

The Canadian **Courier**

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



A PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY
By HAYNES ST. PAUL.

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

Two Tailor-Made Costumes for Fall

☞ We have just received from a North of England Woollen Mill one of the largest shipments of cloths that ever came into Canada ; and the large-order-price we got is what enables us to turn these excellent suits out at such astonishing prices.

☞ These suits are modelled after *two of the newest and smartest Fall Styles from New York*. They were made up in our own workrooms, and we are directly responsible for every stitch that is in them. You will find these suits hard to match in tailoring and smartness, even if you pay double their price.

These Suits show how we keep sharp step with the fashion ideas of London and Paris



No delay about your Fall Suit we will send it the same day that we receive your order

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Is made up in best quality North of England Tweeds in grand colorings of browns, greens, navys fawns and greys, in plain, checks and stripe mixtures. The coat is a becoming length to the majority of ladies. It is strictly man-tailored. Trimmings of heavy stitchings and buttons. New large turnover pockets with the cuffs to match. Tailored cut back trimmed with buttons. The skirt is of Directoire style, full flare with fold, buttons down front, at the extreme low price **8.98**

G106. A Suit of English Venetian Cloth

Is made of finest imported English Venetian cloth, with fine broad-cloth finish, in black, navy, brown, cardinal and green. The coat is strictly tailored semi-fitting back. The collar and cuffs and pockets are trimmed with braid trimmings ; back of coat smartly cut in mannish fashion, trimmed with buttons. The skirt is very new, full flared with fold and heavily stitched around bottom, with two rows of buttons down front gold. This is an exceptional smart, stylish suit, suitable for ladies of any age. Extremely low-priced..... **9.98**

SIZES—Coat : 32 to 42 inches, bust measure. Skirt : 37 to 43 inches in length from lower edge of waistband. Waistband : 22 to 29 inches.

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MAN. 226,427

THE Canadian Courier

A NATIONAL WEEKLY

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PUBLISHER'S TALK

WE come to October with a thousand subscribers more than when we came to September. That means four or five thousand new readers. Indeed, we hope that the gross increase in the subscription list for the year will total twelve thousand. That will mean about fifty thousand new readers, since a weekly paper is kept longer and read by more people than a daily paper.

A SUBSCRIBER writes congratulating us upon the excellence of our weekly covers. He thinks that every cover should bear some relation to the contents of the particular issue. That is much more difficult with a weekly than a monthly. The weekly deals with illustrated news and there is no time to make a coloured design if the latest events are to be presented in story or picture. Our covers are made about six weeks in advance of publication so as to leave ample time for the arrangement of the colour scheme and the necessarily careful printing. With us a cover is consequently a decoration only.

SEVERAL subscribers have responded to our cash offer for new ideas. Some of these are practicable. One of two received from a St. Hyacinthe reader is excellent. We can use a thousand new ideas, so no one need fear that we shall receive too many. If you cannot think of a suggestion, send an anecdote, a short story, or a news photograph. We will fully appreciate the courtesy.



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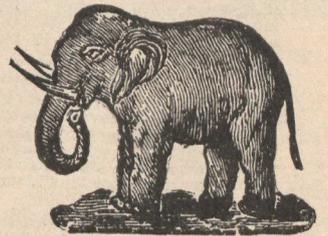
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ONE YEAR'S GROWTH

The strength of a bank is tested by its ability to successfully weather financial storms.

The strength of a Life Company is tested by its ability to grow in "hard times."

Last year the New Business of

The Mutual Life Assurance Co.
OF CANADA.

amounted to \$7,081,402, a gain over 1906 of \$1,577,855, bringing up the total insurance in force to \$51,091,848, a gain over 1906 of \$4,179,440—and yet the operating expenses were just about the same as last year.

The Company also made substantial gains over 1906—in Assets, \$1,271,255; in Reserves, \$966,221; in Income, \$171,147, and in Surplus, \$800,341.

Agencies in all the principal Towns and Cities in Canada.

HEAD OFFICE - - WATERLOO, ONT.



Wilson's Invalids' Port

(A la Quina du Perou)

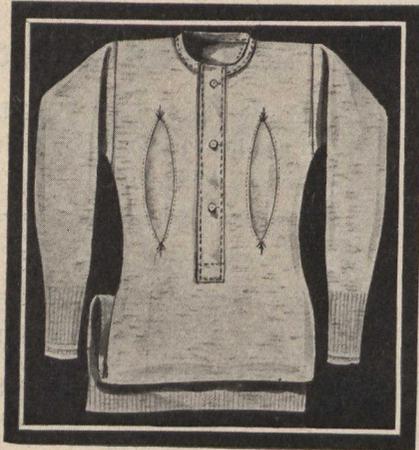
Invigorates the system — makes pure blood.

BIG BOTTLE
ALL DRUGGISTS
EVERYWHERE

OCTOBER WEATHER SUGGESTS HEAVIER UNDERWEAR

It's not wise to take any risks with the weather at this season. Be prepared for the chilly days. Have by you, or on you, a suit of our comfortable, long-wearing underwear. It saves carrying an extra wrap, and is not undesirable on a warm day. The undergarments shown in our Fall and Winter Catalogue are the best products of the best mills. They are made to afford warmth and comfort above everything else, with an eye to long service. The utmost care is taken in the selection of the wools, in the sorting, carding, spinning and weaving. Every garment offered for sale by this store must come up to a standard of superiority that is sure to give satisfaction to each wearer. The price, you'll notice, is not so large for the same quality as you paid before you took advantage of our Mail Order Service. Indeed this is only a hint of the benefits you derive from buying at THE GREAT STORE. Turning from page to page of the Catalogue you'll find listed such articles of wear and household use as you need every week. The price will tell you of something saved on each item for an even better class of goods.

SEARCH OUR NEW FALL AND WINTER CATALOGUE FOR SAVING CHANCES



1-R240. Vests, natural wool, buttoned front, shaped, high neck, long sleeves, unshrinkable quality, sizes 32 to 38 bust, special value.....1.00
 R1-241. Drawers, ankle length, open or closed styles, to match R1-240.....1.00
 R1-254. Union Suits, heavy Swiss ribbed wool, buttoned down front, long sleeves, ankle length, natural or white shades, nice soft yarn, washes well, sizes 32 to 38 bust measure. See Catalogue for illustration...2.00



R1-900. Vests, ribbed Merino, long sleeves, closed front, natural color—
 2 to 4 years....25c 6 to 8 years.....35c
 10 to 12 years...45c 14 years.....50c
 R1-901. Drawers, to match vests, ankle length, same prices.
 R1-902. Vests, ribbed Merino, long sleeves, open front, natural color—
 2 to 4 years....33c 6 to 8 years.....38c
 10 to 12 years...48c 14 years.....55c
 R1-904. Vests, fine ribbed wool and cotton mixture, button front, natural color—
 2 yrs..35c 4 yrs..40c 6 yrs..45c 8 yrs..50c
 10 yrs..55c 12 yrs..60c 14 yrs..65c
 R1-905. Drawers, to match vests, same prices.



E1-3011. Boys' Unshrinkable Medium Weight Shetland Wool Undershirts, double breasted, pearl buttons, fine ribbed cuffs, skirt and ankles, dark natural shade.
 Shirts—Sizes 22 and 24 at..... 35c
 Shirts—Sizes 26 and 28 at..... 45c
 Shirts—Sizes 30 and 32 at..... 55c
 Drawers same prices.



E1-3051. This is medium fall weight, single breasted, natural color.
 Shirts, sizes 34 to 46.....50c
 Drawers to match, sizes 32 to 44.....50c
 E1-3053. Better quality, English make.
 Shirts, sizes 34 to 46.....75c
 Drawers to match, sizes 32 to 44.....75c
 E1-3055. Men's Fine Double Thread Balbriggan Underwear, natural cream shade, saten facings. Shirts, sizes 34 to 46...35c
 Drawers to match, sizes 32 to 44.....35c

These garments readily conform to the shape of the body and yet are sufficiently elastic to yield to every motion. They set close giving that feeling of protection from cold and chill so desirable in an undergarment. The snug fit prevents a drag upon the body, freeing it from a sense of weariness. Indeed a suit of our underclothing for men, women or children gives pleasure, warmth, comfort and satisfaction. You will find a weight and style to suit your individual want—with a price that is always inviting—in the new Fall and Winter Catalogue. Write for it.

HOSIERY AND GLOVES SUITABLE TO THE SEASON

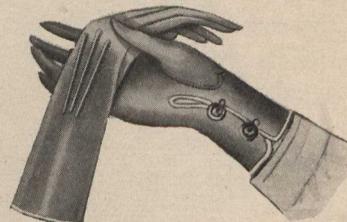
RIBBED CASHMERE HOSE

B2-565. Women's 2-1 Ribbed, pure wool, black Cashmere Hose, in correct weight for winter. Pair.....25c
 B2-566. Women's 2-1 or 1-1 Ribbed Black Cashmere Hose, full fashioned with double-ply yarns in heel and toe. Pair.....35c
 B2-567. Better quality 2-1 Ribbed Cashmere Hose, in black only, correct winter weight. Pair...45c
 B2-568. Women's 2-1 and 1-1 Ribbed Black Cashmere Hose, in medium and heavy weight, for fall or winter wear, none but soft, pure yarns used. Pair.....50c
 B2-569. Women's 2-1 Ribbed Black Cashmere Hose, with extra strong high spliced ankles. Pair.....65c
 B2-570. Best quality Ribbed Black Cashmere. Per pair.....75c

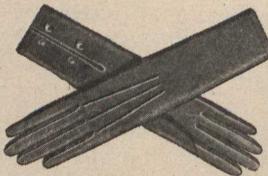


PLAIN CASHMERE SOCKS

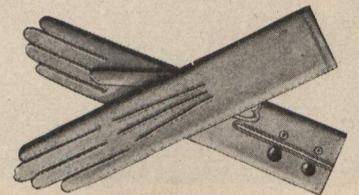
B2-650. Men's Plain Black Cashmere Socks, in a seamless finish, spliced heel and toe. Per pair.....18c, 25c
 B2-651. Tan or Cardinal Cashmere Socks, a very special line with 2-ply heel and toe. Per pair.....25c
 B2-652. Men's Better Grade Plain Black Cashmere Socks, in seamless or fashioned style, spliced sole, heel and toe. Per pair.....35c and 50c



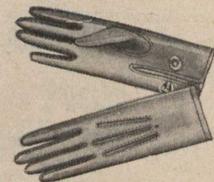
B1-562. French Kid Glove. See cut above. Colors are tan, mode, brown, grey, pearl, navy, green, oxblood, champagne, white and black. Sizes for black 5½ to 8, sizes for colors 5½ to 7. Per pair.....1.50



B1-580. Girls' French Kid Gloves as cut, in tan, brown or oxblood. State age. Pair.....75c



B1-638. Men's Unlined Kid Gloves, made as shown in above cut, in tan and brown. Sizes 7 to 10. Per pair.....65c, 1.00
 B1-639. Men's Kid Gloves, of best French kid, in tan or black. Per pair.....1.50
 B1-640. Men's Wool Lined Kid Gloves, sizes 7 to 10, tan and brown, pair 75c, 1.00, 1.50



B1-581. Boys' "Fred" Glove. Made of Capeskin, as cut. Newest tan shades. For boys from 4 to 10 years. State age. Pair.....50c

Without a doubt the Hosiery sold by this house has superior merits of quality. The color is fast; the yarn is strong and wearable, yet soft to the touch; the knitting is firm and close while it has enough "give" to prevent a feeling of tightness. There is warmth, comfort and long service in every pair. The high quality of our gloves is gaining new customers every day. The style, fit, finish, material and price appeal to every woman. Selecting the skins ourselves and critically examining the gloves before offering for sale assures you of satisfaction.

Buy From Our New Fall and Winter Catalogue

THE T. EATON CO. LIMITED
 TORONTO - - - CANADA

You Save Money on Better Goods When Buying Here

The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

Subscription: \$4.00 a Year.

Vol. IV.

Toronto, October 3rd, 1908.

No. 18

IN THE PUBLIC VIEW



Mr. O. D. Skelton,
Successor to Prof. Shortt, at Queen's.

ONE of the most successful young men in the educational field to-day is Prof. Skelton, who succeeds Prof. Shortt in the chair of political economy at Queen's University. Only ten or twelve years ago Prof. Skelton was a high school pupil in Cornwall, Ontario. Eight years ago he graduated from Queen's with degree of M.A. Then he began to contradict the dictum about "the rolling stone that gathers no moss" by going to Oxford for post-graduate work. From there to Philadelphia, where he spent three years in newspaper and magazine work; two of these as assistant editor of the Booklovers' Magazine (now Appleton's Magazine). In 1905 Prof. Skelton felt the call of

the college muse and went over to Chicago University where he took a post-graduate course in political science. In 1906 he was made fellow in political science at Queen's, and in 1907 lecturer. In 1908 he is professor. And this looks like as rapid and thorough a sequence in educational progress as was ever achieved by any Canadian student. It is the business instinct applied to education. Prof. Skelton would have made his mark in the mercantile world just as surely as he has done in the educational, if his remarkable progress in the world of books is any criterion. He is perhaps the youngest professor in any Canadian university. It will be matter for speculation how long he will remain in the comparative sequestration of college life. These energetic, practical-minded professors are getting much in demand in public life.

THE late Bishop Carmichael was a rare soul and a distinguished cleric; an Irishman of great learning and oratorical ability; one of the celebrated trio of which the other two fellow-Irishmen—both bishops—were the late Bishop Sullivan and Bishop Dumoulin, now of Niagara. Bishop Carmichael was ordained by the Bishop of Huron in 1859, so that he missed but one year of half a century in the service of the Anglican Church in Canada. After nine years of rectorship at Clinton, Mr. Carmichael was transferred to Montreal, where he remained ten years as curate of St. George's. Afterwards to Hamilton, where he was rector of the Church of the Ascension; back to Montreal to succeed his old friend, Bishop Sullivan, as rector of St. George's. Lecturing, preaching, teaching, receiving degrees and always growing with the strength of a grandly useful and purposeful life, this large-hearted, fine-souled Irishman was preferred from post to post till he was many times nominated for a bishopric and at last became Lord Bishop of the Diocese of Montreal, where he died a few days ago full of the dignity and the power of life.

THERE was a somewhat remarkable spectacle at Berlin, Ontario, last week. Mr. W. L. Mackenzie King, Deputy Minister of Labour, stood before the electors of North Waterloo assembled by thousands; under the shadow of his grey-haired chieftain he announced in a glowing address that he had left the civil service and five thousand



The late Bishop Carmichael.

dollars a year in order to do more for the cause of labour and incidentally to take part in a clean election. There was much scope for the local poet. The young deputy was able to rouse his German admirers and constituents from the hustings to the hill on which he was born. In fancy many of them followed him to that other hill—in Ottawa—as a cabinet minister. The young candidate was full of evident sincerity and courage—and his ability none has doubted since Sir William Mulock discovered him. That was nearly twelve years ago. Mr. King, being well known to the Postmaster-General, was chosen by him to inquire into alleged "sweatshop" conditions existing in the manufacture of post office uniforms. For his work in that connection Mr. King was made Deputy Minister of Labour, a portfolio created then as supplement to that of Postmaster-General. It was Mr. King who established the *Labour Gazette*; he also who was the real author of the Lemieux Industrial Disputes Act; he who has helped to settle labour and race problems all over Canada—and according to Sir Wilfrid Laurier he will become the first sole Minister of Labour in the event of the return of the Government to power. However that may be, Mr. Mackenzie King stands out a shining example of a young man who has succeeded by brains and by energy and devotion to a single cause for which he had an early affection.



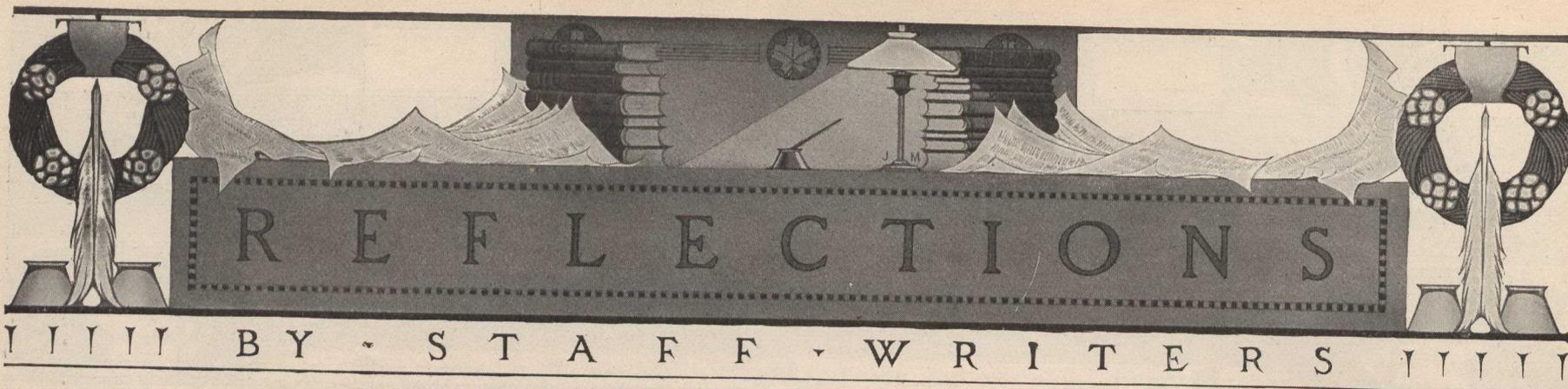
Mr. W. L. Mackenzie King.

THE aggregation of orators assisting Leader Borden in the present campaign contains three men who wield sledge-hammers on Grit skulls with very fine effect—Hon. Mr. Hanna, Provincial Secretary of Ontario; Premier Roblin of Manitoba; and Hon. Mr. Bowser, Attorney-General of British Columbia. Of these it is hard to say which is *facile princeps*; but in the great anvil chorus of these three, Mr. Bowser is by no means least. He is not a gentleman—though a perfect gentleman. Down in Aylmer the other day he was described as "a square, honest-looking, alert, positive man, with an intellectual forehead which betokens the wealth of grey matter back of it."

MR. Andrew A. Allan, of the well known Allan Steamship Line, begs to differ from some of the findings of the Civil Service Commission appointed by Government to inquire into the need for civil service reform. He says that no shipping firm whatsoever has received special benefit from the improvements on the St. Lawrence and eulogises the improvements made. Mr. Thomas Robb, secretary of the Shipping Federation, says equally strong things about the condition of the great water-way.



Hon. W. J. Bowser,
Attorney-General of British Columbia.



THE CANADIAN IN SPORT

CANADA because of its climate and the hereditary tastes of its sons is naturally a sporting country. But it is a new country, and as in all new countries the making of a living is the first thought, work must occupy the first place, and sport the second.

It is for this reason that Canadians do not shine in cricket as their showing in the recent international game with the United States evidences. Cricket is the sport of the leisure class. It requires almost constant practice and from two to three days to play a first-class match. Canada in the rush and hurry of national development has not time for it. She yearns rather for those sports that can be used as an aid to her daily toil. Her sons play baseball and lacrosse till they reach a certain age and then turn to lawn bowling or curling, by which they hope to appease an appetite for contention with their fellow men without imperilling a chance for taking the tide that leads on to fortune when it happens along. These games can be played after the day's work is done.

Of course every people with sport-loving tendencies must produce a certain number of experts who will sacrifice their business future to the allurements of their favourite pastime. This has led to professionalism in baseball and lacrosse. But even here the business instinct is everywhere evident. We find professional ball players using baseball simply to advance them from a worldly point of view. They are pushing their way through college to the professions or gathering together enough money to purchase a saloon. The professional lacrosse players, too, are after something more permanent than glory and it is a fact that they as a rule will accept a situation, that promises advancement as an equivalent for their services, more readily than a salary.

Thus it will be seen that in Canada business dominates sport. Even in the colleges sport has not the ascendancy it has in the older countries. All our schools of learning have their football teams, their hockey teams and other athletic organisations, but they are merely incidental. The degree is what the average Canadian student is after. If he can take his degree and some sport, too, well and good. But if it comes to a choice between the two, the sport becomes a secondary consideration. Most Canadians go through college at some sacrifice either to themselves or to others. This evolves a certain anxiety that keeps them from becoming too enthusiastic even when the honour of their Alma Mater is at stake on the athletic field.

And if at present track athletics are taking a large share of the public interest, what do we find on closer examination? Simply that the Canadian end of the track contingent is largely composed of boys who have not arrived at business years and that the maturer members have mainly drifted in from across the ocean. There are exceptions, and Tom Longboat is one of them. But Tom is an Indian and Indians are not noted for their application to business.

Figure it all out and you will find that Canada's motto is "Sport for boys, business for men." For baseball and lacrosse in their higher branches are business pure and simple, rowing is a young man's game and horse racing is business reduced to a science. What is left is used by men of affairs as an aid to business.

THEATRICAL CENSORSHIP NEEDED

THE Civic Legislation Committee of Toronto appears to have taken into consideration recently the means of stopping indecent plays and performances. Toronto has fallen into the fashion of patting itself on the back for the general tone of the city government; yet a visitor from a United States city declared last year that posters and performances are allowed in Toronto which would be condemned and stopped in many communities across the border. The difficulty in such a matter is to obtain censor officials who are discriminating in

matters of dramatic presentation. There is no question as to the existence in Toronto of places of theatrical amusement which are, in the main, degrading and disgusting. These places are crowded, no doubt, chiefly by youths of sordid taste, with the lowest ideals of pleasure. Yet, the problem of censorship is not of easy solution. A young woman in Europe indulges in Salome and other dances of similar exuberance and is warmly applauded as "Maude Allan the artist," while Toronto is proudly pointed out on the map as the scene of her childhood joys. But it would be difficult for the average censor to distinguish between such performances and those which were recently condemned in Toronto. The citizen of refined taste would probably shun both but it may be doubted whether the refined citizen is in the majority. For years Toronto has been on the verge of doing something by way of civic legislation in the matter and some day the talk may pass into the form of action.

Dramatic entertainment, in one form or another, has always been demanded and its production has become a source of extensive revenue. There are theatres in Canadian cities which provide clean and wholesome plays for the amusement or edification of the citizens, in which the most captious would find little to condemn. During the last three seasons, however, vaudeville of the most sensational character has been greatly on the increase, with a corresponding deterioration in the audience. No one wishes to revive the Blue Laws, or to have a Twentieth Century imitation of Cromwell's theatreless Protectorate, even if such a thing were possible. But the streets of Canadian capitals should not display posters which are an offence to the eye and a suggestion of all that is degrading, while there ought to be some civic authority to determine the point at which the inferior theatre should be restrained.

THE NAVY LEAGUE IN CANADA

THE Navy League has a branch in Canada which has for years patiently worked towards a greater Canadian interest in the Empire's great fleet. It is not unjust to say that its first idea was that Canada would contribute eventually to the cost of its maintenance. As the discussion proceeded, it has been forced upon the body, as well as upon statesmen and journalists, that Canada will not do so. This country, like Australia, values a fleet but would prefer to have one of its own. Now we find that the Navy League in Canada has accepted that as the attitude of the nation. It apparently bows to the inevitable. It has offered a prize of \$400 for the best essay, not exceeding 6,000 words, on the subject, "Shall Canada have a navy of her own?" The essays must be in hand by January 1st. One would not be daring if he were to predict that if the prize is won by a native-born Canadian the answer and the arguments will be in the affirmative.

Was there ever a people of blood and stamina and force which did not seriously want to be independent and self-supporting? Is it not the history of every northern race that its national reputation and its self-governing privileges were nearest and dearest to the hearts of the people? Canada will long remain a part of the Empire, but the history of the last eighty years clearly proves that when she makes any national advance in the direction of a navy it will be along the lines of national control. In time of war that navy would be under the control of the British admirals, just as our soldiers in South Africa were under the command of the British generals. It all seems so perfectly simple to a "colonial" mind but the average Britisher does not seem able to grasp it. He thinks that if we were half as British as we are said to be, we would send money over to London to help relieve the British taxpayer. This man has not yet learned the lesson which was taught between 1776 and 1783, nor has he learned the peculiar attitude which makes a "colonial" sing "God Save the King"

at every public function, and steadily refuse to contribute in cash to the cost of the army and the navy of Great Britain.

OPTIMISM AT COBALT

OPTIMISM prevails at Cobalt and is reflected on the mining-stock exchanges. Part of this is due to a desire to boom stock prices and bring in new investors, but the larger portion is due to the vanishing of a suspicion. For a long time it was believed by many people that the silver veins did not go far down but were merely sedimentary deposits. After four years of driving shafts, drifts and tunnels it has been ascertained that the suspicion was not a just one. Some shafts are down nearly four hundred feet through conglomerate, keewatin and diabase, and silver has been found in all formations. The enthusiasts now believe that there is no limit to the depth. Of course, the deeper mining is more expensive and the net returns less.

The growth of this camp is shown by the shipments. In 1904, 158 tons, valued at \$130,000, were sent out. In 1905, this was multiplied by ten. In 1906, there was a further multiplication by three, and in 1907 an increase brought the total up to six million dollars. Already this year the shipments are of greater value than last year, so that there is some reason for the enthusiasm.

Investors, however, must exercise great prudence. The gambler on the stock market may or may not make a profit. The careful capitalist who investigates the affairs of a company and finds out the exact situation before buying, will probably find a profit. The small investor, who cannot go so deeply into a company's affairs before purchasing, is taking considerable risk if he risks a plunge. Some of the good mines are over-capitalised and some of the so-called mines are as yet only prospects.

CANADIAN PACIFIC PROGRESS

THE sensation of the week has been the reported purchase of the Chicago Great Western Railway by the Minnesota, St. Paul and Sault Ste. Marie Railway, which again is controlled by the Canadian Pacific Railway. The Chicago Great Western runs from Chicago to St. Paul with branches from Oelwein to Omaha and Kansas City. The net mileage of the system is 1474. The C. P. R. found the M., St. P. and S., or "Soo" line a good investment and a desirable connection between Regina and St. Paul. It is thought that the investment will again prove excellent and the connection with Chicago most advantageous. If the new line adds only to the value of the "Soo" line, it will be of considerable advantage to C. P. R. stockholders. If the new line can be made a profit-making institution, which it has not been recently, there will be another source of profit for the lucky ones who have pinned their faith to C. P. R.

Canadians are certainly getting broad-minded in their undertakings. While great developments are proceeding at home, they have gone out into Central and South America seeking for new fields to conquer. Now they go right into the heart of the Middle West of the United States and enter into competition with the greatest railway companies of that district. This is pluck and enterprise. Whether or not it is discretion and judgment is a matter for the future to decide. In the meantime, Sir Thomas Shaughnessy will have much Canadian admiration for his boldness and daring.

THE LEMIEUX ACT

THAT much praised Lemieux Trades and Disputes Act seems to have arrived at a critical stage in its history. Employers and employees are not quite so enthusiastic about it as they were. It hampers belligerency and it prevents peaceful settlements. This reference to conciliation and arbitration boards is costly, tedious and too often unsatisfactory. The labour men say it prevents strikes, which it was probably designed to do, and the employers say it prevents their making necessary changes in regulations and wage schedules. The miners of British Columbia and the railway unions have registered a strong protest against it at the recent Trades and Labour Congress at Halifax.

The Lemieux Act is probably a fairly good law. There are features of it which may need amendment. Most laws have this characteristic. It seems to have prevented a great deal of industrial idleness, and that means much for national prosperity and progress. That it is perfect, as some Liberal statesmen and politicians would have the public believe, is quite improbable. Instead of condemning it outright, its opponents should propose such amendments to it as

will make it more suitable for the purposes for which it was framed. The country is not yet prepared to accept compulsory arbitration, and the Lemieux Act is certainly the most advanced legislation, looking toward arbitration, which has yet found a place in Canada's numerous volumes of statute law.

WHERE BOTH ARE RIGHT

LIBERAL newspapers are telling the people how many undesirable Tory candidates there are; and the Conservative papers are telling them how many dangerous Grit candidates there are. Both sets of newspapers are right, in a limited sense. There are a few men in both parties who should retire from public life for the country's good. Perhaps the public would best serve its own interests by electing these men to stay at home as private citizens. If every candidate whose usefulness has been impaired by conduct more or less open to criticism, was defeated at the polls, a few unjust decisions might be made, but at least half a dozen of prominent figures would not be seen in next year's House of Commons. Such a vote would do more to make our public men careful than all the friendly advice or adverse criticism that can be served up through the public press.

In this connection, the following remarks from an editorial in the *Montreal Star* are worth serious consideration:

"The cure—now that it is plain that the parties will not apply it—lies with the electors. They must purge Parliament. They must defeat the men who have shown themselves unworthy of trust. They need not fear for their precious parties; for this policy, if followed everywhere, will hit both parties about alike. Better a Parliament of novices than a Parliament of men who have been tried—and found wanting. The elector who votes for a man whom he knows to seek election for his private profit, deserves to be robbed as he surely will."

BRITISH PERIODICALS IN CANADA

MR. SYDEN BUXTON, the postmaster-general of Great Britain, reports that the circulation of British newspapers and periodicals in Canada increased by more than five million copies during the recent fiscal year. This is an adequate justification for the new British-Canadian magazine post which reduced the rate on publications sent to Canada from 8 cents a pound to 2 cents a pound. It also proves that Canadians will read British publications if they can secure them at a reasonable cost.

Those who opposed the readjustment of postal rates whereby the British publications were put on a parity in this market with United States publications were wont to say that Canada was more interested in American affairs than British and that no matter how cheaply British publications could get in here they would not be sold. The experience of the past two years has shown that this statement was false. Two years ago, three-quarters of the periodicals sold in this market were of United States origin. This has now fallen to one-half. It may not fall much lower, because the best United States publications are quite worthy of the patronage they receive. It is, nevertheless, pleasant to know that British publications which are equally excellent, are being given a fair share of the public patronage.

The British weeklies are especially worthy of extensive reading in Canada and it is only necessary to glance at a book-stall in order to see that the sale of such publications has increased enormously during the last twelvemonth.

PROTECTION IN GREAT BRITAIN

CANADIAN protectionists returning from Great Britain invariably report increased enthusiasm among the protectionists of the motherland. Whether it is that a reaction has set in against the Liberals and in favour of the Unionists on general grounds, or whether it is that the hard times of the last two years have led to sufficient dissatisfaction to threaten Free Trade is an open question. On Friday last there was a bye-election in Newcastle-on-Tyne, the centre of a large number of shipbuilding industries, which undoubtedly indicates a considerable victory for the Unionists. Newcastle at the last general election returned a Labour member and a Liberal member. The Liberal died, and in the bye-election there were three candidates, a Unionist, a Liberal and a Socialist. The Liberal, instead of having 7,200 of a majority as before, was beaten by the Unionist by 2,000. The Socialist got only 2,971 votes, and if his vote was added to the Liberal vote, there would still be a gain of 6,000 in favour of the Unionist.



THERE is an impression in Quebec that Sir Wilfrid is making his last fight. I cannot for the life of me find any reasonable ground for such an impression; but it certainly exists in the Premier's native province. My notion is that Sir Wilfrid will die in harness, as did his great predecessor, Sir John Macdonald. We have not had a striking figure in public life who retired before he must since the days of Baldwin and Lafontaine. Then think of the pressure which will always be put upon Sir Wilfrid to remain at the head of his party. No other man can assure it so many safe constituencies before the polling booths are opened. The Liberals will always have the same reason for wanting to keep Laurier at their head that the Republicans had this year for passionately desiring the nomination of Roosevelt; and there will be no constitutional bar in the road of Sir Wilfrid's yielding to their solicitations. Moreover, what other position would tempt him? Would he exchange the Canadian overlordship for an humble position in the House of Lords? Not if he is still Laurier.

* * *

BUT this widespread impression in Quebec is giving a sentimental touch to the campaign. His followers there are asking the people to pile up a majority for their idol on his last appeal to them, and to show that the province where he was born—the province peopled largely by men of his own race and religion—was loyal to him to the last. And there is not much doubt but that the appeal will meet with an enthusiastic response. The Conservatives are making a strong "bid" for some Liberal seats in the Montreal district by putting up unusually good candidates; but that is pretty nearly the beginning and the end of their effort to divide the Laurier strength in our sister province. Even Bourassa—at this writing—is silent. It is not regarded as healthy for a rising politician to arrange a "head-on" collision with the "favourite son." Hero worship has always been a passion with our Gallic fellow countrymen. They worshipped Napoleon; they worshipped Gambetta; they worship Laurier.

* * *

AND, do you know, they think a lot of Sir James Whitney. There is probably no other English-speaking politician as popular in Quebec as the Premier of Ontario. I think that it must be because he is so typically English—such a blunt, outspoken, frank and fearless fellow. The French-Canadian appreciates sympathy, understanding, good will, to a superlative degree; but he is not at all deceived by interested flattery. He has all of a Latin's quick perceptions, and knows more quickly than his English-speaking brother whether the man, who is pretending to like him, is sincere or only calculating. He probably will not betray any discovery of insincerity. He possesses both tact and politeness. But it is a useless labour for people to attempt to win him who at heart do not like him. Those, however, who will meet him in friendly fashion will soon find him the most likable fellow on earth.

* * *

A BOOK could be written on the value of the French-Canadian element to the Dominion. Its only critics are those who do not know it, being separated from it either by geography or invincible prejudice. Montreal would be a dull city without its French population; and those who fancy that it would be better off industrially and commercially, should consult the heads of its great industries who owe so much of their success to the deft skill of this artistic people. They are a light-hearted lot—the Latins; and they have a love of life which leads them to refuse to follow the Saxon plodder into his dungeon where he toils all his life long at piling up money that he never can use. They regard money, indeed, as a means and not as an end; and they will not sell a sunny afternoon for a pile of dollars that they do not want. The consequence is that they seldom become great financial or commercial magnates. But the average of comfort among the French population is very high. If you meet a family party in a finely appointed carriage on the island of Montreal, nine times out of ten it is a French family. That the French can make money when they give their minds to "the game," the fact that the leading family

of financiers in Montreal is French indicates; and then there is the Bank of France and the Paris Bourse.

* * *

BUT this is a long way from politics. The appeal of Laurier to Ontario has been, perhaps, the most dramatic episode of the campaign thus far. Laurier has always longed for the confidence of Ontario. When he went up into that province prior to the elections of 1878, he knew that his party had lost it, though Alexander Mackenzie would not believe it. Nor has his party ever won it back. He would probably regard it as the crowning achievement of his life if he could win Ontario for Liberalism under a French Catholic leader. It would be a conquest over sectional feeling of which any public tribune might be proud. But one man is not enough for a party. The Liberals should give Ontario successors to Mowat, Blake and Cartwright if they desire to win the confidence of the province. They have no man to-day to match with Whitney; and if Borden does not stir enthusiasm, he commands respect. They might have made such a man of "Big Bill Mulock" if they had kept him; and they may find such a man in Mackenzie King. Undoubtedly their most promising "comer" at this time is Hon. George Graham; but he must escape from the reputation of being a humourist. It takes a man like Sir John Macdonald to carry a reputation of that sort very high.

N'IMPORTE

POLITICAL FORECASTS.

FORECASTS are now the order of the hour. The "Courier" has secured four which it considers representative. All these estimates leave out of consideration the three British Columbia ridings in which the contests will be held after the general result is known. These will go to whichever party wins. No. 1 is the estimate of a Toronto man who knows Canada pretty thoroughly. No. 2 is the view of an Eastern Ontario Conservative member. No. 3 gives the hopes of a Conservative member from Nova Scotia. No. 4 is the view of a Western Liberal member.

	No. 1		No. 2		No. 3		No. 4	
	C.	L.	C.	L.	C.	L.	C.	L.
Nova Scotia	5	13	6	12	8	10	5	13
New Brunswick	7	6	9	4	9	4	7	6
Prince Edward Island	3	1	3	1	4	0	3	1
Quebec	13	52	15	50	15	50	10	55
Ontario	54	32	64	22	65	21	55	31
Manitoba	6	4	7	3	7	3	5	5
Saskatchewan	2	8	5	5	5	5	2	8
Alberta	3	4	4	3	4	3	3	4
British Columbia	3	1	3	1	3	1	2	2
Yukon	1	0	1	0	1	0	0	1
	97 121		117 101		121 97		92 126	
Majority	24L.		16C.		24C.		34L.	

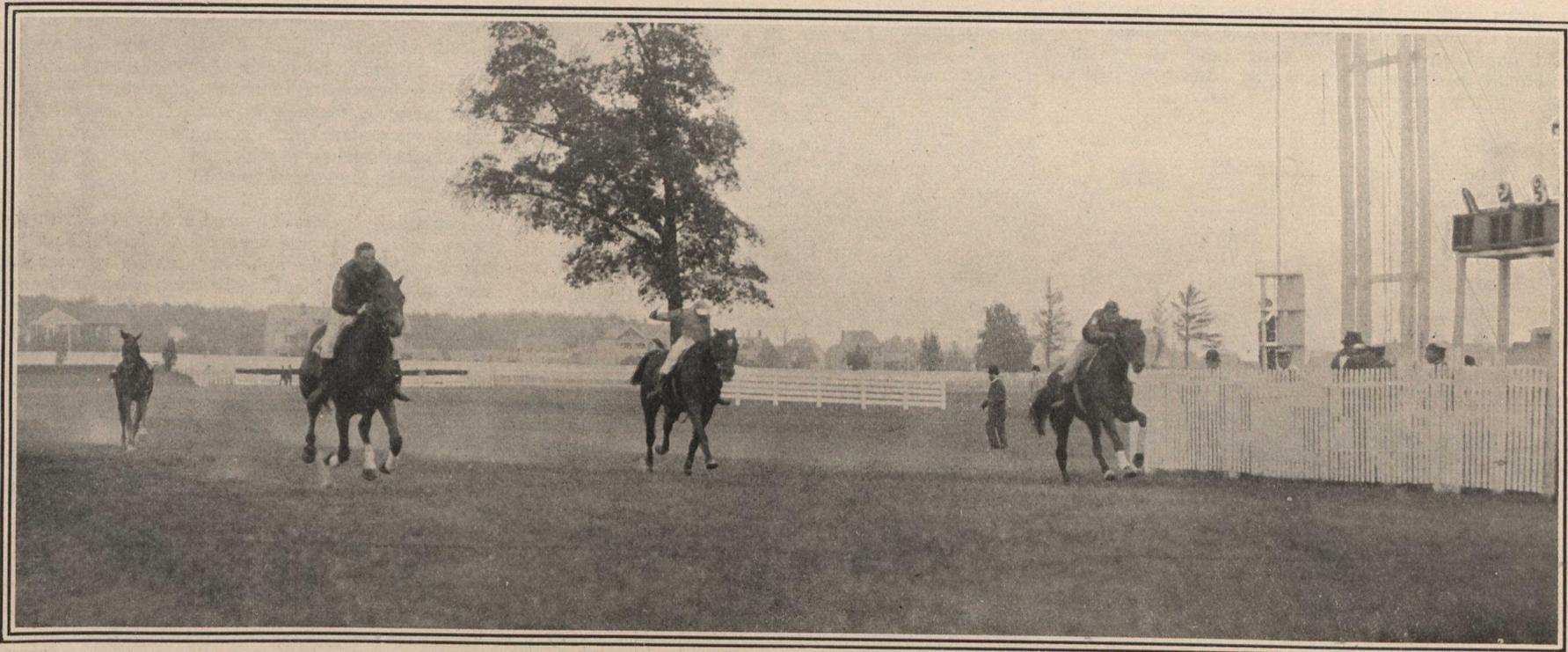


The Eucharistic Congress Procession in London which threatened to cause so much trouble, but which, fortunately, terminated peacefully.



The Annual Pilgrimage to Cote des Neiges Cemetery, Montreal, September 20th. The Rev. Canon Gauthier, Rector of St. James' Cathedral was the Preacher, standing barehead at the head of the miniature Calvary. More than 30,000 people were present.

PHOTOGRAPH BY COURTESY "LA PRESSE."



A Remarkable Finish at the Woodbine, Toronto.—Twelve horses started in this Steeplechase and only three finished, all the others going down. The finish was wonderfully close considering the course. The jumps have been raised this year, and as a consequence a number of horses were killed and a number of Jockeys injured.

PHOTOGRAPH BY A. A. GLEASON.

PUBLIC OPINION

AN AMUSING FELLOW.

Ottawa, Sept. 28, 1908.

Editor CANADIAN COURIER:

Sir,—The CANADIAN COURIER has in the edition dated September 26th a page headed "The Political Problem." In it you state that a great many voters, like yourself, are wondering which party will receive their ballots. Well, I will bet fifteen cents your mind is made up and was made up long before that; and if you really want to know how you are going to vote I could tell you in two seconds.

During the Ontario elections you harped nothing but MacKay, and even devoted the front page of the cover to his picture. Now during the Dominion campaign, we see nothing but pictures of "Laurier." Give us something else. I think we have had enough

of him to last us for an age, and I am quite sure the majority of your readers feel so, and would enjoy reading something else but "Laurier, Laurier." Try it, anyway.

Don't you think it is time for a change?

Yours truly,

A SUBSCRIBER.

THE POLITICAL PROBLEM.

Editor CANADIAN COURIER:

Sir,—Mr. Patterson's excellent article on "The Political Problem" this week pleased me. It indicated that only Sir Wilfrid Laurier's personality will save the Liberal Party from defeat, and that is my view. I am proud to be a follower of Mr. Borden, because I believe he is honest and capable. He is of the Whitney type, and he would put the governing of the country on a business basis. Sir Wilfrid has been so long in power that his followers

act as if they owned the country. The Conservatives used to do the same, no doubt. Yet it is unfortunate that any party should be in power long enough to get the idea that it can be as extravagant as it likes, without being brought seriously near to defeat.

The Opposition is the auditor for the stockholders and it is time the auditor got a look at the books. In all private companies, even in the honourable business of banking, the people find they cannot wholly trust the high officials. The auditor must be sent in to poke over the accounts and make sure everything is all right. The stockholders of the Ontario Bank neglected this and lost. The stockholders of the Dominion of Canada would do well to send Mr. Borden in to do some auditing. Everything may be all right, but a shaking up won't do any harm.

CONSERVATIVE.

THE NEW RURAL MAIL BOX FOR INDIVIDUAL USE



IN England, where the fringe of one city's suburbs touches the fringe of the suburbs of its neighbour, and where most of the villages straggle along at least fifty per cent. of the main highways, rural delivery of mail matter is not a pressing problem. In America where distances are great, where villages are ten miles apart and cities a hundred miles from each other, the problem is important. The United States made an experiment and has gone deeper and deeper into postal extension. It began in 1897 with only

for most of it, because politicians are continually encouraging human greed. Politicians know people have passions and they encourage their development. No doubt the \$300 was too small, but no one will doubt that \$900 is too high. But "the government is rich, why shouldn't it pay?" And with elections in sight, it does pay. This is one of the prices which democracy charges for its greater benefits.

Canada has started in on rural mail delivery. The Conservative politicians have been agitating for it and taunting the Government for not being enterprising and considerate of the dweller in rural districts. The Government were steadily though quietly investigating the subject. They were preparing schemes and plans and estimates and possibilities. Apparently it suited their ideas to keep the Conservative Opposition agitating and talking until it would be thoroughly pledged to this extension of public service. Then when the plans are all ready, the Postmaster-General announces that Canada will inaugurate a new system of rural mail delivery. The plans are brought down, all perfected. The officials commence to talk and it is seen that they know all about costs and routes and rate of establishments and a score of other details. And the Postmaster-General gets the credit.

The Hon. Mr. Lemieux has received much credit for reforms during his short period in office. The British-Canadian magazine post, the new international regulations which prevent "dumping" by United States publications which are not newspapers, the lower postal rates for Canadian publishers, and a considerable extension of the house-delivery system—all stand in his name. Many of these reforms are due to his predecessor in office and to the able assistants in his department—Dr. Coulter, the deputy, Mr. Ross, chief inspector, and others. That Mr. Lemieux should have encouraged these officials is to his own credit exclusively. He has apparently bade them go on with the work about which they have been dreaming and planning. The head of a great department such as the post-office can but indicate what his general desires may be—the rest must be left to the permanent officials. No doubt Mr. Lemieux has said: "I am in favour of rural delivery, if it can be arranged economically. Show me an economical plan and I shall approve it." His officials did so and the order went forth. Canada is to have rural delivery.

The plan is a shrewd one. Every farmer who gets the service must assist. He is made a partner. He must purchase the box and erect it. It is his property, it bears his name, and he must keep it in repair. This seems excellent. The rural dweller will not allow boys to throw stones at it, nor fill it with chips. He will keep its hinges oiled and its machinery in good working order.

Again, not every farmer will have this opportunity, therefore those who get it will prize it highly. In the first place, it would cost too much to establish a rural delivery for all the agricultural population. The Department could not afford it. Therefore, at first, rural delivery is to be established on only such routes as are now traversed by a mail carrier. This will enable fifty per cent. of the rural population to get the service. At first glance, it would seem that less than fifty per cent. would be served, but by placing boxes at cross-roads to serve contiguous districts the percentage is considerably increased.

The accompanying illustrations show what the

boxes are like and how simple, mechanical devices are used to signify the presence or absence of mail. The courier is not required to leave his horse or vehicle. He carries a hook in his hand and draws the box toward him. He can do this, remove and insert mail, in about one-half minute. This is important because it will minimise the extra service for which the government must pay. One hundred boxes on a twenty-five mile route can be examined in less than an hour. An additional hour on a twenty-five mile trip should not greatly increase the yearly cost of the courier service. If higher class couriers are required on account of the more responsible work demanded of them, this will be a more serious item of expense.



Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux,
Postmaster-General.



Mr. George Ross,
Chief Post Office Superintendent.

83 routes, while to-day it has 40,000 lines on which couriers deliver postal matter to the agricultural or rural population. The following table shows the growth of this service, which now costs over thirty million dollars per annum:

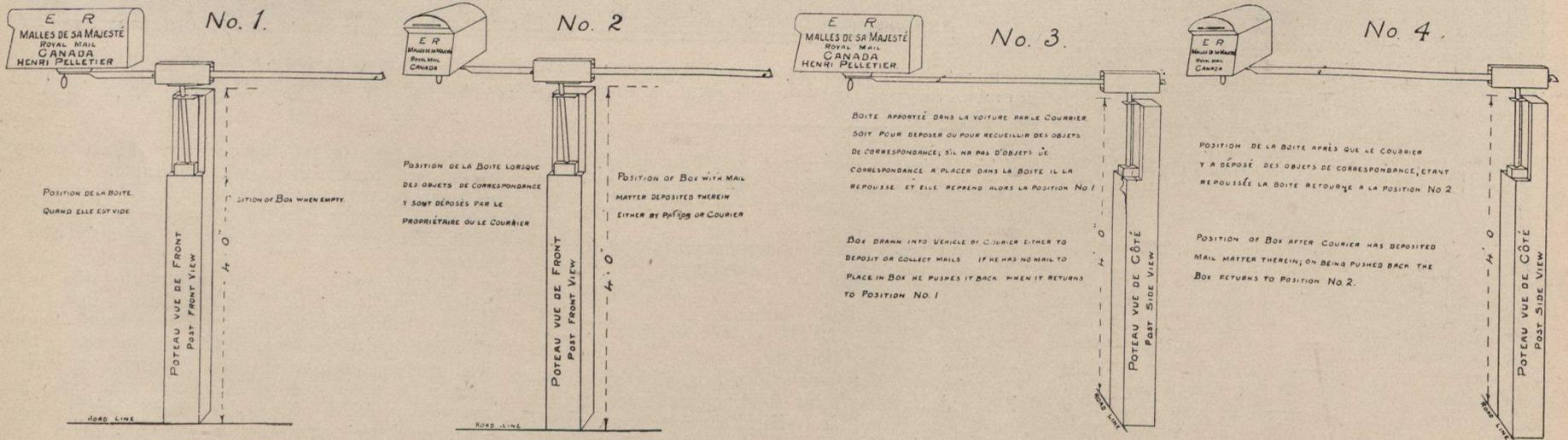
1897	83	routes
1898	148	"
1899	391	"
1900	1,276	"
1901	4,301	"
1902	8,466	"
1903	15,119	"
1904	24,566	"
1905	32,055	"
1906	35,666	"
1907	about 40,000	"

Not only has the United States increased the number of its routes but it has experienced a rising charge for each route. In 1896, a route, about 25 miles in length, covered once a day, cost the government \$300 annually. In 1898 this was increased to \$400, in 1900 to \$500, in 1903 to \$600, in 1905 to \$720 and in 1907 to \$900. Each route costs three times as much now as at the beginning. This is characteristic of all government service—the fixed charge is continuously rising. Politics is responsible

Just how the rural postmasters will be affected remains to be seen. They must send their mail out instead of having it called for. They must route it as it is routed under a delivery system. This may increase their work in most distributing offices and thus increase the cost to the Government. Other offices which are not distributing centres may be closed or have their pay lessened. Just how this will work out is a question for the future.

The great feature is that the farmer will be able to get a daily paper delivered at his gate with some degree of celerity and regularity. It will be a boon for the daily paper publishers and a greater boon for the rural resident. The man with beef, hogs, wool, dairy products or grain to sell, will be in daily contact with his nearest city market. This will be economically advantageous. Moreover, it will add to the attractiveness of life in the country and tend to make residence there more inviting. Its effect on this feature of our national life should be extremely beneficial.

It is a great reform. The honours may be divided between the members of Parliament who advocated it and the Postmaster-General who has had the courage to add a new and costly feature to the public service under his control.



The box, draw rod and gear are of metal, the post of wood. When the box faces as shown, it indicates to both proprietor and courier that the box is empty.

When the box is turned as above by either proprietor or courier, it indicates to them that there is mail in the box.

When the courier passes, he draws the box into his vehicle with a hook and collects or deposits the mail. The name of the proprietor is shown on the face of the box.

Position of box after courier has deposited mail matter therein. On being pushed back the box returns to position No. 2.



The celebrated Franz Hals "Family Group," for which the British National Gallery recently paid \$125,000

A Franz Hals Treasure

IN these days the value of picture, poem or play is usually expressed in commercial terms and in bold head-lines at that. Consequently, it is not surprising that the price paid by the trustees of the British National Gallery for the newly-discovered Franz Hals picture is the fact in connection with the matter which is thrust most forcibly upon public attention. Twenty-five thousand pounds, or, roughly speaking, one-hundred-and-twenty-five thousand dollars, is a great sum for a work of art, even in this generation when Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan buys a masterpiece nearly every morning that he goes shopping.

The picture which has been so highly valued was discovered in the old castle of Malahide, near Dublin, and was purchased from Lord Talbot de Malahide. It is a large canvas, eight feet four inches by five feet in size, in a fine state of preservation, and shows a group of ten figures with a landscape background. The *Manchester Guardian* says of this painting:

"Outside of Haarlem Town Hall, where his great Guild and Almshouse groups are hung, and 'The Civic Guards' in the Rijks Museum, Amsterdam, Colonel Warde's picture, which awaits complete acceptance, and another possible Hals in the Metropolitan Museum, New York, there are no other large portrait groups known by this master, and it is in the management and assembly of a number of figures, each a sharply realised portrait yet combining to present a bold and harmonious whole, that Hals has won his signal position. In the Malahide picture the living, unaffected painting of the mother and her tall daughter and boy standing behind her is in his most masterly manner, and although the high pressure of artistic force is not maintained throughout the group it takes its place only a little behind the front rank of his art. Interesting points about the picture are the introduction of so many children, which he rarely attempted, and the cows in the background—his only use of cows that one can recall.

"The story of the discovery of the picture does not sound so thrilling as it must have been to those concerned in it. Lord Talbot de Malahide had commissioned Mr. Buttery, the famous picture-cleaner, who had a recent triumph in the cleaning of the holy picture by Sir Joshua Reynolds that now hangs in the National Gallery, to consider and

clean some old paintings in his ancient castle of Malahide, near Dublin. After working upon the large family group Mr. Buttery came to his own conclusions, and, with public spirit that is rarer than one might suppose, informed Sir Charles Holyrod. The picture was brought to London, and on the recommendation of the trustees bought for the nation, half the purchase money being paid at the

time. The price will absorb the annual grant for three years unless some lovers of art come forward with subscriptions as they have done in many previous cases. At present the National Gallery has two bust portraits by Hals on its walls, the male portrait being a bequest from the architect Decimus Burton, and the female portrait a purchase from the Lewis Fund."

NOTES FROM GREAT BRITAIN

By JAMES L. HUGHES

THE growing interest of the Government in England in the ideal of paternalism, and the general recognition of the teacher's permanent right to his position, are shown by the fact that the Government has under consideration the suggestion that a teacher who loses his position through the closing of his school should receive an annuity.

* * *

Business is unusually dull in England. The exports are millions behind for the last six months. The Government supporters explain the stringency by blaming the financial panic in the United States; the friends of the Opposition by saying, "We told you the policy of the Government must ruin trade." The number who give the second reason is increasing.

Canadians have not had an opportunity to get acquainted with the true type of English character during recent years. Most of those who are sent out belong to a class who expect jobs "with the work taken out of them," as one of them recently expressed it on leaving for Canada. The grand old refrain: "Britons never, never shall be slaves," is coming to have a new meaning with the labouring, or better, the anti-labouring classes here. It was expressed recently by a group of English emigrants in Toronto. They got work—real work in the city—but at the end of the second day they "chucked" it, saying "We didn't come to Canada to be slaves."

It is easy to understand how such a class is produced in the large cities and towns here. When a boy of the lower class leaves school he does not often learn a trade. He does odd jobs on the streets or whenever he can earn a little, and he spends a

good deal of what he earns for cigarettes and beer. And, worst of all, the working girls often drink with him. Only yesterday the papers gave full accounts of the case of a girl fourteen years of age who was caught stealing money from a till. She said "she had been drinking with her 'Johnnie' and had been jolly drunk." There are thirteen children in the family. The father is a wastrel who does not work. What chance have children under such conditions?

* * *

The real British workman is still a prince among mechanics and a good citizen. Until recently he has had plenty of work, for England is building great numbers of new houses.

The lower class of labourer, and often of a still higher class of artisan, is a strangely improvident type. A workman in a north of England factory was asked recently how much he earned in a week. "Thirty-six shillings," he replied. As he works in a factory where men are paid by the piece, the visitor said: "But you could earn more than thirty-six shillings, if you tried." "Oh, yes," he said, "but what's the good? I give the old woman sixteen shillings and I can't drink more than twenty shillings' worth in a week."

At a baseball match I went to the "bleachers" to study character. They "spotted" me at once, but were very friendly. They were very proud of their players on the home team. Their catcher in red cap, red shirt and white cotton knickerbockers was an imposing figure. My neighbours on the bleachers as a special honour to me, called him over and introduced me to him as a "foreign gentleman" before the game. His father was with him. The

catcher was a dock labourer, and he told me he had earned only seven shillings and six pence during the week just ending. "I gave the seven shillings to the wife and kept the six pence for a shave and cigarettes." His father, quite a respectable looking man, told me he had had but two and a half days' work during the week.

One of the most amazing things to me is the fact that so many people, when they know that I come from Canada, assume that we are to have a presidential election this year, and ask me whether I shall vote for Bryan or Taft? I sat at breakfast in a London hotel with a gentleman who is at the head of a great manufacturing establishment in one of the leading cities of England. I led the conversation to "Joe's policy." We agreed on trade questions. He told me they had been forced to establish a branch factory in Washington to do business in America, and he added, "I suppose you know Washington." Without waiting for a reply he said, "Oh, of course you do; Washington is in Canada, isn't it?" I could not say "yes"; I did not like to say "no"; so I said nothing.

"I have had an awful long ride," said a gentleman to me as we were leaving Newcastle. "I've been on this car for seven hours."

"Why, that is a short ride," I replied. "I have ridden on a train in Canada for seven days and seven nights on the same car."

"On the same trip?" he enquired.

"Yes, on the same trip," I replied.

"Well," said he, "that gives me a new idea of the size of Canada."

* * *

Strolling on the walls of Chester I met by good luck a kind old gentleman at the angle of the wall, near the bank of the Dee. He told me that he lived in Chester and that he was born there.

"Where did 'ee come from?" he asked me.

"From America," I said.

"Ah!" said he, "there was a man from your country 'ere yistiday. Mayhaps you know him. 'Ee gave me a bit o' cardboard. 'Ee was from Chikalo

or Chilaki or a place with such a name. Ah! 'ere it is," and he gave me the card of a gentleman from Chicago.

"No," I said, "I do not know him. He lives five hundred miles from me."

"Five hundred mile!" he exclaimed. "Wy, that's a good way, isn't it?"

Then he said, "I bean't aguidin', but if so be as you'd like me to show 'ee a few things, I'll be most glad."

I thanked him heartily and he began at once. We walked a few steps till we could see the Dee clearly as it flows past the wall. He showed the old mill in which the happy old "Miller of the Dee" used to work, and King Edgar's house, the oldest inhabited house now in England, and the place where King Edgar landed when he was rowed by the seven tributary kings, and King Charles' tower in which he stood to watch the battle when his troops were beaten on Rowton Moor, and the other sights on the wall. He talked freely all the time giving me general information.

"This place is the oldest of them all," he told me. "It's older than London and the other places. It was six years before Christ, or six years after Christ, I bean't sure which. You've heard of Christ, haven't ye?"

"Yes, sir!" I said.

"Well, you know," he continued, "when a thing happened before 'ee came, they call it before Christ, and when it happened after 'ee came, why they call it after Christ."

I thanked him, and he proceeded to enlighten me, a benighted American who came from the place where the Indians live.

He pointed to a church, and said, "That be a church, and that be the rector's house. Ye have churches in America?"

"A few," I replied.

"Have ye chapels too?"

"Oh, yes!"

"I goes to the Methodist chapel in the mornin's,

but I bean't no Methodist," he informed me. "They Methodies be a ignorant lot. I asked one o' them only las' week who George Wesley was, and if you'll believe it, they couldn't tell me. Ye know George Wesley. 'Ee was the man that started the Methodis, but they didn't know about 'im at all."

I expressed my sorrow for their condition. "They don't 'ave no real service, ye know," he informed me. "They just sings a bit, and the preacher prays a bit, and the preacher stands up and talks to them, 'ee don't read no regular sermon, just speaks to them. Then they sings and prays again and then they goes 'ome. In the church they 'ave regular service, and the rector 'ee reads a real sermon."

I told him I could understand why he chose to be a churchman, and not a Methodist.

"Did 'ee see the cathedral?" he asked.

"Yes," I replied.

"Did 'ee see the cloisters?"

"Yes."

"Did 'ee ever hear of Cromwell in America?"

I admitted that I had.

"Well," said he, "when 'ee was 'ere 'ee used the cloisters as majors for 'is 'orses."

I looked at him with a puzzled glance, I have no doubt, and he asked: "Mayhap 'ee don't have no majors in America?"

"Oh, yes," I replied. "Two of my brothers were majors, but they are colonels now."

It was his turn to pause and think. Finally he said: "They bean't the kind of majors I mean. I mean the majors what the 'orses eats their 'ay out of."

"I see," said I, "what we call mangers in America."

"Well, mayhap ye do," he replied. "Cromwell put his 'orses in the cloister yard."

"What kind of a man was Cromwell?" I asked.

"A very bad man, so I've been told," he replied.

Near the cathedral he left me, after he had pointed out his own little castle.

POLITICAL MEETINGS IN CANADA

CANADA has more political meetings this year according to population than any other part of America. In this respect the politician and the preacher are in a close race; but the aggregate attendance at prayer-meetings in Canada has not increased with population in the same ratio as have political gatherings. The era which Bagehot in his *Physics and Politics* calls the "age of discussion" has been a feature of Canadian life for a great many generations. Until recent times, Presidential candidates in the United States had the record for transcontinental tours; but last year Leader Borden made a mileage and an aggregate of speeches that quite equals the best ever done by Bryan—with the difference that Mr. Bryan spoke three times to Mr. Borden's one, while in the matter of mileage according to population visited the Canadian Opposition leader had the advantage. That Sir Wilfrid Laurier has chosen a less extensive itinerary is due partly to his age and that the elections are very near.

Personal contact of the leader with the people of the country has always been a strong characteristic of Canadian political life. The practice began when the newspapers of the country were comparatively few and when the fashion of publishing half-tone portraits and black and white sketches was not so common as it is to-day. Now the newspapers have multiplied till every shackery on the prairie and almost every mining camp in the mountains has its weekly oracle with a regular report of what the leader of the party, or the member for the constituency said in the House or out on the stump. But the gentle art of stumping has not declined. What has declined is oratory.

Speech-making has become pretty nearly a universal art in Canada. A generation ago the number of candidates and supporters capable of raising a cheer without grammatical and pronunciation bumps was not very large. The professional orator had the right of way. His masterpiece ran columns long in the party newspaper; that of the stumbling supporter went with a notice or a summary.

Now the election worker and the organiser and even the hanger-on is able to make a speech that confirms supporters if it does not convince opponents. The man who spouts is a rarity. Plain talk is what the people want and largely what they get. The perorations of an Edward Blake, the impassioned logic of a D'Alton McCarthy or even the shrewd witticisms of a John A. Macdonald no longer make

the average elector feel that as soon as he has heard the last word of the main speaker it is time to get up and go home. The newspaper has democratised the public speech. Canadian editors and Canadian reports of members' speeches in Parliament have furnished the common man with a fund of arguments and something of a vocabulary to boot; and the political leader is wise who leaves a large number of points to be hammered home by the candidate or the worker who understands the relation of the general weal to the particular constituency better than he can hope to do.

At the same time the number of members of Parliament and legislatures has increased. With nine provinces, in a majority of which the number of members has been increased during the past few years, the number of legislative candidates has enormously outgrown the number of members of Parliament. The number of parties has increased. Though the Patrons of Industry and the old Third Party are nothing more than a memory and an historic influence, political sects have multiplied—till in Toronto alone during the recent provincial election there were added to the historic parties, Socialists, Labourites, Independent Labourites, Independent Liberals and Independent Conservatives—though as yet we are not blessed with the suffragette.

This diversity of interests and issues has made it possible and in fact necessary for a large number of speeches to be delivered in one meeting. At a meeting in the recent Ontario campaign not less than twelve speeches were given, when the longest and that of the Premier was but an hour long, and when the average duration of the remaining eleven was not more than seven minutes. This means that nowadays when a political candidate or a worker gets up to speak he must have something pointed on the tip of his tongue, start in as soon as the audience will let him and sit down hard when he is done.

Contrast this with the meetings of only a few years ago when Hon. G. W. Ross was able and permitted to spell-bind a tolerant crowd for two hours!

Not that there is now or ever will be any particularly new way of holding political meetings. The phonograph and the moving picture may become a feature whenever the future candidate or the leader is unavoidably absent in his airship in constituencies where they have no elections. The newspaper next day may do something to keep people away on a hot night. But the whole philosophy of a political meet-

ing is the opportunity it affords the politician of being seen and heard *viva voce* by the people he expects to support him. That always leaves scope for a certain degree of dramatic interest that moving pictures and phonographs will never be able to supply. Hence the recent open-air demonstration of Sir Wilfrid Laurier.

Indeed, the art of stage management has been carried to a high point of finesse in the political meetings of the present time. The caucus has considered every move and its probable effect upon an audience. The platform has been half filled for half an hour with a certain contingent of more or less well-known supporters. The inner circle is vacant—half the stage room waiting. The audience sputters into an occasional clap. Where are the big guns? When will the chief actors come on the stage? When will the band at the wings strike up "Hail to the Chief!" or "See the Conquering Hero Comes" or "Twenty-three for You"?

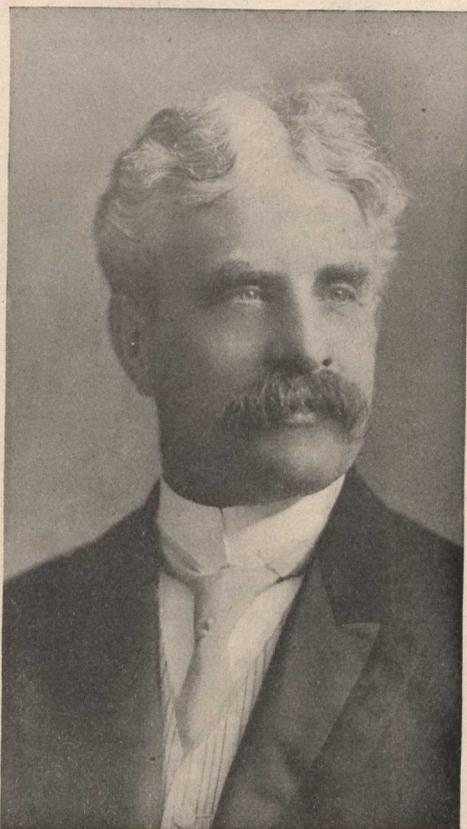
The leader, and the cabinet ministers, and the chairman, and the organiser, and the local candidates and the member from the House of Commons, along with a crowd of party boosters, are all in the rooms behind, handshaking and palavering; peeping out at the crowd to see how large it may be; rehashing ward and division meetings; discussing the editorials in to-day's press and the reports of meetings they were not able to attend. The chairman writes out the order of his programme, having carefully prepared his own introductory speech; local candidates and others assume to be having a good free-and-easy time when they are wondering whether it will be safe to spring the old war-horse speech that has done time in nine ward meetings already, or to make a jump for a new point of view and run the risk of being shouldered out by the speakers that have been called before.

At a critical moment the chairman appears; loud applause; drinks a glass of water by way of intimating that no one is expected to have a dry time. Having fumbled his programme he looks about at the audience and says to himself that considering the number of ladies present half the other fellows will be likely to start off by welcoming the fair sex—and decides to stick to his text.

Suddenly the band strikes up—"Hail to the Chief!" The platformers rise *en masse*; claps and cheers and whistles burst from the audience, as from the left wing comes the leader all alone in

(Continued on page 17)

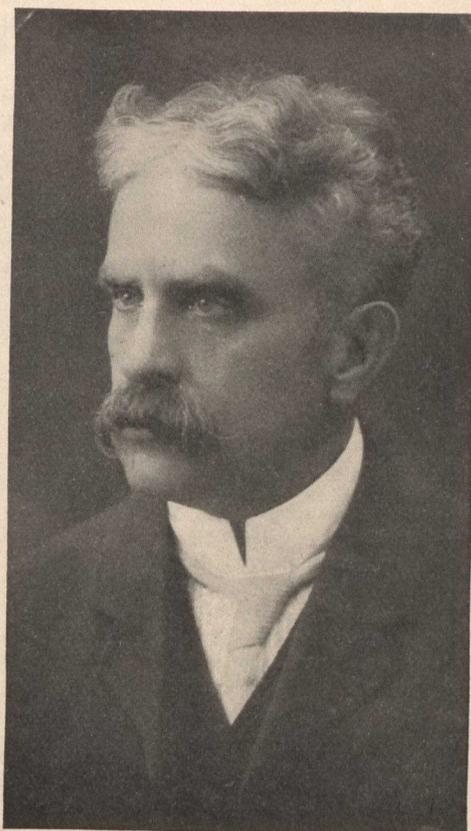
SOME PICTURES OF THE OPPOSITION LEADER



Portrait by Montminy & Co., Quebec.



Mr. Borden at his Desk in Ottawa.



Portrait by Rossie, Regina.



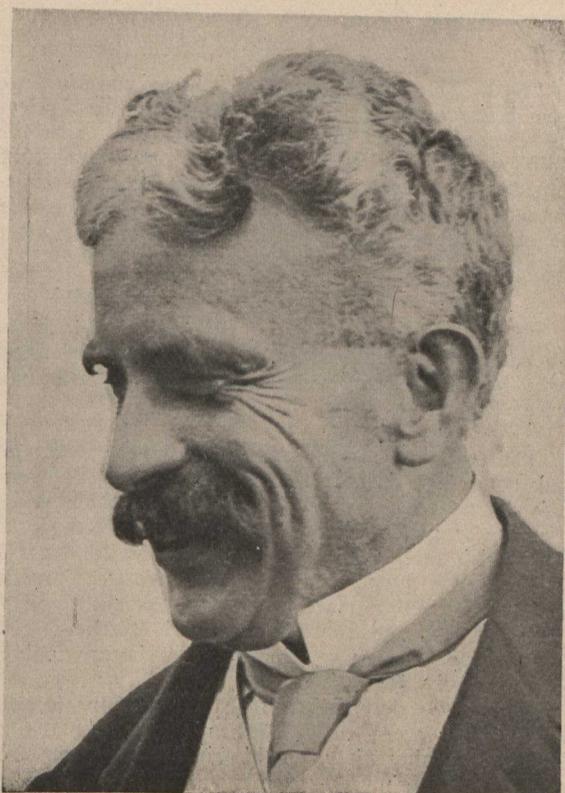
Driving Home an Argument.



At Ottawa—Mr. Borden and Dr. Reid, M.P.



Repeating the Halifax Platform.



These three pictures show Mr. Borden in a smiling mood. The centre one shows the characteristic overhanging eye-brows which stand so far out as to almost obscure the eyes. The lower five portraits are snapshots taken during his recent visit to Toronto.

KILLING NO MURDER;

OR THE FORTUNATE DEATH OF MR. JOHN PARR.

By H. STUART DOIG



MORROW had descended upon the office of the Dulltown *Evening Buster*. To be explicit, the resources of the establishment had run out, and the bailiffs had come in. It was the culminating episode in a long series of bitter tribulations, and the staff, who were all in arrears of salary, felt the blood chill in their veins. To them the *Buster* was a sacred thing, dear to their hearts as the ship to the master mariner, as the regimental flag to the soldier. For many weary months they had fought the good fight, the hope that the old *Buster* would yet turn the corner still springing eternal in their breasts. But with the bailiffs in, the enemy within their gates, it was evident that the game was up. Only a miracle could save them, and the age of miracles, like the age of chivalry, had departed. Chivalry and bailiffs: the combination was unthinkable.

The battle had been a hard one indeed. Expenses had been cut down until there was nothing more to cut. The compositors, whose interests were in the paternal care of a father of the chapel—with a Typographical Society in the background—were the only members of the staff who were paid in full; the literary and commercial staff were largely paid with I.O.U.'s. It stimulated them to greater efforts—and greater economies. Such of them as had wives and families to support, and for whom I.O.U.'s buttered no parsnips, had gradually drifted away. Only those remained who were single and had other means of subsistence. It was a staff, not indeed of "lusty bachelors," but of shabby, careworn, and harassed men, a saddened collection of journalistic amphibians.

The editor eked out a precarious existence by canvassing for insurance policies. The chief reporter played the trombone in the local music-hall. The manager, who clung to his post in the hope of being appointed Official Receiver, supplemented the spasmodic emoluments of his office by "farming" and advertising space on the programme of the Dulltown Theatre Royal, and by drafting what are known as "display" and "reason-why" advertisements for local advertisers. The reporters, who were mostly vegetarians, lived chiefly on hope and on the proceeds of "penny-a-lining," or acting as district correspondents for the news supply agencies, and for newspapers in other cities. When there was an epidemic of fires, murders, or suicides they flourished. When the unexpected refused to happen, they tightened their belts—and waited. How the sub-editor lived, heaven alone knew. In the office it was vaguely understood that he subsisted on the proceeds of selling "exchanges" for waste-paper.

The bailiffs took up their quarters in the machine room. In the technical phrase they "sat on" the Victory printing press; and never, if there be any sense of tears in mortal things, could that superannuated cheater of the scrap heap have felt less victorious. They were very much in the way of old Greaser, the dour Scots machineman, who, when he saw them sitting by the boiler fire for once forgot to be apprehensive lest the boiler might burst. But at least they were out of the sight of the public, and that was the essential thing. Had they been less tactfully handled they might have insisted on sitting in the front office, with disastrous results. For your advertiser is a shy bird and a suspicious; and your bailiff a figure undisguisable.

Now there was some peril of such an untoward development. For the editor, riven with the pangs of hunger, was indiscreet enough to approach these minions of the law with the tempting offer of a cheap accident policy. It was a suggestion not un-naturally regarded by them as deliberate insolence and veiled threatening, to be rebutted with the fearful and wonderful language familiar in their mouths as household words.

Happily the manager, who was a person of tact, came timely to the rescue, and making a levy on the staff sent out for refreshments. Funds were low, and the proceeds only permitted him to rise to a small tin of Bovril, which anybody less desperate might well have hesitated to offer to altermating bailiffs. Luckily it was an exceedingly cold day, and the Bovril could be heated in the boiler-room,

whither these menacing characters were ultimately decoyed. In a fine glow of exultation the manager went back to his office, and drew up an alluring advertisement on "Bovril for Bailiffs," which he hoped to sell to the local agent for at least half-a-crown.

Upstairs in the reporters' room the gloom which had settled on the office of the *Buster* seemed to have thickened. The floor was littered with papers; an unglazed pane in the window was inadequately stuffed with back numbers; and the draught menaced two flickering candles, stuck in empty beer bottles. It was a place redolent with the delicate flavour of mild decay. There was no fire in the rusty iron stove, but Jack Parr and Tim Blacker, the only occupants of the room, sat in front of the cheerless grate from force of habits contracted in better days. It was Parr who broke the depressing silence with a mirthless laugh.

"And so, Tim," he said, "it's all over but the shouting. All things come to him who waits. I've got the sack, and the *Buster* has got to the end of its bag of tricks."

And he pulled a letter from his pocket and read it again, for the tenth time. It was his letter of dismissal. Parr had been unfortunate enough to offend a big advertiser, and Nemesis had taken the shape of a fortnight's notice.

"How was I to know that the wretched man was a 'standing ad'?" he went on. "He doesn't even trade under his own name."

Blacker expressed his sympathy. Parr's was indeed a hard case. Sent to review a local picture-show, he had unhappily "slated" the one picture that prudence would have made immune.

"I praised all the rotten daubs of the local daubers," he grumbled, "and I got no thanks. When I came to that unspeakable 'Study of a Billiard Room' it was the last straw. I thought it a duty to point out that the little fat man in the shirt-sleeves, who was apparently the marker, was about to pot his opponent's ball, and that was not playing the game."

"Sound billiards, anyhow," said Blacker.

"No, the biggest break I ever made. The little fat man was a portrait study of our friend 'Pale Pills for Pink People.' The *Buster* lost the ad., and I lost my billet. I go at the end of the month. Thank goodness I'm still correspondent for the *Blanktown Herald*."

"You're better off than I am," said Blacker. "The Ubiquitous News Agency has given me the knock." "They're the people who have put in the bailiffs, aren't they?"

"Same crew," said Blacker, and he threw a letter across the table.

Misfortunes were coming to the staff of the *Buster*, not in single spies, but in battalions. The letter was brief and unequivocal:

"THE UBIQUITOUS NEWS AGENCY,
Fleet Street, London.

"Dear Sir:—We regret to inform you that we have been compelled to take proceedings to recover the amount of our long overdue account from the Dulltown *Evening Buster*. In the circumstances, we consider it undesirable that our Dulltown correspondence should emanate from the *Buster* office, and we shall therefore not require your services after the end of the present month. Yours truly,

"JOHN MARSHALL, Manager."

"Now I know," muttered Blacker, as he threw the offending document into the desolate fireplace, "why Marshall is known in Fleet Street as 'Marshall Saxe.'"

* * * * *

The two reporters met again in the evening, and took council of despair with one another. The outlook was depressing indeed, and the more they looked at it the worse it seemed.

"I wish to heaven," said Parr, gloomily, "that I could raise a fiver for a steerage ticket to Canada. And I've nothing portable left to sell, except myself."

"Why not sell that?" suggested Blacker. His own prospects were so gloomy that slavery looked comparatively attractive.

"I suppose that the College of Surgeons is still open," Parr went on. "But in the first place, I don't fancy that they would give me a fiver for post-mortem rights over this battered and debilitated frame. In the second, I don't like the idea of being

worth more dead than alive. It's a direct incentive to suicide."

"There are worse things than suicide," Blacker retorted. "Starvation, for example. I don't want to go about with an obituary notice written in my face. Wouldn't you rather let your friends write it and turn an honest half-crown for themselves?"

"I suppose you would write me up well?" Parr suggested.

"Of course I would," was the reply. "One good turn deserves another."

And he took a pencil from his pocket, and rapidly sketched a sample obituary telegram:

"Blacker, Dulltown, to Ubiquitous News Agency, London.

"Shocking occurrence Dulltown to-day. Jack Parr, well-known Dulltown journalist, member reporting staff Dulltown *Evening Buster*, having been ejected from lodgings for non-payment of rent, committed suicide by shooting himself through head. Death instantaneous. Sum of threepence halfpenny found in deceased's pockets, so no immediate motive can be assigned for rash act."

"Gad," said Parr, as Blacker threw the suggested despatch across to him, "you turn me off like a professional executioner. I feel as though someone were walking over my grave."

"I suppose we never would be missed," quoted Blacker. "But I'm depressed enough already, I think I'll go and drink tea; it's cheaper than hemlock, and easier to get."

Parr worked on alone for awhile, writing out a despatch for the *Blanktown Herald*. It was his only remaining prospect of income, and he laboured to pad out his story—an account of the annual meeting of the Society for Providing Nightshirts for Niggers in Nicaragua. The difficulty was to find polysyllables enough. Polysyllables occupy space, and at a penny a line every syllable tells. Dr. Johnson (he thought as he scribbled away) would have made a triumphant penny-a-liner. Was it not the immortal Doctor who observed of someone's poem that it had not life enough to keep it sweet. "No," he added, with the true instinct of the penny-a-liner, "it possesses insufficient vitality to preserve it from putrefaction."

Parr was just finishing his message when Tommy, the office boy, looked in.

"You're wanted at the telephone, sir," he said, "in the sub-editor's room."

"Right you are, Tommy," he replied, as he wound up his despatch with "The proceedings then terminated." The phrase is scarcely new; indeed, it clamours for cremation. But it's repeated use cost Parr never a pang of compunction. He was expert at making barren commonplaces burst into full and kindly blossom—at the usual rates.

He was detained for quite a while at the telephone, taking down in shorthand a biographical sketch of the Principal Boy at the local pantomime. She had ordered a hundred copies, and that elevated the transaction into rare and welcome importance.

"Tommy," he said to the office boy, as he opened the door of the telephone box, "run upstairs and get my message for the *Blanktown Herald*. You'll find it on the table. And shin off to the post office with it as fast as you can. It's late enough already."

Tommy ran upstairs. On the table he found the message, "Parr to *Blanktown Herald*," and, lying cheek-by-jowl with it, another message, "Blacker to Ubiquitous News Agency," containing Blacker's morbid and entirely imaginary account of Parr's dramatic suicide. Now, Tommy lived by gratuities which the reporters gave him for carrying their telegraphic messages to the post office, and to him two messages were better than one. He went to the drawer where the signed telegraphic passes were kept, the printed slips which authorise the post office to forward a press message and charge it to the recipient's account. Pinning a pass to each, and taking no further interest in either, he hurried to the post office, and in a few minutes both messages were speeding over the wires, a long and safe one to the *Blanktown Herald*, a short but hopelessly mendacious one to London, where it was in due course sent out again by the Ubiquitous News Agency to the hundred or so newspapers up and down the country that subscribed for its news services.

"Give a piece of bad news a start," someone has

said, "and it will go hard with you to catch it again." The imaginary description of Parr's suicide got a day's start; and a good news story, like *Puck*, can put a girdle round the earth in forty minutes. Journalists rarely commit suicide; and when they do their colleagues play it up with a proper sense of professional pride. For one day only, Parr was the best advertised journalist in the United Kingdom. Then he was withdrawn to make room for further novelties.

The Dulltown correspondent of the opposition agency, the *Universal*, meeting Parr in the flesh, learned that someone had blundered, and he promptly wired a contradiction to his London headquarters, where it was gleefully sent out to the newspapers. Parr had merely confined himself, when he saw his premature obituary notice, to Mark Twain's observation in similar circumstances, that the news of his death had been "greatly exaggerated."

The *Universal News Agency*, however, "went nap" on the blunder of its rival, the *Ubiquitous*. After circulating a paragraph denying that there was a vestige of truth or justification for the ridiculous story of Parr's suicide, it issued a private note to editors calling attention to the superior trustworthiness of its own news services. In due course several newspapers, hoping to squeeze a concession out of the *Ubiquitous Agency*, temporarily ceased to take its services. Marshall, the manager, was furious. He took train at once to Dulltown, inwardly determined to prosecute the offenders, and make an example of them in the newspaper world.

It was in a highly indignant and litigious frame of mind that he strode into the reporters' room of the *Buster*, and demanded an explanation from the crestfallen Blacker. Parr strolled into the room in the midst of a heated argument, and was honoured with what he called a post-mortem introduction.

"When I've wound up this rotten rag of a newspaper," Marshall fumed, "I'll deal with you two fellows. I don't suppose I could ever teach you journalism—"

"Don't suppose you could," Parr hazarded meekly.

"None of your insolence, sir," the irate manager retorted; "but I'll teach you a lesson in law."

Parr had been thinking over the situation very earnestly for the past few days; and he thought that it was high time to try a change of tactics. The *Buster* staff had been through so many crises that they were not easily frightened. They were, as they quoted, "little used to lie down as the bidding of any man."

"Talking about law," he began, "you'll allow that I've been pretty badly libelled by your unutterable Agency."

"You may thank your colleague for that," the other sniffed.

"Thank him, indeed," Parr retorted, "I'll do no such thing. I'm advised that I have undeniable ground for an action against him."

"Much good may it do you," Marshall sneered. "I don't think the *Buster*, or any of its staff, or all of its staff, make much of a mark for damages."

"Glad we agree," said Parr, lighting a cigarette, the first and last he had smoked for days. He had reserved it for a dramatic moment. "You see," he added, "I'm advised that I can join your Iniquitous

and *Ubiquitous Agency* as co-defendants. I daresay you are a good enough mark for damages. In the circumstances, I think we had better communicate through our respective solicitors." And he walked out of the room.

It was a new view of the situation, and it proved extremely disconcerting to Marshall. He had expected to find a penitent wrong-doer, appalled at the discredit in which he had involved the *Ubiquitous*. Not for a moment did he anticipate that he would be the attacked, not the attacking party. When he came to look at the matter from Parr's point of view, of course Parr had been badly libelled. The insinuation about the eviction was extremely ugly. But for the moment it did not occur to him that Parr was in earnest. He regarded Parr's remark merely as a threat to expose the whole ludicrous business in the law courts, and hold Marshall and the *Ubiquitous News Agency* up to ridicule.

It was stupid of him to have insulted Parr in the manner he did. "Perhaps, after all," he thought, "I had better go easily. Least said is soonest mended." If Parr were in earnest—Marshall caught his breath. A rapid picture flashed across his mind of the rival agency offering to send out at next-to-nothing prices a full account of the case of Parr vs. *Ubiquitous News Agency*; and whatever the issue, he foresaw leading articles, in the papers which refused to pay his prices, commenting with ill-concealed delight on the singular and egregious blunder of a famous News Agency.

He went back to London, reflecting that he could well afford to let sleeping dogs lie. But it was too late. Parr resented his overbearing manners and insolent address, and Marshall found lying on his desk a letter from Dulltown which suggested that the indignant Parr was very much in earnest indeed. It ran:

"SLIM, SLYE & SLIM,
Solicitors,

"Dull Street, Dulltown.

"Dear Sir:—We are instructed by our client, Mr. John Parr, of Dulltown, to draw your attention to the fact that he has suffered great pain and annoyance, as well as loss of professional prestige, by the publication of a paragraph purporting to record his death by suicide, a paragraph which emanated from your Agency. My client has been advised that he is entitled to seek damages from every newspaper which published this false and injurious statement, but before issuing a writ will be glad to learn what reparation, if any, you are disposed to make.

"Yours, etc.,

"SLIM, SLYE & SLIM....

"To the Manager,

"*Ubiquitous News Agency*, London."

"Every newspaper," gasped Marshall, and he hastened to take counsel's opinion, with results very little re-assuring.

Counsel learned in the law pointed out that on the case, as submitted, Messrs. Slim, Slye and Slim's client was undoubtedly entitled to succeed in his claim against the newspapers which had published the defamatory paragraph complained of. That was clear. The newspapers could probably recover

against the Agency which misled them. On the other hand, the Agency would be entitled to proceed against the person who issued the story, if that person issued it wilfully and with intent.

He had to point out, however, that it would be difficult to prove responsibility. Blacker could hardly be held responsible for a message he had not sent, nor Parr for a message he had not written nor authorised. The case against the officious office-boy was stronger, but it was a matter for the *Ubiquitous News Agency* to decide for itself whether there was any prospect of recovering damages from such a quarter. He therefore suggested a settlement for a nominal sum from each newspaper concerned, say three guineas each.

"Phew!" said the unhappy Marshall, "three guineas each; and there are a hundred and four of them. That's three hundred and twelve guineas, to say nothing of costs."

Then a happy idea struck the harassed Marshall, one of those great thoughts that strike along the brain and flush all the cheek. Opening the ledger, he turned up the Dulltown *Evening Buster* account, and figured out its indebtedness to the *Ubiquitous News Agency*. It was three hundred and fifty pounds.

Here was the *Ubiquitous News Agency* suing the *Buster* for three hundred and fifty pounds; there was a member of the *Buster* staff claiming against the *Ubiquitous News Agency* damages which counsel suggested should be met for a sum calculated at a little over three hundred pounds. It was true that the latter claim might not succeed; but, on the other hand, if the *Buster* were sold up, it was doubtful if the creditors would get half-a-crown in the pound from a forced sale.

Marshall's great idea was that such a situation abounded in the material for a compromise.

That evening a letter went out from the *Ubiquitous News Agency* to Mr. John Parr, Dulltown, and it breathed a spirit of sweet reasonableness rare and not unwelcome. It pointed out that the *Ubiquitous News Agency*, while repudiating the claim made on it by Messrs. Slim, Slye and Slim, were anxious to continue good relations with the *Buster* office. It, therefore, offered, without prejudice, to settle the whole dispute by the payment to Mr. Parr of the sum of £20, and to make over to him the debt which the *Buster* office owed to the *Ubiquitous News Agency*. This offer, however, was subject to immediate acceptance, otherwise the law must take its course.

The law did not take its course. Parr took the twenty pounds, and divided it with Blacker. He saw at once that to sell up the *Buster*, even if he wished to do it, which, of course, he did not, would give him a problematical lump sum, and deprive him of a permanent position, for, naturally, when he offered to withdraw the bailiffs if he were reinstated the offer was gratefully accepted.

So the bailiffs were withdrawn, and the *Buster*, freed from the pressure of its most exacting creditor, once more got its head above water.

"It's the first time," said Blacker, as the bailiffs were escorted off the premises, "that I've known the *Ubiquitous* to be not quite all there."

"And it's the first time," Parr replied, as he shook Blacker cordially by the hand, "that I've heard of killing a man to improve his position in life."

HEROES OF THE GRIDIRON

By J. K. MUNRO



WITH the chill of autumn in the air, the baseball bat and the lacrosse stick folded away for the season and the bowler beginning to discuss the outlook for the coming curling season, the man who yearns for strenuous sport is turning once again to the great autumn query: "Who is the greatest half-back in Canadian football to-day?"

Of course this sets the old-timer going and he tells you of the grand old days of long ago when Eddie Gleason of Ottawa loomed up as the greatest football general of them all, or he paints pictures of Jack Counsell of Hamilton struggling across the line with a man tagging on to each arm, another fondly embracing him from a vantage perch between his shoulders, while three or four more vainly attempted to put brakes on his flying feet. And each and all will sigh sadly as they conclude, "There were giants in those days."

A more modern set will tell you that when

Ottawa Rough Riders went down before Toronto Varsity in that great battle for the Dominion championship at Rosedale, the students had in Casey Baldwin and Harold Beattie two of the finest half-backs that ever trod a football field. And surely their achievements will live to adorn many a tale. For Harold was one of the finest punts that ever stood back of the line, while Casey Baldwin, in the language of the fan, "had it all." He could run, punt or tackle and do each and every one like a specialist. And in addition to this he carried a football head, to say nothing of a bunch of tricks that kept the other fellows wondering what was going to happen next. And it was one of those tricks that brought Varsity the points that overcame Ottawa's lead and brought the championship to the big school up near Queen's Park. Down in Ottawa they'll tell you yet of that fake kick and run that brought Casey and the ball across the line and filled the twilight full of noise on that November night.

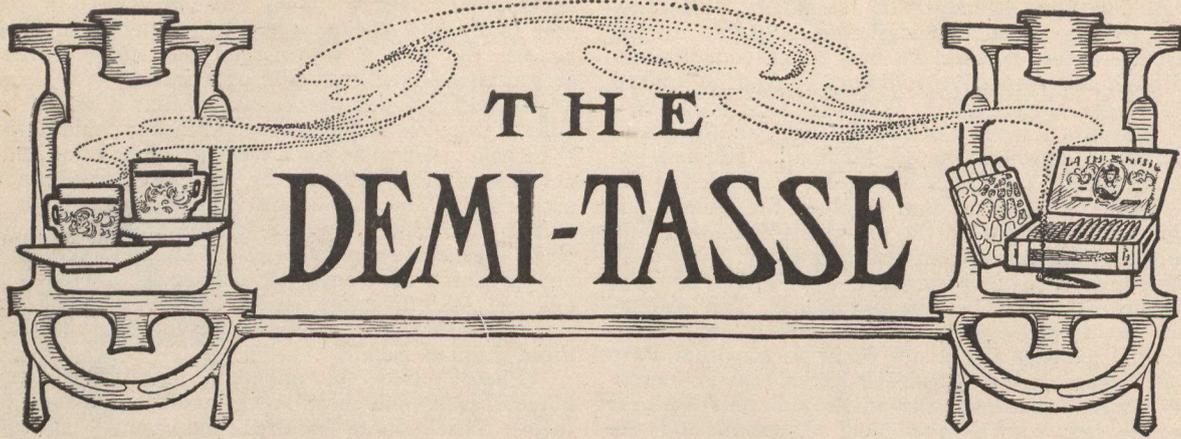
But Casey is now sailing airships with Professor Bell and Harold is a staid business man of Toronto.

And are there none to take their place in this battle of brawn and brains that comes nearer to actual warfare than any of the sports that strew the wounded along the sidelines and add an occasional dollar to the undertaker's profits?

Ask this question of the close observer of the game and he'll answer: "Indeed, there are. Not one, but half-a-dozen. They're just as great but they're still playing. And a football player resembles other heroes somewhat. He has to be out of the game to get all the glory that is coming to him." And then he starts to count them off on his fingers: "There's Moore of Hamilton Tigers. Did you ever see a man who could zig-zag down the field as he can? Why, he'll be going like a yellow-and-black streak and he'll turn just at right angles. He's a wonder. Then there's Simpson of the same team — you remember it was his punting that was blamed for Montreal's defeat when the present champions played off for the Dominion honours on a soggy field at Hamilton.

"And Southam, too! Did you ever see a prettier player or a faster punt? And Dave Tope! He's

(Continued on page 21)



THE LATEST OCCUPATION.

They're moving resolutions
From Halifax to Vic.;
The way they're holding meetings
Is fit to make you sick.
One thing they've firmly settled—
No spots there shall be seen
On this, our next Election—
They've vowed it shall be clean.

* * *

THE NATURE OF IT.

First citizen: "This financial panic has been a bad thing."

Second citizen: "A perfect fright."

* * *

HARDLY HAPPY.

In the Edmonton *Saturday News* that good fellow, "The Lounger," goes on to say:

"I have before me an article from the *Vancouver World*. 'This day ten years ago,' it commences, 'New Westminster lay in ashes.' We are then told of the heroic efforts the people made to rebuild. But concluding the article is this sentence: 'Many happy returns of the day to the Royal City!' The Royal Cityites can hardly be blamed if they reply 'No doubt your intentions are good, but we must ask you to kindly excuse us.'"

* * *

IN GOOD ONTARIO.

"Where's Jimmy Brown these days?"

"Oh, he's having the holiday of his life. His dad knows a Member and got Jimmy appointed a fire-ranger."

* * *

TANGIBLE EVIDENCE.

A LITTLE girl was afraid to stay in her bed in the dark. Her mother left her with the usual reassurance that there was no need of fear—God was with her.

In answer to fretful pleadings the mother returned to the nursery and tucked a favourite doll in beside her little daughter for comfort. Scarcely had she reseated herself in the sitting-room when a little voice piped over the banisters:

"Mamma! Mamma! I don't want God and I don't want dolly. I want somebody with a skin face."

* * *



The Latest Popular Air.—Life.

THE BEGINNING OF A COMMONPLACE.

Adam and Eve were packing up.
"Yes," they protested, "we had a perfectly charming time in the country."
Thus the vacation lie had its birth.—*Sun*.

NO BEAUTY.

A CHESTER lawyer, says the *Washington Star*, married a young woman of exquisite mind—a thin, big-headed girl in spectacles. A friend from the East was introduced to the lady one night, and later on the bridegroom said to him:

"George, what do you think of her?"

George puffed thoughtfully on his cigar.

"Well," he said, "to tell you the truth, she isn't much to look at, is she?"

The husband's face fell.

"Ah, but," he said eagerly, "what a mind she has! Externally, perhaps, she isn't all that could be desired, but within—ah! George, she has a beautiful mind."

George smiled.

"Then have her turned," he said.

* * *

MAKING EVERYONE USEFUL.

AN Englishman who was out West in early days fell in with a long train of prairie schooners, the leader of which announced that he and his fellow-emigrants were going to found a town, having everything that was needful and nothing that was unnecessary. "We won't have any waste," he said; "there isn't a person in our party who won't do some important duty in the new town."

The Englishman pointed to an old and feeble man, with a bent back and a long, thin white beard.

"But that very old man there," he said; "he can't possibly be of any use to you, can he?"

"Oh, yes," said the leader; "we'll open our new cemetery with him."

* * *

NOT ABUSED ENOUGH.

"THERE'S one thing that worries me," said a Toronto Tory in a burst of confidence; "all the Grits call Borden a perfect gentleman. Now, they were never done abusing the only Sir John. They're too hanged polite about Borden, to indicate that they're the least bit afraid of him. When I hear Billy Peters calling Borden all kinds of names, making out that he's got no sense of honour and wouldn't know the Ten Commandments if he saw them, then I'll believe that Nova Scotia's coming our way and that Alberta's going to give Laurier a black eye. When the *Globe* comes along with an outburst of righteous indignation, showing that R. L. Borden is no fit man to lead even a semi-respectable party, then there'll be electricity on the horizon and votes in the box. But they're too blamed pleasant about him—too complimentary by a long sight."

* * *

AN AWKWARD QUESTION.

Politician: "Congratulate me, my dear, I've won the nomination."

His wife (in surprise): "Honestly?"

Politician: "Now what in thunder did you want to bring that point up for?"

* * *

A THOROUGH BLOCK SYSTEM.

AFTER the train had made several sudden jerks and abrupt stops, the traveller became apprehensive, says a writer in the *Chicago News*. There had been numerous accidents on the line of late, and there was cause for fear. Calling the porter aside, he said:

"Sam, is this train safe?"

"Safe as any, sah," assured the porter.

"Well, is there a block system on this road?"

Sam's grin extended from ear to ear.

"Block system, boss? Why, we hab de greatest

block system in de world. Ten miles back we were blocked by a load of hay, six miles back we were blocked by a mule, just now we were blocked by a cow, and I reckon when we get further souf we'll be blocked by an alligator. Block system, boss? Well, Ah guess!"

* * *

THE OUTCAST.

YOU ask me why I weep and moan, like some lost spirit in despair, and why I wander off alone, and paw the ground and tear my hair? You ask me why I pack this gun, all loaded up, prepared to shoot? Alas! my troubles have begun—the women folk are canning fruit! There is no place for me to eat, unless I eat upon the floor; and peelings get beneath my feet, and make me fall a block or more; the odours from the boiling jam all day assail my weary snoot; you find me, then, the wreck I am—the women folk are canning fruit! O, they have peaches on the chairs, and moldy apples on the floor, and wormy plums upon the stairs, and piles of pears outside the door; and they are boiling pulp and juice, and you may hear them yell and hoot; a man's existence is the deuce—the women folk are canning fruit.—*Emporia (Kansas) Gazette*.

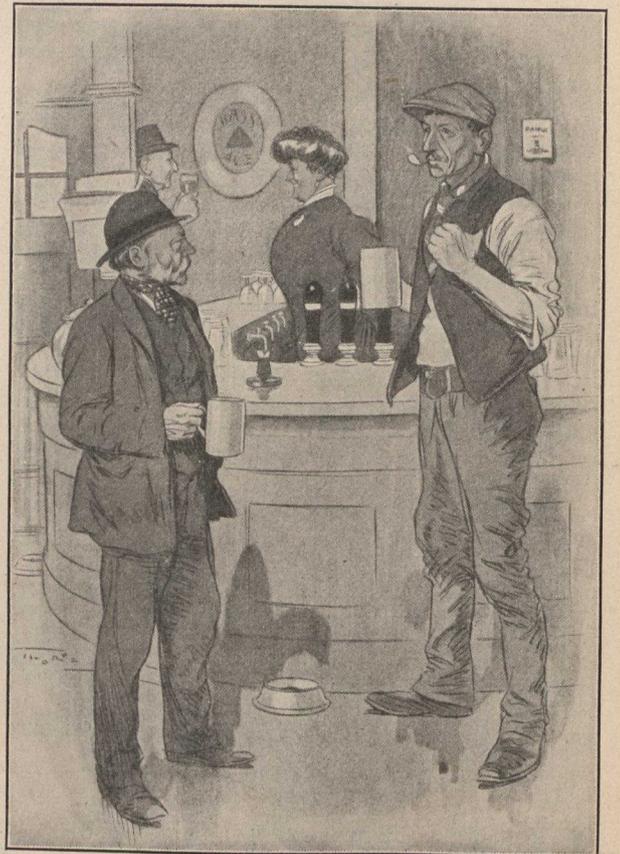
* * *

EXPLAINED.

Mistress: "You seemed to be enjoying yourself last evening, Bridget. I heard loud laughter in the kitchen."

Bridget: "Yes, mum. Me policeman cousin was after droppin' in to tell me of me uncle's death."—*Harper's Bazar*.

* * *



TOO BAD!

First Toiler: My doctor ordered me to drink beer for insomnyer.

Second Toiler: Can't you sleep, then?

First Toiler: Only at night.—*Windsor Magazine*.

* * *

BEWILDERING ENGLISH.

A London editor tells of a French visitor who announced: "I call to see Monsieur Rollard."

Maid: "You can't see him, sir; he's not up yet."

French visitor: "Vat you tell? I com' yesterday and you say, can't see heem, because he is not down; now you say, can't see heem, because he not oop. Vat you mean by all dat? Ven vill he be in ze middle?"

* * *

IN THE VERNACULAR.

THE girl had been three weeks in the employ of an artistic family; but her time had been by no means wasted. Her mistress was giving her instructions as to the dinner.

"Don't forget the potatoes," enjoined the lady.

"No, ma'am," was the reply; "will you 'ave 'em in their jackets or in the nood?"—*Democratic Telegram*.

PEOPLE AND PLACES

ONCE in a while the death or elevation of some man marks a whole epoch of local history; not seldom in the case of men who having left home at an early age have got to positions of eminence in another country. Such was the late Mr. Alex. Troup, who died in New York the other day while waiting for a train to his home in Connecticut. But if Mr. Troup had kept travelling till he got to his real, original home, he would have got to Halifax, which city he left when he was a printer sixteen years of age and went to Boston, afterwards to New York. But he did not stick at the case. The story of Mr. Troup's rise in the newspaper world till he became the close personal friend of William Jennings Bryan is succinctly told by the *St. John Globe*:

"In his early years Mr. Troup set type on many newspapers. Messrs. Cummings and Troup worked in the same office when young men. In time some of Mr. Troup's writings got a place in the *New York Tribune*, which was rapidly becoming one of the leading journals in the United States. In 1871 Mr. Troup went to New Haven, where he founded a paper, and he has lived in that city ever since, the head of a large printing establishment and an editor of marked ability, publisher of a daily journal of great influence. The political movements of the day and the natural bent of his nature took him into the democratic lines, and he was ever a strong supporter of reasonable treatment of working men. He has filled many important public positions in New Haven, has been in the State Legislature, and he held a lucrative federal office during the Cleveland administration for the States of Connecticut and Rhode Island. Since Bryan has been the representative of democratic principles and ideas, Mr. Troup had become one of the most important aids in New England. He had filled the position of chairman of the state Democratic committee in Connecticut, and was a member of the National Democratic Committee and also of the executive of that committee in the United States, and was practically the leader of the party in New England. There is no doubt at all that had Bryan been successful in his former contests, or in the coming one, Mr. Troup would either be in his cabinet or be made a foreign minister."

* * *

THEY are talking of landmarks in the West now. Edmonton has discovered one; a reminiscence of the first generation in that land; the first school-house ever built in the old log town that stood on the ramparts of the outposts for a large number of years waiting for the feet of the white man. This old school has been standing out in a large lot along the river bank, vacant now for some time; not far from the log house first lived in by the Hon. Frank Oliver. School in those days was a luxury. People at the outposts were kept busy getting a living. Education was supposed to belong to the east. But as the town grew the school problem pushed out to the front as a very live issue. Now they have more than a dozen schools in Edmonton, all modern and progressive; and they are talking about the duty of preservation of the old school as a memento of strenuous days. Built in 1872; only two other buildings in the town then outside of the fort. In a very few years the storekeeper came and took the old school, Mr. Sutter, now immigration agent there, being the first storekeeper.

* * *

JUSTICE LONGLEY and Lord Milner are now of one mind—on Imperial Union. It will be remembered that a few months ago the Halifax judge was accused by the press of uttering unloyal sentiments at a dinner in New York. Every one knows now that he was simply saying out loud what thousands of the best Canadian Imperialists in the world are thinking without words. Lord Milner—now touring Canada—has reverted to Judge Longley's views in the paper called *The Standard of Empire*. The Judge replies in part as follows:

"Lord Milner does me a little less than justice when he intimates that I place autonomy ahead of Imperial Union in importance. I simply regard autonomy as the only feasible basis of Imperial unity, and in this I have the sanction of his great name. The whole discussion arose out of a simple statement of mine in New York that Canada would not always be a colony. It was worth all the misrepresentation I endured to achieve the concurrence in this simple proposition of one of the most active and zealous promoters of Imperial Unity. A colony in the ordinary sense of that word Canada cannot, and will not much longer, be. A part of the Empire, let us hope, she will always be."

THE city of Toronto congratulated herself at the recent provincial elections on being into the game from every possible angle. Vancouver, B.C., in the present federal struggle intends to be as cosmopolitan as Toronto. Recent announcements of candidates for that city are: Mr. George E. Cowan, Conservative, pledged to Asiatic exclusion, better terms for British Columbia, and the general advancement of the interests of the port of Vancouver; Mr. W. W. B. McInnes, Liberal, precisely ditto; Mr. Joseph Martin, Independent Exclusion League, pledged to Asiatic exclusion, general reduction of the tariff, a system of direct taxation, and discontinuance of the granting of charters to private corporations for the carrying on of public functions; Mr. E. T. Kingsley, Socialist, pledged to Asiatic exclusion, and the general interests of the Socialistic propaganda.

No matter who goes in, the Oriental must be kept out; reminding us that in 1873 the price of British Columbia's remaining on the map of Canada was a transcontinental railway, whereas now three transcontinentals are doing business, and when British Columbia is asked for an opinion says that no transcontinental, neither any railroad running up meridian is wanted if it is to be built by brown or yellow labour.

* * *

IN these dry, dusty times when the chemical formula of rain seems to have been forgotten—though it may be raining by the time this gets into print—it is refreshing to note that a correspondent of the *Orillia Packet* detects natural beauty in a Muskoka landscape; for there is no poet left in Ontario to note any charm of field or wood and the cat-bird meows but will not sing a note till before a rain. The Muskoka prose poet says:

"This has been a good year for all but raspberries in this district. Of all wild berries, give me blueberries—'blaeberries,' as our Scotch member says. What is more delightful than to paddle up to a lovely little island, besprinkled with pines, about

four or so in the afternoon, when the lake is a sheet of silver broken only by an occasional ripple from some wandering 'cats-paw,' the distant shore a haze, a solitary loon uttering protests against our disturbing his 'lonely, melancholy reign'—all the charming surroundings of a Canadian backwoods lake—and then find the ground carpeted with the crisp, shining leaves of the plant, springing from amidst the scented fallen pine needles, while a generous crop of berries makes the bushes look almost blue, and promises a liberal reward for a little industrious picking. As one works, the wind whispers through the pine tops; it seems never silent there day or night; and is a sound that haunts one for years. Well may Ruskin speak of the 'lands God has gladdened by planting there the pine.'"

* * *

NEITHER is Commander Kingsmill the only fresh-water mariner of renown in Canada. Captain Dunn has his place; he of the steamer *Vigilant*, terror to Yankee fish-poachers. The captain will be retired at the end of the present year. His cruises with the *Vigilant* are almost over. He has trod her decks since 1904. From 1893 to 1904 he was commander of the *Petrel*, another stormy little terror to fish-lifters, with but a single gun, a fighting crew and Captain Dunn. Before that he was captain of the cruiser, another police boat. Like many other expert mariners, he came from Owen Sound—though he was born in Birmingham. When he was eighteen young Dunn bought a tug called the *Okavra*, which became historic in 1871 when Dunn helped Lord Wolseley to ship his troops from shore to vessel. Afterwards the same tug ran foul of the Yankee authorities for towing vessels in American waters; this was at Wyandotte. Afterwards she was rigged up as a passenger vessel.

Political Meetings in Canada

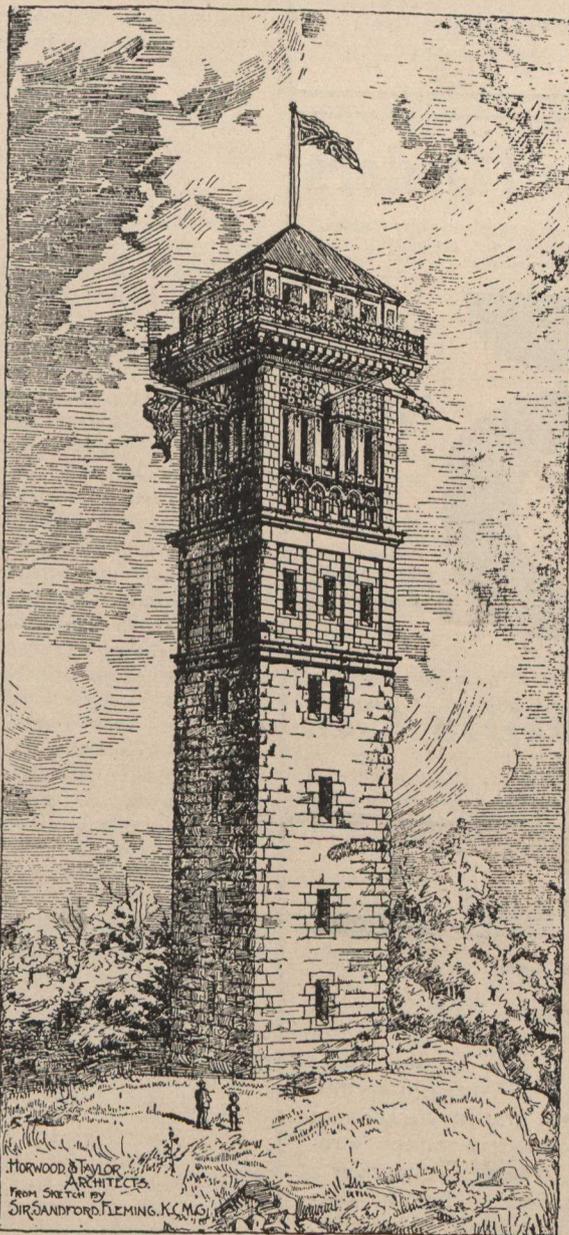
(Continued from page 12)

most of his glory; shakes hands with the chairman, takes a nonchalant seat and strokes his chin as he scans the sea of faces; looks abruptly over at the wing wondering when the rest of the actors are coming on. In a moment to another strenuous tune from the band, the procession appears—local candidates, cabinet ministers, party workers and organisers, and special members from the House of Commons. The stage is filled—every chair dramatically taken. The picture is complete; stage management is triumphant.

Now for the feast of words. Everybody in the audience knows precisely what will be said by most of the speakers. Most of those present except the ladies have been at one or more ward meetings. The chairman's statesmanlike and comprehensive utterances are mildly applauded; audience not yet limbered up. Local candidates one after another rise as their names are called. Each gets a round of cheers and applause that makes him look as though the proper thing to do would be to blush and look embarrassed. Five out of seven begin by remarking on the degree of pleasure it gives each to be present and to face such a magnificent audience. Four out of five get off to a good start by welcoming the ladies in the same old way—a fashion set a hundred years ago. The local candidate goes over the speech he has given nine times before. Those who don't, confine themselves to a few generalities about intelligent and constructive statesmanship, business government, and other things which everybody has read a hundred times in the newspapers. One candidate confesses that five minutes before he entered the hall he had no idea what he intended to say. But every one of them is able to say just what he wanted to and what seems to go with the crowd, in an easy speech of from four to thirteen minutes. Each of them is certain the audience is waiting to hear the leader. When the leader rises at the middle of the programme the entire audience rises with a shout. He says what he has often said before, and he hammers the doctrine home.

Two hours and a half and no one is weary; twelve or thirteen speeches and everybody saying something he actually thinks—and this is the sort of political experience meeting that twenty years ago in Canada would not have been appreciated nor understood.

For nobody is able to remember that a single speaker spouted; or that one quoted poetry or got more dramatic than the mere hurling of invectives and the reading of the deadly parallel editorial from the opposition newspaper.



Sketch of Historical Tower which it is proposed to erect at Halifax, as a Memorial of the Establishment of Representative Government one hundred and fifty years ago. The Tower is designed to correspond with the Growth of the Province and its Constitutional Development.

LITERARY NOTES

A BRIGHT STORY.

THE story of western colour, "Sowing Seeds in Danny," by Nellie L. McClung, is already making friends throughout the country. The author lives in Manitou, Manitoba, and has caught the spirit of the prairies with sympathy and insight. The chronicle of quaint little Pearlle Watson, who is naive and shrewd, without being offensively smart, is likely to become familiar to Canadian householders before Christmas arrives. We publish in this column a photograph of the author, by courtesy of William Briggs, publisher.



Mrs. Nellie L. McClung.

AN EVENTFUL CHRONICLE.

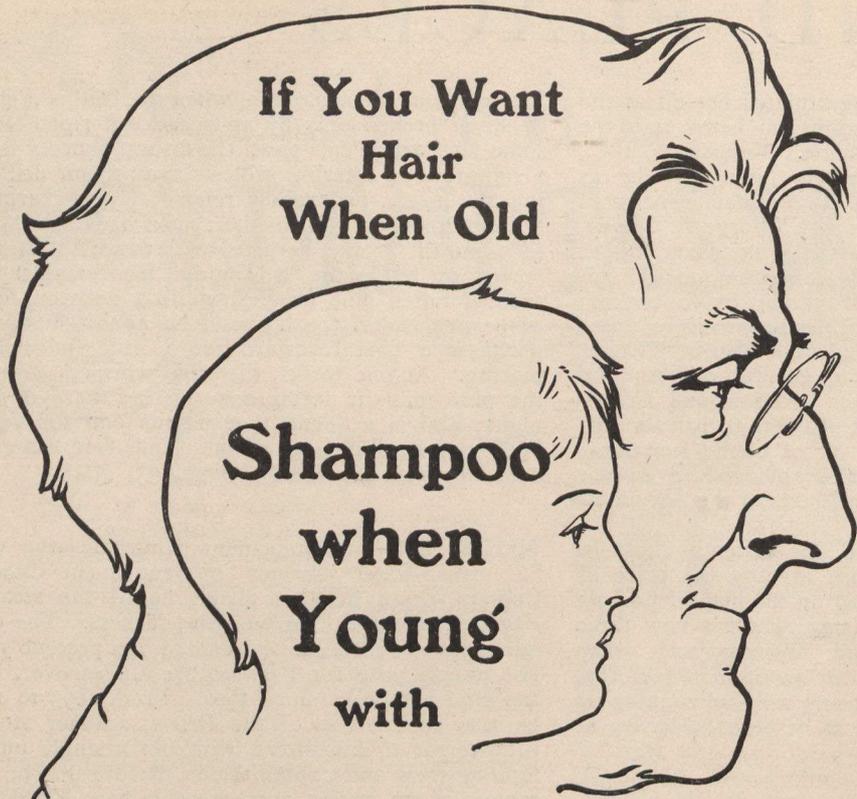
MISS CORELLI has written another book. This comes as no surprise to the public, for this English novelist with the Franco-Italian name has the fiction habit in an acute form. Miss Corelli is never dull. When she takes up her pearl-and-gold pen, the world may be assured that things will happen. Whether it be absinthe, alcohol or absentee landlords, Miss Corelli is magnificent in attack. When she exposed the evils and horrors of indulgence in absinthe, the reader's flesh fairly crept, even though he had not the faintest intention of dallying with the green fairy.

This time Miss Corelli is on the trail of the Drink Demon and in "Holy Orders" gives us a story extending over about five hundred pages which tells in reiterated condemnation that the British workingman is being poisoned by chemical beer. Mr. Minchin, the brewer, is the villain of the story, whose business is to destroy both soul and body, and whose pleasure is to smirk over the ruin he has wrought. The hero is a vicar, who in the village of Shadbrook finds that drink is degrading the people until there seems nothing but sordid brutality in the prospect. This young clergyman, Richard Everton, is almost saintly in his devotion to the cause of humanity and even forgives with readiness the murderer of his wife, because, forsooth, the criminal had been crazed by drugged beer. This is a height of magnanimity which the feminine reader may not value at its true worth. However, as the murderer is run over and killed by an automobile, in the course of his flight from the village, poetic justice is satisfied and a sensational trial averted.

There is a feminine villain who is far ahead of anything of the sort we have met in other modern novels. Jacynth Miller is the name of this monstrosity, whose beauty is described in terms which will surely turn Miss Laura Jean Libbey green with envy. However, the character of Jacynth, like that of King John in the old green-backed history, bears no redeeming feature. She is absolutely cruel, depraved and all the rest of the cardinal sins. She goes on the stage (in fact we fear she does the Salome horror) and finally attains unto a matrimonial alliance with an opulent Hebrew, whose aspirates do not keep pace with his aspirations. Jacynth is a sad flirt. She would even trifle with the affections of the vicar, but that gentleman is as inflexible as John Knox. This superlative enchantress takes a balloon trip with an exceedingly naughty gentleman who beguiles the aerial excursion by drinking deeply of brandy, with the result that he falls dead in the most inconsiderate fashion. The corpse remains undisturbed for some time but is finally toppled over and falls into Connemara County, Ireland. Poor dear Ireland! It has had many wrongs, but if Miss Corelli is to set the fashion for dumping dead inebriates from perfidious Albion on the head of the unprotected Irish farmer, it is time for every Son of Erin to protest, even unto the shedding of blood. The lady villain is engulfed by the Irish Sea, just as the rising sun is flooding the waves with splendour.

We are pleased to note that the brewer comes to a bad end, for the village finally turns against its destroyer and refuses to imbibe any more poisoned stuff. The villagers would have saved much time and expense by shunning the chemical beverage in the first place but of course they had to receive several awful warnings ere common-sense and conscience asserted themselves. Then a millionaire from somewhere in the States appears on the distressful scene and builds an institution which seems to be a combination of a coffee house and an Arts and Crafts school. Thus all ends hopefully and it is to be hoped that Shadbrook will live sober ever after.

In spite of Miss Corelli's melodramatic extremes, or perhaps because of them, this attack on what is properly described as Britain's curse may do the cause of temperance much good—and to that end, her violent attacks on modern pulpit and press, literature and art may be entirely justified. Toronto: William Briggs.



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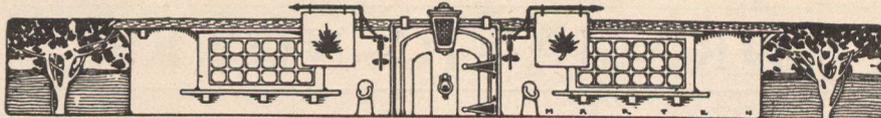


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AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

AT FIVE O'CLOCK.



At the Woodbine.

Hostess. "I asked him to a progressive euchre party last winter and he did not even answer the invitation. Of course I won't ask him again."
 "Some men think it's smart to be rude," said the Girl in Grey. "My cousin, Jack Benson, says that women like to be bullied and that the cave-dweller who knocked the pre-historic woman down and dragged her by the hair to his happy home is really the man whom woman adores and would simply do anything for."

"Much Jack Benson knows about it!" said the Hostess contemptuously. "That sort of man can frighten a nervous sort of creature into cleaning his shoes and mending his clothes. But she doesn't really care a cent for him and, when he dies, she blooms with such a radiance that you'd hardly recognise her. But that has nothing to do with the Canadian, who is hardly ever a bully. Is he impolite?"

"Harold Maltby is," insisted the Debutante once more. "I saw him smoking on the street the other day as he was walking with Mabel Bentley."
 "Then Mabel ought to have been ashamed," said the Hostess promptly. "She had no business to allow him to do such a thing. I have no patience with some of these girls who complain about men's manners. They just encourage the boys in all kinds of boorishness. But for goodness' sake let us get away from Harry Maltby. We have all been away from home a good deal. How do Canadian men, so far as manners are concerned, compare with those we have met abroad?"

"They're ever so much nicer than the French," exclaimed the Girl in Grey. "Frenchmen stare at you so."
 "Perhaps because they're not accustomed to the frank, not to say bold ways of Canadian women. There's no use in comparing European and American standards. They are wider than the Atlantic apart. In Europe it is assumed that a young woman is an abject idiot, who will fall in love with any man if she is allowed to talk to him for five minutes," said the Merry Widow.

"What a silly idea," said the Debutante indignantly.
 "I don't know," remarked the Merry Widow reflectively, "there's something to be said for it. Then you forget the exclusiveness of the best French people. Their homes are most carefully guarded against the foreigner and the tourist Canadian forms his or her conclusions from 'gay Paree.'"

"Germans are the rudest men I ever saw," said the Debutante, with a shudder. "I don't believe the best of them know how to eat."
 "Englishmen can be rude, too," said the Hostess reminiscently, "but when an Englishman is nice, it is hard to find his equal."

"He doesn't come up to an Irishman," said the Girl in Grey with a sigh of regret. "There was the most delightful man from Dublin on the boat last month. But the worst of it is that an Irishman is charming to everybody." There was a general smile at the "to-one-thing-constant-never" qualities of Paddy.

"What does that matter, so long as you happen to be the everybody for the moment?" said the Merry Widow, with an easy disregard of the less pleasing side of a charming nature.

"I think the Canadian provinces differ. The average man in Ontario or Manitoba may be kind enough, but he does not take time to be polite. In the Maritime Provinces, the people seem to have a gentleness and courtesy which are called 'old-fashioned' by the would-be smart young man." And the Hostess put another lump of sugar in her cup.

"The Western man is a dear," said the Girl in Grey. "He is the most generous creature you can imagine. I had the time of my life in British Columbia."

"The Canadian woman hasn't a great deal to complain of," said the Hostess placidly. "I'd hate to have been a pioneer, though. Think of doing all the washing, scrubbing and baking! Give me the complex life! Simplicity is something I can do without."

"Dear me, it's nearly six o'clock," said the Debutante, "and I'm going to the theatre with Mrs. Bridge's party. I'm sure we haven't talked a word of scandal and yet men all believe that women can't have a cup of tea without more gossip than cream."

THEY were discussing men and manners in the cheerful and inconsequent style in which women "who have just dropped in for a cup of tea" frequently adopt.

"I wonder if Canadian men are impolite," said the Hostess thoughtfully. "Of course I don't mean my husband or any man related to us but just Canadian men in general."

"But you can't talk about men in general," said the Merry Widow with conviction in her plaintive tones. "You always mean a particular he."

"There's Harry Maltby," said the Debutante. "He ought to be polite, for his mother is just lovely and his father is a perfect gentleman; but Harry is a boor who never seems to think it necessary to thank a girl for a dance and who talks in a voice that could be heard across Lake Ontario."

"He is a trial," admitted the

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popular resort. Two members who have recently joined the company, Miss Carrie Reynolds and Mr. Carl Haydn, have added materially to its attractions. The latter is a tenor of romantic type who made his first appearance last Saturday in "El Capitan."

THE theatrical season in Toronto has been marked so far by light and airy musical comedy at the two leading theatres, although the play, "Pierre of the Plains," presented at the Princess Theatre last week, which is founded on one of Sir Gilbert Parker's early romances, belonged to a more serious order of production. "The Gay Musician" and "El Capitan" are the attractions at the Princess and the Royal Alexandra this week, with Roger Brothers and "The Belle of New York" respectively to follow. The Imperial Opera Company at the latter has made a favourable impression on the public and has a varied array of interesting productions on the list for this season. The prima donna of the company is quite worthy of the title and we reproduce on this page one of her latest photographs. There were persistent rumours during the summer that the Royal Alexandra was to become a vaudeville theatre but it is a pleasure to announce that such is far from the intention of the management of this highly

REV. THOMAS DIXON created somewhat of a sensation several years ago by a novel, "The Leopard's Spots," which dealt with the negro problem from the Southern States standpoint. Later books by this author made a successful appeal to the public, while one of these, "The Clansman," has been dramatised and was played last year in both northern and southern towns. The story is intensely dramatic and is a presentation of the horrors of life in the South after the war, when ignorant negroes dominated the proudest people on the continent. The Ku Klux Klan was an organisation, lawless in certain aspects, which endeavoured to assert the Anglo-Saxon supremacy and which punished effectively certain brutal criminals. This play is declared by many to be an offset to "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and if it manages to keep before the public as long as *Eliza*, to say nothing of the blood-hounds and *Little Eva*, it will bring the creator of the "Clansman" world-wide fame and magnificent royalties. The first appearance in Canada will be made at the Victoria Theatre, Victoria, on the fifth and sixth of October. British Columbia may be more in a position to appreciate the problems presented in such a play than any other province of the Dominion.

FOR two years, the competitions for the Governor-General's trophies in musical and dramatic contest have been held in Ottawa. The first year, the judges sent one trophy to Winnipeg and the other to Quebec. The second year, the trophies were won by societies in the capital. It was decided, in the interest of all concerned that it would be well to vary the scene of competition and to hold the latter in a less trying month of the year than February. Travel in that month is not conducive to good voice-production and the month of April has been chosen for the time for the competition of 1909, while the place is to be His Majesty's Theatre, Montreal. This change of season will be a welcome announcement to all aspiring amateurs.

WHILE Victoria, B.C., is to be favoured with a play presenting the horrors of negro domination, Winnipeg's best theatre, the Walker, has fallen back on "Uncle Tom's Cabin" for rest and refreshment. That ornament (!) to the stage, Mr. James J. Corbett, has lately appeared at the same theatre in "Facing the Music." Really, the decadence of the drama appears to be more than a phrase when one considers the fact that an audience can be found for such an apology for an actor. The Walker Theatre, with its handsome modern equipment, could surely afford to omit such "shows" from its list of attractions and leave them to such places as exploit a form of entertainment which no stretch of courtesy could call "drama."

THE Canadian actor, Mr. Henry Miller, has lately filled an extended engagement at the Van Ness Theatre, San Francisco. The play by Mr. William Vaughn Moody, "The Great Divide," in which Mr. Miller and Miss Anglin won a great metropolitan success, proved as attractive in the West, although Miss Anglin is no longer associated with the company. Mr. Miller's return to New York is marked by the production of "Mater," a play by Mr. Percy Mackaye which was not especially liked by the San Francisco public but which may win New York's approval. Mr. Mackaye's dramatic work is decidedly poetic in spirit and such production no doubt finds it difficult to appeal to a materialistic people. Mr. James M. Barrie, however, has proved that the age is not entirely oblivious of the things which are spiritual.

MELBOURNE, Australia, says the *Argonaut*, has a new theatre called the "King's," capable of seating two thousand people. Only five months intervened between foundation stone and completion. This is claimed to be the world's record. Two hundred men worked on it night and day and on public holidays as well.

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Heroes of the Gridiron

(Continued from page 15)

not so brilliant in spots as the others, but for an all round, hard, effective day's work give me Davie lad. Sure the strength of those Tigers is all behind the line. With a good line and Chaucer Elliott's brains to help them they'd make anything that ever figured on the Canadian gridiron sit up and be good.

* * *

"And they're not all in Hamilton, either. There's Pete Flett of the Argos. He had to make his reputation on a pretty punk team for the Oarsmen haven't been an aggregation of stars for some seasons back by any means. Yet Peter has done some great work and just watch him punt behind that strong Montreal line this year. What he'll do will make fine conversation for the winter nights to come.

* * *

"Then there's that fellow Bawlf of Ottawa College. He's another of the kind that has it all. And while you're talking you might just whisper that that Ottawa College bunch were just about the smoothest and nicest little football team wearing the padded togs last year. If the troubles between the C.A.A.U. and the Big Four hadn't kept them out of fighting for the Dominion championship, Montreal might have been shy at least one championship. And was Bawlf the dangerous man of the lot? Don't ask such foolish questions. Didn't the opposing team always make it their first business to try to put him away?

* * *

"Yes, Montreal's back division

wasn't anything to sing songs about. There was Craig with speed to burn and Allison and Russell, both good men, but not a punter in the lot. And if you think punting is a lost art you should see that chap Southam of Hamilton drop goals from the field. Why, they had to reduce the count for drop goals or increase the size of the score boards. Is Southam the greatest of them all? Sure he is. But not altogether because of his drop kicks. He has retired."

* * *

And there you have the men whose names will be in football mouths till the snow flies—and possibly a day or two longer. For the back division garner the glory while the men in front do most of the work. Of all the thousands who saw Ottawa and 'Varsity battle for the Dominion championship not one but can tell you of Casey Baldwin. But how many noticed a red-haired, freckle-faced young giant named Ritchie, who was the obstacle on which the famous Rough Rider line broke and fell back? Hardly one. And yet it is doubtful if any man on the field had more to do with the result of that historic game than the same Ritchie. But it was ever thus.

* * *

Who will win the championship this year? Who can tell with the list of practice accidents only opened? Already Tigers have lost their captain, Ballard, and who shall say who'll be the next? But the wise ones whisper: "Keep an eye on Montreal. With a great line, Flett's punting, Craig's speed and Chaucer Elliott's coaching, they'll either win or the team that beats them will."

What Canadian Editors Think

NEW YORK PLEASE WAKE UP.
(Victoria Times.)

IT seems rather ridiculous for a great, rich, populous and powerful port like that of New York to display symptoms of jealousy towards anything Canadian. Yet Gotham is put about because Montreal is getting ahead of it in the business of transportation. The New York World says it has told how Montreal alone exported more wheat in the early summer than all the American Atlantic ports combined. Only Portland, by grace of a Canadian railroad making it a terminus, fairly well held her own. Canadian railroads make low rates when traffic is light because they want traffic to get the habit of using Canadian terminals. The New York Central, whose lines are the upas branches poisoning the trade of Boston and New York, puts its rates high to recoup for the losses of bad management and ruinous finance in the past. If New York state and city should ever awake to a question of real importance here are some of the things they might do, says our New York contemporary: Lower elevator charges in Buffalo and New York; make a sweeping reform of dock charges; abolish compulsory pilotage push the barge canal; seek unceasingly the means to prevent American railroads from throttling American commerce.

* * *

FIRES IN THE FOREST.
(Ottawa Journal.)

THE smoke of the bush fires has not obscured the skies of Ottawa alone during the last few days. The haze which has dimmed both the sun and moon with us has been in less happy places a pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night. In the

Ottawa Valley and thereabouts the bush fires have been for the most part kept within a measure of control and some part of the smoke which we have had has come simply from the little brushwood fires for clearing purposes in the newer farms of the district as passengers on incoming trains may see for themselves. But the great and continuous drought throughout the greater part of the north half of the continent has made of the bushfires theme of general comment. In British Columbia as everybody knows the havoc has been appalling. In western Ontario in the neighborhood of the of the international border some losses have occurred. Across the border, in Minnesota, Michigan and Wisconsin, are recorded the greatest disasters in years. Forestry officials in Washington and of the general States interested predict losses the total of which will never be accurately ascertained, but an estimate of which would probably stagger the imagination.

In Ontario it seems probable that the relative immunity from the ravages of the flames has been due to the steadily increasing efficiency of the force of fire rangers. But even at that one big forest fire fanned by a heavy wind would have done incalculable damage. Much must have depended on the vigilance of the fire fighters and of the timber operators themselves, but we in Ontario have cause for gratitude that our forests have suffered much less severely than those of other parts of the continent.

* * *

LAW REFORM NEEDED OVER THERE.
(London Advertiser.)

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blot on its civilisation. At best, courts move slowly, and what is worse, there appears no limit to litigation so long as there is money enough. District attorneys' offices are clogged with indictments which it would seem are never to be tried. Even if a man indicted desires a speedy hearing he seldom gets it. In the civil courts there is also a delay before a trial, and there is a longer wait usually, while appellate courts are known to have threshed over matters of technical flaws which have no reference to the merits of the case.

The procedure of the courts in Great Britain is much quicker and simpler, so far as both trial and appeal are concerned. There has always been a civil appellate court and recently one in criminal cases was established, but appeals are on matters of justice and not of technical defects. So, too, in Canada, court procedure, particularly in criminal cases, is as speedy as the interests of justice demand.

* * *

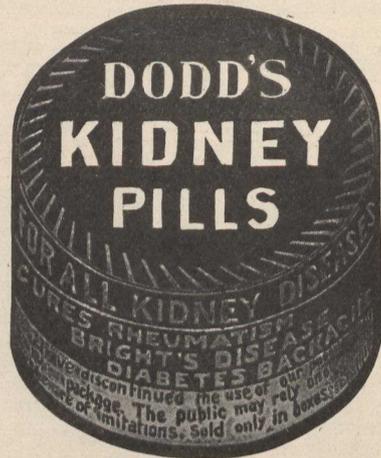
ONE-CENT WORLD POSTAGE?
(*Manitoba Free Press.*)

FORTY years ago the postage on a letter from Canada to the United Kingdom was 12 1-2 cents by Canadian steamers, or 17 cents by Cunarders; to the United States, ten cents; while the domestic rate was five cents. Strange to say the charge for a "drop" letter, a letter delivered from the local office which received it, was then only one cent. That rate is now re-established, thanks to the Honourable Rodolphe Lemieux, a worthy successor to Sir William Mulock. Yet a few years and this postal chieftain may join hands with his brethren for the inaugural of a one-cent letter rate for the world. A reform, long since adopted in Great Britain, is to charge heavy letters a penny for the first ounce, less and less for each additional ounce as weight increases, because delivery costs more than transportation by rail or steamer. This principle is already applied to Canadian letters sent to countries outside the Empire. Thus to Spain we pay five cents for the first ounce, three cents for each additional ounce.

* * *

ARCHIVES IN THE WEST.
(*Lethbridge Herald.*)

THE race of "Old Timers" is fast passing over to the Great Beyond and unless a concentrated effort is made by historical societies—and there ought to be one in every western community—we will lose much if not all the early history of our land. Take Southern Alberta. Nothing practically of its early history is known, except to the few "Old Timers." And yet much of interest and historical value could be written. Captain Denny of the R.N.W.M.P. has told us in an interesting little volume, of the entrance of the Mounted Police to this country, and John McDougall in some of his works, while not really intended as historical, yet telling in a story-book way of Indian life and early days, are about the only records of events in the pioneer days of this section of Alberta. We have been inspired by reading Mr. Chas. Mair's delightful chronicles of a trip to the Mackenzie Basin. Its pages bring the reader into intimate acquaintance with the people, resources and conditions in the country from Edmonton a thousand miles north—a country that will soon be peopled with agriculturists, for the lands of the Peace River have become recognised as fertile and fitted for grain growing. Mr. Mair records the information gathered on his voyage and the volume, which is liberally illustrated, is valuable to the Canadian citizen, anxious for knowledge about the Last West.





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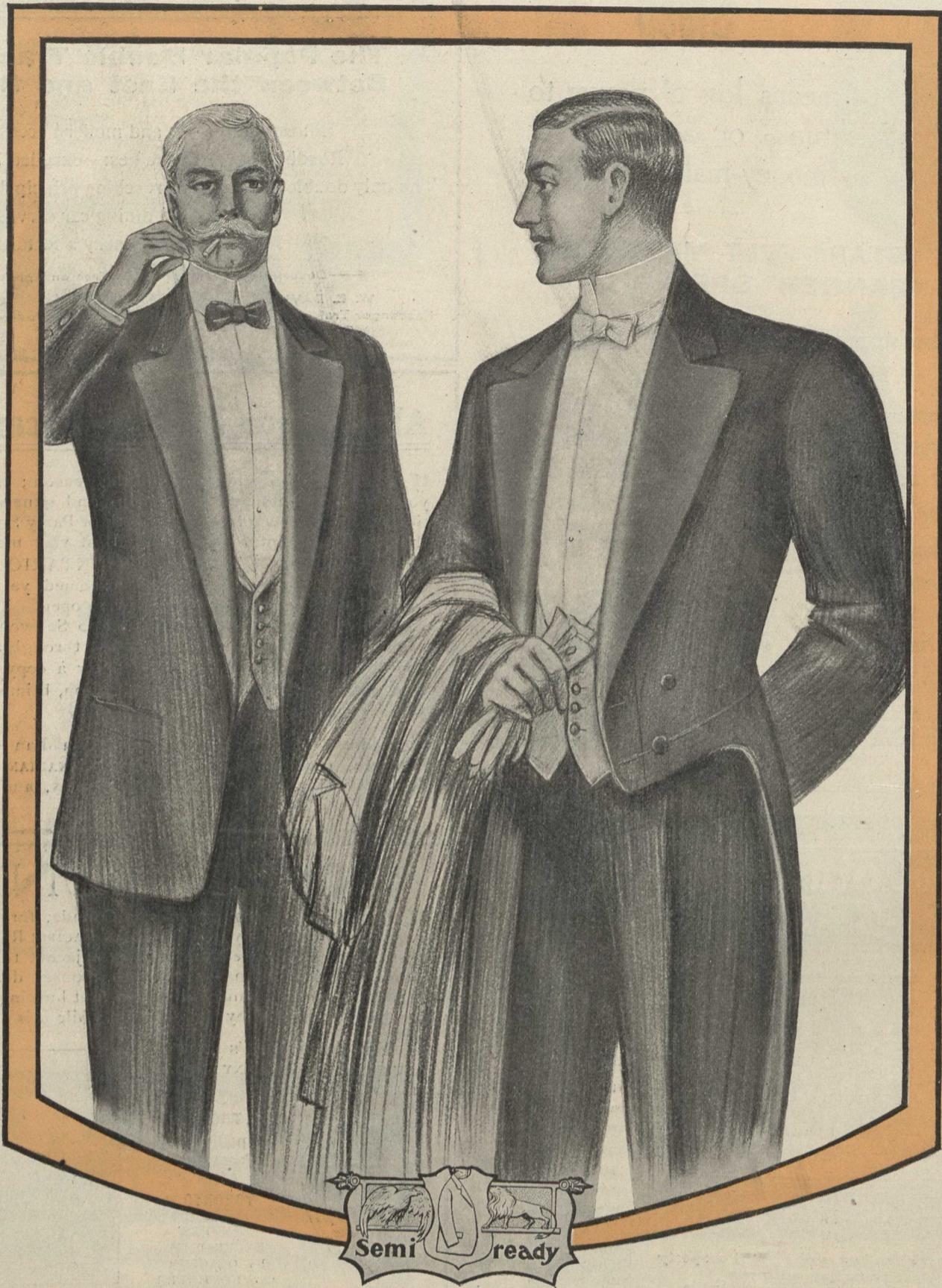
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