds and boathouses. During some of the pleasantest hours of a most delightful summer holiday this year, I was an Indian and my name was Little Pontomac; I feathered my hair with oak-leaves and lay on a blanket, and I let Mariqui, whose other name is,—no, I won't tell her other name—I let Mariqui do all the hard work of the imagination. It wasn't very hard work, though; the hornets, who were doing some wonderful mason's work on the door, kept up a gentle hum, and the water talked to itself under the floor, and the wind swayed the tags and strings of an old squirrel's nest up on the rafter, and the gates of the Other Land came open very softly to our hands. Sunwapta was a lazy young brave and stayed up on a cot most of the afternoon; but Mariqui and I did wonderful things on the blankets in the boathouse. We stole a handful of cherries from the Big Chief at the house, but they were not ordinary cherries; the dew of romance was on them and they became wild fruits of the forest primeval; and the blueberries and wild raspberries we picked ourselves, high up on the crests of the islands over the granite cliffs, they had the full flavour of the outmost wildernesses. "We will do some great things in the city this winter," I said to my brother Mariqui; and she said, "O, won't we, Little Pontomac." Well, it is a pleasant delusion, an enchanting hope. Mariqui thinks she will come to my wigwam—most people call it a flat—with a chain of attendant braves; and my squaws will cook her strange foods, she says, and we will eat the meals of plenty and smoke the pipe of peace. But I am sure that even Swiss cakes and ice-cream will fail of full enchantment. The Moon of Wild Rice will look different, somehow, illuminating slate roofs; and the streets will be so stirred with common noise that we shall never hear the wild geese flying south.

* * *

MARIQUI is somewhat less than half as old as I am. (She is honest and truthful, so I hope she will not immediately write to THE COURIER and say how old she is.) But she knows lots and lots more than I do. She is kind, though; regarding my deficiencies as the effect rather of environment than character. For instance, I don't know how to milk a cow nor make butter nor cut a horse out of the bunch on the range. Mariqui does, but she doesn't put on any side. I don't know any Cree either. But I have looked up a lot of Micmac words in a book in the library, and I am using them on her with great effect. If you have noticed portraits of early missionaries to the Indians, you will have seen how determined they look, how keen and square their jaws are, as if they chewed a great deal. I am convinced that this is caused by their pathetic struggles with the dialects of the primitive child of nature. It explains, too, their early deaths. They didn't die of privation or interesting Indian tortures. No, they struck a new irregular verb or a lot of feminine derivatives, and it was too much for them. Supposing I went to a Micmac and wanted to buy nine fat hens—he wouldn't have them, and if he had I shouldn't want to buy them, but it doesn't matter—I should have to ask for peskoonahduk keegulleeguech esquaos. If I wished to point out the Pole Star to a Micmac—I never can find it—I should have to tell him to look at the okwotunuguwa kulokuwech. And the name of the Micmac himself might be Kitpooosegunow or Wiskumooogwasoo or Wegooaskunooogwejit—

* * *

W. J. LOCKE'S "Glory of Clementina" is a charming story. I read it in installments in the *Saturday Evening Post*, and I missed the first chapters altogether. I don't think that matters at all, though. There are so many books that one can only love in sections, and of which I would

not read the beginning or ending, as the case may be, for worlds. Clementina is a wonder; the story says she is also a lovable wonder, which one has to take on trust. It is a point on which one might quarrel a little with the author; doing noble deeds and saying brilliant things does not always make a woman lovable; one wants to know just *why* people put up with so much from Clementina, and Mr. Locke only tells us why, he doesn't show us why. There is another detail, too. Her transformation really offends against all sweet reasonableness in its suddenness. Clementina had gone so far that she was almost frowsy; she had ruined her complexion, we are told in an earlier chapter, by scrubbing it with strong soap and water; she had forgotten how to dress herself; she had "done for" her hair utterly. Yet, in one evening, she becomes "Clementina in a hundred-guinea gown, gold silk gleaming through ambergris net; Clementina exquisitely corseted—Clementina with a smooth, clear olive skin; Clementina with her fine black hair—set off with a great diamond comb—Clementina a very great lady and almost a beautiful woman." O no, Mr. Locke, things do not do themselves in that manner. But it is all very jolly to read about. One might rename the book, "The Triumph of Cash," though. If Clementina had not had the support of her bank-account, things would have been different.

* * *

I AM trying to "get next to Nature," isn't that the correct expression?—with no other aids than a second-floor balcony, a hammock, and a sparrows' bath. In the next door yard there are some fruit trees which help a little. Lying out in the hammock in that strange hour that comes between sunset and starlighting, one can at least see the bats sweep out from the cherry-boughs, watch the swoop of a nighthawk, red in the last of the sun, and learn the first faint flowering of the planets in the pale fields of the air. The robins are quiet now, and the little winds in the apple-leaves say that the year has turned. The gathering swallows twitter in the skies, and later, when the blue is grey, one may hear, infinitely lonely, the cries of travelling goldfinches—O my heart, such little ghostly voices of desolation dropped down from the heights—"Are you there?" they seem to say, "We are lost, lost, lost." I know they are not lost. But the mystery of such things takes hold upon me, and I gather up my cushions and go in, and switch on all the lights. Only the little piping voices in the void come back to me in my dreams, and I also seem to be adrift upon an infinite grey wind, lost, lost, lost—

* * *

THERE was once an Indian who offended a great medicine-man, I don't know how; and the medicine man put a charm on this Indian's soul. It had been quite a useful kind of soul before, but the great medicine man turned it into a wild soul. Whenever it chose it ran away from the Indian—popped out of his mouth like a tiny grey cloud or a wisp of fog, and he had no end of trouble coaxing it back again. It used to get tangled up in the branches of the trees, or it used to slide away on the glint of running water, or escape on the wings of a war-song—anything at all served as an excuse to that soul. At last one day, when the clouds were low in the sky and the bull moose called to the cow, the soul got away entirely on a big gust of wind, and the Indian could not find it anywhere. It was having the time of its life somewhere in the woods, and did not intend to come back again.

The Indian went to the pine-trees first. "O fighters of the storm," he said, "is my soul hidden anywhere among your branches?"

The pines swayed and murmured softly, and shook down upon him drops of sweet dew. "There is no soul here, O brother," they said, "except the soul of a motherless child that we are rocking to sleep."

Then the Indian went to the running water. "O clear river," he said, "do you know where my soul is hiding from me?"

"I do not know, my brother," called the clear water, "I have been so busy carrying the seeds of the water-plants and shaping a new shoal beyond

the cedars that I have seen nothing of any soul. There is no soul here but the soul of a young girl who died long ago of love, and that I am keeping in a silver peace."

Then the Indian asked the birds if they knew where his soul was; he asked the swallows and the waxwings, the robins and the crows; but they were all so busy he could get no sense out of anyone but an old eagle, who listened politely to all he had to say, and it was a great deal. "I never had so much trouble finding it before," said the poor Indian, "it generally came back when it rained; if this goes on I shall have to ask the Master of Life for a new soul."

The wise old eagle drew up the white skin over his eyes. "It seems to me, my brother," he replied, "that someone has stolen your soul and tied it up in his wigwam. Go and look."

So the Indian sought for his soul in all the lodges of his tribe, but no one had even seen it, and the other young men mocked him, saying that he never had a soul at all. But the Indian persevered and looked for his soul far and wide, through the forests and the prairies, through the ranges and the lake country, and for a long time in vain. At last one evening he found a tiny wigwam of delicately coloured skins in a valley, and inside the wigwam he could hear his soul chirping away as contentedly as any bird.

The Indian was very angry, and hid himself in the bushes with his axe and his bow all ready to his hand—"For," said he, "I will first kill this thief, and then I will spoil his wigwam, and then I will take my soul and tie it up tight with my prisoner-strings; and if it does not obey me, I will take it back to the Master of Life and he can give it to a chipmunk or a porcupine for all I care."

So he waited, very angry, with his arrow on the string. But when at last the deerskin curtain shook, and the owner of the wigwam came out, he saw only a young girl, fair and gentle as a wild doe, and she carried his soul in her hands that were like golden leaves, and the soul sang with happiness.

"Here's a nice fix," said the Indian, or words to that effect. And he went down through the bushes and spoke to the girl. "O woman," he said, "that is my soul that you carry in your hands."

"Is it, O chief?" sighed the girl. "I am sorry, for I found it straying in the woods, and I took it into my lodge and warmed it, and now it rests in my hands and is happy. But if it is indeed your soul, you must have it. Call it and it will come to you."

But the soul wept and would not leave the girl, and threatened to go out altogether, and then the Indian would have been in trouble with the Master of Life. They were very much troubled, and did not know what to do. "I can't go all my life without my soul," said the Indian very reasonably, "or without some sort of a soul. The only thing to do is for you to keep my soul, and give me yours in exchange."

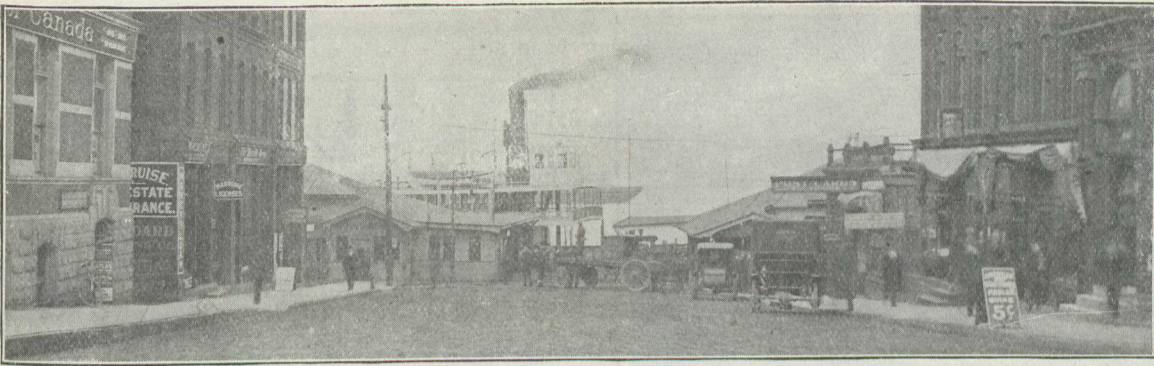
The girl looked in his eyes a very long time. Then she brought him her soul, that was like a little golden mist, and laid it in his hands, and it lay there content. But the girl wept. "You will take it away with you," she said, "and I shall never see my soul any more."

"Do not weep," answered the Indian, "for I shall not go away. I will build me a lodge here, and I will live here and love you forever, and we will take care of each others souls and see that they do not starve in the times of bad hunting."

So that is what they did. The girl's soul lay always in the Indian's hands like a little golden mist. And if his soul got wild again and blew away into the forest, the girl had only to call it back, and it came to her feet. And when the time came to give their souls back to the Master of Life, He found them so fair and bright that He set them in the folds of His sky-wigwam for stars.

Queen Mary and Morals

QUEEN MARY said the other day that she and King George were a "stuffy couple," and were perfectly contented to be so. She is going to do all in her power to boom domesticity, during her queen-consortship. She has forbidden any woman to enter her presence wearing either a hobble or a harem skirt, and her views on the question of divorce are very strict. Not only are divorced women barred from court, but all men who have figured in any way in divorce cases have been notified by the Lord Chamberlain that they are black-listed, which means ostracism from all the European courts. More than this, the queen is fair-minded enough to make the burden of social misdeeds, hitherto borne exclusively by women, rest equally on both sexes.



The Ferry Dock at Windsor, landing place of many a matrimonial pair.

WEDDINGS ON THE BORDER

By CANADIENNE

WINDSOR in the Old Country is associated with a stately castle of historic towers, a winding river, which has known the fleets of Saxons and Danes and the conquering craft of the Normans, and the pageantry of many a royal procession. It has inspired many a poet, it has been painted in stern grey and misty green on many a British canvas.

Our Windsor in Ontario is quite another community—a new and border city of a young country, with a floating and variegated population, which is known to the United States as “a town across the river from Detroit.” It is also known, alas, to the criminal fraternity of Uncle Sam’s domains, as a point from which they may pursue a hurried flight in a foreign land. The modern Windsor is a scene of much bustle and brightness, for, like most border communities, it is a place where life is taken lightly and gayly. The river is a scene of constant traffic and shifting crowds; but of all those who take the ferry, the passengers with bridal intentions are the most noticeable and characteristic. Windsor is emphatically a town of weddings. It has been called the Gretna Green of Canada—although one impecunious parson nicknamed it the Garden of Eden of Ontario. At whatever hour of the day you may take the ferry from Detroit, you will observe “parties of two,” who display the self-consciousness of those who are bent upon a matrimonial call at rectory, parsonage or manse.

Years ago, long before Dr. Reaume cherished political ambitions, in the days when Police Magistrate Bartlett was a vigorous official, it was my father’s lot to occupy for a three-years’ term the parsonage at Windsor. It is the cheerful habit of the members of a Methodist minister’s family to discuss the salary pertaining to the “new place,” with a frank materialism which is essentially human.

“The salary isn’t much for a man with a large family,” said an elderly parson as we left the city of London on our way to the Essex town, “but there are lots of weddings.”

The Parsonage Wedding.

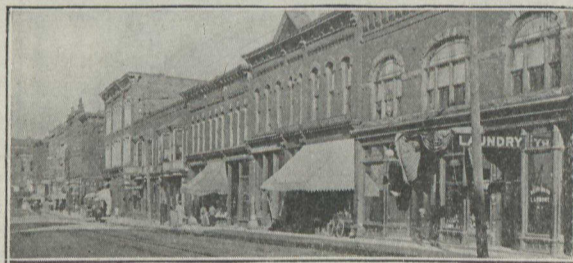
TO the ordinary girl, the word “wedding” suggests white satin gowns, floating veils, an array of “numerous and costly” presents and a position of supreme importance—for a fleeting hour. The minister’s daughter, however, learns to regard the occasion in an extremely prosaic and practical light. As soon as she is of legal age as witness, she is summoned to the parsonage parlour, to act as impromptu bridesmaid for a poorly-gowned and impecunious bride. The wedding at the minister’s home is, as a rule, that of the class where money is scarce and, consequently, even the marriage ceremony has to be conducted in the plainest style. There is little poetry about it, and the minister’s youthful daughter, who may be deep in the pages of a thrilling romance, where a young and haughty duke is on his knees before the beautiful Lady Gwendolen, is anything but delighted when she is called to witness the nuptials of a very ordinary bride and groom. More than once I made good an escape, when I saw an awkward and self-conscious couple approaching the gate; and, on such occasions as I officiated as witness, the opening address, “Dearly beloved,” usually provoked a yawn. The bride was an object of curiosity, for she was usually attired in bright blue with a hat trimmed with violent pink roses. But the bridegroom was, indeed, a pitiable object. He is sufficiently nervous and abject as he appears at the church altar; but, viewed at close range, within the narrow boundaries of a parsonage parlour, he is the most alarmed being in the world and usually becomes

“gulpy” when the time comes for saying “I will.” A suggestion is hereby offered to the daughter of the parsonage—that she demand at least ten cents for her services as witness and thus add to her small stock of pin money.

The Run-Away Match.

WINDSOR weddings were different from the ordinary hum-drum parsonage ceremony. There was, in many cases, a hint of romance; a suggestion of elopement or hurried escape from cruel guardians. The first wedding I witnessed in Windsor was of this thrilling nature. A cab dashed up to the parsonage door, just as my father was preparing to depart for prayer-meeting. But a passing “brother in Israel” saw that a wedding was imminent and promised to go on to the church and open the meeting in due form.

The bride was young and charmingly pretty and I remember that her name was Alice Maude. The bridegroom was tall and handsome and quite as impressive, in a school-girl’s eyes, as any nobleman in “The Duke’s Secret.” They came from Bay City, Michigan, and the bridegroom told very frankly that they had run away in the good old-fashioned style, since the motherless bride’s cruel step-father tried to prevent her marriage and was determined to take possession of her small fortune. Sympathy from the Irish-hearted clergyman was promptly forthcoming, and the wedding proceeded with a gentle flutter of excitement. Alice Maude and her handsome bridegroom drove away, the latter leaving a shining gold piece adorned with an outstretched eagle as a souvenir of the occasion, and, just a few moments after, a second cab whirled round the



A street of marriage license signs.

corner from which alighted the cruel step-father. He was, indeed, the conventional villain in appearance and I rejoiced that Alice Maude had escaped from his clutches. He endeavoured to storm and bluster; but when he sneered at the validity of a Windsor license and a Methodist marriage certificate, the officiating clergyman rose to the occasion, told a few home truths about British law and Canadian courts and hastened the cruel step-father to the cab. The Bay City elopers, be it remarked, have been happy ever after, and Alice Maude’s trust was amply justified.

The British Bride.

IT was interesting to remark how frequently the bride was of British birth and insisted on being married in Canada, because, as one canny girl expressed it, “it seems more like a real wedding.” When the minister presents the wife with the marriage certificate, there is nearly always an exchange of small pleasantries, as to the legal hold thus established over the bridegroom. On such occasions, the wife would almost invariably refer to the alleged firmness of the Canadian marriage bond. I remember a Scotch lassie who took firm hold of the important envelope with a keen glint in her eye.

“It’s no Detroit meenester I’ll be trustin’—nor Detroit certificate. We’re married under the right flag, Malcolm.” And Malcolm, as is the manner of a Scottish husband, meekly and dumbly assented.

This determination on the part of the bride, to have the ceremony as firm and decorous as possible, may be regarded by the cynical as an instance of woman’s inherent distrust of man’s vagaries of mind and heart. The free-and-easy ways of marriage before a justice or in a registry office will never commend themselves to the world of woman-kind.

It is woman who clings to the old home or the native soil and remembers the little things of everyday associations, even after a lifetime in the new country. It is woman who insists that a marriage ceremony or a baptismal service by “one of our own ministers” is much more becoming than when conducted by a foreign official. Hence it was not at all surprising to find that many of the Windsor brides announced their British origin at once, with a declaration that they “wanted to come across the river for the wedding.” Thus, while a three-years’ sojourn in Windsor supplied any minister with a decidedly varied experience in tying the matrimonial knot, it was quite noticeable that a patriotic idea underlay most of these expeditions.

The numerous weddings led to many jests at the expense of the solemnity of the ceremony. Funerals were sadly frequent in Windsor the first summer we lived there, for malaria was then a common affliction. On one occasion, when the Presbyterian minister and my father were attending the funeral of a prominent citizen, two wedding “couples” arrived and went away to seek the Baptist minister. A school-girl friend remarked, as she saw them departing: “I should think a Windsor minister must just hate to go to a funeral, because he is almost certain to miss a wedding or two.”

The Happy Bridegroom.

IT has already been said that the bridegroom, born in Uncle Sam’s Republic, is more generous in the matter of fee than the Canadian. There were occasional exceptions to this golden rule, one debonaire gentleman asking that the wedding be “charged” and assuring the minister that the fee would be sent up from the hotel. The payment failed to be made, however, and ere many months had passed, the bride was a forsaken wife endeavouring by means of fancy needlework to make an adequate livelihood. There was a cheerful bridegroom who left on the table a heavy envelope, with promise of an excellent fee; but it disclosed nothing more exhilarating than a silver dollar and five nickels—just seventy-five cents missing from the legal amount.

The bashfulness of the bridegroom was usually painful to a degree, but in a school-girl’s merciless gaze, he was an amusing object, and a badly-suppressed giggle frequently replied to his perspiring appearance and halting inquiries. An extremely bright-garbed young woman, accompanied by an exceedingly red-faced young man, appeared one July afternoon in the parsonage porch. The latter hoarsely inquired: “Is the reverend gentleman in?” He was solemnly assured that he was, whereupon the inquirer’s face grew more rubicund, his expression became that with which one surveys the dentist’s red plush chair.

“Well, tell him”—stammered the Knight of the Ruby Countenance—“tell him”—there was a pause of consternation—“tell him that me and another girl wants to get married.”

There came one day a bridegroom who wore none of that agonized embarrassment which marks the approach of the average man to the altar of Hymen. The bride was a school-teacher in Michigan; he was in the lumber business and “making a pile,” he remarked jauntily, and they had decided to have both the wedding and the honeymoon in a foreign land. There is one feature of the conventional marriage ceremony which usually reduces the most frivolous to a moment of solemnity. The long series of inquiries, commencing “wilt thou have this woman?” and reciting the various contingencies of life winding up with “till death shall you part,” is enough to sober the most mercurial citizen. But the festive bridegroom in question listened blithely to this complex question and answered with assured cheerfulness: “I’ll subscribe to those sentiments.” Such an airy unconcern had not been witnessed in that parlour before, and the rest of the ritual was read in decidedly choky and shaken voice.

After the happy couple had driven away, I lost no time in reading the schedule which contained a record of the age, church, name and condition of the contracting parties. Therein lay the explanation of the bridegroom’s self-possession. He was a widower and was born in the State of Utah!



During the recent visit of Their Excellencies to Toronto a garden party was tendered them at the York Club. Toronto society was out in force and many pretty maids and matrons looked their best.

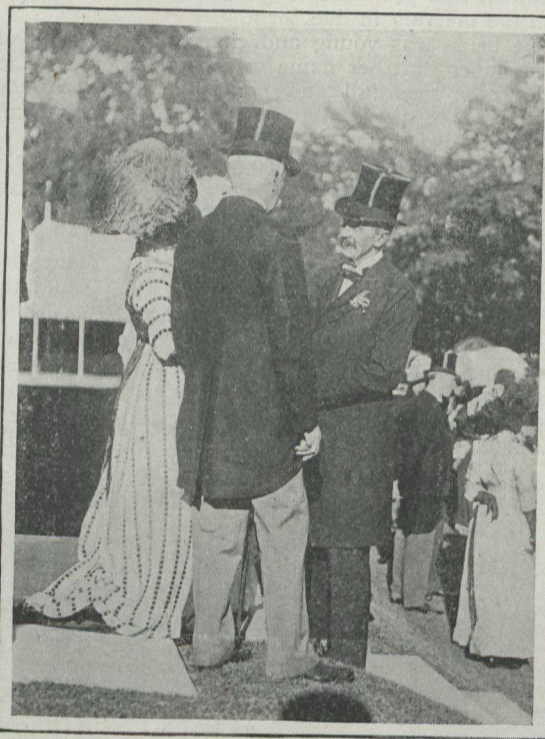
Photographs by Pringle & Booth

SOCIETY AT THE EXHIBITION

THE Canadian National Exhibition, now a yearly anticipated event, is watched with interest from all over the continent, and many distinguished visitors grace Toronto during the two weeks of its duration there. No more interested guests assemble to pay tribute to the accomplishments of our Dominion than the heads of the Dominion themselves, who are so soon to take back to the mother country the memory of a pleasant sojourn here. Her Excellency Countess Grey is always enthusiastic in her praise of Canada's achievements, and I observed a tangible proof of this interest, the other day, in one of the exhibit stands, in the form of a beautiful bit of Canadian furniture manufactory, which is to find its way, ultimately, into Rideau Hall.

Her Excellency was particularly interested in the new Women's Building, an excellent structure, opened this year for the first time, which faces the lake, and commands a fine view of the Southern grounds. Here are found all kinds of industry peculiar to women, from exquisite workings in embroidery and lace, to clever "dabs" from the artist's brush and pen. The tea-room, a necessary feminine

adjunct, provides refreshment to all tired wanderers who make the rounds of the exhibit stands, and needless to say, is abundantly patronized. In fact, it was almost impossible to find a table, unless one took one's stand in a line at the door, for time tireable. Then, the tea had a more delicious flavour,



Their Excellencies chatting with Lieut.-Col. G. T. and Mrs. Denison at the Garden Party.

and the refreshments were tastier than ever. The new Women's Building bids fair to be the most popular on the whole grounds, for women are bound to congregate, and where women congregate, there is talk, and talk brings popularity.

This building was the scene of a very smart luncheon, on the first Monday of the Exhibition, when the ladies' committee entertained Her Excellency, the Countess Grey, the Ladies Sybil and Evelyn Grey, Mrs. Gibson and Miss Gibson. On behalf of the committee, Mrs. George Gooderham, who welcomed Her Excellency, presented her with a beautiful bouquet of roses. The bow-knot of diamonds, with which she was also presented, pleased her very much. This ornament can be worn either in the hair or on the dress. The table decorations were of pink and white roses. Her Excellency looked very handsome in a gown of black ninon over white, with garniture of gold braid, a black hat with roses, and a lovely wrap of black satin embroidered in gold. Lady Sybil wore navy blue with a becoming blue and white hat, and Lady Evelyn was in brown rajah silk. Mrs. Gibson wore grey with a black hat, and Miss Gibson a black and white gown and a large white hat. Mrs. Gooderham, who welcomed the guests, wore a handsome painted

chiffon gown over white, with broad black satin band at hem, and a picture hat with roses.

Some of those present were, Mrs. J. O. Oliver (Convener), Mrs. G. H. Gooderham, Mrs. Geary, Mrs. W. K. George, Mrs. J. D. Allen, Mrs. McNaught, Mrs. Cooper, Mrs. Stevens, Mrs. Agar Adamson, Mrs. Herbert Cawthra, and others.

* * *

THEIR Excellencies were also entertained at a garden party at the York Club, which was, indeed, a brilliant success. The chairman, Mr. E. B. Osler, and the vice-chairman, Sir Edmund Walker, received the Vice-Regal party in the entrance hall, after which Their Excellencies led the way to the beautiful terrace and lawns of the club, where many small tables were scattered about under the trees, a large scarlet and white marquee covering the tea table, which was decorated with masses of bright-coloured gladioli. Their Excellencies and the Ladies Sybil and Evelyn Grey were accompanied by their host and hostess, His Honour the Lieutenant Governor and Mrs. Gibson, Miss Eugenia Gibson, Major Trotter, Major Shanly and Captain Bingham.

Her Excellency was wearing a graceful gown of grey blue satin and embroidery, with a wide brimmed hat to match, some exquisite jewels, and carried a bouquet of mauve orchids. Lady Sybil Grey wore a cream lace gown embroidered with pale blue, a satin cloak of the same colour, and a large hat, while Lady Evelyn was in grey chiffon over satin with hat to match. Mrs. Gibson wore her favourite black and white, and Miss Gibson looked exceedingly pretty in pale blue and hat of the same shade, with a panache of pansies.

It was indeed a gay assemblage, being composed of all the people who have just returned from abroad and the resorts, and it is needless to say, there were many beautiful gowns *a la maison Dreccoll*, *a la maison Paquin*, and many others Parisian and otherwise, all of which combined made an exquisite picture with the beautiful lawns of the York Club a very fitting background.

A Worthy Cause

ONE of the most praiseworthy organizations in Toronto is the Heather Club, the object of which is to care for tubercular children, to visit the home, to correct the unsanitary conditions of living, to provide good food, especially good milk and eggs, to give proper clothing, and especially to come in contact with the mothers to give counsel, advice and encouragement.

In the two years of its existence, the club has looked after more than a hundred patients in their homes, and during last year, provided 1,372 quarts of milk and 71 quarts of cream, and dozens of fresh eggs for such kiddies as were getting no nourishment suited to their conditions.



Lady Evelyn Grey and a friend enjoy an ice. Lady Evelyn is wearing a large hat and feather boa.

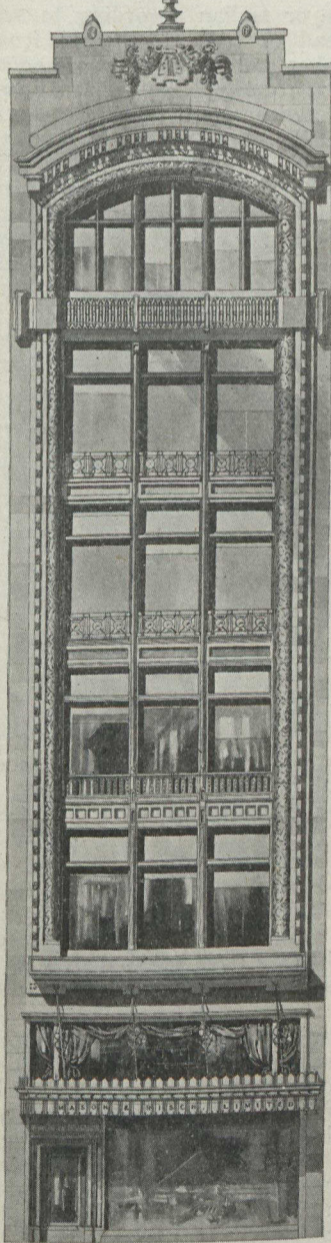


The Countess in the Guests' Box at the Exhibition has just received a bouquet from the Boy Scouts, and is sending them a message through Mr. W. K. George, President Ontario Council Boy Scouts and Honorary President Canadian National Exhibition.

THE BROADENING MOVEMENT OF MASON & RISCH, LIMITED

The Development of the Largest Musical Instrument Business in Canada and What it Means to the Public

The New
Building of
Mason &
Risch,
Limited,
230 Yonge
Street



When Mason & Risch, Limited, decided to build the eight-storey building at Yonge and Shuter Streets, it was with definite purposes in view. Up to that time the name of the Company had been chiefly associated in the public mind with the Mason & Risch Piano.

It was decided to greatly broaden the scope of the Company's activities, and to establish at the new premises the representative musical house of Canada. The plan is to sell only pianos of established reputation, from the Mason & Risch standing in the highest rank of artistic pianofortes, to the Steinbach, selling at the lowest price at which a conscientiously made piano could be retailed. Here, then, in the Mason & Risch, Henry Herbert, Classic, Harmonic and Steinbach, is a piano line of the greatest strength and appealing to all tastes and price ideas.

Next comes that inspirational thought—the

Player-Piano. The sensational success of this new type of instrument is a matter of common knowledge.

Thus are all classes of piano purchasers provided for—those who can play by hand and those who cannot, those who have a limited sum to invest and those who want the highest type of artistic Grand—all, in fact, including the distinctive bargain-hunter, for the Player-Piano brings in exchange a great number of pianos of all makes.

To provide an outlet for these pianos an Exchange Department has been formed, where one can secure at any time a good piano in fine condition much below its intrinsic value. Special sales will be held from time to time to dispose of the surplus, but the Exchange Department offers a continuous opportunity, inasmuch as the inflow of exchanged pianos grows along with the rapid increase in the demand for the Player-Piano itself.

To-day Mason & Risch, Limited, stands alone as a musical centre of far greater importance and significance than any other Canadian institution.

It supplies to the modern palaces of the wealthy pipe organs costing up to \$40,000 and \$50,000.

Its Art Rooms contain superb examples of "period pianos" in exclusive designs, costing up to \$10,000.

It is the home of the Mason & Risch Piano, for forty years the leading Canadian instrument, also of the Mason & Risch Player-Piano, an instrument mechanically as well as musically perfect.

It is the home of the Steinway Pianola Piano, the standard of the world, also of the Weber, Steck, Wheelock and Stuyvesant Pianola Pianos.

It is the headquarters of the Henry Herbert, Classic, Harmonic and Steinbach Pianos, each a representative in its class.

It is the headquarters of the Orchestrelle, an instrument appealing to the highest musical intelligence, and enjoying the distinction of being without competition or imitator.

Its Victor Department, occupying an entire floor, subdivided into soundproof rooms, affords facilities for the demonstration of instruments and records that are unsurpassed.

Finally, its Exchange Department offers to those who desire to limit their musical investment the opportunity to obtain reliable pianos of almost any known make at lower prices than the same grade of instrument costs elsewhere, and on terms within the reach of everyone.

In its conception and realization the underlying thought with Mason & Risch, Limited, has been to promote the confidence of the entire public, not only by pursuing the most approved methods of modern merchandising, but by also catering to each and every phase of demand for meritorious musical instruments, from the moderate priced piano to the great Pipe Organ costing many thousands of dollars.

MASON & RISCH, LIMITED

230 YONGE STREET, TORONTO

WESTERN MOTORISTS

By CURRIE LOVE

Photographs by the Author.

WESTERN ozone, "the altitude," is said to be responsible for the vim which western women put into their work and play. Certainly they go in for sports of all kinds with the vigour and enthusiasm of school children. Their latest fad, driving their own motor cars, has been taken up with all the joy of something new and engrossing. In Calgary, it is becoming quite customary to see a woman at the wheel of a runabout or even of a touring car, which she handles with all the skill and ease of an experienced chauffeur.

Among the Calgary girls who drive are Miss Winnie Griffith, who has a five-passenger Ford of her own, in which she is frequently the hostess of her jolly motor parties; Miss Ida Allan, who took her five-passenger Maxwell from Calgary to Banff without a mishap; and Miss Janet Sparrow, who uses her Ford runabout as an adjunct to a successful real estate and insurance business. Miss Sparrow is a typical western sportswoman, a golf champion, a tennis enthusiast, and an admirable horse-woman.

Mrs. Norman Lougheed, a bride of last spring, handles her husband's big touring car with skill, and is often seen at the wheel, with a party of merry girls in the tonneau. Mrs. Bruce Robinson, whose husband is president of the Calgary Automobile Club, is also an experienced driver, and specially delights in long country trips, when she is not bothered by speed rules. Mrs. Grasswick, Mrs. Davis, and a number of other Calgary women, are beginning to realize the charm of not being dependent on a chauffeur, and one may soon look for a Calgary club that will be for women only.

RECIPROCITY AND THE WOMAN

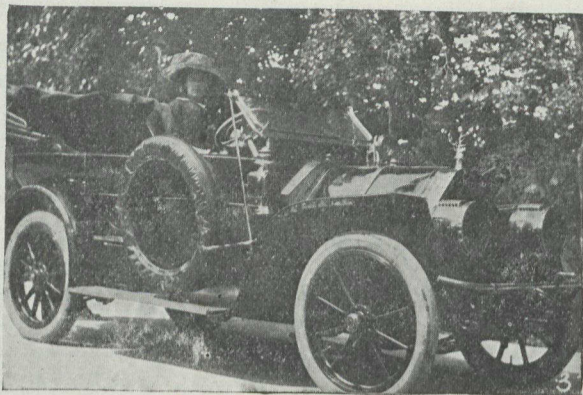
By JEAN BLEWETT.

WITH so many stalwart orators discussing reciprocity and the coming election, it would be a bold woman who would have a word to say. And yet this matter is a woman's matter, and touches that sphere which from time immemorial has been her very own. Keeping the house is her calling (sometimes her election), and here is one political party asserting that it can give her a duty-free breakfast table, and the other that, once her door is open, she will be well pillaged by her neighbours across the line.

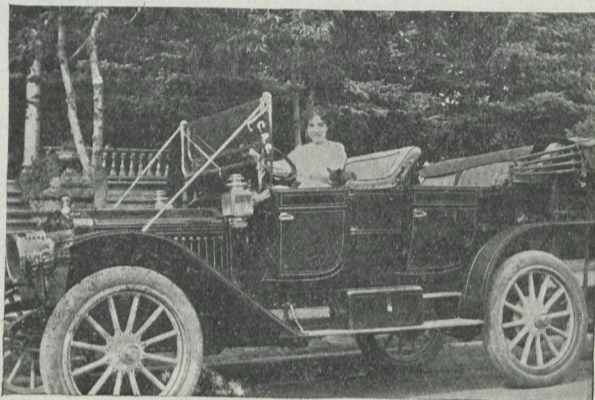
Reciprocity will doubtless bring us, duty free, many desirable things, and many that are anything but desirable. We do not want to copy after our cousins much as we admire their business acumen, their frankness and their chicness. Water finds its level; and the fact remains that two people, or two nations, carrying on unrestricted business relations, grow very close together. Also they grow alike. Having a common market, they have perforce a common weight and measure, a common standard. At present it is generally conceded that Canada—perhaps because she has kept younger, taken more time to grow up—has held fast to more of the cardinal virtues than her neighbour. She still has the fear of the Law and the Lord before her. What is she going to do with some of her good old-fashioned ways, when she gets doing business across the line, where the race is to the swift, and the pennon to the smart? An alert, up-to-date American would rather be dubbed "knave" than "fool" any day. This is why we hear so much of Yankee shrewdness.

Liberals on one side, Conservatives on the other, are in the field playing the old game of politics with might and main. A solid majority is the goal they are trying to make, reciprocity the ball they hope to make it with. "No duty on foodstuffs; a free breakfast table!" Ah, a splendid hit, that! It has us all agitated, and some of us cheering. "No closer trade relations! No commercial union! The Maple Leaf forever!" This from the opposition, and we hold our breath; the cheers die out, for, after all, you rarely find an unpatriotic person in petticoats.

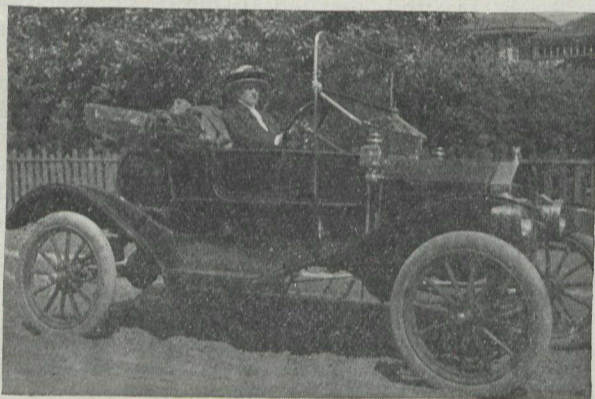
So here we are, dizzy with watching the play, so absorbed in this man's attack, that man's defence, and all the wild exciting hits and misses, so absorbed in the game as a game that we lose sight of the issue. And it is all wrong. This reciprocity



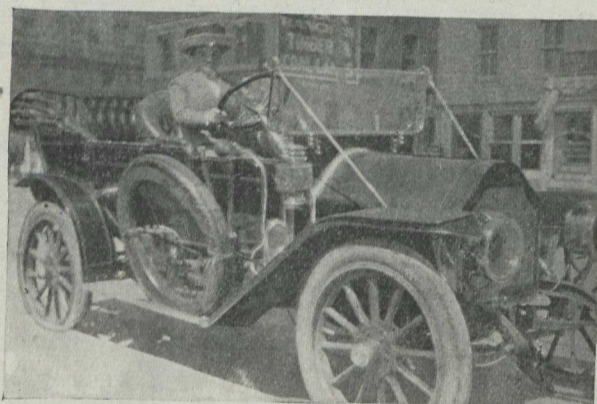
Mrs. Norman Lougheed in her big touring car



Miss Ida Allan in her five-passenger machine



Miss Janet Sparrow in her Ford runabout



Mrs. Bruce Robinson in her five-passenger Russell



Miss Winnie Griffith in a five-passenger Ford
SOME FAIR CALGARY MOTORISTS

fact should never have been made an issue—the issue—of an election. It is a national question, not a party one. It should have the calm consideration due a national question, and the best thought of the brainiest men on both sides of the House. Instead of our party leaders spouting impassioned appeals pro and con, instead of all this political clamour, this inciting of party feeling, there should be full and free discussion, without heat or malice, fear or favour; and with no other purpose than arriving at the best solution of a problem, the straightest answer to one of the weightiest questions. Canada has been called upon to decide. Reciprocity may or may not be best for our business interests. We do not pretend to know. But we do know that to rush it along on the turbulent wave of men's political passions is a shame. It is worse. A degradation to this young land that, through evil and good report, has, up to this time, maintained untarnished her Anglo-Saxon sense of what is due to others—and to herself.

At the Heart of Things

Honest Sentiment and Sturdy Friendship in Cy Warman's Poems.

"THE Songs of Cy Warman" make no high pretense. They celebrate the little things of every day, and such plain, permanent emotions as love of woman, of home, of children, of the broad Western landscape. We realize with something of a shock how far we have strayed from the ideals current not so many years ago, when these songs—not one of them great poetry—strike us as something fresh and new and almost surprising. They are the speech of a generation whose men did not love women without desiring to marry them; whose children played house or Indian according to sex and inclination, instead of being "boosted" from the cradle into the higher mathematics; whose poets respected the proprieties of rhyme, and did not run after strange meters; a generation of honest sentiment, of sturdy friendships, free from over-subtlety and the double entente.

Cy Warman is a "newspaper poet," which means that he gets closer to the heart of things than many a library poet. And when it comes his turn to cross the Great Divide, lines more applicable to himself are not likely to be written than his present tribute to Dr. Drummond:

You who have broken bread with him,
Have lingered, laughing late at night;
You will know why mine eyes are dim
With tears that blur the lines I write;
Dare's won, he's frien', I'm not forget,
Dat small cure of Calumette.

Time rolls, and brings us frost and flowers
Set changes of the changeless years;
He passed, 'mid early April showers
As tho' the world were moved to tears;
De Rosignol sing on an' on,
More sadder now 'cause he is gone.

—New York Times.

An Australian Suffragette

SOUTH AUSTRALIA is busy discussing a memorial to the late Catherine Helen Spence, author, journalist, political and social reformer, a friend of George Eliot and many other famous people, and herself the greatest woman probably the Southern Hemisphere has produced to date. It was partly owing to her exertions that South Australian women were given the vote as long as seventeen years ago, while her untiring services for State and destitute children have made that department in South Australia second to none in humanity and effectiveness.

Miss Spence was the one woman admitted a member of the South Australian Destitute Board, which controls the State Home for aged paupers. And in that capacity she proved the pure lunacy of the argument advanced by anti-suffragists that women are out of place in such positions. For instance, she found that under the man-made regulations the poor old people in the institution were given the same kind of soup every day of the year, and the same kind of vegetable—cabbage.

When cabbages were halfpenny and when they were sixpence, they were still the staple food, so that it was clearly not a matter of economy. The only explanation she could discover was that it saved bookkeeping! The same thing applied to the soup. When Miss Spence pointed out that variety in food is necessary to the health of everyone—even the poor and aged—and that the same stock would make various kinds of soup, the other members of the board were quite astonished. And yet a woman isn't needed!—M. A. P.

THE MATINEE GIRL

By MARGARET BELL

The Season Opens

There was a sound of mighty popping of corks, there was gaiety and brilliance and laughter and song. Broadway was a whole blaze held in the grip of electrics, and Thespis hovered near and said, "Let them be opened." What a gala time it was! There was cunning Billie Burke, drinking a modest glass of milk (?) in some more modest cafe. You know Billie does not believe in any sustaining nerve producer of more intense stimulating powers than pure white milk such as you once saw on the dear old farm back home. And the newest star of Broadway, she who has set all the pulses a-pattering, Hazel Dawn, of British importation, likewise sat and sipped. Hazel is very pretty, they tell me, also very bewitching. Most newly-nurtured stars are pretty and bewitching. It takes a more ordinary one much longer to scale the—for lack of another expression, we shall say ladder of stardom. Perhaps Hazel will visit us here in Canada this season. The Pink Lady selections have preceded her, by many months, but she will undoubtedly show the pianolas and noise-producing appurtenances the correct way to get the "swing" of it.

the Party." There is no reason why he should not make good, for John usually is the life of every party in which he happens to take part. He has ceased to be known as Ethel's brother, and is now John by his own right. And that funny team, Montgomery and Stone, are going to leave "The Old Town" for a while. The new musical comedy is still in the process of manufacture, and is not yet named. One of the newest really stars among the men, who threatens to make good, is Richard Bennett. This season he is to see his name illuminating some sombre (?) doorway, and directly underneath his, the letters which spell Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's "The Shuttle." And Rose Stahl, another Canadian by the way, is going to take "Maggie Pepper" to the Thespian Olympus this season. If the play proves as successful as the old reliable "Chorus Lady," Rose can settle down comfortably for a few seasons, without being bothered as to whether reciprocity is Ay or Nay. Grace George opened her husband's newest playhouse in "Sauce for the Goose," and fortunately is going to say farewell to that bit of froth, for an indefinite period. She is billed for Toronto, I understand, in a new play, just a few days after the publication of this number, so I shall tell her interested matinee admirers about it at some later date.

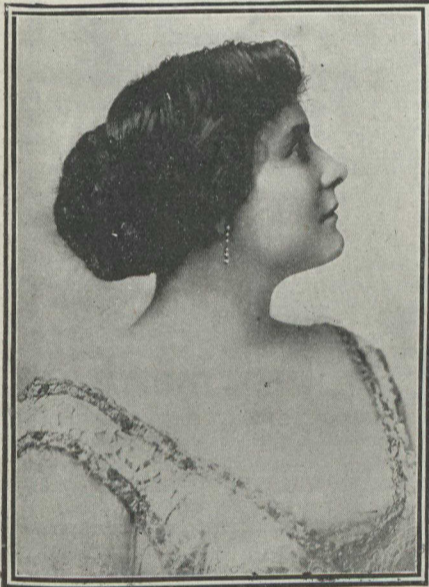
Speaking of Toronto reminds me of the opening bill at the Royal Alexandra, Sam Bernard, in "He Came from Milwaukee." It is about as devoid of plot as the ordinary musical comedy, but Mr. Bernard himself does some clever bits. It is all Bernard, of course. Anna Wheaton—where have I seen her before?—does some good work, has a bewitching rousse nose, and dances quite well. People come back, season after season, laugh at the same old jokes, the same impossible situations, and make audible remarks about the chorus. What a weary, go-in-a-circle place it is, after all?

* * *

WE have been expecting it for a long time, of course. And now it has really happened. Over in the Registrar's office in London, so that it may be tied the tighter, perhaps, but there is no knot that the knife of divorce cannot sever. Edward Sothorn and Julia Marlowe are to co-star the rest of their lives, until something unforeseen happens, to make the stellar bodies switch their course. It was professional jealousy once before, when Miss Marlowe was Mrs. Robert Taber. Miss Marlowe gained the greater glories, and Mr. Taber obtained a divorce on the grounds of unmutual sharing of honours. Who knows, perhaps E. H. Sothorn, the husband, will not be so gracious in acknowledging Miss Marlowe's superior abilities, as E. H. Sothorn the actor? We shall await results, and there will be plenty of exultant watchers who will be only too glad to ejaculate the time-worn "I told you so," when the proper hour approaches.

* * *

GABY DESLYS is decidedly an original artiste. Alan Dale went in to interview her, one day after her performance at the Theatre des Capucines, and she immediately launched forth on a lengthy parley on the offers she has had to come to New



MARGARET ILLINGTON

Whom the footlights will lure away from the library grate for the second season since her marriage with Edward Bowes.

Christie Macdonald, the Canadian favourite—my, how our Canadian girls do get on!—is to spend a second season in that mint-play, "The Spring Maid." Christie has a new husband, this season, and has just returned from a most enjoyable trip abroad, her honeymoon. The Russian dancers, introduced by "Gert" Hoffman, are back at Madison Square Gardens, for a spell. The Russian Government is not so prejudiced against American dollars as they might want us to suppose. You know, the dancers are institutions of the government in Russia, and are not allowed to leave the country without the dear government's consent. Gert Hoffman is billed as the big feature, and undoubtedly receives the star price, for she is Gertrude Hoffman of Salome fame. It's great to have some kind of attachment like that to one's name. It helps so much in the artistic commercial world.

And John Barrymore is to be a star in a new play called "The Life of



ELITE CUT GLASS

Means perfection in Cut Glass. Perfection in Cutting.
Perfection in Blanks.

No pressed Blanks used in making Elite Cut Glass.

When you buy Elite Glass you have a reputable Guarantee of Quality.

Ask for ELITE. Don't take any substitute.

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BEETHAM'S La-rola

Is a perfect emolient milk quickly absorbed by the skin, leaving no trace of grease or stickiness after use. Allaying and soothing all forms of irritation caused by Sun, Wind and Hard Water, it not only

PRESERVES THE SKIN

and beautifies the Complexion, making it SOFT, SMOOTH AND WHITE, LIKE THE PETALS OF THE LILY.

The daily use of La-rola effectually prevents all Redness, Roughness, Irritation, and Tan, and gives a resisting power to the skin in changeable weather. Delightfully cooling and Refreshing after MOTORING, GOLFING, TENNIS, CYCLING, ETC.

Men will find it wonderfully soothing if applied after shaving.

M. BEETHAM & SON

CHELTENHAM, ENG.

"Now, why should I buy a KNECHTEL KITCHEN KABINET?"

ARE you asking yourself that question, Madame? Or do you, Sir Husband, wonder just what good one of these time-money-and-labor-saving devices would be in your home. Give it five minutes study, and you will wonder why you have been keeping house without a K.K.K. You will see in one minute how many, many, many steps it must save every day—because it groups in one compact space practically every item of the culinary battery.

YOU, Madame, would hardly dream of doing sewing day after day without a sewing machine. Yet you use your sewing machine but once where you would use this labor-saver fifty times. For you cook three meals a day—and this Cabinet will gain you fully ten minutes time in getting each meal ready. In a week's cookery you will gain more than three hours—just because it saves so much trotting back and forth.

IF you keep help it does much to keep the girl contented—for it gives her more time for her other work, and spares her from getting so tired out. It economizes food-stuffs, because it abolishes much waste—keeps the supplies in better shape—keeps them clean—protects them from mice and insects. After you have had a K.K.K. a month you wouldn't sell it.

KNECHTEL Kitchen Cabinets are made in five handsome styles, all beautifully finished, all with shining, rust-proof extension tops of bright aluminum. Each has a dust-tight flour-bin with sifter bottom, an ingenious sugar-bin, plenty of shelf and cupboard-room—a place for everything you use in get-

ting meals ready. You can sit down to your work if you like. You will have far more time for recreation and far more vitality to enjoy it. Go to-day to your furniture dealer and ask to examine the Knechtel. He will cheerfully explain its exclusive excellence to you. And he will not beg you to buy. Booklet E mailed on request.

LOOK FOR THIS TRADE MARK.

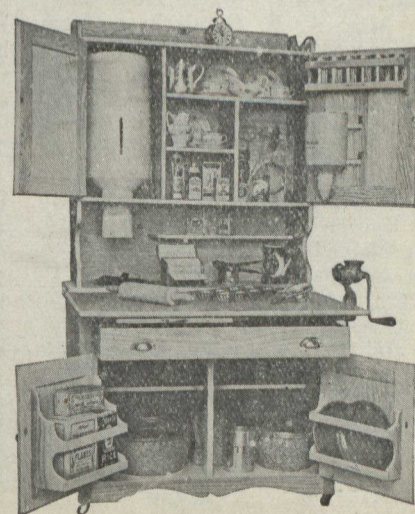


REGISTERED

Knechtel Kitchen Cabinet Co. Limited

Hanover

Ontario



York. Fourteen thousand dollars a month, with two performances a day. Mon Dieu! How could they? Such a slight sum for such an artiste, and two performances every day. No, Gaby will have none of it. She would rather stay in her dear Paris, and live the simple life on half that sum, and appear only once in the twenty-four hours. London is begging her to cross the Channel and delight their eyes, for which she is to allow the manager to give her a slight remuneration of ten thousand dollars a month. She is going to put on an act, the acceptance of which has surprised her, so she is much pleased.

* * *

WHO would ever think it! Lillian Russell is a suffragist. I shall not call her a suffragette, for I could never imagine that fair one heading a band of leaders, calling for a vote. The fact is, I do not know what she calls herself, but she believes in votes for women. This is what she says about voting herself: "Of course, I believe in votes for women. But I do not know whether I would vote or not, if I had the chance. If I were anyone else but Lillian Russell, I might. But, being no one else, the newspapers might say I did it for advertisement."

Miss Russell has a very interesting hobby. She collects antique pottery and china. All over the world, wherever she goes, she is always on the lookout for a new bit to add to her collection, which is a very fine one. It is a funny thing, the way most people regard the women of the stage. They are not looked upon as human beings, whereas they are the most human of all, much more human than those who are always waiting to censure some little act, or exaggerate some report. It is hard to make the public believe that Lillian Russell is not as old as Madame Bernhardt, and that she has been married only three times, instead of five.

PERSONAL CHIT-CHAT

WE have come to the season of happy home comings, when every steamer brings back its summer tourists, every railroad train carries groups of summer-browned vacationists eager to be back in the home town. Sunburn, tan, beauty specialists, all these are the topics of conversation of the happy "recently returned."

Some Toronto people who have just come back to the city of good are: Mrs. Oliver Adams, from Winnipeg; Miss Daisy Boulton and Miss Rolph, from England; Miss Grace Smith, the talented pianist, from England; Mrs. Bongard and family, from Muskoka; Mr. and Mrs. Henry Suydam, from Niagara-on-the-Lake; Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Jones, from England; Mrs. A. E. Gooderham, from England; Mrs. Charles Catto, from England; Dr. and Mrs. J. H. Cotton, Miss Cotton and Mr. James Cotton, from Muskoka; Mrs. Albert Dymont and her daughter, from Lake of Bays; Miss Ethel Sheppard, from the Seashore; Mrs. Lewis Burnand, from Port Stanley; Mrs. Alexander Laird, from Charlebois; Mrs. Scott Waldie, from Southampton; Mrs. A. H. C. Proctor, from Southampton; Dr. and Mrs. Trotter, from Point au Baril; Mr. and Mrs. Forsythe, from Georgian Bay; Miss Zollner, from Georgian Bay; Mrs. D'Arcy MacMahon, from Switzerland; Mr. and Mrs. Aolen, from Muskoka.

* * *

AMONG the passengers who arrived at New York on the Olympic, this week, is the Mar-



THE WAITRESS--NEW STYLE.

Dr. Maud Glasgow, of New York, has started a public agitation in favour of women wearing trousers. She says that as women are doing men's work they should be privileged to wear his common-sense clothes. The accompanying picture shows Dr. Maud's notion of how a waitress should dress.

chioness of Donegal, with her eight-year-old son, the present Marquis of Donegal. The Marchioness was Miss Violet Twining, daughter of the late Henry St. George Twining, a distinguished resident of Halifax. She will go from New York to Halifax.

* * *

SIR MONTAGU AND LADY ALLAN have returned to Montreal from their summer home at Cacouna.

* * *

THE marriage took place on the twelfth of August in St. Bartholomew's Church, Dublin, of William Owen Tudor-Hart, second son of Frederick Lestrangle Hart, of Montreal, to Anne Ceceilia, second daughter of the late Bindon Blood Stoney, M.I.C.E., and Mrs. Stoney, Dublin.

* * *

QUEEN ALEXANDRA and the Empress Marie of Russia have been paying a short visit to Lord and Lady Ripon, at Studley Royal, a visit following immediately on that of King George. They have now embarked for a cruise in Norwegian waters on the Royal yacht Victoria and Albert.

* * *

THE new Woman's Building which was opened this year at the National Exhibition, has proven a great success in every way, and the ladies of the committee have been feted continually since the big Fair was ushered in. One of the largest parties was on Tuesday, of the first week, when Mr. Noel Marshall treated the ladies to unlimited ice-cream and roses, all in pink and white. On the next day, it was the ladies' turn to treat. They had a most enjoyable birthday tea for Mr. McNaught, birthday cake and all. Mrs. McNaught was present, looking quite charming in a black and grey satin

foulard, and a gray toque with shaded plumes. The view from the committee rooms was very beautiful, facing the lake, which was prettily dotted with craft of all kinds and sizes, the President's yacht and that of Mr. Eaton, and a large one from Rochester being the most noticeable.

* * *

THE Earl and Countess of Minto have been entertaining a large family party at Minto House, Roxburghshire. The Countess, who is taking a leading part in the Young Woman's Christian Association, of England, is now visiting her daughter, the Viscountess Errington, at Guildford.

* * *

THE marriage will take place shortly between John Samuel Jones, Winnipeg, third son of the late Rev. Charles Morgan Jones, M.A., to Elizabeth Mabloine, youngest daughter of the late Marcus Crosbie Brownrigg, and grand-daughter of the late Sir Henry John Brownrigg, C.B., Inspector-General Royal Irish Constabulary.

* * *

TORONTO has been overflowing with out of town visitors, the last two weeks. The Exhibition seems to grow more popular year after year.

Among those who spent some time in town were Mrs. Maurice Stewart, Van Wagner's Beach; Mrs. Peter Mackenzie, Saskatoon; Mrs. F. L. Hammond, and Mrs. H. J. Rawlings, Montreal; Mrs. E. Smith, Hamilton; the Misses Jackson, Montreal; Mrs. Pinney, Chicago; Mrs. W. Herbert Secord, Winnipeg; Mrs. J. C. Gilbert, Miss Hammond, New York; Mrs. F. Lamb, Cedar Rapids; Mrs. E. Gates, Denver; Mrs. Harold Dyer, Ottawa.

A Prize Baby

NEARLY a hundred babies, assisted by their mothers, competed for prizes in seven classes at the Toronto Exhibition.

The judges were: Drs. Bruce Smith, J. W. S. McCullough, Adam Wright, Edmund E. King, H. J. Hamilton, John McCollum and Harley



Smith, and these were the points upon which decision was made: Healthy appearance, good looks, methods of feeding, absence of physical defects, cleanliness, neatness of attire, and proportion as to height.

The "Sweepstakes" went to the baby which won in Class 5, boys from 18 to 24 months old. Ross McNish, the winner of this greatest prize, was slightly under the limit of age, weighed 29 pounds, has flaxen hair and light blue eyes. His brother won last year in the 2-to-3-year-old class. Both Mr. and Mrs. McNish, the parents, are Canadian-born.

"What Shall I Eat?"



Is the daily inquiry of thousands upon thousands who wish something appetising but who don't know just what to eat.

To begin with, a slice or two of

Fearman's English Breakfast Bacon

for breakfast will be found both appetising and nourishing.

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DEMI-TASSE

Courierettes.

After all, it is only an election. We might be India and having a famine—or China and having a flood!

A Chicago magazine publishes a photograph of the Laura Secord memorial, with the information that it is erected at Lewiston, Ontario. While we are "reciprocating," let us send Chicago a little pamphlet on Canadian history and geography.

The grand army of the Liberals who simply can't stand Sir Wilfrid's policy, is met on the way by the great host of the Conservatives who have seen the Light at last and are ready to die for Reciprocity.

Truth is being crushed to earth these days, but will rise again on the twenty-second of September.

The joy rider is a misery-maker.

Honey-dealers will be "stung" by reciprocity, says the Toronto Evening Telegram.

There's another comet coming. On September 17th it will be only forty-five million miles away. Who's afraid?

An evangelist has been giving an address: "Why I left Italian Opera." Perhaps the audience could tell us.

An Election Episode.—During the election of 1887, in which Sir John Macdonald took part, it happened that he came to a certain city, where one of the Liberal candidates was also principal of a ladies' college. The election was a lively one, and the candidate in question had become so incensed at the methods of the enemy that he forbade the girl students to attend the Macdonald meeting. Now, there were among the students several maidens who were of strongly Conservative sympathies, and who were determined that they would, in spite of all the powers, hear the chief of the party. The roof of the rink in which Sir John was to speak, adjoined the roof of the covered walk, where the students were supposed to take exercise on stormy days. Consequently, on the evening in question, three of these brave young spirits secured the key to the back door, climbed to the roof and peered through a skylight on a policeman who was pacing to and fro near the top row of seats. They succeeded in attracting the attention of this stalwart gentleman who forthwith assisted them to enter the hall, where they were the "first arrivals."

The meeting was large and enthusiastic, and there was no louder applause than that which came from "the Dauntless Three." On the following day, the policeman, who was an Irishman, an Orangeman and a Tory, told the story at headquarters and denounced the "tyranny" of the candidate who would fain deprive "three nice girls of hearing Sir John." By the time the tale reached the ears

of the principal, that gentleman was too much absorbed with the problem of his defeat to think of any belated discipline.

A Proverb Applied.—Father—"I wish, my boy, that you would try to be more punctual. Remember that the early bird gets the worm."

Son—"It serves the fool worm right for not staying in bed."

The Foolish Feminine.—A lawyer was referring to the "Monocle Man's" remarks in The Courier concerning the advisability of having women on the jury in the trial of a wife-beater. "I quite believe in it," said an unmarried woman. "Canadian men let such brutes off too easily."

"Do you know," said the lawyer, "that the one who usually sets up a plea in the man's favour is the woman who is the victim. Years ago I had a case where the man had been most brutal, and the relatives of the woman were determined that he should be punished properly. I was much younger and more enthusiastic than I am now, and became greatly interested in the unfortunate victim. My wife, also, took an interest in the case, and hoped that the man would have a heavy sentence. But one evening the injured wife appeared at the house, and when I expressed my frank opinion of her husband, the lady proceeded to abuse me in the strongest terms that a little woman could use, and went away vowing that 'poor Robert' was more sinned against than sinning. This was too much for my wife, who begged of me to drop the case, and declared that a woman so silly as that deserved all the beatings she received."

"I agree," said the suffragette spinster, "a woman who will forgive the man who strikes her deserves nothing better. She's just a spaniel."

"And there you are!" said the lawyer with a sigh of resignation. "It is very hard to defend a woman who has no backbone."

The Day After.

The voting will be done,
The battle lost or won,
The cost all reckoned.

The wildest wagers made,
And debts, perchance, be paid
With future plans all laid,
By the Twenty-second.

Magistrate and Minister.—They are telling a rather amusing little yarn in ministerial circles about the Rev. T. E. Bartley, one of the most prominent Methodist preachers in Toronto, and now in charge of the Methodist Social Union work in that city.

It so happened that Mr. Bartley was walking along the street of a little town in Dufferin county one night, when he noticed a staggering figure lurch into the ditch. Compassion and pity welled up in the ministerial soul, and by dint of patience and en-

ergy he got the intoxicated man on his unsteady feet, and steered him on what the bibulous one said was his homeward road. Mr. Bartley stayed with him to the end of the journey, and as he was about to leave him at his door, the man gave a look of genuine gratitude. Though his tongue was a trifle thick, he insisted on making a little speech expressing his thanks. It was the peroration that appealed to the preacher.

"You see," said the tippler, "I'm the magistrate here, and I assure you that if you ever come before me I'll let you off darned easy."

Graceful!—"How did Jones get out of his engagement to that Miss Brown?"

"Well, you see, Jones turned Christian Scientist—and then he wrote to the Brown girl and said that he found his proposal to marry her was a mere illusion of mortal mind."

Blind Stagers.—At a recent session of the law court in a certain Yankee town, one farmer sued another for selling him a horse with a guarantee of soundness, when the horse died the next day of inflammation of the brain, or blind staggers. The judge found defendant guilty. Thereupon the latter remonstrated with his lordship, saying that he was a lawyer and didn't know anything about veterinary diseases. Said the judge, "I guess I know more about blind staggers than any veterinary surgeon in the county. I get about ten human cases in here every day."

A Smart Boy.—A well-known Toronto broker has a very precious six-year-old son, of whose smartness he often boasts. He was surprised the other day to receive a summons for harbouring an unlicensed dog, and, along with many others, he went before the Staff Inspector to pay the usual levy. To satisfy his curiosity, he asked that official how the dog-catcher came to summons him, since it was a new experience.

"Ask the man himself," said the Inspector, and the grinning policeman told the story as follows:

"I was going past your house the other day and I saw a little boy playing with the dog, which I noticed was not decorated with a tag. I asked the boy his name and where he lived, and then ventured to remark that the dog had no tag. The boy said, 'That dog is as old as me, and he never had a tag.' So I thought it was about time you bought one."

Absent-Minded Judge.—T. C. Robinette, the Liberal candidate in North York, was one of the chief figures in what is regarded as one of the most remarkable incidents of absent-mindedness on the part of a judge. The prisoner was on trial for his life before the late Mr. Justice Street, and a jury in Toronto. Mr. Robinette defended the accused.

In defence Mr. Robinette called the prisoner from the dock to state what part he took in the drunken brawl which ended fatally for the other participant. The court was taking copious notes of the evidence. Mr. Robinette was getting from his unfortunate client the particulars of the affray. His Lordship suddenly looked up from his notebook. Seeing the dock empty he exclaimed: "Stop, stop. Where's the prisoner?" and shot an anxious look at the Sheriff.

"Why he is very much in evidence, my lord," said Mr. Robinette, gravely pointing to his client in the witness box.

His Idea of Reciprocity.—One of the canvassers for Hon. W. L. M. King in North Waterloo recently received an amusing answer, the point in which is due to the fact that the town of Galt is under local option.

The canvasser was talking with one of the many German residents of Preston.

"Won't you vote for reciprocity?" asked the canvasser.

"No, sir," said the German. "I vont do idt. They've got that d—d thing down in Galt, and ve dont vant idt here."

FRAGRANT **SOZODONT** **FOR THE TEETH**

Sozodont

LIQUID POWDER PASTE

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No lady's dressing-table, no gentleman's shaving-stand, no traveller's room, no person can be considered fully equipped without a bottle of this exquisite, century-old, univalued, MURRAY & FLORIDA LANMAN'S WATER. There is nothing that will so add to the many, varied, elegant uses in the daily care of the person.

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—A rich, ripe, happy, tasty, healthful Ale that quickly banishes the cares and worries of the day. Your home needs a case.

Bottled only at the Brewery of the Cosgrave Brewery Co. of Toronto, Ltd.

PALE ALE

Mail Contract

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster-General, will be received at Ottawa until noon, on Friday, 13th October, 1911, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed contract for four years, six times per week each way, between ARISS and ARISS (Rural Delivery), from the Postmaster-General's pleasure.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Office of ARISS, Weisenburg, and at the Office of the Post Office Inspector at Toronto.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,
Mail Service Branch,
G. O. Anderson, Superintendent,
Ottawa, 25th August, 1911.



Coming Thro' the Rye.

THE WILDCATTERS

A Tale of the Cobalt Country.

S. A. White

Copyright 1911, by S. A. White.

CHAPTER XX.

ALL the hours of that next day Carl Glover fought in the silence of his room with the demon which was loose within him. Shame, humiliation and remorse mingled together to make him writhe at what he had done. His soul revolted at the sudden passion, yet he knew it would conquer him if placed in the least temptation. As evening drew near he felt the blood-call stronger and stronger. The green of the cloth and the yellow of the gold was in his eyes. The glare and the throng seemed round him and the lust of winning was saliently predominant.

With hands clenched behind his back Carl paced up and down the room as he had done all the sleepless night before, fighting the demon's influence at his heart. Tonight the Clan was waiting in its luxury of appointment for him. His companions expected the re-appearance of the luckiest man in Cobalt. These were men and women who played through the same force of habit that caused them to indulge in whist over home tables in their native cities. The Clan was waiting with passive power for this great majority and with growing allurement for some who had yet to travel the longest road of life.

For Carl it waited with all hell's compelling force, a force which was not of earth since it reached beyond the precincts of the grave. The hereditary fire that had consumed his father's hopes and self burned in Carl's veins.

When the first night shadows darkened the panes and the lights of The Clan shone out like evil lamps to point his way Carl's burning desire almost overpowered him. His cheeks were white and drawn with resistance. In the eyes was a haunted look of horror. Great drops of the essence which we know as bitter agony hung upon his forehead. For hours he wrestled with unseemly impish hands that seemed to be dragging his feet towards the threshold. He pulled the blinds tightly so as to shut out the world. He tried to read. He tried to work. He tried everything but thinking of the accursed wheel, yet to no end! A grip which was more than his human strength held him in thrall. Unsteadily he arose and found his hat. Then he half opened the door. There he turned back, opened it again, and once more turned back.

Oh! heaven, for something to hold! Something that would keep him there! He strove to pray, but the words seemed only a hollow mockery. What right had he to pray when there was no penance in his heart, nothing but evil flame?

Then there rose to him Jean Thurston's face, pure, fair, serene and holy. At the picture he cried aloud in agony.

He had severed her heart from him by an act of folly. "Far above her!" she had said. She did not know how far below; and the demon was still pulling him lower.

"Something of hers!" he thought. With quick search he took out the things from his trunk and seized a glove of Jean's, a tender, scented keepsake. He held it up reverently while his eyes grew moist, but at his heart the thwarted summons was still drumming. He felt as if he must go. Carl turned away with a groan of defeat, laying the glove back with one last look. But in the one last look he saw something else that brought a cry from him, a cry which was like triumph. Carl stooped and took from the confusion of things an object that he covered with kisses, tears falling as he did so. His heart full of a great mastering thankfulness, the tempted man turned his face to the mirror. The demon light was gone! The features were pale and marked with suffering, but each lineament held a new radiance of quiet joy.

Mother! O Mother! Carl whispered, kissing again the object which he held. It was his dead mother's prayer-book, the cover of white vellum soiled and worn and its corners tinted with knots of faded violets. The spirit of the living had proved powerless. The mother love was stronger to save than the betrothal love.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE meeting of those interested in Graham's property took place some days later. Carl's uncle had taken a decided turn for the better, although the physician said it would be months before he could take any part in business enterprises. He had been moved during the day

hours into the room which Carl used as a study, and where all his books were kept. It was a cosy spot, with a big couch by the afternoon window. In this room the meeting was called. Jacob Graham lay on the couch. The others were ranged in front round a small table when Carl came in.

His uncle had never named the men who were financing the development of the mine, and Carl had never inquired. Imagine his surprise when he saw at the table Colonel Theodore, Freeman, Giles, and Jasper, a lawyer from Toronto, who, Carl remembered, had defended Whitmore in his college scrape.

"Here you are!" Theodore exclaimed as Carl entered. "We have been waiting on you."

"Carl, these are the men financially interested in our mine and without whose assistance I could not carry on the work," said his uncle. "I am much indebted to them."

"I am pleased to find you here, gentlemen. I have known you in a friendly way and I hope our business connections will be as pleasant as our friendship," Carl said cordially enough. At once they commenced the discussion of their plans.

"Have you drafted any forms or suggestions?" Graham asked.

"Yes," Theodore replied. "Jasper has a crude outline of the whole thing. Of course it can be modified at the suggestion of anyone if the opinion is approved by the rest. Jasper, just explain what will have to be done."

Caleb Jasper, to Carl's eye, was a man who had seen hardship. His figure was lean and spare. The hair fell over his furrowed brow in thin, sandy threads. The face was clean-shaven, shrewd and hard, with eyes that shifted. He arose, papers in hand, to give them the needed information.

In the first place," he began, "the company which we are about to form must be characterized by a striking and substantial name. There is much in a name. Those of you who have had anything to do with public sentiment will be fully aware of that fact. Before giving my suggestion, perhaps some of you have one of your own?"

The rest declared they had no name ready to offer.

"Then," Jasper continued, "I would suggest CONSOLIDATED DIAMOND COBALT as a suitable name for the property and company."

"Excellent!" Theodore exclaimed. "I don't think we need search farther. Do we, gentlemen?"

A murmur of approval assured him that the name was agreeable to all. Carl had to admit it was a striking one and suggestive of a strong company behind it.

"Next," the lawyer went on, "our capital should be at least \$2,500,000. I would call it fully paid and non-assessable. The first allotment of shares should be about 200,000, which I would offer at 25 cents a share for one month or so. Then the price might be advanced to 50 cents. We can put on a second allotment and so on, gradually increasing the price. Freeman has a detailed account of the property and the development which can be used in advertising. Then we have the engineer's report, which will also be used."

"What engineer?" Carl asked.

"C. O. Bretham," Jasper answered. "He is an expert."

Now Carl didn't know Bretham and therefore didn't know he was one of the self-styled "experts" who were over-running Cobalt.

"I never heard of him," he said. "Why didn't you get a man like Kingswell? It would have paid. Everybody knows him and the public would have faith in his report."

"He was engaged some miles north," Jasper said. "Bretham is an expert, too. Then there is the matter of the officers and the directors, gentlemen. I shall give my suggestions, but please remember all this is but one opinion. I do not wish to dictate in any way."

"Everything has been quite satisfactory so far," Col. Theodore assured him. "I cannot see where it could be improved."

"Nor we!" said Graham and Giles. "For president, of course we shall have Mr. Graham," the lawyer resumed. Col. Theodore, Giles, and Freeman clapped their hands in approval. The uncle made some weak protests which were drowned.

Carl sat silent. A strange distrust was coming over him. On what were they building all this scheme? On a wildcat?

He was about to speak when Caleb Jasper's cold, hard

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SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster-General, will be received at Ottawa until noon, on Friday, 13th October, 1911, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed contract for four years, three times per week each way, between ARTHUR and METZ (Rural Delivery), from the Postmaster-General's pleasure.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Office of Arthur and Metz, and at the office of the Post Office Inspector at Toronto.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,
Mail Service Branch,
G. C. Anderson, Superintendent.
Ottawa, 25th August, 1911.

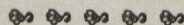
A Monthly Feature of the Canadian Courier is its Country and Suburban Life Supplement. : :

Containing special articles and illustrations of a character to suit such a number.

The "back to the land" movement has been given a great impetus by an improved suburban train and radial service and the wonderful growth of the automobile and motor cycle.

A new community has thus been created which is reading the Courier on account of its appeal to their ideals and the advertising value of the Courier for reaching this very desirable class of reader, should be self evident.

The Courier of Oct. 3rd will contain the next Country and Suburban Life supplement. Advertisers should prepare their copy to suit the character of the issue.



voice continued: "For directors I think we should choose Colonel Theodore, James Giles, and Henry Freeman."

"Freeman is boss," Carl interposed sharply. Jasper shifted his eyes. "True," he returned, "but as he is financially involved he has the right to have a voice in what is done, and the fact that he is foreman makes him all the more valuable. As director he will know what he is directing. As for secretary, who could be more efficient than Mr. Glover?"

"Hold on!" Carl commanded, jumping up. "I want to ask you gentlemen one simple question before I have anything to do with this company."

"Carl, Carl!" his uncle cried. "Don't talk like that. You will not have anything to do with it? Why, it is yours and mine. It is all the same. All I have is yours."

"No," Carl said sternly. "This hole in the ground is not mine. These men are imposing on you. Will someone kindly answer my question?"

"What is it?" inquired Jasper.

"Is this a wildcat proposition or is it not?" A silence fell upon the men. Then Theodore, stirring uneasily, said: "Well, you see, Mr. Glover, we are not exactly sure of its value. There is always a risk, you know. But you use very harsh terms."

"Not at all," Carl said. "There is no need to dress up a lie for me. Just tell me the plain truth. Is this a wildcat or not?"

"Well, yes, if you designate it by such a harsh term, but—"

"That will do," Carl interrupted. "I wish you good-day." He reached for his hat.

His uncle gave a cry of consternation and burst out with the rest in exhortations and pleadings. Carl listened to them, standing. Jasper was also erect where he had stood while offering his plans.

"Why," the Colonel was hurriedly explaining, "three-fourths the mines in Cobalt are the same."

"See here!" Carl said, emphatically. "Understand me. You four men can put as much money as you wish into this mine. Bear the expense yourselves and take the risk yourselves. I have nothing to say about that. But this floating a company without basis, watering a worthless stock and taking people's hard-earned money in exchange for five cents' worth of certificate, plunging that money into a mine here and risking it without hope of return is what I do not countenance. There is another side to the question, too. In nine-tenths of the cases does the money actually received for thousands and thousands of shares go into development or does it go into the pockets of the men behind the mine?"

The faces of Giles and Theodore flushed. Jasper's eyes grew harder. "You insult us?" he cried.

"I do not," Carl said harshly. "I insult no one. But if you are working a game like that on the public you are a set of cursed swindlers."

"What?" Theodore gasped.

"Cursed swindlers, I said!" Carl repeated. "And of the lowest class! Bars would be too good for you."

Jasper was very white. He seemed about to fly at Carl's throat, but he controlled himself, for he thought to strike deeper with his tongue.

"Really," he said, his words coming with difficulty. "Then we should be very close relations of the professional gambler."

Carl started as if touched with a hot iron. "Jasper," he warned. "Be careful. I might not control myself. You know as well as I do how that thing happened. I am to blame, but I am not a professional gambler."

"I judged from the ease with which you won and from your companion being a player also"— Here he paused and glanced furtively at Theodore, but the latter gave no sign, evidently being unaware of the identity of Carl's companion at the time.

"What else could be inferred?" Jasper continued. "I have more cause to call you a gambler than you have to brand me as a swindler. Perhaps you will reconsider your words?"

"I will reconsider nothing," Carl said. "I have seen your name coupled with your brother's too often. The firm, Jasper & Jasper, is known to me. They are always solicitors for some shady scheme. Do you remember defending Whitmore in his Varsity scrape? You managed to get him off, and you gave him a brand new, made-in-a-lawyer's-office reputation, when he hadn't any of his own left."

"You're a liar!" Jasper screamed.

"Ah! you'll retract that," cried Carl, jumping for him.

The enraged lawyer seized a heavy paperweight and hurled it with all his strength.

Carl caught it on his left arm and, swinging in a right-hander, knocked Jasper prone to the floor, whence he was lifted and restored to consciousness by the other three men. Carl looked at his uncle, who was almost in a nervous collapse at the turn affairs had taken. "Carl, Carl," was all Graham could articulate.

"I am sorry this happened," Carl remarked to Col. Theodore.

"It is very irritating," the Colonel said. "You were both wrong, but don't let it go farther."

"I'll pay him out," mumbled the bruised Jasper. "I'll grind you for this you, you — upstart!"

"No names, no names!" Carl cautioned, coming nearer. "Any time you wish to pay me out just invest in a stock of paperweights. I shall use the weapons Nature gave me."

"Never fear!" Jasper growled. "I'll have my revenge if it takes me till doomsday to think it out."

"You can't think," laughed Carl. "You have no brains!" And he went away.

(To be continued.)

OUR RECIPROCITY CONTEST

THE following are a few more of the many letters we have received in our competition for the best 100-word letter from a reader beginning, "I shall vote Conservative," or, "I shall vote Liberal."

Sir,—I shall vote Conservative because reciprocity would mean: (a) Lowering our tariffs to the United States, in return for concessions which we are bound to get for nothing within a few years. (b) Giving the same concessions to twelve other nations, for no return at all. (c) A practical end to Imperial preference, one of the strongest ties of the Empire. (d) Disorganization of present trade channels, and taking away much of the usefulness of the still unfinished Transcontinental Railway.

As with any party too long in power, evil practices have crept into the Liberal party which change of Government alone can cure. "TIDDLEWINKS."

Quebec.

* * *

Sir,—I shall vote Conservative because the Americans want our products and their Government favours a low tariff in natural products, otherwise they would never have proposed and passed the reciprocity agreement. Therefore, Canada has only to wait a year or two for a reduction in the American tariff to gain access to their markets while Canadian producers will be protected against their competition.

A political party that will, by sheer weight of numbers, attempt to force so important a national measure upon a people, without their express approval, requires a severe lesson in the duties and limits of responsible government. New Westminster, B. C. B. C.

* * *

Sir,—I shall vote Liberal because reciprocity gives to us a larger market for our agricultural products thereby strengthening the principal industry of the country. The larger the market the cheaper the product. More farmers means more manufacturers, creating a demand for mechanics, which means higher wages and cheaper food. Reciprocity gives the fruit grower a market for the fruit that cannot be shipped long distances. It would also give us in the large cities cheaper fruits and vegetables. It would cause new railroads to be built, and, in general, add to the prosperity of our country. Montreal.

SUNNY JIM.

* * *

Sir,—I shall vote Liberal because reciprocity is another step towards the removal of artificial barriers against trade erected for the benefit of the privileged few, and because there is no hope that the ultra loyal Tory party will strengthen or broaden the British connection by the removal of the tariff against Britain and her colonies. That should be the next logical step which will only be consummated by a Liberal Government, notwithstanding the lip-loyalty of the Opposition whose policy is one of exclusion and spells "little Canada."

As a manufacturer for 25 years, I rejoice to think that the farmer has at last awakened to the fact that the real beneficiaries of our protective tariff are a few privileged interests, and all assertions to the contrary by them are mere political buncombe. He has discovered that a protective tariff means a preventive tariff, which robs him of his inalienable right to sell in the dearest market, and buy in the cheapest. Who needs protection, anyway, save the inane, the aged and infirm. A. J. Montreal.

* * *

Sir,—I shall vote Conservative because the laws of supply and demand would necessitate, by the influx of the Canadian grain, the fall of the American prices, now prevalent, to a normal figure.

Australia is a serious rival for the British market, and Egypt, under Lord Kitchener, will become so. Should we so decide, any attempt to retrace our steps would be increasingly difficult.

It would nullify the strategical importance of Winnipeg in favour of Minneapolis, and ostracise the Eastern cities. CASSANDRA.

* * *

Sir,—I shall vote Liberal in the coming election because our local candidate has the necessary education platform abilities and moral backbone to hold his own creditably amongst the leaders of either party at Ottawa. Then, too, most of the Liberal leaders at Ottawa may be correctly styled statesmen, while a large part of the more prominent followers of the Opposition leader have, as a result of their adherence to the policy of protection, degraded themselves into mere politicians.

The only bad issue before the people to-day is reciprocity, and the benefits of the pact cannot be honestly doubted except by those who have allowed party affiliations to bias his judgment.

The Grain Growers' deputation to the Capital last December expressed what was practically the unanimous opinion of Western Canada before reciprocity became a party question. RADICAL. Neepawa.

A 26-INCH NATURAL WAVY HUMAN HAIR SWITCH

Sent on Approval

Just send us a lock of your hair. Enclose \$3.85 and we will send you our 26-inch Natural Wavy Human Hair Switch to match exactly the shade of your hair. Gray or extra shades cost a little more. If not entirely satisfactory, return it, and we will refund money.

If you find it a big bargain, tell your friends and take orders for three and get your own free. We manufacture all kinds of hair goods at lowest prices. FREE advice on all diseases of hair and scalp.

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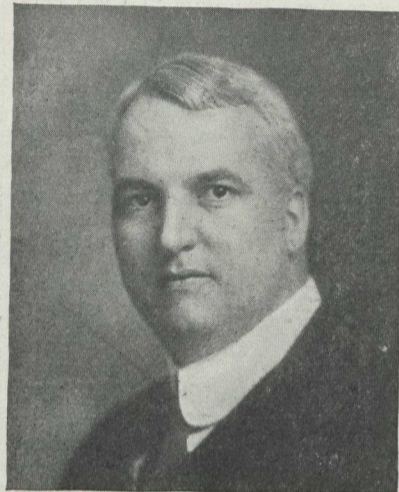
WOOD, GUNDY & CO.

London, Eng. Toronto, Can.

MONEY AND MAGNATES

Market Outlook for Coming Months.

THERE cannot be the slightest doubt but that brokers, as well as bankers, have been fairly surprised at the way both the Montreal and Toronto stock markets have held up during the past month in face of the very weak conditions which prevailed in Wall Street market, and there is now every indication that they are quite prepared, as a class, to admit that things must have changed in the last couple of years than they were quite aware of.



MR. F. H. DEACON
Broker, Toronto, who succeeds Rodolphe Forget on the Duluth-Superior Traction Co.

The chief point of difference in the market seems to be that the average trader to-day seems to have a good deal more capital at his disposal than was the case a few years back, and that, whereas in the past he has been forced on every severe decline to throw a lot of stock overboard, he is now able to protect his account in a rather satisfactory way and to find a market, if necessary, in a more leisurely way rather than to occasion forced liquidation. So now that the Wall Street Market seems to be nearing the bottom, if you can accept the opinion of the Wall Street houses, there would seem to be very good reason for believing that unless something unforeseen crops up the Canadian markets should steadily improve between now and the end of the present year. The chief factors which are working towards higher prices are that money is considerably easier than it was back a few months ago, and banks are offering it freely in the street. Then, again, most Canadian public utility and industrial companies are in very much stronger shape than they were a few years ago, and, while stocks, of course, are at higher levels, the latter seems almost justified by the increased earning power that most concerns are now showing. Lastly, while there is still a very large amount of undigested securities, still the floating supply of the standard Canadian issues has been greatly reduced by foreign and local investment buying, and any considerable buying that might come into the market would quickly carry the prices of stocks up a few points.

Watching the Growth of Their Concerns.

WHILE it is altogether probable that within the next few years even a greater number of consolidations will be effected in the country than have been carried through during the past few years, still it rather looks as though the men who have been more directly responsible for the big transactions which have been put through up to the present time, have quite a lot to do in trying to help bring their different enterprises through to a point where they will be just as successful as they would like to have them.

Mr. D. Lorne McGibbon, of Montreal, for instance, is giving a good deal of his time in working out the big boot and shoe consolidation included in the \$10,000,000 Ames-Holden-McCready, Limited, and it rather looks, as the business is such a big one, that it will yet require a good deal of his personal attention. Mr. McGibbon is also president of Goodwin's, Limited, which is now the owner of the largest department store in Montreal, and this, too, will have to pass through various stages before it reaches the permanent success that he intends to make of it.

Up in Toronto, Mr. Garnet P. Grant, president of the Dominion Bond Company, has right along shown a disposition to give to each and every company with which he has been identified just as much of his time and attention as possible, and so far it must be admitted that the results have been of a character that should be very gratifying to the many shareholders. Back awhile ago perhaps Mr. Grant was giving his closest attention to the organization of Dominion Cannery, but once it was going well and he had secured very efficient direction he seems to have quickly passed along and concentrated his work more particularly on Canada Machinery, Belding-Paul-Corticelli, Limited, and Tooke Bros., Limited. It is understood that, from a point of view of savings to be effected, the latter two transactions have shown better results than any other consolidations which have been effected up to the present time. This would seem to apply more particularly, perhaps, to the Belding-Paul-Corticelli, inasmuch as the companies were manufacturing the same lines of goods at the same point and had their big warehouses in the same cities.

Mr. A. E. Ames, head of the firm of A. E. Ames & Co., Toronto, when away from his brokerage office, is perhaps most closely associated with his friend, Mr. S. J. Moore, in watching the growth of the Burt Companies. Mr. Ames has also right along been very closely identified with Duluth-Superior, and more recently with Russell Motor Car Company.

Mr. J. W. McConnell, of Montreal, who has been identified with a great many different transactions, has given perhaps most of his time to the Canadian Light and Power proposition, and he is likely to do so for some time to come, more particularly in its association with the Montreal Street Railway.

Mr. Rodolphe Forget, right from its inception, devoted almost constant attention to his Quebec Railway, Light, Heat and Power consolidation, but, of course, more recently has had to divide his attention so as to give a great deal of his time to the affairs of the new Banque Internationale du Canada.

From over in London Sir Max Aitken has always made time to keep in touch with what is doing in Canada Cement and Canadian Car and Foundry, and, considering the number of different enterprises in which he has interested himself, it is simply marvellous how close in touch Sir Max always manages to keep, and, even now, he is receiving almost weekly reports on all the companies in which he has been interested to any great extent. COUPON.

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PEOPLE AND PLACES

Fish Made Unlucky Jump.

THREE men in a boat, to say nothing of the fish. But we must say something about these men and also about this fish—the one shown in the illustration on this page—because they figured in an unusual incident.

The three men were in a motor boat and were approaching the wharf at Westfield, N.B., when this big salmon jumped out of the water, lost his bearings and landed in the boat. It jumped and flopped about among the men and made things pretty lively till the battle of the three against one ended in the killing of the fish.

The salmon weighed over twenty pounds, and if you know salmon you have some idea of the fuss it kicked up in the boat.

Because fish stories are usually taken with more than a grain of salt, and because the camera never lies, the three men decided to have the fish



FISH THAT "GOT IN WRONG."

This twenty-pound salmon jumped into a motor boat at Westfield, N.B.

photographed. One of the three—he stands about 5 feet 8 inches—held the fish, and Miss Fisher, daughter of W. S. Fisher, the well-known manufacturer of St. John, N.B., held the camera.

Jumping into boats isn't part of the regular programme of fishes, but this one wasn't the first to do it. A fish that did the trick before this twenty-pounder performed it was a ten-pound salmon that jumped into a dug-out which a fisherman was poling up the Metapedia River.

Port Stanley Rediscovered.

LONDON, St. Thomas, and other big places in Western Ontario have always felt the lack of a water outlet for their products.

Some of the papers down in Kent, Middlesex, Elgin and Huron counties have been expressing editorial comment on Port Stanley. Hitherto, Port Stanley has been known mostly as a quiet summer resort on Lake Erie.

Recently, considerable renovation has been taking place there. From the magnitude of the dredging operations and wharf building, it begins to look as if the harbour were being made ready for increased trade.

The spectacular feature of the construction work at Port Stanley is a great breakwater 1,200 feet long, the estimated cost of which is a quarter of a million dollars.

Some Facts About Lumbering.

THE Canadian tree is a big factor in Canadian industry. Five billion feet of lumber fell under axes of lumberjacks in the Dominion during the year 1910.

Ontario contributed one-third of this

timber, leading the other Provinces in totality of output.

British Columbia is right on the heels of Ontario as a leader in the lumbering industry.

Quebec is the third Province as regards the importance of her forests.

Here is the order of the rest of the Provinces which featured to some extent the Canadian tree in 1910: New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Saskatchewan, Alberta, Manitoba, and Prince Edward Island.

These six Provinces produced only one-sixth of Canada's five billion feet.

"The Correct Thing."

IN social circles of Ottawa, Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg and Victoria, the grand dames are wondering what new fads will come in the wake of the new vice-regal party which next month will be in possession of Rideau Hall. Every change of Governors-General means slight alterations in

what is "just the thing"; these alterations depending upon the whims and hobbies of "His Excellency." It is to be expected that His Highness of Connaught will bolster up Canadian society in places where he thinks it needs strengthening; undoubtedly he will regard certain matters differently than did his predecessor.

It is rumoured that the Duchess of Connaught is going to make riding fashionable and popular among Canadian women. Her Highness is a great horsewoman. The daughter of Frederick of Prussia, the "Red Prince," she has inherited his skill in the saddle.

Riding in a country of open places like this is too much neglected by both men and women.

Canadian Law Popular.

WILLIAM SULZER, a New York Congressman, has recently been expressing to a Seattle paper his admiration of the timber leasing system in force in British Columbia.

The Congressman does not like the forest reserves of his country which he says make arbitrary boundaries. So much does he admire Canadian land laws that he is going to introduce a bill into Congress for the adoption of Canadian methods.

Canadian Musical Comedy.

E. B. EDDY BESSEY, an Ottawa young man of twenty-two, grandson of E. B. Eddy, matchmaker, has been writing a musical comedy with Canadian scenes which, it is said, will get a hearing in New York shortly. Bessey has been a popular song writer in New York for some time. He was educated at Ashbury College, N.B., and McGill.



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CAMPAIGN STORIES

Not Working At It.

WHEN, several years ago, Dave Hill, a noted New York State politician, didn't get the Democratic nomination for President of the United States, his party feared that he would take the stump against the Democrats.

A reporter saw Mr. Hill, but couldn't get much information from him. Finally the reporter asked, "May I say that you are still a Democrat?"

"You may say," was the answer, "that I am a Democrat—but still."

* * *

An Unusual Argument.

THERE is related a curious anecdote concerning one of Sir John A. Macdonald's elections in Kingston. A coloured barber there, who always served John A., had become convinced that when a man went into politics his moral character was destroyed. Talking to his customers on this subject the barber often instanced the case of John A., whom the barber had known when John A. was "a good boy."

A new contest was approaching, and one of the candidates was a class-leader in the Methodist church which the barber attended.

In conversation with a friend of John A., the barber said, "I've promised my vote to Brudder —"

The friend told John A. how matters stood and was sent to the barber with an unusual argument.

"You were telling your customers," said the friend, "that a man cannot go into politics without losing his moral character?"

"Dat's true," said the barber.

"And you think that Brother — is a good, religious man?"

"Deed he is."

"Then," said the friend, "John A. being already in, you cannot make him worse. But now you are going to vote for Brother — and help send him on the road to ruin, too."

"Well now, I 'clare to goodness," said the barber, "dat was a pint what never came into my min' before. My vote goes to John A."

* * *

His Assurance.

A VERY young member of the nobility was running for an English constituency at the last British election, and his extremely boyish appearance usually elicited unconventional comment from the audience.

On one occasion a rough-looking citizen called out as the juvenile aristocrat arose to address the crowd— "Lord Bobby, does your mother know you're out?"

The young man smiled his appreciation and retorted: "No, she does not—but next month she'll know that I'm in, my friend."

* * *

The "Heckl r" Won.

"HECKLING" is often an entertaining, although sometimes a tiresome incident of political meetings. The experienced public speaker is usually able to turn the laugh on the interrupter, but in the present case the man in the audience was victorious to the last.

A political speaker in England was attacking the Government with more venom than reason. A man at the back of the hall at last cried out, "You're wrong, sir!"

A little nettled, the orator continued without heeding. Presently, in answer to another strong assertion, came again, "You're wrong, sir."


The speaker looked angry, but continued on the war-path. "You're wrong, sir!" again rang out.

Angrily addressing the persistent interrupter, the orator cried, "Look here, I could tell this man something about the Government which would make his hair stand on end!"

"You're wrong again, sir!" came from the critic, as he stood up and removed his hat. His head was as bald as a billiard-ball.

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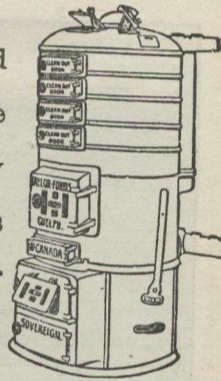
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WHEN THE ICE WAS BROKEN

(Continued from page 6.)

The mutual laughter put them on quite a friendly footing. The ice was indeed broken, but it added danger to the situation; the depths beneath were now uncovered.

"You will stay and have tea, won't you?" he pleaded, the antimacassar at last relegated once again to the sofa.

"Lucy will be furious if I let you go away again before she has seen you. She is my only living relative in all this weary world, the only person I have to care for me and take an interest in me; you wouldn't be the cause of the little rift within the lute—would you?"

"Oh! never!" she said; "never in all the world! But tell me, why did you greet me in that unconventional way when I came in? I do not mean the antimacassar."

Their eyes met, and they smiled again in perfect good comradeship. "You—well, you called me by my Christian name; how did you know it?"

He picked up the sketch, and handed it to her in silence. As she took it wonderingly their hands met and as hastily parted, and the sketch dropped between them on to the floor. They both stooped in their embarrassment to pick it up, and as they did so his moustache brushed her cheek. Monica turned scarlet. Bobby turned white; she put her hand up to her throat and turned away in silence. He gazed at her long and passionately.

"You see," he said at last, breaking the silence that was making itself felt between them, "your name is written across the sketch—Monica"—he said it low and reverently—"the most beautiful name on earth!"

"My mother's name," she said, softly; "she died quite young, and father never recovered from the shock; from that day he was a broken-hearted man!"

"Oh, don't, please!" Bobby said, abruptly, then he flushed hotly at her look of surprise.

"Some men," he stammered, "are so terribly tender-hearted. I possess the most unfortunate gift of being able to put myself in another man's place and to feel all his sorrow and misery. Oh! I know so well how a man would feel if he lost his Monica—his all!"

His tone was low, and quivering with passion, his eyes rested on her, and burnt her with their ardent gaze.

Monica shivered, and turned away. "Oh, don't talk like that!" she cried, "you looked then just as father used to before he died—of a broken heart, they say!"

"Men have died and worms have eaten them,

But not for love," our friend Shakespeare says; but, then, even he didn't know everything. Next to living for love, the next best thing is to die for it."

"Let us talk about something more cheerful," she said, softly. "You look quite white and faint. Let me shake up your cushions for you, and then I will ring for tea; I am sure you want it."

She crossed the room slowly, and, stooping gently over him, shook up the cushions behind his back. He caught her small hands and pressed them ardently to his lips. His self-control had left him completely at her touch.

"Oh, if you only knew," he cried, hopelessly, "how I love you, and how I have loved you for months! Don't think I am mad. Monica, I've seen you to-day in the flesh for the first time, but I have communed with you in the spirit for the last six months. From the day Lucy sent me out that sketch to India I knew my fate was sealed. Don't think I am a cad to tell you this when we are alone together, like this. I am not taking advantage of your goodness; I cannot keep it in any longer. I ache for you night and day. I know I could make you happy. Dear, I am so lonely without you. You think I am mad; I'm not—I never was saner in my life.



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You must come to me. I can't live without you any more; not since I've seen you, any way—it was bad enough before. Are you offended with me, dear little girl?"

He had risen to his feet; he bent over her, and tried to see her face. "Monica! Speak to me!" he said, hoarsely.

"Oh! let me go; please let me go," she whispered, struggling to release her hands from his grip.

With a hard sigh he loosed the two small hands he had been holding, and flung himself down on the sofa once more, feeling faint and sick.

He buried his face in his hands, and groaned aloud. "You must think me such a cad to take advantage of you like this," he said, thickly, his eyes on the carpet. "You don't understand—no woman could—how I love you, how I reverence you—you—my ideal of all a woman should be. Oh! Monica, my darling!—and now I have spoilt it all with my headlong folly. I suppose you will never speak to me again?" he asked, roughly.

There was no answer, and wearily he raised his haggard face. In the gathering gloom he saw her standing by the window, holding the curtain aside and gazing out, her back towards him.

"Am I to be put for ever on your black list?" he asked again.

Still no answer came from the slim figure at the window, only a long, deep sigh.

He got up and walked slowly towards her.

"I have never heard you called anything but Monica," he said, abruptly. "I do not know what your other name is. I do not care—you will always be Monica to me. It was the case with me of love at first sight, but I know it will last till I go down to my grave." He broke off, and laughed a hard, mirthless laugh. "Of course, you do not care—why should you? Women are so accustomed to see men suffer on their account—they think nothing of it—they don't understand all it means—to us. Perhaps I might have made you listen after all if I had not behaved like a fool. You shouldn't have come near me; it was that made me lose my head. Oh! my darling, may you never know suffering as I am knowing it now!"

He turned round hopelessly, staggered blindly to the sofa, and buried his head once more in his hands. There was a soft swishing of skirts across the room, a gentle, timid touch was laid on his bent head.

"Bobby!" said a low, quivering voice; "oh, Bobby, look up! It's just the same with me. dear. Directly I entered this room and saw you kissing my picture—I knew. You looked so devoted, and I simply loved you for it. Yes, I saw you kissing it," she said, her head hidden on his shoulder, "and, of course, if I had been a really nice girl I should have gone at once—but I stayed, dear—I couldn't go and leave you, though I knew I ought to; and when your face touched mine, I felt as if someone had put their hand upon my naked heart and stopped it beating. You are very violent for an invalid, Bobby; I do not know what Lucy will say. She'll think we ought to be locked up in a lunatic asylum together! When I saw you kissing my picture, Bobby," she whispered low—so low that he could hardly hear—"I thought what a sinful waste. You won't waste any more on it, will you, Bobby? You will give them all to me—your little sweetheart!"

Such a Difference.—"You say Garston made a complete confession? What did he get—five years?"

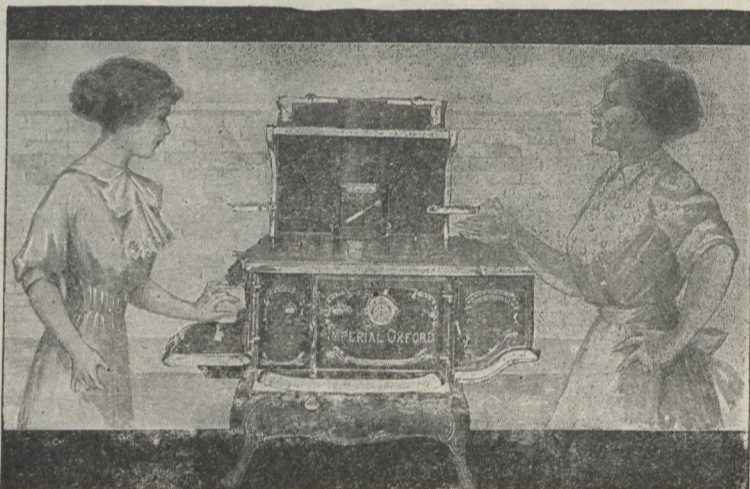
"No, fifty dollars. He confessed to the magazines."—Puck.

* * *

Effective.—At a religious service in Scotland the late Lord Kelvin noticed a youngster accompanying his grandparents and sitting wise as a young owl through the sermon.

At the close of service Lord Kelvin congratulated the grandfather upon the excellence of the lad's behaviour.

"Och, aye," returned the veteran, "Duncan's weel threatened afore he gangs in."



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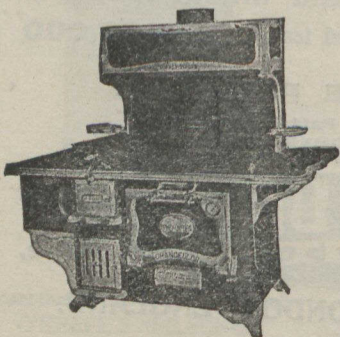


the heat, with a saving of 20% in fuel, and if "the good man" likes cabbage and onions, he may have them without telling the neighbors. The Economizer takes all the odors up the flue, and it is wonderful with what neatness and despatch clinkers are reduced to ashes by the strong interlocking teeth of the Reversible Grate.

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