

The Canadian Courier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

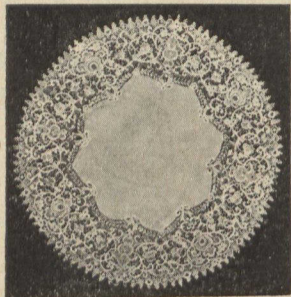
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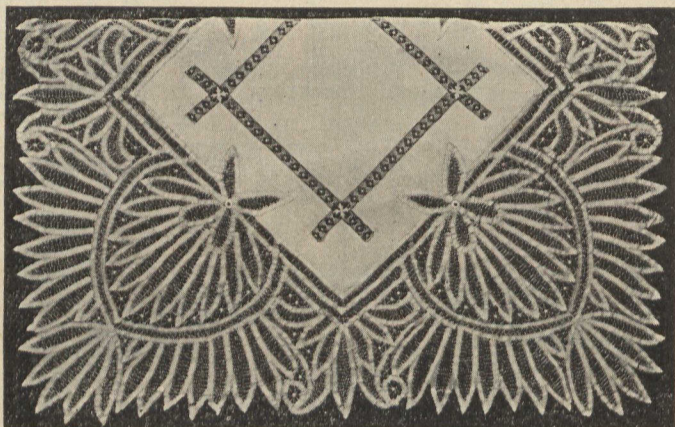
Read in
Nine
Provinces

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

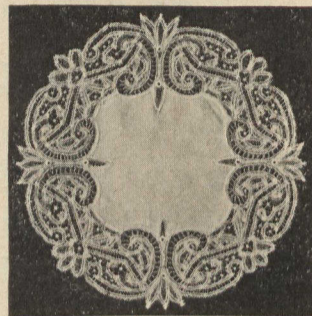
Handsome Pieces of Lace and Linens from Abroad



A1-74. Real Venetian Lace Centre Piece, with fine Irish linen centre, size 24 inches. **\$3.98**



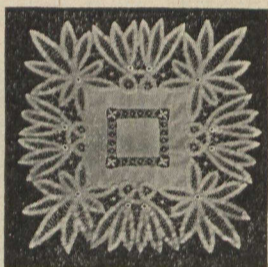
A1-76. Battenburg Lace Table Cover with drawn linen centre and deep border of lace, 4 different designs, size 36x36 **\$1.75**



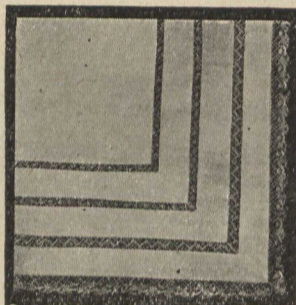
A1-77. Very Fine Lace Centre or Table Cover; this is one of five different designs, size 30 x 30, \$1.50; 36 x 36 **\$2.00**



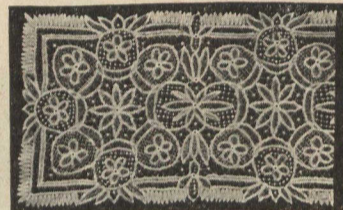
A1-75. Battenburg Lace Scarf, with drawn linen centre, size 18 x 54 **\$1.25**



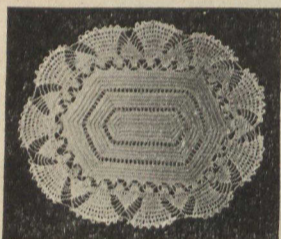
A1-80. Battenburg Centre Piece, with drawn linen centre and deep lace border, size 18 x 18, each **.25**



A1-81. Linen Table Cover or Pillow Sham, with linen lace insertion or drawnwork and lace edge, size 30 x 30, 98c. each; 36 x 36 **\$1.25**



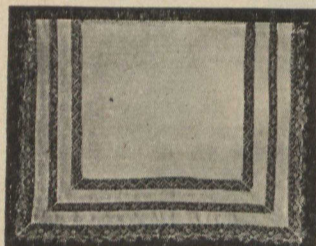
A1-78. Dresser or Sideboard Cover, hand-made, all lace or lace and linen centre, size 20 x 54 **\$2.75**



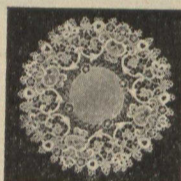
A1-79. Crochet Table Mats, 5 mats to a set, per set.. **\$2.00**



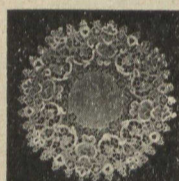
A1-82. Linen Centre Piece with two rows of linen lace insertion and deep lace border, size 30 x 30 **\$1.00**



A1-83. Linen Dresser or Sideboard Scarf, with two rows of Torchon lace insertion and linen lace edge, size 18 x 54, 18 x 36, each..... **.98**



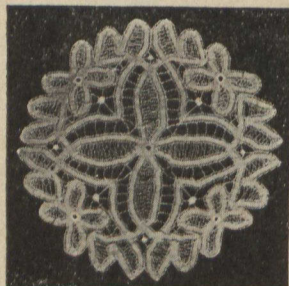
A1-84. Very Fine Lace D'Oyley, in several different designs, size 12 x 12, each..... **.50**



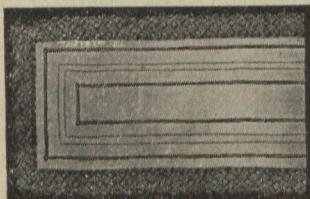
A1-85. Centre Piece of very dainty design, in duchess lace and linen centre, size 20 x 20, \$1.75; 24 x 24, \$2.50; 30 x 30 **\$3.50**



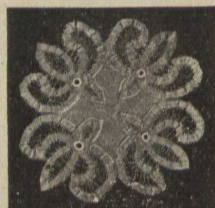
A1-86. Irish Linen Dresser or Sideboard Scarf, with drawn linen centre and very dainty lace edge, size 20 x 54, each **\$1.75**



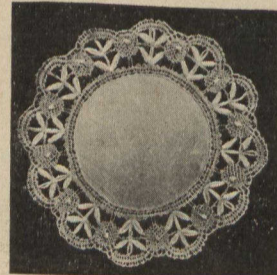
A1-87. All Lace Battenburg D'Oyley, in three different designs, size 12 x 12, each **.20**



A1-88. Linen Dresser or Sideboard Scarf, with drawn work centre and deep lace border, size 20 x 54, 98c.; 20 x 36 **.98**



A1-89. Linen and Lace Battenburg D'Oyley, some all lace, others linen and lace, size 9 x 9, each..... **.12½**



A1-90. Linen and Lace Centre, in round or square, 20 x 20, each **\$1.48**

THE ROBERT

SIMPSON

COMPANY LIMITED

TORONTO

The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

Published at 12 Wellington St. East, by the Courier Press, Limited.
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Editor's Talk

THIS week we have short stories by two of the foremost women writers of the Dominion. Both are imaginative stories which appeal to the finer qualities of the mind. The new serial story by Isabel Ecclestone MacKay, another of our promising workers in the fiction field, will commence with the first issue in January. It is a Canadian story through and through and as such should make a special appeal to our readers.

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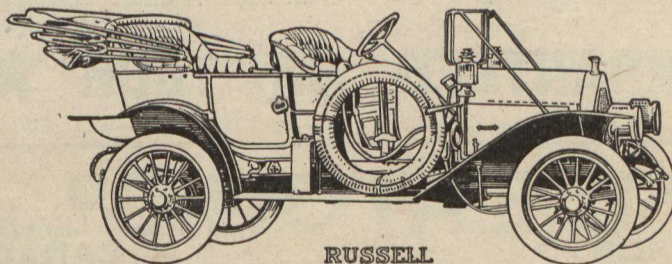
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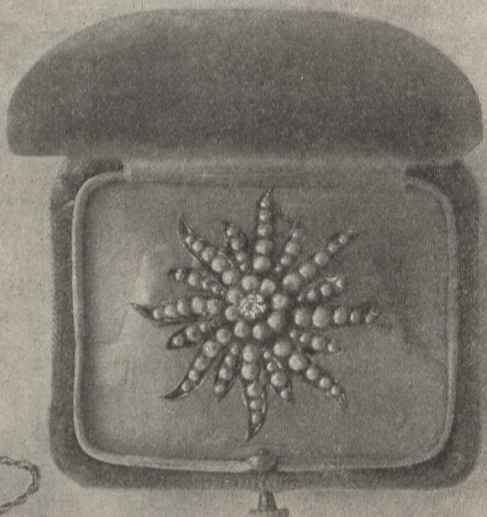
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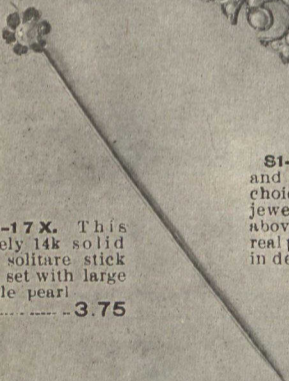
CHRISTMAS GOODS AT POPULAR EATON PRICES

It is not the giving—it is not knowing exactly what to give—that takes away part of the Christmas enjoyment. You are probably racking your brain in an endeavor to decide what will be suitable, what will be appreciated, and cannot definitely make up your mind. To those in any such predicament our Jewelry and Christmas Catalogues will prove most helpful, as they list nothing but Holiday suggestions—articles both appropriate and useful—which will, in years to come, be a happy reminder of the giver.

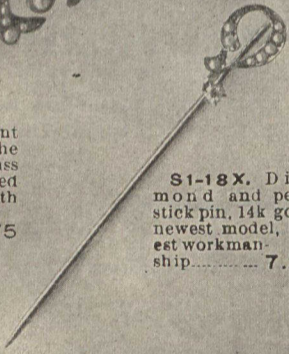
SUPERIOR QUALITY 14K JEWELRY



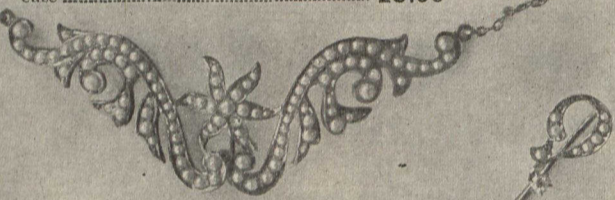
S1-8X. 14k sunburst set with real pearls and a magnificent blue white diamond. Brooch is actual size of cut, in plush case 25.00




S1-17X. This comely 14k solid gold solitaire stick pin, set with large whole pearl 3.75




S1-18X. Diamond and pearl stick pin, 14k gold, newest model, finest workmanship 7.25



S1-9X. A handsome pendant and neckchain is one of the choicest pieces of high-class jewelry. The one illustrated above is 14k solid gold, set with real pearls and handsome in design 17.75

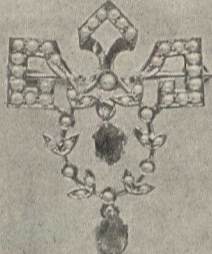


S1-10X. This is a very rare and pretty scroll shape 14k gold brooch, with pearl spray 7.00

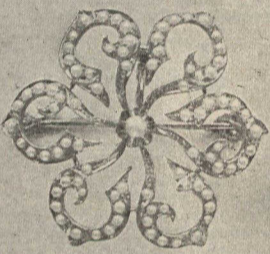


S1-11X. A very attractive bow knot style, 14k brooch, neat in design and set with real pearls. 8.50


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S1-12X. Specially designed 14k brooch for Christmas gifts. Set with real pearls and two swing drop amethysts, only 12.50



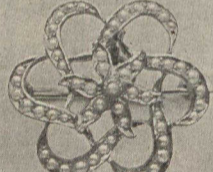
S1-13X. This magnificent 14k brooch actual size set with real pearls, a large whole pearl centre and pendant ring 12.50



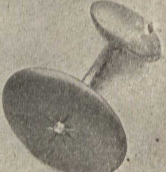
S1-14X. A very pretty, but modest pendant and neck chain, 14k solid gold. Specially designed, set with real pearls, and has pendant hook, only 12.75




S1-19X. Men's 25.00 Diamond Ring, flat Belcher style, perfect stone mounted in 14k gold 25.00




S1-21X. This is one of our newer designs in a 14k pearl set brooch. Each is finished perfectly and artistically 10.00



S1-20X. Men's 14k Cuff Links, satin finish, set with genuine cut diamonds. A very appropriate present for Christmas, pair 10.00



S1-15X. 14k Gold Safety Pin, pearl crescent and three real amethysts. A very pretty piece of jewelry 3.50



S1-16X. A 14k Brooch of quite artistic design, not elaborate but neat, set with real pearls. An acceptable gift 5.00

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Canadian Courier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

VOL. 7

Toronto, December 18th, 1909

No. 3



SURELY there was never a British election which aroused so much interest in Canada as the present one. Canadian correspondents are hurrying across the ocean to gather special news for the readers of the leading newspapers; the associated press organisations are preparing to transmit three to five times the regular daily supply. Everywhere thoughtful people are gathering in little groups of an evening to discuss the conflict, the arguments advanced by the different groups of campaigners, and the day-to-day moves on the political checker-board of the Motherland. Surely this never occurred before in this country.

Is it because Canada is more truly a part of the British Empire to-day than ever before? Have colonial conferences, cheaper imperial postage and an enlarged social intercourse done their work, and brought Canada closer to Great Britain? Or is it that the questions to be fought out are of more than usual importance to Canada?



WITHOUT answering these questions categorically, let us examine the situation in so far as it affects us. We have a more or less passing interest in the House of Lords and the constitutional question which they have raised, but after all this is a local phase of the situation. We have a somewhat neighbourly interest in the fact that Premier Asquith last week announced that, if returned to power, he would consider it advisable to "set up in Ireland a system of full self-government as regards purely Irish affairs." It is when we come to the differences of opinion on tariff matters, that we are most inclined "to sit up and take notice." The German war-scare has gone into the background. The House of Lords' deliberate refusal to pass the Budget because of its socialistic tendencies only mildly interests us. Ireland and her problems we have heard before. But tariff reform is a question which comes home. Is this not really the phase of the situation which causes us to take a deeper interest in this great electoral struggle?



MR. BALFOUR, the Unionist Leader, says that tariff reform is the first plank in the Unionist programme. He advances several reasons in favour of it. Only by tariff reform can Britain hope to retain the colonial preferences. Only by tariff reform can Britain hope to modify commercial treaties in her favour. Only by tariff reform can Britain secure herself against unfair competition in the home market. Beyond these reasons he has not gone, but the *Birmingham Post*, the organ of the Chamberlain family, gives some unofficial details. There is to be no duty on raw materials, but a five per cent. duty on partly manufactured goods, ten per cent. on articles nearly completed and fifteen per cent. on completely manufactured goods. There would be duties on wheat, flour, bacon and maize. A preference would be given the colonies in food products, by allowing them to come in at a lower rate but not entirely free. In earlier statements it was suggested that colonial food-stuffs would be admitted free, but the British agriculturist objected. Apparently that objection has won out, and colonial wheat is to be taxed, but not so heavily as foreign wheat.

This then is the question, of all those now before the British electors which most vitally affects Canadian interests, and which should make the forthcoming election of supreme importance to us. If the Liberals are returned to power, the revenues of Great Britain will be raised from the income tax, the usual levies on tea, coffee, tobacco and liquor, and from the newly invented land taxes. If the Unionists should emerge from Opposition and be found in the majority, the revenues will be raised by the old methods supplemented by general customs dues on manufactured goods now imported free.



THERE can be no doubt that Canada would be vitally interested in the proposed tariff policy if the Unionists were victorious. Nevertheless Mr. Balfour is hardly justified in saying that "only by tariff reform can we hope to retain the colonial preference." It may

REFLECTIONS

By THE EDITOR

be safely asserted, without fear of contradiction, that the preference which Canada gives to British goods was never intended to be an "exchange" and that it will be continued whether

Britain adopts tariff reform or not. There would be many people in this country who would applaud a tariff-reform victory; there would be as many to applaud an anti-tariff-reform victory. Canada's preference would not be affected by either result.

This brings us back to the questions asked in the opening paragraph and these may now be answered. Canada's interest in these elections is not because of tariff reform, and is not based upon the great constitutional struggle nor upon a preference for either political party. Canada has accepted her place as the member of the great Imperial family of nations and will always have a keen interest in all the great political and economic struggles in the Motherland. Giving us a preference on our wheat might please us, but it would not necessarily induce us to increase our preference, nor to double our expenditures on a Canadian navy. Whether there is a Liberal or a Conservative government in power at Ottawa, we are Britishers still; whether the Liberals or Unionists are in power at Westminster, Britain is Mother still. The size of our sales to or our purchases from Great Britain does not determine our political affiliations. If trade were the determining factor and if the flag followed the trade, then would we join the United States to-morrow. Admiration for British institutions, affection for the land which has done so much for peace, progress and civilisation, ambition to play an enlarging part in the greatest of modern Empires—these are the influences which determine our loyalty. This has been well expressed by Canada's poet-laureate, Wilfred Campbell:

*"And we of the newer and vaster West
Where the great war-banners are furled,
And commerce hurries her teeming hosts
And the cannon are silent along our coasts;
Saxon and Gaul, Canadians claim
A part in the glory and pride and aim
Of the Empire that girdles the world."*



A KIN to this subject, there is food for reflection in the announcement from London that the Royal Commission on the West Indies, which recently visited Canada, has declared for preferential trade among Canada, the British West Indies and British Guiana. The matter will come up in the Dominion House before the Session closes, in all probability, and it is hoped that some action will be taken which will bring this question into the realm of active politics. The development of the British and foreign markets for Canadian produce and Canadian goods must be prosecuted with greater vigour if Canada is to continue to develop. The French market is shortly to be opened wider; the markets in South Africa and Australia are being slowly developed; trade with the Orient is increasing satisfactorily; our relations with the United States have been improved by President Taft's conciliatory paragraph in his Congressional message; but our trade with the West Indies, Mexico and Germany requires more attention.

Because of the rapid expansion of the home market in recent years, Canadians have not greatly felt the need of expanding foreign markets. We must be careful, however, to remember that foreign trade is as vital to security as domestic trade. The industry which has customers abroad as well as at home is in a more secure position than that which disposes of its products wholly at home or wholly abroad.

The West Indies and Mexico will buy large quantities of Canadian goods if we study the markets. Most of what we sell in those countries now passes through New York because Canadians have not provided more adequately for direct exchange. Preferential trade with the West Indies and a better steamship service would enable us to quadruple our sales in that market. A closer study of Mexican con-

ditions would have a similar result. This is a matter which demands immediate attention of a more adequate character.

In this connection it may be remarked that it seems strange that the Canadian Government has not provided for a full display of Canadian products at the Buenos Aires World's Fair to be held next year. It looks like the loss of another golden opportunity.



A PROMINENT grain dealer in Montreal has made the latest estimate of the Western wheat crop and places it at 120,000,000 bushels. This is the highest figure any dealer, if we mistake not, has yet given out. The government estimate is still higher, and it is still probable that the government statisticians may be more nearly correct than the grain dealers. A Toronto capitalist who has recently returned from the West, after an observation trip, lasting some months, refuses to accept the grain dealers' estimates and maintains that the crop was fully 150,000,000. This is higher than the government estimate.

What is ascertained is that not more than ninety million bushels has yet been sold. The remainder of this record wheat harvest remains in the hands of the farmers. Apparently the railways have been able to carry all that was offered and the facilities for transshipment at Fort William and Port Arthur were equal to all demands. There was the usual rush at these ports between December 1st and 5th, and all records for expeditious shipping were broken. During that "last awful week," forty-six grain boats left the twin harbours with full cargoes. The Lake Shippers' Clearance Association, with its newly adopted methods, has greatly facilitated the loading and more than justified its formation.

Early in the season, when it was clear that the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway would not carry grain this year east of Winnipeg, many feared that the hopper would be too full for the funnel. The double-tracked Canadian Pacific and the single-tracked Canadian Northern, however, proved equal to the great task imposed upon them and the grain was moved to Lake Superior without serious difficulty. For this happy conclusion of Canada's greatest wheat-moving season, every person concerned should be exceedingly grateful. In 1910, the Grand Trunk Pacific will be able to handle a twenty-five per cent. increase in the wheat crop, and henceforth no blockade is to be anticipated. The funnel will then be adequate.

HOCKEY THE NATIONAL GAME

WITH lacrosse threatening to foregather with the buffalo, and association football, baseball and other alien sports gathering strength in the race for popular favour, it is refreshing to know that there is one game that is still peculiarly our own and in no danger of being stolen from us or crowded off the sporting map by fads and importations. That game is hockey. It is Canadian because the speed, daring and strength required to play it are the national traits of the youth of Canada; because the ice on which it is played is one of the natural products of a climate which produces natures that demand strenuous sports.

Hockey has not the age or traditions of lacrosse. It has no historical romance to feed upon and must be sustained by its own merits. That these merits are sufficient is evidenced by the majestic sweep with which it has covered that large portion of the map of North America where the thin red lines of Britain have painted their own peculiar colour.

It is little more than a quarter of a century since Canadian boys discovered that the ancient game of "shinny" as played on skates could be reduced to a science and made one of the speediest and most spectacular of sports. It took time to develop the game, but once reduced to a composite formation it spread over Canada like an epidemic. To-day it is played in every city, town and village from the Gulf of St. Lawrence to the Rocky Mountains, and so well has it proved its worth that the big cities of the United States are building artificial ice rinks to get their share of a sport for which nature has denied them the raw material.

So why should we deny to hockey the place lacrosse is failing to hold? It is really a "more national" game than the one borrowed from the Indians. For it is lacrosse on ice. It is the old national game fitted more particularly to Canada. To be sure, some folks will say "It can only be played in the winter time." But baseball can only be played in the summer time and it has dislodged poker, which can be played all the year round if the money holds out, as the

national game of the United States. And wherein lies the difference?

Of all strenuous sports hockey occupies the unique position of having no rivals. It is secure in its position. That position is in the heart of the grand Canadian winter and in the hearts of the Canadian people. Hail to hockey, the national sport of Canada!

CIVIL SERVICE REFORM

OTTAWA *Le Temps*, commenting on a recent article in the "Canadian Courier" advocating an extension of last year's measure of civil service reform, speaks thus:

"*Le Canadian Courier* dit que l'opposition à l'application de la loi du Service Civil, au service extérieur vient surtout des députés. Le fait est que pour plusieurs d'entr'eux, être député sans patronage équivaut à un droit de chasse et de pêche au pôle nord."

Quebec *La Parole*, dealing with the same article expresses similar sentiment. It says:

"*Le Canadian Courier* dit que l'opposition à la loi du service civil vient des députés. Il est vrai que pour un bon nombre leur utilité aurait cessé s'ils n'avaient pas de patronage à distribuer."

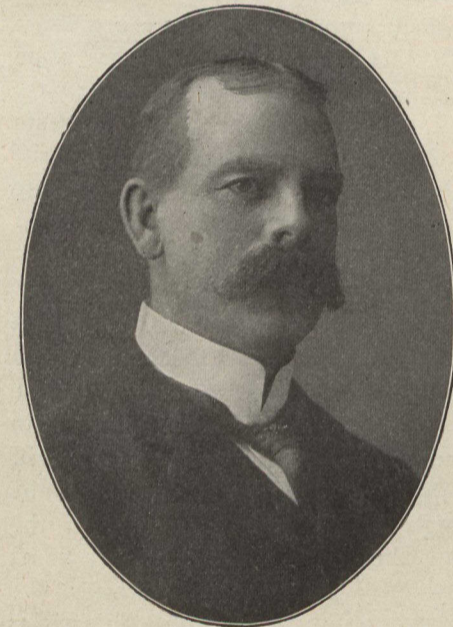
Civil Service Reform is still one of Canada's great problems. A splendid beginning has been made in the management of the Inside Service but the Outside is still subject to the whims of the politicians and the patronage-mongers. So long as any portion of Canada's Civil Service remains in a position where it is dependent upon the whims of the vote-seekers, so long will our administration be weak and imperfect.

A RATHER UNIQUE TRIBUTE

ORDINARY citizens have little chance in the public press as compared with the politicians; the latter monopolise most of the space. Nevertheless, there are occasions when ordinary citizens receive a due meed of praise. Last Saturday evening, one hundred and fifty of the most prominent citizens in the city of Toronto attend-

ed a banquet at the National Club in honour of Mr. Noel Marshall, President of the Standard Fuel Company. Mr. Marshall was Vice-President of the Club for six years and President for three years. For more than a dozen years he has been its leading spirit and to him more than to any other one man is due the credit for the Club's present leading position.

As one speaker at the banquet phrased it, "we do not all perform unselfish deeds, but we admire the man who does." Mr. Noel Marshall has the reputation of having performed as much unselfish work on behalf of his fellow citizens as any other man in the community. He is a director of many charitable institutions, has served on the Board of Education, has



Mr. Noel Marshall.
Banquetted at the National Club,
Toronto, last Saturday
night.

been a church warden for twenty years, was a member of the Council of the Board of Trade for six years, and is now an active worker in connection with the Canadian National Exhibition. He is the founder of the Open Air Horse Show and has been President of that Association since its inception. His purse has always been open for public and private charities and civic movements.

Mr. Marshall was born in London, England, but came to Canada when yet a boy in knee-breeches. For fifty-three years he has been a resident of Toronto, with the exception of a short term spent in the Northwest. He has been engaged in the coal business nearly all his life. For nine years he was manager for the C. J. Smith Company, and in 1888, with Mr. William McKenzie, he bought the business and shortly afterwards re-christened it The Standard Fuel Co. He is also interested in several other business undertakings and is a director of the Sterling Bank. He was the first President of the Ontario Motor League and is the president and a founder of the Broadview Boys' Institute, one of the most unique social experiments in Canada.

Generous to a fault, kindly in disposition, fraternal in his habits, he is an ideal citizen. In honouring Mr. Marshall the National Club has honoured unselfish public service.

MEN OF TO-DAY

A Man and a Paper

THE story of a newspaper reflects even better than the history of a government the life and spirit of the times. It is given to few public journals to remain the same yesterday, to-day and forever; especially in a country that of late has begun to change its clothes every little while. And sometimes a paper keeps so intimately in touch with the evolution of things that it becomes necessary to transform its entire character—effecting a revolution.

Such a change has come to one of the best-known weeklies in America; Toronto *Saturday Night*, which three weeks ago buried the last vestige of resemblance it bore to the *Saturday Night* of last century. Ordinarily such an event would be left to be explained by the publication whose proper business and funeral it is. But there is much more than the story of a paper in the revolution of *Saturday Night*; which for twenty years was the story of its founder, editor and owner, Edmund E. Sheppard, better known to his associates as "Shepp." So that in those days no man mentioned *Saturday Night* without thinking of Sheppard, the half-weird, usually inexplicable, and always interesting man that wrote the "Front Page."

"Shepp." is now out in California, where for several winters he has escaped the rigours of the Canadian climate. Every summer he gets back to Canada. But for three years he has not written a line for *Saturday Night*; and so far as is known has not yet given vent to his opinions concerning that paper's Protean change from a five-cent exponent of personal journalism to a ten-cent, double-decker symposium on "things in general" covering thirty-two pages and published in the interest of thousands who may never have read a line from the pen of Edmund E. Sheppard.

The enigma of Canadian journalism was born in Elgin County, Ontario, fifty-five years ago; son of a Disciple minister; and on the side-roads of Elgin Co. he got his intimate knowledge of barn-raising and cornfields and line-fence squabbles that cropped out so often in his writings. He had a college education, and while still a melancholy, humorous youth of a restless turn he drifted down to Virginia; whereby if any of the farmers driving to St. Thomas market inquired, "Say, where's Ed. Sheppard now?" the answer was, "Oh, teaching literature down in a Virginia college!" And it's quite likely that he taught a brand of English quite new to Virginia, besides getting a first-hand acquaintance with coloured folk and picking up a lot of knowledge about the Civil War just a few years past. However, indoor text-book English didn't agree with his health; so that he went west and became a "cow-puncher." Shepp. loved to sit in his twilight sanctum in *Saturday Night* and talk of his cow-punching days. He looked the part—that sombrero hat, long black hair and eagle eye; you fancied him on a bucking bronco and apprehended somewhat why he himself was so good at bucking governments and social usages; also where he got the condensed phraseology that made him the last word in a newspaper controversy. For "Shepp." was able to write red-hot from the saddle, lariat coiled in one hand, ready for a throw.

Sunburned off the ranges, he left the trail and went to Toledo; afterwards to Cleveland, where he did his first newspaper work, most of it important assignments and much of it in the form of interviews with big men, even to Presidents.

Some hankering drove him back to Canada; and he suddenly appeared on the streets of his old market town, St. Thomas, where the farmers of Elgin Co. understood that he was the editor of the *St. Thomas Journal*, which for a while became an exceedingly readable sheet. Afterwards he got some experience in London, Ont., on the *Advertiser*.

While still under thirty years of age Sheppard went to Toronto, where he was to set a new pace in journalism. The *Mail* had started a pink sheet in the basement—called *The Evening News* and it looked to Sheppard like a bronco he could ride. He got hold of it and took it over to Yonge St., where he transformed it into a morning and evening paper. Now of all the unusual, uncomfortable sheets in Canada, before or since, the *News* was the most peculiar. This new editor man, from the cowpuncher ranges, who signed himself "Don," had some novel ideas; and heaven only knows how he yanked at the wet blanket of hidebound partyism that gave him the nightmare—advocating republican ideas, even to the election of judges; though it is not known that he ever preached annexation. Then came the Knights of Labour movement and for the sake of getting away from the old party trails, Sheppard took up the cause of labour. The very first Federal election that came along he ran as a Labour candidate in To-

ronto, but was defeated by Col. Fred. Denison.

This however was but an episode in the career of Sheppardism—which soon became a tournament at which the whole of Canada was a spectator. The black knight had entered the lists. The Rebellion of 1885 was just over—Riel captured and the insurrection squelched without Sheppard taking to horse and gun, except in the *News*, which during the little war in a big land printed a despatch reflecting on the morale of the 65th Regiment of Montreal; which was the regiment that ran down from Edmonton on scows to Fort Pitt. A hornets' nest of libel suits swarmed into the *News* office. Sheppard was haled away to Montreal for trial and he plunged the metropolis into such a ferment that it seemed as though Buffalo Bill had suddenly swung in. Whatever the accusation and the evidence, Sheppard got the worst of it. He himself addressed the French jury before the French judge;

a burst of sombre, Ezekiel-like eloquence that should have been preserved as an English classic. From high-class melodrama with a tinge of tragedy the affair passed to *opera bouffe* with the 65th Colonel and Sheppard playing tag and hide-and-go-seek in the border towns; when the cowpuncher editor baffled all the high constabulary of Quebec, till at last he voluntarily surrendered and made his last masterly appeal to the French-Canadian court.

This was in November, 1887. Out of that spectacular turmoil arose *Saturday Night*, which was the first great permanent weekly in Canada. The story of *Saturday Night* was no more and no less than the story of the unusual, untrammelled editor who put into it the genius of a strange life. "Things in General" on the front page became the vehicle for the most outspoken, discursive and unconventional criticism ever indulged in by a Canadian editor. Church and state and society, popular fads, education and people, came in for the most searching analytical treatment. The front page was the last court of appeal for many a reader. When the daily editors had a thing threshed out, as they thought to the last grain of wheat, Sheppard came along with a three-tined fork and dug up a bushel. If once in a while he raked up a little dirt along with the chaff it was because he got down under the surface and ripped up all there was. Incidentally "Don" made money out of *Saturday Night*; but in 1906 he sold the paper. "Joe" Clark, formerly associated with him on the paper as "Mack" became the editor. A year ago Mr. Clark went back to the *Daily Star* and *Saturday Night* got a new corps of editors. Three weeks ago the character of the paper was changed still further by expansion with a paper twice the size at double the price. The last vestige of Sheppard has gone from the paper, which is no longer a personal organ.

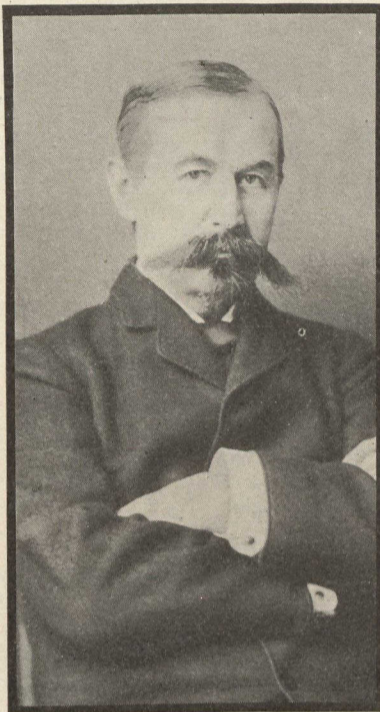
Such is the revolution of *Saturday Night* and the passing of Edmund E. Sheppard.

Expectations

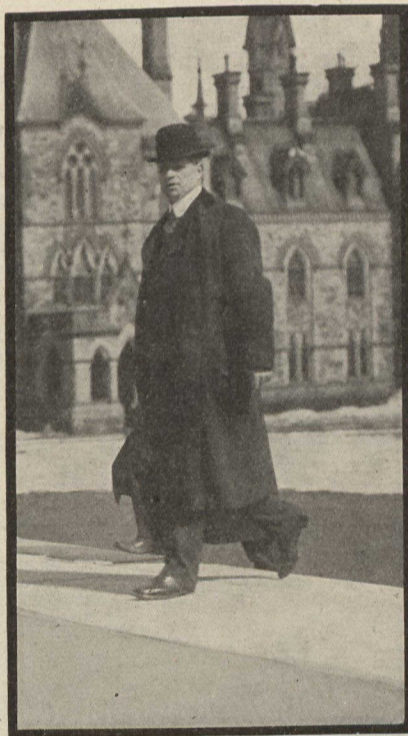
MR. HUGH GUTHRIE, M.P. from South Wellington, may well be regarded as a younger man in politics who now and then gives promise of a brilliant constructive career. His resolution in the House of Commons last week to appoint a Government Commission to inquire into the needs of technical education throughout the Dominion is perhaps the most important deliverance he has yet made in the House, where he has been for three terms. The debate on the resolution lasted five hours and was opposed by the Government of which Mr. Guthrie is a member, not because the principle was wrong, but on the ground that such a commission might interfere with the rights of respective provinces who are supposed to deal with all matters of education. Mr. Guthrie's main contention was that technical instruction is not so much a matter of pure education as of increasing the efficiency of industry and therefore of trade and commerce in the country. The member for South Wellington appeared to good advantage in the

debate and left an impression that he is capable of clear, constructive thinking, as well as of convincing address. In this he has followed well the footsteps of his father, the late Donald Guthrie, who for many years sat for South Wellington in the Ontario Legislature and distinguished that constituency by good oratory and sound statesmanship. When Hugh Guthrie entered the Federal House he built up strong hopes in the minds of his constituents that he would become a star in the government constellation. So far he has not quite fulfilled the expectation. Last session he was chairman of the Railway Committee, which is one of the most important committees of the House. If he develops as much strength in the House as seems to have been foreshadowed in the debate on technical education he must yet be ranked as one of the coming men in the Liberal party.

Mr. Guthrie has many of the gifts of the orator. He has a consecutive, logical mind and is not averse to detail. He has a capacity for hard work and a large fund of physical strength. His ideals are sound and he has been closely in touch with public life for ten years.



Mr. E. E. Sheppard,
An Epoch-Making Journalist.



Mr. Hugh Guthrie, M.P.,
Who Discussed Technical Education.

THROUGH A MONOCLE

THE BRITISH POLITICAL KALEIDOSCOPE.

PERHAPS you have read Mrs. Humphry Ward's "Marcella." In it there is an account of a political campaign for the reform of the land laws in Great Britain. As is a habit with Mrs. Ward, she was here merely adapting history. There was such a campaign in England nearly forty years ago, and John Stuart Mill was in the midst of it. Nor were the reforms proposed of a mild-mannered kind. Mill and his fellow adjutators advocated the taking of the entire future unearned increment in the value of land for the state. That campaign failed; and now the United Kingdom is in the midst of a constitutional crisis because David Lloyd George has proposed to do one-fifth of what was advocated by John Stuart Mill nearly forty years ago.

* * *

THERE is an interesting reference to this campaign of the seventies in Morley's Life of Gladstone. Mill and his friends were members of the advanced wing of the party which Mr. Gladstone led. The Prime Minister's difficulties in keeping his followers together were great. "Divisions in the Liberal party," he wrote, "are to be seriously apprehended from a factious spirit on questions of economy, on questions of education in relation to religion, on further parliamentary change, on the land laws. On these questions generally my sympathies are with what may be termed the advanced party, whom on other and general grounds I certainly will never head nor lead." On "further parliamentary change" Mr. Gladstone in his later life moved well beyond "general sympathy" with the advanced wing. On "the land laws" the course of political discussion did not in his time swing into the realm of practical politics.

* * *

IT may be doubted, however, whether at that time, or yet later in his life, Mr. Gladstone would of himself have gone even as far in the reorganisation of the English land system as would to-day Mr. J. Ellis Barker and other Unionist advocates of peasant properties. The Gladstones were not of the old landed class but made their fortune in commerce. Their most distinguished son, nevertheless, had a high estimate of the value of the position of a landed proprietor. In the course of his management of the estates of Sir Stephen Glynne, Mrs. Gladstone's brother, he accumulated large landed property. During his lifetime he conveyed this property to his eldest son and in doing so impressed upon him both the high "position of the landed proprietor" and,—a characteristic note—"the serious moral and social responsibilities which belong to it."

* * *

THE next time the land question comes to the front in Mr. Gladstone's career, the radical is a man who just at present seems to be on the other side of the fence. The time was just before the

birth of the Unionist party. Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, who was then a member of Mr. Gladstone's cabinet, was going about the country saying what Lord Morley ironically calls "terrible things." In a speech at Birmingham he declared in favour of a bill to enable local communities to acquire land and of the breaking up of the great estates as the first step in land reform. Mr. Gladstone spoke of these utterances as "ominous enough" in their bearing on the solidarity of party; but "upon the whole," he said, "weak-kneed Liberals have caused us more trouble in the present parliament than Radicals." So, apparently, Mr. Gladstone was still inclined to sympathise with the advanced party on the land laws.

* * *

TO-DAY a land-tax budget has brought the Welsh Chancellor into conflict with the House of Lords. Twenty-five years ago, when Joseph Chamberlain delivered the speech which Mr. Gladstone called "ominous," the same spirit of radicalism which led him to attack the great landlords, led him also to tilt against the House of Peers. The "Brummagem" statesman warned the Upper Chamber that the agitation against them was then only in its beginnings; and in this connection he told an Ipswich audience that "this country had been called the paradise of the rich" and warned them no longer to allow it to remain "the purgatory of the poor." Now, in the present unsettled state of British politics—with the Unionists in favour of their own brand of reform both of the House of Lords and of the land laws—I do not mean to risk my reputation by insinuating that Mr. Chamberlain has vaulted any fence. I will merely muse—to myself you will be glad to hear—on the peculiar tricks played us by the political kaleidoscope.

THE MONOCLE MAN.

Beresford's Answer

LORD CHARLES BERESFORD, who, not for the first time in his life, finds himself in the position of a Parliamentary candidate, has had some amusing experiences in that role. He once contested the constituency of York against Sir Christopher Furness at a time when the country was at the white heat of military and naval fervour. Lord Charles Beresford was the popular idol, but in no instance did he so increase his popularity as in these circumstances: There was a great meeting in the city, and Lord Charles, with his breezy style, had been carrying all before him.

Question time came, and a meek man with a red tie rose in the middle of the hall and said he wished to put a question. Permission being granted, the questioner went on in a most deprecatory manner, and in the mildest of voices put his query something after this manner:

"In the event of the noble lord being returned to parliament, would he, supposing that war broke out, deem it his duty to go to Westminster or would he go and fight?"

Lord Charles stepped forward, and, sinning against all the canons of electioneering, roared out: "Go and fight."

It probably won him the seat.



The first Canadian Northern Ontario Train, from Hawkesbury to Ottawa, arrived in Ottawa on December 5th. The Canadian Northern has thus completed its short route from Ottawa to Quebec.

A Possible Governor - General

A MIGHTY compliment would be paid to Canada, if the Duke of Connaught should be our next Governor-General. No British colony has ever had a prince of the royal blood as its social and executive head. A mighty welcome awaits Queen Victoria's third son should he decide to honour Canada by taking up his residence here for a term of years. Such an event would also mark a new epoch in the history of the British Empire, on account of the emphasis it would lay upon the importance of the Dominions Overseas.

H. R. H. Arthur William Patrick Albert, Duke of Connaught, was born in 1850 at Buckingham Palace. He received a military education at Woolwich from 1866-1868, when he became a lieutenant in the Royal Engineers, passing into the Royal Artillery in 1869. In the same year he joined the Rifle Brigade (Prince Albert's Own) of which he became Colonel-in-Chief in 1880. At his majority he received a grant of £15,000 a year from Parliament, and in 1874 was created Duke of Connaught and Strathearn, and Earl of Sussex. In 1879 he married Margaret Louise, daughter of the late Prince Frederick Charles of Prussia, nephew of the Emperor, and received a further grant of £10,000 a year. During 1875 and 1876 he was assistant adjutant-general at Gibraltar and in 1880 reached the rank of Major-General. During the Egyptian expedition of 1882 he commanded the Brigade of Guards on service and took part in the actions of Mahala and Tel-el-Kebir. Having been created

Capt. Hon. C. M. B. Ponsonby, M.V.O.

Capt. T. H. R. Bulkeley, M.V.O. Maj.-Gen. H. I. W. Hamilton, C.V.O.



The Duke of Connaught with three Officers who were on his Staff in the Mediterranean.

Brigadier-General at Aldershot in 1883 and Major-General of Bengal, he acted as commander of Meerut until the autumn of 1885 and in 1886 at Rawul Pindi. In 1900 he succeeded Lord Roberts as Commander-in-Chief in Ireland, and other promotions followed. Until recently he was on duty in the Mediterranean.

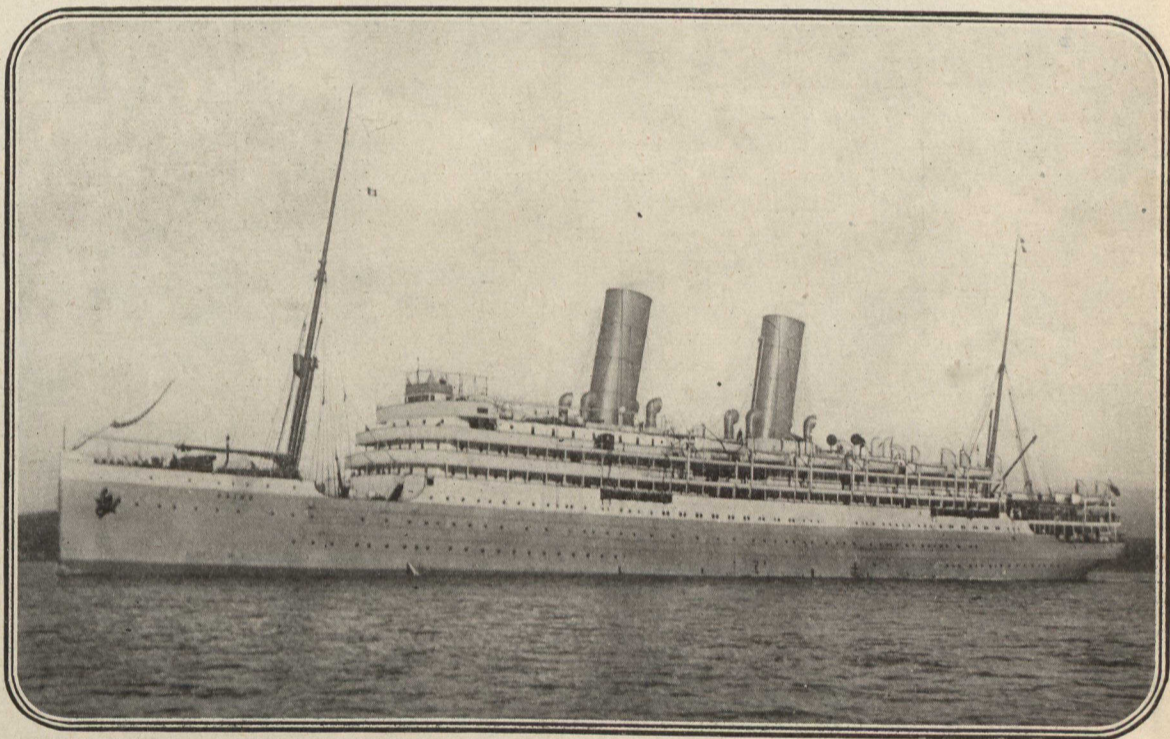
The Duke and Duchess have three children, the Duchess of Skane, who was married to the Duke of Skane in 1905; Prince Arthur, who has many friends in Canada made during his recent tour; and Princess Victoria Patricia, whom rumour states may possibly become Queen of Portugal. Like her father, Princess Patricia is fond of hunting, and they are going to Africa together shortly.

The Duke of Connaught is no stranger to Canada. His last visit to this country was in the summer of 1890 when he spent several days in Montreal, Toronto and Ottawa. An episode of this Toronto visit is worth recalling. The evening of his last day in the city there was an orchestral concert in the old Horticultural Pavilion in the Allan Gardens. Dr. F. H. Torrington was the conductor. The Duke was not present, being guest at a State dinner at Government House. At the last number on the programme the conductor turned to the audience and said in his raspy, incisive voice: "Ladies and gentlemen, out of deference to the Duke of Connaught, son of Her Majesty the Queen, I shall now ask the orchestra to play 'God Save the Queen'—so that you may all put on your hats and coats while the orchestra is playing the last programme number, instead of doing so during the National Anthem."

A NEW ATLANTIC LINE

THAT the Canadian Northern Railway should go into the steamship business on the Atlantic was inevitable, but that the service should begin in the spring of 1910 is a surprise. It appears that last summer, two boats built recently by the Fairfield people on the Clyde, were in the market, though both were then engaged in the Mediterranean trade. The Canadian Northern bought them, and the delivery is shortly to be made. The accompanying pictures show that they are as large and as palatial in furnishings as any vessels now plying in the St. Lawrence. Both boats are 545 feet long and have a register of 10,000 tons. Each will have accommodation for 300 first-class passengers, 200 second and about 1,000 steerage. As in most passenger boats built in the last two years, they have three turbine-driven shafts, one high pressure and two low-pressure. They are thus fully up-to-date in their motive power.

Sir Montagu Allan, who has known the St. Lawrence longer than any other steamboat man, believes that Montreal and Quebec will yet excel New York in both freight and passenger trade. While this seems a little too optimistic at the moment, it is an indication of the growing feeling that the traffic of North America will yet pass through this wonderful natural outlet. The day of doubt has passed; the question now is "how much?" The "All Red" route is developing faster than most people anticipated. Apparently the Canadian Northern intend to be in the game in the earlier stages.



One of the two new boats bought for the St. Lawrence-Liverpool trade by the Canadian Northern Railway



The Palatial Music Room of the C.N.R. Boats



A State-Room on the Bridge Deck



"The Chase," by Edward Atkinson Hornel, purchased by the Mount Royal Club, for Three Thousand Dollars.

BRITISH PAINTINGS IN MONTREAL

By ERIC BROWN

THE closed on Wednesday, December 8th, at the Montreal Art Association's galleries on Phillips Square, one of the most interesting exhibitions of pictures ever seen in the Dominion. It was the exhibition of the work of the Royal British Colonial Society of Artists and it is good to record that its appearance achieved a signal success, being greeted with great and practical appreciation by art lovers both local and neighbouring.

The R. B. C. S. A. is a society of British painters formed in 1886 for the purpose of affording the colonial public the opportunity of becoming acquainted with contemporary English art and of eventually becoming the means of acquainting the English public with the growth and quality of colonial art by reciprocal exhibitions of their work in England. The motives and aims of the society are beyond all praise and it is to be hoped that their diploma will very shortly be conferred on several Canadian artists whose work would do it infinite credit and whose omission from the present exhibition was an error.

The accompanying appreciation of a few of the most notable canvases is an attempt to describe by the aid of some excellent photographs some of their beauties and to show the relation that art necessarily has to the circumstances of her national times.

A great authority has said this about

English art: "That there always has been, and it seems always must be, a certain softness of spirit which avoids hard contact with reality, which rejects in nature all that is harsh, crude or brutal and which polishes and renders the reality poetic at the

risk of debilitating its power." Art has been said to be "Nature seen through a temperament," and a nation's temperament, like that of the individual, must always be largely influenced by the circumstances of her times. In Great Britain's case, broadly generalising, the times are peaceful, prosperous and even somewhat somnolent.

"Laus Deo," by Solomon J. Solomon, R.A., is a fine example of the artist's well known and boldly impressive style. The conception is purely imaginative—the conquest over self, the triumph of the spiritual over the material, the final chant which marks the end of all earthly strife and the realisation of those greater glories which man shall know as he passes "out from the light into the blaze of heaven." The handling is masterly, though perhaps more spectacular and decorative than pictorial, the treatment of tone values, their restraint in the lower part of the picture to give full prominence to the faces of the figures, a fine example of the artist's skill and a prophecy of future achievement which has more than been fulfilled.

Mr. Solomon is a great Academician, a great teacher in its schools, and a worthy descendant of the greatest traditions of our national school of painting.

It was Whistler who said that true art was to conceal art, and in Mr. John Lavery's picture, "Mary in Green," it



"Home and Shelter," by Robert Allan, F.R.W.S.

is easy to see how this ideal has been before him. All is subdued, harmonious, sympathetic to the general scheme. There is no consciousness of the medium of expression. "Mary in Green" is a living personality, a friend, always sympathetic, irresistible, charming and companionable. John Lavery, Irishman, is essentially cosmopolitan, adhering to no school or sect, though honoured by both academies in Scotland, as well represented in the first galleries of Europe as he is badly in England, and his work shown here commands our admiration as well as our love for the subjects. Mr. Lavery's smaller picture, "The Girl with the Red Book," is now privately owned and remains in Montreal, a worthy addition to its artistic treasures.

"The Chase," by Mr. E. A. Hornel, has been purchased by the Mount Royal Club, Montreal, and in some ways is the most striking picture in the exhibition. The more one looks at it the more difficult it seems to consider it as a picture at all. It has all the illuiveness of music, the spontaneity of song. It is joy, all that is abstract. Technique, colour, composition seem of little consequence. It is an impression and one which transports us from life's trivial round and presents to us

"Some wondrous vision of a purer world,
Realised in the infinite."

"Home and Shelter," by Robert W. Allan, F.R.W.S., is a fine picture of sea and sky and harbour, breathing truth and sincerity in its masterly expression of

"The ceaseless roar of Neptune's desperate host
Leading his hope forlorn against the land."

It is interesting to recall that Mr. Allan's first great success was his painting of Thomas Carlyle's funeral, and his interpretation of the same will be remembered as much for its artistic merit as its historical interest.

"Toil in the Morning Sun," by Terrick Williams, is an ambitious but wholly successful treatment of a busy harbour scene. There is fine colour and breadth of treatment and the wonderfully rendered effect of atmosphere harmonises the whole and gives a scene which is full of life and action, that unobtrusive busyness, that preoccupied intentness so true, so real and so hard to attain.

"February Sunshine," by Stanhope Forbes, A.R.A., is a powerfully treated interpretation of sunlight and shadow. There is good drawing and the distance finely suggested, and the whole an entirely successful representation of a typically Cornish landscape. Mrs. Forbes, who is a Canadian, is also an exhibitor of a fine landscape in her marked individual style, and two water colour studies of children, altogether charming in their aptness and simplicity. To speak of Mr. and Mrs. Forbes is to recall their home at Newlyn in the very west of West Cornwall, and their school of painting there, so successful and growing and so charming in its surroundings.

"Sunday," by Fred Hall, is the artist's present year's academy picture. The drawing, colour, composition alike are good and the impression of rest after the week's work which suggests the title is well conveyed and very convincing in its realism. The technique is clear and individual and there is a truly British feeling of "something attempted, something done," and well done, which always characterises his work.

There are many other names and great names, which space forbids more than a passing reference to, names such as Frank Bramley, A.N.A., Julius Oleson, Norman Garston, Chevalier Tayler, H. H. La Vhaque, A.N.A., Edward Stott, A.N.A., Mr. and Mrs. Harold Knight, and many others whose work has helped to give the truly representative and national character to the exhibition which has been so interesting and productive of instruction to its



"Laus Deo," by Solomon J. Solomon, R.A.



"Sunday," by Fred. Hall.

students. The water colours have been a show unto themselves and their numerous sales were evidence of their high standard of artistic merit, and of the never-failing appreciation the English have for the slighter medium of pictorial expression.

British Campaign Anecdotes

THE man with the most pronounced individuality in the peers is Lord Crewe, who is helming the Finance Bill through the Upper House, says *M. A. P.* His lordship, who is in his fifty-first year, was not born with that title, nor was he the legal heir to it. A rich, generous, and unmarried uncle left him his huge fortune, and his present title came with it. Richard Monckton Milnes, who subsequently became Lord Houghton, a man of great literary capacity, was Lord Crewe's father.

Lord Rosebery's daughter, Lady Margaret Prim-

rose, is his second wife. Just after the public announcement of his engagement, his lordship evoked roars of laughter, when addressing a meeting at Liscard, Cheshire, by confessing that he was rather timorous of Primrose League ladies. For a moment he could not see the joke which his audience had been quick to perceive. When it had dawned on him, he remarked: "I think I had better not pursue the matter any further."

* * *

MISUNDERSTOOD.

THE Budget has given rise to a number of good stories about Mr. Lloyd George, a particularly good one concerning a recent banquet at which the Chancellor of the Exchequer was a guest.

Sitting next to him was a young lady, who listened reverently to every word that fell from her hero's lips.

"Ah," she ventured at last, "you have suffered a great deal in your life from being misunderstood, have you not?"

"Yes," Mr. Lloyd George is reported to have replied, "I have suffered from being misunderstood; but I haven't suffered half as much as I would have if I had been understood."

* * *

VOTE-CATCHING.

MR. HENRY CHAPLIN, M.P., who moved the resolution in favour of Tariff Reform at the recent Conservative Conference, is commonly known as the Member for Agriculture. It is generally understood that what he does not know about the conditions of rural life is not worth knowing.

Many years ago he was supporting a candidate for Parliament, and stood beside him in a cart while the speeches were being made. The candidate was a self-made man of business, and, although he was a fair speaker, he did not seem to be making much of an impression on the rustics gathered about him. All at once Mr. Chaplin, who well understands the rustic's reverence for superior "edication," whispered to the candidate:

"Tip 'em a bit of Latin. That'll move 'em."

The candidate was nonplussed for the moment, as an active business career is not favourable to familiarity with the classics, but Mr. Chaplin was a valuable authority not to be ignored. Presently, therefore, clearing his throat impressively, the business candidate said:

"And as we—er—read in the works of the great Latin poet, 'Sine qua non ne plus ultra absit omen!'" The cheers of the rustics could have been heard for miles.

* * *

THE SLEEPY LEGISLATOR.

LORD CHARLES BERESFORD'S early Parliamentary days were marked by some of his most famous practical jokes, which added much to the gaiety of the nation.

On one occasion he discovered that a gouty old gentleman was in the habit of appropriating a bench under the Press Gallery, behind the Speaker's chair, taking off his boots, and going comfortably off to sleep. The noise of a division would awaken him, and then, and not till then, would he put on his boots to walk with his party to the lobby.

One day Lord Charles hid one of the sleepy legislator's boots. A division was called; the member awoke, put on one boot, but searched in vain for the other. Thus he hobbled with one boot to the lobby.

* * *

LORD LANSDOWNE, who has been so much in the public eye lately, once had a remarkable prophecy made concerning him while he was an Oxford graduate.

Jowett, his tutor at Balliol, greatly admired him, and always said that he would do great things.

"There goes a man," remarked Jowett, "who is as certain to be Foreign Secretary in due time, in whichever party he chooses, as the sun is to rise."

IN THE LAND OF THE MUSK-OX

Story of the Trip made by the Canadian Ship "Arctic," over the Peary-Cook Trail; from the Record kept by Mr. Frank Hennessey, a Member of the Expedition

THE furthest north Canadian has come into his share of the *aurora borealis* spotlight; and there are a few things about the recent trip made by Captain Bernier and the crew of the *Arctic* that are worth remembering. The *Arctic* has become a ship of history. Clever journalists have made comic opera of her recent trips; none have turned loose their wit upon the voyage lately concluded when Capt. Bernier got back to civilisation with his live musk-ox and began his lecturing tour—not to be outdone or left out in the cold by Messrs. Peary and Cook.



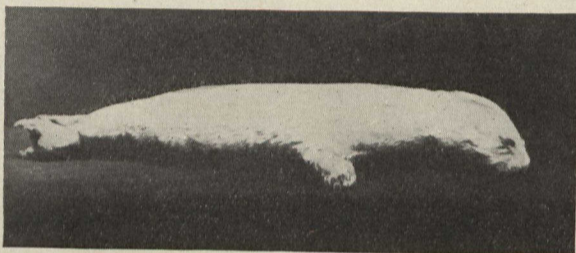
Mr Frank Hennessey.

The *Arctic* stayed just long enough in this fur-clad city to cache supplies for Dr. Cook; in fact, merely over night, leaving early in the morning on the route to the practically unknown—which, however, was not due north, for the *Arctic* never got so far north again as latitude 83. After steaming out of Etah to the glad music of the Etah brass band the *Arctic* proceeded in a southerly direction towards Lancaster Sound. Here she entered and headed west, stopping again at Beechy Island; then westward through Barrow Straits, finally into Melville Sound until she got to Cape Hays.

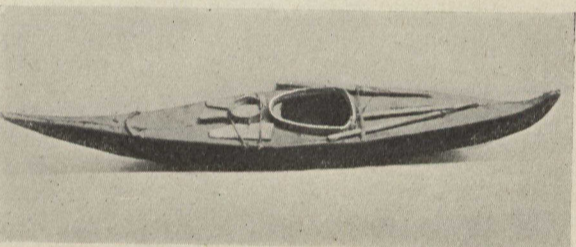
Here she turned and struck back as far as Winter Harbour, which is another famous stop-over place in the north; latitude 74.47. By means of this detour the *Arctic* almost made the northwest passage, which has been the route of northern explorers for two centuries and more.

Now Winter Harbour is fairly well named, for it appears from the diary that winter sets in there just as soon as summer has put in a month or two.

"The ice formed in the harbour on the 13th of September, 1908, and broke up on the 2nd of Au-



A Baby Jar Seal, stuffed by a native. It is the Eskimo child's "Teddy Bear."



Model of a Kayak or hunting boat, made of tanned sealskin from Blacklead Island.



Two Eskimo dolls, dressed in sealskin exactly as are the Eskimo of Blacklead Island. The girl doll (on the left) has caribou trousers.

Photos by Pittaway

The crew that sailed away from Quebec in August of 1908 consisted of—Captain and Commander, three mates, boatswain, carpenter, two engineers, two oilers, three firemen, two cooks, two stewards, two waiters, one doctor, one historian, one purser, three scientific parties. The rest of the crew were quartermasters and seamen.

This made a company of forty-odd men who put in more than a year, first of all in carrying supplies to Dr. Cook at Etah and afterwards in adding islands and icebergs and packs of seals to the British domain. The ship herself, though less theatrical than the *Roosevelt*, has a life story. Her original name was the *Gaus*, and she was built in Kiel, Germany, where a great many of the Kaiser's warships are floated. How a German ship came to be commanded by a French-Canadian officer is a phase of the Franco-German war not quite palpable to the ordinary mind. But the *Arctic*, as described by Mr. Frank C. Hennessey, whose observations form the basis of this article, is looked upon as the best of her kind afloat. She is constructed entirely of greenheart or ironwood, and being a double-ender is plated at both bow and stern with immense iron defences. She is barkentine rigged but is also supplied with an engine capable of driving her five miles per hour. A peculiar feature with which she is supplied is the shaft through which the propellor may be drawn when the ship encounters dangerous ice or fears a "nip."

The first port of call on the borean journey was Etah, which has of late been more talked about than any of the settlements in the southern seas. Etah is an historic place. She has been port of call for missing men many a year; dating away back to the days of Kane and Hall; lately made famous as the common stamping-ground of the two original discoverers of the Pole, Peary and Cook. Etah is the Edmonton of the far north; the base of supplies for those who shove their crafts beyond the fringes of civilised man; and down to Etah there beats now and again some life from the distant north—those who trot out of the solitudes and slam into the city of Eskimos, who live in stone dug-outs in the summer and in winter inhabit the *igloos* built of ice and snow. There are about a hundred Eskimos at Etah—normal population; none of whom sing the good old missionary hymn—"From Greenland's icy mountains."

Here is a description of the place as recorded by Mr. Frank Hennessey in his diary of the trip:

"The entrance to this harbour is protected from heavy ice entering by a vanguard of rocks that project above the surface of the water and extend almost halfway across the mouth of the cove. The hills, which rise almost from the water's edge, are very high, but not so rugged as those encountered at many points along that bold coast. In summer the hills are made beautiful by the abundance of moss and flowers that flourish on their sides and which in the distance assume pretty hues of purple and gold. At the bottom of the harbour an Eskimo settlement in the form of a number of Eskimo dug-outs represent all human life to be seen there."

gust of the following year. On her home journey we stopped at Pond's Inlet, where for the first time since we left Etah did we see a new face and also obtained our first mail here on September 3rd, 1909. We then stopped at Clyde, Keckerton, Blacklead, Burwell and Big Island.

"I was one of four of a party who made a trip in the early spring of 1909 down the coast of Melville Island as far as Cape Phipps. We made a snow house our abode for a week, during which time searches were made for different objects. An experience that impressed us most deeply was the undressing before entering the sleeping bag. Nature seemed to lend an activity to the limbs which seemed to us would do credit to some fireman answering a call. A number of trips were made to Bank's Land in the spring. On one of these the men suffered severely from the attacks of bears, who ransacked the scanty stores they had cached and even took the trouble to turn their sleeping bags inside out. In fact what they could not eat they destroyed and showed that what Kane had stated he suffered from them on his polar expedition must have been true."

The sort of place that Winter Harbour feels like is well intimated in the accompanying extract from Mr. Hennessey's diary:

AN ARCTIC MIDNIGHT.

"It was almost ten as we left the summit of the highest hill in the vicinity of Winter Harbour. The great sun hung high in the West and shot forth beams of light that went away down West Hill, casting long shadows from rock and knoll. Our own shadows rose and sank before us as we trudged our way down the long slope to the eastward. Down in the small harbour below us there arose from the uniform white surface of the cove, a small but conspicuous looking little object which we knew to be the ship (the *Arctic*) upon which we depended being delivered from the arms of so dreary a monster as desolation. Yes; she must be freed from the grasping ice now about her, piloted from this tiny cove and shown the way from whence she came. At that moment a shrieking jaeger impresses with the fact that we are really in that land and situation, as on wavering, faltering wing he descends before us."

"At last we reached the shore, but to our surprise the tide is at its height, a space of some hundred feet of water separates us from the harbour ice (for the ice along shore always melts before the main body goes), and after wading out as far as our top boots permit and trying to use ice blocks as rafts, we realise that we are really obliged to spectate an Arctic midnight, for we knew that the tide would fall only a seven the following morning.

"Although it was in the month of July, a crisp cold atmosphere prevailed, and this, aided by a slight breeze, penetrated our frail walking garments as though they were cheese-cloth.

"Having skirted the shore for a mile or more on either side of the point we had first struck, all attempts to reach the ship were judiciously abandoned and we left the sea with the intention of temporarily employing or enjoying our time as fruitfully as possible.

"Sauntering toward a low flat hill we again brought ourselves into focus of the midnight sun, which was now at its lowest. Here we paused. The silence was appalling. I gazed toward all horizons in turn. To the north a long narrow valley wound its snake-like form among dome-shaped hills, here meeting another and here joining another in a race to the sea. Their deeply carved banks showed the marks of rushing waters of the many spring freshets of years gone by. I then turned in the direction of the sun, but his brilliance was so blinding that I gazed in his face but for a fraction of a second. The image that impressed me was of dazzling gold porridge, bubbling over with heat. A thick cloud gradually covered his face and the scene was changed. From behind that cover he shot forth massive beams to zenith that dwindled to rays as they reached the horizon. Here a ray pierced a cloud and made it appear a sun itself. Then a madder-besmeared streak blended in with one of gold and ran their molten hue almost into a rose-coloured mock sun to the left of Sol.

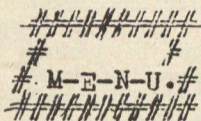
"Turning towards a flat level covered with an unusual supply of short grass and moss, we guided our course in that direction. As we made our way

1819 Christmas Dinner.

Diner de Noel 1908.

D-E-S-S-E-R-T.

WINTER HARBOUR, LATITUDE 74.47 NORTH. LONG 110. 48 W.



S-O-U-P-S.

Bouillon de Beuf polaire à la " ARCTIC".

Julienne aux fines herbes à la Winter Harbour.

E-N-T-R-E-S.

Carré de Beuf polaire à la Parry's Sand Stone.

Canard du " Gulf Liddon sauté à la " Griper. "

R-O-A-S-T-S.

Culottes de Réindeer du Territoire Franklin.

Foies de choux roules à la Northwest-passage".

Potits Pois vert à la " Resolute".

Pommes de terre rôties à la " Intrepid".

Asperges à la " Investigator."

Plum Pudding aux " Searching Expeditions".

Sauce, Sirop du Pays.

Gêlé aux Fraisses à la " Kellet".

Jus de Citron à la " McClure".

Ladies Fingers à la " Lady Franklin".

Drageés du Pays à la " McClintock".

Vins Porto à la " Lawrence Wilson".

Liqueur de Framboise à la " Bollet".
Jamaïque de la Melville à la " Foster".

Limonade à la " De Bray".

Clabet du Commander " Bernier."

Oranges des Blue Mountains, Pea Nuts à la " Virginie".

Croquette de sucre du Pays à la " Borden."

Coffee noir à la " Brodeur". Cigars " Laurier".

" VIVE LE CANADA".

A CHRISTMAS DINNER IN THE ARCTIC

Sample of the Spartan fare enjoyed by the officers of the *Arctic* at Winter Harbour. Each officer had a separate typewritten bill, the cover of which was sumptuously decorated with northern drawings by Mr. Hennessey. The plan was American—including Canada. Engraved from an original copy.

down the slope a flock of ptarmigan arose on whirring wing and went away down the slope before us. A tiny lemming, erect, silent and statue-like, sat above his burrow entrance until we drew uncomfortably near, when with a squeak and a snort he disappeared like a flash. When we reached the place we found it was quite fertile, and being bordered on all sides but the west by clay and shale embankments seemed to be a suitable shelter from wind for large animals. As it was, it admitted the fluent rays of an ever welcome sun and thereby made it a pleasant place for us to reconnoitre. Our conjecture proved to be right, for on entering, a number of musk-ox skeletons marked the place to be as we had guessed and also a good feeding ground for the same. Their white, bleached bones took the light with astonishing brilliancy and lent a ghostly sense to the scene. Ascending the height to the east, we walked in that direction until meeting a dry stream bed, we followed its course, which wound away down to sea. Here we encountered an old fox, which seemed fascinated by our presence. He ran before us with feathery bounds, now stopping to turn and sit on his haunches with head to one side or showing nervousness and suspicion by twitching his ears and wriggling his snout. His black bead-like eyes gazed so piercingly, so cunningly and intelligently into ours. He would then rise with a rush and a swing of his tail only to stop and perform the same antics over again, much like a playful puppy. Finally he ascended a slight elevation and raising his head above, rose his melancholy voice out upon the still morning air. He then turned and scampered out of sight. "I produced my timepiece and found it was four. Everything was alive now. We could feel the sun's rays slightly instead of that coolness of the earlier morning. Snowflakes and longspurs flew from rock to moss clump and occasionally one of the latter would ascend on wing to a height and in bobolink-like fashion descend in narrowing circles, giving vent to so sweet a melody at the same time. Yes, these notes were really welcome to such ears as had

almost forgotten harmony. Small moths arose from moss clumps at our feet and sought other suitable beds where they might be left undisturbed. "On reaching the shore a number of brent geese arose from the mud, which was left clear of water at low tide. They had been feeding on the animal life left there by the retreating water and swung out over the ice at our approach, at same time giving that cry peculiar to them. A flock of less cautious king eider waddled over the mud to sufficiently deep water, when with a push of their body they launched their forms out upon the glassy surface. "We had not long to wait for the tide to become sufficiently low enough to enable us to make a landing. This was successfully accomplished and rewarded by a relished breakfast and appreciated mean comfort." The *Arctic* returned to civilisation and Quebec in October, 1909, after an absence of a year and three months, during which time several important even if uninhabitable tracts of land were super-added to Canadian territory, and in one lonely cairn was deposited a photograph of Sir Wilfrid Laurier.

Two-Thousand Mile Trip with His Majesty's Mail

THE Arctic mail left Edmonton at four o'clock Monday afternoon in charge of Alick Loutit. About the end of January it will reach its destination—Fort McPherson, on the Peel River, about forty miles from the point where the great Mackenzie River debouches into the Arctic Ocean. A sleigh piled up with mail bags drove away from the Hudson's Bay Company's store on Third Street this afternoon to all appearances an ordinary delivery waggon. Its delivery will not be completed for two full months. At Lac La Biche three dog trains are in waiting for their 2,000 mile journey with messages from Christendom up into the land where the sun does not shine in

winter. The mail was made up in two packets, one for Fort Resolution on Great Slave Lake, and the other for Fort McPherson. From the Fort Resolution mail, delivery will be made at the Hudson Bay Company's posts on the way north. The Fort McPherson mail will go straight through in charge of drivers to be selected at Fort Resolution. From the Fort Resolution mail, deliveries will be made at Fort McMurray, Fort Vermilion, Fort Smith and other posts on the way up. Alick Loutit will have charge of the mail as far north as Fort Resolution. The trip down the frozen Mackenzie will probably be made by Indian drivers. The mail carried is between six and seven hundred pounds in weight. An excess of nearly four hundred pounds will be returned to the government by the Hudson's Bay Company and held over till the next mail, which leaves on January 7th, 1910, for Fort Resolution. This mail does not go through to Fort McPherson which is served with but two mails a year, one carried by dog trains in the winter and the other by the Hudson Bay Company's steamer *Mackenzie River* in midsummer. — *Edmonton Bulletin, Dec. 8th.*

An Absorbing Subject

THE following well-authenticated story is told of Lord Rosebery, giving an interesting sidelight upon his mystical quality. One night at dinner he was observed to be in a deep and interesting conversation with a lady by whose side he sat, and paid little or no attention to the other members of the party present. In the smoking room his host rallied him upon the undivided attention he gave to the lady, and suggested that the subject engaging their attention must have proved of absorbing interest. "Yes, it was. What do you think?" The host observed that it was a difficult matter. "Well," remarked Lord Rosebery, "we were considering what it must feel like to be dead!"

THE CHURCH IN THE WILDERNESS

The Wonder and the Drama of a Child

BY

MARJORIE L. C. PICKTHALL

THEY had started long before the late dawn, and had driven for hours through the woods. Pete had been but half awake when they carried him to the sleigh, and the sound of the runners on the hard snow, the warm smell of the horses, the hushed voice of his mother, all these familiar things had broken over his senses in waves of drowsiness, edged with a shadowy foam of dreams. Between the ebb and flow of sleep he awoke to a knowledge of the dim trees beside the trail, and of a violet-blue sky covered with cold stars. Once he saw the stars shining greenly through great flakes and bars of rose, and the white trail before them was stained with pink and gold. Then the aurora flickered away, and the snow was blue-grey again, and the horses' breath hung like dust of silver in the cold, dry air.

When he awoke again he saw a white star hanging in a sky that throbbed with clear colour, like the pavements of that New Jerusalem his father had read about last Sunday. He tried to picture Zion behind her glowing gates, but he could not. For he had never seen a city.

The trees grew clearer in the young light, and taller and more solemn as the trail ran upward. The white star sank deeper into its golden pavement, so that it was no more than a point of pale fire.

"That is Venus," said Pete's father, pointing with unused whip, "the old celestial Aphrodite, goddess of pure love." He leaned back and touched his wife's hand, and she smiled at him and at the star. Pete could not understand them, so he went to sleep again.

More sleep, more dim dreams, with the thin air nipping his breath, and the white trail lifting higher through dark forest. Spruces reached out their delicate drooping fans of deep grey toward the sleigh, and shook down loads of fine dry snow upon the horses. The sky overhead grew harder and bluer, losing its rich inlay of stars. But the winter day was long in coming.

At last the trail turned eastward along the flanks of a hill, massed to the summit with spruce and white pine. Pete woke and wondered at these stately trees, so much loftier than the birches and merry maples that ringed the clearing at home.

Down in the south-east there showed a long feather of crimson, and then the round red winter sun floated slowly upward.

"The sun of Christmas," said Pete's mother softly, and she kissed him.

The crows and whiskey-jacks began fighting among the branches, and the cold, beautiful day was born.

But Pete did not awaken fully until they drove into a great clearing, and their journey was ended. As he looked about him, he thought he had never seen so wonderful a sight.

Under a long, thick shelter of hemlock boughs stood nearly two-score horses, shaggy, blanketed, picking at heaps of hay. Men went down the line with buckets, and the hardy brutes drank and munched and quarrelled among themselves contentedly. Pete had scarcely believed there were so many horses in the world.

And surely everybody in the world,—men, women, and children like himself—surely they were all gathered about that long building of logs in the centre of the clearing, that building with the cross upon the roof.

"Is that the church?" whispered Pete. "Father, is that the church?"

"That is God's house," answered his father gravely.

"God must need a pretty big house," said Pete softly, "with all those angels."

His father, laughing, unharnessed the team and led them toward the shed. People came—a bewildering succession of faces—and shook hands with him, and gave him hot coffee and a thick pork sandwich, wishing his mother "A merry Christmas, ma'am." And then all at once they were caught up in a little crowd and swept inside the church.

IT was only a little church, but Pete shrank nearer to his mother as he entered it. The walls were of great logs, and the benches were of unpainted wood, redolent of the pine and balsam of the hills. Six great cedar pillars supported the sharply peaked roof, and the place was hung with sweet evergreen boughs and bunches of red and white berries. The roof that seemed so far above was filled with an odorous golden gloom.

Level shafts of light crossed over the heads of the people from square windows set deep with beneath the eaves. Pete thought that the six great cedar trunks soared upward into the resin-scented shadows as if they were trying to pierce the dim roof and touch the calm blue heaven beyond; and his soul throbbed within him, like a bird striving to win free and follow them on untried wings. He was filled with an aching happiness.

Then the clergyman came in, and Pete found in him a friend. "That's the man you pulled out of the snow-drift," he said, poking his father with an imperious finger, "and brought home for mother to melt." But his father was hunting through a prayer-book, and did not answer.

"When the wicked man turneth away from his wickedness that he hath committed, and doeth that which is lawful and right, he shall save his soul alive."

"To the Lord our God belong mercies and forgiveness, though we have rebelled against Him; neither have we obeyed the voice of the Lord our God to walk in His laws which He set before us."

For the first time Pete heard the service of his Church, and his soul floated away on a tide of wonderful words. At first he felt awed and a little strange. But then the people stood up to sing, and they sang, "Christians awake, salute the happy morn." He heard his young mother's beautiful voice leading all the others in the familiar tune. That fluttering, imprisoned bird in his breast seemed to find peace, and he sang too with all his might, his eyes upon her face. He did not know that his voice followed hers as a silver flute follows a golden horn, and that many were silent to listen.

Then, when the Lord's Prayer came, he and all the other children joined in that, straggling a line behind the grown-ups. When he rose from his knees, he did not feel strange any more, though the awe and the wonder remained.

"How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace, that bringeth good things of good, that publisheth salvation; that saith unto Zion, thy God reigneth."

And then the service was over, and Pete found himself outside in the air with all the others, who were talking of nothing but the new church and all it would mean to them. He fancied that if he had been allowed to stay in the church, the angels might have come further down their bright ladder and talked to him. He looked back at the soaring cedar shafts with a longing for which he could find no words.

During his long drive home he was so silent that his father asked him if he were tired, and if he liked to go to church. Pete said "Yes." He could not communicate his feelings. He could find no words for the awe and joy that held him in a delicate ecstasy, possible only in a soul not long from God.

There are longings too dim for speech; there are hopes too fine to endure a careless touch. Pete only spoke of the church once in the weeks that followed.

"When are we going there again?" he asked. But his mother shook her head. "It's too far, lad-die, to go often," she said wistfully.

SO Pete decided to find the church himself.

Through much dreaming he had grown to believe that it would be easy to find. He thought that he would only have to walk through the forest until the trees changed, and that then the church would be before him; empty, perhaps, of people, but yet full of sweet music and solemn prayers, and angel wings astir in the resinous gloom of the roof. The dream drew him, waking and sleeping; and at last it drew him from the house and the fenced garden and the lonely clearing, into the dim white fastnesses of the winter woods. He entered the woods with no clear purpose. Only, in some wide space where birch and maple gave place to the dark splendour of pine and hemlock, he knew the church stood. And his feet were drawn toward it whether he would or no.

The surface of the snow was frozen bare and level, and his light feet did not break it. The silence of the woods was deep as sleep, and his quiet

passing left it undisturbed. He was not afraid, for he looked up at the trees and thought of the little squirrels there cradled safe from the cold; he looked at the tangled undergrowth in the hollows, and thought that perhaps here or there the jolly brown bears were dreaming. The woods were full of life; only it was life suspended, waiting until the sap should rise and the sun be warm once more.

It was very cold, and he walked on quickly. But the trees did not change. Here and there he saw a proud pine fallen, that had disdained to fight for life with the upstart elm and poplar. But the pines of his dream, upon whose crests the sky seemed to rest, so vast, so dark, ever watching, ever murmuring—of these he saw nothing.

"The church is not here," said Pete. And the hardwood maples moved their long trailing branches and the wild cherry seemed to whisper, "The church in the wilderness is not here."

"I must go farther," said Pete. And the little wind in the branches seemed to say, "Go farther, go farther."

So Pete went farther into the woods, and they grew thicker and wilder about him. In a little hollow he came upon a solitary wild doe, cutting away the ice with her sharp, delicate hooves to reach the grass and moss underneath. She did not run away—only looked at him with her great mild eyes.

"Do you know where the church is?" Pete asked her. But she only blew a cloud of silvery breath through her velvet-soft nostrils, and gazed at him curiously with those beautiful, foolish eyes. Pete went on, deep and deeper into the woods.

It had been afternoon when he started; and, child-like, he held time in no account, nor took any thought of those he left behind. The ground led upward, and soon it grew rough and broken, with narrow, deep ravines and piles of rock. Pete scrambled around these with some difficulty, for his legs were short and easily tired. But he never thought of turning back, though it was very cold and he was already weary.

Outside the woods the winter day was drawing slowly toward its end. In the clefts of the lower hills to which Pete climbed, there was already twilight, beautiful and still. From one of the ravines, a shadow raised itself as he passed—a shadow scarcely seen upon the amethyst glimmer of snow, that yet looked at him with eyes greener than any emerald. Pete knew it was a timber-wolf, but he was not afraid.

"Do you know where the church is?" he whispered. His lips were pinched and stiffened with the quiet touch of the cold, and his voice was faint. Yet the little sound spread and grew upon the silence like a ripple on a still pool.

"Per-lease tell me," said Pete. But the wolf faded away like a wreath of smoke, and there was no answer save the sound of his own voice echoing far away under the rocks. He put his fist suddenly to his eyes.

"They know," he said, "they all know. I can see it in their eyes. But they won't tell."

He dried his eyes on his rough woollen mitts, and looked about him. And he was aware that evening had come.

IT would be difficult to imagine how he knew it, for the twilight of the woods was scarcely deeper. But it lacked some golden afterthought of sun. The snow, stretching up and up between the trees until his eyes could follow its glitter no further—the snow was suddenly veiled and softened, and the blue shadows spread and mingled together. Pete knew that soon the stars would be coming out.

Upon a little clear rocky space stood a young pine. Pete climbed to it slowly and laid his cheek against its frozen bark. The trunk was covered with a delicate broodery of lichens, each edged with a silver rim of frost. But Pete's cheek was so cold that the frost-fringes were unmelting.

He closed his eyes, weighted with the touch of the cold. He could hear the sound of the Christmas hymns swelling in his ears, clear and sweet. But he could not find the church in the wilderness.

He opened his eyes and looked up the straight stem of the young pine. He could see a broad square of lilac-coloured sky, in which a star shone like a silver lamp. He clasped the tree with his arms. "Tell me where to find the big pines," he implored. His cold lips made no movement, yet he thought he spoke aloud.

"Tell me where the church is," he prayed, his cheek against the hard bark. His tears ran and

thickened on the exquisite edges of frost into diamond drops. But not even a breath of wind stirred the stiff branches above him into the semblance of an answer.

"Must I go on?" Pete sobbed. The frost had touched him sharply, so that he was beyond the feeling of fear now that fear might have come. He only longed to find the church, that he might kneel and listen to the singing and the wings that woke the echoes of the dim roof, and so be at rest.

"I must go on," said Pete. He turned away from the young tree, and stumbled down the ledges of the rocks. He wondered why his feet should be so clumsy, and his eyes so heavy with sleep. Soft singing seemed to pass him on the air, and he knew it must come from the church. "Where is it? Where is it?" he cried, and ran on blindly into the tender, treacherous young night.

Waves of darkness seemed to swell and recede before his eyes, and there was a roaring as of a flooded river in his ears. Words and voices seemed to mingle in the music that threaded his bewildered senses like a silver string, yet he could not hear what those words were.

He stumbled on for a long time, and at last fell heavily on the hard snow. He thought that he raised himself to his knees, and looked about, with the black waves ebbing from his sight. And he knew that he was among the great pines at last.

Their solemn shafts uplifted before and behind.

It was as if they had arisen from the ground to answer his longing. The snow stretched away, level and shining, an ivory floor among their dark pillars. Upon their crests rested a tiny pattern of pale sky, strung across with stars. The great lower branches drooped beneath their snows, and in the upper branches the echo of the sea moved eternally.

There was no building to be seen; but Pete was suddenly content. He knew, beyond any doubt, that the church in the wilderness was above him and around him and on every side.

"That is what the wolf and the doe and the little trees tried to tell me," thought Pete.

The pines seemed to uplift themselves higher and higher above him, and now the deep music rolled and murmured in their vast branches with the murmuring of the unseen sea. But now the words came clearly to his hearing, and he thought he stood up and joined in the strong singing as he had in that other church in the wilderness—that church builded by hands.

"O ye winds of God, bless ye the Lord," sang the great voices, "praise Him and magnify Him for ever."

"O ye dews and frosts, bless ye the Lord, praise Him and magnify Him for ever."

"O ye ice and snow, bless ye the Lord, praise Him and magnify Him for ever."

The little stars inset above him opened and glowed like beautiful blossoms, sending down many-col-

oured rays of light that crossed and interlaced together, until the ivory floor was all stained and dyed with splendour. And the branches lifted and rocked as the great waves of music passed.

Then Pete looked up, and saw a great angel standing beside him: an angel whose wings glittered like ice, and whose feet shone upon the snow. His eyes were blue and very still, and in his hand he carried a branch hung heavily with golden fruit. He looked at Pete very gently.

"Who are you?" asked Pete.

"I am the angel of the north wind," he said, "and I am sent to take you away from this church in the wilderness."

"Is the service over?" asked Pete.

"This service is never over," answered the angel, "but I am sent to take you away. Sometimes I bring to men sorrow and suffering, wreck, and fear; but to you I bring good tidings and publish peace."

He laid the branch against Pete's mouth, and the scent of the golden fruit was sweeter than apples.

"I am ready to go with you," said Pete, "but I have not said the little prayer that comes at the end of the service."

"There is no need," answered the angel.

So Pete held out his arms. And the great wind-angel lifted him higher than all prayer. And the former things passed away.

But the wonder and the dream endured for ever.

THE UNFORGOTTEN ONE

Wherein Memory and a Green Christmas make a Story for the Imaginative

By L. M. MONTGOMERY

IT was Christmas Eve, but there was no frost, or snow, or sparkle. It was a green Christmas, and the night was mild and dim, with hazy starlight. A little wind was laughing freakishly among the firs around Ingleside, and rustling among the sere grasses along the garden walks. It was more like a night in early spring than in December; but it was Christmas Eve, and there was a light in every window of Ingleside, the glow breaking out through the whispering darkness like a flame-red blossom swung against the background of the evergreens; for the children were coming home for the Christmas reunion, as they always came—Fritz and Margaret and Laddie and Nora, and Robert's two boys in the place of Robert, who had died fourteen years before—and the old house must put forth its best of light and good cheer to welcome them.

Doctor Fritz and his brood were the last to arrive, driving up to the hall door amid a chorus of welcoming barks from the old dogs, and a hail of merry calls from the group in the open doorway. "We're all here now," said the little mother, as she put her arms about the neck of her stalwart first-born and kissed his bearded face. There were handshakings and greetings and laughter. Only Nanny, far back in the shadows of the firelit hall, swallowed a resentful sob, and wiped two bitter tears from her eyes with her little red hand.

"We're not all here," she murmured under her breath. "Miss Avis isn't here. Oh, how can they be so glad? How can they have forgotten?"

But nobody heard or heeded Nanny—she was only the little orphan "help" girl at Ingleside. They were all very kind to her and very fond of her, but at the times of family reunion Nanny was unconsciously counted out. There was no bond of blood to unite her to them, and she was left on the fringe of things. Nanny never resented this; it was all a matter of course to her; but on this Christmas Eve her heart was broken because she thought that nobody remembered Miss Avis.

After supper they gathered around the open fireplace of the hall, hung with its berries and evergreens in honour of the morrow. It was their unwritten law to form a fireside circle on Christmas Eve, and tell each other what the year had brought them, of good and ill, sorrow and joy. The circle was smaller by one than it had been the year before, but none spoke of that. There was a smile on every face and happiness in every voice.

The father and mother sat in the centre, grey-haired and placid, their fine old faces written over with the history of gracious lives. Beside the mother, Dr. Fritz sat like a boy, on the floor, with his massive head, grey as his father's, on her lap, and one of his smooth, muscular hands, that were

as tender as a woman's at the operating table, clasped in hers. Next to him sat sweet Nora, the twenty-year-old "baby" who taught in a city school; the rosy firelight gleamed lovingly over her girlish beauty of burnished brown hair, dreamy blue eyes, and soft, virginal curves of cheek and throat. Dr. Fritz's spare arm was about her, but Nora's own hands were clasped over her knee, and on one of them sparkled a diamond that had not been there at the last Christmas reunion. Laddie, who figured as Archibald only in the family Bible, sat close to the ingle-nook—a handsome young fellow with a daring brow and rollicking eyes. On the other side sat Margaret, hand in hand with her father, a woman whose gracious sweetness of nature enveloped her as a garment; and Robert's two laughing boys filled up the circle, looking so much alike that it was hard to say which was Cecil and which was Sid.

Margaret's husband and Fritz's wife were playing games with the children in the parlour whence screams of merriment drifted out into the hall. Nanny might have been with them had she chosen, but she preferred to sit alone in the darkest corner of the hall and gaze with jealous, unhappy eyes at the mirthful group about the fire, listening to their story and jest and laughter with unavailing protest in her heart. Oh, how could they have forgotten so soon? It was not yet a full year since Miss Avis had gone. Last Christmas Eve she had sat there, a sweet and saintly presence in the ingle nook, more, so it had almost seemed, the centre of the home circle than the father and mother; and now the December stars were shining over her grave, and not one of that heedless group remembered her; not once was her name spoken; even her old dog had forgotten her—he sat with his nose in Margaret's lap, blinking at the fire in drowsy, aged contentment.

"Oh, I can't bear it," whispered Nanny, under cover of the hearty laughter that greeted a story Dr. Fritz had been telling. She slipped out into the kitchen, put on her hood and cloak, and took from a box under the table a little wreath of holly. She had made it from the bits left over from the decorations. Miss Avis had loved holly; Miss Avis had loved every green growing thing.

As Nanny opened the kitchen door something cold touched her hand, and there stood the old dog, wagging his tail and looking up at her with wistful eyes, as if pleading to be taken, too.

"So you do remember her, Gypsy?" said Nanny, patting his head. "Come along, then. We'll go together."

They slipped out into the night. It was quite dark, but it was not far to the graveyard—just out

through the evergreens and along a field by-path and across the road. The old church was there, with its square tower and the white stones gleaming all around it. Nanny went straight to a shadowy corner and knelt on the sere grasses, while she placed her holly wreath on Miss Avis' grave. The tears in her eyes brimmed over.

"Oh, Miss Avis, Miss Avis," she sobbed, "I miss you so—I miss you so. It can't ever seem like Christmas to me without you. You were always so sweet and kind to me. There ain't a day passes but I think of you and all the things you used to say to me; and I try to be good like you'd want me to be. But I hate them for forgetting you—yes, I do. I'll never forget you, darling Miss Avis! I'd rather be here alone with you in the dark than back there with them."

Nanny sat down by the grave. The old dog lay down by her side with his forepaws on the turf and his eyes fixed on the tall white marble shaft. It was too dark for Nanny to read the inscription but she knew every word of it: "In loving remembrance of Avis Maywood, who fell asleep on January twentieth, nineteen hundred and two, aged forty-five." And underneath the lines of her own choosing—

"Say not good-night, but in some brighter clime Bid me good-morning."

But they had forgotten her—oh, they had forgotten her already!

When half an hour had passed Nanny was startled by approaching footsteps. Not wishing to be seen, she crept softly behind the headstone into the shadow of the willow on the further side, and the old dog followed. Dr. Fritz, coming to the grave, thought himself alone with the dead. He knelt down by the headstone and pressed his face against it.

"Avis," he said gently, "dear Avis, I have come to visit your grave to-night because you seem nearer to me here than elsewhere. And I want to talk to you, as I have always talked to you every Christmas since we were children together. I have missed you so to-night, dear friend and sympathiser—no words can tell how I have missed you—your welcoming handclasp and your sweet face in the firelight shadows. I could not bear to speak your name, the aching sense of loss was so bitter. Amid all the Christmas mirth and good fellowship I felt the sorrow of your vacant chair. Avis, I wanted to tell you what the year had brought me. My theory has been proved; it has made me a famous man. Last Christmas, Avis, I told you of it, and you listened and understood and believed in it. Dear Avis, once again I thank you for all you have

CONTINUED ON PAGE 23.

THE DEMI-TASSE

WHEN PATERSON WAS SURPRISED.

IT was long ago—'way back in the Seventies somewhere—when the gentleman, to be known later as Hon. William Paterson, was going up and down Brant County, Ontario, opposing Sir Francis Hincks and exposing the wicked ways of the Tories. Mr. Paterson, even then, possessed the deep and impressive tones which later induced a Toronto editor to suggest that he should be member for Thunder Bay, and his speeches had a profound effect on all who were disposed towards conviction.

There was in the Paterson party a young man whose memory was as remarkable as the voice of "Honest William," and who treasured every anecdote and argument which fell from the latter's lips. It was near the close of the campaign, and there came a meeting when the man with the wonderful memory was to speak first. The opening sentence sounded vaguely familiar to those on the platform, and, as the speaker progressed, dismay fell upon the small group on the platform, although the audience was applauding wildly. Mr. Paterson was looking agitated and worried as he vainly tried to lay hold of the speaker's flying coat-tails. The address came to a close and the worthy Paterson arose, to find himself incoherent and confused, though he finally recovered himself and roared at Tory villainies in magnificent style.

After the meeting there was a brief and bitter dialogue between the first and the second speaker of the evening, while the rest of the campaigners hardly knew whether to admire or execrate the man who had learned Billy Paterson's speech by heart and had anticipated the great man, word for word.

* * *

HEROIC TREATMENT.

MRS. JOHN CUMBERLAND, of Brampton, who delivered an address on "The Day's Work," at the recent Women's Institute Convention in Guelph, expressed her mild impatience with those people who declare that sickness is not an actual complaint.

"I met a woman one day, who told me that she had the grip. When I asked what she was doing for it, she informed me that she had done a day's washing and was 'working' it off. She didn't believe in going to bed or taking care of herself. She asked me what I thought of her treatment of grip.

"Well, that's just the way I act when I think I have the grip. When I know I have it, I go to bed."

"She kept on, working off the grip," continued the speaker, "and, the first thing she knew, she was dead and I was at the funeral."

* * *

HARD TO SUIT.

"THAT editor is certainly getting hard to suit," the author remarked in a discouraged voice, gazing sadly at a heavy envelope upon his table.

"What is the matter?" asked the cheerful friend, who gets a regular salary.

"Oh, he returns this story with the comment that it is too bald. Last week he wrote that he didn't care for stories of the hair-raising kind. What can you do with a man like that?" — *Lippincott's Magazine.*

* * *

NEWSLETS.

A CORRESPONDENT in British Columbia has just sent us the alarming news that Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper is the first man to be killed by the Canadian Northern Railway in British Columbia. Sir Charlie has been playing in hard luck ever since 1896.

Dr. Frederic A. Cook, the nice, kind man who fed gumdrops to the poor Eskimo, refused to lecture in Canada, it is alleged, unless he received four thousand dollars a night. The managers who objected to this lofty figure took one look at the morning papers on December 9th and went out and shook hands with themselves.

Candidate Hocken of Toronto is so taken up with his latest scheme that he is suffering from an affection of the bronchial tubes.

An ardent advocate of woman's rights declares that a woman ought to get a man's wages. She usually does.

Mrs. Pankhurst has returned to England, and the politicians in that country are simply green with

envy, because she is saying just the nicest things you ever heard about Mayor Oliver, Inspector Hughes and Mr. Bell-Smith. Even Mr. Castell Hopkins comes in for a good word, since that redoubtable Conservative almost gave in and listened like a lamb to arguments in favour of the feminine vote. Mr. Winston Churchill hearkens with a bitter sneer and says of the Canadian man: "Colonials aren't so much."

Hon. A. B. Morine is doubtful of the Government's naval policy. That is because he isn't the Marine Minister.

* * *

A WELCOME MESSAGE.

A YOUNG student named Jordan repeatedly failed to pass a certain examination, so, after a bit, he made up his mind that the next "sitting" would be his last. Accordingly he tried, and when it was over he went to the seashore, being unable to bear the suspense of a month's wait till the results were known. Before leaving he asked a friend to wire to him if successful, and in four weeks he received the following telegram: "Hymn No. 159, verse 5, last two lines." On looking up the hymn book he found: "Sorrow vanquished, labour ended, Jordan passed."

* * *

HIS FAITH SHAKEN.

IN a village near Toronto there is a church which finds politics an inconvenient entanglement in some of its meetings, as the prominent members are partisans, with a fervour which comes to its height in small communities only. Even the sexton has violent views, and, being an ardent Tory, refuses to give that attention to the Grit pews, which he bestows on those occupied by the politically orthodox.

October twenty-sixth, 1908, was a black Monday for Smithers, the sexton, and the pastor of the church almost dreaded to meet the disappointed brother. However, on the Wednesday night, following the day when Sir Wilfrid was elected once more to the Seat of the Mightiest, just before the prayer-meeting hour, the minister discovered Smithers lurking in the back of the room.

"Well, Brother Smithers, you needn't look so downhearted," said his spiritual adviser jovially. "Providence is going to take care of us all, you know."

Smithers shook his head, as if there were no hope for Canada in his heart. "Maybe, sir, maybe. But the way things are goin' is enough to make any man doubt if there's a Providence at all."

* * *

HEART TROUBLE.

"I DON'T like your heart action," the doctor said, applying the stethoscope again. "You have had some trouble with angina pectoris."

"You're partly right, doctor," said the young man sheepishly; "only that ain't her name."

* * *

SIMILAR WEAPONS.

WHILE a well-known Canadian evangelist was on his tour of the Maritime Provinces, some few years ago, he happened, one Sunday, to be conducting the Bible class of a certain church in one of the smaller towns.

The lesson for the day was taken from the fifteenth chapter of Judges; and at its close, having a few moments to spare, the teachers remarked that any member of the class who wished to ask a question might do so, and he would answer as best he could.

First one and then another of the scholars took

advantage of the opportunity afforded. Finally one young fellow (who, doubtless, was the proud possessor of a copy of Paine's "Age of Reason") intimated that he considered the fifteenth verse of the lesson rather far-fetched, setting forth, as it did, that Samson slew one thousand men, armed with nothing save the jaw-bone of an ass. "Why, it's simply preposterous!" he declared.

"My dear young man," responded the evangelist, "Samson's feat was a mere trifle compared with your aspirations: you are endeavouring, at this moment, to overthrow the Holy Writ, armed with a much smaller jaw-bone of the same animal."

* * *

DETERMINED TO BE CHEERFUL.

"It looks like rain," remarked the stony-visaged boarding-house proprietress as she set before the timid young boarder his morning beverage.

"Yes, but it smells a little like coffee," hopefully replied that long suffering individual.

* * *

WELSH BY EXTRACTION.

THERE is a good story told of the days when Lord Halsbury was a barrister. He was arguing a case on behalf of a Welshman, and showed great knowledge of the principality and people.

"Come, come," said the judge at last, "you know you cannot make yourself out to be a Welshman."

"Perhaps not," replied the barrister, "but I have made a great deal of money out of Welshmen."

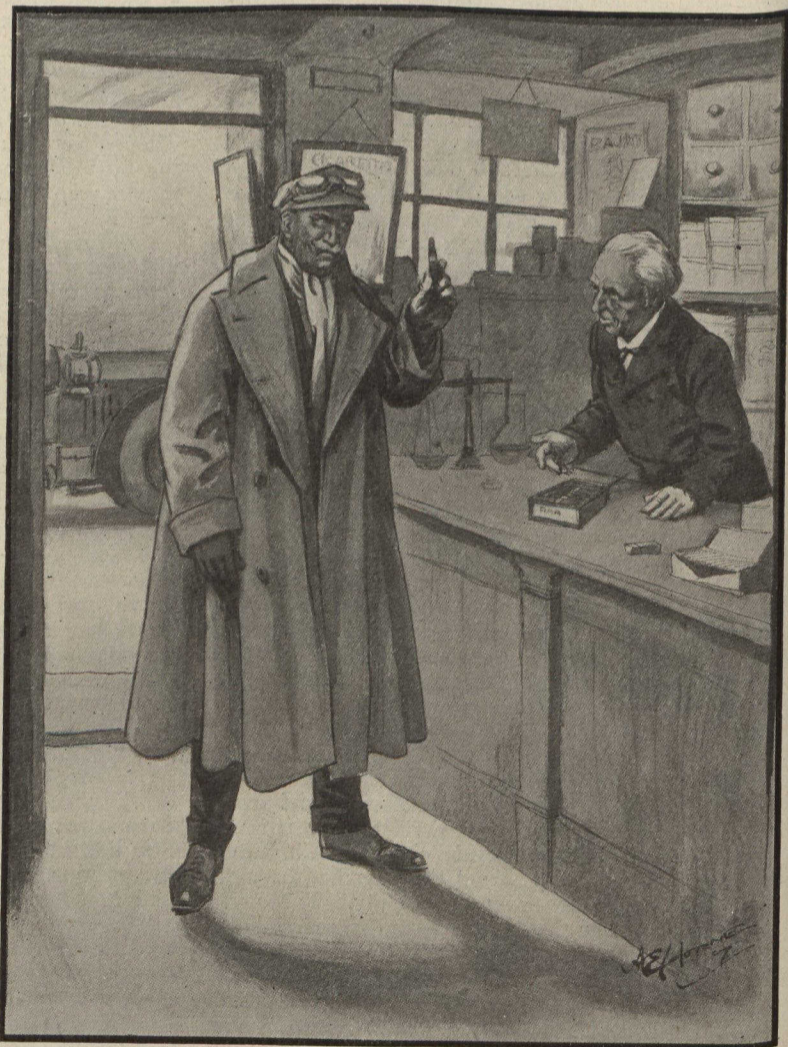
"Well, then," replied the judge, "suppose we call you a Welshman by extraction." — *M. A. P.*

* * *

ONE HE MISSED.

DURING the past year many strangers have gone to that fast growing city of the north—Port Arthur—looking around for desirable places in which to start up business. Such a one, after receiving optimistic reports from one of Port Arthur's citizens about the future prospects of the city, finally asked who owned the store occupied by Archie McGillis. He was told that Mr. D. F. Burk was the owner. The prospective purchaser of property, after getting the same answer to many of his questions about the ownership of Port Arthur properties, somewhat impatiently asked who owned the Baptist church. The citizen, who is only a type of all of Port Arthur's citizens in courtesy and hospitality to strangers, replied in a Christian-like manner that God owned the Baptist church. "You don't say so," said the stranger. "How did God manage to get the Baptist church from your Mr. D. F. Burk?"

FLOR DE GLESCA



Tourist (in Western Argyll)—"Are these Manila or Havana cigars, my man?" Sandy—"I couldna tell ye, but I ken, sure as death, they cam' a' the way fra Glesca the forenoon." — *Bystander.*

FOR THE CHILDREN

The Judge Decides



1—"Umph! the defendant I presume?"



2—"Is the defendant aware of the fact that he is upon his oath?"



3—"Ah! So this is the little plaintiff!"



4—"Do I understand you absolutely refuse this sweet young lady in marriage?"



5—"Possibly the plaintiff would like a seat on the bench!"



6—"Then I shall marry the plaintiff myself!"

Photographs by Ernest Elliot Stock, London, Eng.

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What We Did Last Year

The Hospital did great work in 1909—True there was a shortage in patients—but nevertheless results were most satisfactory—The total number of inpatients was 1155, and of these 722 were from Toronto and 383 from the country.

508 or 44 per cent. were cured, 260 or 22 per cent. improved, 90 or 8 per cent. were unimproved, and 16 or 14 per cent. died—and 87 per cent.

of the 168 were really without any chance of life on admission—The large percentage of deaths was in children under a year—suffering from diarrhoea, intestinal indigestion and pneumonia.

The Hospital Entreats You to Take \$ \$ \$ Out of Your Pocket and Put Health into the Lives of Little Children and Hope into the Hearts of their Mothers.

Can You Spare a Dollar?

Please remit to J. Ross Robertson, chairman, or Douglas Davidson, Sec.-Treas., Hospital for Sick Children, College St., Toronto.

People and Places

ART AND THE RAILWAY.

THE greatest living English painter has completed a series of friezes for the Grand Trunk Railway offices in London, England. Mr. Frank Brangwyn, A.R.A., is perhaps the greatest figure-painter in the world, as well as one of the few great masters of colour. His commission from the Grand Trunk railway system is one more evidence of the fact that genius is hand in hand with commerce in an industrial age. We have the same thing in Canada on a somewhat smaller scale. A month or so ago Mr. W. S. Challener, whose studio is at Conestogo, Ont., erected two large historic friezes for the Canadian Pacific railway in the Royal Alexandra Hotel at Winnipeg; besides having done several panels for the steamship companies of the great lakes and being at present engaged on a series for the Bank of Commerce in Montreal. The same artist's work on theatre prosceniums and other hotel rotundas is as well known in Canada as are the panels of Maxfield Parrish in a certain hotel in New York. It is always difficult to draw the line between direct commercial work and what might be called "art for art's sake." No bigger work has perhaps ever been done in England than Brangwyn's friezes for the new Grand Trunk office built by Sir Aston Webb, the most distinguished British architect. The friezes are superb historic groups representative of the conquest of Canada by commerce and the railway. They will be seen by more people than as though they had been done for an art gallery; by perhaps as many people as have seen the frescoes of Raphael in the churches of Italy. A railway company which does things of such magnitude is doing a great work in the esthetic development of the people. Such work costs a great deal of money; but it is counted a good investment by a corporation which has to deal so intimately with the public as a great railway. Now if more of the railways of Canada would begin to employ Canadian artists in Canada in a similar way we should begin to have the beginning of real public appreciation of Canadian art.

THE GLASGOW OF CANADA. MAYOR GEORGE WASHINGTON STEPHENS of Montreal has been dipping into the future of St. John, N. B. He was down in the New Brunswick town the other day taking a look at the harbour. Nothing interests him more than bustling docks and the smell of the sea. Probably Major Stephens knows more about ports than any other business man in Canada. As chairman of the Montreal Harbour Commission, he has helped put Canada's metropolis among the greater centres of the world for the going and coming of ships. St. John, further east, Major Stephens thinks, could be raised to eminence as the Glasgow of Canada. The evolution of St. John would come easily. Nature has done a lot of the work of qualifying the harbour. A city council with business ability and push should take hold and finish the job. There is some dredging to be done at the channel entrance; if the mud was dug out there, any of the leviathans could ride into St. John without caring a snap about the time of the tide. Their captains could blow in, too, with the winter breezes; when the rest of Canadian tars are trying to keep warm round stoves on shore. Scotland's Glasgow, as big as Guelph, Ontario, one hundred years ago, about that time started improve-

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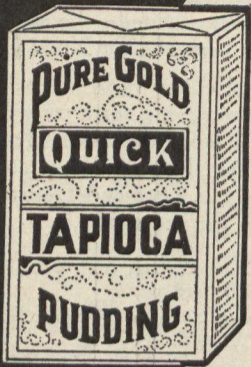
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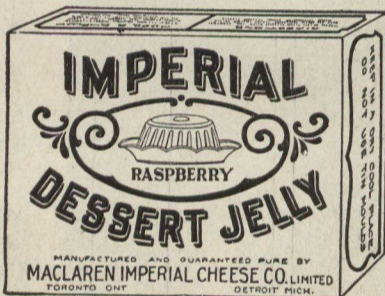
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More bread and better bread



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ESTABLISHED 1879

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

"Used while you sleep" Diphtheria, Catarrh

VAPORIZED CRESOLENE stops the paroxysms of Whooping Cough. Ever-dreaded Croup cannot exist where Cresolene is used. It acts directly on the nose and throat, making breathing easy in the case of colds; soothes the sore throat and stops the cough.

CRESOLENE is a powerful germicide, acting both as a curative and preventive in contagious diseases. It is a boon to sufferers from Asthma. CRESOLENE'S best recommendation is its 30 years of successful use. For sale by all druggists. Send Postal for Descriptive Booklet. Cresolene Antiseptic Throat Tablets for the irritated throat, of your druggist or from us, loc. in stamps.

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ments with a plough. She had her work cut out. The River Clyde, twelve to eighteen inches deep, which limped below the town for twelve miles, was not much good except for poetic inspiration. A century of the plough and the spade and mighty dredging engines has resulted in the excavation of 19,000,000 cubic yards of soil from the river bed; fifty million dollars has come out of Scotch pockets for the construction of the finest harbour in the country. Glasgow, population to-day 800,000, is the self-made commercial capital of Scotland. The great battleships of the Empire are launched from her ship-building yards. When Canada begins the construction of naval armaments, why should not the city of St. John make a bid for the trade?

THE AMERICAN INVASION.

A FEW months ago, Commissioner of Immigration J. Bruce Walker sat down and calculated that 70,000 of Uncle Sam's tillers of the soil would take up land in Western Canada during 1909. The American invasion has come with a rush. It is not likely that Mr. Walker will be disappointed. During the three months of August, September and October 13,781 shrewd farmers crossed the line—five thousand more than at the same period last year. The most of them streamed through North Portal, Saskatchewan. A few, registering at Emerson, squatted down in Manitoba. That province is not the favourite just now of the United States rurals as it used to be back a few years. The American farmers like to strike up into the virgin districts of Saskatchewan and Alberta, where they can have a chance to be real pioneers. These chaps are all a mighty good class of settlers. Many of them are well fixed financially and they are here for work. They have mapped out their plans and a system to carry them out. They have sized up the country to which they are coming before they have begun the trek over the border. Perhaps father or Bill has gone in advance one fall after threshing to Winnipeg and got literature about the sections. He has taken a run up, got a line on the best and reported to the expectant at home. The majority of homeseekers like to pack their trunks when the thermometer is high. The prolongation of the season this year is therefore a matter of congratulation to the enterprising officials who are doing Canada's advertising.

THE LONG ROAD.

THE longest single mail route in the world is well depicted in an extract on another page from the Edmonton *Bulletin's* description of the journey made by the "Postie" from Edmonton with his train of dogs for the far north. The article gives the route as two thousand miles in length, whereas Miss Agnes Laut in her new book puts it at 1854 miles. Of course Miss Laut got her information from the guide-book published by J. K. Cornwall and that is probably correct for the kind of traveling which Mr. Cornwall furnishes; a different matter however for a dog-train, which takes trails not included in any guide-book.

HE LEFT IT.
(The Toronto News.)

Mr. Harriman left property worth \$149,000,000. Special stress is laid on the fact that after all his work he LEFT it.

FIRST TO DIE.

A correspondent with more wit than good sense writes us: "Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper was the first man killed on the Canadian Northern Railway in British Columbia."



YOUR DRESS SUIT


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- ☑ The Winter Season, with its social attractions demands faultless garments and we are prepared to supply the demand.
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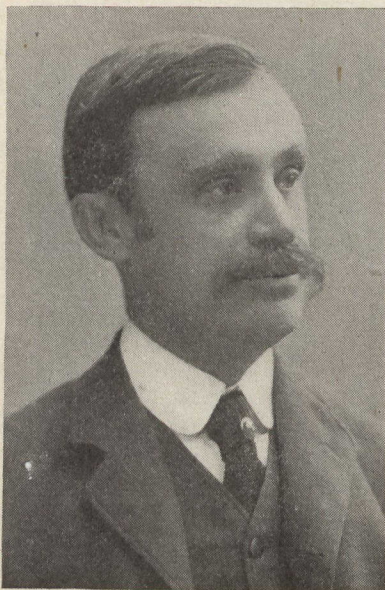
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MONEY AND MAGNATES



Mr. Rodolphe Forget.

dustrial enterprises and you have not to be very long with him before he communicates a little of his enthusiasm to you. At first sight, for instance, there would not seem to be great possibilities to be obtained from a merger in a city the size of the old ancient capital. But Mr. Forget took an entirely different view of the situation. The city of Quebec, as he took it, would within the next generation show very much greater progress than in any previous period, and he was right there with the facts that seemed to justify his taking such a view. Big projects were to be carried out in and about the city, all of which would mean a great increase in the population and therefore greater possibilities for the public utilities concerns. First of all, there was the big Quebec Bridge, which during the next few years would give a very great amount of employment and occasion a marked increase in the traffic of the electric tram companies included in the merger. Then again, there is to be the establishment of extensive dry docks that will give to the city a new and very large permanent industry. Back of the city of Quebec, other capitalists have planned for the establishment of new pulp and paper mills, while the general development of the whole northern section of the province, as already planned by the Provincial Government, will mean a steady increase in the growth of the old city. For some time past, Mr. Rodolphe Forget, who was one of the largest if not the largest interest in the Quebec Railway & Light Co., had been looking very closely into the situation, and he went quietly about securing the controlling interest in all the concerns that he desired to have included in a merger, till finally he had taken up and had given to the merger every concern that had a unit of power within hailing distance of the city of Quebec, with the result that the merger when completed would be a very complete one. In order to do so, he had to get as many as five different companies, all of which are now included in the Quebec Railway, Light, Heat & Power Co., which will be the holding company of the various concerns.

Such a large consolidation naturally meant a good deal of new capital, and at first a great many people, including prominent bankers and brokers, rather thought that Mr. Forget would have a pretty difficult time in handling the securities. As it turned out, the opposite was exactly the case. From the outset, Mr. Forget had planned to make some public issue of the securities, either in Canada or in Paris, hardly anticipating that the underwriters would insist on taking up the full amount of the securities which they had subscribed for. Of the total amount of \$8,654,600 of bonds, which were issued to pay for the various concerns and to provide working capital, it was the intention to offer \$4,200,000 for public offering, but gradually it was taken up by the underwriters in firm subscriptions till finally Mr. Forget had to announce that there would not be any public offering at all as all the securities had been disposed of by private sale.

* * *

A BOON YEAR FOR SHAREHOLDERS.

THE year 1909 has certainly been favourable for the shareholders of Canadian corporations. Canadian issues have certainly made great jumps since last dear old Santa Claus passed along through our midst. If one thing stands out more than any other, as the producer of new and greater values, it was certainly the final judgment handed down by the Privy Council early in the year which put an end to the long and bitter struggle between the Dominion Iron & Steel and Dominion Coal companies. My, what an opportunity there was for you and I and all of us to have gone in and made a fortune in those Steel issues, if we had only known. But there is no getting away from the fact that a great many Canadians did benefit by the rise. And what a rise it was! Around about the time that the decision came across from the Privy Council, Dominion Steel Common was selling around \$18 a share. \$1,800 would have purchased one hundred shares. To-day, you could be selling it at \$70 a share and you would be getting \$7,000 for your hundred shares, which cost you only \$1,800 back last February. Then, remember the great advance enjoyed by Dominion Steel preferred. The day before the judgment was handed down, it sold around 67. When word came that Steel had won, it jumped over 15 points and even then was only at the beginning of its advance, for gradually but steadily it climbed the ladder till it got up close to 140, and with the dividends that have been paid in the intervening period would now stand close to 170. And poor old Dominion Coal Common didn't do so bad considering it was on the losing side. True, that following the judgment it worked its way back close to the \$40 mark, but it did not stay there long and the lucky man who bought it around those figures has since more than doubled his money, for Coal has been above the \$95 mark, and this price has been paid to Mr. James Ross for his block of 50,000 shares.

RODOLPHE FORGET, THE CONSTRUCTIVE GENIUS.

WHEN there is any big electrical deal being carried out anywhere in the Province of Quebec, one almost naturally looks around to find Mr. Rodolphe Forget, feeling certain that he must be in it in some way or other. And so when it became evident that all the electrical power, tramway and light companies of the old city of Quebec were to be brought together into one concern, one took it for granted that the whole thing must have been arranged by Mr. Forget, and, this has turned out to be just what has happened.

At a time when Canadians are devoting quite a little attention to enterprises outside of their own country, it is decidedly refreshing to come across a man like Rodolphe Forget, who is such an enthusiastic optimist and a rampant bull on things Canadian. From every standpoint Mr. Forget sees tremendous possibilities for Canadian in-

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If you hold Bonds or Stocks, or are contemplating making an investment in either you will find our booklet "INVESTORS' REFERENCE" contains information which will increase your investment knowledge and prove of value to you. We shall be pleased to mail a copy without charge.

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Deposits. (May 31) - 40,847,804
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What many regard as the most momentous issues ever settled by the Ballot Box will be fought out in Great Britain during the next two months. To fully and accurately report the news of this great struggle The Globe has made elaborate arrangements.

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News Editor of The Globe, and a thoroughly informed Canadian, will spend the next two months in the British Isles. His letters will appear exclusively in The Globe. Mr. Lyon is peculiarly fitted for such a mission. A native of Scotland, a close student of Old Country politics, and one of the foremost journalists of the Dominion, his contributions will present vivid and luminous pen pictures of the "Battle of the Budget."

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A special feature of The Globe for the next few weeks will be a series of character sketches of British statesmen from the pen of Dr. J. A. Macdonald, Managing Editor of The Globe.

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To new subscribers (Toronto excepted) THE GLOBE will be sent by mail daily for two months for Fifty Cents. If not now a reader of THE GLOBE consult your newsdealer or remit to-day, with the attached coupon.

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

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to His Majesty the King

G. H. MUMM & CO
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A superb Brut Wine of unsurpassed style and flavor.

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



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Try "3 in 1" on pianos, tables, any furniture, all veneered and varnished surfaces. Doesn't form a crusty overcoat of grease and dirt like varnish, but sinks into the grain of the wood, removing scars and stains, bringing back the original finish. Soils nothing; helps everything; no grease; no acid; no offensive odor; all stores; big bottle; little price. Write for free bottle and new booklet. **3 IN 1 OIL CO.,** 57 Broadway, New York City.

3 in One Oil

Quips and Cranks

JUST AS YOU LIKE IT.

(Being a close adaptation of "As You Like It," Act II., Scene 5, including the famous invocation. "Duc-dame, ducdame, ducdame.")

Mr. Asquith sings:
Under St. Stephen's fane,
Who would with me remain,
Tuning his merry note
Unto old Cobden's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But Free Trade and fair weather.

Mr. Balfour sings:
Who doth all dumping shun
And loves to live i' the sun,
Growing the food he eats,
Content with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But Tariff and fine weather.

Mr. Lloyd-George sings:
Since it has come to pass
That every idle ass
Loves his own wealth and ease,
Grown rich by slow degrees
(Dukes dam'em, dukes dam'em, dukes dam'em);
He, even he,
Well tax'd shall be
An if he will come to me.

—Punch.

* * *

MR. CARNEGIE'S ESCAPE.

A CORRESPONDENT sends an amusing story which is being told about Mr. Andrew Carnegie by a Scottish minister. It appears that the famous millionaire some months ago attended a week-night service. Seeing him in the congregation, the minister, after the first hymn, remarked, "We will now be led in prayer by Mr. Carnegie." Somewhat flustered, Mr. Carnegie rose. "Let us engage, first of all," he said, "in a few minutes of silent prayer." The congregation bowed their heads and closed their eyes, and Mr. Carnegie, tiptoeing out, escaped.—M. A. P.

* * *

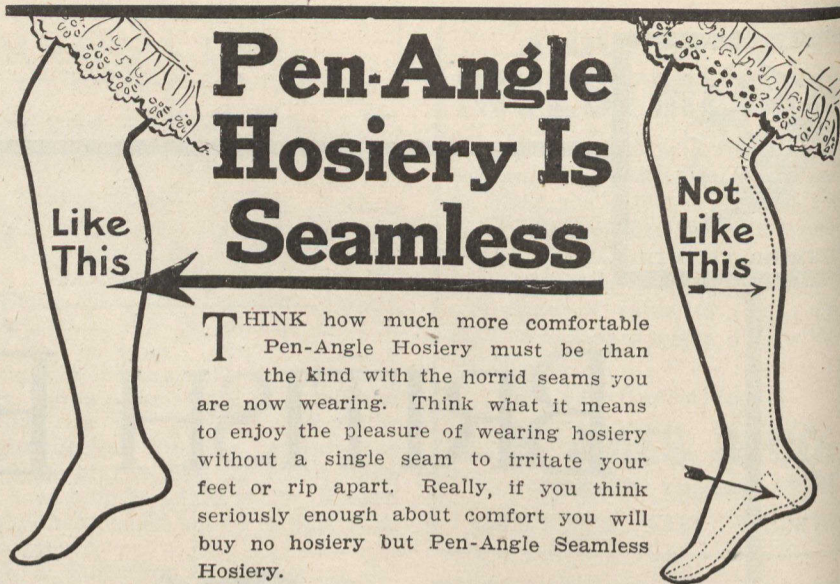
PLUTOCRAT AND POET.

GOOD old opulent John D. He would look with scorn on me; I consider I'm in luck, when I have an extra buck; buying ice or buying coal always keeps me in the hole, and when I have paid the rent I am left without a cent. Yet I'm always gay and snug, happy as a tumblebug, having still the best of times, grinding out my blame fool rhymes! Old John D., on t'other hand, frets away to beat the band; he is burdened with his care—though he isn't with his hair—and his health is going back, and his liver's out of whack, and his conscience has grown numb, and his wishbone's out of plumb, and he's trembling all the day lest a plunk may get away. Better be a cornfed bard, writing lyrics by the yard, with an appetite so gay it won't balk at prairie hay, than to have a mighty pile, and forget the way to smile!—Walt Mason.

* * *

A TEMPTING OFFER.

Cook: "And sez I, 'I think I'll find another place.'" Friend: "What did the missis say?" Cook: "She sez, 'Bedad an Oi'll give you twenty-five dollars when yez lave if yez don't go.'"



Pen-Angle Hosiery Is Seamless

THINK how much more comfortable Pen-Angle Hosiery must be than the kind with the horrid seams you are now wearing. Think what it means to enjoy the pleasure of wearing hosiery without a single seam to irritate your feet or rip apart. Really, if you think seriously enough about comfort you will buy no hosiery but Pen-Angle Seamless Hosiery.

2 Pairs Free for any pair that fails

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

Read that guarantee over again carefully, for we want to impress it indelibly upon your mind, because it is the most liberal—the fairest and squarest—hosiery guarantee given anywhere.

It proves our unlimited confidence in Pen-Angle Hosiery. We must be sure of their quality to back them up so strongly.

Exclusive Process

The reason for Pen-Angle superiority is due to the exceptional quality of the cashmere and cotton yarns we use. And because we knit them on Penmans' exclusive machines. We have the sole rights to use these machines in Canada.

They form-knit the hosiery to fit the form of the leg, ankle and foot perfectly without a single seam anywhere.

Reinforced Feet

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

You see, these wonderful machines increase the wear-resistance, and at the same time make Pen-Angle Hosiery more comfortable—your ideal hosiery. So be sure and get Pen-Angle Seamless Hosiery—the hosiery with the DOUBLE guarantee.

For Ladies

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

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

No. 1150.—Very fine Cashmere hose. Medium weight. 2-ply leg.

4-ply foot, heel and toe. Black, light and dark tan, leather, champagne, myrtle, pearl gray, oxblood, helio, cardinal. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.50; 6 pairs, \$3.00.

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

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

For Men

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

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

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

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

Instructions

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

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PEDLAR People of Oshawa
Montreal, Toronto, Halifax, St. John, Winnipeg, Vancouver

The Unforgotten One

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 15.

been to me—all you are yet. I have brought you your roses as I always did; they are as white and pure and fragrant as your life."

Other footsteps came so quickly on Dr. Fritz's retreating ones that Nanny could not rise. It was Laddie this time—gay, careless, thoughtless Laddie.

"Roses? So Fritz has been here. I have brought you lilies, Avis. O Avis, I miss you so! You were so jolly and good—you understood a fellow so well. I had to come here to-night to tell you how much I miss you. It doesn't seem half home without you. Avis, I'm trying to be a better chap—more the sort of man you'd have me be. I've given the old set the go-by. I'm trying to live up to your standard. It would be easier if you were here to help me. When I was a kid it was always easier to be good for awhile after I'd talked things over with you. I've got the best mother a fellow ever had, but you and I were such chums, weren't we, Avis? I thought I'd just break down in there to-night and put a damper on everything by crying like a baby."

Laddie wheeled around with a start; but it was only Robert's two boys, who came shyly up to the grave.

"Hello, boys," said Laddie huskily. "So you've come to see her grave, too?"

"Yes," said Cecil gravely. "We—we just had to. We couldn't go to bed without coming. Oh, isn't it lonesome without Cousin Avis?"

"She was always so good to us," said Sid.

"She used to talk to us so nice," said Cecil. "But she liked fun, too."

"Boys," said Laddie solemnly, "never forget what Cousin Avis used to say to you. Never forget that you've got to grow up into men she'd be proud of."

They went away then, the boys and their boyish uncle; and when they had gone Nora came, stealing timidly through the shadows.

"O Avis," she whispered, "I want to see you so much. I want to tell you all about it—about him. You would understand so well. He is the best and dearest lover ever a girl had. You would think so, too. O Avis, I miss you so much. There is even a little shadow on my happiness because I can't talk it over with you in the old way. O Avis, it was dreadful to sit around the fire to-night and not see you. Perhaps you were there in spirit. I love to think you were, but I wanted to see you. You were always there to come home to before, Avis dear."

Sobbing, she went away. And then came Margaret—the grave, strong Margaret.

"Dear cousin, dear to me as a sister, it seemed to me that I must come to you here to-night. I cannot tell you how much I miss your wise, clear-sighted judgment, your wholesome companionship. A little son was born to me this past year, Avis. How glad you would have been, for you knew, as none other did, the bitterness of my childless heart. How we would have delighted to talk over my baby together and teach him wisely between us! Avis, Avis, your going made a blank that can never be filled for me."

Margaret was still standing there when the old people came.

"Father! Mother! Isn't it too late and chilly for you to be here now?"

"No, Margaret, no," said the mother. "I couldn't go to my bed on Christmas Eve without coming to see Avis' grave. I brought her up from a baby—her dying mother gave her to me. She was as much my own

child as any of you. And oh, I miss her so. You only miss her when you come home, but I miss her all the time—every day and hour."

"We all miss her, mother," said the old father tremulously. "She was a good girl—Avis was a good girl. Good-night, Avis."

"Say not good-night but in some brighter clime bid her good-morning," quoted Margaret softly. "That was her own wish, you know. Let us go back now, dears."

When they had gone Nanny crept out from the shadows. It had not occurred to her that perhaps she ought not to have listened—she had been too shy to make her presence known. But her heart was full of joy.

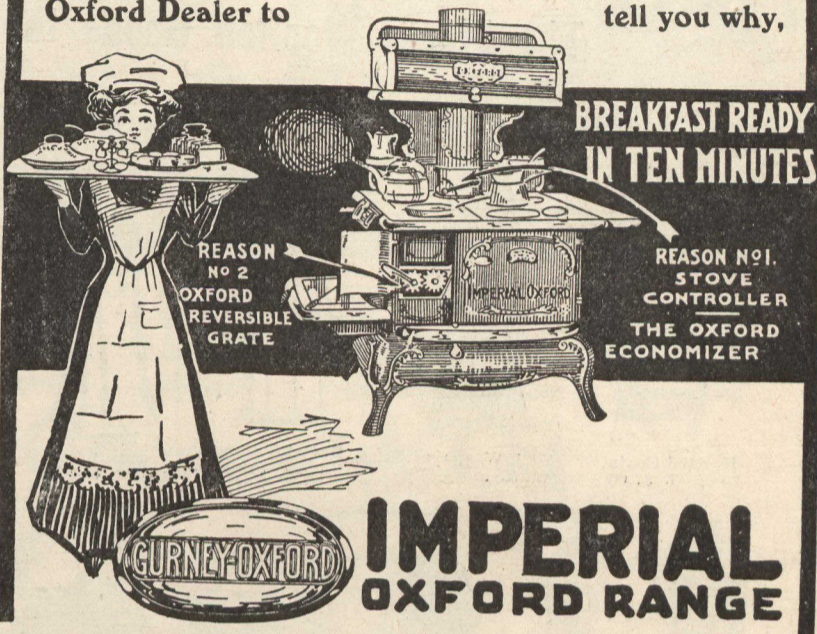
"Oh, Miss Avis, I'm so glad, I'm so glad. They haven't forgotten you after all, Miss Avis dear, not one of them. I'm sorry I was so cross at them; and I'm so glad the haven't forgotten you. I love them for it."

Then Nanny and the old dog went home together.

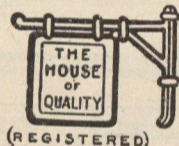
Mr. Harriman

AMERICAN finance has a wearing effect upon the mind, perhaps even upon the morals of its victims; and among these victims Mr. Harriman was perhaps the most untiring. From 1870, when at the age of 22, he managed to buy a seat on the New York Stock Exchange, till 1898, when he bought the Union Pacific, he was predominantly a stock jobber and gambler. Since then he has been also a railway magnate. He will be remembered as an extremely successful and unscrupulous manipulator of Wall Street, and as the reconstructor of bankrupt railways into a big system. There can be little doubt that he made a large fortune legitimately by really improving the lines he got hold of. There can be no doubt that he made a still larger fortune by unscrupulously using trust funds subscribed for other purposes and pledging assets, on which he had no moral claim, to subserve his own private speculations. It is for this reason that President Roosevelt stigmatised him as "an undesirable citizen"; and the admiration we feel for his mind is marred by disgust for his morals. Mr. Harriman certainly stood on an altogether different plane from that of other American financiers, who in their days have swayed the market by share-manoeuvring and price-manipulation. He had, it must be conceded to his credit, a brilliant ability in organising, directing, and building-up the railroad business. Yet it was a rude shock to many British investors when the famous Illinois Central came under his control. To the old-fashioned holder of Illinois Central shares it must have seemed like some prosperous Hooley obtaining a predominant vote in the affairs of our own Great Western or North-Eastern Railway. By such achievements his figure came to stalk so proudly upon the Wall Street platform as to obscure all lesser lights from public view. The Morgans and the Standard behind the scenes, but the hero and the stage villain of the piece were combined in the person of Mr. Harriman, and this sudden removal, after his ceaseless activity, will leave a void which leave a void which it will take several months at least to fill. The inevitable, if humiliating, law that nobody is indispensable will, of course, operate in Mr. Harriman's case as surely as in that of the meanest plate-layer on one of his companies' lines. His mantle will fall on the shoulders of smaller Harrimans, and his work will be continued or undone by understudies hitherto concealed behind the prime actor-manager.—*London Economist.*

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WINNIPEG, CALGARY, EDMONTON, VANCOUVER



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Fur and Furlined Coats for men and women in all the most desirable furs.

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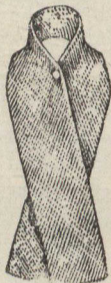
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A Progressive Farmer

MR. OLIVER J. WILCOX, a farmer of South Woodslee, near Windsor, Ont., has performed a great feat. He carried the Federal constituency of North Essex against the Laurier candidate who was chosen to succeed the Hon. R. F. Sutherland on his appointment to the Bench. The Liberal candidate was Mr. W. J. McKee, a lumberman, and he was expected to carry the riding for the Government, because of his previous legislative experience and because of the popularity of the Government. Only twice since 1882, has the constituency been represented by a Conservative, and not once since 1891. Nevertheless Mr. Wilcox did the trick and won by a majority of 75. The turnover in the Town of Windsor was 200.

Football Brutality

GREAT discussion is taking place in the United States as to the relative value of soccer football and American Rugby. The latter's brutality and dangerousness is applauded by some, and deprecated by others. The upholders of soccer have been called "mollycoddles." One of these writes as follows in a New York daily:

"I am happy to think of my 'mollycoddle' days; what glorious exercise for body and brain they afforded. Swiftly of foot, always on the run, the great flying kicks, the intricate dribbling, quick passing, artful dodging, the ball never at rest, just like the puck in hockey, and always in view. No squabbling, no substitutes and with scarcely a hurt. Contrast this with the American game with its painful succession of collisions between two struggling masses of padded humanity, the elephantine ponderosity of the movements, nothing dashing, but everything crashing, mashing and groaning, with occasional intermissions for clearing away the debris and carrying off the wounded. It may be that some battered figure will escape from the carnage; no leaden feet his—terror lest the writhing mass he has escaped from will recover, pursue, and rend him lends wings for his flight. With staring eyes, oblivious of the mailed giants ahead, he blindly rushes to his destruction, the huge grizzly has got him, a short struggle, and he is again buried in an avalanche of flesh and bones. A frequent babel of tongues in settlement of some disputed scientific myth, the essence of which is known only to the coaches and trainers, relieves the tension, thus affording the delighted spectators an opportunity of seeing the ball, which is patiently wondering what all the slaughter is about, and why it has been so innocently dragged into such an exhibition. This is the game of which 'Left Guard' says, these are 'the things which make a man's college days the happiest and best of his life.'"

THE THIEL

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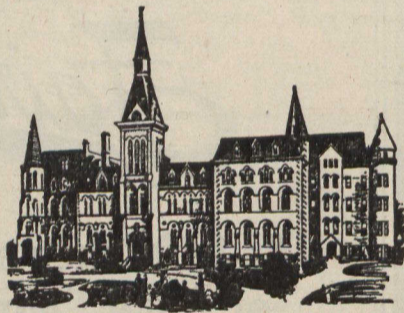
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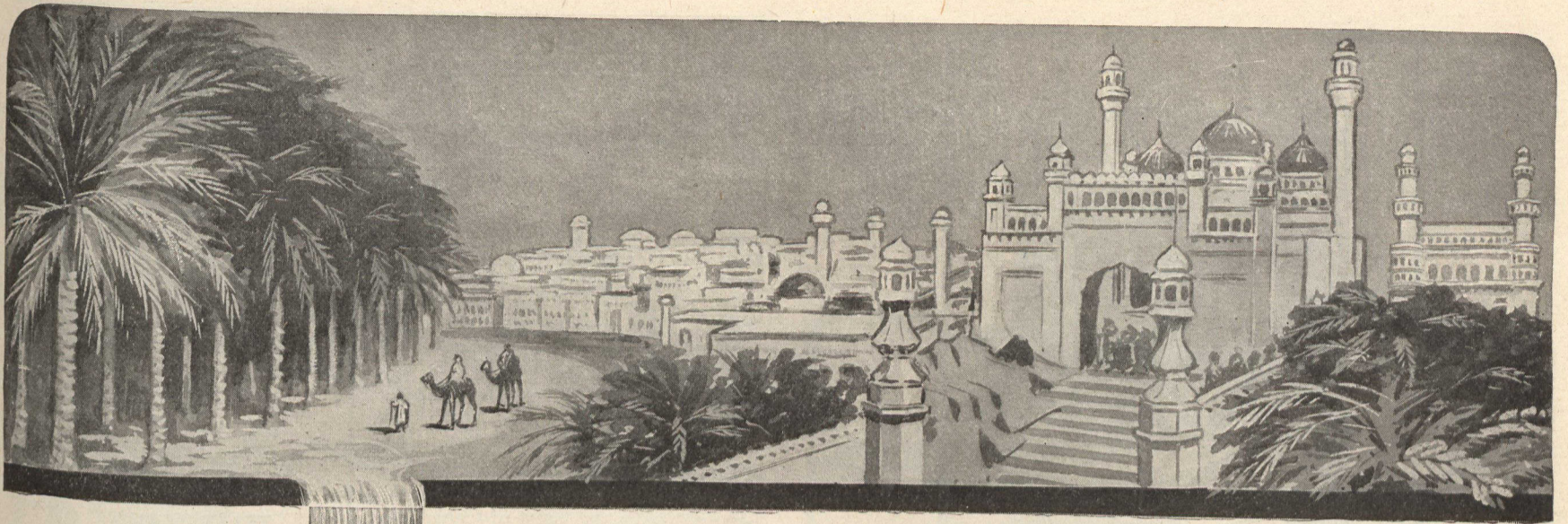
A Rush for Land

NOVEMBER just closed has been the record month of the year, for land entries at Moose Jaw. The entries have been as follows:

| | |
|----------------------|-------|
| Homesteads | 1,387 |
| Pre-emptions | 1,043 |
| Purchased homesteads | 23 |
| Scrip | 177 |

Total 2,630
This makes a grand total of 17,440 quarter-sections for the eleven months of the year.

The total entries in 1908 were 14,728 quarter-sections.



We Go to the Orient for Our Cocoanut Oil

Thousands of miles away to the famous cocoanut groves of the Orient we go for pure cocoanut oil. This is the oil which has kept the Egyptian's skin fair for centuries in spite of the tropical sun. Then we mix this oil with the purest olive oil, which we have brought from the gardens of France. Can you imagine a more delightful soap?—it lathers into a rich, creamy foam, and after washing, the skin is left as soft as velvet and as smooth as satin. Try one cake today.

Taylor's
ESTABLISHED 1865

Infants' Delight Soap

This wonderful soap is fast becoming the most popular in all Canada. Every day some thousands of women are learning of its merits. For it is unlike the ordinary soap. It is milled by our own secret process, crushed under a weight of 30 tons, passed through heavy granite rollers from which it comes out in miles of silky ribbons, and finally pressed into smooth, cream-colored cakes. Ask your dealer for a cake this very day—10c everywhere.

Persian Bouquet Perfume

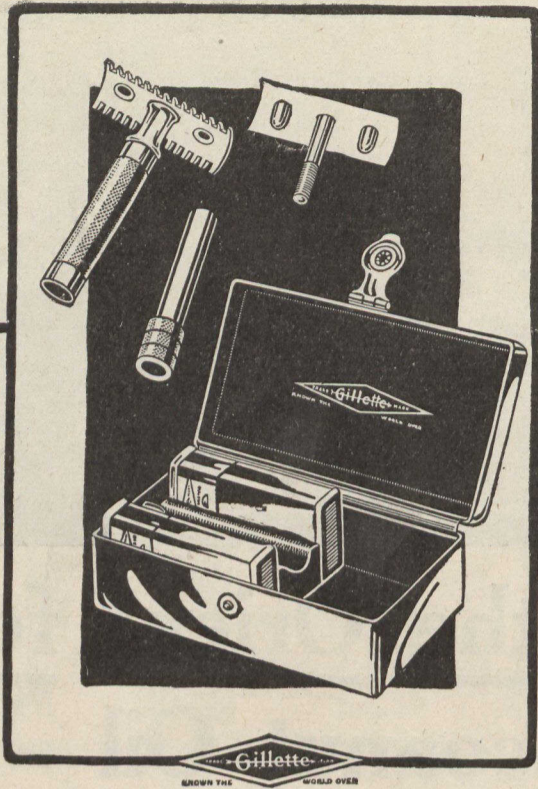
Here is something unique—it brings the dainty and fascinating breath of an Oriental garden. It is not heavy or dense, but comes with all the freshness of an exquisite bouquet—it suggests the exotic scent of mingled blossoms from some distant clime. For those who appreciate a perfume different from the ordinary we can suggest nothing more delightful. Ask for it at your druggist's—\$1.00 per ounce.

Persian Bouquet Soap

This combines all the rare goodness of our INFANTS' DELIGHT SOAP with the exquisite fragrance of the PERSIAN BOUQUET PERFUME—it is the veritable acme of perfection in soaps. Some of the perfumes used in making this soap cost over \$100 per pound but it requires over 3,000 pounds of sweet-scented leaves to make a single ounce. If you want to know what is the finest in soaps ask your dealer for PERSIAN BOUQUET. 25c a cake.

John Taylor & Co., Limited, Toronto





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No
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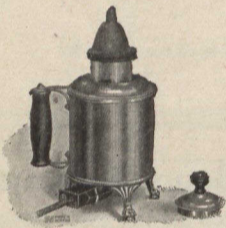
IF you are 25 years old or over, you ought to shave every morning.

Perhaps your face will not stand an ordinary razor more than twice a week. It will stand the Gillette Safety Razor every day in the year. You will agree that you never knew shaving comfort until you used the "GILLETTE"

The "Gillette"—illustrated above—is the Standard Set in the new pressed metal, nickel plated case. Complete with 12 new process blades—\$5. It is easy to find stores which can supply Gillette Razors and Blades—look for the Gillette signs.

96

The Gillette Safety Razor Co. of Canada Limited, Office and Factory, Montreal.



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A very useful electric device on exhibition at the Electric Display Shop.

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A book which appeared at an opportune moment. The History of Nova Scotia, while not as tragic as that of some other provinces of the Dominion, is as interesting as that of any. The men who played the principal parts, it is no provincial conceit to imagine, were equal, if not superior to those who played the like parts in other provinces. Every public man, every public and private library in the country should have this valuable work.

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During the month of December we are offering smart boys everywhere a chance to make Christmas money by the securing of subscribers to the COURIER. Any boy who can get up a club for the COURIER amongst his friends or neighbors will receive a handsome commission from the publishers. Here is a fine chance to make some money and at the same time introduce yourself to a profitable side line to work whilst securing an education. Clubs of COURIER subscribers for 1910. Who will be the first to write for terms.

Circulation Department, Canadian Courier, Toronto

Literary Notes

MR. ARTHUR E. MCFARLANE has just published his first novel—"Redney McGaw." Boston: Little, Brown & Co. \$1.50. Recently this story ran as a serial in the *Youth's Companion*, and was eagerly read by thousands of boys. What boy is not crazy about the circus?—every bit as much so as his big sister about the music and the lights of the stage. Mr. McFarlane takes the youngsters en tour with Redney McGaw and the "Big Show." He has caught the atmosphere of the sawdust ring with rare skill.

* * *

SNELGROVE, Ontario, has a promising author in Mr. S. A. White, who is the latest of Canadians to conquer the literary world of New York. Mr. White, for the past five or six years, has been a frequent contributor to Canadian publications, and has written much for newspaper syndicates. His short stories and verse have succeeded so well that now, at but twenty-seven years of age, he is a free lance and does work to order for the magazine editors. The December number of *Gunter's* contains a novelette by S. A. White entitled "The Foreign Correspondent," which deals with the adventures of a bright newspaper chap, Donald Keene, amid royalty at a European court. The story is executed with the freshness and vigour of a Davis or a McCutcheon.

Delightful Irish Dramas

THE Associate Players of the Margaret Eaton School of Literature and Expression, Toronto, appeared on December 10th in three playlets—"Hyacinthe Halvey" and "The Rising of the Moon," by Lady Gregory, and "Kathleen Ni Houlihan," a one-act drama by William Butler Yeats. The Celtic Revival, which has been such a marked feature in the literary movements of modern times, has affected the drama to an extent not fully realised on this continent. Mrs. Scott Raff, who is the principal of the Margaret Eaton School, deserves the thanks of the community for the production of these plays, which are excellent examples, both of the mirth and mysticism of the Celtic genius.

The so-called popular Irish play has been a travesty on the land, "with a tear and a smile in her eye." Therefore, Canadians are ready to learn of those who can interpret truly Irish life and character, with the insight of poet or playwright. The Associate Players showed a fine appreciation of the literary qualities of these dramas, and displayed also a finish in voice production which was evidence of their careful culture.

The company consisted of the following: Mrs. Scott Raff, Miss Topley Thomas, Miss Macartney, Messrs. Robert Stuart Pigott, Milton Lee, E. E. Griffith, V. C. Keachie, C. P. Spafford and W. T. McBroom.

Giving It Away

"A WOMAN just can't keep a secret," he declared, opposing a statement.

"Oh, I don't know," contradicted the fluttery lady. "I've kept my age a secret ever since I was twenty-four."

"Yes," he replied, "but one of these days you will give it away. In time you will just simply have to tell it."

"Well," she replied with confidence, "I think that when a woman has kept a secret for twenty years she comes pretty near knowing how to keep it." —*Philadelphia Public Ledger.*

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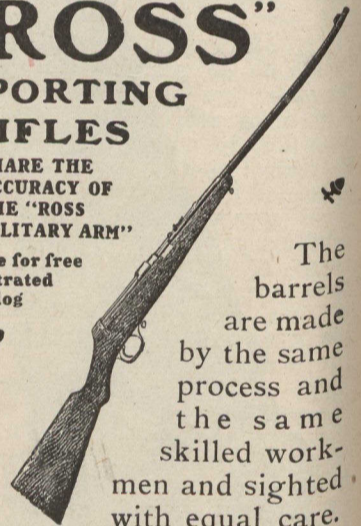
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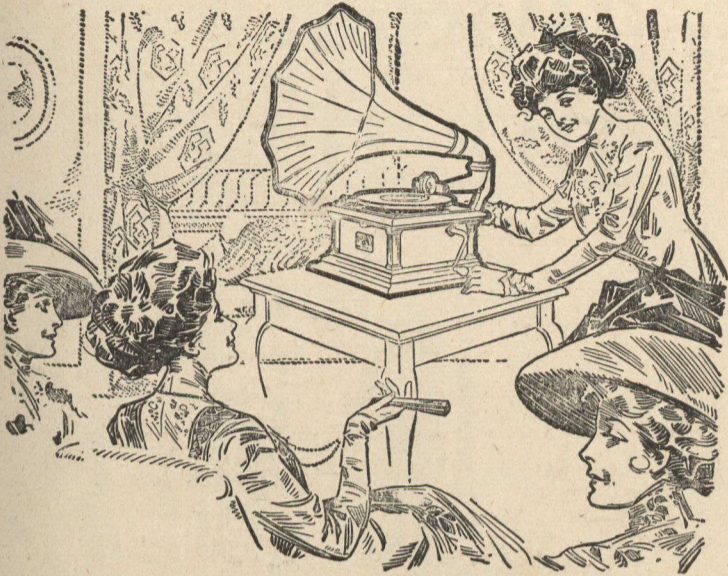
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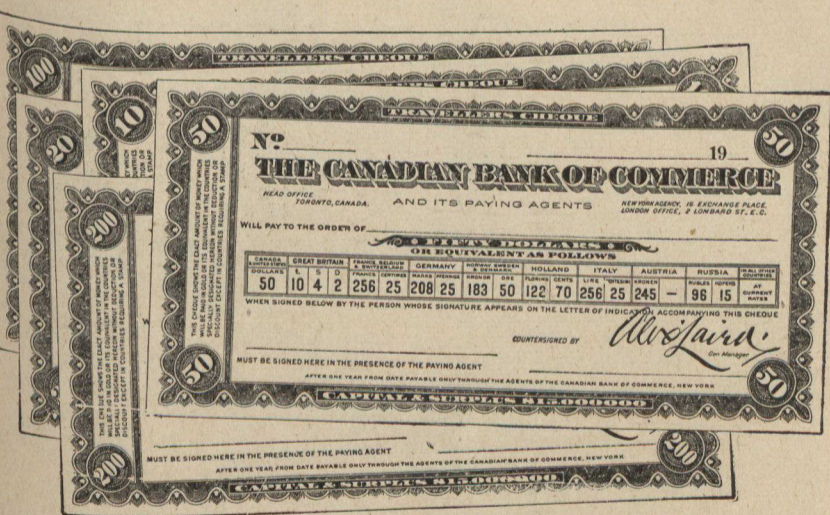
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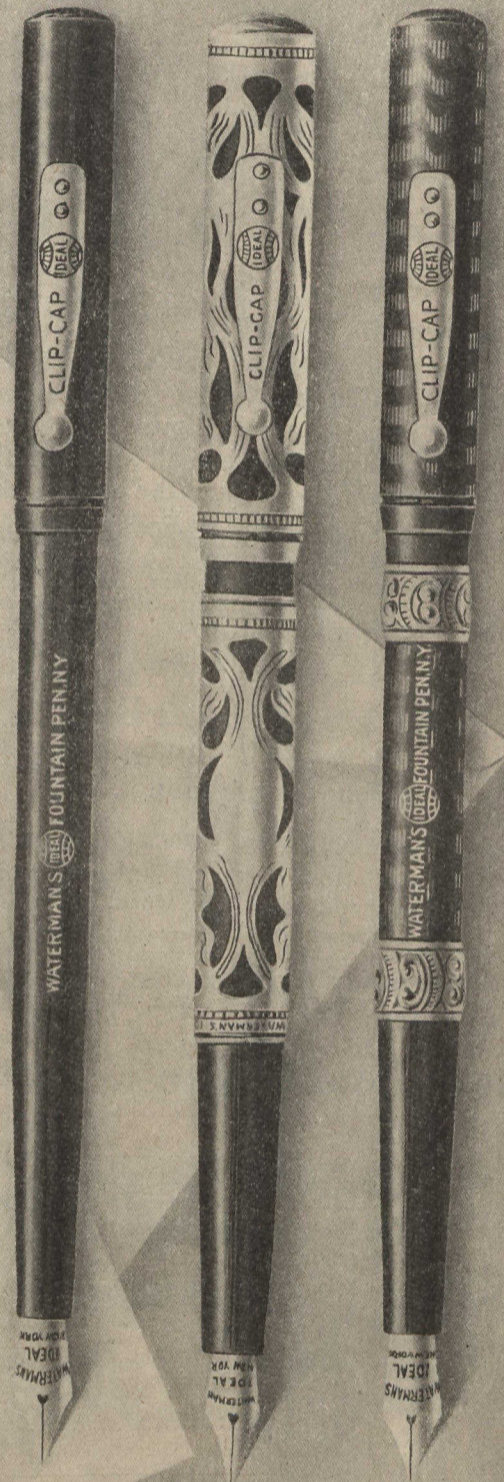
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