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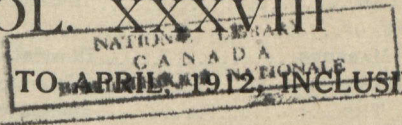
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VOL. XXXVIII

NOV., 1911 TO APRIL, 1912, INCLUSIVE



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THE ONTARIO PUBLISHING CO., LIMITED
1912

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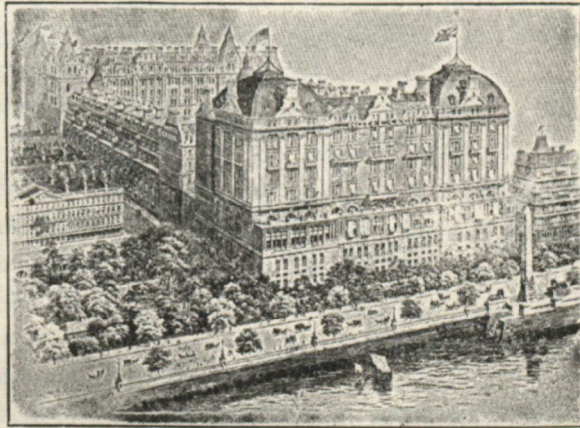
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The Christmas Number

The Christmas Number of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE will be less formal than heretofore, and it will be well rounded out, full, and sparkling with interest. Every page will command attention. Some of the writers represented will be Arthur Stringer, L. M. Montgomery, Isabel Ecclestone Mackay, Newton MacTavish, Peter McArthur, Virna Sheard, Frank L. Packard, Madge Macbeth, S. A. White, Clare Giffin, and A. Clark McCurdy. The illustrations will be by J. W. Beatty, C. W. Jefferys, Helene Carter, Arthur Keelor and others. Mr. MacTavish will set the pace with an impressionistic sketch entitled "Dear Old Piccadilly," which gives a feeling of the swish and go of this celebrated London thoroughfare. Mr. Packard's story, "The Mad Player," is far removed from the scene of his recent book, "On the Iron at Big Cloud," but it is one of the best things he has ever done. Mr. Beatty has never made better drawings than the ones that illustrate it. "The Thirteenth Man" is another of Mr. McCurdy's fine delineations of the Scotch character as found in Nova Scotia. Mr. Jeffery's drawings display the sure touch of this finished draughtsman. Miss Giffin's contribution is a romance, a real romance, of the days when knights were gentle as well as bold. The illustrations will introduce Mr. Keelor, a young and clever artist. Mr. Stringer contributes "A Study of Iago," a Shakesperean character that has fascinated many writers and all actors. As Mr. Stringer is dramatist as well as poet and novelist, his impressions of Iago will be read with much interest. Mrs. Mackay's poem, "Calgary Station," is an exquisite conception of what is usually regarded as a prosaic subject. "The Madness of the Millionaire," Mr. McArthur's offering, depicts in his inimitable style the irony of circumstances. Miss Montgomery's "The Woods in Winter," is full of delightful impressions. Of a more serious nature are the domestic problem solved by Mrs. Macbeth and the tale of the Northland by Mr. White. There will be much other attractive text and illustrations.

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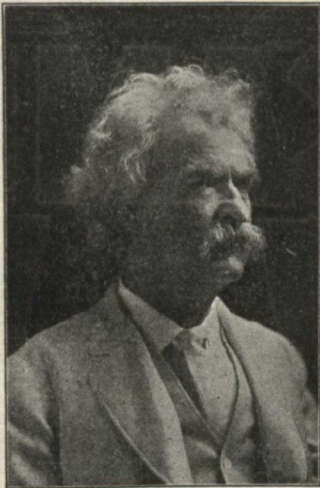
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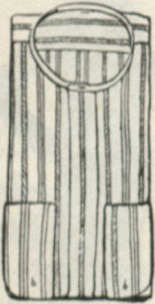
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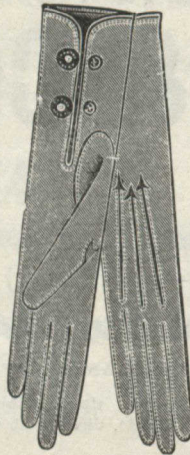
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Parents of intending candidates should make application to the Secretary Civil Service Commission, Ottawa, before 15th October next.

Further information can be obtained on application to the Secretary Department of Naval Service, Ottawa.

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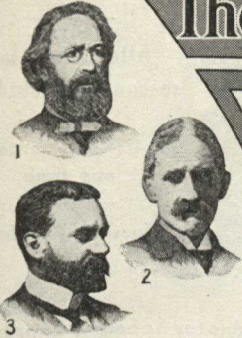
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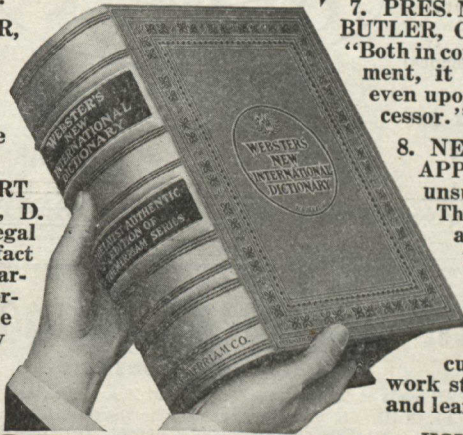


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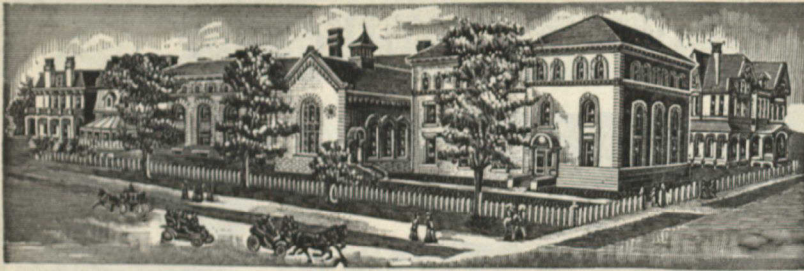
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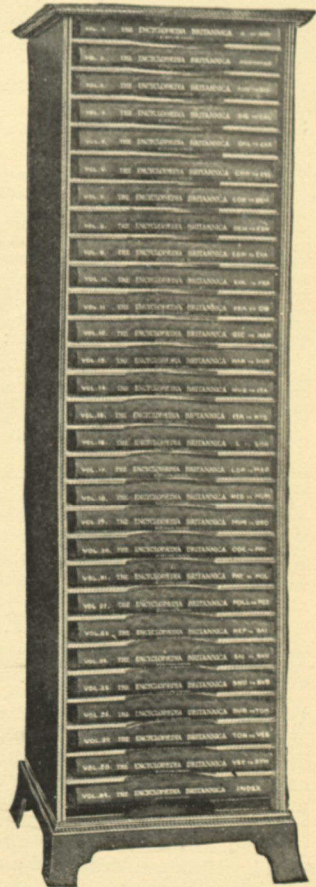
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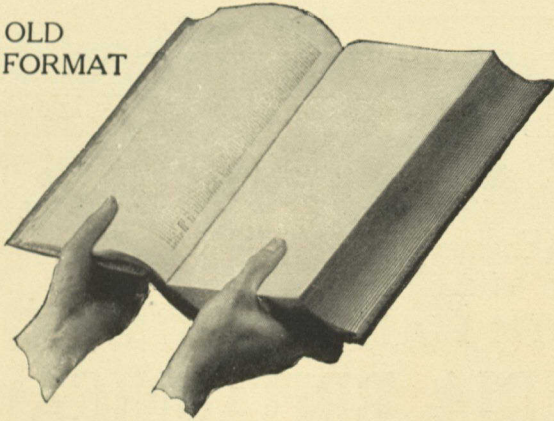
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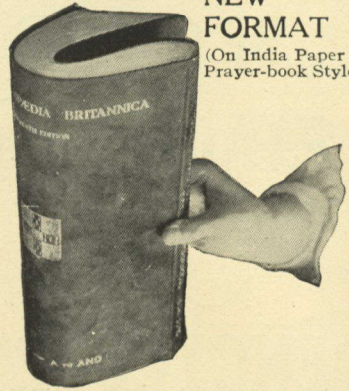
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ORDERS FOR CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

Therefore, subscribers who contemplate presenting the 11th Edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica as a Christmas gift—and, assuredly, no gift could be conceived which would be more prized, more useful, or which, in years of efficient service, would more frequently recall the donor—are advised to make immediate application, for only if they do so can the publishers guarantee delivery on or before December 25th. Particularly is this advice offered in the case of subscribers living in remote parts of the country, in shipping to whom allowance must be made for a considerable interval for transport and for possible delays en route.

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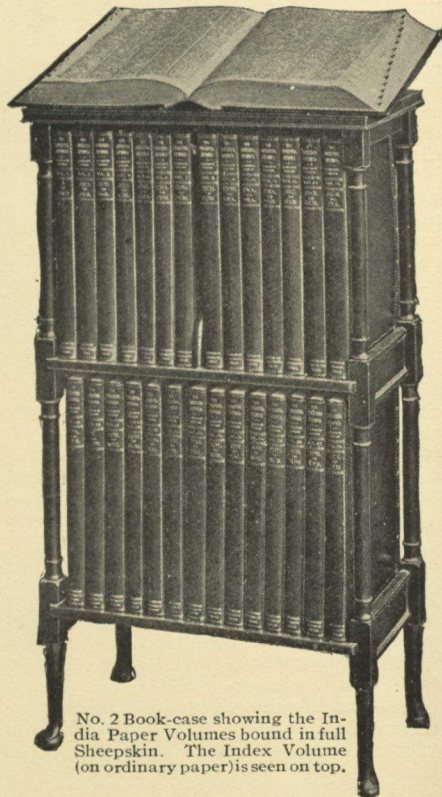
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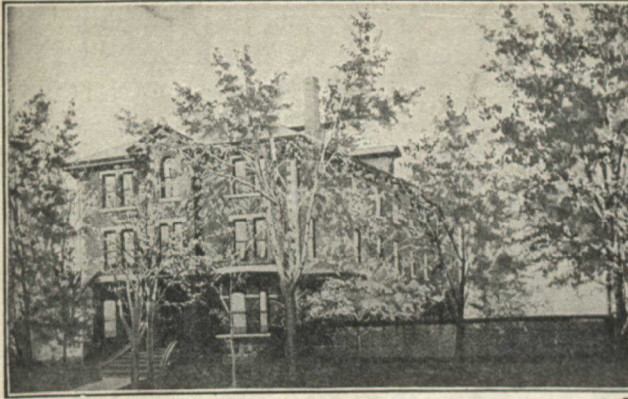
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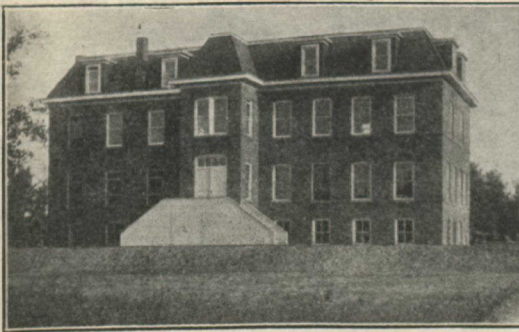


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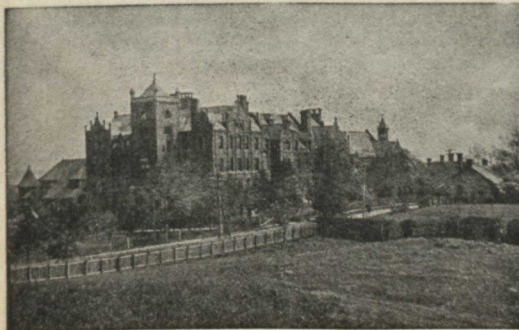
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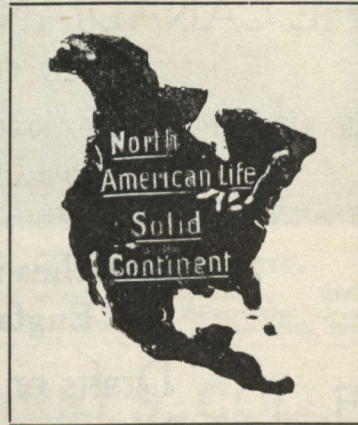
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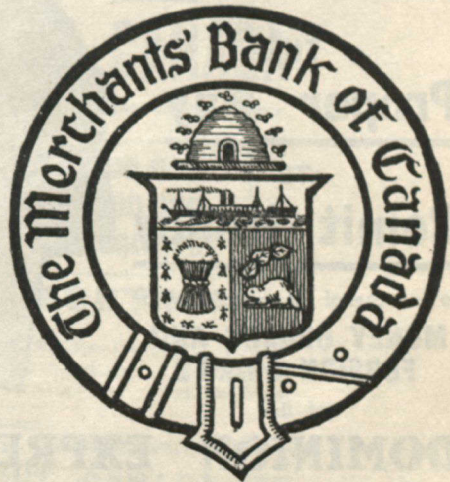
ASSETS,	\$3,213,438 28
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SECURITY TO POLICY- HOLDERS	2,744,183.92

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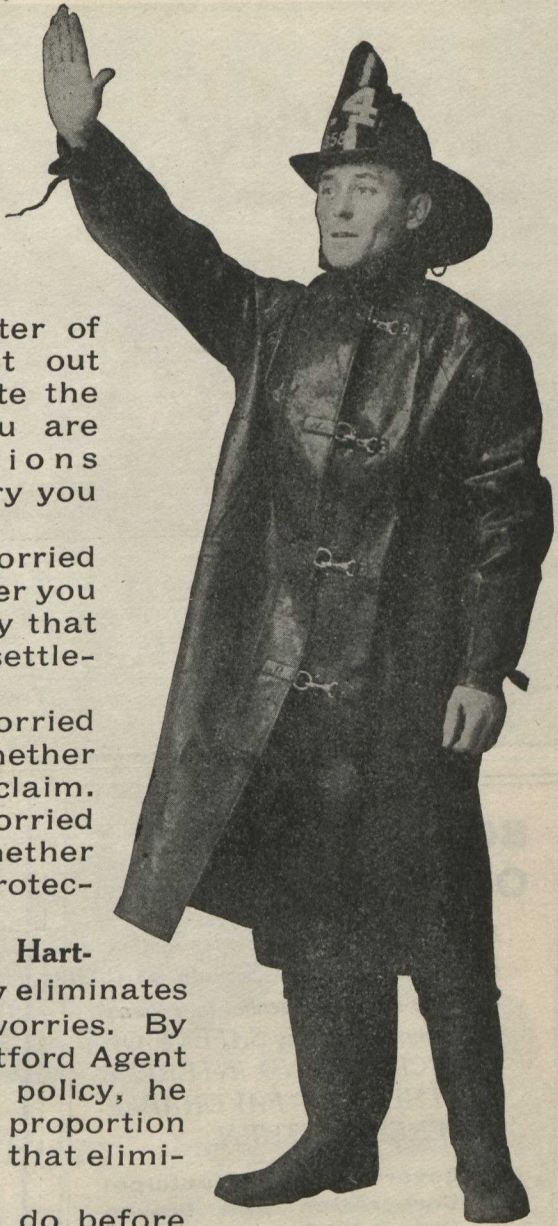
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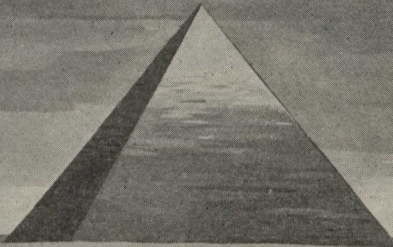
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THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XXXVIII

TORONTO, NOVEMBER, 1911

No. 1

THE ROMANTIC COLONEL TALBOT

BY W. ARNOT CRAICK

UNCONVENTIONALITY invariably exercises a charm over the mind; the unusual is always fascinating. A boy will revel in the extraordinary adventures of a Robinson Crusoe. A man will delight in the secret memoirs of a court favourite or the life-story of a self-made American millionaire. The mind forever craves the eccentric, the bizarre, the out-of-the-ordinary.

Canadian history, with all its crudities and imperfections and inadequacies, presents us with at least one extraordinary and unparalleled figure—a man, about whose memory a halo of romance is becoming ever more and more pronounced. Colonel Thomas Talbot, the intimate of princes, the friend of Britain's greatest soldier, the favourite of courtiers, the associate of rulers, the descendant of an ancient and noble family, by virtue of his apparently eccentric choice of a pioneer's life in the backwoods of Ontario, immediately arouses the interest of all lovers of the unusual. By the very contrasts in his career his name will live and become ever more and more attractive to a romance-loving generation.

The fame of the old pioneer has not remained unsung all the years since his death in 1853. He has been the theme of more than one author. Only recently a novelist has skilfully introduced him as a character in one of his books. The elements of many a good story cluster round the rude log castle on the shores of Lake Erie, where the Colonel exercised almost regal sway over a wide section of country. It is not from any apprehension lest the memory of the founder of the Talbot Settlement should sink into oblivion, that the present demonstration of the romantic elements of his life is undertaken, but simply because of the compelling force of his personality, which will ever stir the historical writer to pen commentaries on his unique career.

As Goldwin Smith was to the Canada of the latter part of the nineteenth century, so was Colonel Talbot to the Canada of the early years of the same century. Not that the two men were intellectually compeers, for Talbot was no scholar, but there existed a similarity between the positions occupied by both, which cannot fail to attract the attention of students of their lives. Colonel

Talbot, the young soldier, with all the glories of a military and social career before him, to the astonishment of his friends, forsook the life of court and camp and practically buried himself for the remainder of his life in the Canadian wilderness. Goldwin Smith, the student and professor of learning, with all England ready to pay homage to him, to the lasting surprise of his contemporaries, migrated to America, and from the standpoint of the world, buried his talents in a new and traditionless Canadian city. Both men established for themselves homes in Canada, to which all that was distinguished and powerful in the world of society invariably gravitated. No visitor of importance to the colony of Upper Canada failed to visit the Colonel at his Castle of Malahide, as at a later period nobles and scholars and diplomats, coming to the Dominion, never omitted to pay their respects to the Professor at the Grange in Toronto.

It is precisely this aspect of Colonel Talbot's career which commends him so forcibly to the interest of the modern reader of history. His services to the country as a pioneer, as a government land agent, as the founder of a wealthy and prosperous settlement, important as all these were, sink into comparative insignificance beside the figure of the autocratic and magisterial soldier of the old world, living on a plane of pronounced social superiority to all around him in the new world.

The mind naturally reverts to the Castle of Malahide, at Port Talbot, on the shores of Lake Erie, as to some feudal stronghold in the old land. In Canada its presence seems unreal and fictitious. With the exception of the seigniorial manors of Quebec, there is nothing of similar romantic interest in the whole history of the country. Yet, however clearly the imagination may conjure up the strange old place, however picturesquely the fancy may paint it, its reality must at best have been crude

and uninviting. Small wonder that when the old bachelor felt his end approaching and sent for a young nephew from the old land to live with him and be his heir, that young gentleman found the place intolerable and was glad to escape at the end of a year. Small wonder that visitors, while lauding its charming location, took no pains to conceal the discomforts of its appointments.

The Castle is described by the Colonel's biographer, Edward Erma-tinger, as consisting of a long range of low buildings formed of logs and shingles. The main building was divided into three apartments, the one to the east being a granary and store-room, the centre room a living and dining-room, and the room to the west the kitchen. A Dutch piazza, usually occupied by dogs and poultry, extended along the front of the building. Near at hand stood a second long, low building, containing bed-rooms for the accommodation of the Colonel and his guests. In later years another suite of rooms of more lofty pretensions was added for use on state occasions.

To this quaint place came governors and soldiers, statesmen and scholars. Had a register of its guests been kept, the brilliancy of the names recorded would have far outshone those of many a more pretentious domicile. The Duke of Richmond, Lord Aylmer, Sir John Colborne, Sir Peregrine Maitland, Chief Justice J. B. Robinson, were a few of the Colonel's noted guests, men who took a prominent part in the early history of the country. Among such as these he moved as an equal, and for the nonce lived once again in the cultured atmosphere of the old land.

It was in the spring of 1803 that Talbot landed on the site of his future home. From then until his death, fifty years later, he resided at Port Talbot practically continuously. An annual visit to Toronto, which he undertook in the wintertime, and a journey to England at still rarer

intervals, were the only breaks in the routine of his life. He adhered strictly to the scheme of existence which he had fixed upon when he sold out his commission in His Majesty's army in the year 1800.

His choice of Canada as the scene of his experiment in living, if such it may be called, was made early. He himself attributes the fascination which the country exercised over him to the reading at an early age of Charlevoix's descriptions of the Canadian wilderness. Then chance brought it about that the regiment in which as a youth of nineteen he held a lieutenant's commission, was ordered to Quebec for garrison duty. There, the following year, he met John Graves Simcoe, who was on his way to take up the duties of Governor of Upper Canada. A friendship was established between the General and the young lieutenant, and when Simcoe started out for the future seat of his government at Niagara, Talbot accompanied his party as military secretary. For three years he remained on the Governor's staff in this capacity, proving himself efficient, trustworthy and estimable, and incidentally acquiring an intimate knowledge of the country.

A story is told, with more or less variation, of a journey undertaken on one occasion by Simcoe to the region of the Thames valley. On this trip Talbot, by his energy, his sprightliness, and his wit, proved himself the life of the party. So energetic was he and so eager to do even the most menial work that the Governor had occasion more than once to remonstrate with him for undertaking unnecessary and sometimes undignified tasks. Once, on being asked why he did this, Talbot replied, "Why, General, I want to be inured to a bachelor's hall life in the forest." From this it is evident that the idea of settling in Canada had already seized on his fancy. That Simcoe was aware of this desire was apparent from his frequent refer-

ences in a joking spirit to the subject. At Kettle Creek, now Port Stanley, he pointed out a hill where he thought Talbot might find a suitable location for his home. "No, sir," replied the secretary, "I'm not ready to roost yet." But farther on, where ten years later he did actually build his "castle," he caught sight of a spot that charmed him. Hurrying ashore, he hastened up the hillside and set up a tent on the top, where, playfully acting the host, he received the Governor on his arrival. "Here, General Simcoe," said he, "will I roost and will soon make the forest tremble under the wings of the flock I will invite by my warblings around me." Spoken probably half in jest, this sally was truer than he anticipated.

During the interval of time elapsing between this visit to what was to be Port Talbot and his final landing there as a permanent settler, Colonel Talbot had a taste of active service on the Continent. At the early age of twenty-four, he received the command of the 5th Regiment of Foot, a rare distinction for one so young. With this regiment he accompanied the Duke of York on the disastrous expedition to Holland, where he distinguished himself by a breach of discipline, which, while it had no serious consequences, was, in the opinion of some, the real reason for his leaving the army. He had been ordered to march his men to a given point by a certain road, but finding it to be an exposed route, he took the matter in his own hands and led them by another less hazardous way. The Duke, who was his friend and admirer, reprimanded him in the mildest possible way for his disobedience, but it would seem as if Talbot never forgot the incident.

A great many reasons and explanations have been adduced for the extraordinary step which Talbot took when he sold his commission on Christmas Day, 1800, and announced his intention to a wondering world of

going to live in Canada. One conjecture is that he was in love with one of the royal princesses, and, because it was impossible for him to marry her, forsook society altogether. Another attributes his decision to a natural aversion to the corrupt lives of the men and women with whom he had to associate. Still a third would have us believe that, like his ancestor who established the family estate in Ireland six centuries before, he had dreams of hewing out for himself an even greater heritage in Canada, where he might exercise unbridled sway. Whatever may be the reason, and there is no authentic ground for any of them, young Tom Talbot's decision was at the time a nine days' wonder in old London, and one can readily imagine how society of the day discussed the matter curiously over its wine cups.

Underneath his eccentric resolve, however, there lay a vein of natural shrewdness. Talbot did not purpose forsaking all the comforts and pleasures of civilisation for nothing. He was well aware from his earlier experiences in Canada that a man with the proper influence could secure for himself vast tracts of land in that virgin territory. He was also seer enough to perceive that settlement would be rapid, and that, while the earlier years of his sojourn there might be arduous and even sterile, yet ultimately his position would be one of power and influence. With this picture in his mind he approached the authorities. As influential friends, he had not only his old officer, General Simcoe, but no less important a personage than H.R.H. the Duke of Cumberland. With such powerful backing, he was successful in securing a large grant of land in the townships of Dunwich and Aldborough for the purpose of settlement, the conditions being that for every settler he brought in he should receive two hundred acres of land, of which fifty acres would be conveyed to the settler and the remaining

one hundred and fifty to himself.

From time to time other grants were made to him, and he became eventually the Government's land agent, having in charge the control and regulation of settlement in the greater part of western Ontario. It is estimated by Mr. Coyne, who has given a great deal of study to the life of Talbot, that he received in all 540,443 acres of land as commission for his services.

But it is only in so far as these achievements reflect the character of the man that it is the intention of this article to proceed. That Talbot came to Canada under the circumstances thus outlined, that he took up his residence at Port Talbot, and that for many years he was actively engaged in the work of settling the country, must be taken as the groundwork on which some description of his life at Malahide Castle will be superimposed. A reader's curiosity is exercised not so much over his activities as a land agent, which may be paralleled elsewhere, but over the odd life he led, which in its way had no parallel.

To one who reads the story of Talbot's fifty years in Canada with any degree of attention, it must be apparent that there are two pronounced divisions in his life. There is the early period of toil and hardship, when settlers were few, when travel was difficult, when dangers threatened from the American soldiers and their Indian allies; and there is the later period, when the Colonel had attained a position bordering on ease and opulence, when he had no longer to labour himself, and when he wielded a genuine power over the settlement. In the altered circumstances of the two periods is to be found a reason for the inconsistencies, or, better, the change in his character, which became more and more noticeable the older he grew, and which will be referred to as the article proceeds.

From the beautiful day in May,

1803, that witnessed the landing of the high-born settler amid the charming scenery of Port Talbot, six years elapsed before the Colonel was able to attract settlers in any considerable numbers to his settlement. These were years of hardship and privation. Talbot was in such straits that he had to cook his own meals, serve his own table, and do all the necessary chores around his house, in addition to the more arduous work of clearing the forest—a task in which he performed prodigies. He also became expert at making butter and excelled in other pioneer accomplishments.

“I am out every morning at sunrise in my smock frock,” he writes in a delightfully frank way to the Duke of Cumberland, “felling and burning the forest to form a farm; could I but be seen by some of my St. James’s friends, when I come home to my frugal supper as black as any chimney-sweeper, they would exclaim, ‘What a damn’d blockhead you have been, Tom,’ but I say no; as I actually eat my homely fare with more zest than I ever did the best dinner in London.”

This is the picture of the young settler, burning with enthusiasm, full of life and energy, clean-living and high-minded, a friend and a benefactor to the handful of worthy souls who had cast in their lot with him. He was to them not only guide, counsellor and friend, but spiritual adviser as well, for in the early days of the settlement, he was accustomed regularly to assemble the people on Sundays and read divine service for their edification, while he performed marriage ceremonies and even baptised the children, as some would have us believe. Until 1817, when the first store was opened in the district, the Colonel kept all the supplies for the settlement. He even went to the extent of building a mill, which was of great advantage to the settlers, saving the time required in carrying grain by boat to Port Ryerse, where the nearest mill was located.

In these early days he was, in truth, the settler’s friend, and it is from these days that whatever is finest and best in his character is to be derived. An incident illustrative of the personal interest he took in the men who came to him to secure land has been recorded. In the autumn of 1818, two or three Highland immigrants arrived at Malahide Castle to apply for land. The Colonel received them hospitably as was his wont, and, after having arranged their business, provided them with dinner. Whilst they ate, he walked up and down the room, explaining to them how to build houses, clear the land and plant corn, and beseeching them to be industrious, sober, and peaceable. Then as night was falling, he fixed them up comfortably with blankets before the fire, and so gave them a kindly welcome to their new home.

The celebration of the Talbot Anniversary may be taken as the expression of the popular sentiment regarding the Talbot of this period—a sentiment which was alike spontaneous and gratifying, holding up the Colonel to the veneration of the people as the father and benefactor of the settlement. In its early form, before outside influences had come in to detract from its primitive simplicity and genuineness, it was such an event as gave to the history of that day the little variety it possessed. The day of its celebration was the great day of the year. Beginning with an ample dinner, at which the Colonel was always the guest of honour, it ended with a ball (at which he led off the first dance), extending far into the night. At the dinner it was the invariable rule to have but three toasts, the King’s Health, the Day and all who honour it, and the Honourable Thomas Talbot, the founder of the Talbot Settlement.

The Colonel was accustomed to make a short speech in reply, which he always ended with an emphatic and affectionate, “God bless you all.” One can well imagine the impressive-

ness of this recurring festival, and, while with the passage of time and its attendant changes, it became no longer possible to celebrate it in the old way and it was discontinued, still the memory of this important event in pioneer life will ever retain its interest for those who have a place in their affections for the olden days.

With the growth of the settlement, the Colonel's position began to alter. As an older man, he no longer presents the same admirable characteristics to the eye of the investigator. Prospective settlers, in place of being received with kindness and treated with hospitality, must needs approach the castle in fear and trembling as humble supplicants. The Colonel interviews them through a pane of glass in one of his windows, contrived to open and shut as desired. He becomes harsh and tyrannical. He loses whatever interest he ever possessed in religion and gives up attendance at church entirely. He becomes more and more addicted to the use of liquor.

The introduction of the contrivance in his window, through which he interviewed those who had business to transact with him, probably originated as a result of an attack that was once made on him by an irate settler. At any rate, it is one of those little curiosities of his life which will be forever associated with his memory. Doctor Dunlop, or old "Tiger" Dunlop, as he was called, who frequently visited at Malahide, believed that if one of the Colonel's levees with his settlers through the window were well reported, it would be quite as amusing as any morning session at Bow Street Police Court in London.

On occasion the Colonel did not hesitate to order his servant, Jeffry Hunter, to set on the dogs when some unfortunate individual displeased him. Once a Yankee came to him for land, but the Colonel refused his request because he had a dislike for Americans. The Yankee went off, but

had not proceeded far when he met an Englishman. On some pretext he persuaded the Englishman to change clothes with him, and then back he went to the Colonel in the garb of an English immigrant. Once again he made his plea, but the Colonel penetrated the disguise. "Jeffry, Jeffry," he called in his husky old voice, "set on the dogs, here's a wolf in sheep's clothing."

The Colonel was strict in his observance of business hours. He would on no account break his rule of attending to clients or others in the morning. Another of his peculiarities was to require notes of the Bank of Upper Canada, whenever payments were to be made to him; no other bank notes would be tolerated. And as for his methods of recording land grants, they were amusingly simple. He had a large surveyor's map on the wall of his living-room. Whenever a lot was to be granted to an applicant, the map was taken down by Jeffry and brought to the Colonel, who would thereupon enter the name of the grantee on the map itself. In this way he had a convenient means of posting himself at a moment's notice on the ownership of the various lots in the district. A transfer of lots was easily effected by means of an eraser.

While in later life the Colonel became a great tippler, there is this to be said for him that he would never touch a drop of liquor before eleven o'clock in the morning. Almost as remarkable as the movable window-pane, was the mark on the wall of his barn, which indicated by means of the moving shadow of the house the hour when he could indulge. He had no patience with abstemious people. Once when Sir James Alexander, an officer in the garrison at London, came to visit him, the Colonel noted at dinner that Sir James let the decanter pass by him untouched time and again. This raised his wrath, and after the meal was over he took Sir James aside and

said abruptly, "I have ordered your horses to be got ready; you will be able to reach St. Thomas before dark."

It is rather odd that Colonel Talbot took practically no part in public life. While he undoubtedly exercised an indirect influence on public affairs, on only one occasion did he come forward and assert himself in public. He did his share, it is true, to defend the country during the War of 1812, fighting at Lundy's Lane and Fort Erie, and later he served on the court martial at Quebec, which tried General Proctor. But as Legislative Councillor for his district, a position he held for several years, it is doubtful if he ever attended a session.

The occasion of his public appearance to pronounce upon a political question was in 1832, when disaffection began to be noticeable in different parts of the country. The Colonel was stirred by fears for the safety of the British connection and indignation at the agitation of the Reformers. He called a meeting, at which the loyalty of the Talbot Settlement might be vigorously expressed and the wickedness of the agitators be denounced in proper terms. The result was a triumph for the intrepid old soldier. It was probably to his mind the greatest event in his long and varied career. St. Thomas was the chosen place of meeting, and a space in front of the King's Arms Hotel was selected for the occasion. The Colonel was escorted into town by a band of musicians. Flags were unfurled on every flag-staff. The air was rent with cheers. The Colonel delivered an oration, in which he did not hesitate to denounce the black sheep which had got into his flock. When he was through, no other speaker had the temerity to utter a word. It was a demonstration of the commanding position occupied by the Colonel in the settlement.

But if the Colonel was not actively interested in politics, he was none

the less a figure of importance in the colony. When he went to York, as was his custom in the winter of the year, he was for the time being a social lion. His box sleigh, sheepskin coat and buffalo robes were familiar objects along the road to York and in the streets of the capital. There he mingled with the Government set, entertained and was entertained, and enjoyed all the privileges of a favourite guest. But his stays were always of the briefest, and, having made his report and handed over the money he had collected with scrupulous exactness, he took his departure.

Various people have recorded their experience as guests at Malahide. They all attest the excellence of the fare provided by the worthy Colonel. His wine, secured from a merchant in Montreal, was the best in the colony. So good was it, in fact, that he had difficulty at times in preventing his servants from sampling it on their own account. One summer, on his return from a journey, the Colonel, who was accompanied by one of his brothers, to whom he had been expatiating on the merits of his wine, ordered a supply from his cellar. What was his dismay to learn from his servant, an Irishman, that the wine was all gone. He demanded an explanation as to where it had disappeared, but was calmly informed that doubtless it had all dried up with the heat.

The picture of Malahide in the heyday of the Colonel's life was indeed a memorable one. The quaint group of buildings, in their charming surroundings, the crude, yet homely, furnishings, the guests of note round the board, the great fire in the chimneypiece, the regular matutinal levee through the window-pane, all the oddities of the Colonel's household, these are things which catch the fancy and live undimmed in the memory.

A touch of pathos surrounds the closing years of the old man's life.

In his desire to have one of his own kith and kin succeed him as lord of the manor, he sent twice for two of his nephews. The first deserted him after tasting the rigours of pioneer life for a season. The second so irritated the old man that the Colonel withdrew from the house, leaving him in temporary possession. After passing through an illness which almost proved fatal, Talbot crossed to England, where he paid a visit to his boyhood friend, the Duke of Wellington, now like himself an octogenarian. But his heart yearned for his old home, and, gathering up his remaining strength, he recrossed the Atlantic. In Macbeth, his estate agent, who had succeeded Jeffry Hunter, and to whom he bequeathed his pro-

perty, he found a faithful supporter. Malahide had been leased by his nephew to an English family, so he could not return there. He found an asylum in Macbeth's house in London, and there on February 6, 1853, he passed away.

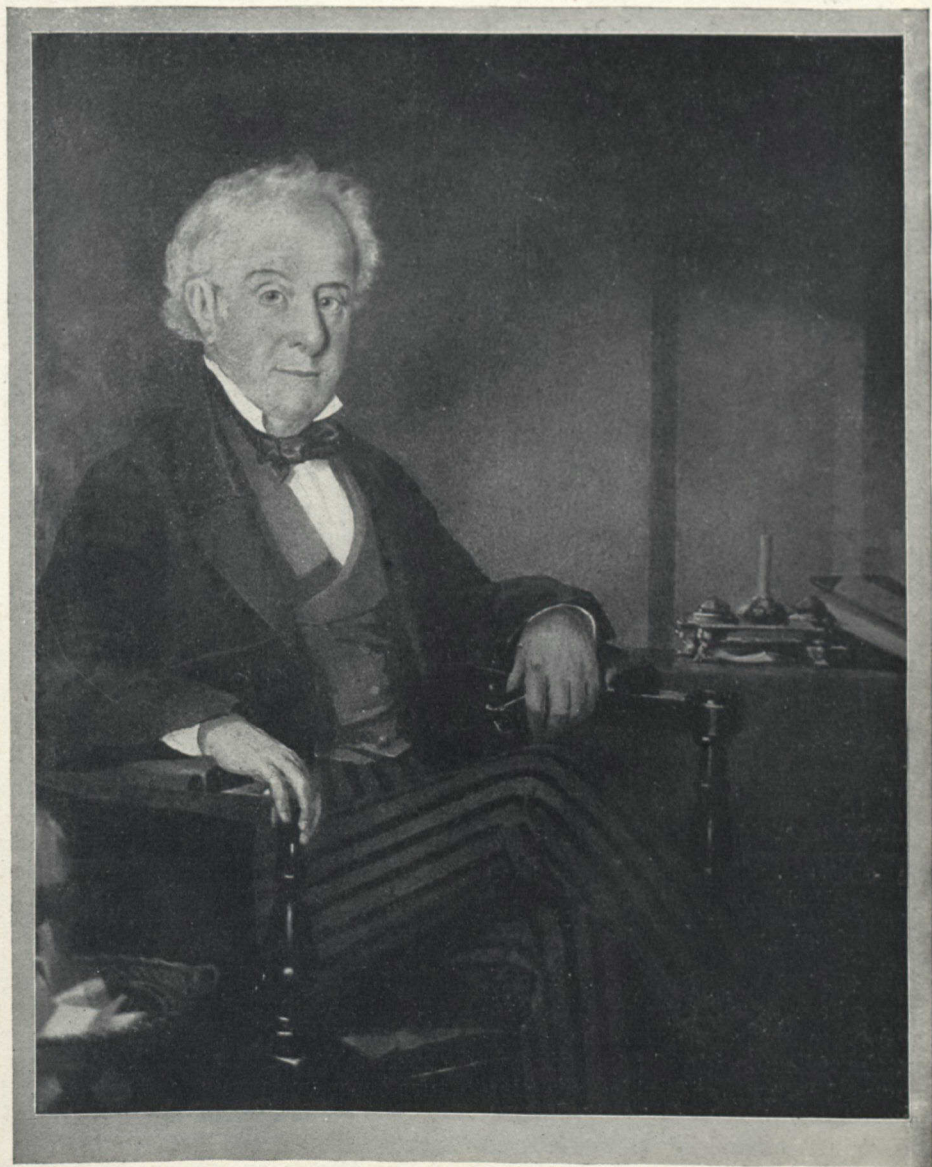
So terminated the career of one of the great pioneers of the early nineteenth century—admirable in its beginning, less worthy in its later portion, and pathetic in its close. No son inherited his broad acres; few friends mourned his death. He died as he had lived, independently and unafraid. And yet the story of this strange character will never die so long as there are those who honour the memory of the founders of the country.

THE ROSE JAR

BY M. B. RANDALL.

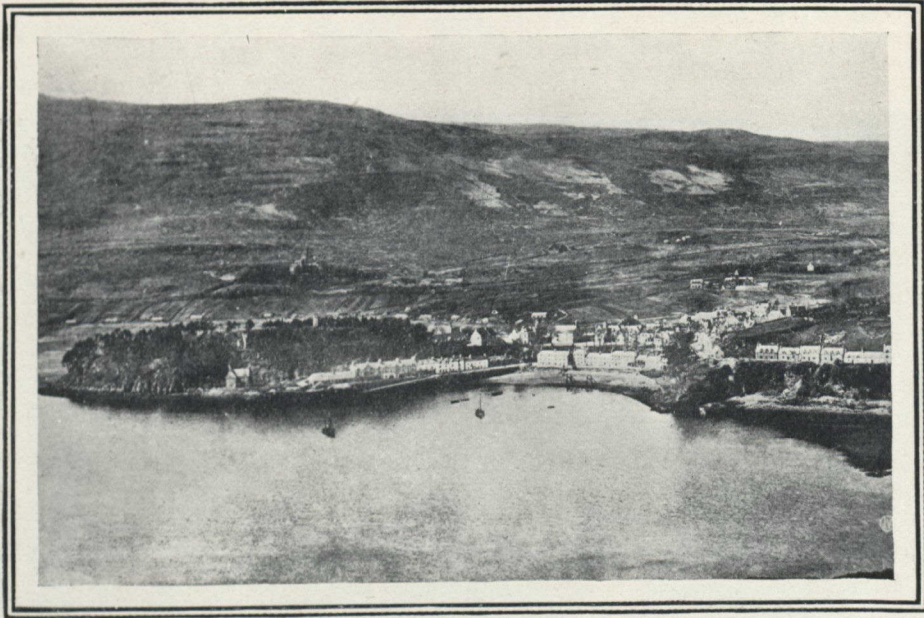
MY Rose Jar, full of 'prisoned memories,
 Fragrant of blossoming days, and garden joys!
 These withered leaves which now I look upon
 Are prophets to me of fresh leaves to come:
 Upspringing blade and singing bird. Lo, then
 Will put forth leaf and bud, the briary stem;
 And full-blown rose will once more breathe delight.
 So, rose leaves dry, I shall not mourn your plight,
 But dream, while spicy odours me enclose,
 That spring is coming—and the summer rose.





COLONEL TALBOT

FROM A CONTEMPORARY WATER-COLOUR SKETCH



PORTREE, ISLE OF SKYE

SKYE: THE ISLE OF MIST

BY ADA MACLEOD

"From the lone sheiling of the misty island
Mountains divide us, and the waste of seas,
Yet still the blood is strong, the heart is Highland,
And we in dreams behold the Hebrides."

ON the western coast of Scotland, where serried ranks of headlands face the scourge of the Atlantic, there lies an island famed in history and legend, and which from recent discoveries of mineral wealth bids fair to become of interest also in the world of commerce—Skye, "Eilean a Cheo." Its area is about one-half that of Prince Edward Island, which it resembles somewhat in contour and in its intersecting waterways, but it has only about one-eighth the population of that prosperous little province.

To the eye of the stranger accustomed to the rich fields of Canada, and who has just been journeying through the fertile, well-tilled Lothians, the first glimpse of the gaunt hills of Skye brings a sense of disappointment, almost of oppression. Here surely is a land austere and forbidding, where the nakedness of the rock-ribbed hillside is scarce covered by the scanty soil, where nature bears no largess for her sons and where man is doomed to an unceasing fight with poverty.

But this is on the outside. Once within the portal there steals over the spirit the magic of this land, the same glamour that old Dr. Johnson felt when he said, "I have tasted lotos in this isle, and am fain to forget that I have ever to depart." For the Highland country is very like the

Highland character, concealing under a rugged, sometimes grim, exterior unimagined deeps of tenderness.

In olden days the man from the south who wished to reach the

and who has chosen for his fine modern castle the sunniest, greenest spot in all Skye. Not so did the Macdonalds of old choose their dwelling place, but in the far north, where the



THE MACLEOD MAIDENS

ISLE OF SKYE

Hebrides had no choice but to travel by slow steamers round the dreaded Mull of Kintyre and up the wild west coast, but now there is a variety of routes, the most popular being the West Highland Railway, running through scenery of almost indescribable beauty, which one is able to enjoy to the full from the windows of the specially constructed observation cars. The route ends at Mallaig, where we embark for Skye on one of McBrayne's boats. McBrayne runs the "Allan Line" of the North, more than thirty of his red-funnelled steamers plying between different parts of the Highlands.

The first port of call is Armadale, the seat of Lord Macdonald, who owns the southern half of the island

breakers of the Minch dash round the cliffs of Duntulm. Here they built their eyrie and for many generations dwelt secure until at length they were driven forth, not by mortal hands, but by the spectre of one of their ancestors, Donald Gorm, who, after dying decently in Edinburgh, returned in shadowy tartan and dirk to haunt persistently the corridors of his ancestral home until the family fled in terror to Mugstot. In 1815 Armadale was built, a fine Gothic mansion where no ghosts walk, and in which is the famous stained glass window depicting Somerlid, the warrior, founder of the race.

Back and forth across the Sound of Sleat we zig-zag, calling at Glenelg; at Kyleakin, where the strait is

so narrow that the enterprising Danish wife of one of the chiefs of Mackinnon stretched a chain across and compelled passing ships to pay toll; at Lochalsh, another railway ter-

his spectacular fleet he sailed round the Highlands in the hope of overawing the turbulent Lords of the Isles and their still more unruly followers. Beautiful it is for situation, its white



DUNTULM CASTLE

ISLE OF MAN

minus on the mainland, where we see goods, mostly bags of oatmeal for Portree, taken on board, testifying to the excellence of the Skye man's diet, if not of his farming; at Broadford, resort of artists, where Johnson drank innumerable cups of tea and Boswell got drunk; past the Islands of Scalpa and Raasay, where we catch the first glimpse of the splintered mist-capped peaks of the Coolins, and so onward till there loom above us the huge precipices that guard the entrance to Portree harbour. And we realise that it is now high time to be brushing up our Gaelic.

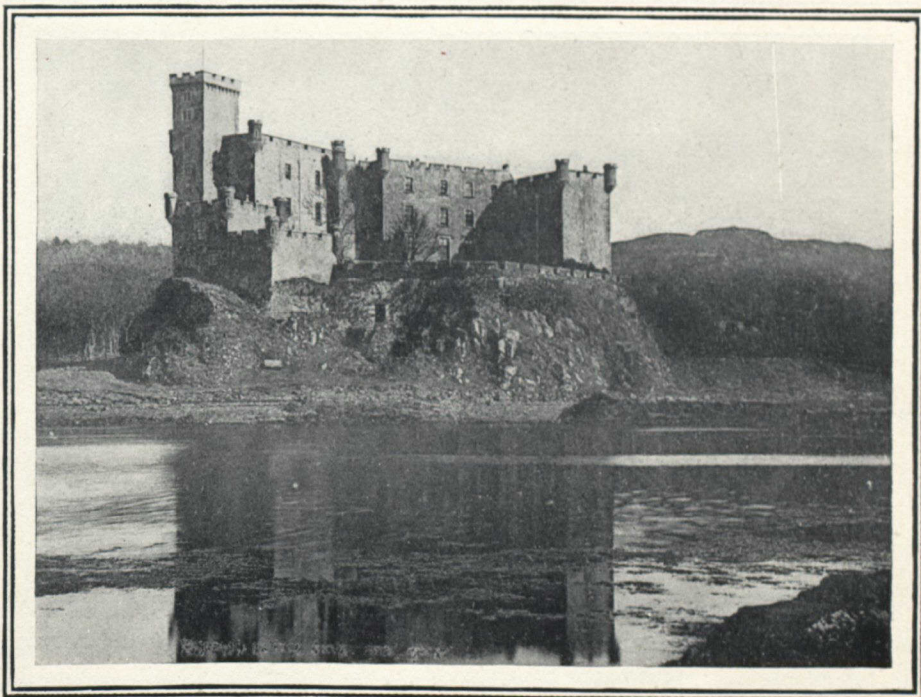
Portree, "the King's Port" is so called because it was the landing place of James the Fifth when with

houses, embowered in green, rising steeply in two tiers along the side of a magnificent land-locked harbour. Among the houses of the lower tier one does not care to linger, for an ancient fishy smell proclaims their uses, but on the breezy upper level will be found comfortable dwellings and good hotels, banks, Courthouse and Assembly Hall. Churches, of course, predominate where the shadings of creed difference are so minute as to prove a hopeless puzzle to the uninitiated. But the town is not wholly given over to the theologians, as there are Gaelic concerts and regattas, Highland games and rifle competitions, and once a year at least a "Skye Gathering" ball under the

very noses of the Seceders themselves.

But who would care to stay in Portree when one's eyes are on the mountains—Glamaig, the Coolins, and the "monstrous peak of Blaavin," when

mark the places where it was customary to rest the bier as it was carried shoulder high for miles in solemn procession, each passer-by adding a stone to the cairn as a mark of respect for



DUNVEGAN CASTLE

ISLE OF MAN

in one's ears is the sound of far-off torrents, and in one's memory echoes of ancient tunes and snatches of old song, tales of the Fingalians and Cuchullin, of Rory More, of Flora and her Prince, and all those

"Old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago."

So we set forth on one of the highways leading from Portree. A cheery companionable sort of road it is while keeping within sight of the glint of the sea, but as it dips away inland over the silent wastes of moor it brings with it a weird sense of sadness as if the feet of the countless generations who have trod this gray pathway had left there much of their ancient burden of sorrow. These piles of stones at intervals on the roadside

the departed spirits. Every precipice has its tragedy, every foot-bridge its tale of drowning. In Canada we were wont to marvel at the credulity of our Highland forefathers and to scoff at their tales of visions and second sight and ghostly visitants, but here in the midst of these black peat-hags, riven chasms, and grisly peaks, as we listen to the same tales told by a venerable fellow-traveller, from every Celtic corner in our being there arises the witness that these things are true. Nor do we lose this haunting sense of shadowy presence until we see before us the reassuring curls of peat-smoke and emerge on a clustering group of houses.

There seems to be a peculiar harmony between these bits of cottages

and their surroundings which the modern and more pretentious "white houses" do not possess. They seem not to have been built, but to have grown out of the shaggy moorland.

woven tweeds among ladies of the upper classes in Britain has resulted in a large demand for home-made cloth from Skye, where the dyes exclusively used are the barks and lichens,



DINING-ROOM OF DUNVEGAN CASTLE

RAEBURN PORTRAITS ON WALL

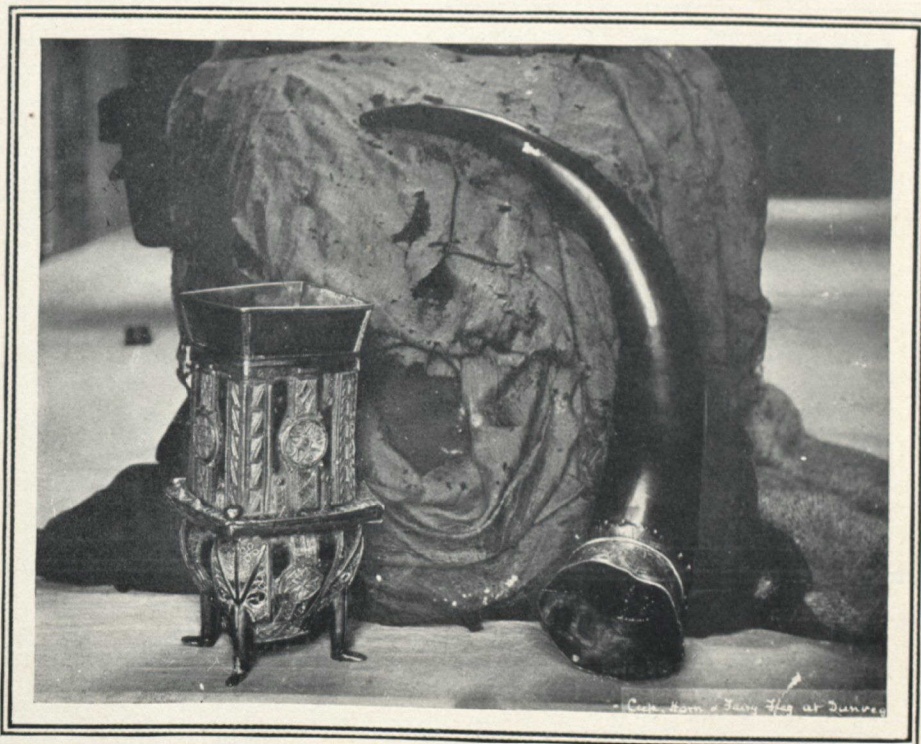
their roofs of thatch, their walls of stone taken from the hill in the background. The floor is of beaten earth, but in very few cases now will the open fire be found as of old in the middle of the apartment. The peat burns ruddily on a large flat stone, with a hooded chimney above it, at one end of the outer apartment or living-room. Over the fire hangs the crane, with the pot for cooking the potatoes or *càbhruich*. The coals are raked out on one side for frying the fish, and on the other for the boiling of the tea. The worth of the Skye-woman as a housekeeper is estimated by the multitude of bowls on her "dresser" and by the number of skeins hanging on her wall, which testify to her skill with the spinning wheel. The recent vogue of hand-

with their neutral, unfading tints.

In a recess in the wall are the treasured books of the household, and as we leave we glance at the unfamiliar titles. Most of them are records of century-old modes of thought and expression, but there is the immortal "Pilgrim's Progress," and—witness, doubtless of some eager, wistful young spirit—the "Mill on the Floss" side by side with Boston's "Fourfold State" and the "Saints Everlasting Rest." Leaning against the cottage wall outside is the well-used *tairisgil* or spade for cutting peat, and if you glance up the hillside you will probably see a bevy of strapping women descending, each with a heaping creel of peat upon her back. Middle-aged women they are—for the girls, and the young men,

too, are off to the South or to Canada—their faces a network of innumerable fine lines from long facing of the winds and driving mists, bearing their burdens for almost in-

Lennie's Grammar under one arm, and under the other the two peats which each pupil was expected to bring as his contribution towards the daily fire. With the passing of the



CUP, HORN AND FAIRY FLAG

RELICS PRESERVED AT DUNVEGAN CASTLE

credible distances with the ease of long practice. Before each door are patches of oats and potatoes, the soil manured with sea-ware, dug with the *cas-chrom* or crooked spade, and laboriously cultivated with hand-drawn harrows.

But a sudden turn of the road brings us in sight of the school-house, and a wonderful light comes in the face of my companion, for it is the same low building encircled with wild roses in which nearly fifty years ago he first learned to speak English. And the years fall off like a garment and he is once more a kilted barefoot lad playing shinty or racing down the brae with Gray's Arithmetic and

old school master there vanished much that was interesting from Highland life. His scholarship was usually of a high order and his influence over his pupils strongly marked. He served as scribe, as legal adviser, and very often as doctor to a whole township, and now, living in retirement and looking askance at the young teachers and their methods, he is still a perfect storehouse of local history and tradition. Laws regarding attendance at school are sternly enforced in Skye. A man in the west had seven daughters, and becoming weary of the job of getting them educated, kept some of them at home to work. Twice he was fined for his

neglect, but the third time, disregarding the summons of the sheriff, he found himself, on a Saturday, lodged in Portree jail. After meditating in solitude all Sunday and

Munro have also served to popularise the study of Gaelic, and among the aristocracy, especially lairds with Highland estates and their ladies, some have acquired considerable pro-



☐ CROFTERS COTTAGE

ISLE OF SKYE

burning the toes out of his best socks in a vain endeavour to warm his feet at the flame of the candle, on Monday he hurriedly capitulated and henceforth the cause of female education triumphed. Twenty years ago pupils were punished for speaking Gaelic even in the playground, but since that time, owing to various causes, there has been a great revival in the study of this time-honoured language. The Celtic Union (*An Comunn Gaidhealach*), modelled after the Welsh Eisteddfod and inspiring in its turn the Gaelic League of Ireland, was formed for the purpose of fostering the study of Gaelic literature, music and art. A *mod* is held every year in Scotland, at which a large number compete for the prizes offered for original Gaelic songs, stories, and recitations, and for the singing of solos and choruses. The writings of Fiona Macleod and Neil

Macneil have also served to popularise the study of Gaelic, and among the aristocracy, especially lairds with Highland estates and their ladies, some have acquired considerable pro-

iciency, enabling them to come into closer touch with their people and to take a deeper interest in schemes for improving home industries and social conditions among the people of the Highlands. And now we are on the narrow path between Bein-lich and the shore, under the very shadow of the hill where, during the crofter agitation of thirty years ago, the *cailleachs* (old women) put to rout the fifty policemen with sods and peat missiles. The *Aird* below is an interesting spot, with its natural arches and hidden caves, where some of the crofters found refuge in this time of stress; its standing stones, marking doubtless the site of some prehistoric burial place; its mysterious ruined "dune" reared by the men of a forgotten race; and its famous "Gruagach" stone, a representation of the fair-haired sun god of the ancient

Celts before whom libations of milk were poured.

In this district of Braes outcroppings of coal are found, and the beautiful Island of Raasay just opposite has recently been purchased by a Glasgow firm, who are taking out large quantities of iron ore. At Staffin mining for diatomite is a thriving industry, and from the hill above Broadford three varieties of marble of a very superior quality are being quarried. It is a regrettable fact that as yet the marble workers have all been imported from Belgium and Italy, but it is hoped that soon the Skye people themselves will awake to the possibilities of this valuable industry.

Since the days when Scott, in his "Lords of the Isles," wrote of that "dread shore where the grim Coolins rise" the objective point of the tourist in Skye has been Loch Coraisk and Glen Sligachan, the wildest spot in all Scotland, where within a four-mile radius a dozen grisly peaks more than three thousand feet in height rise like some shattered city of the Titans. In this dread wilderness many a savage clan battle has been fought, as that of Corry-na-Craich, the last fight between the Macleods and Macdonalds. Alastair Crottach, one of the chiefs of Macleod, rashly engaged himself to marry one of the daughters of Macdonald of Sleat without having first seen the lady, and it was not till after the ceremony when she arrived at his ancestral home that he discovered that she had only one eye. Angrily he sent her back at once to her father, mounted on a one-eyed horse, attended by a one-eyed man, and followed by a one-eyed dog. Such an insult could be wiped out only by blood, and right deep it flowed that day round the stone of Corry-na-Craich, where nine Macleods by the name of Norman lay dead, and the Macdonald was avenged.

But though Southern Skye has the Coolins and the tourist, it must not be forgotten that in the west is the

finest cliff scenery in Britain, and every inch of it steeped in history. So once again we set out from Portree on the highway leading west through "Macleod's country," this time perched high on the mail coach. And a right royal way of travelling it is while the sun shines and the sea breath comes softly over Loch Snizort, but one can easily imagine the plight of the shelterless young driver in "Skye weather" or in midwinter when the snow on these heights sometimes lies level with the hubs of the heavy wheels. In the stony stream of Snizort one notices an island, with a ruined Culdee chapel in the centre. This has been for centuries the burial place of the parish and surely never was cemetery more crowded. The ancient Romans buried their dead close to the public highway so that their spirits might be near the pulsing tide of humanity; but the Celt, with deeper imagination and an instinctive awe of the unseen world, laid away his dead on islands because it was believed that no spirit ever came back across running water. Trim villages are here, Edinbane, with gardens and the Skye hospital, and Skeabost, with its lime-washed stone houses nestling by blue Loch Snizort, the "Snow Fiord" of the Vikings. Better methods of farming seem to prevail in this locality, and the green fields, well-appointed hedges, and tree plantations on some of the estates are a revelation of what the soil of Skye can produce. Here is the Fairy Bridge, rendezvous of all the fairies in Skye, where they used to sit and charm the cattle, or with mocking laughter hurl their elfin bolts after the traveller, but never have they been seen or heard since the day when the shriek of the first motor echoed among the solitudes of Vaternish.

But if there is one spot in Skye where the ghosts of the past press close on the heels of the present it is at Dunvegan Castle, the seat of the Macleods, which has been inhabited for fully a thousand years. The walls

of the ancient portion are fully nine feet thick and originally the only entrance was through a narrow gateway from the sea guarded by a portcullis; but now there is a fine entrance on the landward side overlooking a noble forest, some of whose trees were set out by James the Fifth. The large entrance hall is hung with trophies of the chase from many lands, among them being heads of deer shot in the Rocky Mountains by the present chief while on a hunting trip twenty years ago in company with Earl Grey. He takes a strong interest in everything pertaining to Canada, and by virtue of our being clansmen from over the sea he received us personally and postponed a motor trip in order to show us the treasures of this ancient pile. In the older portion of the castle are the dungeons where many a prisoner, and on one occasion at least a lady of the castle, was starved to death. There may be seen the huge two-handed sword of Rory More, swung in many a battle; the original tattered flags of the famous 42nd or Black Watch raised in 1780 by General Macleod; the jewelled sword presented by Tippoo to this same leader (the jewels afterwards sold by some impecunious chief); lace and corsets (very much frayed) worn by Flora Macdonald; a yellow lock of Prince Charlie's hair; letters of Scott; paintings of Raeburn and Reynolds; and innumerable other articles of interest. In the Fairy Room up in one of the towers slept Sir Walter and Samuel Johnson, and one can imagine the puffing of the portly doctor as he squeezed up the narrow winding stone stair that led to it. The chief of that day offered Johnson possession of the Island of Isay if he would live on it for three months in the year, mount a cannon and make war on the owner of the Isle of Muck. In rounded periods the offer was declined. The greatest treasures of the castle, however, are three articles kept in a glass case. The first is the "Fairy Flag" of faded yellow silk, with "elf

spots" worked in red and gold. Tradition tells that an ancient chief of the clan had a fairy wife who was only allowed to remain with him for twenty years. At the end of that time the summons came to her at the Fairy Bridge, but before parting with her husband she left with him this magic flag, which could be waved three times, and each time the fairy folk would come to the assistance of the clan in distress. Twice has it been waved, once when hard pressed in battle, once in a time of cattle plague, and the third chance remains. But scarce the fairies themselves could wave it now, so gossamer-like has it become through age. Then there is the Dunvegan Cup or Chalice, a fine specimen of Irish work of the ninth century. It is of oak curiously embossed with silver, and bears the following inscription, evidently of a later date than the cup itself:

"Katerina, the daughter of King Neil,
Wife of John M'Guiger, Prince of Fer-
managh,
Had me made in the year of God 1493.
The eyes of all hope in Thee, Oh Lord,
And Thou givest them their meat in due
season."

And there is the horn of Rory More, which, filled with claret, each chief on coming of age was expected to drain as a proof of manhood. As the horn held two pints and had to be emptied in one breath the task was no easy one, and for the latter-day chiefs the test has been modified by the filling-up of a large part of the horn. We do not know how the present chief proved his mettle at the age of twenty-one, but we venture to say that if he were called upon now to follow the tradition, the ancient horn would not be filled with liquor. He is a total abstainer and a tireless worker in the cause of temperance, even when his principles seriously touch his own pocket. For example, at Dunvegan Hotel, of which he is owner, three hundred gallons of liquor used to be sold annually. Now he has leased the hotel at one-half the

former rental to parties who run it on strictly temperance lines, and the thirsty tenant has to travel ten miles before he can indulge his taste for "Talisker." In all his efforts for the moral and material uplift of his tenantry the chief is ably seconded by Lady Macleod, the daughter of an English baronet; and in the light of the mutual relations that exist between this modern head of a clan and his people one can catch the spirit of all that was best in the old system.

In two churchyards in Northern Skye there sleep two women who have passed into the undying memory of the race, the one by reason of her misfortunes, the other by virtue of those qualities which have rendered her the personification of womanly courage and fidelity. The first is the hapless Lady Grainge, who, lest she should betray their Jacobite plots, was imprisoned for fifteen years by her husband and "the wicked" Macleod in Skye caves and on the desolate Island of St. Kilda. Her reason finally gave way and during her last years she wandered up and down among the kindly Skye folk and was laid to rest in the churchyard at Trompon. The other is the immortal Flora Macdonald, over whose grave at Kilmuir sweeps the wild "Norrawa wind," which she so often braved in her little boat, and at her head stands a great granite cross, tribute of a nation's affection. It would be interesting to pause at Kingsburgh and Monkstadt and all these scenes of

romantic history, but we have lingered long in Skye and so perforce we once more turn our faces homeward, following the old Storr Road over which Flora and the Prince wended their farewell way to Portree one summer evening a hundred and fifty years ago.

In the early morning we sail from Skye and as we take our last look at the mist-wreathed hills we wonder how we could ever have thought them arid and forbidding, for now we have climbed their ridges and drunk of their streams and basked on their springy heath, and to us they are as the faces of old friends. And under their shadow we have found a people warm-hearted and hospitable, for let a stranger have a little—ever so little—of the Gaelic, and it proves an open sesame to their homes and hearts. One quality in them impresses itself above all, a certain rocky steadfastness as of the granite hills. And in these days of elastic creeds, which are so often stretched to breaking point, it is a spiritual tonic to find a people who observe their Sabbaths and keep their ancient faith, and preserve undiluted their principles, sometimes even their prejudices. With such an inheritance of scenery and history, of simple living and moral integrity, it is not surprising that the Skyeman has ever been a force to reckon with, and has proved himself a weighty factor in the upbuilding of Canada and the Empire.



THE ANNEXATION OF OUR STAGE

BY BERNARD K. SANDWELL

SOME months ago I was discussing with a very intelligent and apparently somewhat talented Toronto girl the question of a theatrical career.

It was not my fault. I did not raise the subject, and never would. I know perfectly well that I know nothing about a theatrical career, except that some of the nicest people I ever met were in process of going through it. I know nothing about any career, as a matter of fact, except that of journalism, of which dramatic criticism is a small and unremunerative by-path. But a great many people still believe that a dramatic critic spends his entire time, when he is not asleep or sitting in an orchestra chair (or both), in associating with players and stage managers and authors in that glamorous realm known as "Behind the Scenes." They look at us as if they saw us "trailing clouds of glory" from that loftier sphere as we walk along the street. And they come to us for information about the perils and rewards of acting and the hygienic effects of tights or decolletage on a draughty stage.

I repeat that I know nothing of all these matters, and never discuss the question of a theatrical career if I can possibly help it. It does not matter how the discussion here alluded to arose, nor how it terminated. The point of interest about it lies exclusively in one remark of the intelli-

gent Toronto girl, which, when I thought it over later, seemed to embody the protest of a young nation against the present condition of its stage.

"Do you know," she said, "that if it were possible to pursue a theatrical career here in Canada, in my own country, I would enter upon it to-morrow? As things are, the chief cause of my hesitation is the fact that I must go to a foreign country in order even to get an engagement; that I must play most, if not all, of my time in that foreign country; that I must make New York my headquarters, go the rounds of the New York managers, rehearse in New York, act the plays that New York wants, and by the time I get anywhere in my profession everybody, myself included, will have forgotten that I ever was a Canadian. It isn't fair!"

And is it fair, when you come to think of it?

If this Toronto girl had desired to take up any other art known to humanity, she could have practised it to her heart's content in Toronto, and if she were clever enough she could have made a good living at it, and could have remained with her own people all her life. Doubtless she would have had to study abroad; but that does not denationalise one. As painter, as writer, as musician, as sculptor, as poet, she could have held an honoured place in the community

and helped to build up the culture of the nation to which she belonged. Only as actress was she obliged to expatriate herself. The nearest she could have come to that in Canada was the poor and unsatisfactory and half-way art of "recitation." And by the way, there are a lot of clever Canadian girls wasting their time on this infantile pursuit and announcing to bored audiences that "Curfew shall not ring to-night," who would be giving good impersonations in the legitimate drama if the way thereto did not lie beyond their means, beyond their courage, beyond the limits of their country and the helping hands of their friends.

There was a time when our brightest young people of both sexes and all vocations used to drift across to the big American cities. We have changed all that in every other walk of life. One must need big scope, indeed, if the Canadian field is not big enough now. There will always be a certain number of vaulting ambitions to whom leadership among ninety millions of people is more alluring than leadership among nine millions; and these will continue to drift across the line (except in so far as they will more and more go to England) until Canada is numerically, as well as potentially, one of the great nations of the earth. But I am talking about the ordinary people, who go in for an artistic career because they like the art and not because they expect to win undying fame. There are many such to whom the high-pressure life and dollar-saturated atmosphere of the big American centres is repellent, who would rather earn two thousand a year in Toronto or Montreal and save a fifth of it, or bring up a family in comfort, than earn five or ten thousand in New York and have to spend every cent of it in keeping up appearances. And there are some (and the number is growing as our national consciousness grows) who would rather be in Toronto or Mont-

real just because they are among their own people, because of a certain flag and certain songs, and because of a tune that is played at the end of the show and that brings everybody to his feet. Let us not wholly overlook or despise this latter class.

Canada is the only nation in the world whose stage is entirely controlled by aliens. She is the only nation in the world whose sons and daughters are compelled to go to a foreign capital for permission to act in their own language on the boards of their own theatres. The only road to the applause of a Toronto theatre audience is by way of Broadway. The Montreal girl who wants to show her own people that she can act must sign an agreement with a New York manager.

Is it not time that Canadians be thought themselves of this matter and took steps to amend it? I am not concerned to denounce the American theatrical trusts, syndicates, or whatever you like to call them. They have done good work for the American stage, and in the present state of economic development in the United States they are the only machinery by which a large part of the country's theatrical business could be carried on. What is chiefly wrong with each and every one of them is that they are all aiming, not at giving better shows or even at doing better business than their rivals, but at putting their rivals out of business. None of them can get it out of their heads that the theatres of the United States should be one vast monopoly, and that anybody who is trying to get a share of the theatrical trade should be exterminated. That is bad for art and bad for the United States; but I am not concerned even with that. The Americans are quite competent to look after it themselves.

What I am concerned with is the fact that Canada is included in the area for which these vast organisa-

nions are fighting; that Ontario is as much tributary to the offices on either side of Broadway as is Minnesota, and that British Columbia is parcelled out like New Jersey. It was against this condition in matters of trade that Canadians revolted, at considerable self-sacrifice, but with excellent ultimate results, a generation or two ago; and, though our utilitarians are too blind to see it, it is quite as bad for our national life that our arts should be administered from foreign soil as that our industrial needs should be supplied by aliens.

Americans with whom I have discussed this matter pooh-pooh the idea that there is any need for a separate Canadian stage. Imbued with that sublime continentalism which still prevents most of our neighbours from seeing that there can be anything on this continent that does not arise out of the Declaration of Independence, they assure us that if there were a Canadian stage it would merely be a feeble imitation of the American. They tell us that our mentality is the same as their own, that our social and economic conditions are the same, that our plays and our acting (if we had any) would be the same.

Under all these broad assertions there is a stratum of truth and a stratum of untruth. It is true that at the present time we have no plays of our own, for the excellent reason that we have no machinery for producing them; and it is true that we manage to rub along with the supply of plays that our neighbours send us, for the equally excellent reason that we have to. It is true that we are, like the Americans, very new, rather crude, very materialistic and a trifle pleased with ourselves. But we are not Americans, in spite of the fact that we live in North America. We are not, as the Americans are, upon this continent for the purpose of carrying out certain vast experiments, of testing certain far-reaching theories concerning man, property and the State. The Americans de-

cided to abandon all the traditions of the Old World as being outworn and useless; many of us Canadians (I speak in a hereditary sense) are here because we did not believe in those experiments, and because we did not want to abandon the traditions of the Old World; and all of us accept the best of those traditions, the social and economic and political traditions developed in the British Isles, as being amply good enough for the conduct of affairs in our particular section of this continent. The American mind looks on American life as an inventor looks on a new machine, which he has just completed, and the workings of which he finds absorbingly interesting; he is quite sure that if he doesn't like the way it runs he can fix it up. The Canadian mind does not conceive of Canadian life as a thing absolutely apart, quite new and different; but rather as a part of the natural development of the human race, as a section of Life in general. Conceived in that way, it is much too big and automatic a thing to be tinkered with. The popular American play deals with trusts and civic "rings" and new "fake" religions and the tariff and the income tax and the Supreme Court and the Senate. The popular Canadian play does not exist, but I cannot imagine any Canadian wanting to put the Cement Company or the Manufacturers' Association or a Montreal alderman or the Winnipeg segregation district or the Farmers Bank into a play; we are interested in all these subjects, but not in that way, not as subjects of art. And if we are not profoundly interested in our own problems when they get on the stage it is preposterous to expect us to be interested in those of the American Republic.

As a matter of fact, our difference from our neighbours in point of theatrical taste is becoming obvious to us already, however unwilling they may be to see or admit it. The

performances which make the deepest impression upon a Canadian audience, out of those which Broadway kindly permits us to see, are those which are nearest to the best English standard; those which make least impression are those which are most acutely American. "The Nigger," sent up here by a centralised management, which does not know Canada from Kansas, merely disgusted Canadians. "The City," undoubtedly the strongest play that the United States has produced, made but little impression. I am far from declaring that our taste is identical with that of England; that were as foolish as to assert that it is identical with that of New York. There is much about the English drama that rather wearies us, chiefly its eternal concern with the leisured few and contemptuous disregard of the very existence of the working many. One reason for the enormous success of "The Passing of the Third Floor Back" in Canada, and to a lesser extent in the United States, too, was the fact that it dealt with people who were not socially superior to everybody in the audience. But the English drama is our drama to a far greater extent than is the American, and the more the American stage neglects the English drama and exalts the American, the more will Canadians have occasion to revolt against the monopolising of the Canadian stage by American bookings.

One of the first things to be done for the rescue of the Canadian stage from this unpatriotic condition is a thing which is beyond the power of Canadians to promote, except as some of the more influential of us can make representations to the dramatic authors of Great Britain. This is the abolition of the practice of selling the Canadian rights along with the American rights to the same New York producer. It is at this moment impossible for Canadians to see any one of half the most important plays produced in London

in the last ten years without the consent of Mr. Frohman, while the other half are controlled by other gentlemen only a little less conspicuous on Broadway. Mr. John Edward Hoare, in a recent article on "A Canadian Theatre," named six leading English dramatists, four of whom are absolutely unknown to Canada, while the other two are known only by comparatively early works—Galsworthy, Granville Barker, Besier, Arnold Bennett, Barrie, and Pinero. Barrie is the great drawing card of the British drama on this continent; and Mr. Frohman owns Barrie for America, body and soul, pen and output. He owns most of Pinero. As to who owns the other four I do not know; but I do know that if they have any commercial value for America their Canadian rights have been sold long ago. The chief hope for Canada would lie in the possibility that the new English writers may have no American value, the American public being too absorbed in its own drama to pay much attention to anybody else. In that case there would be a possibility of some enterprising Canadian securing the right to give their works in Canada alone—a possibility which would be contingent upon his being able to find theatres to give them in and people to perform them.

Canada is becoming a large and theatre-loving country in these twentieth century days. It should not be difficult to persuade the English dramatist that it is worth his while to hold back his Canadian rights when handing his American rights over to a Broadway producer, and to sell the former only to somebody who will undertake to give him a certain number of performances in the Dominion. For if the American contempt for English plays goes on increasing, and the Canadian appreciation of them remains constant while the Canadian theatrical field continues to grow, we shall end by having the more profitable half of

the continent so far as the English author is concerned. And as soon as the Canadian performing rights of everything worth performing are no longer held in the grip of Broadway, there arises the possibility of a Canadian producing business, specialising on plays which the Canadian public want, and, at the same time, affording the opportunity of Canadian employment to my young Toronto friend who started all these wandering thoughts. In ten years we shall have

as many theatre-goers in Canada as the United States had when it produced Edwin Booth—for the percentage of theatre-goers to population is treble what it was in those puritan days. Is it possible to believe that we shall still be an appendage of a foreign stage, that Canadians who seek to follow one of the noblest and most national of arts will still have to seek permission in a foreign city, of an alien "trust," in order to do so?

TO CLAUDE DEBUSSY

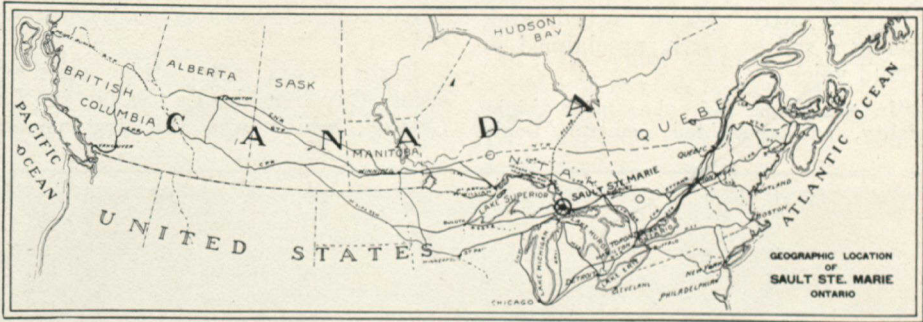
(On hearing his "*L'Après-midi d'un Faune*")

By J. D. LOGAN

I HEARD one cry: "Long, long has Pan been dead,
 The mystic music of his pipes for aye
 Is gone, and with their silence that dream-play
 Of moods in ancient men, which in them bred
 A pagan peace, and over Nature shed
 The beauty of a super-world and day.
 Now dull is Life and Earth turned ashen gray
 In grief for magic joys forever fled."

And I replied: "Nay, nay, for now dwells one
 Whose music—strange, remote, unearthly, rare—
 Is weird as light in glades that veil the sun,
 And soft as sea-foam, fragile as gossamer.
 In him the ancient God re-lives as man—
 DEBUSSY, tone-symbolist—the modern Pan!"





THE GATEWAY OF THE INLAND SEAS

THE SAULT STE. MARIE CANAL AND ITS IMPORTANCE TO THE
WATER-BORNE COMMERCE OF CANADA

BY JAMES COOKE MILLS

AUTHOR OF "OUR INLAND SEAS," ETC.

ALTHOUGH the industrial history of the Lake Superior country and that of the commerce flowing through the waterway connecting the inland ocean with the lower lakes may be said to have had its beginning with the stirring events in the explorations of the early French *voyageurs*, which occurred in the second half of the seventeenth century, that part of the narrative covering the actual development of the material resources of the vast region is a chronicle of modern times included in a period within the memory of men still living. In the early days the ardent missionaries and crafty fur traders pushed forward in birch bark canoes and frail *bateaux* to the north country, and extended their conquest to the farthest limits of lake and river navigation. A little later Jean Talon, who was probably the most efficient intendant that the French kings ever sent to America, caused Daumont

Saint-Lusson to make an expedition in search of copper mines along the shores of the inland ocean and to take formal possession of the whole interior for the king. It was a long and eventful journey of Saint-Lusson and his companion, Nicholas Perrot, from Lachine to the coveted goal, Sault Ste. Marie, and at the end all the Indian tribes roving around the lakes were invited to attend the great ceremony of taking possession.

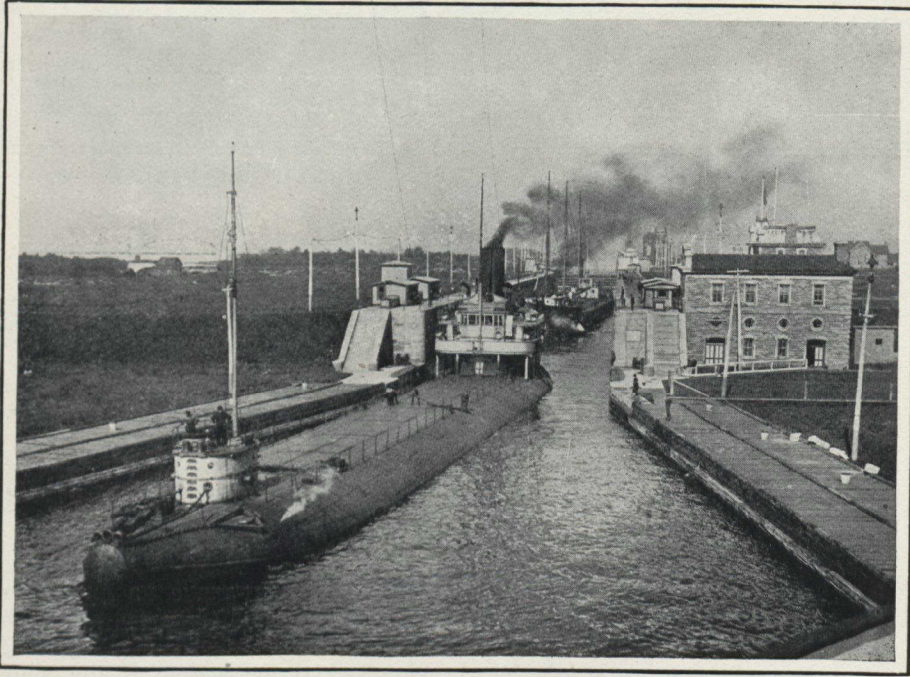
What a royal pageant it must have been that the hardy *voyageur*, Saint-Lusson, had prepared on that eventful day, the fourteenth of June, 1671, at the foot of the Sault Ste. Marie. There were present four Jesuits—Claude Dablon, Gabriel Druilletes, Claude Allouez and Louis Andre—and fourteen tribes, with their chiefs. On the top of the hill had been erected a large cross, and a post of cedar had been planted bearing the royal arms. When Father Dablon had blessed the cross, Saint-Lusson

advanced with drawn sword, and, raising a sod of earth, proclaimed in a loud voice:

"In the name of the most high, mighty, and redoubted monarch Louis

this on pain of incurring his resentment and the efforts of his arms. Vive le Roy."

Eight years after this stirring scene Cavalier de La Salle, in *Le Griffon*, which was the first vessel



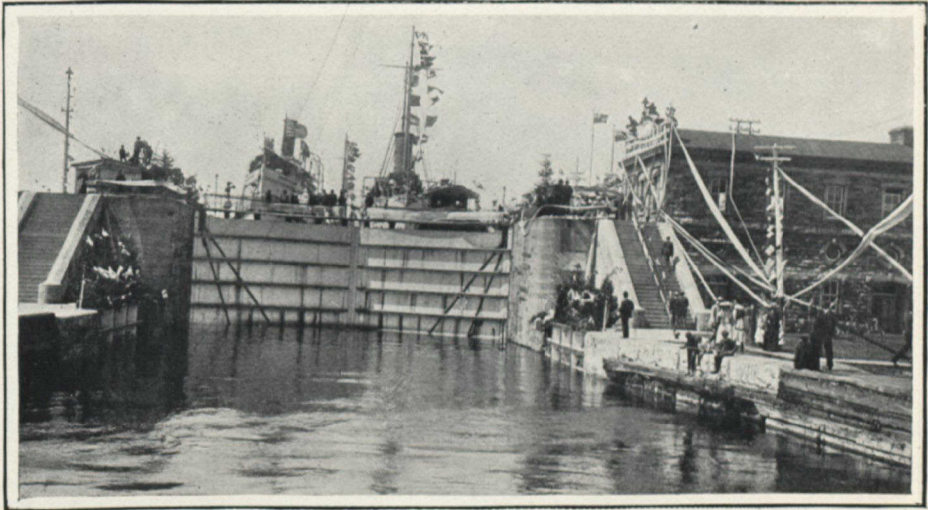
FREIGHTERS IN LOCK AT CANADIAN "SOO"

XIV. of that name, most Christian King of France and Navarre, I take possession of this place, Saint Marie du Saut, as also of lakes Superior and Huron, the Island of Manitoulin, and all other countries, rivers, lakes, and streams contiguous and adjacent thereto, both those which have been discovered and those which may be discovered afterwards, in all their length and breadth, bounded on the one side by the seas of the north and west, and on the other by the south sea; declaring to the nations thereof that from this time forth they are vassals of his Majesty, bound to obey his laws and follow his customs; promising them on his part all succor and protection against the incursions and invasions of their enemies; declaring to all potentates, princes, and sovereigns, states and republics, to them and their subjects, that they can not and are not to seize or settle upon any part of the aforesaid countries, save only under the good pleasure of his most Christian Majesty, and of him who will govern in his behalf; and

ever to unfurl sails to the winds of the inland seas, displayed the Fleur-de-Lis over the fresh waters he hoped some day to bear the "riches" of a new colony to the shores of France. But the settlement of the wilderness depended upon something more than the craving for conquest, and for nearly two hundred years the trapper and fur trader held undisputed sway. The great and powerful fur companies were opposed to growth of settlements and colonisation of the Northwest, as civilisation would bring about the depletion of the almost untrodden forests and extinction of fur-bearing animals. The practice of the Hudson's Bay Company for centuries was to bring in hardy Scotch lads, and to train them in the vast wilds of northern Canada

to become expert trappers. By encouraging them to marry Indian girls and raise families it was easy to attach them to certain localities or districts for life, where they generally proved most valuable retainers, or semi-official agents, in training the native Indians in trapping

could send their furs and their value was credited against articles bartered for. The chief trappers enlisted for a term of five years, and were not allowed to leave their prescribed district without permission. It was a most perfect system of peonage to which the hardy men of the forests



BELOW THE LOCK GATES, CANADIAN "800"

and dealing with the company for articles of subsistence.

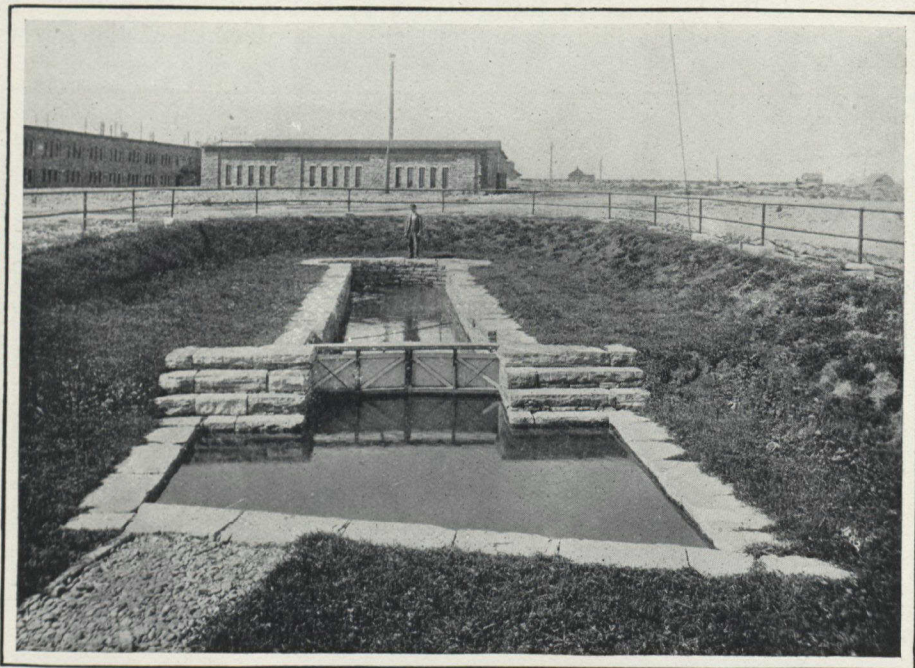
The unit of value of the time was a beaver skin. Certain numbers of inferior skins, such as muskrats and rabbits, were worth one beaver skin, while, on the other hand, more valuable skins, like the silver-gray fox, for example, were worth so many beavers. No money was used, the representative emblem or check for a beaver skin being a peculiar water-marked goose quill made in London, which could not be counterfeited in that country. Upon bringing in his furs to the warehouse at Sault Ste. Marie, or elsewhere, the trapper would receive so many goose quills. These he took to the company's stores, where he exchanged them for clothing, ammunition, food supplies and articles of merchandise, as he chose. Traders who did not come to the post annually

were enured by lives of exposure and hardship.

Although France left her footprint deep in the sands of time and history of this north country, and developed the highest capacity in art and literature and ethical culture, she was slow to develop industry, and slower still to develop transportation. All the natural resources of the earth existed thousands of years ago as they exist to-day. The rocks flowed rivers of oil, the mountains contained all the valuable minerals and the coal and thousands of things that are now used as if they were new. Even the Romans, the Greeks, the Egyptians and the Assyrians built ships that could be sailed with safety on smooth seas, but they had not the wit, with all their culture and with all their genius and capacity, to devise such a simple thing as a canal lock. As one looks

at a canal lock one wonders that any man having to sail over a river with falls would not instinctively conceive the idea of getting over it by a lock. Yet it was not until the sixteenth cen-

whenever necessary. Then and even as late as the early years of the eighteenth century the cost of carriage by every conveyance then in use was simply enormous. A bushel of Indian



NORTH-WEST FUR COMPANY'S LOCK, (RESTORED)

BUILT IN 1797-8. DESTROYED BY
UNITED STATES TROOPS IN 1814

tury that Leonardo da Vinci, the great painter, discovered and published to the world the plan of a lock for navigation.

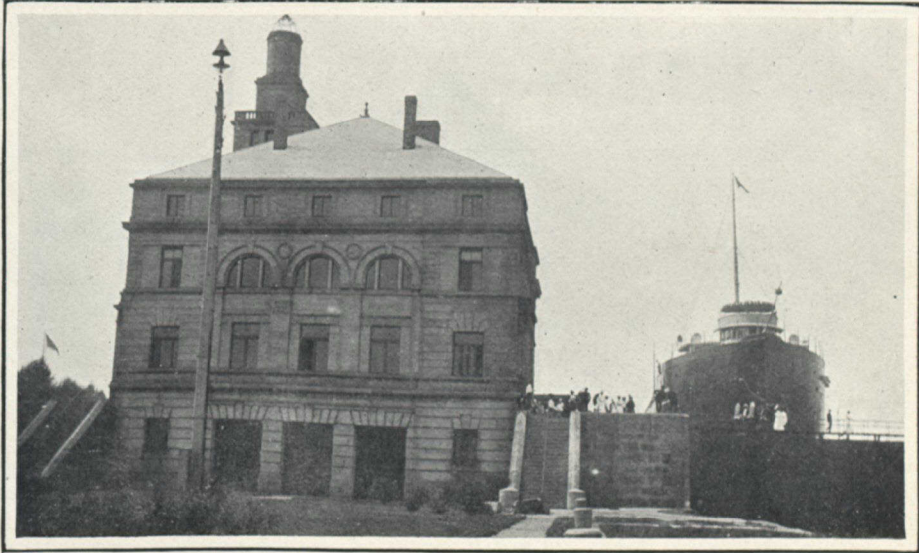
Transportation has become such a dominant factor in the life and progress of America that few stop to think how modern it all is, or seek to draw comparisons with the old methods. Well within the century have the steamboat and locomotive become the carrier and hauler of the products of the earth, of the forest, and of industry. What a change has taken place since the old *voyageurs*, on their way from Montreal to the missions and posts at Michilimackinac, Green Bay, and Sault Ste. Marie, went up the Ottawa and across to Georgian Bay, portaging their boats

corn by the time it reached Grand Portage, about thirty miles above Fort William, was valued at twenty shillings sterling, and, according to Sir Alexander Mackenzie, was the cheapest article of provision the fur companies could feed to their men. For the same sum ten bushels of corn can now be purchased in England, after having been carried a thousand miles from the interior of America, and across the Atlantic. In those days eighteen bushels of wheat were equal in exchange to a barrel of salt, and one bushel of wheat to a yard of cloth.

During the latter part of the eighteenth century, the Hudson's Bay Company and the North-west Fur Company were keen rivals in power

in the Northwest, and competitors in securing the valuable products of the wilds. In the early days of trade in the north country, the trappers and fur traders found the sault, or rapids,

leading trough of timber framed and planked, 300 feet in length, eight feet, nine inches wide, eight feet high, supported and leveled on beams of cedar through the swamp, is constructed to conduct the water from the canal to the



POE LOCK, ST. MARY'S RIVER CANAL

SHOWING LOCK HOUSE

of the St. Mary's River, with its descent of eighteen feet in one lineal mile, an insurmountable obstruction to free navigation. The North-west Fur Company's post was located on the north or Canadian side of the falls, and, in order to gain some advantage over their rivals, this company in 1797-98 constructed a canal with a single lock close to their warehouse. A description of these works was given by Captain Bruyeres, of the British Army, dated September 10, 1802:

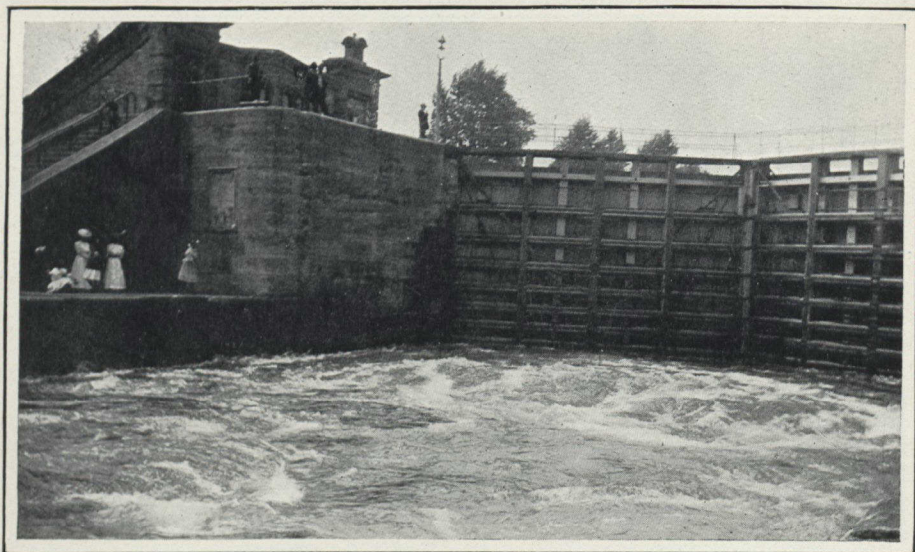
"The landing is in a bay immediately at the bottom of the fall on the nearest channel to the land of the north shore. A good wharf for boats is built at the landing, on which a storehouse sixty feet long, thirty feet wide, is erected. The wharf is planked, and pathways made and planked all around it. Close to the store a lock is constructed for boats and canoes, being thirty-eight feet long, eight feet, nine inches wide. The lower gate lets down by a windlass; the upper has two folding gates, with a sluice. The water rises nine feet in the lock. A

lock. A road raised and planked twelve feet wide for cattle extends the whole length of the trough. The canal begins at the head of it, which is a channel cleared of rocks, and the projecting points excavated to admit the passage of canoes and boats. This canal is about 2,580 feet in length, forty-five feet in width, with a raised bridge or pathway of round logs at the side of it twelve feet wide for oxen to track the boats through the swift current of the upper rapids. About 170 feet from the upper part of the canal a storehouse is built, thirty-six feet long, twenty-three feet wide. An excellent sawmill for two saws is constructed and placed in a line, with the lock parallel to it."

Although this roughly-constructed canal, with its diminutive lock, was in use for a number of years, no mention of it is found in the historical archives of the north country after 1803. It was entirely adequate to accommodate the trade of the region as carried in the canoes and *bateaux* of the period, but the lock was destroyed, excepting its timber floors

and mitre sills, in 1814, by United States troops from Mackinac Island under the command of Major Holmes. In time the canal became choked with debris and finally filled with

red men said, the god Michabous (the great Hare) first found the second dam and broke it down completely, leaving no obstruction of rapids or whirlpools. Proceeding fur-



WEITZEL LOCK, ST. MARY'S RIVER CANAL

SHOWING DETAIL OF LOWER GATES

mud and driftwood cast in by the swirling waters. The remains of the old lock were unearthed, however, in 1889 by Joseph H. Steere, Joseph Cozzens, Provincial Land Surveyor, and E. S. Wheeler, General Superintendent of St. Mary's Falls Canal. It is to the credit of Francis H. Clerque that these remains have been preserved surmounted by stone walls, but flooded to prevent rapid decay of their once stout timbers.

The Indian name of the town and rapids in the Ojibwa dialect is "Bawiting," meaning "the river is beaten into spray," or "Bagwiting," meaning "the river is shallow." It is related that the Indians believed Lake Superior to be a huge pond made by beavers, and that its dam was double. The first was at the place called by the French Saut Gaston (later Ste. Marie du Saut), and the second dam was five leagues down the river. In ascending the stream, the

ther he came to the first dam and, being in haste, only walked on it to tread it down, thus forming the falls and rapids there. The banks of the perfectly wooded region were then absolutely unspoiled by the axe or devastating fire. The forest was unbroken, enormous, beautiful in the extreme. The river was leaping with fish, and the woods were full of deer, bear and small game; and the beaver were everywhere.

Settlement of the northern wilderness during the first half of the last century was slow, and the struggling hamlet of Sault Ste. Marie, although the first permanent settlement on the continent west of Montreal, was as remote from the outer world as a place of abode on the shores of Hudson's Bay would be to-day. What traffic there was between the cold and forbidding region about Lake Superior and the lower lake settlements, was laboriously carried over

the portage by waggons drawn by oxen; but afterward a rude tramway upon which cars were run, served the purpose. But the discoveries of rich copper and iron deposits in 1843-44 along the shores and in the islands of the inland ocean, started immigration to that section, and by 1849 about 1,600 explorers had settled in the wilderness. In 1851, 12,600 tons of merchandise, machinery, copper and bloom iron passed over the portage, to the value of \$1,675,000.

The first ship canal, known as the State Canal, was built on the American side of the river in 1853 to 1855. A wave of land speculation was then sweeping the country, and the State of Michigan, having a grant of 750,000 acres of land along the shores of Lake Superior, was able to contract for the construction of this most important waterway. It was a little more than a mile in length, sixty-four feet wide on the bottom and 100 feet on the surface of the water and thirteen feet deep. There were two tandem locks of masonry, each 350 feet long, seventy feet wide, having $11\frac{1}{2}$ feet depth of water and a lift of nine feet. Charles T. Harvey was superintendent of construction. Although the excellence of the engineering work would have caused the locks to endure for a century, in thirty years they had become inadequate by limitation of size to float the then existing type of lake vessels, and in 1888 they were destroyed to make way for the great Poe lock.

The Weitzel lock, 515 feet long, eighty feet wide, narrowing to sixty feet at the gates, with seventeen feet of water on the mitre sills when the upper pool is 601.9 feet, and the lower pool 584.4 feet above mean tide at New York, was built by the United States in the years 1870 to 1881. During the same period the depth of the canal was increased to sixteen feet, the mean width to 160 feet, and the stone slope walls were replaced with timber piers having a vertical face. General Orlando M. Poe was

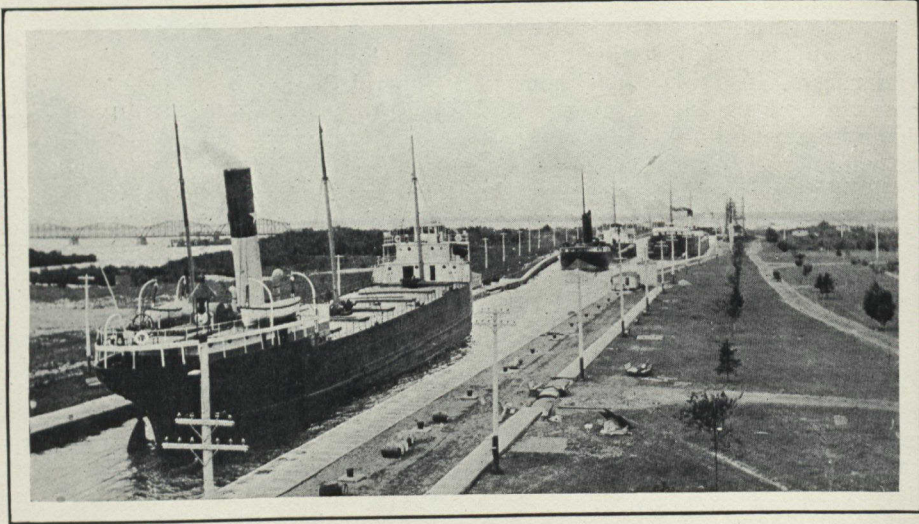
the engineer in charge of the district from 1870 to 1873, and General Godfrey Weitzel, U.S.A., from 1873 to 1882. Alfred Noble was the engineer in charge of construction.

The Poe lock, 800 feet long, 100 feet wide, and having twenty-two feet of water on the sills, was built by the Government from 1887 to 1896. General Poe was in charge of the district to 1895, and E. S. Wheeler was the engineer in charge of construction. The canal was deepened to twenty-two feet at that time, and has since been enlarged at a cost of \$3,000,000, to dimensions: 1 3-5 miles length, 500 feet width at upper entrance, 270 feet at basin, 108 feet at lock gates, and 1,000 feet at lower entrance, and has a depth of twenty-five feet throughout. Hydraulic power under pressure of 115 pounds for the Weitzel and 200 pounds for the Poe lock is used to operate the lock machinery. The total expenditure on these works, including the present projects (of new canal and locks), reaches \$30,000,000, a sum which has been returned a hundred-fold in direct saving to the people at large.

The water-borne commerce of Canada now exceeds 20,000,000 tons annually, and is moved in a navigation season of about 240 days. The whole of Canada is thoroughly awake to the vital importance of cheap transportation, and the Dominion has contributed a large share of engineering skill and money to the present deep water navigation of the unsalted seas. As a matter of fact, Parliament has appropriated within one hundred years for such improvements, a sum equal to that expended by the United States for a like purpose above the chasm of Niagara. In each case it is something like \$100,000,000, and the future will demand and will warrant still greater expenditures to keep pace with the wonderful development of the north country, made possible by these very improvements. For many years Canada shared the advan-

tages accruing from the American canals, but as they emerged into manhood they determined to lend a helping hand in improving the upper lake waterways, as they had already

Marie, Ontario. This very interesting work was undertaken in 1888 and completed in 1895, the waterway being opened to navigation on September 9, of the latter year. The canal



SAULT STE. MARIE CANAL

VIEW OF LOCK AND UPPER APPROACH

brought about adequate navigation around Niagara and the rapids of the St. Lawrence. The culmination of this policy will be the completion of a great canal system of such a comprehensive character that will hereafter enable Canada to compete successfully for the transit trade of the great Western country and the development of cheap routes of transportation with the principal markets of the world. The enlargement of the Welland or the construction of an entire new canal at the Niagara frontier, and the realisation of the Georgian Bay-Montreal Canal project, together with a new and larger lock for the Sault Ste. Marie Canal, will bring about these results.

By far the most important canal in the waterway system of the Dominion, in point of tonnage and influence upon freight rates, is the remarkable ship canal around the falls of the St. Mary's River, at the thriving little city of Sault Ste.

is $1\frac{1}{8}$ miles long, 150 feet wide, and twenty-two feet deep, and, like the American canal, is open to the trade of the world without hindrance or tolls. The great lock, which is the longest now in use in the world, is 900 feet long, sixty feet wide, and affords a depth of water over the mitre sills of about twenty-one feet at low stage datum. The Honourable Collingwood Schreiber was chief engineer of Dominion canals, and W. G. McNeill Thompson was the engineer in local charge of construction work.

This great canal, with its immense lock, which was built at a cost of \$5,000,000, now carries the greater portion of the Lake Superior commerce. The part it plays in this freight movement is well illustrated by percentages, since in 1909 it amounted to forty-eight of the total, while in 1910 it increased to fifty-eight per cent. The total tonnage passing both canals at the Sault in

1910 was 62,363,218, of which the Canadian canal carried 36,435,557 tons. The rapid increase of tonnage passing this canal is due to the fact that its lock affords about eight inches greater depth of water than the famous Poe lock, for which reason nearly all the 500 feet and 600 feet ore carriers and coal barges now load for this lock. It means an additional cargo capacity of from 1,000 to 1,200 tons for each, as for every inch of increased draft over twenty feet of the huge freighters, about 150 tons may be stored in their holds. The average number of vessels of all classes passing the three locks of the Sault Ste. Marie canals is eighty-four daily, and of these twenty-seven were locked through the Canadian canal and fifty-seven through the American canal.

Electricity generated by water-power is used for operating the Canadian lock, which requires about eight minutes, the average time, including the movement of the vessels in and out, being twenty-three minutes. A force of about sixty men, divided into three watches, controls all movements of vessels through the canal, and the expenditures for operating and the repairs amount to about \$70,000 yearly. No investment ever made by the Government has returned such splendid dividends in the form of direct benefit and saving in a huge transportation bill—that of a constantly increasing commerce flowing between the West and the East. What greater returns the people will derive from these improvements to navigation of their free natural waterways in the inland seas, the most optimistic of public men do not now attempt to estimate. The expansion of lake commerce and the prosperity of the Provinces has assumed such a permanent character by

its very momentum, that conservative minds can scarcely realise the magnitude of the progression or gauge its future.

The canals of the St. Mary's River practically include those parts of the channels through the river, which have been improved through shoals of rock, clay, boulders, sand, and limestone. At the time the State Canal was constructed the available depth of water over these obstructions did not exceed twelve feet, but the first appropriation for the improvement of the river channels was made by the Congress of the United States in 1856. The Lake George route, which is partly through Canadian waters, was first improved for twelve feet draft, this work being done in the years 1857 to 1869. The depth was increased to sixteen feet by 1883. The Hay Lake route, with its notable cut through solid rock, was opened to commerce with a draft of twenty feet at mean stage of water in 1894. Betterment of the channels has been continued every year since, so that the dredged areas now total thirty-four miles in length, with a least width of 300 feet, increasing at angles and critical places to 1,000 feet, and affording a depth of twenty-one feet at lowest stage of water.

The work on the Middle Neebish channel under four contracts has progressed rapidly to completion, and the last section at Sailor's Encampment was finished in the fall of 1910. The improved channel is 300 feet in width and has twenty-two feet of water over the rock at low-water stage datum of Lake Huron. The deepening of the channels of this great water highway will relieve much of the congestion to traffic of the two constantly passing processions, both night and day, of the splendid merchant marine.



OTTAWA

SOCIETY AND THE DUKE

BY H. T. BRANCH

WILL the coming of the Duke affect the social life of the Capital? It is always wise not to play the prophet but the inquiry raises questions into which it may be well to look closely, so far as may be done by one who though not now a resident of Ottawa has been able to keep fairly well in touch with passing events. As yet the Duke is little known in Canada. His brief visits in the past have not bred intimacy; time has been inadequate. The Duke has been son, brother and uncle of great British sovereigns, and, as all the world believes, has been loyal to each and worthy of each. His nephews and nieces fill the thrones of the world — England, Germany, Russia, Spain and Norway; a daughter is Crown Princess of Sweden, and yet another niece is Crown Princess of Roumania. But perhaps these later-named and more diminutive royalties were better omitted in recounting his claims to social rank. On the whole it may be safely said that we have never had so well-connected a Governor-General.

From the reports we hear, the Duke resembles his nephew King George in the simplicity of his tastes and his pleasures, a tribute to the soundness of the splendid British schools—the army and the navy—in which they were respectively bred.

No Duke has yet reigned at Rideau Hall, and a Duke of Royal blood is therefore more than one notch above the customary level. The extent of

the influence emanating directly from Rideau Hall on the social life of the tiny Capital naturally depends somewhat on the idiosyncrasies of the reigning governor, and doubtless on those, too, of the lady of Rideau Hall, for the social realm is of necessity peculiarly her domain. Within a generation there have been Lornes, Lansdownes, Stanleys, Aberdeens, Mintos and Greys; and now there are or are about to be—Connaughts. In the case of the Lornes there was royal blood on the lady's side, and the exactions of etiquette, imaginary or otherwise, were somewhat severe; but that was a generation ago. In the case of their various successors, there were shades of difference, nothing vital. Each was an excellent type of the class which has furnished pro-consuls from the days when England's empire was limited to Ireland, and, somewhat precariously, to France; it is a class, too, it is true, which nowadays we are asked to regard with feelings hardly other than scorn and derision. As to this last aspect of the matter, the situation is saved for the moment in the case of the new Governor-General by the fact that the Duke who comes, topping in birth the list of all who have preceded him, is of blood royal; and it is a curious fact that the throne, so near which the Duke has stood for many years, appears at the moment, amid ruder shocks than the social system has sustained since the days of Cromwell, to be yet rooted firmly in the af-

fections of the people. The new viceroy, too, comes happily, because of the wise principles which have guided the reigning family since Victoria ascended the throne — without the taint of partisanship in a struggle of intensity and bitterness rarely seen in British politics, and of which there are many signs that we are only at the beginning; it is only fair to add, as to the excellent nobleman who is leaving us, that his presence here in Canada prevented Earl Grey also from being implicated in the strife.

One may pause for a moment to conjecture as to what would have been the feeling in Canada or any other one of the great over-seas dominions if, instead of sending a Governor-General of the type we are now at once losing and gaining, Britain had sent us one of the five hundred peers which were to have been, under certain circumstances, created. Such a contingency did not arise, but such an appointment must surely have reduced the office of an overseas viceroy to a level which would be pitiable indeed, yet perhaps laughable to lighter spirits. With this escaped danger in mind it is not difficult to picture conditions under which the Dominions might thus become inextricably entangled in the process of re-casting to which the British constitution is now being subjected. It is on such slender threads the fate of empires forever hangs.

But to return to the Duke and Rideau, which we have left far away. Cable dispatches have declared that the Duke will be able to stay with us but for two years. Just why the ordinary five-year term — shortened by custom to four years and prolonged in Earl Grey's case to six years — should be so reduced, we have not been told; but we may surmise. King George loves to travel, to visit the distant realms of his broad Empire. His consort has been declared Regent in the event of his death and would doubtless be so declared in the event of his absence in far places. But

supposing the Queen is with him, in India, say, as is in fact at present proposed. There is none to be Regent, and the absence of the only near relative to the King might add to the anxieties that may, as we have lately seen, fall heavily on the sovereign. So it is that talk has already been heard of the committee which will rule England in the name of the King when the King and Queen are in the remoter Empire, and because the King's uncle is also to be abroad, and the Prince of Wales is a youth. A committee, of course, may do as well as a king or a duke, but who knows? and who shall the committee be? It is perhaps because of such points that the Duke is to be permitted to remain in Canada for not more than two years.

There is another and less important point of view from which the limitation of term is to be regarded, though it is an aspect which perhaps more closely concerns us at the moment. The five-year period might have permitted and induced the erection of a vice-regal dwelling somewhat more creditable to the dignity of the Dominion than is Rideau Hall. The shorter period of two years is not sufficient for more than the customary renovation for a new occupant, a little painting, whitewashing, recovering of furniture, so to speak. The writer is not, of course, informed whether or not anything more considerable would have been in any case undertaken, but it is an admitted fact that the present building is a poor affair, speaking moderately. In common parlance around Ottawa it is termed "a shack" and actually it is a rambling unshapely structure, with odd corners which have been added from time to time, and the whole of which has been in continual need of repairs. Recurrent rumours there have been of plans looking to the erection of a palatial mansion somewhere to the north of the present building with an extension of the already large and pleasant grounds in-

to the charming suburb of Rockcliffe, but gubernatorial influence — if it is a gubernatorial project — is limited, and, moreover, by the time the plans are evolved the end of the allotted term is within sight and the old Hall gets a new lease and a new coat of paint.

The marquesses and earls of the past have made the best of the present premises, and so it must be with the Duke. The interior is, of course, (as I have heard) most comfortable and has been hospitably opened by successive governors to the citizens of Canada's Capital. Canada's Capital, however, is a little place; now, it is true, nearing the rank of 100,000 population, but until lately a mere village, and visitors from distant points, other, of course, than those coming as or with members of Parliament, have been few. The people of the Dominion generally cannot be expected to exercise themselves greatly about a place they will for the most part never see, and in fact they will never become aware that any change is desirable.

As to Ottawa itself, examined socially, what can be said of it? Sir Wilfrid Laurier years ago declared it was his desire to make Ottawa the Washington of the North. He was speaking of Ottawa physically, of course, not politically — equally, of course, let us not fail to add. Yet the political and social aspects of a political capital which is not also a metropolis are much bound together. The White House is the official residence of the executive of the United States, as Rideau Hall is that of the executive of Canada; the one is the seat of vast authority and consequently of endless strategy and intrigue and incessant activity, the other has none but its social side, as we would wholly wish it. Again, Washington has its ambassadors; it is the home of the official representatives of the powers of the world, great and small. Princely mansions house distinguished diplomats and brilliant retinues,

and each of the greater nations has created a pleasant social circle forming each a tiny part only of the cosmopolitan maze of Washington. Of all this Ottawa has nothing; foreign nations do not send ambassadors or ministers to a colonial capital. A few countries have made Ottawa the centre of their consular service; that is all we have as compensation, and the regulations which govern such matters have not in the past — let it be whispered gently — permitted consuls to be officially recognised at Rideau Hall. One of the few matters dealt with effectively, as the press reports, at the recent Imperial Conference is understood to have been this particular point, and the regulations have been made more elastic; this will no doubt be comforting at any rate to the hitherto disconsolate consuls.

Then, as to Ottawa, although without its ambassadors' row, there are, of course, the features of government, parliament, civil service and the — well, yes, the rest of the people. What is the social outcome? It would be difficult to describe it in a word, unwise, probably, to make the attempt. The smallness of the population causes the official elements to bulk somewhat largely in the little social world of Ottawa. One hears dimly through the cables, sometimes sees less dimly in English novels and even biographies, pictures of the part played in British politics through adroit social manipulations and otherwise by ladies of high rank or whose husbands hold high office in Britain, and it has been sometimes asked if these have their counterpart in Canada. One must not go too deeply into such a point. So far as the general public is aware there are no great leaders of society in Ottawa, apart, of course, from the ladies of Rideau Hall. Cabinet Ministers' wives and sisters do their part nobly, it can not be doubted. Often it happens that their husbands are not men of wealth and the salaries attached to

their offices are not more than adequate to the maintenance of a modest equipment in these days of swiftly moving prices; sometimes it is true there have been Cabinet Ministers who have had wealth thrust, like Malvolio's greatness, upon them, but that is another story. I must not wander; more rarely there has been wealth before and apart from office. It is, of course, on the ladies that the burden of the social world falls, which I suppose exists after all for them. Sometimes the ladies before their residence in the Capital and the promotion of their husbands to seats in the Government, have been admirable in many things, but not exactly leaders of fashion, and the transition has been sometimes trying. But it would be disagreeable if not actually rude to attempt too close a view from this standpoint.

What of the civil service from the social point of view? The public estimate of the public service is, it is to be feared, not edifying, and is too obviously entangled with party politics. Perhaps, as we are told, the service is being gradually lifted above this unpleasantly low level, and will in the times to come point the way more directly than it has done in the past to careers of honourable distinction. Socially, in the meantime, it is a factor of the slightest, and it will matter little to it, presumably, what particular grade of British nobility holds sway at Rideau Hall.

Then there is the rest of the public. It was computed recently that Ottawa contained thirty millionaires. I do not know them intimately, socially, that is to say, but the fault is not wholly mine. The proportion of those entitled to rank with the wealthy may be estimated on this basis. If thirty millionaires then how many semi-millionaires and so on? Wealth does not, of course, exactly represent society, in Ottawa or elsewhere, but it is hard to separate the two and harder still for those who have not wealth to be in the swim.

Unofficial Ottawa contains, no doubt, the average proportion of agreeable, refined and well-to-do people whose incomes are provided by the professions and upper business strata — these things will stratify, be Demos strenuous as he may, but there are apart from the political leaders few men in Ottawa of national repute or who have won fame in any direction, be it law, medicine, church, education, literature, journalism, finance. Ottawa has no great university, no great college, no great newspaper, no great shop even, it is said by those who should know, and it is somewhat deficient, truth to tell, in the class of citizens who are called great, great, that is, in any other sense than as mere employers of labour. Sir Sanford Fleming is a conspicuous exception, but Sir Sanford is an octogenarian. Perhaps Sir Wilfrid Laurier should now be in the same count. He is one of the few unofficial politicians who live in Ottawa. In a sense he is official, of course, particularly now that the leader of the Opposition is salaried. In any case, the leader of the Opposition, whether Mr. Borden or Sir Wilfrid, would be a great citizen and redeem Ottawa from the charge of being a desert of mediocrities. It is partly as a consequence of all this that Ottawa has no outstanding social figure beyond the strictly official list, and partly also because Rideau Hall inevitably dominates the situation and dims some lights that might otherwise burn brightly enough.

It should be noted that Ottawa has a considerable French population, about equal in proportion to the French population of the Dominion as a whole. In officialdom the proportion is fully maintained, but society has been almost wholly Anglicised, the French element adding no more than a little piquancy or sauce, as it were. Ottawa is in fact a sort of by-product of the two provinces, having to be made almost from the beginning, owing to the quarrel as to the site of the Capital, and pays the penalty

in various ways of the greatness to which in this case it was born. It is without historic shrine, has no breath of literary atmosphere. Groups and coteries of kindred spirits there are, of course, cultured, kindly men and women, but hardly representative of society proper. Bridge, and afternoon bridge at that, seems to be the one essential qualification for entrance to Ottawa society; this, however, it is only fair to add, is not a regulation from Rideau Hall, where cards are seldom played, or even an influence working downwards from the gubernatorial circle.

The session lasts half the year, nowadays. Half the members, perhaps, bring their wives—half the time—and the couples are scattered through the smaller hotels, the apartment houses and the boarding-houses. Some are said to be valuable additions to the social world; some are known to be not so. Rideau Hall exists after all particularly for these—Government and Parliament—and is generous in the opportunities it gives them for commingling together and for meeting official and unofficial Ottawa. There are during the parliamentary season many dinner parties at Government House, carefully selected lists — they may be read in the press any day — with a liberal representation of members and their wives — when the members have wives and bring them, a sprinkling of Ministers, Senators and officials, duly wived or sistered, so far as possible, and some Ottawans proper. During the best of the winter months, January and February, there are Saturday afternoon skating and tobogganing parties, and parliamentary party and citizens meet here on the freest and easiest basis. In the case of the Greys, the Governor-General and his daughters became excellent skaters and joined freely in the sport. Occasionally there are other gatherings, midway between the formality of a dinner party and the wholly informal skating party. There may be a lec-

ture, or for the younger element a dance, the guests to which are sometimes hastily telephoned; now and then a garden party in the spacious and beautiful grounds. On the whole formalism and etiquette are reduced to a minimum, save, of course, at the functions which are purely official or reach the dignity of state ceremonies. It is not likely the Duke of Connaught will make or encourage any serious modifications of existing conditions. The obeisance, when it is really made, may be more profound, but to tell the real truth, many do but nod, men or women, and probably the Duke will let it pass.

Of the official dinners held at the opening of Parliament, on the King's Birthday and occasionally else, one can, of course, speak only from hearsay, but I am told they are rigidly formal; without speaking, of course, though the King's health is drunk. The muster is something more than a hundred, including Ministers of the Government and judges of the Supreme Court, such Lieutenant-Governors as are within easy distance — probably all are invited, the higher military and naval officials and the chiefs of the service generally. Of the State ceremonies which most interest the public the drawing-room held at the opening of Parliament is by all means the most imposing and has most intimate bearing on actual social doings. Here the attitude of vice-royalty is definitely assumed. The debutantes of the season, whether from Ottawa or elsewhere, so far as the privilege is desired, are formally presented to the Governor-General and his wife by ladies who have been through the ceremony themselves. On this occasion at least a nod will hardly do for a bow or a courtesy. Those who dislike doing homage to this slight degree prescribed seldom come. One nervous young debutante a few years ago sat plump on the floor in front of the countess of that day. But accidents will happen. The aides of the Governor-General are much in

evidence on such a night. The arrangements for presentation are, I think, made carefully in advance. The etiquette of official precedence is exacted, the dresses of the ladies are gay and costly, following also some prescribed rules. The scene is brilliant and not without dignity. There is also a State ball during the season, necessarily (from its name) somewhat official in character, but less formal.

A Governor-General and his family, it will be seen, need to be gifted with infinite tact and a large measure of the best qualities of human nature to carry the vice-regal ship safely through these difficult shallows. So far none has come to grief, and the new family shortly to be ensconced at Rideau Hall is not likely to break the tradition. This is the only prediction which I venture to make.

BRITISH COLUMBIA

By CARROLL C. AIKINS

LAND of last hope and latest victory,
 Great warden-warrior of the Western gate,
 Holding with steel-shod hand the sea in check
 To lead it, humbled, to thy harbourings!
 Conceived in torment of Titanic strife,
 Rugged of feature, but of gentle heart,
 For in each deep division of thy hills
 Lie haven-valleys, hope and happiness.
 Long was the treasure of thy heritage
 By the elusive, unguessed twilight veiled,
 For at the cloudless dawning of thy day
 In the dull East old Gaspe's sunset dies.
 Last art thou, latest born and loveliest,
 Where, as a giant child, thy body lies
 Blue-bathed in the Pacific, crowned above
 With sun-gold gossamer on silver snows.
 God guide thee onward! Thee, the latest born!
 And from the mighty marble of thy youth
 Chisel a manhood, stalwart and serene,
 Worthy to bear the sceptre or the sword.
 Let it be strong and virile, tender too,
 Filled with the spirit of thy gentleness,
 Eternal justice and eternal truth,
 As, age by age, time's tireless legions pass!

THE FAERY MAY

BY CLARE GIFFIN

AND now at last we were ready to attack Hugh of the High Wood in his castle. For five years he had made us trouble in every way that he knew, and those ways were many. So that even when we at Queen's Rest were able to sleep in peace without fear of midnight attack, we no less spent uneasy days, for he drew away our men-at-arms with lying promises, and filled our villains with discontent, he lost no chance to bring us into ill-repute with King Stephen.

But now there was fair prospect of revenge, and an end of night-time watching and daytime planning; our spies had well assured us that Sir Hugh was in his hold, and though he had a strong band with him, we trusted well that ours might be the stronger, and rode forward in good heart. Down the hill from Queen's Rest, along, and a little up the valley, up the hill and through the High Wood, past the ruined keep there, that Hugh had deserted for his stronger hold, new-built by the King's aid and favour. Towards that hold we came now, riding cautiously down the long hill from the High Wood. Below us, singing a faint song in the darkness, the river ran around the sides of a little islet that lay midway in the stream, and on that island was the New Tower; the river was its moat, and its walls were high, and full three-score stout men-at-arms helped its master hold it, yet rivers can be forded and walls scaled, and there were four-score of us riding together.

Those who kept the ford we slew and those at the water gate likewise; silently, and without it seemed, giving any alarm. The outer wall we scaled with ladders, and so won easily the outer court; for the warders at the gate fled within to give the alarm. Yet there remained strong walls to be over-passed, and the castle was, by now, well aroused. Lights twinkled here and there along the walls and in the casements of the keep; there was, too, a great noise of men running and shouting, clang of armour, and clash of weapons. But all was still pit-dark, till Wulf the Saxon lighted a great torch that cast an unsteady red light over the outer court and showed us the height of the wall that we must scale. Then, sure that our ladders would be long enough, I bade him put out the torch that the defenders might know as little as need be of our numbers and our plans, and taking twenty of our stoutest men crept softly, keeping always in the shelter of the wall, to the side of the courtyard opposite the great gate. Here was less noise, and we placed the ladders against the wall. And all the while we could hear Wulf and the others making a great ado, shouting and battering at the great gate. So we quietly climbed the wall and dropped down into the inner courtyard, and so creeping in the shadow of the wall came almost to the gate of the castle, where the defenders were massed, while noise as of a besieging army came from without the gates. And we lay quiet beneath the wall and watched.

For we knew now that we were lost beyond a doubt. There were full three times as many men in the castle as we had counted on; Normans all, as I judged from their speech, sturdy knaves, and well armed; and stranger yet, their leader was not thin, scowling Hugh, with his wolf's snarl, but a great knight, with a voice like a trumpet blast, towering high above the tallest of his men.

"St. George!" I whispered, Squire Roger lying next me; "What knight is he?"

"Bertrand of Auvray," he told me; "And, as I live, we are no better than dead men; I saw him at Rouen in a passage-at-arms. None stood against him there, and, in truth, they said he was the best knight in all France; he has been at the Holy Sepulchre—" he stopped to take breath for further praises, but I interrupted him.

"Where then is Hugh?" I asked, for the suddenness of it all had put my head in a whirl. Roger only grunted something that I did not hear; but then the whole thing came to me: Hugh had gone, as indeed we had heard that he meant to do, to wed the Norman lady to whom he had been betrothed for the last three years; meanwhile he had persuaded this Bertrand of Auvray to hold his castle for him, and, that we might rush on our own destruction and the more effectually undo our house, he had deceived us into this attack. The device was, as the matter stood, in a fair way to succeed. The only thing that seemed to lie open for our decision was whether we should go on and die fighting, or go back owning ourselves baffled. And even while I weighed the matter in my mind, this was settled for us, for looking back we saw a band of men moving along in the shadow of the wall between us and our ladders.

With a great shout I drew my sword, and we all rushed head-foremost into the knot of men who were

drawn up by the gates. So sharp and unlooked for was our onset that, though they were many times our number, they drew back so that in the first rush we won almost to the gate; yet a second charge, and we pushed further in among them, and I was close to the gate. I turned my back to the fight and began to undo the bolts. Our men at my back saw what I would do, and gave me space, and a moment's time. It was scarce enough, for out of the tail of my eye as I drew the last bolt, I saw that but two of the little band behind me still fought. I flung the gates open and my men rushed in, just as Bertrand of Auvray made towards me through the press.

Swiftly I turned to face him, parrying as I could the strokes of his great sword. Around us raged the general fight, the men of Queen's Rest, unequal as they were in numbers, holding their own for the time, though I knew that that time must needs be short. I had never fought with the like of Sir Bertrand, unbelievable in strength, tireless, swift. Yet at last he gave place a little; enough to make me press him harder still; there were but seven left of my men, but the defenders were now likewise few, and there might be hope. More and more fiercely I pressed Bertrand, but he seemed firmer now than before he had given way; firmer, and fighting with stern, upflung face, teeth set, and nostrils wide. His blows fell in quick, tireless lightnings; yet after an age of battle he fell back once more, and I counted four of my men fighting in a ring of foes; I pressed him hard, strained every power to the utmost. For there was little time now. Blow after blow—met and returned; should I ever ride out from Queen's Rest again of a May morning? He aimed one fearful blow, missed, and then my sword swung high into the air, and fell with my last strength in the blow; and it cleft, in falling, helm and head so that he fell dead at my

feet. And I, stopping not to draw out my sword, took up a great battle-axe that some dead man had let fall, and went to help Wulf where he alone of all our Queen's Rest men, kept up the fight. The sky eastward behind the castle was wan now with dawnlight, the Tower black against it. Then even as I struck the first blow, I saw Wulf totter and fall. Right and left I struck about me with the great axe, for they were few indeed now, when without warning a blow from behind crashed down on my helmet and I fell, as it seemed, into endless depths of night.

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I opened my eyes to see in the half light Sir Lancelot of the Lake, all clad in shining mail, stopping to greet the Lady Guinever; around her as she rode were many maidens, green-clad, and one singing; about them were flowers and birds, and the spring sunlight shone through the young green of the branches of a great wood. How I had come there I knew not, but I guessed that I had won to that Avalon, whereof many fair songs have been sung, and I was well content to lie at ease and let the world go its way, though I, a simple knight, and, moreover, one defeated should win thither I could not think. I closed my eyes for a moment, and then opened them to see what other goodly company filled that sunlit wood. And this time I saw a long, narrow casement, with waving green without, against the spring blue and within a lady who sang softly while some work lay idle in her lap—work that lay along her white gown in a stream of colour, green, and gold, and purple, and red, all mixed and blended wonderfully. Against this her hands lay, white and slim; her hair, the darkest I have ever seen, fell in two long braids, and the long lashes of her lowered eyelids swept her cheek. For a while I lay and gazed at her as I had at those others, wondering dimly who of

all storied ladies she might be—
Oriana, Aude, Iseult? I heard the words of her song—

In my heart's still garden
Sprang roses red;
Love was my heart's warden
Till summer fled—
Fled and left the roses
Mere withered leaves;
Now as daylight closes,
Love sits and grieves.

As she finished, she sighed and bent over her work. I looked about me once more, and, turning, saw Lancelot and the fair queen still standing as before; then dimly I realised that I was in a high, dark-walled room, and that knight and queen were but figures in a fair tapestry. I turned quickly lest the latter vision should prove likewise some sick fancy, but she still sat before the casement singing softly as she worked. So, content, I closed my eyes and must have slept, for when I opened them again the sunset shone red through the casement, and the lady was gone; then I heard footsteps and a faint rustle of trailing garments, and she stood beside me, looking down at me.

"Art better?" she asked softly after a moment.

"Yea!" I answered, and then was fain to close my eyes for very weakness, so had my strength left me.

"Your shoulder was hurt," she went on, "and there was a great wound, an axe blow, as I think, on your head——" Her voice quivered with a faint note of horror.

"But where am I? How came I here?" I asked, remembering that I had no idea where I might be.

"Do you remember that you came against Hugh of the High Wood at the New Tower?" she asked; "you and your men? You filled all the courtyard with cries and weapons and blood——" She put her hands before her face as though to shut out a memory, "and when I dared look down once more at sunrise—ah, I shall never forget it!—but I and my maids went out, and brought in such as lived; you only have we saved, the

rest were hurt past cure. Oh, why will you do these things?" she cried. "Surely it had been better for them to live! In this glad springtide, too! See," she pointed to the window, "it is almost May! Dost think they did not love life? All of them, your men and ours, and that great knight of France?" She was silent and I saw the tears glittering in her eyes; I tried to speak to thank her for her care, but my voice failed me; she bent over, and fed me slowly from the dish of broth she had brought. Then I tried once more to speak, but she stopped me with cool fingers laid against my lips, and then passed out like the sunshine; and I lay and watched the fading light, and thought of the goodly company who had fought in the courtyard, and could never see the Maytime again. Somehow I had never thought of it so before!

Thus thinking, I fell asleep, and next morning was awake ere she came to me bringing with her all the sweetness of the spring morning.

"I am better," I told her as she bent over me; and then, because I had been wondering not a little, now that my senses were come back to me, I asked:

"And you? I knew naught of a lady at the New Tower."

"I am Hugh's sister," she answered simply; "and now you must not try to talk; I will tend your wounds, and give you something to eat, for you are weak—weaker than you think, indeed."

I did as she bade me and did not speak; truly, I had enough to think of! Sir Hugh's sister? What had I heard or dreamed that the words brought back to me? Beyond doubt I knew that in the five years since I and my father (while he lived) had held Queen's Rest so hardly, there had been no sister of Hugh's at Queen's Rest. And yet—and yet—what was it that I could dimly remember hearing when newly come home from my life as a page at court?

Whatever old, dim, memory was there was overlaid by the doings of those years of strife and, in my weakness, I must perforce let it go; only it haunted me like some unlaid ghost, and I think I sighed, for the lady who bent over me ceased her gentle tendance for a moment, and gave me a sip of wine, bidding me rest meanwhile.

Afterwards I lay long, trying in vain to call back that old tale. When I opened my eyes again, the afternoon sun was beginning to creep into the casement, and she was sitting there with her work; I must have slept, for more of my strength had come back.

"Sir Hugh's sister——" I mused aloud, and she looked up at the words. "Is it not many a year since you were at the New Tower?"

"I have never been at the New Tower before," she said quietly.

"Then 'tis seven years at least that you have been away," I cried, "for 'twill be so long, come this St. John's Day, since Hugh came here."

"'Twas seven years on Monday since I last saw the High Wood," she said; "and on that Monday I came hither to find my brother away, and a strange knight in the New Tower; then as though my welcome were not already cold enough, you must needs come that very night and add strife and bloodshed to loneliness! Art not ashamed?"

"Ashamed?" I cried, for it both hurt and angered me that she should reproach me. "Ashamed? Whose blame is it? Did I not think your brother here, and come to fight out our quarrel fair and knightly? Did I know aught of this French knight or of you? The shame be on him who set the trap for us, as he has set many another. Good sooth, I am sorry that you have come home to a house of wounds and bloodshed, and yet more that you have had aught of care in tending me. Indeed, if you put me without your gates even now, I doubt not but——" here my

strength failed me, and I sank back ere I could finish the foolish and ungrateful boast I would have made.

But she, wisest and kindest, as well as fairest, of all ladies I have known, only bent over me, and fed me like a child from the bowl of broth that a waiting maid brought in, and said no word till she had finished. Then she laid her hand on my brow, and said softly:

"You must lie quiet, Sir Richard, and in a little you will be riding out again in the May weather, with your wound forgotten." Then she went to her place at the sunlit window, and took up the many-coloured work; and after a while she sang softly and, as I thought, happily to herself, while I lay and tried to remember an old story that ever escaped me; and then o'erwearied, thought not at all, but only gazed at her wondrous fairness till I fell asleep.

Three weeks longer I lay in that upper chamber at the New Tower, and day by day my strength came back, though but slowly; for my wounds had been very deep, and, but for that lady, as skilful as fair, I should have died miserably in the court of the New Tower, and the old quarrel between our houses would have ended as Hugh meant that it should; for my father, dying a year before, had left me sole heir, and there was none of our line to follow me; no doubt but the king would have given the manor to Hugh, who had deserved it well of him. Turning these things over in my mind put me in a fever to be up and doing once more, for well I knew that Hugh would not stay in France forever, but would be home in good time to take his vengeance while the time was ripe. But my haste only wrought fresh harm, for, essaying to walk to the window, one day while my nurse was out, I fell and opened my wound afresh, so putting all back and making a bad matter worse. And all that weary time the lady of the New

Tower tended me with skill and patience so great that I could have worshipped her. One day, the third after my misadventure, she was sitting at the casement with her work, singing meanwhile for my pleasure that half sad little song that had been on her lips when she had first made festival for mine eyes. And suddenly we heard below a great noise in the courtyard, and a voice that I knew well shouting out orders.

We waited silently, and a moment later Hugh of the High Wood stood in the doorway looking into the quiet room, where the afternoon sun lay in a broad stream across the colours of the tapestry in his sister's hands. I saw her face grow pale as she rose to greet him.

"What welcome have you for me, brother?" she asked, tremulously, ere he could conquer his wrath so as to speak; "I have been away a many weary years."

"Scant welcome, so you bring this fellow here," he snarled. "Why is he not in the dungeon, or, better still, on the gallows?"

"He was wounded," she answered half-carelessly, "and I, thinking no harm, tested my skill on him; but now that you are here——" the rare smile that I had learned to know finished her sentence.

"Now that I am here I will make short work of him!" he cried. "But that is not all. How do I know that you are indeed that little maid who was lost seven summers ago? All thought that you were drowned in the Black Mere, and now you come again, no one knows whence. Tell me or——"

What threat he would have made I do not know, nor did I hear then the story that she had to tell, for she stopped him ere he could finish.

"Come away, brother," she said softly; "this is no story for strange ears; come with me, and I will give you all proof you can ask!"

He went out with her half-unwillingly and with backward glances that

boded no good for me. Once they were gone I staggered to my feet, for I knew that unless I could call up sudden strength the end was come; but I fell back on the low couch, lost for a moment all sense of things, and came back only to hear Hugh's voice in the door:

"Yea, I am satisfied, and most glad that you are returned to us; 'tis a strange story!"

Then she passed before him into the room, and I saw her face knit into a maze of thought; then she turned to the scowling man behind her, and waved her hand gaily towards me.

"And will you give me half his ransom?" she asked; "faith, I have earned it, for but for my nursing he had been meat for the kites."

"But that 'twill pleasure me to see him die a dog's death," he told her. "I should chide you that you did not let him die where he fell; as to his ransom, 'twould be paltry at the best, and I ever put vengeance above gain. He shall hang ere sunset!"

"Hang, brother? A knight?" The horror in her voice was real, and her face, half turned towards me, was white. "Oh, you cannot, you will not. I cannot think that you will slay him! See," she turned towards me, drawing his gaze perforce with her own, "see, he is weak, wounded, at your mercy! Oh, deal knightly by him as, I am assured, he would deal by you. There has been enough of bloodshed between our houses; let there be peace now! See, I beg of you on my knees to grant him life. He is helpless, his wounds not healed; it is your own honour I beg, for it would be foul shame on our house to slay him now. Ah, brother, if only for my sake grant me this!"

She was kneeling, looking up into his face, and saw, as I did, the yet blacker shade that fell over it. When he spoke his voice was like the snarl of a wolf.

"So that was why you saved him and let Bertrand of Auvray die! The

best knight in Christendom let die on the stones, while a whining dog like this lies in my lady's chamber waited on soft-footed, and tended as though he were Arthur and Lancelot in one! To please you, forsooth, because you love the enemy of us all, I am to let him go! Nay," and he swore a fearful oath, "hang he shall, and that ere sunset!"

She lifted her white face again, pleading so that even I who knew him wondered that he should deny her.

"Oh, brother," she said, "and I have offended you in aught, punish me. Truly, Sir Bertrand was past any tending when he fell, for his head was cleft in twain; otherwise, blithe had I been to use my skill in the service of so good a knight. And for what else you accuse me of, I swear that this knight, Sir Richard, has been as far from offering me love as I have been from giving him mine unsought; there has been no word of dalliance between us, but such talk only as might be between any gentle knight and lady, who, being enemies, may yet be full of courtesy. Ah, brother, keep him at least till his wounds be healed, and then decide your quarrel, by battle if it must be so, but at least let him die knightly, as he has fought."

"He shall hang!" he growled, "and you, if you would escape a convent cell, speak not for him again. Out!" He pointed to the door.

Then she turned, white and wrathful, and faced him without fear.

"Ay, drive me out," she cried; "drive me and all others out ere you dishonour our name and our blood; for very shame think, think twice, ere you, a knight, do this villainy to knighthood. Where are your vows, where is your honour? To set on one man, weak, wounded, unarmed, here in your own hold were disgrace enough; but to hang that man, and he a knight, were black shame. That you dare do it, I know; and that you would slay or imprison

me, your sister, I know; but remember this: that times change and kings change! How will you answer for this villainy when the Count of Anjou rules in England?" Without a word more she passed out, and left him standing in a maze of fear and hate.

"Witch! Devil!" he cried. "You shall suffer for this!" Then he turned to me in a blaze of fury. "Out!" he cried; "the dog of Anjou shall indeed howl for you in vain, but shall make no weapon of you against me. Though I may not hang you, you shall starve alone on the hill, food for kites, as surely as if you had hung on my gallows; and none may gainsay me when I put whom I choose out of my hold. Out, ere I slay you!" He pulled me from the bed, and I faced him, swaying drunkenly.

"Your sister?" I gasped; "I will not leave her to your devilry."

"If sunset finds you within these walls," he made answer, "I will slay her with my own hands. Wilt go?"

"Aye!" I sobbed, broken as I was, and then, as he flung out of the room, dropped sick at heart upon the pallet where I had lain for three weeks, unknowing, in Heaven, and prayed that I might die quickly, and that she had not come to love me as I did her.

Then a gray-bearded servitor came in with coarse raiment and put it on me, and took me out of the castle and across to the side of the river opposite Queen's Rest, and there left me. The country here was desert for miles, laid waste all in the late wars, and there was neither food nor shelter for many leagues. So I lay down, not far from the river bank, where I could at least see the walls wherein she dwelt. And then weakness and the pain of my wounds brought back the dark.

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It was night, with a high wind and only here and there a star when I

came back to life and to the touch of soft fingers on my aching wound. Sir Hugh's sister was bending over me, and wonder of wonders, was singing softly and not unhappily; what miracle was this? I did not speak for very fear lest I break some dream, till at last she spoke softly:

"Art stronger now?" she asked. "Nay, do not speak yet, but let me raise you ever so little, and drink this." She put a cup to my lips, and I drank therefrom a cordial so wondrous that in a moment new life seemed to come back to me; the cold that had chilled my limbs was gone, and the weakness that had made all things seem but dreams was gone with it.

"I am sound even now," I said, rising to my feet, and standing firmly before her, glad in spite of fears.

She gave a low laugh of delight.

"'Tis a wondrous cordial," she cried; "but I have yet another medicine for you, and one no less to your taste."

Then she showed me lying near by a fair suit of armour; even in that faint light it shone silvery, and so fine were the links that it slipped softly as Eastern silk through my fingers. I cried out for joy as I went over it piece by piece and found all perfect; no king in Christendom wore mail as fair.

"I will be your squire, if you will put it on," she said; and straight-away I was clothed in that goodly armour, and over it a surcoat wrought with rich figures.

"Is naught lacking?" she asked, as I stood, clothed in her gift, and strengthened by her tending.

"Naught," I answered, truthfully, "for which I, unworthy, dare ask."

"Nay?" There was a hint of laughter in her asking voice. "Nay? I should have said that a good charger should be found for so fair a knight. The moor is wide and very desolate!"

"I shall find a way," I told her, yet not altogether as hopefully as I could have wished.

"No need!" Then she gave a strange little call, and a great horse came out of the night and stood beside her, with its noble head against her breast, gazing at me with wide, faithful eyes.

" 'Tis your master, Aldebaran!" she said to the great, gentle creature as she gave me the bridle reins; then to me, as I stood in wonder: "Wilt not mount him? He is yours." Then as I still hesitated: "Wilt not do so much for me?"

I swung into the saddle, and sat there utterly amazed; she, meanwhile, was busied with something on the ground; at last she gave me a packet.

"Here is food," she said, "and wine, and more of the cordial that I gave you; but of that, take no more than seven drops, and that only in utter need. And now, eye you set out, I have yet one more gift, the best of all, for it is for the lack of whereof all these others might be useless, so heed me well! Henry of Anjou is King in England!"

I could not speak, so did joy that my enemy was crushed, and sorrow that I must part from this, my enemy's sister, fight within me.

"Art not glad?" she asked; "'Twas little more than a chance blow when I spoke so to Hugh. Yet, but two hours after they cast you out, came this word by a swift rider, and so Hugh must needs go softly till he sees his way more clearly; thus it was that he had scant time to watch me." She laughed again low and happily, and I could bear no more; I lighted down from the horse and knelt at her feet.

"I love you," I cried; "I love you! So you will come with me to London, I will go and that blithely, and for you will I do right knightly as long as I live. But failing your love 'twould have been better you had left me here to die; for you send me forth into the world as into a desert, lacking the bread and wine of my soul, and in that waste you bid me wander unarmed, with wounds un-

tended and unhealed. I will go if you so will, for body and soul are yours, but 'tis even so that I must go if you withhold your love." In the darkness I heard her laugh a little, sob a little, try to speak and falter; then I rose up, glad of the strength she had given me, and took her in my arms and she said no word of denial. Then after a moment she drew away from me and spoke.

"Do you truly love me?" she asked; and then, when I would have held her once more, she put out her hands and I took them and held them at my lips while she went on: "I must tell you all; all that I told Hugh. You know they thought me drowned in the Black Mere. But that spring day I was carried away into Faery, and there have I been these seven long years; there they taught me all healing arts, and gave me that cordial whereof you made proof to-night. And when the seven years were over they let me come back that I might see flesh and blood once more, and they told me this: that I must let none kiss my lips, for then would I forget all my life with them, and might never win back to that land; that I might bring with me a knight, if he desired to come for love of me; and that I might have meanwhile three gifts of their giving. So this night have I taken my three gifts that I might make all safe for you; and now, I may if I choose, go back whence I came, for you have not yet kissed my lips; and you may go with me if so be that you love me enough. Indeed, I have often thought that I would fain return; for there is neither strife nor bloodshed, but all the land lies quiet among deep hills, with four fair rivers flowing into a calm sea; and summer heat nor winter cold may not blight it, but always 'tis May time. A place of soft singing and sweet flowers, a forgetful land, where there is no strife, nor the memory of any sorrow; where love need not end in weeping. And it is for you and me to choose whether

we shall go there or stay here, where there is naught but strife and parting." When she had finished I stood silent a while, weighing many things, then at last:

"Naught but strife and parting?" I said slowly. "Yea, many things! Many things most fair! Knightly honour and loyalty; true love such as ours; sorrow, whereby we are made fitter for joy; work for us all; God's battles to be fought, this land so waste and desolate to be made fair; this people so oppressed to be delivered. Ah sweet, though your land of Faery be so goodly, is not this of England more in need of men?"

"Then you love me not!" Her voice shook all my heart, and made my thought of duty seem an unworthy thing. "Remember that if I go back to Faery I shall see you no more, for I may come back no more; and I must there forget all this our love, for there is no sorrow remembered. I shall be happy—happy—and you, alone!" I bowed my head on my hands and the great waters went over my soul ere I spoke again.

"I love you! I love you!" I cried in despair, because I saw what I must bear so clearly; "I love you! and shall through all the ages; and you

must think me but a churl, who, having taken all things at your hands, can leave you for a dream—a dream of this dear land at peace, quiet and secure; of this waste a place of fields and gardens. Perchance I shall never see it, but I may not give up the fight. And you, oh sweet, since you cannot come with me, as, indeed, I dare not urge you, knowing the world whereinto I go, go back to the good land of forgetfulness and peace; and would that I, like Arthur, might win there, when my work is done! So till that day, farewell!"

Then I did off that goodly armour, and laid it on the steed's back, and so, without the fairy gifts, I came to my lady where she stood silent, looking earthward; and I took her hands and, kneeling, bowed my forehead on them, and said one prayer, and then, being too heavy of heart to speak, rose up to go on my way.

Yet had I not gone ten paces when she was at my side and her hands sought mine. I stopped and faced her as she stood trembling and trying to speak, then divining what she would have said, I took her in my arms and kissed her lips. Then I did on the fair armour and set her before me on the great steed, and we rode away towards London.



THE ART OF ART RESTORATION

BY E. J. PHILLIPS

IN the consideration of relative value of service to humanity, the artist runs the biographer and historian a close race. Architecture, sculpture, and the graphic arts have all enriched man's store of knowledge, and advanced world-wide culture and refinement. The world hails as great the man or woman who contributes the best thought that is in them, and in some manner strives to create an object of art that will survive the all too brief span of mortality.

One of the great misfortunes is that the relentless process of dissolution, so inseparable from all material things, has conspired with every common disaster to defeat the highest ambitions of genius toward perpetuity. Thus many priceless art treasures, as viewed in the light of to-day, have succumbed to fire or flood or neglect, or have been ruthlessly destroyed by the ignorant in quarrels, personal and national, the very detail and cause of which have long ere this been completely forgotten. Yet, from the fragments that remain, it may sadly be judged of what infinitely greater value the objects destroyed might have proved.

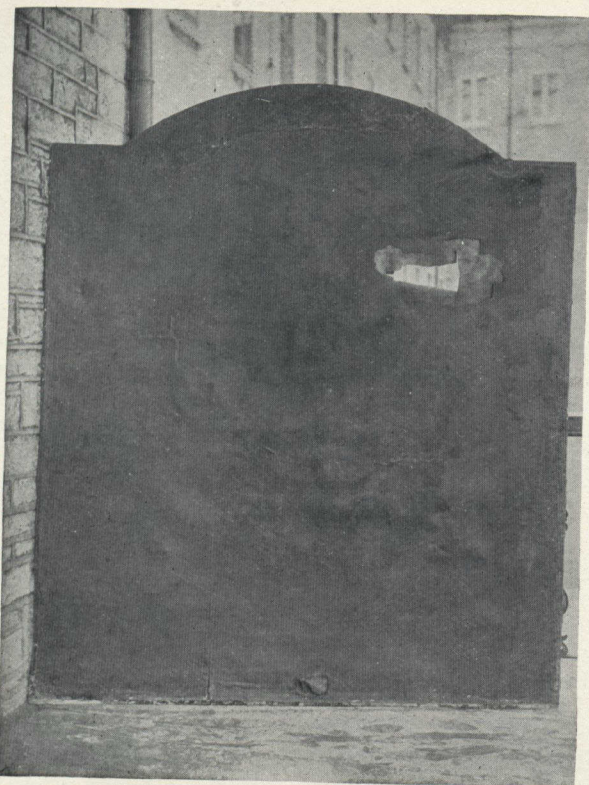
The careful preservation of art treasures is a debt humanity will ever owe to her men of genius, and in recognition of this fact, the work of art restoration plays an important part, for its aim and ambition is to repair the ravage of time and accident, and keep ever fresh the revelations of genius.

The practice of restoring and

cleaning oil and tempera paintings, water-colours and valuable prints has been recognised as a legitimate branch of the fine arts. Work of this nature is being done in Canada at the present time, thus focusing public attention upon a most valuable, though little understood, accomplishment. Mr. J. Purves Carter, an English artist, with an extensive record in this line, has restored a portion of the collection of paintings that is the property of Laval University, Quebec, and the comparing of the illustrations of some of these paintings, "before and after," may serve to adorn this review of the restorer's work, and possibly point the moral.

The real need of careful preservation of art collections may be said to be an idea of recent growth, as compared with the centuries of art production. The first definite record of professional restoration in England was in the early Victorian era. A portrait of Richard II., hanging in the sanctuary of Westminster Abbey, originally painted about the year 1300, was successfully restored by Mr. Henry Merritt, who obtained the appointment of official restorer to the Royal collections. At the time of its discovery, this panel was covered by another painting in oil, of much less historical value than the original. When it is considered how few portraits of notable men prior to the Renaissance are in existence, the true value of this gift to posterity may be appreciated.

Signor Raffæle Pinti, official



THE REPOSE IN EGYPT. BY VAN LOO
BEFORE RESTORATION

restorer to the National Gallery, under Sir Charles Eastlake, was a great artist and antiquarian, and was responsible for the formation and preservation of many of the important art collections in England. He was a large contributor to the South Kensington Museum, where many masterpieces and specimens of rare antiquity from foreign countries are due to his work.

Sir Frederick Burton succeeded Sir Charles Eastlake as director of the National Gallery, and under his direction, the first complete and definite plan of restoration was accomplished. The application of glass to preserve pictures was first made about this time. Sir Frederick Burton was a gentleman of deep learning in antiquity and art, as well as an eminent painter, and the great im-

portance of complete precaution in the way of restoration and preservation, seems to have deeply impressed his mind.

The National Gallery is celebrated for the present beautiful condition of its pictures, but previous to the 'seventies, many of its valuable examples were in a most delapidated condition, dingy, undecipherable, and covered with the grime of many years. The pictures in the Louvre and other art galleries of Europe may be said to have been almost totally neglected. The marked improvement thus accomplished in the National Gallery was quickly followed by similar work in the art centres of the Continent, and, coincident with this, the many private collections in England were brought into desirable condition. This work is now



THE REPOSE IN EGYPT, BY VAN LOO

AFTER RESTORATION

considered an inseparable adjunct to the collecting and care of art treasures, and has been followed by many precautions to insure safety from destruction most valuable collections being now housed in fire-proof buildings.

Signor Raffæle Pinti died in 1881, but his art has been continued by Mr. Carter, who was his pupil and assistant for many years.

A glance at the illustrations will give the reader an idea of results

accomplished. The altar piece, "La Sainte Famille," also called "The Rest in Egypt," by Van Loo, 1705-1765, was found after the disastrous fire, which occurred in Laval Seminary Chapel some nineteen years ago, to have been badly burned and blistered, and so discoloured as to be almost unrecognisable. It was also torn, as the "before" illustration plainly indicates. The first thing to be done was to take off inch by inch the old back lining, which had been



PORTRAIT OF MRS. SIDDONS. BY SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE
BEFORE RESTORATION

put on before the painting left France. This ultimately accomplished and the large hole bridged, the question was how to move the picture in its charred condition to place it on the new canvas. The difficulty was overcome by the restorer making two canvas frames of the same size, and getting the picture between them sandwich-like, so that it could be turned up and down. When the new canvas was ready, with a wet preparation spread upon it, which was to fasten the back of the altar piece, it could then be slid off the large stretching frame onto the new canvas without touching it with the hands, and afterwards pressed with heavy, hot irons and made perfectly flat and smooth, and ready for the next step in its restoration, which was the cleaning of it.

When this was reached a new difficulty arose, as the painting had accumulated the smoke and grease from the altar candles of some hundred and fifty years. This had been varnished from time to time, and was now baked by the intense heat from the fire, and formed a thick, dense layer of black bituminous matter, which entirely concealed the painting. To remove this, it required constantly dampening with preparations and careful scraping—the scrapings resembling so much pitch. Gradually the beautiful work began to come to light again, and, with patient and watchful labour, all the colours were brought out in their pristine charm, so that at last the painting has assumed, as near as age will permit, its original state, and truly a work of the greatest beauty



PORTRAIT OF MRS. SIDDONS. BY SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE
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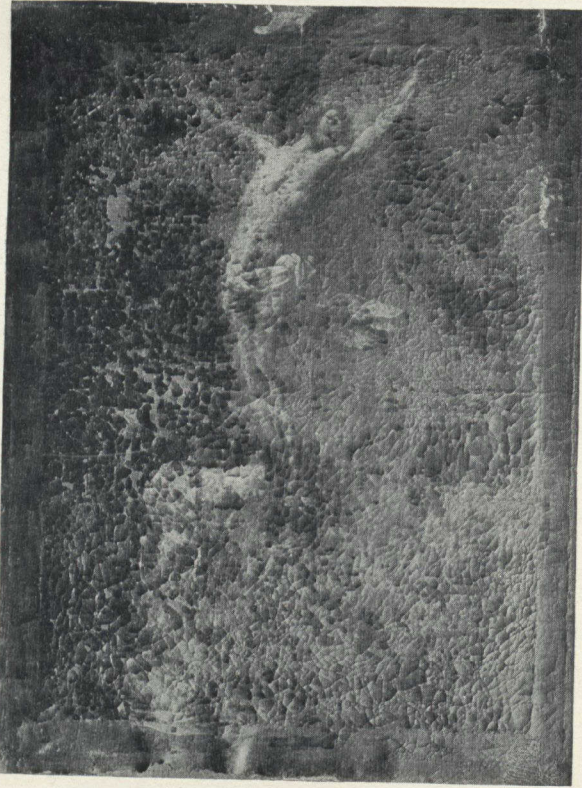
and poetry. The composition is magnificent. The group of the "Holy Family" is entirely lighted by the light emanating from the Divine child Jesus, as He reposes in ecstasy on the arm of the Blessed Virgin, and receives the light of the Holy Spirit and the Eternal Father and the Angelic Host.

Much the same elaborate process has to be followed in many cases of restoration, and it may readily be understood that infinite patience is an asset absolutely indispensable to one who would essay such a difficult task.

The portrait of Mrs. Siddons, by Sir Thomas Lawrence, 1769-1830, and President of the Royal Academy, is an admirable example of almost magical recovery of lost beauty. This is a canvas thirty-four inches high

and twenty-eight inches wide, and is a life size, small three-quarter length. She is dressed in white and wears a scarlet scarf. Lawrence painted many portraits of Mrs. Siddons, who, it scarce need be mentioned, was one of England's greatest actresses.

Much of the serious import of a painting may be lost, owing to its poor condition, as is shown by a study of the "Crucifixion," by Nicholas Poussin, before restoration. The figure of Mary Magdalene at the foot of the cross was found to be quite obliterated. The restored picture reveals an exquisite work. Nicholas Poussin was a French artist, on whom Sir Joshua Reynolds bestowed the highest ecomiums, comparing him to the immortal Raphaël. The original documents clearly prov-



THE CRUCIFIXION. ATTRIBUTED TO POUSSIN
BEFORE RESTORATION

ing the authenticity of this painting have recently been discovered in the archives of the Hotel Dieu, at Quebec.

The total number of paintings so far restored at Laval is eighty out of an entire collection of some four hundred works. It may be a matter of interest to many to learn how it came about that such a valuable collection of antique art should find its way to Canada. At the time of the French Revolution many priceless paintings were rescued from destruction in Paris from the Royal Palaces and churches by Monsieur l'Abbe Desjardins, who was then Vicar General of Paris, and lived for some years in Quebec during the Revolution. Large numbers of the rarest religious and historical works were sent over from France, and to-

day, after more than a century, the Province of Quebec, finds itself heir to many priceless masterpieces. The authorities of Laval are now reconstructing a modern fire-proof art gallery and museum, and at an early date will possess a shrine of antique and modern art equal, if not superior, to any on the continent.

The humorous side of the restorer's art is told in the story of the before and after pictures, from what proved to be a half of a painting by Andrea del Sarto. The complete picture, doubtless, originally represented a mythological group, Mars, Venus, Cupid, and the two dogs of war held in leash. This lower half of the masterpiece is in the possession of Mr. John F. Gleeson, an art collector, who resides in St. John, N.B. Before the picture was cleaned, only



THE CRUCIFIXION. ATTRIBUTED TO POUSSIN
AFTER RESTORATION

the boy and centre dog were visible. The balance of the picture was a painted-in background in dark brown. The cleaning process was commenced at the lower left hand corner of the canvas, and judge of the restorer's surprise when the outlines of a foot came into view. After much labour the picture was duly revealed, and it was seen that the ruthless hand of some destroyer had cut the original in half. It is understood that the only other del Sarto on this continent is in the collection of Mrs. George L. Bradley, of Washington.

One may indulge in endless speculation as to the reason for this van-

dalism, but it is only on a par with much crime of a similar nature that has robbed this and succeeding generations of many masterpieces.

With this thought in mind it is a cause for congratulation that able artists are labouring patiently to repair such dissolution and damage to antique art as they may.

The work being done in England, the United, and Canada is an actual example of the great benefit the world is deriving from the labours of truly skilful art restorers. That this labour of love in the cause of better art is to be most highly commended will be the unanimous verdict of all thoughtful persons.

ON THE RIFLE RANGE

BY CAPTAIN LESLIE T. PEACOCKE

“NO, I’m not an Englishman,” said Corporal Maddox, snapping out an empty shell and laying his rifle down carefully on a clump of dry heather. “I’m from the Canadian North-West.”

He threw himself down beside his rifle, and, producing a bulldog briar, thanked me for a match. He puffed in silence for a minute, his far-seeing gray eyes fixed seaward, embracing an expansive sweep of channel, from which the beleching smoke of several steamers, crowded with pleasure-seekers from Liverpool, Blackpool and Dublin, shot upwards, the chug chug of their paddles sounding rhythmically distinct in the stillness of the summer afternoon.

The smoke of recent rifle fire lay heavily about us, mingling pungently with the waftings of coarse tobacco from the clays and briars of some seventy recumbent men, the satisfying scent of my own cigar and the faint aroma of a Turkish cigarette which Fred Stansbury, the captain of the assembled company, was lazily puffing into rings; his upturned, clear-cut profile silhouetted cameo-like against the gorse strewn heather of the moor-land, whilst the clarion notes of the last bugle command, “Cease firing,” still hung in the air, recalling the “marking” squad from the rifle butts, their returning steps crunching the heather, and their rumbling chatter growing each moment more distinct.

Castletown, where stood the tiny barracks of my detachment, lay two miles behind us, whilst below us,

fringing the beach, reposed that gayest of all summer resorts, Douglas, whose floating population carried from the ports of Western England, Scotland and Ireland, has been roughly estimated at some twenty thousand souls a day, going and coming in one endless stream.

My regiment was stationed at Pembroke Docks, on the Welsh coast, and my own particular company was doing detachment duty at Castletown, situated pleasantly, as everybody knows, in the Isle of Man.

My duties in this quiet post were far from light, the only other officer of the company being a married man, who took full advantage of his seniority by relegating to me the irksome daily drills, instruction and inspections; his wife and social duties claiming the greater part of his attention and throwing me for want of society more or less on my own resources.

My daily contact with them had resulted in my taking a more than passing interest in the men and more especially in the corporal at my side, whose voice and general bearing bespoke a vague superiority. He had been but lately drafted to the company and kept himself, I noticed, strangely aloof from his fellows, and it was distinctly with the view of learning something of him that I had drawn him into conversation this afternoon; the free and easy military etiquette of the rifle range permitting me to unbend and, in the periods of rest, indulge in social intercourse.

“The Canadian North-West?” I

ventured at last, interrupting his reverie and anxious to draw him out. "That must be a big, wild country."

"I should say it was, sir," he replied, lying back on his elbow and preparing to give me his undivided attention. "A big country, a wild country, and a country to be proud of. You've never been through there, sir, I suppose?"

"No, I have never had the good fortune to cross the Atlantic and have read nothing of the country. I have been observing you since you joined the company," I acknowledged, "and wondered what could have driven you to enlist."

"Well—er—er you see—er," he stammered, and his brows contracted to a frown. "That is—er——"

"Oh, I know it is none of my business," I broke in hastily. "You have private reasons no doubt, and I have no desire to force your confidence. I naturally felt a little curious about you, that is all."

"Thank you, sir," he said, the frown relaxing, "I know you take an interest in the men and the men like to know it. Maybe you'd like to hear where I came from and what brought me here? To enlist in the army, I mean," he added hastily.

"Very much, indeed," I assured him. "I should like to hear something of a wild country like that. We know little of the great Northwest over here."

"So I believe," said Corporal Maddox, his gaze again turned seaward. "Except for sport not many like you would think of going there. Folks don't go there much for pleasure, sir."

"And I suppose there is plenty of game there still?" I ventured.

"Plenty, sir," he said, his hands clasping his knees and a now idle pipe. "Plenty for those who like rough shooting, but, of course, the people in the States are finding out what a great country it is and are coming across by the thousands now, so I guess the game won't last long.

When civilisation comes in any game worth having has to go, I've noticed, and things are booming up in that country right now. Maybe you think it strange that I should have hiked out now that the boom is on, and maybe it is, but if it be so as you'd care to listen, sir, I'll tell you why." I assured him that nothing would please me better, and, stretching myself comfortably, begged him to proceed.

"My father," he commenced, knocking the ashes from his briar against his rifle stock, "my father was a New Englander, born in the State of Massachusetts, and was of old Puritan stock; a hard-shelled Baptist, and had only two opinions about everything—right and wrong. There was never nothing between. He was a man that kept to himself, and, tho' you wouldn't think it, was a great one for books.

"The possibilities of the Northwest struck him, I guess, and somehow he drifted that way, along with a cousin of his, and one place being 'bout as good as another in them days, they pitched themselves for good and all at McCleod's Fort, on Peace River, and invested what money they'd brought in cattle.

"Alberta wasn't anything like what Alberta is now, of course, but even then Edmonton was a town, and, being in there for something or other, a trip maybe, they naturally goes to the Baptist Church and meets the women folks.

"Well, they met the girls they married there and took 'em back to McCleod's Fort and made a home. Rough and ready and lonesome it was, there's no use talkin', but still it was a home.

"My mother was Scotch descent and the girl his cousin married was pure French, who'd come with her folks from Montreal, and from what I heard, tho' I never seen her, she was a beauty."

"A rough sort of life for women, I should think?" I ventured, the

corporal having come to a pause to turn and gaze scowlingly to his right. Following his gaze, I could see nothing to excite the malignant expression, save the recumbent figures of men in uniform, and gathered that in my surmise I was mistaken.

"Of course, it was," he agreed. "The roughest kind, and maybe my father and his cousin ought to have known better, but you know what it is, sir, when folks is young and thinks little of what's going to happen.

"In the first year I was born and from what my father told me, they never wanted for nothing, as the land was rich and the placer mining, which they followed after the grain was in, panned out as much gold as maybe would open people's eyes who'd never seen it. Long trips they made for that, going often as not down to where the Loon River joined the lake, and cashing it into a bank that had opened in Fort Vermilion, so that with one thing and another they had things coming their way until five years later his cousin's wife gave birth to a girl, and, being severe that winter, and her health not what it should be, my father made my mother take her and the baby into Edmonton.

"Well, perhaps as you don't know, sir, that was the year of a big epidemic in them parts, brought in by the Indians, and my mother and the cousin's wife took it and died. A terrible thing it was for the two men, being left all alone like that with the two young children on their hands, but they stuck to it and got a squaw to nurse us, and as we grew up my father took it on himself to teach us. I was going on sixteen and my cousin about ten when her father was drowned in the Great Slave Lake, where he'd gone on a hunting and fishing trip with a doctor from Fort au Tremble.

"As was natural, I suppose, sir, growing up together and all that, we was like brother and sister, and it

wasn't till about three years ago, when she was coming on twenty and I was three years younger than I am now, that I began to think different. Though I never knew it then, she was sentimental, and being half French, had, I guess, a Southern temperament. She had grown into a beautiful girl, sir, such as you don't see in the cities; strong and straight as a dart, with a complexion and a mass of wavy black hair that ninety-nine women out of a hundred would sell their souls for, and eyes that you'd never forget if you once looked into them.

"My father, of course, idolised her, and Jeanette (her mother christened here that), Jeanette had only to ask for anything, and no matter what it was we saw that she had it. She never asked for nothing unreasonable, I must allow, but the best that money could buy in the way of clothes and such like was none too good for her, and, though we lived in the wilds, as it were, Edmonton being quite a distance and no other town of any size near, yet I've seen girls what considered themselves high-toned right here and in London, that wasn't a bit better rigged out than what Jeanette was."

"And I suppose you married her?" I suggested, ever prone to see the logical ending of any story I read or heard.

"Well, I'm coming to that, sir," said the corporal impatiently, "but, as a matter of fact, I did. It ain't a love story I'm telling you, and if you'd like to hear me out I think you'll understand how I came to enlist."

Begging his pardon for the interruption and promising not to offend again, I asked him to proceed.

"We was, as I said, sir, like brother and sister, and more often than not, whenever I'd go off hunting after a deer or maybe birds she'd go, too, and as good a shot as you'd meet in a day's march was Jeanette, whether with a rifle or a

shot-gun, it didn't matter. Well, one day, in the fall it was, we'd gone down the river, about half-way to Fort Vermilion, and we was after a deer we'd tracked two miles or more, when just butting through a gap in the river bank he came full tilt towards us.

"Jeanette raised her rifle; you know I always gave her the first shot; and the buck swerved to go back, I guess, when before she had him covered, a shot rang out from across the river and down came Mister Buck, shot clean through the head. I called a "hello" and wondered who was coming to claim the buck, as there wasn't many hunting up in them parts but trappers, and all of them around the country I'd met more or less, and a bit surprised I was to see a feller step out from the bank who I'd met doing some trappin' at odd times, but not much lately, through him working in a livery stable at Edmonton and tendin' bar and such like, and I was wondering what had brought him so far, when out stepped another beside him, and if ever I was astonished in my life, I guess I was when I saw him. I'd seen pictures of fellers huntin' in Europe, in books my father had, and many a good laugh I'd had at their get-up, and there, right in front of me, was the finest picture of the lot.

"He was an elegant lookin' feller, I'll admit, and, though I couldn't help laughing when I saw him for the first time, yet the clothes seemed made for him somehow and him for the clothes."

The "marking" squad falling in to return to the target butts warned me that the period of rest would soon be over, and so I informed the corporal.

"I'll tell you as short as I can, sir," he continued, "as I'd like you to judge if I've done right."

"Well, I hailed him over, of course, to claim the deer, and, naturally, we tried to make him feel at

home. He was English, he told us, and out hunting through the Northwest for pleasure, and had taken the trapper feller from the livery stable to show him some sport.

"We spent the rest of that day together, and when Jeanette asked me if we wouldn't invite him to home for a spell, I naturally saw no harm, and in a day or so he drove over with his baggage and guns from Edmonton on a buckboard. My father made friends with him at once, and took more trouble to make things pleasant for him than I'd known him to do for anyone. He never tired of listenin' to the stranger's talk of Europe and great places and fine people, and from the way he talked you could see he was a swell and knew everything about everybody that was anybody, and I was as much stuck on him myself as what my father and Jeanette was, until one day I found a letter he'd dropped outside the barn. He told us that his name was Stockton, Fred Stockton, and that he was a barrister by profession, and as all his baggage and things were marked with the letters F. S. we never thought to doubt his word, yet when I picked up that letter addressed to another name that wasn't Stockton, I couldn't help thinking that he had reasons maybe for calling himself by a name that wasn't his own.

"It was none of my business, of course, and I slipped the letter into a shooting coat of his that was hanging behind the barn door and never said a word about it to my father or Jeanette, but the name on the letter I've never forgot. It wasn't addressed to no barrister, sir, but to an officer in the army, with the name of the regiment he belonged to, and when I came to study him after that I could see that he had military stickin' out all over him. For nearly a month he stayed with us, and we treated him as one of the family and sometimes we'd all go hunting together, or maybe him and my father

or just him and me, and, of course, we'd always take Jeanette along, and if my father and me was busy he and she would go off alone, and I'd never seen her so happy as she was in those days just then."

The corporal's fingers were embracing his pipe at the moment, and I noticed the stem break suddenly with a crack. He stamped the pieces into the heather with his heel and after an imperceptible pause, brushed his hand across his eyes and went on.

"It was more'n four months after he'd left before it was brought home to us what villains men can be and what things can go on under your very nose when you don't expect it. I was a rough man up there on the Loon River, and maybe to a girl like Jeanette not much to look at, never having shaved my beard or paid any heed to my clothes and such things, and it's them little matters that appeals to girls, sir, before they gets their proper sense, and the comparison between me and Stockton, as he called himself, must have been awful to a girl like what she was. About a month after he went a change seemed to come over her, and as day after day went on she seemed to get more quiet, and I could see that she was losing flesh, and it was then that I found out that it was no brother's feeling that I had for her, but that what was hurting her, whatever it was, was hurting me, too, and one day, four or five months later, I told her, and asked her was I good enough to marry her.

"Was I good enough! Was any man good enough, as I thought then and as I think now; was any man good enough to marry Jeanette? I can't tell you, sir, what she said or how it all came about, but, of course, I wouldn't let it rest until she told me, and she wouldn't have told me, I guess, if she hadn't given up all hope then. He'd promised to come back to her in a week, or maybe two, and to marry her and take her to

Europe, but had begged her to say nothing to her father or me until he'd made the arrangements, knowing we'd take it badly, and, of course, as that seemed reasonable, she believed him.

"A trusting girl like she was, sir, and loving him as she must have done, had no call to know that men can be the blackguards that some of them are, and her temperament being such as it was, I guess she never paused to think, and then, of course, she was as innocent as a child."

The corporal's voice was growing strangely husky, and, begging my pardon, he reached for his canteen and gulped a modest drink.

"I made up my mind to say nothing about Stockton to my father, sir," he continued, "and, knowing but one thing to do, I did it. In the state of mind she was in, poor girl, she had no other way to turn, and I made her let me tell my father that we'd fixed it up long before, and as soon as we could we went over into Edmonton and got married."

"But do you mean to say," I interrupted, "do you mean to say that—er—that—"

"Oh, I know what you're trying to say, sir," broke in Maddox fiercely. "Yes, I did, and any man who knew Jeanette would have done the same.

"The worst of it all was that my father got to know. He was no fool, the old man wasn't, and when he'd got the thing into his mind there was no holding him. Wrong was wrong, he said, and right was right, and we was one as bad as the other, though, of course, he never suspicioned that we'd done it to save her name or that that villain Stockton was mixed up in it in any way. What the old man couldn't understand was why we hadn't got married before, and though he raved and carried on and drove us from the house, I wouldn't let Jeanette tell him; it was bad enough for her without that.

"Well, sir, of course, I'd a good bit of money saved and my father

made me take everything that belonged to me, and whatever money that her father had left, and I took her over into Saskatoon, near the Pasquia Hills, meaning to go down to the grain country later and make a home for her and the child and try and make her forget. Maybe, sir, I had thoughts of winning her love, too, but if so I never let her know it. There wasn't much we had to say to each other, her thoughts being with him, I knew, and maybe loving him all the time, though him a villain, as she knew him to be then. There's no accounting for women, sir, and when they love, they—well—they love; that's all."

The corporal's voice trembled and I could see that the eyes gazing towards the sea were moist and blinking—I touched him on the arm.

"You did what few men would have done, Maddox," I said, more than moved myself. "What you did was noble."

"Noble nothing!" he retorted fiercely. "You didn't know Jeanette, sir, that's all. I've often thought that I hadn't done enough. Maybe if I'd taken her way over into Winnipeg or somewhere where there's a hospital and good doctors, that they might have saved her, but the feller at Saskatoon told me that that wouldn't have made no difference, and maybe it wouldn't, as her heart was broke—and—and—oh, well, sir, what's the use of goin' on. I—I buried her and the child together; his child and her. Yes, sir, right over there in Saskatoon, I—I buried them together."

"When that was over and done with, of course, there was nothing to do but to go back to the old man and try and get him to patch it up and maybe try and get him to go back to the States or something like that, but the break-up of the home had been too much for him, sir, and when I found him, it wasn't at McCleod's Fort I found him, but down in Edmonton in the churchyard.

"Dead!" I exclaimed, astonished.

"Yes, sir—he'd died. Never left a word, he hadn't, about forgiving me or nothing, but—but maybe he knows now, sir, and maybe he's lookin' for me to do what's right. Them things you never can tell, sir; but who knows?"

"And what did you do then?" I asked.

"What was there for me to do but what I've done?" said the corporal, his drawn face now white with tense passion. "I realised on every stick and head of cattle I had and on what the old man left and didn't rest day or night till I'd found him."

"Who? Stockton?" I queried, though I knew that for the determined man beside me there was only one "him."

"Yes, Stockton, as he called himself. I found him, and found that he was a married man all the time, and—and—oh, well, sir, what's the use. It was meant that I should find him, and I have."

"If he's an officer in the army, of course, that would be easy," I ventured, vaguely fearful, I know not why, as to what might befall the other man should the corporal meet him in his present humour. "But you should remember, Maddox, that there are some things that no man must do. I'm no parson, corporal, but the Scripture says, 'Vengeance is Mine,' and, apart from that, as a soldier, your first duty must be to respect the law."

"I've thought of all that, sir," said Maddox, drooping his head almost to his knees, as one who is devout. "And I know, too, that vengeance is arranged in Heaven, but there's instruments used for all things, sir, and I'm an instrument. No, don't tell me all that, sir," he growled, shaking his shoulder free from the hand I had placed there. "It's no use; you didn't know Jeanette, sir! You didn't know Jeanette!"

His head fell forward and the pent-

up sobs shook his frame, and as I leant forward to offer words of sympathy, feeling more than sorry for the confidence I had evoked, the bugle call to "fall in" sounded, and all was bustle around us.

I hooked my sword belt, and, pushing his rifle towards him, bade the corporal to join his squad.

Calling to the bugler to sound "Commence firing," Captain Stansbury approached me, and, twirling up his blonde moustache, exchanged a joking pleasantry.

"Here, what's this man doing?" he queried sharply, as his eye fell on the corporal, recumbent at his feet, apparently lost to his present surroundings and his body shaking with pent up emotion. "Here! Didn't you hear the 'fall in?' Get up!" and to emphasise the command, Fred Stansbury applied his toe sharply to the corporal's boot.

"Jeanette! Jeanette! went ringing down the moorland, as with a hoarse, bellowing cry, the corporal

sprang to his feet, and as Stansbury staggered back, mayhap he realised, for his face went livid, and he tried to draw his sword, but even as he made the feeble attempt at resistance, he must have known it was futile.

Three times the corporal's rifle butt caught the defenceless head, the last blow crushing it to the heather, and, as he turned to wrench himself free from my too-late restraining grasp, I met the eyes of an exultant maniac.

Breaking roughly away, he plunged blindly down the hill, and as I started in pursuit the company to a man joined in the chase, but madness lends wings, and he gained at every step.

At last he stopped, and, raising both arms aloft, called loudly twice, "Jeanette! Jeanette!" then falling to his knees, hungrily mouthed the muzzle of his piece, ran his fingers down its stock towards the trigger, and, as I sprawled heavily to clasp him, the shot rang out.



THE THEFT OF THE YARDINGTON TROPHY

F. J. DEE AND D. H. DEANE

LIEUTENANT - COLONEL SIR ARTHUR LESLIE, C.B., D.S.O., Major Desmond, Captain Furber, the adjutant, and a few officers of the White Lancers were sitting in the ante-room of the officers' mess, enjoying a smoke and a drink, after a hard morning's work in the saddle, when the door opened, and Brash, the usually imperturbable officers' mess sergeant, stepped into the room. Everyone noticed how pale the man looked and waited eagerly to hear him address the Colonel.

Halting the regulation three paces from the C.O., and without waiting for the Colonel to speak, he gasped out:

"I beg your pardon, sir—but it's gone."

Upon the Colonel's inquiring what had gone, he managed to blurt out the astounding information that the Yardington Polo Trophy, a huge gold cup presented for competition among the Lancer regiments by the Earl of Yardington, himself an old member of the White Lancers, had disappeared from its resting-place in the cabinet, which contained the mess plate, in the dining-room. Everyone in the room, except the Colonel, seemed to have been stunned by the terrible news. Sir Arthur removed the ash from his cigar, and, looking at Brash, a quiet smile hovering on his genial face, remarked:

"You must be dreaming, Brash, or perhaps Major Hunter has had it

sent down to Slocum's, the jewellers, to be cleaned. He was speaking to me of doing so some time ago."

"No, sir," replied Brash; "because the lock of the cabinet is busted open, and Major Hunter told me only yesterday that he had decided not to have the cup cleaned until just before the Old Comrades' Dinner."

Whilst the sergeant had been speaking the Colonel's face had assumed a more serious expression, and when Brash had finished he said, addressing the officers present:

"Gentlemen, Major Desmond, Captain Furber and I will go to the dining-room and see if this thing be true. Probably we can find some explanation of the affair; but in the meantime, keep what you have heard to yourselves. Publicity will not help us in solving the case, if there is a case, and gossip would do the regiment incalculable harm."

So saying, he left the room, accompanied by the officers he had named, leaving the others to discuss the catastrophe from all points. Seymour, the senior subaltern, decided the cup would be found, declaring that it had been cleaned by an overzealous mess servant but this confident assertion was promptly rejected by all the others, who scented a mystery and looked forward to it as something which would enliven the monotony of barrack life in the sleepy old town of Barchester.

When the Colonel reached the din-

ing-room, a glance at the cabinet revealed that the place usually occupied by the Yardington Trophy was indeed vacant.

Brash, having recovered his self-possession, and feeling very important at being able to make the Colonel listen to what he was saying, showed the injured lock of the door. As a matter of fact, the lock had not been "busted," as Brash had said. The tongue or bar of the lock had simply been sawn through with an exceedingly fine instrument, the door opened, the trophy removed, and the door again closed—appearing as if it had never been tampered with. Nothing in the nature of a clue was visible, not even the small dust which would naturally have fallen from the bar of the lock in the process of sawing; and the most careful search of the room by Major Desmond and the adjutant failed to reveal anything else.

The Colonel at once despatched an orderly to Major Hunter, the mess president, who, on reporting to him and receiving the news, dispelled all hopes by declaring emphatically that he had not sent the cup to be cleaned, nor had he given any order for it to be cleaned by any of the mess servants.

The orderly was again despatched to summon every officer of the regiment to the mess, and Sir Arthur returned to the ante-room, where the officers who had already heard Brash's announcement were anxiously waiting the Colonel's verdict. They were, however, doomed to a long interval of suspense—until the officers had all assembled, and the adjutant had reported:

"All officers present, sir."

The Colonel rose, looking, in his blue serge, well-fitting blue riding breeches, with the familiar double white stripes of the White Lancers and elegant jack-boots and spurs—the very beau ideal of a British cavalry officer. His face wore a look of pain at the misfortune that had befallen his beloved regiment, and the

row of active service ribbons on his left breast bore eloquent testimony to the fact that he had seen much service with them.

For a moment he stood silent, looking over his officers as if he hesitated to break the news. Then his voice broke the stillness, in that tone that could electrify six hundred men on parade, and those officers not already "in the know" surmised that something had happened to upset the "Chief."

"Gentlemen," he began, "I have called you here this morning to tell you that the Yardington Polo Trophy has been stolen. I shall at once apprise Scotland Yard, and in the meantime must ask you to maintain strict secrecy with regard to this unfortunate affair, as, if it should be noised abroad, it will hamper the investigation and do the regiment a lot of unnecessary harm. Of course, it is needless for me to ask you to assist the police to the utmost of your ability, or to impress upon you that the Yardington must be recovered at all costs. That will be all. Thank you, gentlemen."

Picking up his staff cap, crop, and gloves, he added: "Desmond, Hunter, and Furber, I will ask you to meet the Scotland Yard man with me. As soon as he arrives I will notify you when I should like you to come to my quarters. I will wire the Yard at once, and shall expect their man on the seven-forty-five to-night."

He then left the mess and ordering his dog-cart was soon at the Barchester General Post-office, where he handed in the following telegram:

"C. I. D., Scotland Yards, London.

"Despatch man immediately to White Lancers, Barchester. Report me on arrival.

"LESLIE,

Commanding White Lancers, Barchester."

Meanwhile, the ante-room was the scene of much animated discussion; all kinds of impossible theories were aired, debated, and rejected; whilst

in his quarters, in another part of the same building, Lieutenant the Honourable Rodney Bernard sat behind locked doors, coolly weighing and appraising the much-talked-of Yardington Polo Trophy.

A little over the five-foot-ten mark, well proportioned, and of soldierly bearing, young Bernard was not the man you would have been connected in any way with "The Great Yardington Mystery," as it afterwards became known. He came of a good family, the Bernards of Rowington, in Cheshire, and had about three years' service to his credit with the White Lancers. A good horseman, well liked by his men, and favourably thought of by his superiors, Bernard had many qualifications to enable him to rise high in his profession. Yet, here he was—with the missing cup in his possession! Sitting in a big lounge-chair, he held the cup thoughtfully between his knees, and smiled broadly as he cogitated upon the commotion its disappearance had caused.

"Well, my beauty, in the words of my esteemed tutor in crime, dear old Rags, I have turned the trick."

So mused this promising young officer, of whom his Colonel had, only the day before, spoken of to the G. O. C. as "a coming youngster, sir; wish I had more like him."

"I can't possibly get leave to run up to town, even for a day or two, but I think I have a little ruse that will throw dust into the eyes of our friend from Scotland Yard."

So mused Bernard. But here his soliloquy was cut short by the sound of spurred boots coming along the corridor. Springing up, and hastily showing the cup under some cushions in a cosy corner, he just had time to noiselessly unlock the door and throw himself carelessly upon the cushions in the cosy corner, when in came Seymour, the jovial senior subaltern.

"Well, Roddy, how comes it you are not downstairs inventing theories

about the beautiful mystery we are confronted with?"

"My dear Seymour, I have concluded that the Yardington was removed by a much too clever man for me to ever hope to catch, so I am not worrying about it at all. Detective work is not in my line."

"Oh, come, Roddy; I thought this affair would rouse even you out of your wonted calm. Just fancy the dear old Snowbirds (the nickname of the White Lancers in the service) falling a victim to a burglar. The cup must have been lifted right under our very noses, too, for Brash declares it was in the cabinet while we were at breakfast this morning. Oh, well; I suppose it's in town by this, and is probably being melted down by some rascally receiver. But staying here talking nonsense won't get me ready for lunch, so I'll be off to change."

With this, Seymour marched out of the room, and Roddy, immediately locking the door, proceeded to put a little scheme into execution for the safe keeping of the cup, until he could get it into "Rags's" possession. Having completed this and cleared away all signs of his recent employment, Lieutenant the Honourable Rodney Bernard rang for his servant and proceeded to change into mufti.

A few minutes before seven o'clock the same evening, clad in the smart blue and white mess dress of the "Snowbirds," Roddy descended to the ante-room, and, ordering a sherry and bitters, joined his brother officers in the all-important conversation concerning the Yardington Trophy.

The entrance of Major Hunter, the senior officer, who dined in the mess (Sir Arthur, being married, of course, dined at home) put a stop to further mention of the great topic, and dinner was then announced.

"The King" had just been toasted, when Brash appeared and whispered to Major Hunter, who rose

and apologised for the abrupt departure of himself, Major Desmond, and Captain Furber, who, he said, were required at the commanding officer's quarters. These officers then left the room.

As it was surmised that their departure was caused by the arrival of the detective, speculation was rife amongst the junior officers as to the probable recovery of the "Yardington." Their sporting instincts being aroused, several bets were placed, one of ten to one in guineas offered by the junior sub. in favour of the recovery of the cup within three months, was promptly booked by Lieutenant the Honourable Rodney Bernard.

Sir Arthur Leslie's quarters were situated about five minutes' walk from the mess; and the three officers, who had thrown cloaks over their mess dress, were soon in the presence of their C. O., whom they found in conversation with a short, thick-set man, with a pointed beard, who had evidently expressed a preference for his meerschaum to one of the Colonel's cigars, and who favoured them with a quick glance as they were announced by the butler.

Coming forward, the Colonel introduced his visitor as Detective Sergeant Morley, of Scotland Yard.

"Your prompt arrival, gentlemen, relieves me of the necessity of boring Sergeant Morley with further small talk," began the Colonel; "and his reputation is an assurance of his desire to get to business at once."

The detective blew a cloud of smoke, smiled, but made no comment.

"Now Sergeant Morley," the Colonel continued, "the loss of the cup was reported to me by Sergeant Brash, our mess caterer, at about eleven-fifteen this morning, just after our return from work. Brash, I might inform you, has been in the service for years, and the officers have the fullest confidence in him. In the company of the gentlemen now present, I went to the dining-room, and

found the facts to be as Brash had represented them—the bar of the lock sawn through, and the cup gone. Calling my officers together, I communicated the news to those who had not already heard it, enjoined secrecy, and requested them to give the authorities every help towards recovering the trophy. I then wired your headquarters. I felt it necessary to have my senior officers here to meet you; and Captain Furber, the adjutant, represents the single members of the mess. These gentlemen will, I am sure, render you every assistance in their power."

"Very good, sir," replied Morley, continuing to blow great clouds of smoke. "Will you be good enough to give me a description of the cup? The photographs I have seen of the famous 'Yardington' are not sufficiently fresh in my memory to be of much use."

Sir Arthur lit a fresh cigar, and, settling himself comfortably in his huge chair, began:

"The Yardington Trophy was presented by the Earl of that name, on his elevation to the peerage, and consequent retirement from this regiment. It was given for competition amongst the polo teams of the Lancer regiments throughout the service; was won the first two years by the 23rd, who lost it to the "Duke's Own," who retained it only for one year, and who were deprived of it by us. We succeeded in keeping it for three years, whereupon the cup became the property of the regiment. This cup was originally the property of the present Earl's father, to whom it was presented by the Maharajah of Brah Matha for services rendered during the late Earl's vice-regal administration in India. It was of pure gold, standing about fifteen inches high, and being supported by a model of an elephant, whose howdah formed the base of the cup. The Yardington arms were engraved on its front, the lower parts being surmounted by platinum shields, bearing the names

of the regiments by whom it had been won and the date of their victories."

"Very interesting," broke in the detective. "What was its probable value?"

"Its intrinsic value," replied the Colonel, "at a conservative estimate, would be at least four hundred guineas, but its historical interest and exquisite workmanship made it practically priceless. That is about all the information I can give you. I will leave you to your own devices. You will, of course, have full access to any portion of the mess or barracks during your investigations, and may consider me at your disposal, if I can do anything to further the elucidation of this mystery."

Sergeant Morley, who, during the conversation had been making occasional memoranda, closed his notebook, remarking: "With your permission, Sir Arthur, and if these gentlemen have no information to supplement your account, I should now like to see the burgled cabinet."

Sir Arthur rose, preceded the others to the hall, and, having been assisted into a light cover-coat by a footman, led the way to the mess. Without disturbing the officers in the ante-room or the billiard-room, the party made their way to the dining-room, conducted by the deferential Brash, who regarded the detective with the distrust of an old soldier for the mere civilian. The lights being turned up, Morley stepped to the cabinet. After a cursory glance at the door, he fitted a lens to his eye and carefully went over all the parts nearest the lock. The floor next claimed his attention; then he opened the door for a most precise examination of the severed edges of the lock. Taking his penknife, he inserted the blade behind the portion of the tongue still remaining in the lock and prised it out, putting it in his pocket for further reference. The windows of the dining-room looked out upon the officers' garden, and to

these he next turned his attention. A short inspection, however, sufficed to satisfy him that the thief had not entered the room that way; and, having completed his investigations, he asked the Colonel if he might have a few minutes' private conversation with Sergeant Brash.

"Certainly," was the reply. "Brash, take Sergeant Morley to your own room; he is a Scotland Yard officer, and I wish you to help him to the best of your ability."

"Very good, sir," was the veteran's reply. "If Mr. Morley will accompany me, I shall be pleased to tell him all I know."

Before leaving, Morley informed the Colonel that he would not trouble him further that evening, but did not say that he had as yet found any clue.

The officers then left the dining-hall, and Morley accompanied the old soldier to his room, or "bunk," as he himself described it. On arriving there, Brash, whose reserve toward the "civv" seemed to have melted away with the discovery that he, too, was a sergeant, summoned one of the mess waiters and ordered liquid refreshment and cigars for his guest.

Comfortably ensconced in big arm-chairs, one on each side of the fire, the pair settled down for a long conversation about the mystery, with Morley as investigator and Brash, as it were, on the stand.

Morley, who had produced his ever-ready meerschaum, opened fire with:

"Now, Sergeant Brash, before asking you anything, I would remind you that, should any of my questions appear personal, I am only doing my duty—only trying to get at the bottom of what appears to me, at first hand, a very pretty case, also a particularly uncommon one. So far, the only thing I have decided is that the 'Yardington' was lifted by no ordinary criminal, that it, by one already known to the police; and my reason for reminding you of my duty was to

enlist your sympathies for a man who may have an unpleasant task before him; for I may want to know something about some of your own people, that is, not particularly the officers, or your mess staff, but any one in the White Lancers."

"That's all right, Morley; if the Colonel says I'm to help you—well, I'm going to do it. And, besides, you seem to be a decent sort of chap for a policeman, so go ahead."

"Well then—here's the first shot," laughed the detective. "What time this morning do you remember positively seeing the cup in its place?"

"At eight o'clock, when the officers were at breakfast."

"Are you sure that at that time the lock had not been touched?"

"Ah," replied Brash, "that I could not swear to, for I never looked at the cabinet any closer than you usually do at something you have seen every day for years."

"How many years' service have you?"

"Eighteen this month."

"How long have you been employed in the mess?"

"Let me see——" Brash showed signs of becoming reminiscent. "I came into the mess the year we relieved the 4th at Aldershot. That was—yes, I've been caterer for nearly nine years."

"Have you made any changes in your staff recently?"

"No. The last change was when young Chalmers, of 'C' Squadron replaced Jones, of 'D,' about a year ago."

"Is Jones still in the regiment?"

"No," replied Brash. "He left—time expired, last May, and sailed for Canada."

"Of course," suggested the detective, "your staff are above suspicion; that is, you don't know any one of them likely to try this kind of a game—do you?"

"Certainly not, sir!" retorted Brash, "or they wouldn't be here, I assure you."

"Now Brash," good-humouredly replied Morley, "don't forget my little appeal before we went into action."

Some two hours were spent in this manner, then the detective left barracks for the Barchester Arms, not a bit the wiser for his lengthy examination of the old cavalryman. On his arrival at the hotel, he took the opportunity, whilst signing his fictitious name of James Lenster, of running through the register in the hope of observing some signature that had a familiar look or sound, and spent the rest of the evening in the hall of the hostelry, studying the patrons of that popular house. He was not rewarded, however, by the sight of any known cracksman from London or elsewhere; and Morley's knowledge of the members of that craft was pretty extensive.

By this time the news of the robbery had leaked out, and the evening papers were making much of the "Yardington Mystery," a fact which caused no small gratification to Morley, who had no objections to being in the press as the investigator of what promised to be a case of widespread interest.

To hark back to Lieutenant the Honourable Rodney Bernard, whom we left in the dining-room, where he had just booked a bet against the recovery of the stolen cup—that worthy, after the adjournment of the officers to the ante-room, soon found an opportunity of slipping away to his own rooms, where he sat down and composed the following epistle to Major Ragglesdon, Leicester Chambers, Newbury St., London, W.:

"Dear Rags,—Will you come down and dine with me next guest night, Friday, the nineteenth? You will have seen by the papers that we have lost the 'Yardington Trophy' at last. A Scotland Yard man is here, working on the case; he arrived this evening, and we are anxiously awaiting the result of his investigations. I have devoted very little attention to the affair, but can hardly credit that the cup has passed out of the possession of the old 'Snowbirds' entire-

ly, but notwithstanding my hopes, and to add a little sporting interest to the case, I accepted a bet of ten to one, in guineas, from young Romore against the cup being recovered. Well, don't fail to turn up on Friday, there's a good chap, as I have a good thing I want to let you in on. I will meet the five-thirty from town and shall expect to see you.

"Yours as ever,
"RODDY."

Morley spent the next morning with the local police authorities, mapping out a plan of action, and before noon the town was placarded with printed handbills, offering a reward of one hundred pounds for information which would lead to the recovery of the cup. This notice was also inserted in the local and London papers. The mystery afforded much delight to the wits of the White Lancers, and one very regimental squadron Sergeant-Major was called out of bed at twelve-thirty or thereabouts by a would-be humourist, who told him he was wanted in his squadron rooms at once. Fearing that some tragedy had occurred, he dressed and hurried over, to be confronted by the newest recruit, who had been detailed by some of his older comrades to meet the S.S.M. immediately on his arrival, and to inform him that Private Williams was suspected of having the "Yardington" Cup concealed in his mess tin, and would the S.S.M. have Private Williams's kit searched? The S.M.'s words are not for publication. This, and several other practical jokes, made the mystery a source of much fun to the regiment, and numerous remarks, complimentary to the author of the crime, were heard, the audacity of the theft appealing greatly to "Tommy's" love of sport. The first real move on the part of the police was made at Morley's suggestion—that the officers' quarters be searched; and this, reluctantly consented to by Colonel Sir Arthur Leslie, was done during a parade at which every officer was present, except Major Hunter, who had been detailed by the Colonel to accompany the police officials. Every nook and

cranny in each officer's room was searched, Roddy's included, but at the end Morley and Inspector Thomas, of the local force, were compelled to declare that they had drawn blank.

So matters stood, the police working hard, but failing to find any clue, until Friday, the evening of which was guest night.

At a few minutes before five-thirty Lieutenant Bernard drove up to the Barchester railway station, and, handing the reins to his groom, sauntered to the platform to await the arrival of Major Ragglesdon. The train was punctual, for a change, and almost before it had stopped Roddy was shaking hands with his confederate.

The Major was a man of about forty-two, standing well up to five feet, eleven. As a yeomanry officer he had had a distinguished career, having gone out to Africa, where he served through the whole campaign, and received the D.S.O. He was at present on the reserve of officers, and had a comfortable little flat on Newbury Street, a moderately furnished stable, and a reputation which gave him the entree to the best country houses. A mania for revolver shooting added to his popularity. His appearance rather favoured the navy, his clean-shaven face being bronzed and weather-beaten.

Bernard and "Rags," after the usual greetings, strolled to the end of the train, where the Major secured his uniform-case, and in less than twenty minutes were at the barracks. As they descended from the dog-cart Bernard's man appeared and took the uniform-case, with instructions from Bernard to lay the Major's mess dress out in his room. The two then repaired to the ante-room, where Ragglesdon was introduced to the few guests who did not already know him. In a little while the pair ascended to Bernard's room, where they found everything ready for a quick change into mess dress. During this operation

Ragglesdon touched on the real object of his visit by remarking:

"Now, you young reprobate, I'm not questioning your cleverness—don't think so for a moment—but I must say I am curious to know what you have done with the "Yardington."

"The same curiosity at present possesses our friend Sergeant Morley, of Scotland Yard; but don't get impatient," returned Bernard. "Sufficient for the day is the good thereof. However, it may interest you to know that the much-sought-for cup is within reach of your arm."

To this Ragglesdon replied with a glance around the room, and, failing to discover the object of his search, he said:

"All right, Roddy, have it your own way."

The two friends having now finished dressing went down to the billiard-room, where they found the conversation turning on anything but the cup, which seemed to be ignored by general consent. Meanwhile, the Colonel had arrived, dinner was announced, and "Rags" proved the very life of the table—his genial personality and pointed anecdotes going far to dispel the semi-gloom, which, owing to the loss of the cup, had for some days overcast the White Lancers. After dinner the bridge players foregathered in the card-room, and some of the youngsters started an uproarious game of pool in the billiard-room, whilst others derived pleasure from the strains of the regimental band. "Rags" was in great demand all through the evening, and it must have been close on three o'clock before he and Bernard retired. They were awakened at eight a.m. by the entry of Bernard's servant with hot coffee and shaving water.

"Have the cart round at nine-thirty sharp, Brice," said Bernard. "Major Ragglesdon wants to catch the nine-fifty for town."

Thus dismissed, Brice left the

room. Ragglesdon again brought forward the subject of the cup, remarking:

"Now, youngster, perhaps you will be good enough to enlighten me as to how you managed to keep the 'Yardington' concealed through all this fuss."

"My dear Rags," replied the youngster, "I have kept it concealed, as it were, by not keeping it concealed. In fact, as I intimated to you last night, the 'Yardington' is one of the most conspicuous objects in this room, but it is, of course, slightly disguised."

Stepping to the mantel-piece, the Honourable Rodney Bernard reached down what appeared to be a huge plaster of paris cup, studded all over with mosaic work of parti-coloured pieces of china. He then stepped to a little table, producing a small hammer from one of the drawers. With this he gave the cup a few smart taps, which caused the plaster of paris to fall away in pieces, revealing the much-discussed "Yardington Polo Trophy."

The first thing Ragglesdon did was to lock the door, the second, to take Roddy by the hand.

"Well done, young 'un! That's the best yet! But why did you not let me take it back to town as it was?"

"Because," answered Roddy, smiling, "I want to account for the disappearance of that piece of ware from my room, and in a manner to excite no suspicion." Unlocking the door and ringing the bell, having first deposited the "Yardington" in Ragglesdon's portmanteau, which was then closed and locked, he placed his foot on the plaster of paris scattered about the floor, crushing the various pieces out of all semblance; and when the mess servant answered his ring, told him:

"Oh, Chalmers, Major Ragglesdon has had an accident with one of my ornaments. You might sweep up the pieces, will you?"

The servant departed, to return a few minutes later with a dust-pan and brush, with which he soon removed all traces of the broken ornament. When he had again left, the two resumed their toilets, and Roddy, anticipating the natural curiosity of his guest as to how he had managed to obtain the cup from the cabinet, began:

"Well, Rags, old chap, I will now let you on as to how the game was worked. As you know, I have had my eye on the 'Yardington' for some time, but could not think out a sure plan for getting it. At one time I thought of giving the mess servants a little chloroform treatment, but they are all decent fellows, and I hardly think that kind of thing playing the game. It rather takes away from the flavour of the sport if you make too sure of your opponents. So I waited for an evening when I knew the mess would be quiet. This came last Monday evening, when, by pure chance, all the fellows—that is, all the single members, who are the only ones who use the ante-room and billiard-room, were out. I was orderly officer, and when I went out on 'visiting rounds,' which I purposely delayed until about twelve-thirty a.m., at which time I knew that the fellows who weren't in would not be coming back until morning. I called the mess waiter on duty for the night and told him to put me out a whisky and seltzer to drink when I came in, and that he might go to bed. 'Visiting rounds' here, on account of the orderly officer's having to do the remount stables, which is some little distance from the barracks, takes about three-quarters of an hour, so I knew that the waiter would be asleep before my return. When I came back, about ten minutes past one, I went up to my room, got into an old suit of plain kit, with rubbers over my shoes, so that, in case of a surprise, I might break away through a window, leaving them to think that the mess had been broken into by an

ordinary burglar, and, slipping my electric torch and wire-lock into my pocket, I stole downstairs. Everything was perfectly quiet, and in a few minutes I had sawed the tongue of the bar of the lock entirely through, and was back in my room again. Before leaving the cabinet, however, I carefully blew away the fine dust that had fallen from the lock——"

Here Ragglesdon broke in with:

"Why did you not take the cup then?"

"Can't you see?" replied Bernard. "Had I lifted the cup then, it would probably have been missed the first thing in the morning, and as I was probably the last officer that any of the waiters would have seen on the previous night, I should naturally be an object of suspicion and investigation by the authorities. Of course, I desired to avoid this, so left the 'Yardington' in its usual place until morning, trusting to luck that nobody would notice that the lock had been tampered with. Well, the next morning I purposely went down to breakfast late, so late, in fact, that I knew the mess servants would be at their own breakfast, and that one of them would bring my whole order on a tray, together with my morning paper, and then go back to his own meal. It fell out precisely as I had anticipated. I ordered my breakfast, and as soon as I had finished it I tiptoed across to the cabinet and removed the cup. I placed it in the morning paper in such a way that, holding the handle of the cup between my thumb and forefinger, the paper hung down over it, completely concealing it. This done, I closed the door again, and walked out boldly and hurriedly along the passage and upstairs to my room. Had I met anyone he would only have seen that I was carrying a newspaper. Having entered my room, I placed the cup in my service kit-box, the keys of which I always carry with me. I narrowly escaped a wiggling from the adjutant

for being late for parade that morning, but as I very seldom offend in that respect he let me go unscathed. It was not until our return from the field, about eleven o'clock, that the loss of the cup was discovered. As soon as I could get away I went to my quarters, where, thanks to my hobby of clay-modelling, and the help of a little plaster of paris and a few china cups, which I had procured for the purpose, I was soon able to transform the famous Yardington Trophy into the very respectable piece of mosaic-work that your clumsy fingers so unfortunately deprived me of. Now, Rags, it's up to you to get the cup to town and convert it into cash, of which commodity I am running short."

The two then descended to the dining-room. After enjoying a good breakfast, Major Ragglesdon said good-bye to the officers present, and, accompanied by Bernard, went over to the orderly-room for the purpose of paying his respects to the Colonel before leaving. He found that officer in conversation with Sergeant Morley, who had come to report to the Colonel his intention of returning to headquarters, having failed to obtain any clue to the perpetrators of the crime. As they entered the office, in response to the Colonel's beckoned invitation, Major Ragglesdon said:

"Well, Sir Arthur, I have come to thank you for one more pleasant evening spent with your regiment, and, as I am catching the nine-fifty, you must not delay me; but I could not go without seeing you."

"Quite so, Ragglesdon," replied the C. O. "I am glad to see you keep up your acquaintance with the old 'Snowbirds,' but, as you say, you haven't much time for that train. Oh, by the bye—here's Sergeant Morley, of Scotland Yard, who has had to confess himself beaten by 'The Yardington Mystery,' and who is going up on the same train. Would you

mind giving him a lift to the station, Bernard?"

"Delighted, sir, I am sure," replied Roddy; and Ragglesdon chimed in:

"I shall be glad of Mr. Morley's companionship to town. I am always glad to talk with detectives—they are such clever beggars, and always have a good yarn or two."

With this remark the trio—Bernard, Ragglesdon, and Morley—left the office and climbed into Roddy's dog-cart, the two friends sitting in front and Morley at the back, quite oblivious of the fact that, within a few inches of his feet, the "Yardington" lay secure in Major Ragglesdon's portmanteau.

The station having been reached, and his passengers having alighted, Roddy shook hands with them, then, wheeling about, was soon back in barracks, where he promptly allowed the cup to slip from his thoughts altogether, being absorbed in the many duties incidental to the lot of a sub-altern cavalry officer.

A few days after he received a letter from Ragglesdon, which ran thus:

"Leicester Chambers, Newbury Street, London, W.

"Dear Roddy,—Enclosed please find cheque for one hundred and eighty pounds, your share of the proceeds of our late gold mine. With great good luck I disposed of it for three hundred and sixty pounds—which goes to prove that its value is greater than was generally supposed. Sergeant Morley proved a very agreeable companion the other day; but he was occasionally much downcast that the 'Yardington Mystery' had proved entirely beyond him. He said he had never worked on a case that provided such an absolute lack of clues. He also complimented the artist—or so he called him—who got away with the cup, and said that, whoever he was, he deserved all he made out of it. I am inclined to agree with him—aren't you? I am thinking seriously of another investment. Should like to see you when you next come to town. Regards to all the White Lancers.

"Yours to a finish,

"RAGS."

FUNDY'S TIDES AND MARSHES

BY WILLIAM BROUARD MACKENZIE

LOOKING east toward Nova Scotia we see mile after mile of brilliant green meadow land, dotted with barns away to the foot of the upland. The blossoming hay, the sweet perfumed grasses, and the wild-flowers peculiar to salt marshes are waving in the summer breeze, like billows of the ocean. The shadows of the clouds go drifting over the great marsh and are lost beyond the distant hills, which rear their crests against the sky. To the left, among the foothills, nestles "Frosty Hollow," where shaded stream and swirling pool have been made famous by the brush of Hammond. To the right, and extending along the foot of the upland lies the bowl-shaped river bed, a huge gash in the red earth, in the bottom of which, like a thread of silver, a tiny rivulet trickles leisurely down toward the sea: the only remnant left, when, quoting our own poet Roberts:

"In haste the reflux ocean
Fled away from the shore and left the
line of the sand beach
Covered with waifs of the tide, with
kelp and the slippery seaweed."

Wandering right and left towards the horizon are seen dikes similar to those spoken of by Longfellow in "Evangeline":

"Dikes that the hands of the farmers had
raised with labour incessant
Shut out the turbulent tides; but at
stated seasons the flood-gates
Opened and welcomed the sea to wander
at will o'er the meadows."

Down the red mud-banks of the river-bed flow many little snowy

waterfalls, which join the stream between and far below the level of the protecting dikes.

Roberts, in his book of poems entitled "In Divers Tones," describes the meadows thus:

"Skirting the sunbright uplands stretches
a riband of meadow,
Shorn of the labouring grass, bulwarked
well from the sea,
Fenced on its seaward border with long
clay dikes from the turbid
Surge and flow of the tides vexing
Westmoreland Shores."

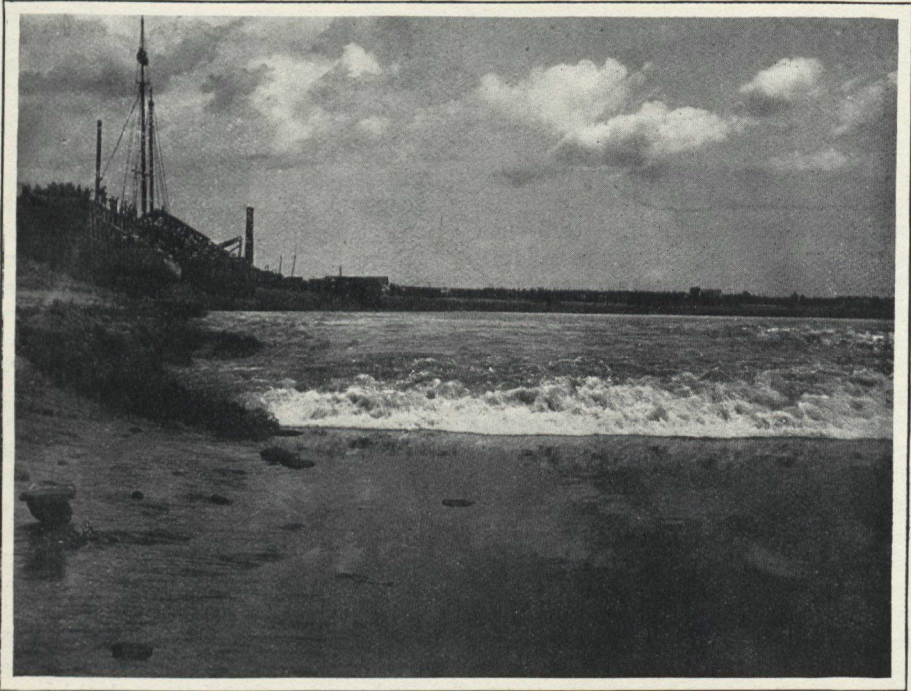
Ever since the "Divide" between the Bay of Fundy and the Strait of Northumberland rose above the restless sea, have these twenty-seven thousand square acres of prairie-like marshes been forming, and this process of land-building will probably continue until the ocean will have shut itself out entirely from the inner reaches of the bay.

As we look out far over the green landscape, we hear at our feet the hum of insect life and the twitter of birds in their invisible nests. Thoughts come to us of the time, many years ago, when the red man and the pale-face fought over these broad meadows, dikes and hillsides. At Beauséjour, Bay Verte, Jolicure, Beaubassin, Aulac and Bloody Bridge, many men who were foes in life, now lie side by side beneath the green sward, sleeping the dreamless sleep of eternity, their graves unmarked and their names forgotten.

Many human hopes and fears, pleasures and disappointments, joys

and sorrows, have these tides carried to and fro. When France and England fought for Canada, ship-loads of brave men sailed into the bay, many of whom went not back. By

funnel-shaped mouth of the bay, being compressed sidewise and heaped up higher and higher as it advances up between the narrowing shores of the bay, the bed of which forms an



"THE BORE" AT MONCTON

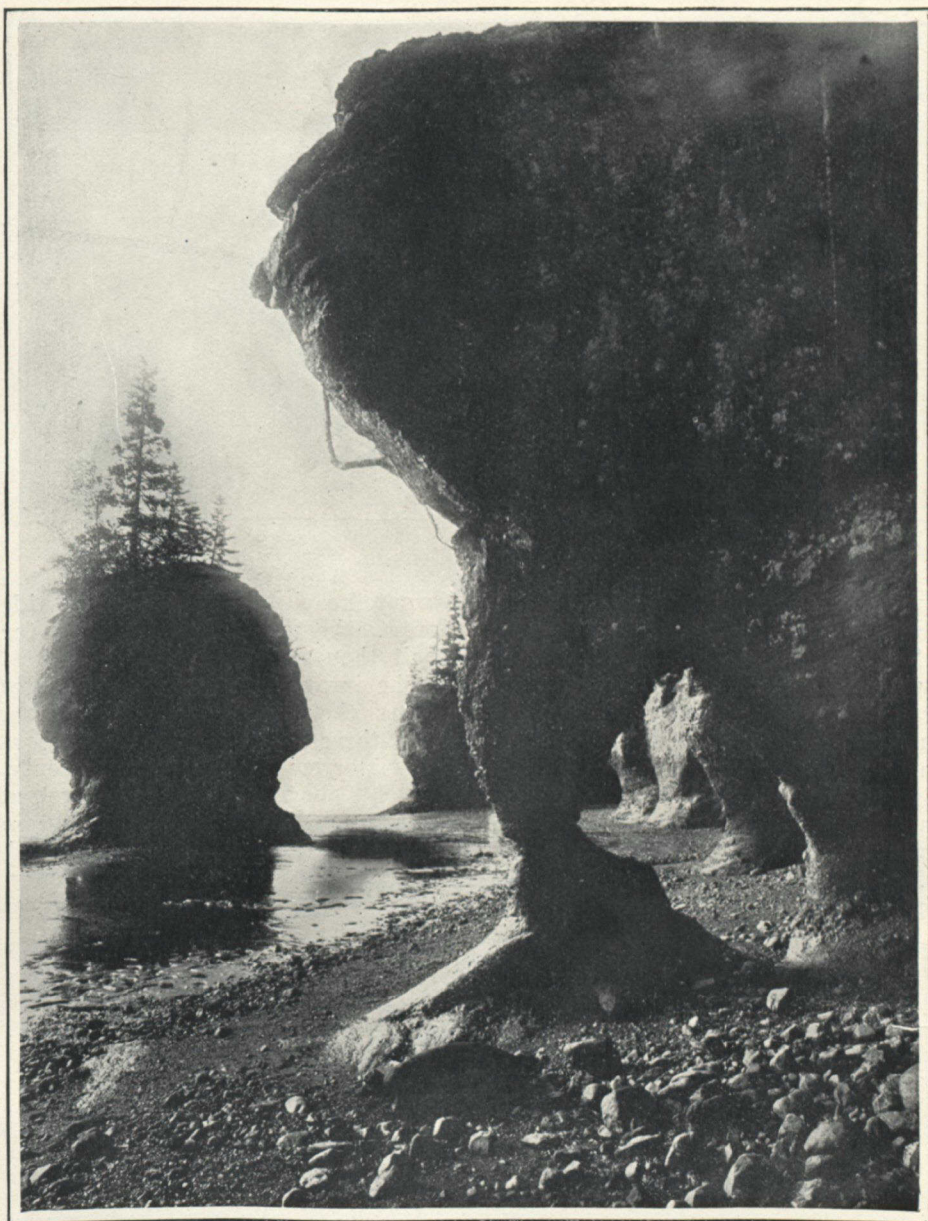
A GREAT PHENOMENON OF THE FUNDY TIDES

the light of their burning homes did the French Acadians on November 16th, 1775, sail away on the outgoing tide from Grand Pré, as prisoners, their hearts heavy and sorrowful; but still beating true to their beloved Franc. Years afterward the tide bore in men of another tongue, who, with psalms of praise to the Almighty for His goodness, took peaceable possession of the waving marshes and the fruitful hillsides of Grand Pré.

Beyond the hills of blue, which envelop and shut out the sight of the ocean, a rare convulsion of nature is about to begin: the great tide-wave which originated in the southern sea is travelling swiftly along the coast and is now wedged violently into the

inclined plane rising four feet to the mile.

In the still air is heard a faint murmur. The cattle feeding on the plain, or couched among the golden-rods on the sunny hillside, raise their heads, look seaward, and with outstretched necks, sniff the cool salt breeze which stirs the flower-spangled marsh grass, on its way to herald the advent of the sea. The murmur deepens, and a torrent of dark-red water is seen rounding the "Bend" of the Petiteodiac River and spreading out fan-like over the flats in front of the city to which the gallant Monckton gave his name. It advances at a speed of six or seven miles an hour, bearing on its front a white breaking wave called "The

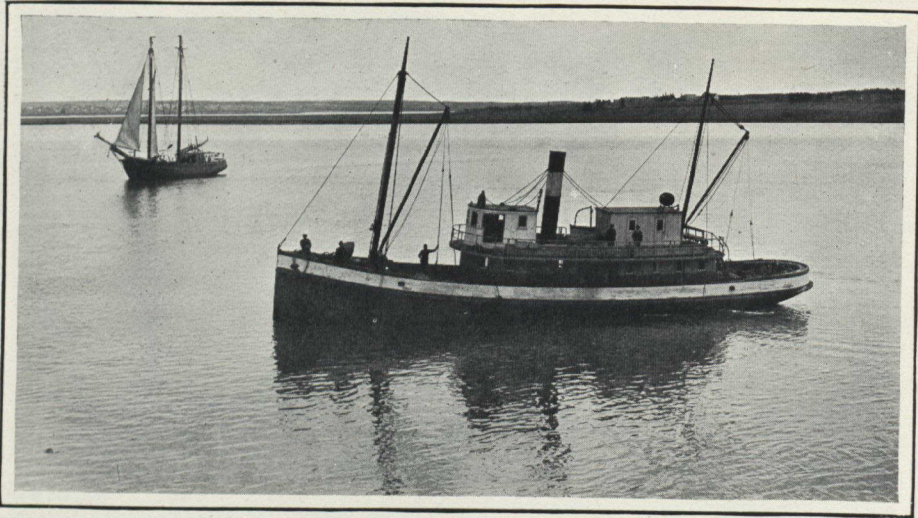


"THE ROCKS" NEAR HILLSBOROUGH, NEW BRUNSWICK

Bore." At certain times this wave may be scarcely over the boot-tops; but at full or new moon it measures six or seven feet in height. Flocks of sea-gulls fly lazily along in company with the tumbling water, and, with the wind of fortune in their

backs, pounce down here and there upon the luckless fish, which fate throws near the surface.

The remnants of the ebb tide are swallowed up by the wave and borne backward, and every channel, creek and estuary is filled with a surging,

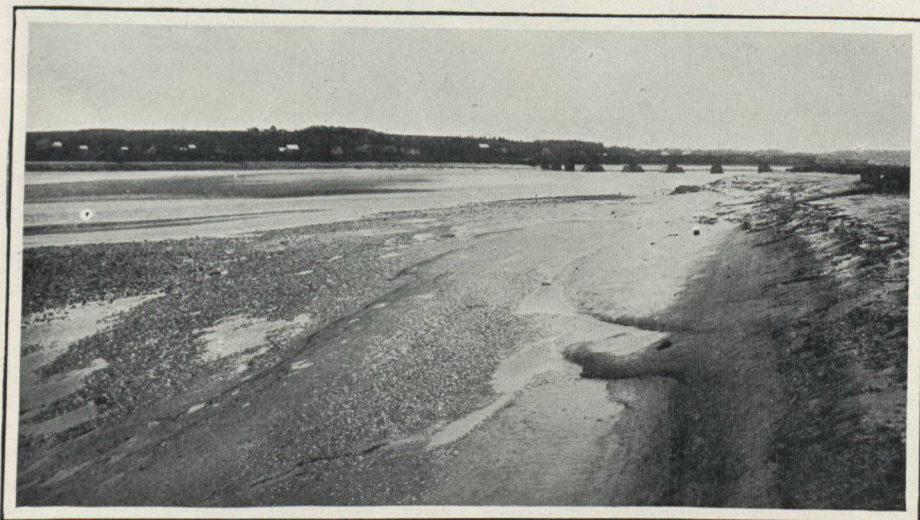


HIGH TIDE AT MONCTON, NEW BRUNSWICK

whirling, foaming body of red water. Roaring, seething, and hissing, the "bore" runs past and the last white-winged bird disappears in the distance. The water now flows in like a river, silently and resistlessly, and as the stranger sees the flood rapidly creeping up the banks and dikes, a feeling of unrest seizes him. Instinctively he turns, and with his eye measures the distance to the nearest hills, as if calculating the time neces-

sary to reach safety, should the tide forget the injunction, "Thus far shalt thou go."

The impact with which the water enters the bay forces it up from forty-three to fifty-three feet above low-water level, or twenty to twenty-five feet above normal ocean level, at the inner extremities of the bay; so that when its highest point is reached, the surface of the water forms an inclined plane sloping towards the sea



LOW TIDE AT MONCTON, NEW BRUNSWICK

at the rate of one hundred and fourteen thousandths of one foot to the mile.

Resting here for a moment, the great flood, with its load of sediment eroded from the red sandstone shores, turns seaward again, bearing upon its bosom alike the tiny boat and the stately ship. Moving slowly at first, the receding waters increase in velocity as they descend the inclined plane, until the ships have been carried out to the great blue sea. The river-bed is again almost empty, and so remains until the bird pilots are again seen and the rumble of the returning "bore" reaches our ears; and so has this great pendulum of nature's clock been swinging to and fro every twelve hours through the slow-moving centuries, and will so continue while the seasons come and go, and while land and water maintain their present relative positions.

The highest tide known in the Bay was the "Saxby Tide" of 5th October, 1869, which rose fifty-seven-and-a-half feet above extreme low-water mark at the inner extremity of the bay. With every recurring tide, tons on tons of red sediment are left behind to build up more fertile soil for the husbandman, the layers varying from the thickness of a sheet of paper to a quarter of an inch.

In the half-dried mud are pressed the foot-prints of birds and animals, the tracks of worms, rain-prints and ripple-marks, fallen leaves and roots of trees; all so many molds or cores, which will be filled in or covered up by the sediment of the next tide. Who knows but that the forces of nature may in future ages bring these "foot-prints of the Creator" again to the view of some wondering scientist, delving in the hills which time shall have builded.



TALANA HILL

BY W. E. ELLIOTT

THE field bugler sounded with dry lips the two brassy notes of the "rest call," and the perspiring troops on Niagara Common were quick to heed their officers' order to lie down. With heads bared to catch the bit of breeze off Lake Ontario, they lay cursing the "orderly men" for their deliberate movements with the water pails.

The sandy roadway which passed headquarters seemed the hottest place in camp. The breeze faltered and died before it passed the first row of tents, and the hot rays of the June sun were reflected undiminished from the white canvas of the divisional marquee. Standing at stiff attention before it, Sergeant-Major Lane wrinkled his old face in the glaring light. His trim staff cap utterly failed to protect the bald head beneath it, and the hot sand of the roadway burned through the sergeant-major's soles.

A full hour in the sun, even with liberty to move about, is an ordeal; to stand at attention in one spot for that time is nothing short of torture. Sergeant-Major Lane was over sixty, and his shoulders had begun to droop a little. His fingers, pressed to the red trouser-seams, trembled slightly.

The old soldier straightened to rigid "attention" as a staff officer rode in from the field on a big bay charger. At the sight of him Brigadier-General Arthur Dillon Gilmour, V.C., C.V.O., C.B., turned back from the tent door with some astonishment.

"Why, Lane, I didn't know you

were at camp!" He came impetuously forward, with hand outstretched.

"Yes, sir, I am with Colonel Morton, of the Third Infantry Brigade, as brigade sergeant-major. I'm past the retiring age, but the colonel was kind enough to say that he needed me. Still, this will be my last camp. I hope you're keeping well, sir, and Mrs. Gilmour and your daughter?"

"Splendid. Does that Talana Hill shot-wound bother you still?"

"Oh, occasionally; I suppose it always will, sir."

"Waiting for Colonel Murray? Why don't you come inside?"

Confusion covered the sergeant-major's tanned face.

"He ordered me to wait here, sir."

"Why?" sharply.

"Well, sir, the brigade messenger brought me word that Colonel Murray would check over these returns this morning, but when I came down he said he could not be bothered till afternoon, and said I was too fresh, trying to rush matters. It's all right, sir; I dare say he'll be ready shortly."

"Is the colonel inside?" the General inquired.

"No, sir, he's in his private tent, just in rear."

The General glanced about him with an alertness that had stirred battalions in South Africa. Spying a fatigue party of Royal Canadians, he mounted quickly and galloped up to the corporal in charge. That astonished non-com., accustomed to receive his reprimands through the

usual numerous links of the military chain of responsibility, stared in bewilderment and saluted vigorously. But the General only smiled as he made his request:

"Corporal, have your fatigue party double over and move this tent for me, will you? Quickly as possible, please."

Royal Canadians never do waste time in striking or erecting tents. When the General had indicated where he wished the divisional marquee placed, the men omitted one or two steps in the already brief process, eased the ropes, lifted the poles, and without waiting to draw pegs, drove a dozen fresh ones on the new site. When the short task was over the corporal in charge held in his hand a bank bill, which later created a mild sensation in the R.C.R. canteen, and Sergeant-Major James Lane, W.O., was inside the tent.

General Gilmour seated himself at the camp table, just as the flushed face of Colonel Murray appeared in the doorway. The angry interrogation on his lips was checked as he caught sight of his visitor, and he saluted instead.

"Good afternoon," was the cold acknowledgment of the Officer Commanding. He motioned to Lane to turn in his papers, and the major, after brief inspection of the documents, signed and returned them.

Lane and the General parted at the tent door.

"Field day to-morrow," the latter remarked; "going out with the troops?"

"Yes, sir, I hope so."

"See you during the day, then."

"Very good, sir. And thank you." And the old man marched off to see a medical sergeant about a "sun headache."

In the permanent sergeants' mess that night he was accorded the usual respectful greeting, and square-shouldered, bow-legged Sergeant-Major Mulkern, of the R.C.D., made room beside him for Lane. But the

latter motioned him to the rough plank "bar."

"What's yours?" and what's yours?" demanded the white-aproned sergeant.

"To your very good health," drank Mulkern, and Lane followed. Then he told the story of the General and the tent that was moved, and of the angry Colonel Murray.

"Ah, the Bedfordshires always come out on top," commented Mulkern, with a ponderous wink. He referred to the regiment Lane had joined as a youth of eighteen in old England, and had followed to the ends of the British Empire.

Later in the evening, because of the joy of life and the events of the day, and the atmosphere of good fellowship, Lane stood on a bench and sang a ballad, while the men sat or stood about, puffing thick tobacco smoke from their pipes.

Now Lane's old regiment, the Bedfordshires, is old in war, and the battle honours on its colours are Blenheim, Ramillies, Oudenarde, Malplaquet, Surinam, Chitral, and South Africa. But in the history of the regiment it is written that it fought in the battle of Dettingen, "the last occasion on which a British King commanded on the field of battle, and which was won against every adverse circumstance." The song that Lane sang was "Dettingen," which tells how the Royal George cursed his charger for a cowardly brute when it ran from the cannon's roar, and henceforth led the troops to battle on foot. And the roomful of R.C.R., Dragoon and staff sergeants joined in the chorus, which rollicks along like the clack of a squadron's hoofs, and ends emphatically in the declaration that "There's Dettingen down to George the Second."

*

Three thousand troops—the "Red" force of next day's manœuvres—had marched out of camp at twilight to bivouac as near as possible to the coming battle-ground. The early

morning sun, half hidden in fleecy white clouds, shone down on three thousand more, horse, guns, and foot, swinging eagerly out to play at war. These comprised the "Blue" force. Regimental bands played at the head of their corps until camp bounds were reached, then turned aside and went back to practise for the coming tattoo. Spick and span staff sergeants sought out Army Service Corps waggons on which to ride, and mounted officers rode in chatting groups. Marching very much "at ease," the troops whistled lively melodies and passed derisive remarks on the progress of the regiment, which happened to be immediately ahead.

Lane walked with the sergeant-major of his favourite infantry corps, the 12th York Rangers, until, yielding to the importunities of his contemporary of the Third Brigade, he accepted a seat with him on the front of a Red Cross waggon.

Colonel Murray's Red force was somewhere in the west or south-west, advancing on the town, and the Blues would endeavour to drive them back. It was ten o'clock before the opposing advance guards sighted each other and halted. Stretched out along a frontage of a mile, in fields and woods, the Blues moved slowly forward, taking up stronger ground. Sounds of firing on the left wing brought to the staff first news of fighting. A stream on the right, with the one bridge strongly defended by infantry and a gun, made the position easy to hold, and the infantry lay on the long, brown grass near the bank, firing at occasional puffs of white smoke far across the water. Thick woods on the left imposed slow fighting, and the centre was obviously the key of the situation. The enemy's strength in front was problematical.

General Gilmour, who was umpire-in-chief, rode, accompanied by several of the umpiring staff, down the road in the centre, which was theoretically

swept by bullets from both sides, and perceived that the Reds were present in strength on a wooded hill immediately in front.

The sun was high in the heavens when the commander of the Blues, his centre in jeopardy through the rifle fire from the hill, where at any moment a big gun might appear, ordered a charge. His galloper took the message to Colonel Morton, of the Third Infantry Brigade, and that officer chose the Twelfth as a forlorn hope.

As that gallant regiment lay at the edge of the protecting undergrowth, filling rifle magazines and making other little preparations, the click of bayonets being fixed caused General Gilmour to turn his horse to one side. Out of the way of the coming charge, he stood with his field glass turned on the smoke-crowned hill, which was the objective of the attack, and on the plain before it. As he gazed over the brown hillside, wrinkled with gullies, and listened to the crackling rifle fire, there came to his mind's eye another and deadlier battle scene. There sang in his ear the angry song of Boer mauser bullets, the growl of artillery, and the frightened whinny of horses. Here and there khaki figures lay twisted in agony or stiff in death along the line of battle, and little stretcher parties moved swiftly back and forth with ghastly burdens. In all, the stage was set for that successful, but disastrous, charge of Talana Hill, in which many British lives were paid for possession of a kopje, and the fruits of victory crumbled into dust because there was no cavalry in support to press home the hard-won charge.

To the General, still musing on Talana Hill, came old Lane, for once keen-eyed, breathing fast.

"Will you allow your galloper to take a message, sir, or is he a non-combatant? It's for Colonel Morton, of the Blues."

"Let me see it," demanded the

General. Lane handed up a torn scrap of paper, and the officer read but three pencilled words: "Remember Talana Hill!"

"Ah, Morton was out there!" he commented. "Here, Archer, to Colonel Morton, at once, please."

The Twelfth, cheering, had commenced to double across the valley, when the aide pulled up his glistening horse before the commander of the Blues, saluted shortly and presented the bit of paper. Colonel Morton knitted his black brows for the briefest moment as he gazed across the plain, then he dismissed the lieutenant with a wave of the hand, and spurred his horse to the nearest cavalry, three squadrons of the Dragoons, close on his left.

"Lloyd! Quick! Up the hollow opposite you and jump on the flank of the infantry, the Twelfth is attacking. I'll keep the enemy on the left of you busy. Press the charge home and follow them up!"

The Dragoons had mounted at a silent signal from Major Lloyd.

"Gallop!" And the sweet music of hoofs pounding in unison, and of tinkling scabbards, drifted back to the Colonel's ear.

From his position on a bit of raised ground, the Umpire-in-Chief saw through his glass the Twelfth swarming up the hillside and advancing under scanty cover in a rifle duel with the slowly retiring Reds. Slowly they retired from the Rangers swarming over the brow of the hill, when suddenly a line of horsemen came charging down on them from the right, and the infantry crumpled like paper. Scattered already for the purpose of taking cover in the defence of the hill, they turned and retreated in disorder, not slacking up until the mounted troops had encircled almost a whole battalion, and

the pursuing Twelfth, winded, halted to form line in readiness for a sterner engagement with the Reds' supports—and for the umpire's decision.

But the Red supports already had pressing business with a regiment in rifle green advancing from the left of the Blue line.

"You're out-manceuvred, sir," said the young umpire on the spot to Colonel Murray, and when his hurried report reached the chief, the battle was declared won.

Whereupon the men of both sides forgot that there was a war, and, sitting down in the nearest shade, produced from their haversacks thick sandwiches, calling loudly the while for the water orderlies.

Sergeant-Major James Lane sat with the non-com's. of the Twelfth, and, leaning his tired back against the trunk of a big maple, also munched sandwiches with much content. Nor did they of the Twelfth fail to be duly impressed when General Arthur Dillon Gilmour, V.C., C.V.O., C.B., cantering past to an impromptu officers' mess, called out to Lane, softly: "They can't beat the old guard!"

Lane rode back to camp with Captain Mitchell, of the Corps of Guides, in the odd-looking gig from which that officer is in the habit of surveying the land in time of peace and war.

"Well, hard luck to-day, sir!" the Guides' officer called out, cheerfully, as Colonel Murray rode past them on the way.

Murray glared at the two in the gig. "Yes, some hoodoo at work," he admitted, sullenly.

And Sergeant-Major James Lane, formerly of His Majesty's Bedfordshire Regiment, and late of South Africa, saluted.

THE TRAGEDY OF RECIPROCITY

BY M. O. HAMMOND

ONE bright morning in January last an automobile drew up at the *Shorcham Hotel* in Washington. An emissary from the State Department alighted from it and asked for Mr. Fielding and Mr. Paterson. The Canadian Ministers of Finance and Customs responded and were whisked off to the White House. There they received the formal courtesies the head of one nation pays to distinguished visitors from another. The Ministers were surrounded by a battalion of newspapermen as they emerged from the President's office.

"We have not a word to say as to the prospects for reciprocity. Our lips are sealed," they said.

A few hours later the diplomats from Canada and the United States sat round a table in the State Department, in a dingy room facing the court, where even the sparrows in the eaves could scarcely observe them. The representatives of the Republic threw their cards on the table at once. "We will give you complete free trade between Canada and the United States," said Secretary Knox.

The Canadians were aghast at the extent and liberality of the proposals. They knew from the temper of the people at home that no one there wanted free trade with the United States. The National Policy in one form or another had existed for more than thirty years, it had been strengthened by concessions to industry by the very men who were now in Washington, and the people of Canada would under no circumstances sacrifice the industries so patient-

ly built up in their developing country.

"Our industrial captains may need watching, but we all want them to remain in business so long as they act fairly to the rest of the country," thought the Canadian envoys to themselves.

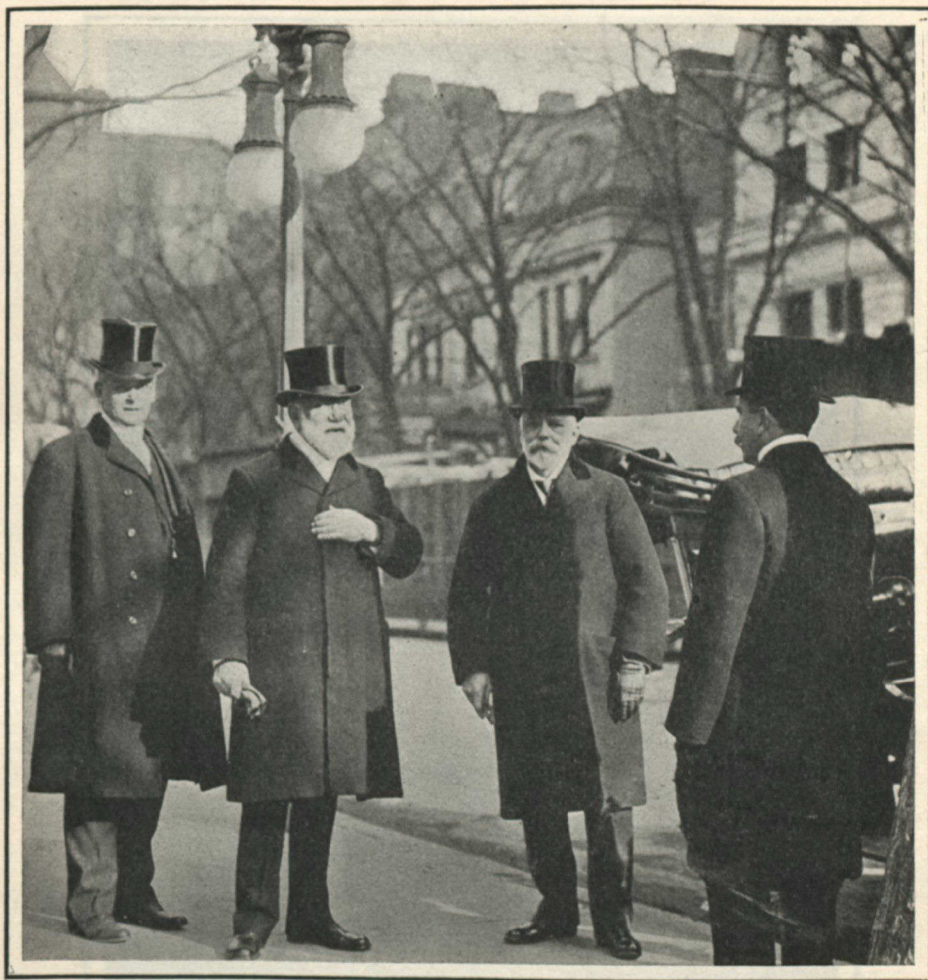
"No, we cannot go so far as to accept free trade," they said to the men across the table.

"Then, come back to-morrow and tell us how far you can go to promote better trade relations between the two countries," was the rejoinder, as the diplomats parted.

That night Washington correspondents who had friends in the State Department heard vague rumblings of big news, but the mouth of everyone was closed by mutual agreement. Still, someone heard that "the Canadians were nearly swept off their feet by the extent of the United States' propositions." What that was — free trade in everything — was not known for weeks, until President Taft in defending his own action related how his proposals had been entirely sidetracked by a restriction to what the Canadians would accept.

For a fortnight the conferences continued, while the diplomats industriously prepared a list of items, mostly of natural products, upon which an agreement was at length signed for removal or lowering of duties. Each side left the treaty room with the promise to do their utmost to secure early ratification of the agreement and in firm confidence that it could be easily done.

And yet to-day, because of that



MR. CHARLES M. PEPPER

HON. WILLIAM PATERSON

HON. W. S. FIELDING

MR. CHANDLER HALE

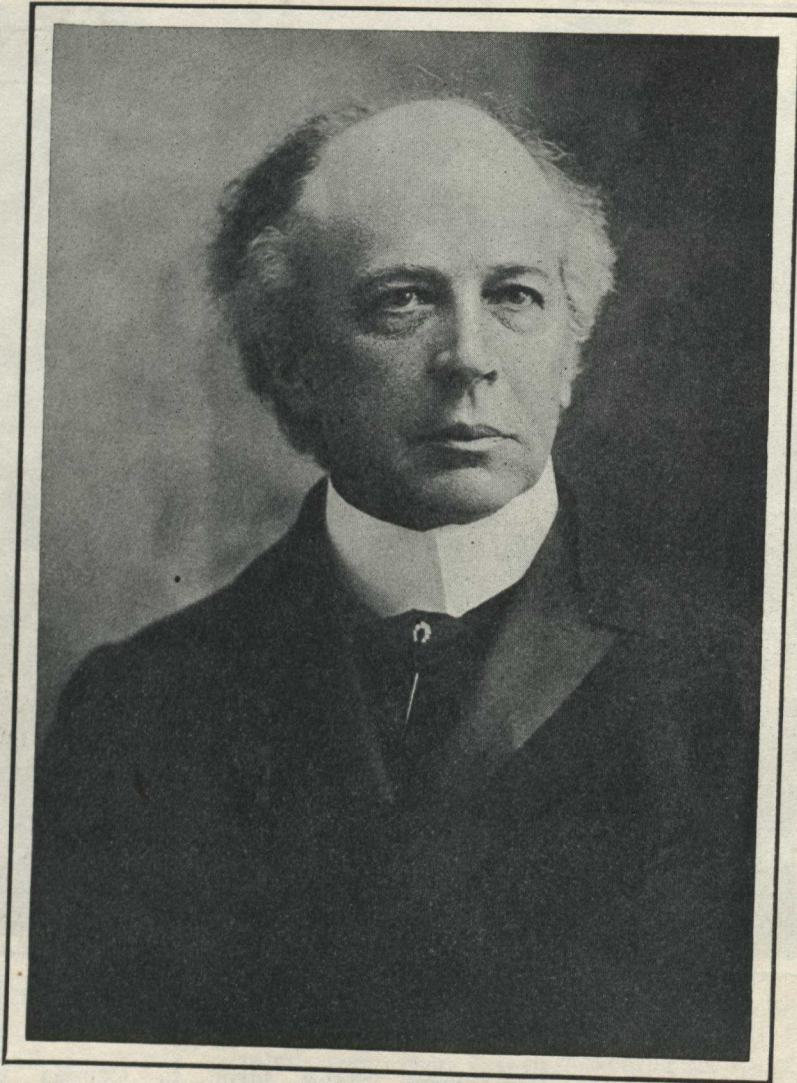
THE MEN WHO ARRANGED THE RECIPROCITY PACT

agreement, the Liberal Government of Canada lies a shattered wreck, and President Taft has split his party in twain, has incurred the enmity of the Progressive Republicans, and of many of the stand-patters a condition which may lead to his own defeat next year.

Was ever a subject short of a war fraught with so much dynamite to political parties?

When Mr. Taft held out the olive branch in tariff matters to Canada in March, 1910, by obviating the application of the maximum United

States tariff to Canada in return for trifling concessions by this country, it was thought a new era had dawned. He announced that later he would approach the Canadian Government with proposals for greater freedom of trade. He implemented his promise by sending envoys to Ottawa in November, when the ground was prepared for later action. When at the close of the January conferences the diplomats met round the White House banquet table, there was an air of elation, a thought that a great step



SIR WILFRID LAURIER,
LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION

AS PRIME MINISTER HE APPEALED TO THE COUNTRY
ON THE MERITS OF RECIPROcity, AND WAS DEFEATED

for international trade and good will had been taken.

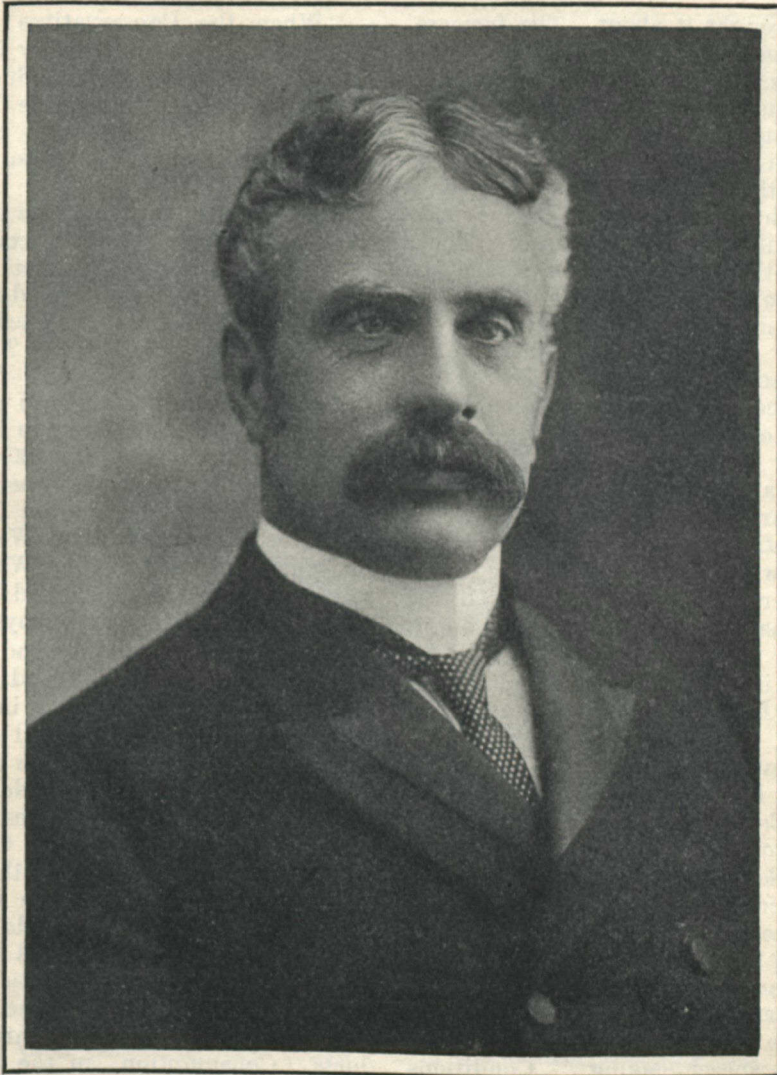
"The November elections plainly showed that our people want cheaper food, and now they will have a chance to get it," ran through President Taft's mind.

"Both parties in our country have struggled to regain access to the American markets ever since the abrogation of the last agreement in 1866, and now it is within reach,"

thought Mr. Fielding and Mr. Paterson.

The lights shone on beaming faces as the President and his Canadian guests all meditated on the good news they had for the people whom they there represented.

A few days passed, with little leak of the news, and on January 26th the millions of both countries strained their ears for the announcements that were to be made simultaneously



MR. R. L. BORDEN,
PRIME MINISTER OF CANADA

AS LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION HE DEFEATED THE LAURIER
GOVERNMENT BY OPPOSING THE RECIPROCITY PACT

at the two capitals. Mr. Fielding made his statement without bravado, but with a confidence that he spoke for all the people. Old politicians and correspondents scarcely believed their ears. Did Canada get all this out of Washington? Newspapers in distant cities kept their staffs on hand and issued late special editions, chronicling as full a list of the items affected as mechanical and telegraphic facilities would carry. The people were

stirred by the biggest political news in a decade.

It was almost too good to be true, said the Liberals. The country was staggered by the magnitude of the thing. Leading Conservative papers said it was too much to refuse. Government papers took it for granted it would pass and pass quickly.

Then in a day or two rose the first faint zephyrs of the storm that was to bring so much havoc to the parties

that brought it about. The farmers' organisations of Canada had asked for this, but if the protection on their products was removed, would they not want the duties on other things swept away? Thus reasoned men who view the country's welfare only through the smoke of big factories. This will never do, they said. There were others who saw in this a too great intimacy with a country hitherto hostile in tariff matters. This will destroy all prospects of an Imperial preference, they argued. There were still others who had a traditional mistrust of the Government of the United States, because of previous diplomatic entanglements, because of boundary awards and the failure of ratification of previous treaties. Thus within two days there was a considerable body of opinion under way that the reciprocity pact ought not to be entertained. The Liberal forces in Parliament seemed almost intact for it, while the Opposition caucus, deliberating for days and days, eventually announced its unalterable hostility.

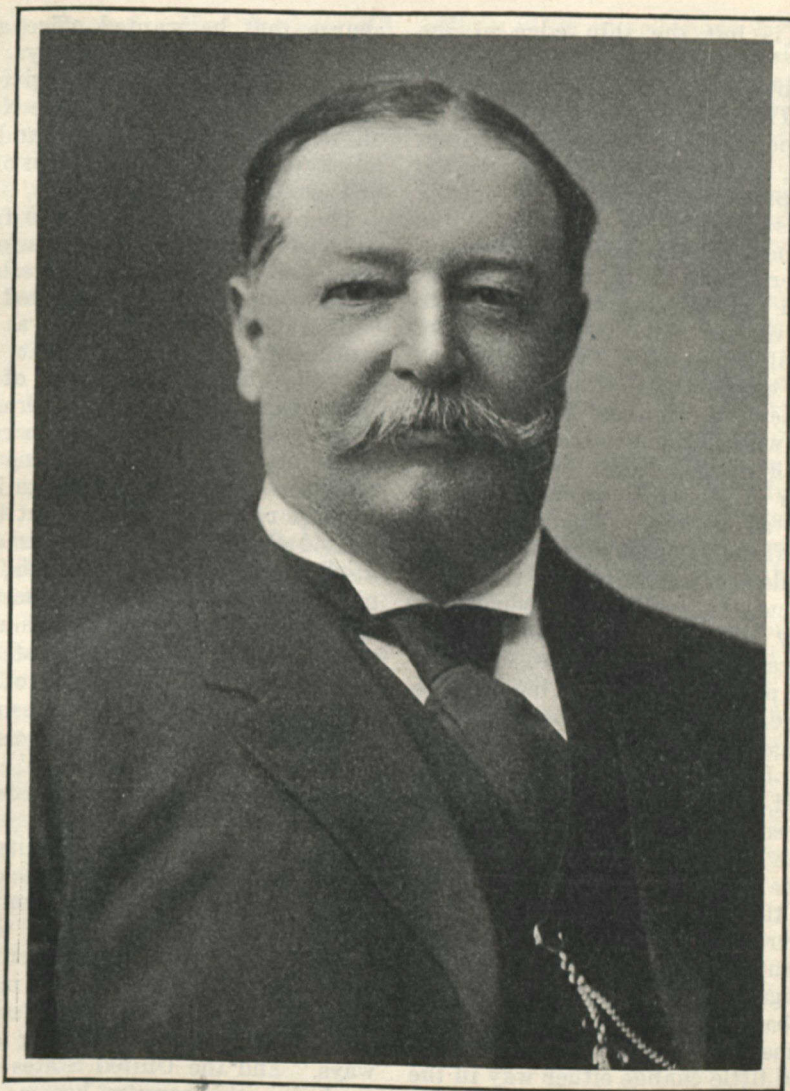
At Easter it was thought the members would hear conclusively from the folks at home how the pact was regarded. When they returned each side seemed to have heard what it wanted to hear, and the deadlock that was feared soon developed. Sir Wilfrid Laurier adjourned Parliament for the Coronation after weeks of futile speech-making. Conditions were no better on his return in July and a week's further obstruction and inaction forced the dissolution which is the extreme measure in a Parliamentary crisis.

Thus we find the Conservative party deliberately forcing an appeal to the country on reciprocity, and the Laurier Government deliberately accepting the issue. It was a stand-up fight. There were waverers here and there, but the public utterances of both parties were a merry welcome to the warfare. If anything, the Liberals were the more cheerful.

"When the Conservatives forced an election on the reciprocity issue," said Sir Wilfrid Laurier at Sudbury, "I said to myself, 'Surely the Lord is good unto His own, for He has delivered mine enemies into mine hands.'"

It was a boast that to his own party at least did not seem an exaggeration. Here was a policy that for almost fifty years had been advocated by both parties. Sir John Macdonald, George Brown, Sir Charles Tupper, Alexander Mackenzie, Sir Wilfrid Laurier himself had all been parties to pilgrimages to Washington to seek better trade relations. In 1899 after the last failure, Sir Wilfrid had said: "I have gone to Washington for the last time. The next time Washington will come to us." And Washington had come. Mr. Taft had buried the past, he had sent his envoys right to the Canadian capital, he had called an extra session in April and forced Congress to pass reciprocity in July, very largely against the will of the Senate, he had incurred the ill-will of the entire range of Northern States — Republican States, too. Surely no one could do more. Canada had asked for reciprocity in the past and been refused. Now the United States asked for it, and Canada would surely not reject what it had always sought. Production in Canada was rapidly overtaking the capacity of the available markets for natural products. Consumption in the United States was swiftly overtaking production of food. Reciprocity had been demanded by the farmers. The agricultural classes needed the markets. Prices were shown by government reports to be higher on most products across the line. The lumbermen and the fishermen wanted access to the large consuming populations of the Eastern States.

Here were natural economic conditions, argued the Liberals, with much reason, that made the success of reciprocity at the polls as certain as the rising of to-morrow's sun.



MR. W. H. TAFT,
PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

HE LITERALLY FORCED CONGRESS TO ACCEPT THE
TERMS OF THE RECIPROCITY PACT WITH CANADA

How could the arguments of the Government be met? How could such a straight appeal to the pockets of the farmers of the country be answered? That it was met and overcome speaks well for the organising talent of the Conservative party. From the very first they sought to rally a slumbering mistrust of the United States, which unfortunately prevails widely in Canada. The rela-

tionship of the small boy to the big bully finds here a parallel, and added to that, is now the obvious fact that Canadians in their prosperity are no more friendly to their neighbours than were the United States to them in the first flush of national success.

It was not hard to guess on which side the cities would be found. That industrialism was threatened was the argument persistently put forth.

"This is but the thin edge of the wedge," said the Protectionists, and this found a measure of confirmation when *The Grain Growers' Guide* of Winnipeg said: "The manufacturers believe, and rightly, that once the bogus protection is removed from the farmers it can never be kept for the manufacturers." Hence many manufacturers came to the rescue of Mr. Borden by changing from Liberal to Conservative, with a good deal of blare of trumpets. Others said they would close their factories if the agreement was passed. The cities and towns where industrialism flourished were thus made solid, with the exception of Montreal, which remained about as before. The Opposition hoped from this fact to secure at least a popular majority against reciprocity, no matter how the members stood, and by that means they might still embarrass the Government.

One problem remained, how best to influence the farmers. When Mr. Borden made his flight across the prairies in July, before an election was assured, he faced the issue with sheer courage. He refused to concede an inch in favour of reciprocity, told the grain growers who had asked for it that he would sooner never be Premier than support it, and sought their support on a platform of other blessings for the West. When he came back people said he had wasted his time. Results on September 21st showed little change either way in the prairie constituencies.

The West being left to the local politicians during the campaign, the Opposition leader concentrated his fire on Ontario and the Maritime Provinces, where the farmers were supposed to want reciprocity for material reasons, and upon Quebec, where the defection of the Nationalists, under Henri Bourassa, in opposition to the navy, threatened to break down the Laurier domination. The failure of Mr. Borden to repudiate the anti-British sentiments of the Bourassa wing in Quebec left him open to the

charge that he wanted office at the sacrifice of national harmony. Only the success at the polls that gives him a majority irrespective of the Nationalists justifies his position and promises well for the suppression of race and creed strife.

There was still the Ontario farmer to be cared for, and the plans for this were well laid. The Province has an underlying sentiment inherited from United Empire Loyalist days. This sentiment carries with it some of the bitter hatreds of the Revolution, with additions from the War of 1812, and the Fenian raid of 1866. In tariff matters alone there were memories of the abrogation of the last reciprocity agreement by the United States and the enactment of the Dingley and McKinley bills, in the nineties, with resultant disaster to Canadian industry. In higher politics the United States Senate had been for years the graveyard of hopes for arbitration and other measures of good-will, the echo of jingoism towards Britain and Canada. Then came expressions from leaders at Washington in their excess of zeal to promote the very reciprocity measure itself. Champ Clark, the leading Democrat, pictured flamboyantly the American flag from the Rio Grande to the North Pole, and President Taft, in extremity urging his pet measure when its future seemed darkest, said Canada was "at a parting of the ways," and the United States should act before this country became firmly attached in trade matters to the mother country.

All this was fuel to the flames set going by Mr. Borden and his marshals. Suspicion of the United States, and fear of annexation became the chief arguments of the Opposition. The little Northern brother would be swallowed by the greedy old viper to the south. The capture of Cuba and the Phillipines was a horrible example, though the freedom afterwards extended to Cuba and which is under promise to the Phillipines was

entirely ignored. Mr. Borden told his Toronto audience:

"These international agreements are terribly binding, and I say it is absolutely better in the interests of good relations that each country should retain full control of its own fiscal affairs."

Flags were distributed to the audiences at the Opposition leader's meetings and if any invading army had been at our very gates the patriotic fervour could not have been much greater.

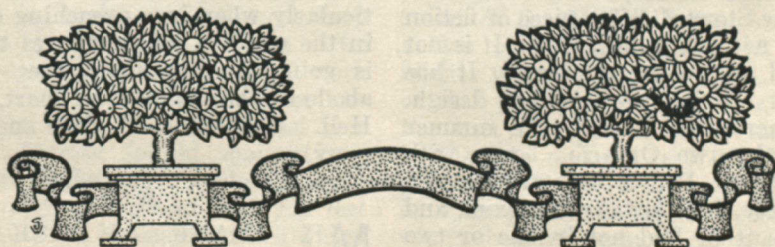
"A little flag waving has saved many a poor show," says George M. Cohan, the American actor, who ought to know. A lot of flag waving in the Canadian elections overcame the economic arguments presented by the Liberals, which most people never really understood.

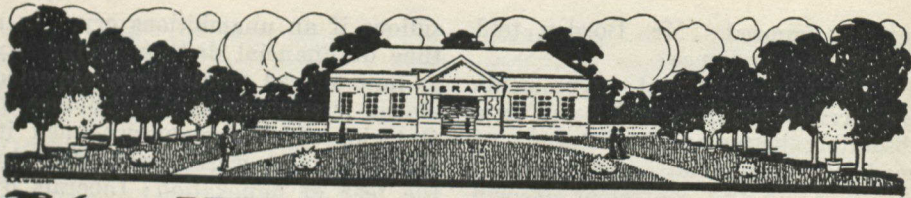
The appeal to "higher national considerations" made everywhere by Mr. Borden was direct, and in Ontario it fell on fertile soil, watered by tears and years of silent apprehension of the United States borne of past affronts. It came when Canada was prosperous and people were averse to entering on experiments. "Let well enough alone" was an in-

sidious if an unambitious cry. In a time of financial distress reciprocity as now offered would have appealed almost irresistibly to the Province of Ontario, which has overwhelmed it. Conservatives were stamped by the fear of annexation; Liberals by the feeling that fiscal experiments were unwise and unnecessary. New arrivals from Great Britain with as yet no party affiliations, thought Imperial relationships were threatened.

The Laurier Government that serenely dissolved the House on July 29th with a majority of forty-three behind them, came back on September 21st with eight Ministers defeated, the country swept by Mr. R. L. Borden with a following that could scarcely believe their own good fortune, and a Conservative majority of almost fifty.

There are many reasons for saying the people of Canada acted hastily and ill-advisedly in refusing to facilitate an inevitably expanding trade now reaching over a million dollars a day, and that they made an economic error in defeating reciprocity, but no one can say they did not act in a manner peculiar to human nature.





The WAY of LETTERS

THE average girl of from twelve to twenty years would read "The Story Girl," Miss L. M. Montgomery's latest story, with juvenile delight. Therefore to that extent at least the book is a noteworthy achievement. And if it has the magic that charms, even though the charmed be of tender years, it should be heralded as such and treated as an entertainment for the young. Miss Montgomery possesses rare gifts of phantasy, and there is in all her novels a wholesome yet piquant humour, a humour that is not too elusive for the teens. Her humour and phantasy appear at best in "Anne of Green Gables," a book which, according to the author herself, was written for juveniles but which appealed more to adults. Her exquisite aptness of expression and fine sense of the picturesque appear again in "Anne of Avonlea," and although "Kilmeny of the Orchard" appealed less to the common emotions, even to the vulgar emotions, it equalled the others in imagery and excelled them in genuine artistry. Now we have in "The Story Girl", a piece of fiction that is not easily estimated. It is not a novel, as we use the term. It has no plot. It has no apparent design. It is merely the sketch of a summer passed by two Ontario boys with relatives in Prince Edward Island. In reality these boys do not exist, and if the author had not in one or two instances used their Christian names we should suppose that they were girls. One of them tells the story in the first person, or, rather, gives an account of their experiences during the summer. The experiences

consist of the little, everyday affairs common to children of prosperous farmers in Ontario or, we presume, in Prince Edward Island, with this exception, that these everyday affairs are garnished by the fairy tales of the *Story Girl*. Although we feel that there is a plethora of garniture, the girl of sixteen would not likely think so, and while we might find tedium in the successive tales related by this almost phenomenal girl we should not forget to hand the book to someone more attuned to their spirit and more in sympathy with the sentiment of the book apart from the *Story Girl*. The whole structure is redolent of the orchard, the wooded lane, the spacious welkin, the farmhouse kitchen, the pleasant countryside. There are hints of romance, but no consummation, and one sets the book down with a natural curiosity as to whether *Felicity* has yet become reconciled to the fact that *Peter* was only a hired boy. *Peter* is perhaps the best character in the book. He is a quaint urchin, blunt to the point of being comical, particularly when in a preaching contest in the orchard he announces that he is going to talk about the future abode of the damned, in short, about Hell. (Boston: L. C. Page and Company).

*

MR. FRANK L. PACKARD'S volume of short stories entitled "On the Iron at Big Cloud" should be the means of introducing the author to a wider circle of Canadian readers. Mr. Packard is a thorough-going Canadian, and his stories have

a fine Canadian flavour; but his audience heretofore has been mostly in the United States. "On the Iron at Big Cloud" is the general title of the volume, and the stories have to do with the early operation of the Canadian Pacific Railway in one of the most hazardous divisions of the Rocky Mountains section. None but those who have come into most intimate connection with railway life could attempt to write these stories, and it must be conceded at once that Mr. Packard has observed railroad-ing from the inside. How otherwise could he have given us so vivid an impression of what it means to carry on the real work of constructing and operating a railroad? How otherwise could he have sketched so graphically the adventure of young *Holman*, who volunteered at Montreal to undertake the work of locomotive foreman of the Hill Division? Former foremen of the same division had failed to "hold down the job," for they had had to contend against *Rafferty*, a mighty man among the workmen. But *Holman* made a psychological study of *Rafferty*, and in the end discovered his weak point, to his own glory and the better operation of the road. "The Builder" is an intensely dramatic story, even melodramatic in parts, but it is told with excellent judgment and well-controlled sentiment. "The Builder" is a young chap who goes to the Hill Division in the hope of arresting a decline in health and also to help command a gang of Polacks who were engaged in construction work there. A strike ensued almost immediately after his arrival, and how he and *Spirlaw* fought against it is the basis of the story, while his pluck any loyalty in striving with his last breath to save his superior's life and the company's rolling stock suggest the dominating theme. A lighter vein is struck in "Shanley's Luck," and no one reading this tale could fail to sympathise with Shanley in his weakness for the social glass or to re-



MR. FRANK L. PACKARD
AUTHOR OF "ON THE IRON AT BIG CLOUD"

joice with him when this very weakness changes his luck, causes him unknowingly to save the "Limited" from destruction and induces the superintendent to elevate him in position, with a corresponding increase in wages. These stories depict the spirit of the Hill Division, and the author gives some idea of its possibilities when he writes: "The history of that piece of track, the history of the men who gave the last that was in them to make it, and the history of those who have operated it since isn't far from being a typical and comprehensive example of the pulsing, dominating, dogged, go-forward spirit of a continent whose strides and progress are the marvel of the age; and, withal, it is an example so compact and concrete that through it one may see and view the larger picture

in all its angles and shades. Heroism and fame and death and failure—it has known them all—but ever, and above all else, it has known the indomitable patience, the indomitable perseverance, the indomitable determination against which no times, nor conditions, nor manners, nor customs, nor obstacles can stand—the spirit of the New Race and the Great New Land, the essence and the germ of it.” It can be seen that here Mr. Packard had a fine opportunity. He found rugged characters and primitive conditions, and one feels in reading these tales that one is witnessing real strife amongst real men—men of bone and sinew and great passion, men, nevertheless, of heart and generosity and keen sensitiveness. (New York: Thomas T. Crowell Company).

*

ONE of the breeziest bits of light fiction that we have encountered in a long time is “A Comedy of Circumstance,” by Emma Gavf. It is almost absurdly American in style, and literally scintillates with smart dialogue and witticisms—the kind of smartness and wit that comes from healthy young people away on holiday from college. It has many of the elements of farce comedy, but it rises a point higher. In particular, it is “up-to-date.” A young man of much astuteness rushes into a New York tram car after a girl whose friend had vainly shouted to her from the street corner. He informs the girl of the friend’s plight, and in good faith he returns to the corner with her—but the friend has disappeared. Then a romantic complication begins, sealing the fate of two persons and causing much fun and adventure. (New York: Doubleday, Page & Company).

*

THE domestic problem is never solved, and so long as this condition prevails there will be a succession of novels dealing with the mar-

ried state. “Poor Emma,” by Evelyn Tempest, is one of this class. It is, in fact, a study in domestic conduct. *Emma* marries an English country gentleman, marries from very moderate and ordinary circumstances into a well-appointed home, where the master is a gentleman. She accepts her new station with an exaggerated opinion of her importance, with the result that she becomes a tyrant, even to the point of driving her husband’s son away from home. In time the husband dies. She marries again. The second husband is a clergyman. He is also a domineering crank. It is in her second married state that *Emma* gives title to the book—“Poor Emma!” (Toronto: the Musson Book Company).

*

THE veteran sportsman F. G. Afalo paid his second visit to Canada in the summer of 1910, with the result that we have another volume from his pen. His latest book is entitled “A Fisherman’s Summer in Canada.” It is illustrated with photographs taken by the author. It is not comprehensive of the possibilities of angling in Canada, because it deals almost exclusively with an unsuccessful attempt to catch tuna off the coast of Cape Breton and a successful adventure after smaller fish in the Georgian Bay. But, notwithstanding the disappointment over the tuna, the author hopes “that some of my readers may be inspired to spend their next long vacation on those enchanting waterways, as romantic a playground for the summer sportsman as any left on this old earth.” (London: Witherby & Company. 5s net).

*

ONE more thrilling tale of frontier life comes under the attractive title of “Barbara of the Snows.” The scene is laid in the North Country, and full play is given to the strife and conflict that have distinguished



MR. CY WARMAN,
AUTHOR OF A NEW VOLUME OF POEMS ENTITLED
"THE SONGS OF CY WARMAN"

life in the wilds of the North and West. There is plenty of chance for the display of heroism, and, indeed, the novel is one of unusual action, with an absorbing love-story running throughout. (Toronto: the Musson Book Company).

*
OCCASIONALLY we find a writer turning for a theme to the golden age of Greece or the ascendant days of Rome. To make a successful novel from such a background calls for supreme craftsmanship and rare historical knowledge. "The Coward

of Thermopylæ," by Mrs. Caroline Dale Snedeker, is a novel whose title suggests infinite possibilities. These possibilities the author has realised in generous degree. The narrative possesses much charm and presents a fascinating study of the supremely simple and beautiful life of the ancient Greeks. It also unfolds the personal record of a human spirit in the days that made Thermopylæ a name to be revered throughout the ages. (Toronto: the Musson Book Company).

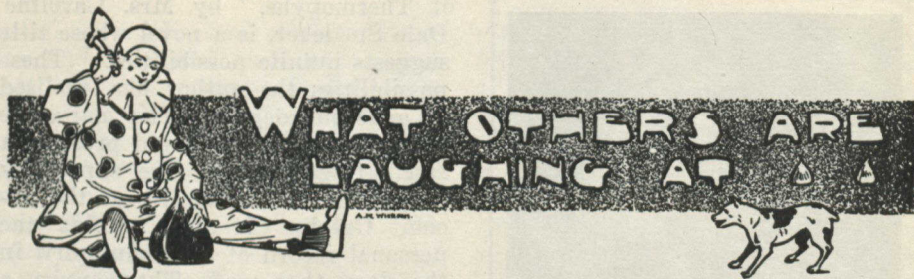
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THE SONGS OF CY WARMAN" is a title that will at once appeal to a host of readers all over this continent. "Sweet Marie" made the author famous a good many years ago, and in the few intervals of an active life Mr. Warman has been composing verse ever since. Now his publishers present his poems in one volume. The range is wide, showing the author's versatility. Many of the poems are distinguished by swing and go, such as the "Song of a Sound Sailor," of which we quote three stanzas:

First we call at Bella Bella, where they
educate the reds,
Where they learn to wear a Merry Widow
chapeau on their heads,
Where the hardy, husky huskies lie asleep
beneath their sleds,
But me heart is with me klutch at Kit-
sum-Kaylum.

There's a maid at Metlakatla, holy city
of the sea,
And she says she hopes for heaven, but
she always looks for me.
She's been maudlin at the Mission, where
she's learned to say, "'Tis he,"
But she doesn't know my klutch at Kit-
sum-Kaylum.

There's a woman waiting always on the
wharf at Essington,
There's a paleface at Prince Rupert who
addresses me, "me man,"
And I'm always t'rowing kisses at the kid
at Katchikan,
But you ought to see me klutch at Kit-
sum-Kaylum.

Mr. Warman is the author also of several volumes of short stories (Toronto: McLeod and Allen.)



NIFTY NEIGHBOURS

The Man at the Door—"Madame, I'm the piano-tuner."

The Woman—"I didn't send for a piano-tuner."

The Man—"I know it, lady; the neighbours did."—*Chicago News.*

*

SCRIPTURAL

A country vicar discovered not long ago that one of his male servants was in the habit of stealing his potatoes. Happening across the bishop, the vicar mentioned the matter, and asked his lordship's advice.

"Well," replied the bishop, "of course you must remember what the Bible says, 'If any man takes away thy coat, let him have they cloak also.'"



TRUST MAGNATE: "Yes, this certainly is glorious weather, even if I do say it myself."—*Life*

LUCKY

"Have pity on a poor, lame man who is hungry and cold."

"Stranger, think yourself lucky. You're only cold in one leg; I'm cold in both."—*Pete Mele.*

*

HIS LIMITATIONS

"Is that man a bill collector?" said the new clerk.

"He may be in some places," replied the messenger boy, "but not in this office."—*Washington Star.*

*

THE PRINCIPAL OCCUPATION

"A good turkey dinner and mince pie," said a well-known after-dinner orator, "always puts us in a lethargic mood—makes us feel, in fact, like the natives of Nola Chucky. In Nola Chucky one day I said to a man:

"What is the principal occupation of this town?"

"Wall, boss," the man answered, yawning, "in winter they mostly sets on the east side of the house and follers the sun around to the west, and in summer they sets on the west side and follers the shade around to the east."—*Washington Star.*

*

Gladys—The manager at the Frivolity selected twenty chorus girls in twenty minutes.

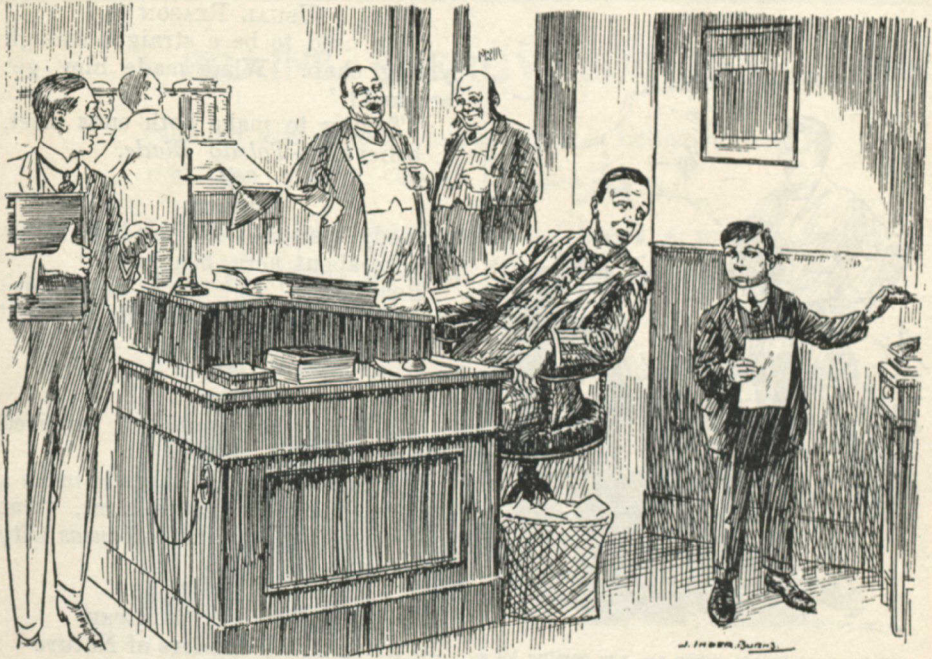
Totty—My word! Isn't he quick at figures?—*Variety Life.*

*

He (tired of dodging)—Would you marry a one-eyed man?

She—Good gracious, no!

He—Then let me carry your umbrella.—*Boston Transcript.*



CLERK TO OFFICE BOY (after senior partner has told poor joke): "Why don't you laugh too?"
OFFICE BOY: "I don't need to; I'm leaving on Saturday."

—Punch

BONY TONES

Fond Parent—"What key do you think suits my daughter's voice best?"

Cruel Teacher—"My dear madam, your daughter's voice is so thin, I should suggest a skeleton key."—*Baltimore American*.

*

IMPROVEMENTS

"Mr. Cleaver, how do you account for the fact that I found a piece of rubber tire in one of the sausages I bought here last week?"

"My dear madam, that only goes to show that the motor-car is replacing the horse everywhere."—*New York Times*.

*

NOT FOR HERS

Mrs. Dart—"My husband is just begging me to take that trip around the world, but I can't."

Mrs. Uplatte—"Why not?"

Mrs. Dart—"I always get dizzy when I travel in a circle."—*The Pathfinder*.

IT STIMULATES RECOVERY

"What's the difference between a hospital and a sanatorium?"

"About \$20 a week."—*Kansas City Journal*.

*

DANGEROUS

Willis—"He calls himself a human dynamo."

Gillis—"No wonder; everything he has on is charged."—*Judge*.

*

SMALLER SIZES

The Customer—"I think these Louis XV. heels are too high. Give me a size smaller, please—or perhaps Louis XIII. even would be high enough."—*London Sketch*.

*

FOOLED AGAIN

"Didn't I give you a piece of pie last week?" demanded the cooking-school graduate. "I didn't expect to see you again so soon."

"I fooled you, ma'am," replied the tramp. "I didn't eat it."—*Philadelphia Record*.



"Well, Aunt Emma, when are you coming for a trip in my aeroplane?"

"My dear boy, I'd no more think of doing that than I'd think of flying."
—Punch

TOO MUCH FOR HIM

"I notice that your garden doesn't look very promising this year."

"No, every time my husband got to digging in it he found a lot of worms, and they always reminded him of his fishing-tackle."
—Chicago Record-Herald.

*

THE ONE FLAW

"I suppose you are engaged to the duke."

"Well, nearly."

"What's the hitch? Awaiting his father's consent?"

"No, he can't marry without a majority favourable report from his creditors."
—Kansas City Journal.

*

GETTING CIVILISED

In answer to the question, "What are the five great races of mankind?" a Chinese student replied, "The 100 yards, the hurdles, the quarter-mile, the mile, and the three miles."
—Kansas City Star.

USUAL REASON

"He used to be a straight enough young chap. What made him get crooked?"

"Trying to make both ends meet, I believe."
—Toledo Blade.

*

ASHORE

Seedy Visitor—"Do you have many wrecks about here, boatman?"

Boatman—"Not very many, sir; you're the first I've seen this season."
Tit-Bits.

*

RIGID

"What's the trouble?" inquired the judge.

"This lady lawyer wants to make a motion," explained the clerk, "but her gown is too tight."
—Kansas City Journal.

*

MODERN NATURE LORE

To write of the wonders of Nature

Is now the acceptable dodge:

To trace the Nennook's nomenclature,
And learn where the Lorises lodge.

To set forth the habits of rabbits,

To sum up the porcupine's spines,

To mention the uses of mooses and
gooses,

And tell how the ocelot dines.

To teach us to know the gorilla,

And how to tell llamas from lambs;

About what to chin the chinchilla,

And how best to entertain clams.

To post us on pigeons and widgeons,

And tell how to make beavers
beave,

Or how to inveigle an eagle or beagle

His highest and best to achieve.

To state all the traits of the wombat;

To show why the koulan and vole

Are always engaged in a combat—

These stories I swallow down
whole.

But still with two questions I
wrangle,

And help will not come at my call:

Why an angleworm hasn't an angle—

And a mongoose is no goose at all!

—Carolyn Wells, in Harper's Weekly.

BRAINS + ENERGY = SUCCESS

Nothing will keep a business man in better hustling trim than a daily cup of Bovril.

It reaches the spot quickly---(there's a scientific way of saying it)---and fatigue is forgotten and the brain quickened.

Take it before lunch or before retiring at night.

BOVRIL

contains all that is good in Beef.

BEST
- OF -
BEVER-
AGES

**LABATT'S
ALE, STOUT
LAGER**

14
Gold, Silver, Bronze Medals

JOHN LABATT
LONDON
CAN.

Made to Eat - Not to Keep

Snyder's World Famed
Chocolates

"A Man is known by the Candy he sends."

Of course *Snyder's* she
its wants

Known the world over for its

Purity, Quality and Flavor.

Fancy Boxes and Baskets filled with our delicious Candies suitable for gifts.

When near our Store don't forget our unexcelled

**CHOCOLATE ICE CREAM SODAS,
HOT CHOCOLATE AND
OTHER FOUNTAIN DRINKS.**

Our Candies are made on the premises

130-132 YONCE ST. TORONTO, Ont.

Open Evenings



Use
a Little
Gumption.

ALL SPOONFULS MAY LOOK ALIKE

— They are not. Weigh them — Test them in actual work — Test them in making Soft Soap. Use the same quantity of water and powder in each test.

☞ PEARLINE is Condensed Soap — Energy — the Original Washing Powder. It established the directions, a Tablespoonful to a Pail of Water. You will have to use double or more of its followers to accomplish the same work.

☞ PEARLINE is made of Pure Fats and Vegetable Oils — no refuse used. It is Absolutely Harmless — Brightens Colors — does not turn White Goods Yellow.

A Tablespoonful of Soap Powder should weigh an ounce and make a Quart of Solid Soap Paste or Soft Soap

INGERSOLL CREAM CHEESE

Spreads Like Butter

You can buy twice the quantity of Ingersoll Cream Cheese in blocks for the same money as you would receive in jar cheese, besides there is just as much difference in the quality in favor of Ingersoll Cream Cheese as there is in the price.

Never becomes Hard. Every particle can be consumed.

**SOLD ONLY IN 15c AND 25c BLOCKS
FOR SALE BY ALL GROCERS**

Manufactured by
**THE INGERSOLL
PACKING CO., Limited**
Ingersoll, Ontario, Canada





Living by Knowledge

A little thought will make clear the value of skillful selection of food. High pressure days (and there are many now) tell on human body and brain.

Knowledge and facts help when ignorance would ruin.

GRAPE-NUTS FOOD

is made by knowledge; not by chance.

Wheat and Barley properly combined and cooked (as in Grape-Nuts) are rich in the elements required for human nourishment.

Grape-Nuts contains, in addition to the natural albumins, starches and sugars of these cereals phosphate of potash (grown in the grain) and demanded by nature in rebuilding Brain and Nerve tissue.

Grape-Nuts is fully cooked at the factory. When served with cream or rich milk, it is an appetizing food, and affords ideal nourishment for all stages of Human Life from infancy to old age.

“There’s a Reason”

You can find it in the famous little book, “The Road to Wellville,” in pkgs.

Postum Cereal Company, Limited,
Battle Creek, Mich., U.S.A.

Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Limited,
Windsor, Ontario, Canada



IS GOOD TO DRINK

MAGI is a pure, natural spring water—a wholesome and delicious beverage from Nature's own laboratory. Your palate will approve of the sparkle and liveliness of **MAGI**—for it is these qualities which have made it the standard Canadian water. Yet, more than merely good to drink,

MAGI

THE WATER OF QUALITY

DOES YOU GOOD TO DRINK

MAGI, prepared by nature, possesses properties which the most expert chemists have never been able to imitate artificially. **MAGI** is distinctively a specific in cases of stomach and kidney disorders. As a preventative for troubles of this type, its daily use is commendable; taken before meals, the flow of gastric juice is excited; or taken after meals, the acidity of the stomach is neutralized. Your own doctor will tell you more of the therapeutic value of

MAGI.

MAGI is the only water from the original Caledonia Spring. Specify it by name; else you run the risk of getting merely "Caledonia Water"—that is, any water from Caledonia county.

MAGI Water, bottled only at the Spring, may be bought "Sparkling" in splits, pints and quarts, or "Still" in quarts or half gallons, at cafes, hotels, bars, drug stores, on railroad dining and cafe cars, or at groceries by the bottle or the case.

The Caledonia Springs Company, Limited
CALEDONIA SPRINGS, CANADA



"Air That Thrills with Warmth and Life"

Air that makes the balmy atmosphere of southern resorts seem so alluring during the nipping cold weather may be yours if you install a King Boiler and King Radiators in your home. This, the kind of heat you want, is the kind of heat supplied by a system of

KING BOILER & RADIATORS

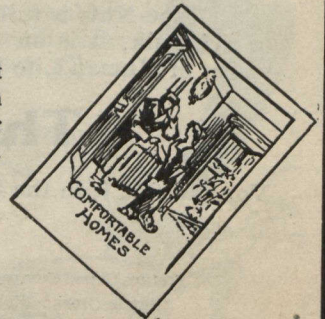
No cold corners or draughty hallways. Every part of the house is kept equally comfortable and cheerful. Hot water heating does not rob an atmosphere of its life-giving element—oxygen. Before you build or remodel your home, get straight information on the heating question.

Write for "Comfortable Homes". A post card brings it.

STEEL and RADIATION, Limited

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Branches in All the Principal Cities and Towns.



*A long list
to clean*

Floors
Sinks
Enamel ware
Aluminum ware
Tinware
Bathtubs
Wooden ware
Cutlery
Pantry Shelves
Glass ware
Windows
Fruit Jars
Kitchen Tables
Oil Cloth
Marble
Tile Work
Brass
Nickel
Pewter
Copper
Steel
Wash Boilers
Taps
Basins
Stone Steps
Metal Railings
Refrigerators
Butcher's Blocks
Milk Pails
Milk Cans
Cream Separators
Harness
Linoleum
Even removes
Ink Stains
and Paint
from the hands.

*and the
short way.*

Use **Old Dutch Cleanser**



contains no caustics or acids



THE TRUTH ABOUT HER APPEARANCE

When a woman realizes to the fullest extent, her natural advantages, she has attained real and lasting beauty.

The difference between well-groomed and unkempt nails is just that between good breeding and slovenliness. With the

Nothing responds so quickly to care, or so quickly deteriorates from lack of it, as the hair. The scalp must be properly nourished and kept free from dandruff.

Wrinkles, a sallow, muddy complexion, and roughness of the skin, indicate a neglected, ill-nourished condition of the skin tissues.

LUSTR-ITE

preparations and tools, manicuring becomes a simple and pleasant task, and gives the added touch of distinction and finish to your toilet that this alone can achieve. Lustr-ite preparations are used by 90% of the leading manicurists of America, and very extensively in Europe. They contain no pumice or grit, and are absolutely harmless. Their effects are brilliant and lasting.

PALMER'S Hair Tonic

cleanses and refreshes the scalp, and gives the soft, lustrous quality that belongs to perfectly healthy hair. Those who are troubled with dandruff, falling-out of the hair, or a dry burning sensation in the scalp, will find in Palmer's Hair Tonic (50c. and \$1.00 bottles) the means of promoting a vigorous healthy condition of the hair.

DAGGETT Perfect Cold Cream

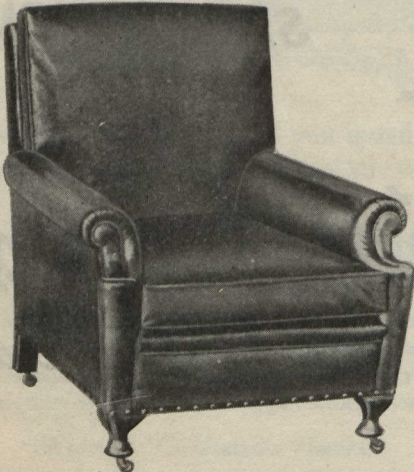
is a skin food, made from the purest and finest ingredients.

A Massage and "clean up" with it, works wonders in restoring the natural oils of the skin, building up and rounding out the contour of the face, arms and bust, and restoring the flesh tissues to their normal, health condition.

All of the above can be obtained at most up-to-date dealers in Toilet Requisites, or for six cents (6c.) in stamps (to defray packing and post-
J. PALMER & SON, Limited

age) we will send you a sample package of D & R Perfect Cold Cream and Lustr-ite Nail Preparations together with booklets of much interest to you.
5 and 7 De Brosses St.. MONTREAL.

Catalog No. 6. P=Fine Furniture



Easy Chair No. 6, in High Grade Leather \$55.00

This beautiful Catalog is now in the printers hands and will shortly be ready for mailing. It contains about 170 pages of fine half-tone engravings and colored plates of Carpets, Rugs, Furniture, Draperies, Curtains, Wall Papers, Decorations and Electric Light Fixtures; with descriptive letter press and quotations.

Residents anywhere in Canada interested in the artistic decoration and furnishing of a home will find this book of great assistance.

Write for a copy to-day. It will be mailed postage paid as soon as issued.

MURRAY-KAY LIMITED

John Kay Company, Limited

36 AND 38 KING ST. W. TORONTO



Something Good in the Pantry!

Always ready to serve instantly from the package without cooking.
Delicious, appetizing

Post Toasties

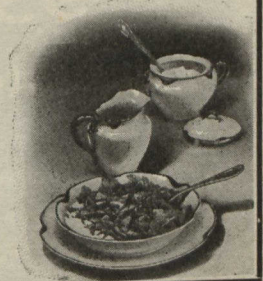
Thin bits of corn toasted to a delicate light brown.

To be eaten with cream and a sprinkle of sugar—sometimes crushed fruit—either way.

“The Memory Lingers”

Postum Cereal Company, Limited
Battle Creek, Mich, U. S. A.

Canadian Postum Cereal Company, Ltd.
Windsor, Ontario, Canada.





Rexall

"93" HAIR TONIC

Two Sizes, 50c. and \$1.00

Eradicates dandruff-Promotes hair growth
Your Money Back if it Doesn't

Sold and guaranteed by only one Druggist in a place. Look for *The Rexall Stores*

They are the Druggists in nearly 4000 towns and cities in the United States and Canada

UNITED DRUG CO., BOSTON, MASS.

CHICAGO, ILL.

TORONTO, CANADA

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Big Ben



*Alarm clocks and successful men,
know one another well -- Big Ben*

IT'S Big Ben's business to get people up in the world—it's Big Ben's business to get them up in time.

He does it loyally, steadily and promptly—there's a true ring to his morning greeting that makes early risers sit up and take notice.

And every morn, America over, Big Ben awakens men who are getting up in the world,

men who are setting the pace for the rest of the field—men who strike their stride at the flash of the gun.

“Morning ginger—get it, men, great business stuff” says Big Ben.

Big Ben is a thin, beautiful and punctual sleepmeter.—He is easy to read, easy to wind and pleasing to hear.—He calls you every day at any time you say.

A community of clockmakers stands back of him—*Westclox, La Salle, Illinois*. If you can not find him at your dealer, a money order addressed to them will bring him to you duty charges paid.

\$3.00

At Canadian Dealers

ROYAL

STANDARD

TYPEWRITER

PRICE

\$85.00



The Economical Machine

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VICTORIA:
G. C. Howell, 1219 Langly St.

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Save Darning and Save Money on Hosiery!



Send for six pairs of Holeproof Hose, guaranteed to wear without holes for six months. You get a return coupon with every pair and a new pair free for each pair that wears out, if any do.

There's only one way to buy hosiery now. That's to buy *guaranteed hosiery wear* along with the comfort and style that you want in your hose. You get all three in "Holeproof"—the comfort, the style and SIX MONTHS' wear in every six pairs. Think what that means, men and women! NO DARNING TO DO—NO NEED OF WEARING DARNED HOSE—ABSOLUTE FREEDOM FROM EVERY DISCOMFORT—and without any extra price to pay. Holeproof Hose, with all their advantages, cost no more than common kinds.

WOMEN, Lighten Your Household Cares

Especially you with large families. Why waste your time darning hose that need it when there are hose that don't need it at all? Spend that time reading and resting.

MEN, Help Rid Your Wives of This Work

If your dealer hasn't "Holeproof" on sale send direct to us for six *today*—don't wait till tomorrow. Do it now while you think of it. Have hose without holes always ready when you want them. See how THAT feels for awhile. Remember, you get a signed-in-ink guarantee with every six pairs of "Holeproof" for full six months' wear or new hose free.

FAMOUS Holeproof Hosiery FOR MEN WOMEN AND CHILDREN

How to Order

Choose your color, grade and size from the list below and state clearly just what you wish. One size and one grade in each box. Colors only may be assorted

as desired. Six pairs are guaranteed six months except when stated otherwise.

Men's Socks—Sizes 9½ to 12. Colors: black, light tan, dark tan, pearl, navy blue, gun-metal, mulberry. In light weight, 6 pairs \$1.50 (same in medium weight in above colors and in black with white feet, 6 pairs \$1.50). Light and extra light weight (mercerized), 6 pairs \$2.00. Light and extra light weight LUSTRE SOX, 6 pairs \$3.00. Pure thread-silk sox, 3 pairs (guaranteed three months)

\$2.00. Medium worsted merino in black, tan, pearl, navy and natural, 6 pairs \$2.00. Same in finer grade, 6 pairs \$3.00.

Women's—Sizes 8½ to 11. Colors: black, light tan, dark tan, pearl, and black with white feet. Medium weight, 6 pairs \$2.00. Same colors (except black with white feet) in light weight LUSTRE HOSE, 6 pairs \$3.00. Light weights in black, tan and gun-metal, 6 pairs \$2.00. Same in extra light weight LUSTRE HOSE, 6 pairs \$3.00. Same in pure thread-silk, \$3.00 for 3 pairs (guaranteed three months). Outsizes in black, medium weight, 6 pairs \$2.00, and in extra light weight LUSTRE HOSE, 6 pairs \$3.00.

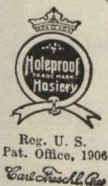
Children's—Sizes 5½ to 10½ for boys, 5 to 9½ for girls. Colors: black and tan. Medium weight, 6 pairs \$2.00.

Infants' Sox—Colors: tan, baby blue, white and pink. Sizes 4 to 7. Four pairs (guaranteed six months) \$1.00. Ribbed-leg stockings, in same colors and black, sizes 4 to 6½, 4 pairs (guaranteed six months) \$1.00.

Don't wait. Save the next six months of darning. Send in your order now. Write for free book, "How to Make Your Feet Happy."

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY CO. OF CANADA, Ltd.
69 Bond Street, LONDON, CANADA

Look for This Trade-mark and Signature

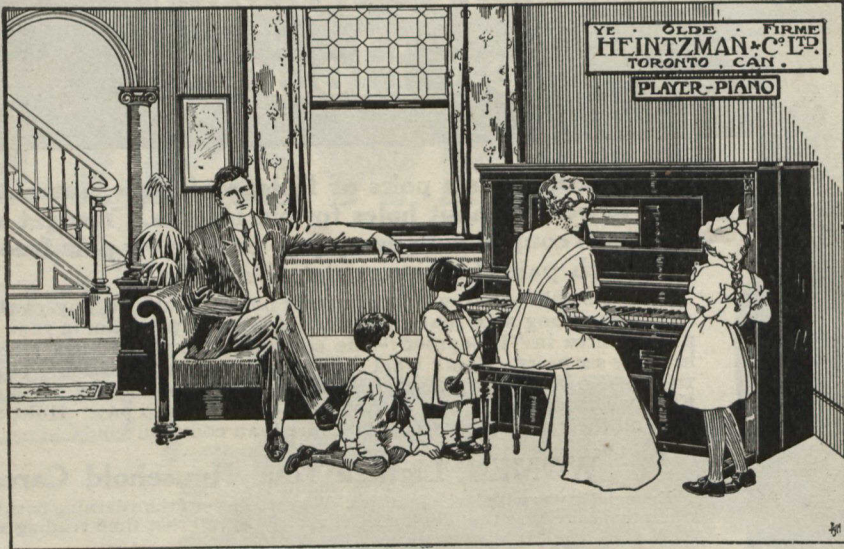


To Dealers!

Write for our agency proposition. Excellent opportunity. Thousands of dealers in U. S. making big hosiery sales with "Holeproof."

Are Your Hose Insured?

Highest-grade Player-Piano



THE NEW

HEINTZMAN & CO. PLAYER-PIANO

made by "Ye Olde Firme" is the most perfectly-built player-piano in the world.

Its aluminum action is an exclusive feature of this wonderful instrument, and yet only one of many special features.

Constructed with the Heintzman & Co., ideals of tone, touch and durability.

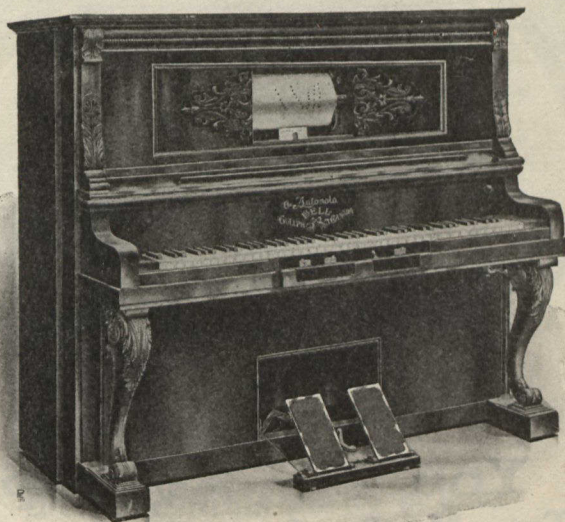
The Piano anyone can play without knowing a note of music.

Mention Canadian Magazine—send name and address—and we will mail you, without charge, beautiful illustrated booklet of Player-Piano.

**Piano Salon, 193-195-197 Yonge Street,
TORONTO, CANADA**

The Autonola

PLAYER PIANO



The Autonola is a perfect Piano, fitted with player mechanism ; can also be used without it.

With the aid of the Autonola you become an accomplished Musician.

It provides a Musical Education for the household and entertainment for friends.

You will never know what a delightful instrument it is until you have tried it.

The Bell Piano & Organ Co., Ltd. Guelph, Ont.

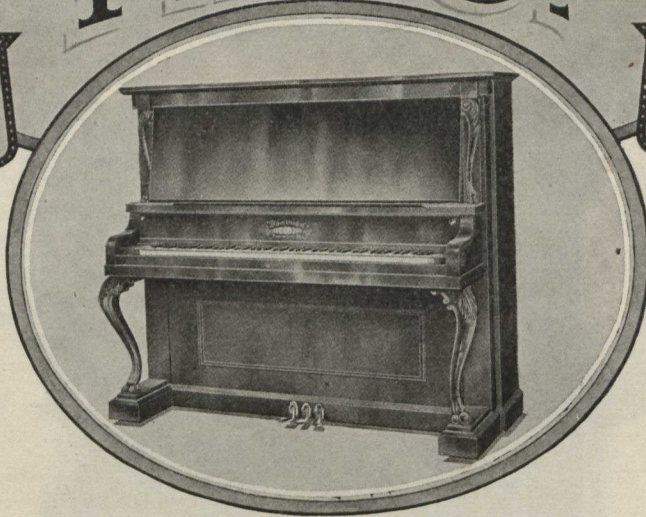
MAKERS OF CANADA'S BEST PIANOS AND FIRST TO MAKE PLAYER PIANOS
IN CANADA.

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The DOMINION PIANO



80,000
Sold in
Forty
Years

Sold
Direct
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Factory
To Home

How You Can Avoid Paying \$100 Too Much for Your Piano

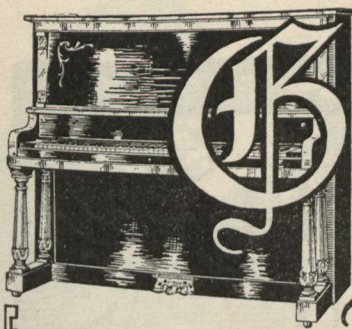
It must be plain to any thinking man or woman that the usual way of selling pianos means very heavy expense for lavishly-decorated showrooms, high-salaried salesmen, gifts to artists, schools, etc., to secure testimonials—all of which adds no value to the piano—but must be paid for by the buyer. Will YOU pay it? Not if you buy a

“DOMINION” PIANO, ORGAN OR PLAYER-PIANO

Because you buy your DOMINION Piano direct from the factory, or through our agent, at factory price. You get an instrument equal to or better than others costing \$100 to \$150 MORE, because the “DOMINION” selling plan AVOIDS THE COSTS THAT ADD NO VALUE. 80,000 satisfied buyers have seen the logic of our argument. Shrewd judges of piano values in England, Africa, South America, and even in far away Australia, send all the way to Bowmanville for DOMINION instruments. With the world's best makes to choose from, they prefer a “DOMINION.” So will you when you know its rich, clear, singing tone—made permanent by our patented grand-piano, plate-frame construction. Our free catalogue tells more about this feature. Write for a copy.

Where we have no agent we fill orders direct from factory,
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THE DOMINION ORGAN & PIANO COMPANY, LTD. Bowmanville,
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Gurlay Pianos

like rare old violins
possess a tone that
improves with use.

Why does a Stradivarius occupy
such an exalted place among
violins, when others may be
bought for so much less.

Because of its purity of tone.

So, also, it is the purity of
tone in Gurlay Pianos that
has won for them such an
exalted place in the esteem
of Canadian musicians and
music-lovers.

Over 4000 Gurlay owners
are ready to testify that
the tone improves with use.

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should reflect credit both on your taste and intelligence. Over 20,000 satisfied Canadian buyers have

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in their homes. Their instruments not only possess the latest and most beautiful in case architecture, but the lasting quality of tone makes of each buyer an enthusiastic admirer of the Gerhard Heintzman pianos.

Let us send you our new booklet with full information.

Your present instrument taken as part payment.

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New Salesrooms: 41-43 Queen St., W.
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G87



Planning the holiday gift with a Waltham Jeweler is a mutual pleasure. The shopper delights in the beauty and design of the Waltham Watch Models. The experienced jeweler knows the inward perfection of Waltham construction.

WALTHAM

WATCH

For over three generations Waltham has stood for the highest expression of the Watchmaker's art. High grade Waltham movements—up to the Premier Maximus at \$250, the watch *de luxe* of the world—are invariably named, and offer models of exquisite design and workmanship, combined with timekeeping qualities of unrivalled accuracy. *Riverside*, for instance, guarantees a consistent high grade watch in all popular sizes, men's or women's.

Handsome booklet describing various Waltham movements and full of valuable watch lore, free on request. Your Jeweler will assist you in selecting the movement best suited to your needs.




"It's Time You Owned a Waltham."



WALTHAM WATCH COMPANY,

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One of the
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made is
the

NEW SCALE WILLIAMS

SMALL GRAND.

It is becoming more popular every day. The tone is sweet and sympathetic and appeals at once to people with a refined musical taste. It is built on the same lines (only in miniature form) as our famous Concert Grand, which is used by nearly all the great artists who tour Canada, and, as one of them said, "is the biggest little piano I ever saw."

They Are Made Right

because the workmen who build these beautiful Pianos constitute the most skillful organization of piano-makers in Canada, and they are dominated by an enthusiasm for the "New Scale Williams" ideals and standards to the same degree as are the men who guide their efforts.

"The tone is beautiful and the action perfect"
—*Louise Homer*

243 Write us to-day for prices and full particulars as regards both our uprights and grands

The WILLIAMS PIANO CO., Limited
OSHAWA ONTARIO



One Visible Model 10 Remington Typewriter

in use in your office,
will absolutely
prove to you the
enduring leader-
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ply piles up the
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Remember that we *guarantee*
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— Motor — Drive — Walk
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or enjoy the outdoors at all, you will enjoy it better clad in one of our

Pen-Angle Sweater Coats

Nearly every day in the year you need one of these beautifully made, exquisitely finished, shape-fitting knit garments of fleecy wool—the *improved* sweater-coat made by the Pen-Angle process that puts the shape and style into them to *stay*. Moderate in cost; surpassing in value. There's a style and a color combination to exactly suit *you*.

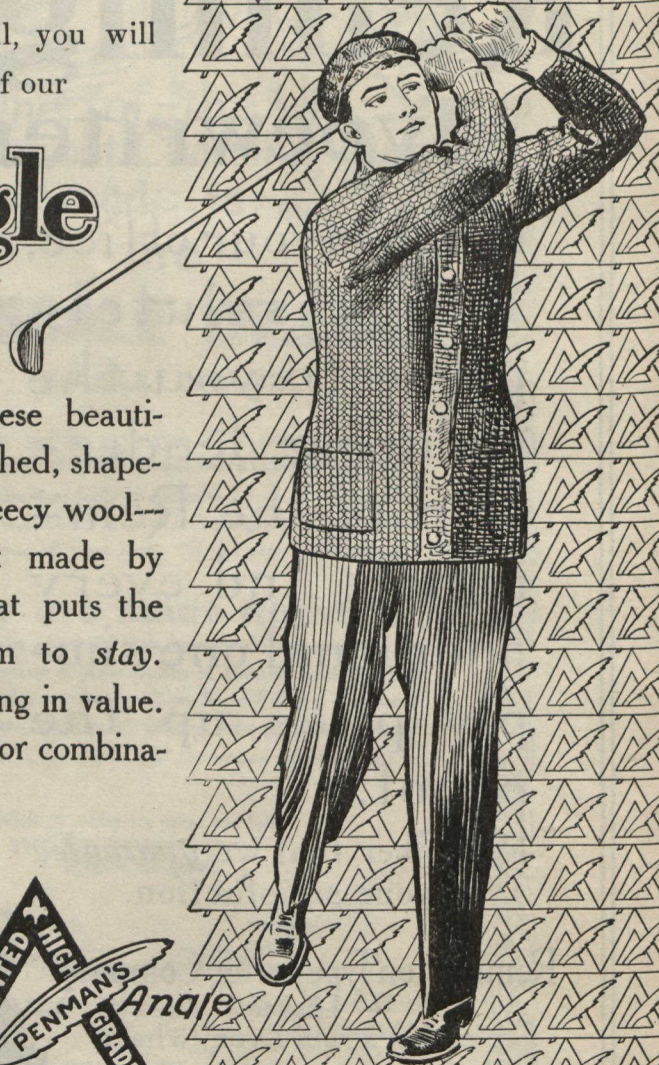
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PENMANS
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Paris, Canada

Makers of

Underwear, Hosiery and Sweaters
For Men, Women and Children.





DIM FURNITURE IS A DISGRACE

Moist fingers, hot dishes, damp or hard substances, all take toll of the bright surfaces of your furniture. Dirt and grime gather from unknown surfaces. Get

ROYAL GEM VENEER

and Presto Everything is clean and bright again, as by magic. Very little rubbing required.

SEND FOR SAMPLE BOTTLE

The CAPITAL MFG. COMPANY
Ottawa - Ontario

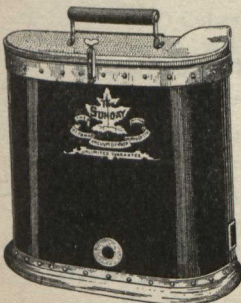
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THE
SUNDAY
"KING OF CLEANERS"
VACUUM CLEANER

Tests made by experts on this machine show the following remarkable results.

Vacuum 10 inches. Air displacement 33 cu. ft. per minute. Weight 37 pounds.

Cost of operation 1 cent per hour.



These figures constitute a record, as, to equal these measurements, in any one particular, on the part of any other machine, means increased weight or cost of operation. The machine is light, powerful, simple and reliable and convenient in form for carrying.

We make the entire machine here, and can duplicate any part instantly. Our guarantee is permanent and covers material and workmanship. The

equipment is the most complete on the market covering all sorts of house work where a vacuum cleaner can be employed.

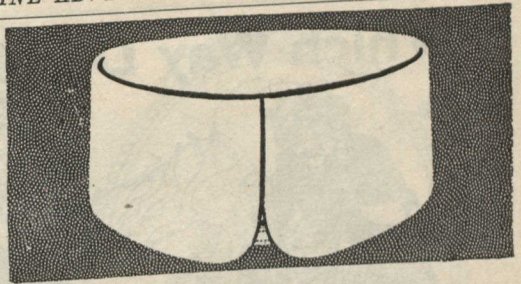
A card will bring full particulars and the name of our agent in your locality.

Ottawa Vacuum Cleaner Mfg. Company, Limited

345-349 Dalhousie St.

Ottawa - Ontario.
Fred. E. Morris, General Manager.

To agents. Enquire as to our proposition. Some open territory left.



The Newest Shape
DELMAR

Height 2 1/4 in.

REXTON

Height 2 in.

Have **LINOCORD BUTTONHOLES**

Here's the newest shape—the straight-front that *does* meet close. It's baked and so shaped in baking by our **VERTIFORM PROCESS** that it has the vertical, close-meeting effect so coveted. Has ample scarf space.

Ide Silver
BRAND

1/4 Sizes **Collars** 3 for 50¢

If collar buttonholes tear or stretch the merest trifle, away go shape and fit. **Ide Silver Collars** have **LINOCORD BUTTONHOLES** exclusively. They're easier-to-button and *don't* tear out.

Write for "What's What," an illustrated authority on dress, and the clever story booklet, "What I Know About Laundries" (actual experiences).

Any **IDE SILVER COLLAR dealer** will gladly show you the **DELMAR** and its **LINOCORD BUTTONHOLES**

GEO. P. IDE & CO., Makers, 509 River St., TROY, N. Y.



LINOCORD BUTTONHOLES

Easier-to-Button and Unbutton
They Don't Tear Out

Which Way Do You Wash?—



The
OLD WAY
or THE NEW---

The back-breaking, nerve-racking, health-destroying way or the easy, pleasant way? Madam! you should wash the "New Century" way if for no other reason than your health's sake.

But there are also sound, economical reasons why you should make your hubby dig into his jeans and buy you a "New Century" washing machine. You can do the week's washing with it in one-third the ordinary time.

Save the money it actually saves you and you will have its cost back in the bank inside of six months---easily.

You may have cause for your washing machine prejudice, but---you have not examined, tried or tested the "New Century."

Ask your Dealer to show you why the "New Century" will do your washing in a few minutes---

Why it changes drudgery into pleasure---

How it washes clothes absolutely clean, and--

How it cannot injure the most delicate fabric.

Your little girl could do the washing for half the town with a "New Century" washing machine.

N. B. A post card will bring you "Aunt Salina's Washday Philosophy." Read the booklet and tell us what you think of it.

GUMMER-DOWSWELL, LTD., - Hamilton, Ont.



SPECIAL OFFER

**This \$2.50 Whitney Pen
to Canadians
for \$2.00**

To introduce R. W. Whitney Fountain Pens in Canada we offer this regular \$2.50 model for \$2.00.

It is a perfect writer. Ink flows evenly on the first stroke without being "shaken down." Pen point is 14Kt. gold, tipped with Russian Iridium.

This is a self-filler. Raise the small lever, place end of pen and feed bar in ink and drop lever back—the pen is then filled ready for use. No inky fingers or clothes

Send \$2.00 today

Whitney Fountain Pens are Guaranteed for one year. Money will be refunded if you are not perfectly satisfied. Send \$2.00 in currency, money order or express order.

AGENT'S WANTED

We want a live dealer or agent in every Canadian city and town to sell Whitney Pens. There's an extremely liberal commission and sales are easily made. Write for our special proposition.

THE WHITNEY-RICHARDS CO.

**238 West Superior Ave.,
Cleveland, Ohio., U. S. A.**



OXO Cubes are in the same class with the cable, telephone, adding machine and electric light.

They are time savers and money savers.

Just as the masculine world is beginning to realize the value of electricity, so the feminine world is fast awakening to the countless uses of OXO.

54



10 for 25c.

4 for 10c.



The Best Treatment for Itching Scalps and Falling Hair

To allay itching and irritation of the scalp, prevent dry, thin and falling hair, remove crusts, scales and dandruff, and promote the growth and beauty of the hair of women, the following *special treatment* has been found most effective.

On retiring, comb the hair out straight all around, then begin at the side and make a parting, gently rubbing Cuticura ointment into the parting with a bit of soft flannel held over the end of the finger. Anoint additional partings about half an inch apart until the whole scalp has been treated, the purpose being to get the ointment on the scalp skin rather than on the hair.

The next morning, shampoo with Cuticura soap and hot water. Shampoos alone may be used as often as agreeable, but for women's hair once or twice a month is generally sufficient for this *special treatment*. Men may apply Cuticura ointment as they would a pomade or in any other convenient way, preferably at night, as often as necessary to keep the scalp clean and the hair from falling, but may shampoo lightly with Cuticura soap every morning, when making the toilet.

Although Cuticura soap and ointment are sold by druggists and dealers throughout the world, those wishing to try this treatment may do so without expense by sending to "Cuticura," 133 Columbus Ave., Boston, for a free sample of each, with 32-p. book on the care and treatment of skin and hair.

"I always install the SOUVENIR

(New Idea Series)

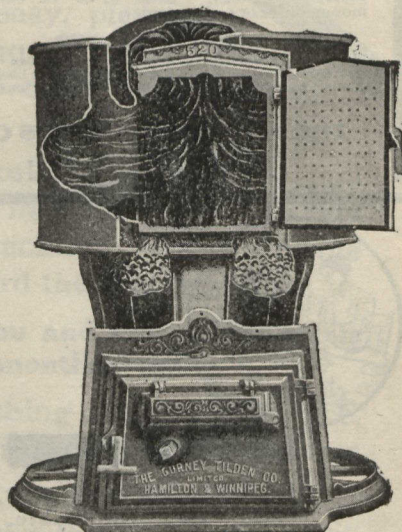
It means quick sales"

There you have the decisive verdict of a practical builder and contractor

—the verdict of a man whose knowledge of the science of heating largely determines his income. He always installs the SOUVENIR in houses built on spec' for the simple reason that *this furnace means quick sales.*

The SOUVENIR possesses many points of superiority that appeal strongly to discriminating buyers on sight. The Firepot — *the heart of the furnace* is constructed in such a way that the maximum heat diffusion is secured with minimum fuel consumption.

SOUVENIR Grates are simple, strong and easy to operate. It's always safe to install a SOUVENIR furnace because it is generally known to effect a saving of 25% to 50% in fuel consumption. Let us send you our new booklet. The SOUVENIR furnace is made in Hamilton, the stove centre of Canada by



Every buyer of a Souvenir Furnace is presented with a legal bond on date of purchase, guaranteeing firepot against cracks or breaks of any kind for 5 years.

The Hamilton Stove & Heater Co.,
LIMITED
Successors to GURNEY-TILDEN CO.



Not
a Stropping
Machine—
but the Razor
that Strops Itself

The AutoStrop Razor is a safety razor that strops itself. It is not a razor and stropping machine in two separate pieces. It is a razor and strop in one.

The AutoStrop Razor stays together. You can instantly strop it and shave with it and then clean it without taking anything apart or putting anything together or making any adjustments. To use it successfully does not require any experience or know how.

You simply slip the strop through the razor as shown above, push the razor to and fro a few times, slip the razor off the strop and shave. A wipe with the towel and it is clean. The edge does not feel like a safety razor edge but cuts through your beard smooth and clean because it is finely whetted for every shave.

AutoStrop SAFETY RAZOR

Strops Itself.

Get an AutoStrop Razor on trial to-day. If you don't like it the dealer will give your money back, but you won't want your money back. In a week or ten days you will be urging all your friends to get one.

\$5.00 is all. You get a silver-plated self-stropping razor, 12 blades and strop, in attractive case. Economical, for a single blade lasts six months to a year, thus giving you years of shaves for \$5.00. Cheaper than a dollar razor.

MADE IN CANADA

AutoStrop Safety Razor Co., Limited
400 Richmond Street, W., Toronto.

61 New Oxford St.
LONDON

345 Fifth Ave.
NEW YORK



A Warm
Welcome
for Winter

PERFECTION SMOKELESS OIL HEATER

Here is a snug welcome for frosty evenings, chilly mornings and drafty rooms - a warm greeting from the Perfection Smokeless Oil Heater.

It is a sort of portable fireplace—a real heater.

Just strike a match and light the wick. There you are:—the Perfection is all aglow in a minute.

It can't smoke or smell. The wick can't be turned up to the smoking point. The patented burner prevents.

The Perfection is ready night and day. It is portable, too—can be carried easily from room to room.

Equally suitable for parlor or bedroom, dining room or bathroom, attic or cellar.

Nickel trimmings. Drums finished either in turquoise—blue enamel or plain steel.

The Perfection Smokeless Oil Heater is 25 inches high and weighs only 11½ pounds. The low price will surprise you. Get one now. Have it all the winter.

Sold wherever good stoves are sold. Ask your dealer to show you a Perfection Smokeless Oil Heater—and be sure it's a Perfection. Or write for descriptive circular to any agency of

The Imperial Oil Company, Limited

The Queen City Oil Company, Limited

The voice of all the people *on* the stage—
The choice of all the people *off* the stage—



The EDISON PHONOGRAPH

Send for Catalog and
complete information to-day

The advantages of the Edison are as definite as they are important—and the way to know all about them is to send for the complete information which we have ready to send to you. Write for it now. Edison Standard Records 40c.; Edison Amberol Records (play twice as long), 65c.; Edison Grand Opera Records, 85c. to \$2.50. Any Edison dealer will give you a free concert. There is an Edison Phonograph at a price to suit everybody's means, from \$16.50 to \$240 sold at the same prices everywhere in Canada.

is the theatre—the opera, the drama, the concert, the vaudeville—offering a greater and more varied program than any theatre in the land—and playing to the biggest audience in the world.

Think of the stars of the drama and of the opera, the headliners of vaudeville, the masters of instrumentation, right in your own home theatre, or wherever you go and whenever you want them.

That's what it means to you to own the Edison Phonograph. And it means "keep the boys at home." The Edison is the original antidote for "the breaking of home-ties."

And it means the sweet-toned, long-playing Amberol Records—every selection rendered as completely as from the stage and as real as the real thing.

THOMAS A. EDISON, Inc.,

6 Lakeside Avenue, Orange N.J.



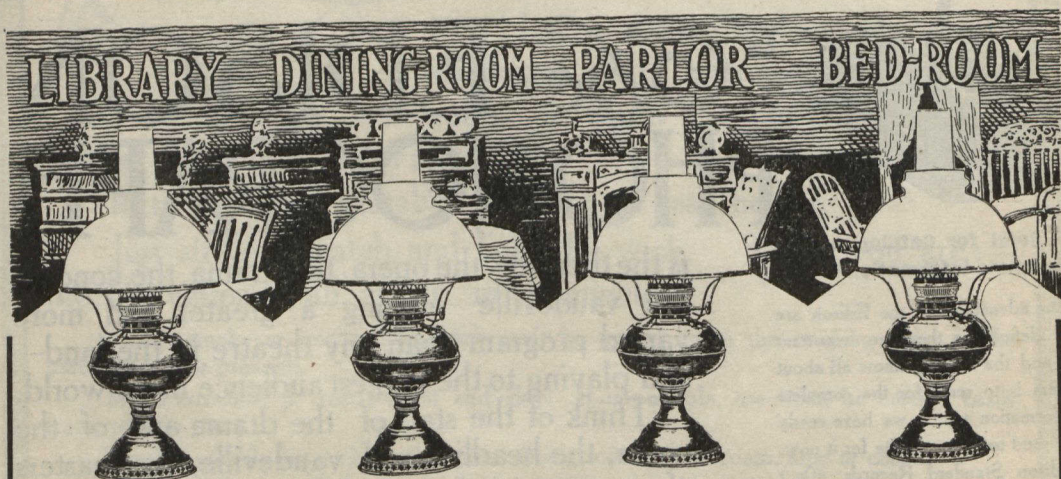
RODGERS CUTLERY

The same wearing and cutting quality is found in all RODGERS' CUTLERY.

The quality of the goods and the process of making has placed them in advance of all competitors.

Joseph Rodgers & Sons, Limited

Cutlers to His Majesty
SHEFFIELD, ENGLAND



The Famous *Rayo* Lamp

The Rayo Lamp is the best and most serviceable lamp you can find for any part of your home. It is in use in millions of families. Its strong white light has made it famous. And it never flickers. In the dining-room or the parlor the Rayo gives just the light that is most effective. It is a becoming lamp—in itself and to you. Just the lamp, too, for bedroom or library, where a clear, steady light is needed. The Rayo is made of solid brass, nickel-plated; also in numerous other styles and finishes. Easily lighted without removing shade or chimney; easy to clean and re-wick.

Ask your dealer to show you his line of Rayo lamps; or write for descriptive circular to any agency of
The Imperial Oil Company, Limited. The Queen City Oil Company, Limited

The Junior Tattoo

The alarm clock with many uses.

Until you own a Junior Tattoo you have not half known or appreciated the luxury of an alarm clock.

For use in your own bedroom, to call you in the morning, it has no equal. It does not call with a rude, jarring, clanging shock. Instead it pleasantly greets you with a cheery "Good morning." If you do not arise, it repeats, and twenty seconds later it speaks again. It will continue to do so every twenty seconds for five minutes unless you arise and turn the switch.

If you travel, carry it with you. Put it into your bag—with or without the leather case—you will find it ticking and uninjured when you need it at night.

Furnish your guest room with a Junior Tattoo. Your guests will be at ease, independent of servant's calls, and will be sure to be punctual, if it is desirable.

Are you a housekeeper? When you place your bread or cake in the oven, set the Junior Tattoo alarm at the desired hour. Go about your work. At the proper time it will warn you to open the oven.

Provide your servants with the Junior Tattoo—then they will have no reason for tardiness. The Junior Tattoo is reliable and durable. We make it in our fine Watch Department.

Dealers everywhere sell it, but if you cannot secure it easily in your own town, send \$2.25 each (or \$3.75 if with a rich red or black leather case) for as many as you want to our Canadian representative. Prices F.O.B. Toronto. Please mention your dealer's name.

Our interesting short story, "The Uprising of John Hancock, Salesman, with a full description of the clock, mailed free to anybody sending the name of dealer.

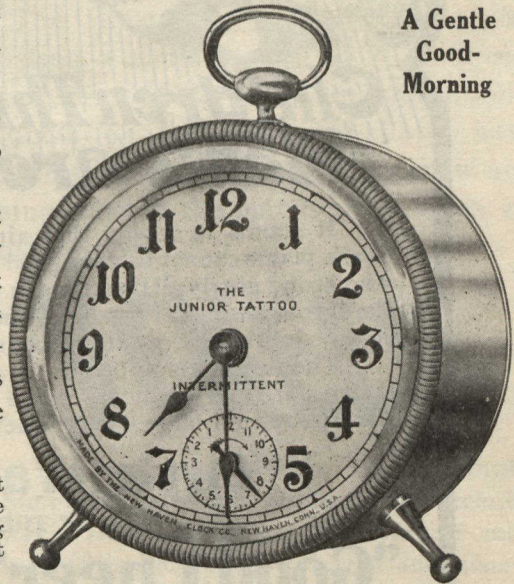
Dealers wanted everywhere. Have you seen our monthly trade journal, *The Junior*, edited by Charley, the shipping clerk?

THE NEW HAVEN CLOCK CO.
NEW HAVEN CONN.
U.S.A.

139 Hamilton St.

Canadian Representative

E. & A. GUNTHER CO., 196-198 Adelaide Street, W., Toronto



A Gentle
Good-
Morning

Actual Size. Hardly larger than an ordinary watch.



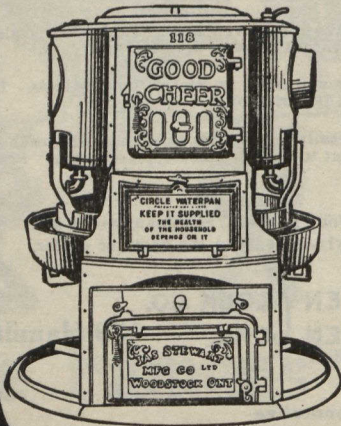
Children Thrive Where Plants are Healthy

It stands to reason that air so dry that it shrivels up house plants cannot be very good for the women and children who spend nearly all their time in the home. Such air irritates the throat and nasal passages, and even the lungs, causing colds, sore throats, catarrh, pneumonia and similar troubles.

The furnace is to blame. It warms the air, surely, but it dries it, and cannot replace the moisture because its waterpan is not large enough, neither is it correctly placed.

The Circle Waterpan OF THE "Good Cheer" Furnace

is a worth while waterpan—not a makeshift—encircles the whole firepot—placed where the water can best be evaporated and be evenly distributed, breathing a "Nature's" air over the whole house. In comfort and healthfulness there's all the difference in the world between the balmy air from the "Good Cheer" and the stuffy, dried-out air from the average furnace.



If you value these things investigate the "Good Cheer" thoroughly. Its construction throughout is as superior as is the Circle Waterpan. Give us your address and we'll gladly send you Booklet and full information.

12

The James Stewart Mfg. Co., Limited
Woodstock, Ont. — Winnipeg, Man.



How "Dust with LIQUID VENEER" is Being Taught in the Public Schools

The illustration of this little girl dusting a chair is exactly reproduced from text books used in the public schools of America, and shows how the busy house-wives of tomorrow are being taught the many advantages of dusting with

LIQUID VENEER

The same message is extended to the busy housewives of *to-day*. Dust everything with LIQUID VENEER. Simply moisten an ordinary cheesecloth duster with it and dust in the usual way. Dust *everything*—old furniture and new, cheap articles and costly, bright finishes and dull, metal work and enameled and lacquered surfaces. In the one dusting operation LIQUID VENEER removes all the dust, dirt, finger marks, scratches, and other unsightly blemishes, and at the same time *restores* the "just like new" appearance of everything on which it is used. It is simply wonderful! No other household article *begins* to be like it.



Trial Bottle Free

Prove it for yourself. Fill in and mail the attached coupon today for a free sample bottle, fully prepaid and duty free. Then you will KNOW why the school books of America say "Dust with LIQUID VENEER."

Mail the coupon NOW.

"CHEER UP" COUPON

BUFFALO SPECIALTY CO.,
6 Liquid Veneer Bldg.,
Buffalo, N.Y.

Please send me fully prepaid, duty free and without any charge or obligation to me, sample bottle of LIQUID VENEER.

NAME.....

STREET & No.....

CITY & STATE.....

Buffalo Specialty Co.,
6 Liquid Veneer Bldg., Buffalo, N.Y.



You can safely let this trade - mark and label be your sole guide in the selection of all your varnish purchases

Berry Brothers' Varnishes

Shellacs. Japans. Lacquers. Stains. Fillers & Dryers

THE manufacturer's name on the *outside* of the varnish can or barrel is the only way of telling what is *inside*.

That is why you need to know a name and label you can always trust—one in which you can place unlimited confidence.

The Berry Brothers' Label—a trade mark of 54 years' standing—is always a sign of honesty inside the can or barrel and honest judgement in the purchaser.

Whether your varnish needs are in a home or other building, or in some one of the 300 manufacturing industries supplied by us, it will pay you to take a *personal* interest in seeing Berry Brothers' Label is "on the job."

No matter how far you may be removed from the actual use of the goods, make the buying of the varnish your personal business—take an actual interest in it.

Start to-day by sending for our booklet "Choosing Your Varnish Maker."

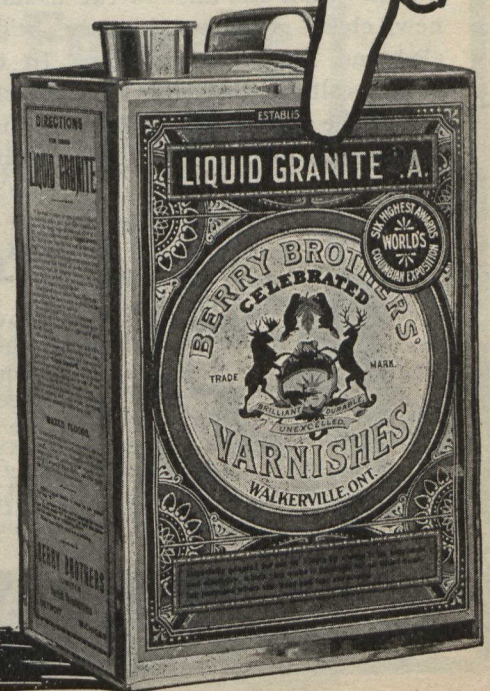
BERRY BROTHERS, LTD.

LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF

Varnishes, Shellacs, Air-Drying and Baking Japans, Lacquers, Stains, Fillers and Dryers.

Factories: Detroit, Michigan and Walkerville, Ontario.

Branches: New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Chicago, Cincinnati, & t. Louis, San Francisco.

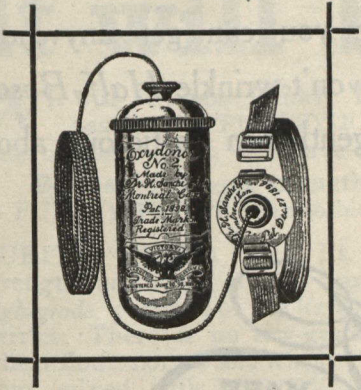


ILLNESS BANISHED

Nearly every form of disease or sickness may be successfully treated by means of Dr. H. Sanche's marvellous discovery known as

OXYDONOR

Oxydonor is a scientific instrument which revitalises the system by causing the body to absorb large quantities of life-giving oxygen. It can be carried in the pocket applied immediately, and will last a whole family a lifetime.



Read this proof of Oxydonor's mastery of disease;

Sparham & McCue,

Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries Public, etc.
Smith's Falls, Ont.,
Jan. 16, 1909.

Dr. H. Sanche & Co.,

"For about fifteen years past, I have used an Oxydonor Victory in my family, which consists of six children, my wife, myself, and much of the time two others. My children's ages are now from ten years to twenty one. They have gone through all diseases peculiar to children, including also inflammation of the lungs, colds and colics; and I have had not only with them, but also with the grown-up portion of my household, the most brilliant results in every case with my Oxydonor, so that during all those years I have not had a Doctor in my house for any diseases.

Yours truly,
B. E. Sparham.

BEWARE of fraudulent imitations. The **GENUINE** is stamped with the name of the **Inventor, Dr. H. Sanche.**

When drugs and doctors have failed you remember Oxydonor which has proved a blessing to thousands.

Send to-day for free booklet, to

Dr. H. Sanche & Co.

366 St Catharine St. West - - - Montreal
United States - London, Eng. - Australia.

MURINE

ASK FOR *FOR YOUR* EYES

Murine Liquid 25c-50c-\$1.00
Murine Eye Salve In Tubes 25c-\$1.00

Try Murine Eye Remedy for Red Weak, Watery, Eyes, Granulated Eyelids and all Eyes that need Care. No Smarting. Just Feels Good.

AN EYE TONIC

LANDSCAPE WORK

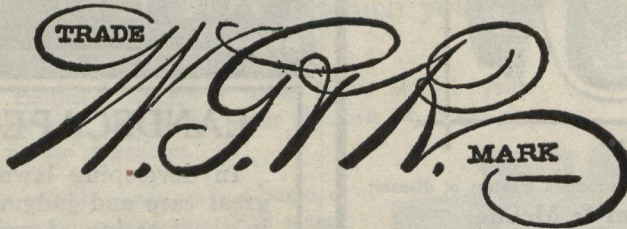
In developing lawns and estates great care and judgment is required in the locating of walks and drives, and selecting suitable varieties of trees and shrubs to be planted, and the arranging of them artistically. Many homes lose their charm for lack of knowledge and experience in developing the grounds. This difficulty is overcome by our Landscape Department, which is in charge of experienced men qualified to develop grounds of city and country homes, large estates, school and public grounds, parks, cemeteries or factory lands. Now is the time to discuss Fall or Spring work.

Correspondence solicited.

BROWN BROS. Company
BROWNS NURSERIES
WELLAND CO., ONTARIO

Semi-Regatta Shirts Excel In Style and Comfort.

When looking after your fall and winter shirt-needs, buy a W. G. & R. Semi-Regatta Shirt (in any pattern that's good and new) and learn how it surpasses ordinary stiff-front shirts. The Semi-Regatta represents the best shirt-value you can get anywhere. Neat, comfortable and dressy---with a won't-wrinkle *Half-Bosom* that will instantly commend itself to gentlemen fastidious about shirt style.



In effect, the W. G. & R. Semi-Regatta is as comfortable as a negligee, yet as stylish as a dress-shirt. You see, the bosom is stiffened half its length—the rest of the shirt is soft. It's a shirt that has fit and smartness WITH comfort, and is sure to give perfect satisfaction. Inspect one, and you'll buy and be glad you did. Ask for the Semi-Regatta.

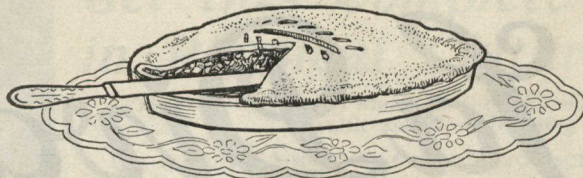
MADE BY

The Williams, Greene & Rome Co., Limited

BERLIN - - - ONTARIO

Factories: — Berlin and Hanover

O N T A R I O



Make your pastry with PURITY FLOUR It will be delicious

WE will tell you frankly that it will likely cost you slightly more to make pastry with PURITY FLOUR than with an ordinary flour. But thousands of home-cooks, who have tried both, willingly pay the difference.

Because of its *extra* strength and *extra* quality *more* shortening must be added to PURITY FLOUR than to blended or soft wheat flours, when making pastry.

PURITY FLOUR gets its *extra* strength and *extra* quality from the *high-grade* portions of the hard wheat berries. There is no low-grade hard wheat flour, nor no soft wheat flour, mixed with PURITY. It is *all high-grade*.

Naturally, such a high-class flour will cost more to make. It is worth more money.

But think of the added delicacy of flavor, the extra deliciousness of the pies and the cakes! Surely it is worth paying a little more for greater enjoyment.

And the pleasure of using such a high-class, reliable flour for all manner of cooking and baking purposes cannot be counted in mere dollars and cents. And remember that

PURITY FLOUR makes.

“More bread and better bread”

It takes more water because it's a strong, thirsty flour. It goes farther in the baking. Get a pencil and add

PURITY FLOUR

to your grocery list right now.



La Diva

NON-RUSTABLE

CORSET

Medium Sized Women



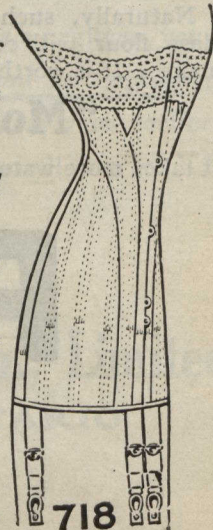
The La Diva Corset No 718 which is here illustrated is unequalled for short and medium figures, especially those requiring short boned corsets. It increases the apparent height, giving to the figure a graceful, *svelte* appearance, and insuring the proper set of the gown. While snug and cosy, the fit is so perfect that absolute comfort is achieved with it. The price is only \$3.50.

Imported corsets of equal value cost about \$5.00 owing to duty.

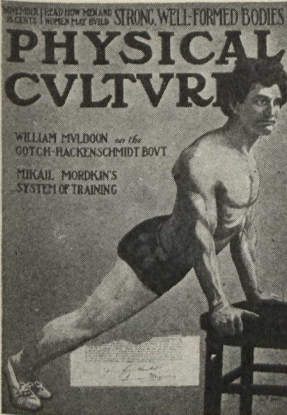
Wherever well-gowned women are seen, at the theatre, at dinners, at balls, etc., you may be sure that many of them owe their *chic* appearance largely to a *La Diva* Corset.

DOMINION CORSET CO.,
QUEBEC, Que.

MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS D & A CORSETS



718



Get this Complete Course in Physical Culture—Free

Prepared by Bernarr Macfadden, the Formost Authority on
Health and Body Building

For a limited time, to every person sending us \$1.00 for
an eight months' trial subscription to the

PHYSICAL CULTURE MAGAZINE

we're going to give, absolutely without cost, a complete
course of lessons in physical culture. These have been
written by Mr. Macfadden personally, and represent the
most effective body building course ever compiled. They

reflect the knowledge gained in the treatment of patients at his immense Health-
atorium, 42d Street and Grand Boulevard, Chicago.

It is not an exaggeration to say that this free course
is the equal of many courses sold at \$50.00 or more

We make this unusual offer as an inducement for you to get acquainted with **PHYSICAL CULTURE**—the most needed magazine in the field of literature. It teaches in a simple, understandable manner how sickness may be avoided and how you may achieve the highest degree of health and strength by just a little physical attention. It prescribes a rational and effective treatment of every form of illness. When you are thoroughly acquainted with **PHYSICAL CULTURE** you will become a life subscriber, because you won't think you can get along without it. Just enclose a dollar bill and say, "Send me your physical culture course, and enter my name for an eight months' subscription to the **PHYSICAL CULTURE MAGAZINE**." We will cheerfully return your money if you are not satisfied.

PHYSICAL CULTURE PUBLISHING CO.

Room 1511 Flatiron Building, New York

WONDER-SHINE
CLEANS
SILVERWARE
WITHOUT RUBBING

PEASE FURNACE

Another
Exclusive Feature

is that you do not have to stoop to shake the

PEASE Furnace, with new vertical shaker.

"Ask the man who has one."

Write for our Books. Sent free on request.

PEASE FOUNDRY COMPANY,

TORONTO

LIMITED
41

WINNIPEG



Every man who puts on a *von Gal* made hat has something more than a fine hat. He wears a permanent guarantee of satisfaction.

This is the one hat that must be to your liking. The fit—the material—the style—the wear—all must be what you pay for. Your dealer guarantees it to you—we guarantee it to him. Do you wonder at the strong trend of public favor that has given to

von Gal made Hats

“CORRECT STYLES FOR MEN”

E. J. von Gal Co. Ltd.

BRANCH OF

Hawes, von Gal
INCORPORATED

New York, U. S. A.

their wonderful vogue? Whether soft or stiff, the styles of these hats are recognized everywhere as leaders. There is a *von Gal* style that suits your height, your weight, the shape of your face. Do you wear it?

Price, \$3, \$4 and \$5. At leading dealers.

Write today for Fall and Winter Style Book B

Canadian Factory, Niagara Falls, Ontario
American Factory, Danbury, Connecticut
Straw Hat Factory, Baltimore, Maryland

BRIGHTEN UP

Your Stationery in the OFFICE,
BANK, SCHOOL or HOME by
using WASHBURN'S PATENT
PAPER FASTENERS

75,000,000

SOLD the past YEAR should
convince YOU of their
SUPERIORITY.

Trade **O. K.** Mark

Easily put on or taken off
with the thumb and finger. Can
be used repeatedly and “they always work.” Made of brass in 3
sizes. Put up in brass boxes of 100 fasteners each.

HANDSOME COMPACT STRONG No Slipping, NEVER

All stationers. Send 10c for sample box of 50, assorted.

Illustrated booklet free. Liberal discount to the trade.

The O. K. Mfg. Co., Syracuse, N. Y., U. S. A.



Smith, Kerry & Chace

Consulting and Constructing Engineers

[Confederation Life Building,]

TORONTO

ALSO

Winnipeg, Calgary and Vancouver

C. B. Smith,

J. G. G. Kerry,

W. C. Chace

THE C. BACHE-WÜG

PULP WOOD

Barking Drum

By arrangement with the patentee—Mr. C. Bache-Wüg, We have been appointed the Sole Manufacturer, and allowed to put on the Canadian market for Sale.

The most recent and economical Barking Device for separating the bark from the wood with practically no loss at all.

While it requires more room in a mill over the ordinary barker, it pay for the extra space in short times.

We can show you where you can save 100% over the ordinary barker.

ASK FOR SPECIAL BULLETIN

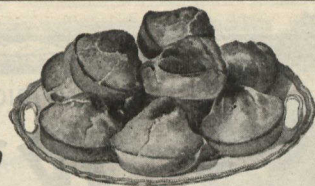
THE
Jenckes Machine Co.
LIMITED

General Offices: Sherbrooke, Que.

Works: Sherbrooke, Que., St. Catharines, Ont.

Sales Offices: Sherbrooke, St. Catharines, Cobalt

Porcupine, Vancouver, Montreal, Rossland.



PLAIN MUFFINS

What a delightfully appetizing Breakfast Dish is a plate of Muffins, just baked to a turn! To get a highly satisfactory result, with richness and rare flavor, use

BORDEN'S EAGLE BRAND CONDENSED MILK

RECIPE—Put one beaten egg to one cup Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk and three cups water; add a little salt, one teaspoon of yeast, with flour sufficient to make a stiff batter. Set it overnight. Have the griddle on the range all night to insure that it is properly heated by morning, and bake quickly on top of range in muffin rings four inches across. Tear them open to butter; do not cut them.



Write for
Borden's Recipe Book

**BORDEN'S
CONDENSED MILK CO.**
"Leaders of Quality"
Est. 1857 New York

WELL, WELL!

THIS is a HOME DYE
that ANYONE
can use



I dyed ALL these
DIFFERENT KINDS
of Goods

with the SAME Dye.
I used

DY-O-LA
ONE DYE FOR ALL KINDS OF GOODS

No Chance of Mistakes. Simple and Clean. Send for Free Color Card and Booklet 101.

The JOHNSON-RICHARDSON CO., Limited, Montreal, Can.

Try Murine Eye Remedy

If you have Red, Weak, Weary, Watery Eyes or Granulated Eyelids. Murine Doesn't Smart—Soothes Eye Pain. Druggists Sell Murine Eye Remedy, Liquid, 25c, 50c, \$1.00. Murine Eye Salve in Aseptic Tubes, 25c, \$1.00. Eye Books and Eye Advice Free by Mail.

An Eye Tonic Good for All Eyes that Need Care
Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago



DURING 1910, 2,623,412 CHICLETS WERE SOLD EACH DAY

Chiclets

REALLY DELIGHTFUL

The Dainty Mint Covered Candy Coated Chewing Gum

Chiclets are the refinement of chewing gum for people of refinement. Served at swagger luncheons, teas, dinners, card parties. The only chewing gum that ever received the unqualified sanction of best society. It's the peppermint—the *true* mint.

For Sale at all the Better Sort of Stores
5¢ the Ounce and in 5¢, 10¢ and 25¢ Packets
SEN-SEN CHICLET COMPANY, METROPOLITAN TOWER, NEW YORK



The way to woo

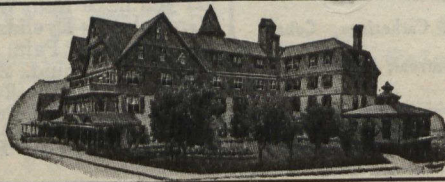


GANONG'S
THE FINEST **G.B.** IN THE LAND
CHOCOLATES

Delicious Dainty Flavors

THE Berkshire Hills Sanatorium

The only private institution of magnitude in the United States for the exclusive treatment of Cancer and other malignant and benign new growths. Conducted by a physician of standing. Established 32 years.

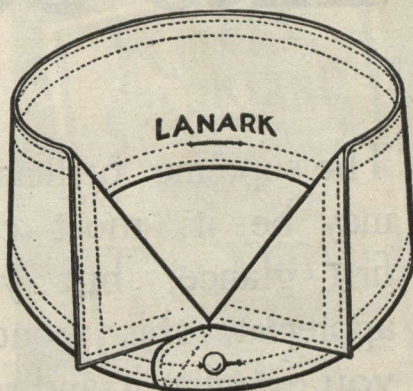


For the Scientific and Effective
Treatment of

Cancer

Without Resorting to
Surgical Procedure

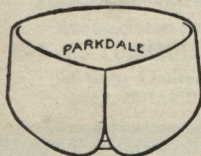
For complete information address
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North Adams, Massachusetts



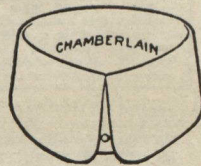
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are made of tested, flexible materials
specially shrunk to hold their size

They Fit — 2 for a Quarter



Sold by leading Men's Furnishing Stores



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The supreme brilliancy of Elite Cut Glass may be its most conspicuous quality at first glance, but you can only really appreciate this wonderful product when you examine it and see with what marvelous skill every little line has been executed by the craftsman who created it.

The Elite designs are exclusive and strikingly original. They are cut in solid European crystal blanks of singular clearness and perfect color. Under no circumstances do we use the far too common method of cutting over a pattern already pressed in the glass.

Elite Cut Glass is immeasurably superior to ordinary cut glass and its price is surprisingly reasonable. Ask your dealer and insist on the genuine Elite, readily indentified by this trade mark on every piece.



GOWANS, KENT & CO.
MANUFACTURERS



16 Front Street E.

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UNDERWEAR

**Do You
Value Good
HEALTH?**

People careful of their health realize that it is *most important* that they should be more particular about their underclothing than their outer clothing for many reasons.

In the first place it is worn next the skin, and must be as soft and smooth as possible so as not to irritate the skin; secondly, it must absorb all the impurities that exude from the body; thirdly, it has to act as an "insulator" from both heat and cold.

Medical men and health authorities all agree that *pure, clean wool* is the most satisfactory and healthiest material, meeting all these requirements.

It is warmest in winter and coolest in summer, keeping the body at a more even temperature all the time.

The best of all woolen underwear is.

"CEETEE"

Every garment of "CEETEE" underclothing is fashioned to fit the form in the actual process of knitting. It is all made with selvedge edges—the edges are all carefully knitted (not sewn) together.

Only the very finest of Australian Merino wool is used making it so soft and clean that a baby could wear it without injury to its tender skin.

Worn by the Best People—Sold by the Best Dealers.

Made in all sizes and weights for Ladies, Gentlemen and Children. We guarantee every "CEETEE" garment to be absolutely unshrinkable.

Always ask for "CEETEE"

Manufactured by
THE C. TURNBULL CO.,
of Galt, Limited
GALT, ONTARIO

143

**LOOK FOR THE SHEEP
ON EVERY GARMENT**



**This is the Package
of Plenty and Purity**

Both you and your family will have something to be thankful for if you serve with your Thanksgiving dinner a dessert made from

KNOX
PURE · PLAIN
SPARKLING
GELATINE

Knox Thanksgiving Dessert—

1/4 box Knox Sparkling Gelatine; 1/2 doz. rolled stale macaroons; 1 doz. marshmallows, cut in small pieces; 2 tablespoonfuls chopped candied cherries; 1/4 lb. blanched and chopped almonds; 1 cup sugar; 1 pint heavy cream; vanilla or sherry; 1/4 cup cold water; 1/4 cup boiling water. Soak gelatine in cold water, dissolve in boiling water, add sugar. When mixture is cold, add cream beaten till stiff, almonds, macaroons, marshmallows and candied cherries. Flavor with vanilla or sherry. Turn into mold first dipped into cold water; chill. Remove from mold; serve with angel cake.

If you think the above is not just what you want, our recipe book, sent FREE for your grocer's name, will give you any number of ideas for preparing tempting dishes for not only Thanksgiving but every day in the year.

Pint sample for 2c stamp and grocer's name.

CHARLES B. KNOX CO.
499 Knox Ave., Johnstown, N. Y.
Branch Factory: Montreal.



Vapo-Cresolene

(ESTABLISHED 1879)

**for Whooping Cough,
Croup, Asthma,
Sore Throat, Coughs,
Bronchitis, Colds,
Diphtheria, Catarrh.**

"Used while you sleep."

A simple, safe and effective treatment avoiding drugs.

Vaporized Cresolene stops the paroxysms of Whooping Cough and relieves Croup at once.

It is a boon to sufferers from Asthma.

The air rendered strongly antiseptic, inspired with every breath, makes breathing easy, soothes the sore throat and stops the cough, assuring restful nights.

Cresolene relieves the bronchial complications of Scarlet Fever and Measles and is a valuable aid in the treatment of Diphtheria.

Cresolene's best recommendation is its 30 years of successful use. Send us postal for Descriptive Booklet.

For Sale by All Druggists

Try Cresolene Antiseptic Throat Tablets for the irritated throat, composed of slippery elm bark, licorice, sugar and Cresolene. They can't harm you. Of your druggist or from us, 10c. in stamps.

THE VAPO-CRESOLENE CO., 62 Cortlandt St., New York
or Leeming-Miles Building, Montreal, Canada

312

He's bought a Tobin Simplex

The simple announcement means that someone has at last found his way into the "Man's Class" of sportsmen and that his friends realize it. You may shoot well with a poor gun, but it is reasonable to suppose that your scores will pile up at the traps with greater regularity and your bag be better filled in the field, if you use a gun that is of the dependable kind. This apparent ideal is a tangible reality in the

Tobin Simplex Gun



And the "why" of it is that we have spent years and years in perfecting the manufacture of this gun—years of painstaking, exacting care in selecting the materials that go into each part—years in perfecting a mechanism that produces the best working action ever constructed in a gun of hammerless type—guaranteed as very few guns are guaranteed. With each Tobin Simplex we undertake to give one hundred per cent. satisfaction, or you may have your purchase money back—every cent of it without question. You cannot lose on a Tobin Simplex—it must please you.

Priced from \$20.00 to \$210.00. Send for our new catalogue.

The Tobin Arms
Mfg. Co., Limited
Woodstock, Ontario.

Infantile Paralysis.

The warning that indications point to a recurrence of Infantile Paralysis uttered by no less an authority than Dr. Simon Flexner, of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, is a matter of alarm to every home where there are children. The disease is one of the most serious to which the young are subject, for not only is the mortality high, but most of those who recover are left crippled for life. Medical science has found the cause of the disease is a microbe so small that it will pass through the densest porcelain filter, and so tenacious of life that freezing and drying with caustic potash have little effect upon it. The germ is believed to find entrance to the system through the mouth and nose, and to be given off through the same channels. Not only is the disease contagious as between one who has it and those with whom he comes in contact, but "carriers" who have themselves escaped the usual resulting paralysis may also carry the germs to others. From three to thirty-three days may elapse from the time of exposure to the appearance of the restless, highly nervous state which marks the beginning of the disease.

PRECAUTION IS OF MORE IMPORTANCE THAN THE TREATMENT, for no treatment of proved efficacy has been discovered. The frequent application to the nasal membrane, also the mouth and throat, is a wise precaution no parent should neglect. Therefore we wish to impress the utmost importance that you use the new scientific Antiseptic Kerolene Inhalant with the new device, the Kerolene Inhaler, originated by an eminent specialist. Every man, woman and child, upon arising in the morning, after thoroughly cleansing the nasal passage, also the mouth and throat, should use a Kerolene outfit. The same should be done at night before retiring. Kerolene applied as a germicide will oft-times act as a positive preventive for Diphtheria, Whooping Cough, Mumps and Sore Throat.

Kerolene is harmless, contains no poisons. It is pleasant and the easiest method known for children to use, as the device can be carried in a small purse or small pocket, therefore can be used at school.

Kerolene also cures Catarrh and Asthma, and it is the most wonderful cure for headaches known. No man, woman or child should be without the new scientific Kerolene Inhaler. Sent by mail for \$1.00, and money refunded if not satisfied.

The Kerolene Inhaler Breeze Co.

Cupertino, Cal. U.S.A.

SAFEST—AND WHY?

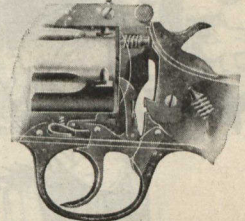
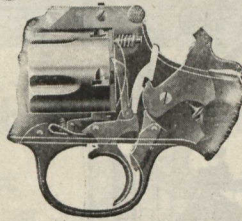
First you will note that when the trigger is pulled back the white lifter, which is attached to the rear of the trigger, rises until it intervenes between hammer and firing pin. At this instant the hammer is released and imparts a shock *through the lifter* to the firing pin. Then as the trigger snaps forward the lifter drops down, leaving a clear space between hammer and firing pin.

The hammer rests against the solid frame, so no conceivable impact could force it against the firing pin. Three million revolvers have this famous safety device and not one of them has ever been accidentally discharged. You can "HAMMER THE HAMMER."

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FEARMAN'S Star Brand HAMS & BACON

Quality Counts. A Ham may cost you one cent or perhaps two cents a pound more than some other Ham but "Star Brand" Hams cured by Fearman's is worth it.

Made under Government Inspection.

F. W. FEARMAN CO., LIMITED
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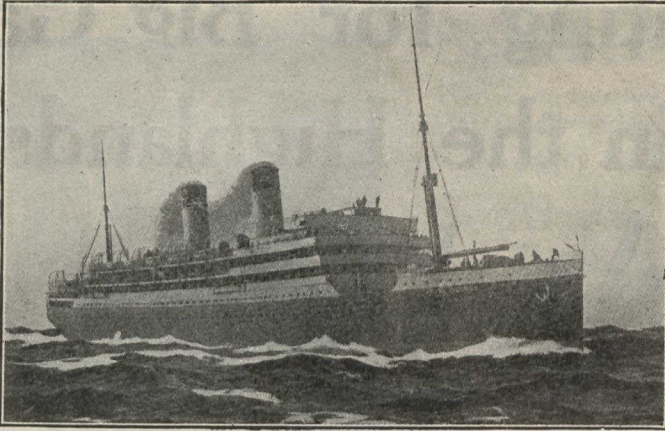


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According to population, more people in Canada travel extensively than in any other country in the world. That is one reason why **The Canadian Magazine** has been regarded as the medium that gives the best results from advertisements of transportation companies, hotels and tourist resorts at home and abroad. Suggestions for travel can be found in the following pages, and should further information be desired, it can be obtained without charge by addressing,

The Canadian Magazine
Travel Bureau

15 Wellington Street East,
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The Most Direct Route to England

Montreal, Quebec	-	Bristol
	(Summer Service)	
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THE ROYAL LINE

steamers are the fastest and finest equipped steamers in the Canadian-British Service, holding both Summer and Winter records.

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From Halifax N.S. Direct to Bristol

R. M. S. ROYAL EDWARD

November 29th Due Bristol December 5th

R. M. S. ROYAL GEORGE

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Book your passage now

Be in time for Christmas shopping

For rates and all information apply to Steamship Agents, or

H. C. BOURLIER,	General Agent,	Toronto, Ont.
GUY TOMBS,	"	Montreal, Que.
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Hunting for Big Game in the Highlands



Deer and Moose abound in all the district known as the
"Highlands of Ontario" reached by
Grand Trunk Railway System

OPEN SEASON

Deer—November 1st to November 15th inclusive.

Moose—November 1st to November 15th inclusive. In some of the northern districts of Ontario, including Temagami, the open season is from October 16th to November 15th inclusive.

OPEN SEASON FOR SMALL GAME IN PROVINCE OF ONTARIO

Ducks—Sept. 15th to Dec. 15th inclusive.

Geese—Sept. 15th to Apr. 15th inclusive.

Plover—Sept. 15th to Dec. 15th inclusive.

Quail—Nov. 15th to Dec. 1st inclusive.

Partridge—Oct. 15th to Nov. 15th inclusive.

Snipe—Sept. 15th to Dec. 15 inclusive.

Woodcock—Oct. 1st to Nov. 15th inclusive.

Hares—Oct. 1st to Dec. 15th inclusive.

Squirrels—Nov. 15th to Dec. 1st.

Write to the undersigned agents for copy of "Haunts of Fish and Game" containing maps, Game Laws, and all particulars.

A. E. DUFF, Union Station, Toronto, Ont.

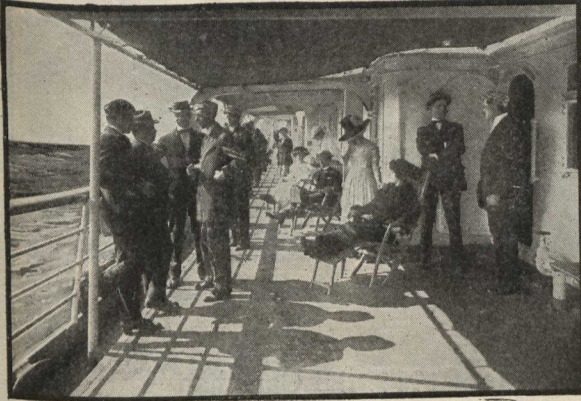
A. E. DAVIS,
Pass. Traff. Mgr.,
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J. QUINLAN, Bonaventure Station, Montreal, Que.

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Invigorating, Restful
Healthgiving Trip

10,600 Ton Magnificent

Southern Pacific Steamships

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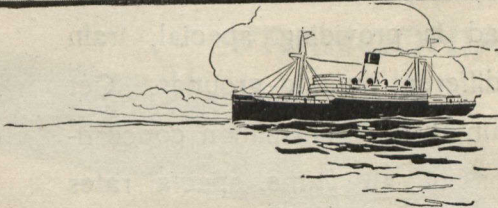
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One Way **\$40** Round Trip **\$70**
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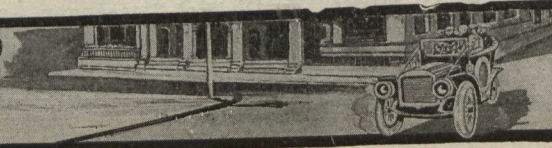
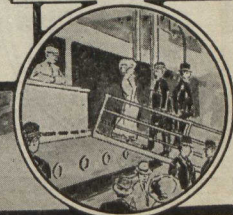
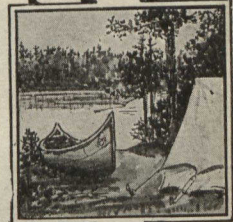
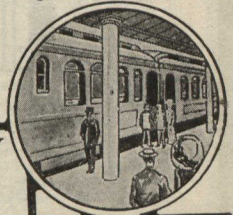
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COMFORTABLY AND LUXURIOUSLY appointed
to meet the demand of the fastidious or democratic visitor

Royal Suites Rooms Single or Ensuite
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All that is best in hotel life at consistent rates.

Booklet, **HOLLAND HOUSE**, 5th Avenue and 30th Street
Near underground and elevated railway stations



BIG GAME HUNTING

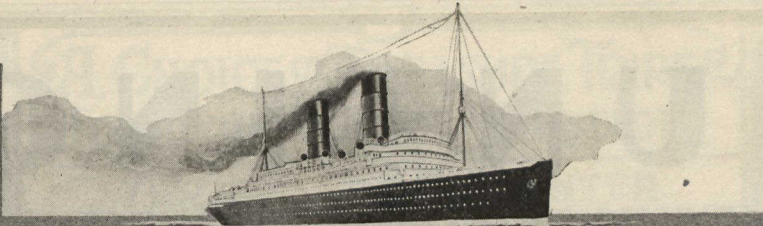
Q For the hunting season of 1911, the Canadian Pacific Railroad is providing special train service to the different hunting grounds. Get started right by obtaining full information concerning the open seasons of all game, special rates and facilities provided for reaching your particular grounds.

Q The following publications cover all points of interest and should be obtained by all prospective hunters. "Hints to Hunters" "Fishing and Shooting" "Open Seasons" "Sportsman's Map" etc.



Canadian Pacific Railway

M. G. MURPHY, District Passenger Agent, Toronto.



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By Four of the Most Luxurious Steamships in the World

CARMANIA Triple Screw Turbine
20,000 Tons

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18,000 Tons

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A la Carte dining service without additional charge. Stop overs, affording opportunities for side trips, and proceeding by subsequent steamer are allowed. Passengers are not required to book for the entire cruise, as arrangements may be made to return by either the Lusitania or Maretania from Liverpool, thereby enabling one to tour Central Europe at a considerable saving in both time and expense.

Special Fall Sailing from New York to the Mediterranean of S. "IVERNIA," November 30, 1911

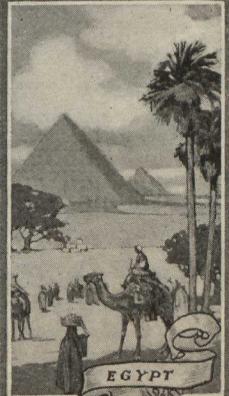
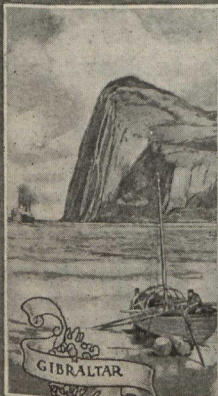
From New York during the Winter Season of 1911-1912 as follows:

"Caronia," November 18, 1911, Calling at Madeira, Gibraltar, Algiers, Villefranche or Genoa. Naples and Fiume.
 "Caronia," Jan. 6, 1912 } Calling at Madeira, Gibraltar, Algiers, Villefranche { "Caronia," Feb. 20, 1912
 "Franconia," Jan. 20, 1912 } or Genoa, Naples, Alexandria and Fiume* { "Carmania," Mar. 2, 1912
 "Laconia," Feb. 3, 1912 } *Omits call at Fiume on Feb. 20 and March 2 trips.

"Sailing List," "Rate Sheet" and "Steamer Plans," as well as Booklets "A New Way to the Old World" "Mediterranean-Egyptian-Adriatic Cruises," "Caronia"—"Carmania"—"Franconia"—"Laconia" may be secured on application to Dept. D. at any of the Company's offices or agencies.

CUNARD LINE, 21-24 STATE STREET Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, St. Louis, Minneapolis, San Francisco, Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg or Local Agents

The above steamers are fitted with submarine signal apparatus and with Marconi's system of wireless telegraphy.



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NOW IS THE TIME TO

Select Territory and Engage Guides

OPEN SEASON IN

Quebec Moose and Deer, September 1st to Dec. 31st. Caribou, September 1st to January 31st.

New Brunswick Moose, Caribou and Deer, September 15th to Nov. 30th.

Nova Scotia Moose, September 16th to Nov. 16th, (Caribou and Deer protected)

Send for Pamphlets containing Game Laws, Etc. to

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Intercolonial Railway
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EMPRESS OF BRITAIN
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Carrying Cabin Passengers in One Class only (II) with *unrestricted use of the best accommodation on the ship* including the Public Rooms and Promenades. Also Third class passengers in closed rooms only,

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"Laurentic" Nov. 22 from Montreal and Quebec followed by three sailings from Portland, Me. and Halifax, N.S., viz.: "Canada" Dec. 2; "Megantic" Dec. 9 and "Teutonic" Dec. 14. Book now and secure choice of Berths.

Procure tickets from local Agents or write WHITE STAR-DOMINION LINE, Montreal, Toronto or Winnipeg

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Tours to the Orient

Tours around the World, Bermuda, West Indies, Florida, California, Etc.

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Visiting Egypt, Palestine, Turkey, Greece, Italy, etc., including Nile and Holy Land Tours.

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Dec. 5, 1911, Christmas in Rome.

May we send you programme

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Equal scenic beauties and more delightful climatic conditions than the Mediterranean resorts, and right in America's front yard.

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Still retaining its Spanish splendor and fascinations, but fast assuming modern ways.

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Declared by travellers to be more beautiful in tropical splendor than any other country.

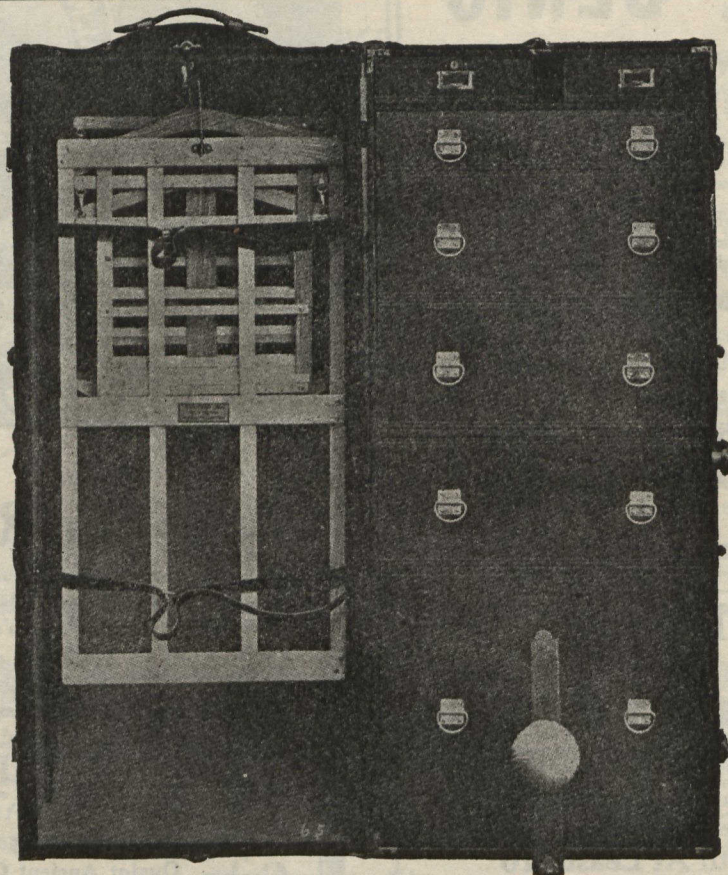
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The Wardrobe Trunk as produced by "Julian Sale" is one of the wonders in travelling needs—the most complete and perfectly appointed in this line in the world. Some of the special features—six tumbler para centric locks on every trunk—spring lock with positively no duplicate keys—steel stay rods—felt dust strip making the trunk dust and waterproof—garment hangers entirely of hardwood tested to carry fifty pounds—for ladies the trunks contain 15 hangers and hat box—for men the trunks contain 8 hangers and hat box. Write for full particulars if you are contemplating the purchase of a wardrobe trunk.

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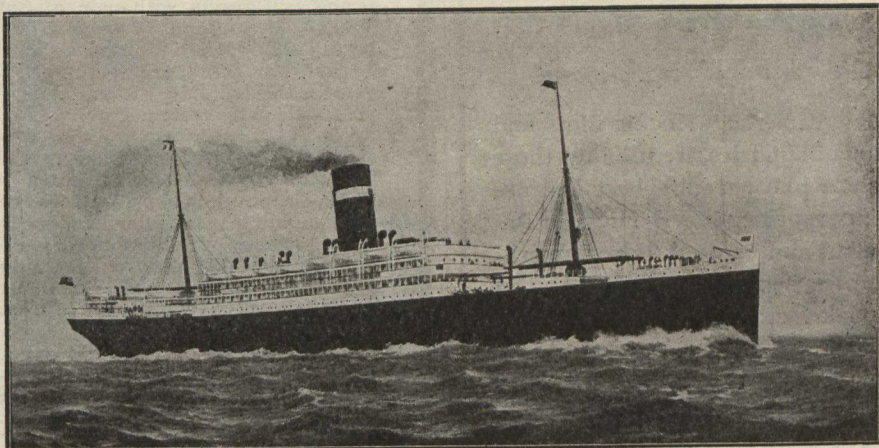
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TUNISIAN	3 Nov. 5.30 a.m.	5.00 p.m.
*VICTORIAN	10 " 6.00 a.m.	5.00 p.m.
CORSICAN	17 " 5.30 a.m.	5.00 p.m.
	From St. John	From Halifax
*VIRGINIAN	24 Nov.	25 Nov.
GRAMPIAN	2 Dec.
*VICTORIAN	8 Dec.	9 Dec.

STEAMER	From Montreal	From Quebec
SCOTIAN	4 Nov.	7 a.m. 3 p.m.
HESPERIAN	11 " "	7 a.m. 3 p.m.
IONIAN	18 " "	7 a.m. 3 p.m.
		From Boston
PARISIAN	24 Nov.	8.00 a.m.
NUMIDIAN	8 Dec.	2.00 p.m.

*Royal Mail Steamers.

The Steamers sail from Liverpool and Glasgow two weeks after leaving Montreal.

Saloon; \$80.00 and \$90.00 Upwards.

Second Saloon; \$50.00 and \$52.50,
Upwards.

"Grampian" and "Hesperian"
Saloon; \$70.00 and upwards.

Second Saloon; \$50.00.

"Scotian" and "Ionian" one
class cabin steamer, Scotian \$50.00,
Ionian \$47.50 and up.

THE ALLAN LINE
TORONTO

SEND FOR
CIRCULARS

H. & A. ALLAN
MONTREAL

Those are best satisfied who spell camera:

K-O-D-A-K.

Quality marks the goods that bear the "Kodak" trade-mark.

Kodak cameras, Kodak films and the Kodak sundries are used by those who know photography best because they incorporate every modern improvement and because honest workmanship has grown to be a habit in the Kodak factories.

If it isn't an Eastman, it isn't a Kodak.

CANADIAN KODAK CO., Limited.

Catalog free at the dealers or by mail.

Toronto, Canada.

A RECORD OF OVER SIXTY-FIVE YEARS

For over sixty-five years MRS WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by mothers for their children while teething. Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. The value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it, It cures Diarrhoea, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP."

BUST and HIPS

Every woman who attempts to make a dress or shirt waist immediately discovers how difficult it is to obtain a good fit by the usual "trying-on-method," with herself for the model and a looking-glass with which to see how it fits at the back.

"HALL-BORCHERT PERFECTION Adjustable Dress Forms"

do away with all discomforts and disappointments in fitting, and render the work of dressmaking easy and satisfactory. This form can be adjusted to 50 different shapes and sizes; bust raised or lowered, also made longer and shorter at the waist line and form raised or lowered to suit any desired skirt length. Very easily adjusted, cannot get out of order, and will last a lifetime.

Write for illustrated Booklet containing complete line of Dress Forms with prices.

Hall-Borchert Dress Form Co., of Canada, Limited.

74 Pearl St., - Toronto, Can.



Agents Wanted

A line for every home. Write us for our choice list of agents supplies. We have the greatest agency proposition in Canada today. No outlay necessary. Apply B. C. I. Co., 228 Albert St., Ottawa

\$3 a Day Sure

Send us your address and we will show you how to make \$3 a day absolutely sure; we furnish the work and teach you free; you work in the locality where you live. Send us your address and we will explain the business fully; remember we guarantee a clear profit of \$3 for every day's work. absolutely sure, write at once. ROYAL MANUFACTURING CO., Box 1712, WINDSOR, ONT.

* SEE EUROPE FREE! Write to-day for information. Teachers, ministers and others secure large results by a little intelligent effort. Free tours and cash commissions.

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ARTISTS COLORS.

No true artist ever risks a poor color on a picture. He buys only

Winsor & Newton's

Oil and Water Colors

because he knows they are the standard throughout the world. They are not dear.

For sale at all Art Stores.

A. RAMSAY & SON, MONTREAL.
Wholesale agents for Canada.

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Send 4c for postage. Mention Gift No. B213; only one gift to each applicant. "A.B.C." priced catalogue of all stamps, 8th Edition, 812 pages, 70c post free.

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RESERVOIR PEN

Writes long letter with one filling. Always ready. No coaking. No blotting. Best for ruling, manifold-ing and constant use. Fine or medium points. Sent postpaid, 16 for 20c, 3 doz, 40c, 6 doz, 75c. Postal Note or Money Order. Money back if wanted. J. RANTON, Dept. C. M. P.O. Box 1754, Winnipeg



The Envy of her Neighbors

is the woman whose kitchen shines with a handsome, roomy range—whose face beams with satisfaction afforded by a perfect cooking equipment.

For every woman wants a good stove. Whether she does her own cooking or not, she prepared on it, and the best. GURNEY-pride; justifies the ney-Oxford stoves and known feature of con-



and control with some few points of excellence that are exclusive.

eats the meals that are feels a pride in having OXFORD satisfies that neighbor's envy. Gur-ranges carry every venience, economy

First of all is the lever that holds. No danger of the fire going out between meals. The Oxford Economizer will hold the heat at a low ebb till you want it; then turn the handle, and your stove is hot in a jiffy. Besides the saving of time and worry it saves in fact to the actual extent of one ton in six.

THE DIVIDED FLUE STRIP is the envy of all women who bake. It guides the heat equally along sides, back and front of the oven.

Write our nearest office for catalogue describing more fully these and other strong advantages of the Gurney-Oxford line. We have stoves for every purpose, every fuel, and a variety of prices.

The Gurney Foundry Co., Limited
TORONTO, CANADA

Montreal

Hamilton

Winnipeg

Calgary

Vancouver



THE busy man and the business man will find a treat in Orinoco. Fill up your pipe with it. Light it, *and it stays lit.* It burns freely all the way without "nursing" or "fussing." No need to smoke matches — it's not that kind of tobacco. It draws sweet and fragrant to the very last puff.

TUCKETT'S ORINOCO TOBACCO

If you want a sure sign of Orinoco's goodness, look in the bowl. No residue of half-burnt tobacco there; nothing but a fine grey ash. Orinoco smokes cool. It is sweet, it is mild, and it has the rich pungent aroma of pure Virginia leaf. Step into your dealer's to-day and get a "probationary" package.

Packed in packages and tins—sold by most every dealer

TUCKETT'S LIMITED, HAMILTON, CANADA

CARLING'S GOLD MEDAL ALE & PORTER

From Canada's GREATEST Brewery

For sixty years we have brewed by the old English method as adopted by BASS AND CO. and GUINNESS AND CO.
WE DO NOT CARBONIZE, and by so doing destroy Nature's best and finest health-giving properties of barley, malt and Bohemian hops.
No fad, no new methods, as used by some brewers who can't compete with genuine methods.

Demand Carlings's and get the Finest Made in the World
Every Dealer Everywhere

EDDY'S WASHBOARDS

The Boards with the Labor-Saving Crimp

For Roomers

Strong, Solid, Durable and Well-finished — **Eddy's Washboards** — with the crimp in the zinc that is easy on you and your clothes, will ease your wash-day burdens as no others will.

"Just try them and see."

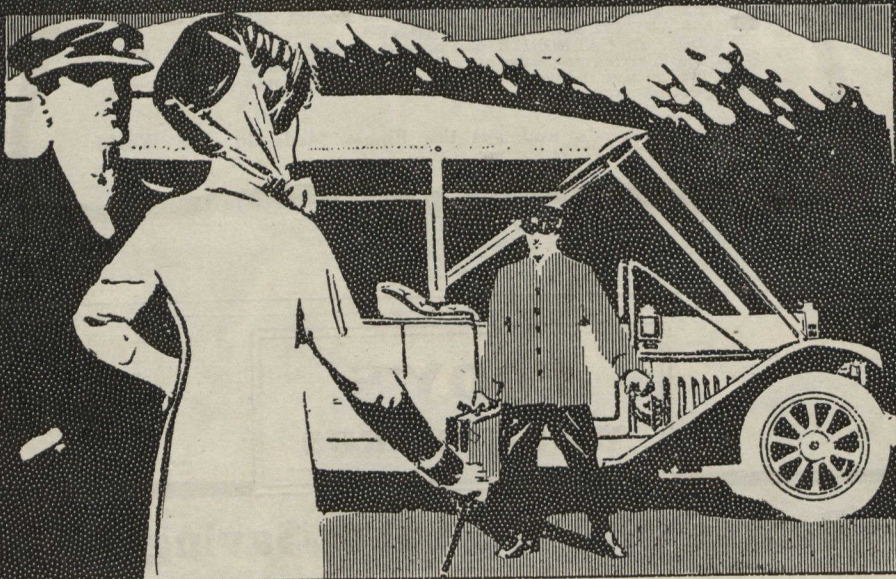
we make a Washboard called the "**EDDY**," that is just $6\frac{3}{4}$ x $16\frac{1}{2}$ in. It can be used in an ordinary pail and is just the thing for washing handkerchiefs, laces, lingerie, Etc.

"You'll find this the handiest little Washboard on the market."

Eddy's Washboards are sold by all leading Grocers in Canada

The E. B. EDDY CO., Limited
Hull, Canada

Announcing the New Model '39' McLAUGHLIN-BUICK



Here is a Car that Demands Admiration of every Detail

For grace of design; efficiency of power plant; richness of finish—we honestly believe this model excels anything heretofore produced at anything like its price.

Its handsome fore-door body with all levers enclosed, nickel trimmed and painted blue black, leaves nothing to be desired.

You'll be impressed the moment you see it. Investigation of its details will arouse your deepest admiration for this unique example of perfect car construction. Verify these statements for yourself at our nearest garage.

We shall show as many models as possible at Toronto Exhibition and the balance at our showrooms 128 Church St., Toronto.

The McLaughlin Motor Car Co., Ltd., Oshawa, Can.



Russell Motor Cars

"Made up to a Standard—not down to a Price"

IT should be remembered by every buyer that our Russell "30" (Model R) is manufactured by a company which devotes its energies *exclusively* to the production of the highest grade motor cars it is possible to build.

Such an establishment and such a plant cannot turn out a cheap car.

How much more likely, therefore, that such a plant will turn out a better car at \$2,350 than will be turned out by a plant which manufactures for the most part low grade cars and then struggles to turn out a good car at about this price.

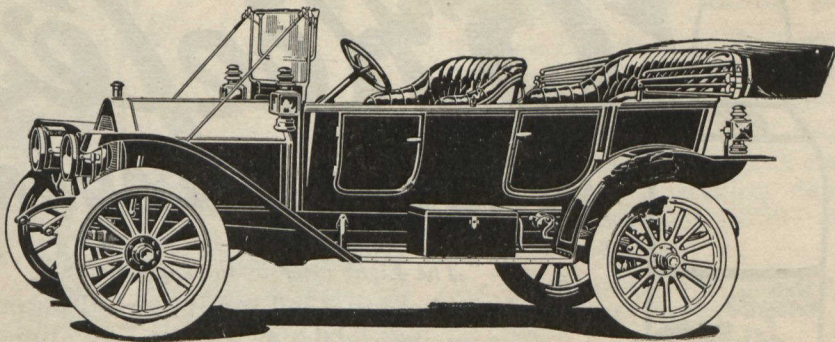
Russell "30" \$2350 Equipped

Simplicity :
Lubrication system simple.
Ignition system simple.
Carburetor simple—easy to adjust.

FOR anyone, and especially for the man who prefers to drive his own car the simplicity of the Russell is mighty important. And as to Russell reliability—that is almost a household word.

We will be glad to give you demonstration any time. It places you under no obligation. Send for the New Advance Catalogue.

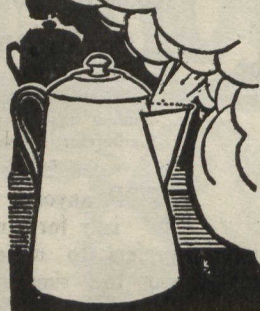
RUSSELL MOTOR CAR CO., LIMITED, WEST TORONTO
MAKERS OF HIGH GRADE AUTOMOBILES
BRANCHES: TORONTO, HAMILTON, MONTREAL, WINNIPEG, CALGARY, VANCOUVER
MELBOURNE, AUST.



The most tempting breakfast is spoiled if the Coffee be of poor quality. But—every meal is a Banquet when you use

Seal Brand Coffee

Packed in 1 and 2 pound cans only. 126
CHASE & SANBORN - MONTREAL.



We make purity doubly sure,
by pasteurizing every bottle of

O'Keefe's

PILSENER LAGER



"The Light Beer in the Light Bottle"

It is the equal of any imported lager in purity and flavor—and costs about half because there is no duty to pay on it.

"The Beer with a Reputation"

At leading Hotels, Cafes and Dealers generally.

212

The aging of a cocktail is as necessary to perfect flavor as the aging of wine or whisky.

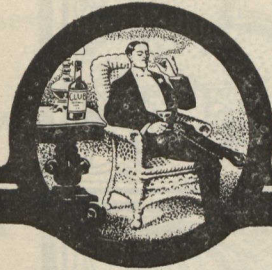
The delicious flavor and aroma of **Club Coctails**

is due not alone to the precise blending of the choicest liquors obtainable, but to the fact that they are softened to mellowness by aging before bottling.

Manhattan, Martini and other standard blends, bottled, ready to serve through cracked ice.

Refuse Substitutes

AT ALL DEALERS



G.F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Props,
Hartford New York London



FOR BIG GAME

The **Ross** knows

no superior in killing power

The low trajectory of the Ross Rifle, its speed and accuracy in loading, make it the sportsman's favorite.

Made in Canada, you not only secure the best value, but avoid all customs difficulties when seeking duplicate parts, etc. See the "ROSS" models before purchasing.

We will send illustrated catalogue and name of nearest dealer in Ross Rifles on request.

Price from \$25.00.

Ross Rifle Co.

QUEBEC.

For

Sheer Value

Choose This Ceiling

It won't crack. It won't crumble nor crash down on your head, as plaster does. It won't lose its first beauty. It's fireproof. And you can wash it as clean as you can wash a window. Yet, even in first cost, you pay but little more for

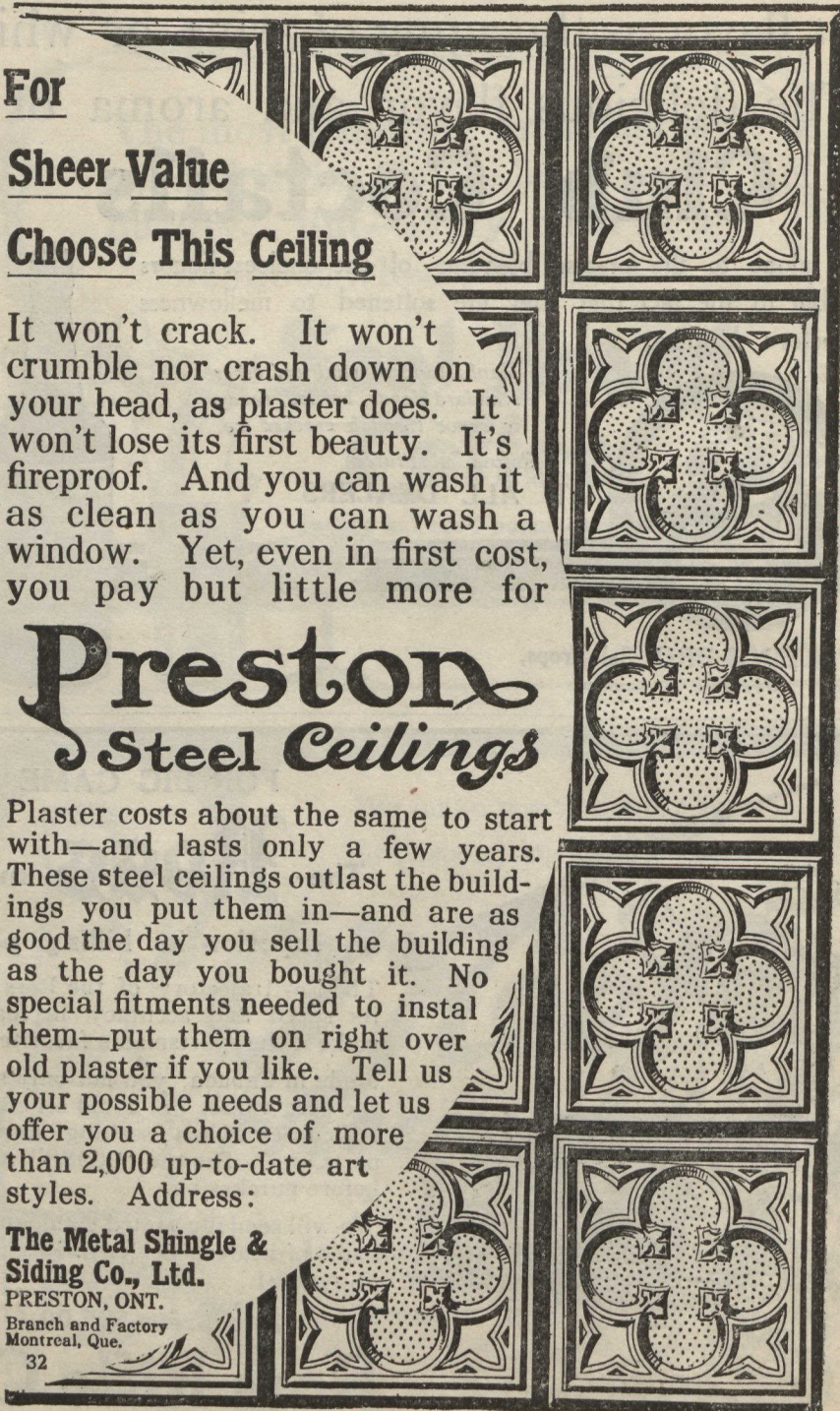
Preston Steel Ceilings

Plaster costs about the same to start with—and lasts only a few years. These steel ceilings outlast the buildings you put them in—and are as good the day you sell the building as the day you bought it. No special fitments needed to instal them—put them on right over old plaster if you like. Tell us your possible needs and let us offer you a choice of more than 2,000 up-to-date art styles. Address:

**The Metal Shingle &
Siding Co., Ltd.**

PRESTON, ONT.

Branch and Factory
Montreal, Que.



DON'T take chances with your fine things — Silks, Satins, Laces, Suits.

Send them to Fountain, to be cleaned or dyed.

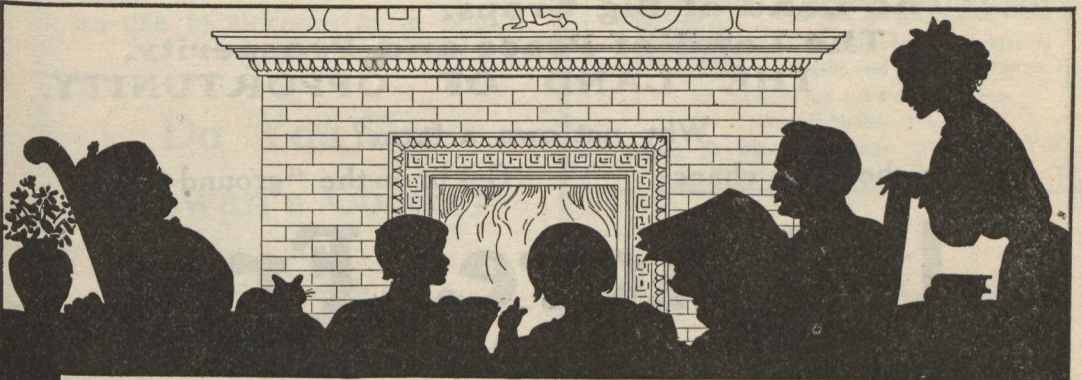
If soiled, our Dry Cleaning will restore them to pristine freshness. If stained or faded, we can dye them as good as new. Fountain's work is irreproachable



We pay express one way on goods from out of town.

Write for free copy of our book, which tells all about our work and our prices.

FOUNTAIN "MY VALET"
30 Adelaide St. W., Toronto.

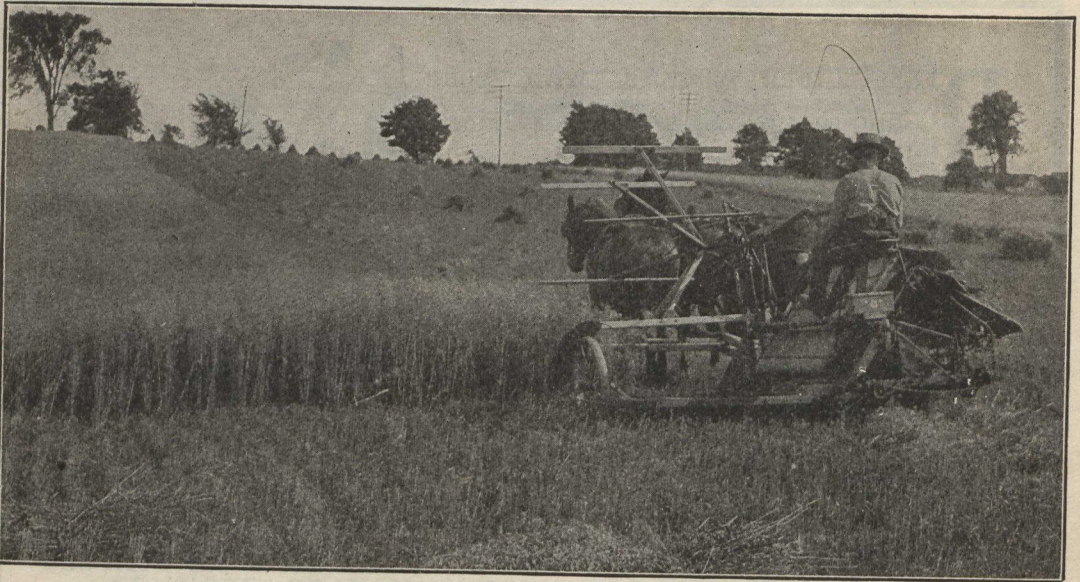


Milton Brick Fireplaces

makes home homelike. They are the final touch that completes the home. Our catalogue shows many delightful old fashioned and modern designs suited to halls, dens, living rooms, dining rooms and bedrooms.

It may be of service in planning your new home. Write for a free copy.

Milton Pressed Brick Co., Ltd., Milton
 Toronto Office - - Janes Building



Western Canada

The Land of Sunshine.

The Land of Big Crops.

The Land of Peace and Prosperity.

THE LAND OF OPPORTUNITY.

Why not own a farm?

Give the boy a chance.

Get in on the "ground floor"

160 Acres Free

The boundless prairie land is the finest on earth. Bracing climate; lots of water; excellent railway facilities—steadily increasing; cheap fuel; good schools; equitable laws.

THIS is the place for you.

NOW is your chance.

Room for 50,000,000 more.

For further Information Apply to

W. D. SCOTT, Superintendent of Immigration,
OTTAWA - - CANADA.

COWAN'S PERFECTION COCOA (MAPLE LEAF LABEL)

Is rich in food value
and easy to digest.
It is *just* Cocoa, pure
Cocoa, ground from
the choicest Cocoa
beans.

Nurses and Doctors recommend
its use in sickness or in health.

171

Do You Use Cowan's Cocoa?



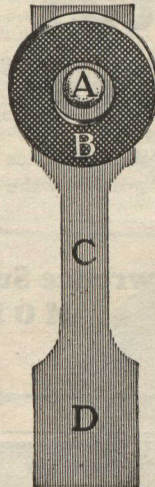
End Corns For 15 Cents

A Blue-jay plaster applied in a jiffy—
stops the pain at once. Then the dot
of B & B wax gently loosens the corn.
In two days the corn comes out.

You get a package for 15 cents, and the
money back if they fail.

Don't parley with corns—don't pare
them and nurse them. Don't make them
sore. Here's a way to
remove them without any
discomfort. And millions
of people are using it.

Go get a package. It is
folly to have corns.



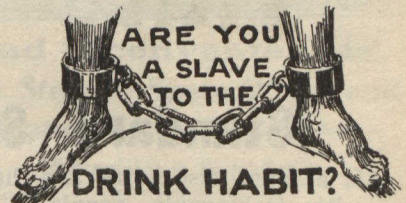
- A in the picture is the soft B & B
wax. It loosens the corn.
B protects the corn, stopping the
pain at once.
C wraps around the toe. It is
narrowed to be comfortable.
D is rubber adhesive to fasten
the plaster on.

Blue-jay Corn Plasters

Also Blue-jay Bunion Plasters
15c and 25c per Package

All Druggists Sell and Guarantee Them
Sample Mailed Free.

Bauer & Black, Chicago and New York
Makers of Surgical Dressings, etc. (31)



You may be free—in three days—absolute'y free
for all time, with no more appeti'e for liquor than
the man who has never tasted it.

The NEAL Treatment

Can set you free. Safe, sure, speedy—a child
could take the treatment with safety, yet it abso-
lutely cures the habit in three days. Costs nothing
to enquire. Phone N. 2087 or write the Neal
Institute, 78 St. Alban's Street, Toronto.

It is Worth The Difference

St. Lawrence
Sugar

costs the dealer more than ordinary sugar, but it is worth the difference.

St. Lawrence "Crystal Diamonds"

are absolutely the perfection of sugar refining—brilliantly clear and sparkling—and an ornament to every table.

Ask for "St. Lawrence Crystal Diamonds"—in 5 pound boxes—also sold by the pound.



The St. Lawrence Sugar Refining Co., Limited
MONTREAL.



STANDARD SILVER Co. Ltd.

Standard Silverware

is at once distinctive and has always found favour with fashionable people. This is because of its superior quality and style.

STANDARD SILVERWARE can be had at all respectable jewellery stores in Canada. See that this trade mark is stamped on each piece which is a guarantee of quality.

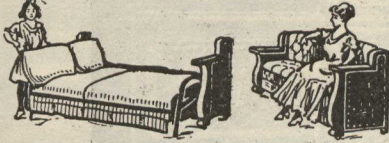
STANDARD SILVER CO., LTD.

TORONTO,

CANADA.



SERVES YOU RIGHT 24 HOURS A DAY



OPEN
A PERFECT
BED

THE
Kindel

CLOSED
AN ELEGANT
DAVENPORT

DAY and NIGHT Parlor Bed

is three complete, perfect articles in the form and at the price of one—a handsome davenport by day, a comfortable, full-sized bed by night, and a handy wardrobe all the time.

Change is made instantly without moving from the wall.

Always ready, with bedding in proper place—no trouble, inconvenience or delay.

Simple, stylish and strong. Automatic—can't get out of order.

A pattern for every taste—a price for every purse.

Come in today and see it demonstrated.

Your Furniture Dealer



HIGHEST
AWARD
JAMESTOWN
EXPOSITION

Greatest
Household
Invention
of the Age.

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**DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S
ORIENTAL CREAM OR MAGICAL
BEAUTIFIER**

Purifies
as well as
Beautifies
the skin
No other
cosmetic
will do it.



REMOVES Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rash, and Skin diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test of 62 years: no other has, and is so harmless, we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. The distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the *haut-ton* (a patient)—“As you ladies will use them, I

recommend ‘Gouraud’s Cream’ as the least harmful of all the Skin preparations.”

For sale by all druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers

GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL TOILET POWDER

For infants and adults. Exquisitely perfumed. Relieves Skin troubles, cures Sunburn and renders an excellent complexion.

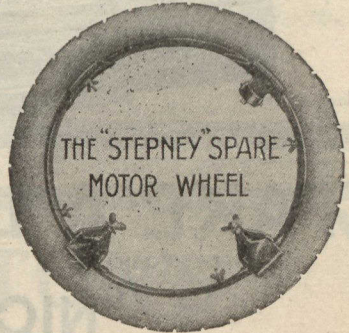
PRICE 25 CENTS BY MAIL.

GOURAUD'S POUDDRE SUBTILE

Removes superfluous Hair

Price \$1.00 by Mail

FERD. T. HOPKINS, Prop'r 37 Great Jones St., New York City.



**Avoid Road
Delays
and Inconveniences**
Use Stepney Spare Wheel and
Stepney Tires (English Make)

Vulcanizing a Specialty.

**The Stepney Motor Wheel
of Canada, Limited.**

130-132 King St. E., Toronto. Main 3827

HARTSHORN SHADE ROLLERS

Best for three generations and still surpassing all imitations. Wood or tin rollers, dependable, lasting springs; shade raises or lowers at will and “stays put.” “Improved” requires no tacks for attaching shade.

Inventor's
signature on
every roller.

Stewart Hartshorn

Look for it.
Take none
without it.



TAKE A LOOK AT THIS

(MADE IN CANADA)

(MADE IN CANADA)

“NICE” IS’NT IT

Just think what a source of Beauty, and utility, such an article as this would be in your home. Something you can rearrange at any time you wish, the “Sections” being capable of any arrangement you desire, the illustration is only a “suggestion” as to what can be done with the

“MACEY SECTIONAL BOOKCASE”

(ANY STYLE)

(ANY FINISH)

Write for Catalog C.

CANADA **F**URNITURE **M**ANUFACTURERS
LIMITED

GENERAL OFFICES,

WOODSTOCK, ONT.



Connor Ball Bearing Washer

A washer guaranteed to take out **all** the dirt and leave the clothes snowy white.

Runs on **ball bearings** and driven by **steel springs**, with a little assistance from the operator. Perfected to the minutest detail. Can be supplied through our agents or direct to any address.

Write for booklet.

J. H. CONNOR & SONS Limited,
OTTAWA, CANADA.

On bond and other rough or hard finished papers when poor pens stumble and splutter,

SPENCERIAN STEEL PENS

Show their
Metal

Show their
Making



Spencerian Pen tempered for its highest elasticity. Carefully ground points glide smooth as velvet on the paper.

Steel specially ground points glide smooth as velvet on the paper.

Get the 12-pen Sample Card for 10c.

Including 2 good penholders, polished handles.

SPENCERIAN PEN CO.
349 Broadway, New York.



UPTON'S PURE Orange Marmalade

All the concentrated goodness of the choicest Seville Oranges. Delicious for breakfast—good at any meal.

Made and Guaranteed absolutely pure

THE T. UPTON CO., LIMITED
HAMILTON, CAN.





Underwood Bookkeeping Typewriters

Save Time
Save Money
Save Labor

A LARGE manufacturing concern says,

“We consider our Underwood Condensed Biller, and the system you devised to go with it, the best investment we ever made. The machine has saved its cost every four months since it was installed.”

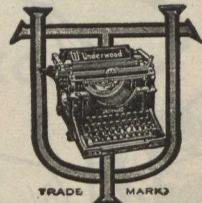
Two special Underwoods and a unique system devised by our experts save another firm \$5,000 a year.

In Toronto there are nearly 7,000 typewriters, representing more than thirty makes. Of this number 4,200 are Underwoods.

FOR suggestions as to how valuable an Underwood system would be in your business, write our Special Service Dept.

United Typewriter Co., Limited

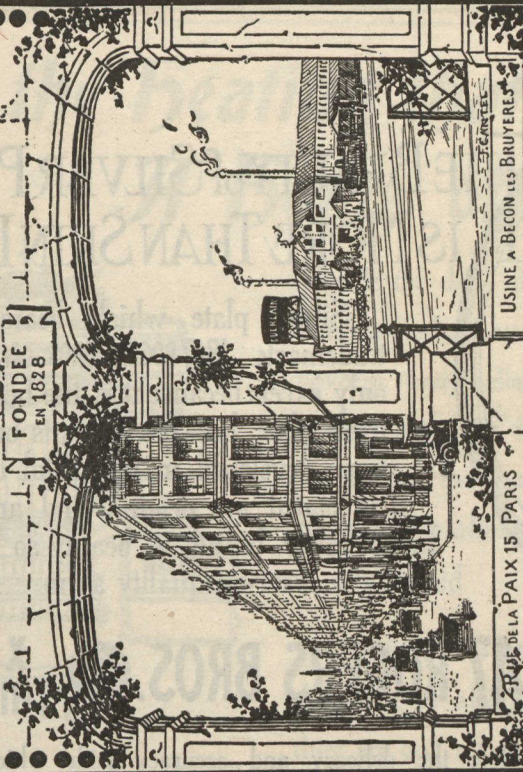
Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg,
and all other Canadian cities.



The Machine You
Will Eventually Buy

GUERLAIN

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EN 1828



With his most respectful compliments Guerlain calls the attention of his fashionable customers to the following list of his productions :

Parfums pour le Vaporisateur.

Quand vient l'été.

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Après l'Ondée.

Sillage.

Bon Vieux Temps.

Jicky.

Chypre de Paris.

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Eau de Cologne Hégémonienne.

Eau de Cologne Impériale.

Eau de Toilette Gardénia.

Eau du Coq.

Sapoceti, savon pour la toilette.

Crème de fraises.

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Poudre Ladies in all Climates.

Rose du Moulin (rouge pour le visage).

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NEW IN SIZE
NEW IN ILLUSTRATION
LARGER THAN EVER

THE FINEST AND MOST EXPENSIVE CATALOGUE

PUBLISHED IN CANADA.

With Christmas but eight short weeks away, this book will be of the greatest value to you, in suggesting Christmas Presents from 25c. to \$2000.

Send to-day for a copy.

HENRY BIRKS & SONS, LIMITED

GOLD AND SILVERSMITHS
MONTREAL

OTTAWA

WINNIPEG

VANCOUVER



THE BEAUTY OF SILVER PLATE IS MORE THAN SKIN DEEP

Silver plate which bears the trademark **1847 ROGERS BROS.** ^{X S} _{TRIPLE} not only excels because it is the heaviest triple plate, but the designs or patterns developed in the metal before it is plated are original and artistic. In no other brand is beauty so combined with wearing quality as in

1847 ROGERS BROS. X S TRIPLE

Note the delicacy and accuracy with which the finest details of the patterns are executed—as refined and beautiful as in the handsomest sterling silver.

All this is due to the skill of long experience in designing and finishing, and to the proper treatment of metal before plating.

For *quality* and *beauty* your assurance is in the trademark stamped on the back of the handle of each article.

WEDDING OR PRESENTATION SILVER

selected from this line is always appropriate and you will find it on sale at leading jewelers and dealers everywhere.

As an aid to the selection of "*Silver Plate that Wears.*" send for illustrated catalogue "T-29."

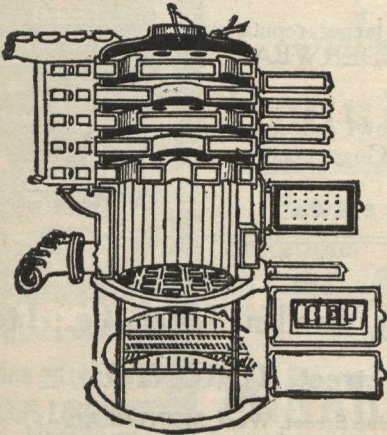
MERIDEN BRITANNIA COMPANY

Meriden, Conn.
New York Chicago San Francisco
Hamilton, Canada

CHARTER OAK PATTERN



It is the Heating that makes A Home of a House



THE

“Sovereign”

The most efficient of all the improved Hot Water Boilers.

This is the day of improved methods in heating and a house heated by hot air is never a ready seller except at a sacrifice price. At best it is only valued at its worth on the real estate market *less the price of installing a Hot Water Boiler.*

All makes of hot water boilers have the merit of affording sanitary heating but they are not all equal in heating capacity, coal economy or simplicity of operation.

People who have enquired into the heating problem have everywhere heard good reports of the “Sovereign”. It is the one boiler that gives *more efficient heating, saves the coal and eliminates the worry of furnace attention.*

(Our Booklet “The Dictionary of Heating” post paid to any address. Write for it.)

Taylor-Forbes Company, Limited

Makers of “Sovereign” Hot Water Boilers and Radiators.

Toronto—1088 King Street, W.

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Foundries at Guelph, Canada

(Installed by the Heating and Plumbing Trade throughout Canada.)

Jaeger Underwear is Surpassingly Good

The purest of wool carefully cleaned and spun, knitted into stockinet web of suitable weight, made into garments with the knowledge and care of thirty years experience.

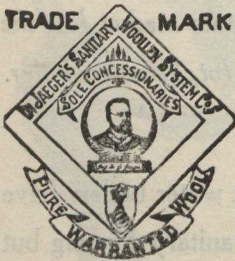
This is the secret of Jaeger success. On this, Jaeger reputation is built. On this reputation you can buy JAEGER UNDERWEAR with absolute confidence.

The buying time is here. To buy Jaeger shows judgement and discretion. All weights in all sizes for all people. Guaranteed against shrinkage.



United Garments

TRADE MARK

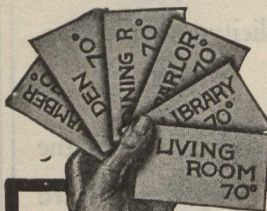


Dr. Jaeger's Sanitary Woollen System Co., Ltd.

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Steele Block, Portage Ave., WINNIPEG.



KELSEY

ZIG-ZAG HEAT TUBES

HEAT EVERY ROOM ALIKE

That's the point—they heat ALL the rooms
ALL the time!

The KELSEY is the heater that gives large volumes of warm, pure, fresh air, rather than a small quantity of dry, superheated air. It is easily managed, and is gas, smoke and dust proof. The KELSEY will reduce your fuel bill 30%. Our catalog "S" tells you all about the "KELSEY."

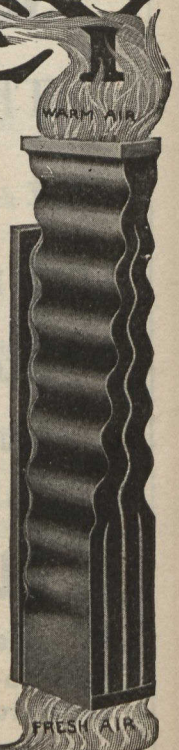
There are many points of interest in it for you'

Why not send for it to-day?

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A Perfume for the
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A leader amongst leaders.
After being in use for
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**Murray & Lanman's
FLORIDA
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IT is a Floral Extract of
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it is delightful in the Bath
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Shaving: because it is, in
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Ask your Druggist for it
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*Ask your printer to show
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*Danish bond, English
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Envelopes to match.

The Barber Ellis

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An "Off Day" in the Kitchen

is the cook's "day off"—and it is generally an "off day" for the entire household. It is a day of short rations and unsatisfied hunger. It need not be an "off day" if you have

SHREDDED WHEAT

in the home—the food that is ready-cooked, ready-to-serve, full of nutriment and easily digested. Nothing so wholesome and nourishing as Shredded Wheat Biscuits with baked apples and cream, and nothing so easy to prepare.

Heat a Biscuit in the oven to restore crispness and then place in a deep dish with a peeled baked apple and pour over it milk or cream and sweeten to suit the taste. Shredded Wheat is also deliciously nourishing when served with canned peaches, pears, plums or other preserved fruits. Shredded Wheat is made of the whole wheat steam-cooked, shredded and baked—nothing added, nothing taken away—the cleanest, purest, most nutritious of all cereal foods.

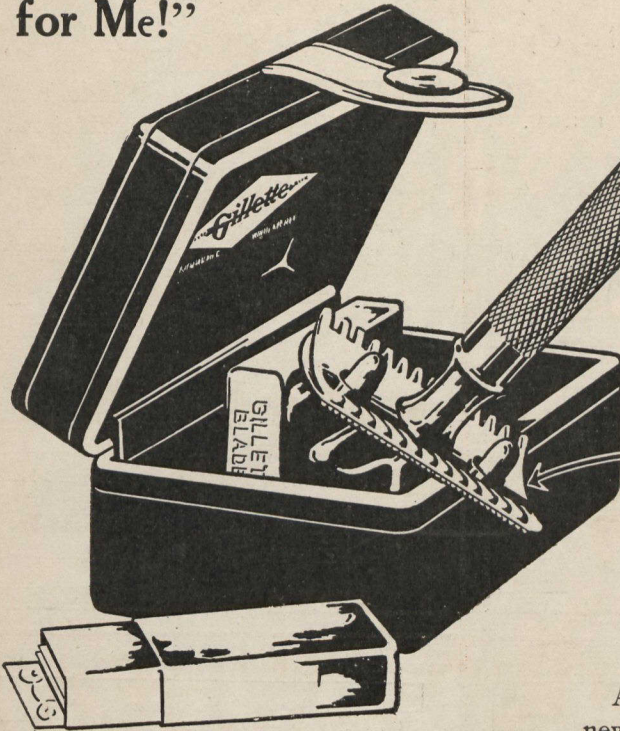
TRISCUIT is the Shredded Whole Wheat Wafer, to be toasted in the oven and served with butter, cheese, or marmalades.

The Only Breakfast Cereal Made in Biscuit Form

THE CANADIAN SHREDDED WHEAT COMPANY, LTD., NIAGARA FALLS, ONT.

Toronto Office: 49 Wellington St. East.

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for Me!"**



*Note the curve
that gives the
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Case as illustrated, or in
Metal Case - - - \$5.00
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A shave or two with his
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Razor, and a man wonders why he worried along without one for so long.

Maximum Comfort—the GILLETTE, used with the Angle Stroke, slips lightly through the stiffest beard with never a pull, never a gash. Leaves the face smooth, cool and refreshed.

Minimum Trouble—no honing, no stropping, no painful manoeuvring round the awkward corners of your face. You simply pick up the GILLETTE and SHAVE, whether its the thousandth time you have used it or the first.

Christmas is near. What could your husband, your brother, or your friend appreciate more fully or more frequently than a GILLETTE Set? Your druggist, your jeweler, your hardware dealer or your haberdasher can supply you.

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It is management—largely proper food and drink.

Coffee is harmful to many.

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coffee-weakened nerves, head, heart, and stomach.

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