

# The Canadian Courier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

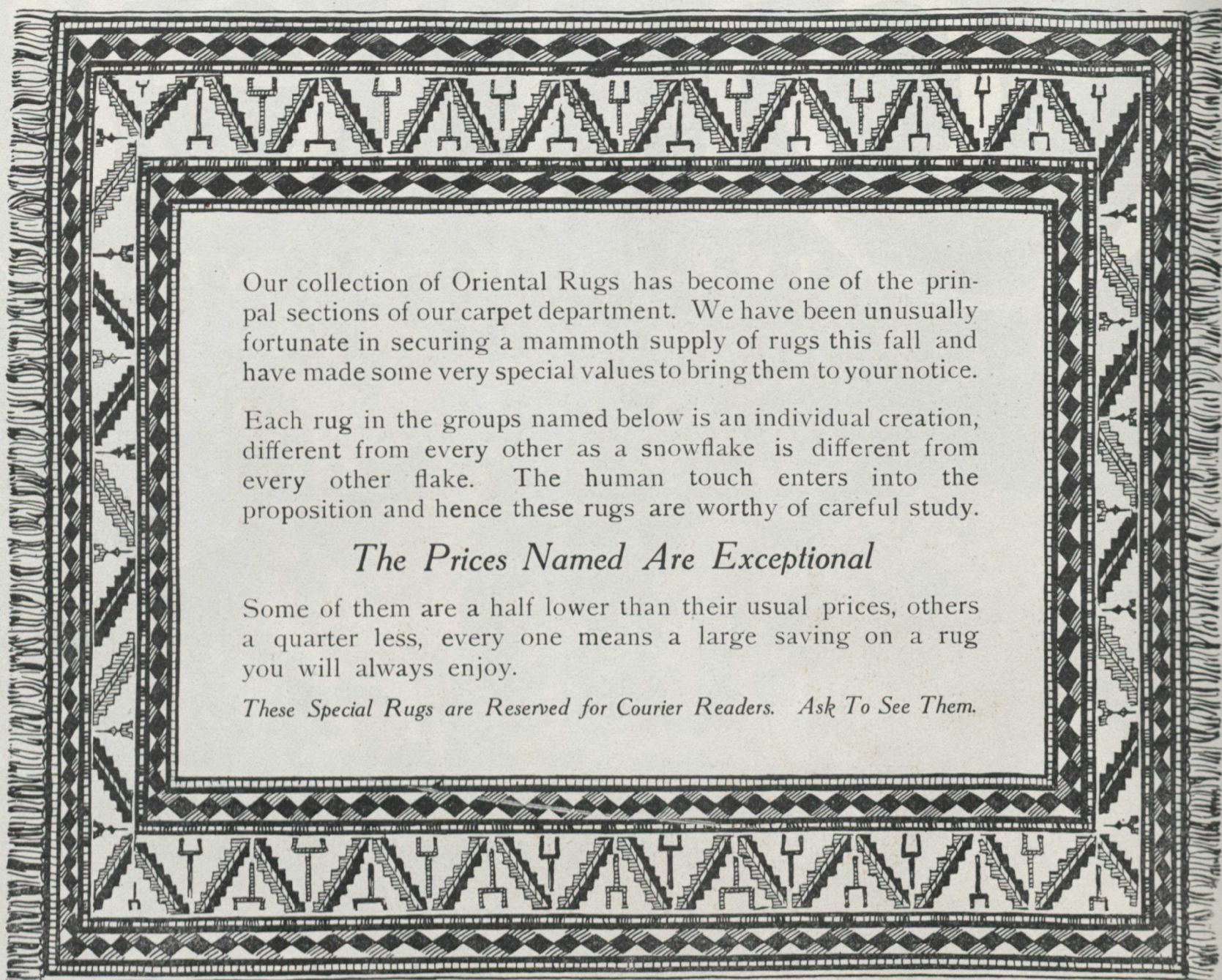


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HALLOWE'EN AND THANKSGIVING NUMBER



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# The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

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

## CONTENTS

Full-page Child Drawing by Josephine Streatfeild .....	4
The Poet's Thanksgiving, Story, by Margaret Bell .....	5
The Dancing Mania of Modern Ages, by Augustus Bridle .....	6
Men of To-day .....	7
Reflections .....	8
News Photographic Features .....	9
Why I Was Not Astonished, by T. W. King .....	10
Our National Anthems, by the Music Editor .....	11
The Mystery of the Tower, Serial, by Andrew Loring .....	13
An Experiment in Fiction, Story, by Arthur E. McFarlane .....	14
For the Children .....	16
Sign of the Maple .....	18
Demi-Tasse .....	19
People and Places .....	20
Money and Magnates .....	22

## Editor's Talk

NEVER before have Thanksgiving and Hallowe'en come on the same day. The mystery of the illuminated "punkin'" coincides admirably with the joy of "punkin'" pie. There will be such an outburst of joy next Monday, and so many pranks of nature both within and without that we shall need all the interval to get ready for Christmas.

SO we have given the children extra special attention in this number; which we shall continue to do at regular intervals according to our announcement on another page. The page of children's drawings by C. W. Jefferys will delight the soul of every child and parent on our list. The cover picture will serve as a model in Punkin'-spooking to our juveniles. The admirable child-drawing by Miss Streatfeild fits well into the Hallowe'en-Thanksgiving celebration.

OTHER features of this issue are less sportive, but not less interesting. The western article by T. W. King, is a new note in western point-of-view. The article on dancing by our music editor, illustrates a modern mania. Then there is the excellent story by Mr. Arthur E. McFarlane; which makes three we have used from this Canadian writer's pen.

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22

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THE CANADIAN COURIER  
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# BORDER-LAND BETWIXT CHILD AND WOMAN

Josephine Streatfeild  
1907.



## A BRIGHT BROWN-EYED SPECIMEN OF YOUNG CANADIAN GIRLHOOD

This youngster with the roystering look plays tennis and hockey and swims in the "gym." She is something of a clip at school, likes to rollick once in a while with the boys, and does well at exams. She likes coloured supplements, and once in a while calls her father by his first name—but not her mother. So she is not likely to become a suffragette.

Drawn by Josephine Streatfeild.





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No. 22

## THE POET'S THANKSGIVING

By MARGARET BELL



fluttered in the late October breeze. And the surface cars, which rushed along, with their monstrous rumble, or the elevated ones which sped swiftly around corners, right across from his window, he did not hear them. He ran his fingers through his long curly hair, and shrugged his shoulders impatiently. Then he turned to his desk again. Before him lay the morning mail, two ominously long envelopes he had not dared to open. His pen seemed to look up at him in ridicule, and over his paper there appeared strange, ugly faces, grimacing, hideous. The row of books in the corner seemed to stare at him accusingly. There was the volume of Horace. The old satires he used to love sneered, and opened their pages at the most stinging assaults. There was one which spoke of one's straining to rise beyond his proper sphere. That page danced mockingly before his eyes. He thought of what his father had said to him, when he left the old farm. "Some day you'll be glad to come back to the ploughin' and the chores, my boy. You'll get these high-fallutin' ideas out o' your head."

And another volume of George Herbert stood out before him, and blazed forth its accusation:

"Salute thyself; see what thy soul doth wear.  
 Dare to look in thy chest, for 'tis thine own;  
 And tumble up and down what thou findest there."

Even the volume of French lyrics and his Shakespeare stood up and hurled forth words of scorn at him.

He looked out again. The whole city seemed to be enveloped in smoke, the grimy clothes flapping from the lines, flapped louder than ever, and sent in odours to him, which made him turn from the window in disgust. Down on the street below, he could hear the fire reels rush past. They made such a clatter!

And then there arose before him the picture of a comfortable farm house. Over the stove strings and strings of apples hung drying. From the oven came the sizzling of browning turkey, and above the pudding bubbled contentedly. A rosy-faced girl passed now and then before the fire, turned the pudding ball over in the pot, and opened the oven door. Then the big kitchen was filled with deliciousness. A worn, sad-faced woman looked up from the table, where she was filling pie shells, and smiled as she caught the fragrance floating up from the oven. Then she sighed, and went on filling her pies.

Out in the barnyard a stooped man with grizzled whiskers and big red-faced young one, were unbit at the horses heels, then jumped yelping away. Roosters strutted around proudly and ducks quacked out contentment, from the tank beside the rock well. From away over the fields came the smokiness of burning stumps. The woods stood out

against the sky, in red and bronze and gold, and the cow bells tinkled from the clover field. In the clearing back of the barn, big bunches of cornstalks stood, dotted at regular intervals, as sentinels on duty. Now and then could be heard the shrill cry of the coon, and the feathery pets in the barnyard pricked up their heads and listened.

And bye and bye the pumpkins were unloaded, the horses stalled and fed. The old man and the swarthy youth went into the kitchen. The table was set, and the turkey on the platter. Two or three children had come in from the yard, and washed their faces till they shone. The rosy-faced girl was rosier than ever, and the wan face of the mother seemed slightly flushed. The big clock on the wall struck twelve, and chairs clattered on the white pine floor. The old man sat down at the head of the table, and the children scrambled noisily to their places. The turkey was set before the griz-



zled father, and the potatoes and cabbage and squash steamed fragrantly. The girl gave a last stir to the pudding sauce, and then laughingly sat down at the table. The mother had gone into the front room. She paused a moment before the organ, looking at a picture of a tall, thin boy, with long, curly hair. A tear wandered slowly down the furrowed cheek. But they were calling her from the kitchen. She quickly brushed the tear away and murmured a prayer for the boy. Then she went out to the steaming table.

The Poet's door opened sharply, and the Painter burst into the room. "Hello, old man!" he cried, slapping the Poet on the back. "I've got good luck. Sold my picture and got an order for three more. And I've found the cosiest little place for our Thanksgiving dinner. Down in the Cosette Inn. A fine little room that looks out over the garden, at the back where they serve drinks in summer. And I've ordered it. The good, old-fashioned kind; roast turkey, cranberry sauce, pumpkin pie, and all the rest. I left out all the entrees and the lip-cracking a la langue Francaises. Just a nice little dinner, with a bottle of Pommery Dry. I've got the price, right here in my heart pocket."

The Poet turned and made an impatient gesture.

His long hair hung in disorder over his forehead. He clasped and unclasped his hands nervously. Soon a half satirical smile spread over his countenance. "A great Thanksgiving it is for me, isn't it? If I had the price, I'd go home. My God! I'd be better unloading pumpkins. See those envelopes?"

The Painter whistled. "Oh, so that's what's up. Why, haven't you opened them?" He went over to the desk, and took up one of the hope-wrecking letters. A printed slip fell out. It was much the same as he had often received. The Poet stood by, sneering. "Yes, same old thing, isn't it? The editors regret—Oh, this hypocritical courtesy is what kills me. Why don't they say right out they never looked at it?"

The Painter was reading the other slip. It was a personal letter from the editor, and ran: "Dear sir, I like the spirit of your poem very much, but find it is slightly too long for our present needs. If you could shorten it by two or three stanzas, we would be pleased to publish it in an early issue."

The sneer left the poet's face. He reached for the letter. "Why, there were a couple of stanzas I did not particularly care for, but I hardly knew how to fix it up without them. Say, it's pretty near time for dinner, isn't it? Where did you say that place was? Have I time for a shave?"

Outside the sun struggled to send a few tiny rays down between the big buildings. A few sparrows hopped and chirped in the garden behind the Cosette Inn, and the Chimes from St. Marks Cathedral sounded out joyously above the rumbling cars.

### The Festive "Punkin"

THE "punkin" has never been given its merited place in the world's literature. It is the largest fruit known to North America—or to the world at large. It is a fruit for the same reason that a watermelon and a squash are fruits: grows on a vine and bears its own seed. Indeed the "punkin" is the seediest thing in the world. The seeds of one "punkin" used to be enough to plant an acre with the hoe. The "punkin" and the hoe are collaterals. More recent farming planted the "punkin" seed one side of the planter and corn the other. The old way was far better.

For the "punkin" was always the most accommodating of fruits. She never asked for a field by herself; content to grow in among the rustling, whispering corn, to crawl into festoons over the stumps and wave her vast yellow blossoms to the nubbing ears; choking out the rag weeds and the pig weeds; clambering up the corn hills—and bulging out green blobs between the rows—wherever there was room.

And nobody on the old farm ever could compute what a crop of "punkins" lay concealed in the corn field till the coon hunters got in there by night following the crazy old dog with an axe and a lantern and a hurrah; falling over "punkins" as big as washtubs—measure 'em, gentlemen! And the corn cutters found that it was so; and they cursed also—but betimes they tied the corn shocks with the vines, with little green belated "punkins" dangling down the sides.

Then came the white hoar that blackened the vines and left the corn field a promenade of "punkins"; a glimmering, rollicking glory of colour—and the boss said he could walk across the field and never get off a "punkin'."

Came the huskers and the corn haulers; came the waggon for the "punkins," loaded high and round and yellow, creaking and lurching over the furrows, up the lane to the barnyard; whence a great pyre of "punkins" in a pen, from which in the nip of the morning the lad fed the cows by heaving "punkins" over his head.



# The Dancing Mania of Modern Times

*But it is not the Modern Dancers who are Mad*

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

A FEW centuries ago Europe was visited by what was known as the dancing mania of the middle ages. This was a sort of religious revival which took the form of fits of dancing that in many cases lasted till the dancer was utterly exhausted; and in order to get some of the victims out of their giddy habits it became necessary to invent a sort of dance piece known as the "tarantelle," which in many cases because of its very unusual character, succeeded in charming the maniacs back to the ordinary motions of other people.

But that was a long while ago; and Europe has never had another such a visitation in the name of religion. Now art comes along—which it began to do a good many years ago—and we have an outbreak of dancing which has become so general all over Europe, in England, and at last in America and Canada, that the civilised world may fairly be said to have gotten another dancing mania; the great difference being that the most of the dancing is done by experts who perform on the stage for the amusement of those who have money to spend for that sort of thing. In which respect the modern dancing mania has come to resemble certain forms of drama and baseball and other diversions.

But nobody wants to charm the *premiere danseuse* out of her dancing. The more she does it—and the more madly and beautifully—the merrier. Canada got its first glimpse of classic dancing in Isadora Duncan last year, and glimpses of other less classic but more passionate *danseuses* when Genee came and the tribes of the Salomes. For it is a good while since we learned that "Little Egypt" was a discard from the pack. Last week the Russian ballet came and we have another view.

The sober Anglo-Saxon race has lost its head to the *danseuses*. Never was such a whirligig of the "poetry of motion" as set London by the ears last season. At the Alhambra and the Coliseum the fantastic-toers from Paris and Russia—and one from Canada—have turned critical attention away from the glories of serious drama or drama of almost any kind.

## The Psychological Side.

So is it becoming in New York; beginning to be so in Canada. Why? Musical comedy and comic opera, and even high-class vaudeville have been sidetracked for this the most sensuous, ultra-aesthetic—well, whatever you can't get in ordinary drama and opera. The *danseuse* does the trick. With the aid of gorgeous music and classic clothing—such as there is—she takes you out of the merely intellectual; away from the demigod sturdities of Wagnerian plots and the nerve-tiring polyphonics of modern music; into the realm where you not only hear, but see music; where physical life becomes as nearly as possible a spirituelle conception—so that you are no longer concerned as to where the outer vestments leave off and the inward personality begins. It's a good deal like seeing coloured ghosts by moonlight—with the additional advantage of having fairy music and elfish stage effects to merge the imagination and the senses and the reason in one glorious dream of harmony and rhythm and motion. However, I don't know that the exact or the inexact psychology of the thing interests many people who know they like very well to see ballet or classic dancing even when the same thing in the drawing-room would be counted "risque" and "outré," and all manner of French things that by English names would be tabooed in polite conversation.

Besides there's a subtle sort of satisfaction in talking over the thing afterwards; just to see if you can't get uncle or grandma looking uncomfortable. On the whole there's no harm done. So long as the *danseuse* has put you nearer to the incredible beauties of nature it's better than faking up a yawny interest in Wagner when you pretend you are enthusiastic and can't begin to tell why; better than going to Ibsen or problem plays of any sort; quite as wholesome as a good picture gallery, and the next best thing to fields and birds if you don't happen to have the birds and fields handy and can't half appreciate them when you have.

But of course the value of stage dancing, like that of any other art, depends largely on how well it is done. Once you have settled that, you know good from bad art in the dance you have learned something worth while; for dancing is one of the oldest of the arts, and will probably endure as long as rhythm is a gift of the human race.

Pavlova and Mikail Mordkin came heading a troupe of balletists accompanied by an alleged sec-

tion of the Metropolitan Opera House orchestra from New York. In Toronto there were packed houses and tiptoe expectation; also disappointment; or else misapprehension. Russian ballet is a new thing in Canada, and to most of us quite too baffling to comprehend in a single night. So far as could be observed, most of it was a mixture of pantomime, revel and more or less serious, even tragic drama, taking the form of legend; all set to more or less excellent music. The actual dance occupied only part of the performance. The acting was probably good.

But the Russian *ballerina* and her fellow-artist came to Canada under bad conditions. To begin with, the orchestra was a scratch; played out of tune and without spirit; an aggregation of average fourth-raters. The queen of *ballerinas* could not be expected to do herself credit to such music, even with the best of accessories and the best of programme selection. But the staging was also bad;



Napierkowska, one of the great Russian *danseuses* appearing as a Bedouin maid in an Arab ballet in Paris.



The light fantastic Kyasht, another Russian, as she danced in the Alhambra in London. She is a close friend of Pavlova.

much worse than in a third-class theatre. The stage carpentering was atrocious; at least twenty minutes between acts, and some of the "props" came down almost on top of the actors. The worst feature of all was the poor management, which thought it necessary to send along a dozen mediocrities to clog the performance. Quite likely they imagined that dance criticism was at a low ebb in America and that the more they could put on the stage the merrier. But if Pavlova and Mordkin could have given the entire evening without bothering about the indifferent ballet it would have been a performance worth while.

## Ancient and Modern.

Of course ballet is one thing and dancing another. The ballet is modern. The dancing of Isadora Duncan and Maud Allan is classic—much of it Grecian. There is all the difference in the world. The ancient is not less sensuous, but far more subdued; more interpretative of the music and less colourful; depends less upon stage accessories when everything is simplified; less upon costumes when there is a minimum of acting and little or no plot and but little pantomime. Classic dancing may be appreciated on any stage big enough. Ballet dancing demands all the machinery and atmosphere of a first-class theatre. The Russian ballet dancers begin to learn the tricks of the art when children. They are sent to the government school for dancing; for the ballet in Russia is a state affair, with its own definite traditions and stage setting and a wide range of repertoire.

It would be unfair to the wraith of the *pirouette* and the diaphonous misty robes to say that she is anything less than an absolute mistress of her art. She set London agog as not even any of the other famous Russian dancers, nor Isadora Duncan, nor Maud Allan, nor Leonora and Britta from Paris have done. But in London she had the best of everything; in Canada just about the worst—except in the matter of audience.

Some day we may be able to see Russian ballet under ideal conditions. That will be when the management who send out the ballet discover that in America we are not so crude as to demand a whole stageful of half-expert people when two would be plenty—or even one, if as good as Pavlova or Mordkin.

## Everybody's Thanksgiving

DURING recent years, the West of Canada seemed to have more reason for thanksgiving than the East, because it was in that portion of the country that development was most rapid. This year it is not the case, since the development of 1910 has been unusually uniform. Canada's Thanksgiving will thus be equal in every section—equally hearty and equally enthusiastic.

For example, it is now evident that the British and European immigration is benefiting East as well as West. There have been charges that the Immigration Department was ignoring Eastern Canada, and devoting all its attention to the West. The charges were largely true, because it was absolutely necessary that the cheap-land section of Canada should be used as the magnet. Besides, the older provinces were better able to look after themselves. Yet of the total European immigration of 94,800 people who came in during the twelve months ending March last, sixty per cent. went to the older provinces. This is a fair distribution, and the older provinces should certainly have no further ground of complaint on this score. The latest published figures on this point are for April and May, and show that during those two months, fifty per cent. of the European immigration went to Ontario and Quebec, 20,755 to Ontario and 9,470 to Quebec.

Of course the bulk of the United States immigration goes to the West. That is natural, and the East has no complaint on that score. Taking the whole immigration into Canada, forty per cent. goes to the East and sixty per cent. to the West. Indeed, it may surprise some people in the East who have not got close to the facts to discover that the East gets such a large proportion. If Ontario is not satisfied, it is a rich province, and able to establish stronger agencies in Great Britain than it has hitherto had. Indeed it is a cause for wonder that Ontario spends so little on securing additions to its agricultural population. In this fault, it has the excellent company of the Maritime Provinces.

Canada has made wonderful progress during 1910, and the outlook is most encouraging. While giving thanks for this prosperity, neither the Dominion as a whole, nor any province in particular, can afford to relax its efforts. On the contrary, every citizen should resolve that the present is but the beginning.



# MEN OF TO-DAY

PASSING GLIMPSES OF PUBLIC MEN AT HOME AND ABROAD

## OLD-MAN-JUST-ABOUT-TO-DO-IT

PEOPLE had come to think of Walter Wellman as a four-flusher, which being interpreted means a United States yellow journalist in an advertising condition. However, his trip out into the ocean with five companions and a kitten, was an airship venture which few of us would care to take. Of course, the airship or gas-bag, was chained to the water by an equilibrator and there was a lifeboat attached, but even then there was some risk. Nevertheless the country printer from Canton, Ohio, the Chicago feature writer, and promoter of daily newspaper advertising stunts might have achieved fame had he been more courageous. He tied his old gas-bag so tight to the waters of the Atlantic that he couldn't make any headway. He failed because he was not daring—as many of us have done before him, and many of us will do afterwards. He would have failed anyway, no doubt, but he might have failed more gloriously. Next!

## IS HE A PROCRASTINATOR?

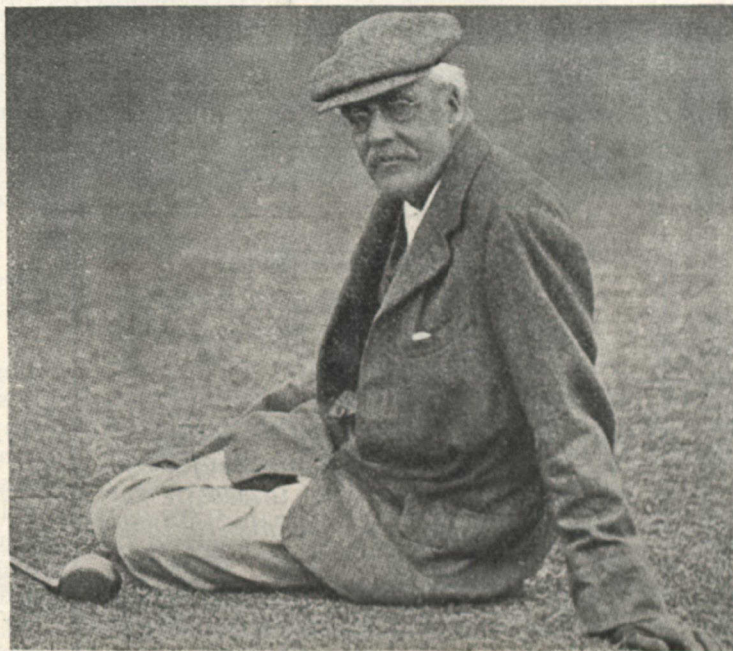
ONE of the greatest problems of the age is the Right Hon. Arthur J. Balfour. He plays golf like a dilettante and plays politics in the same way. When he was premier of Great Britain he did not seem to be worried by the cares of offices, nor anxious to retain them. He paid enough attention to his work to make him respectable in the eyes of his neighbours, but the air with which he did this was at least entertaining.

Now Mr. Balfour is leader of his Majesty's Opposition, otherwise known as the Unionist party—that is, when he is not playing golf. He retains that leadership probably because of a sense of public service, a quality more common in Britain than in America. He evidently is not enamoured of politics and statecraft; he is not an enthusiast. Moreover, while his party has been steadily drifting to tariff reform, he has been steadily putting his back against the wall. He has yielded somewhat to the tariff reform element in his party, but has never taken the one step which would land him on that side. He is leaving that question pretty much to Mr. Austen Chamberlain, his probable successor.

Curious indeed are the speeches of this Premier. Wonderfully woven of the finest literary warp and woof; delivered with the greatest ease; impressive because of their political importance—yet his speeches never set England on fire. Every person desired to read them—no one feels that any solution for any great problem has been offered. Like conduct, like speech—Mr. Balfour is the great enigma of British politics.

Mr. Balfour has the mind of an expert theologian.

His book "The Foundations of Belief," was the work of a man who had as much concern in the intellectual side of life as he had in the political. He is a Gladstonian: and for that matter so is Viscount Morley, master of literature; and so in a manner was the Marquis of Salisbury, who had a chemical laboratory at Hatfield, supremely interested in the kind of thing that made Tyndall and Huxley. These intellectual Englishmen! The university made them. Classics nurtured them. They look at politics through an eyeglass and study it



Hon. Mr. Balfour at Golf, may be thinking about Tariff Reform, and then again—

by the intellectual method. Which is one reason why Roosevelt was able to do as much plain talking as he did. Mr. Balfour has plenty of intellect; but it's hard to hitch some of it up to the plain needs of modern England.

## LOVERS OF THE "HUNTER"

HUNT Clubs which bring together men who own horses that can jump a fence, are an importation. They come from England, but they are rapidly being acclimatised. Riding to hounds is a national sport in the United Kingdom, but it may fall off in popularity when Lloyd-George gets his land taxes working properly. Riding to hounds in Canada is a novelty, as we have very few packs. We cannot afford them. Besides we have other kinds of hunting, the varieties that the Red Indian loved, and the people indulge in them to a very considerable extent. Wild ducks, prairie chicken, red deer, caribou, moose and bear are much more interesting than a captured fox, temporarily restored to freedom. Only you cannot ride a thoroughbred when you hunt *a la* Red Indian.

Earl Grey has been encouraging point-to-point hunting races. The other day a team of Ottawa gentlemen competed with a team of Toronto gentlemen over a three-mile course on the Toronto Hunt Club grounds for a cup given by His Excellency. It doesn't matter that Toronto won, but it does matter that the race was held under auspicious circumstances. Clifford Sifton, Jr., and Lord Percy did well for Ottawa, but not quite well enough.

By the way, the entrance of Hon. Clifford Sifton and Mr. Sifton, Jr., into hunting races and horse show competitions has created quite a stir. The ex-Minister of the Interior supplies the capital, and the son supplies the ability to ride, and the love of the sport. Lieut. Sifton rode at London last year, where several of the horses now in the Sifton stable were entered. These horses were from Toronto, and their success at Olympia induced Hon. Mr. Sifton to purchase them. They have gone the round of the Canadian horse shows this year with their usual success. There are some people who predict several results from the entrance of the Sifton stable into the Canadian fancy horse world, because people will gossip you know. Lieut. Sifton certainly rides well, has plenty of courage and ambition, and so far as the outsider may judge, is a

first-rate sportsman in every sense of the word.

## THE KING AND THE HUNTER

OF course, Royalty must needs patronise all these high-class sports, and King Edward never neglected fox hunting until he got too portly to shine at the game. With regard to King George, the latest issue of the London *Bystander* has this to say:

"The king's seat on a horse is rather better than most sailors whose life on the rolling wave was never conducive to steadiness, but it is not sufficiently good nevertheless, to warrant him following hounds, and Queen Mary is not, and never was, a horsewoman. King George's interest in matters of the stable is now, however, as everyone knows, very nearly as keen as his father's, and the fact that he has been shooting over dogs, and has agreed to extend his patronage to the Kennel Club, as did his father before him, has given rise to the hope that His Majesty may get together a kennel at Windsor, where Queen Victoria kept a large establishment for many years."

## A HERO PASSES AWAY

MAJOR BRUCE CARRUTHERS, of Kingston, graduate of the Royal Military College, ex-officer of the 21st Hussars (England), and hero of Harts River, passed away last week at Kingston. On March 31st, 1902, the Second Canadian Mounted Rifles were engaged in a battle with the Boers. A rear guard of twenty-one Canadians, under Lieutenant Carruthers, was surrounded, but refused to surrender. Seventeen out of the twenty-one were killed or wounded, and the rest were captured. It was an heroic episode, and did much to raise the reputation of Canadians among the British troops. Carruthers was mentioned in despatches, and Lord Kitchener spoke very highly of the conduct of him and his men.

## A CURLING HONOUR

OUT in Winnipeg they are preparing for their twenty-third annual bonspiel, which begins on February 8th. President Lyall retires after a successful term of office, and he is succeeded by Mr. Isaac Pitblado. The new president of the Manitoba Curling Association is a prominent lawyer, and a jolly good fellow in every respect. He will make an admirable host when Winnipeg throws open its hospitable doors to welcome curlers from all over the West, from St. Paul and Minneapolis, from Lindsay and Toronto, and from any other cities in the world where there are devotees of the roarin' game.

## NOVA SCOTIA'S NEW HEAD

HON. JAMES DRUMMOND MCGREGOR, the new governor of Nova Scotia, will find little difference between the atmosphere of the Senate chamber at Ottawa and that of Government House in Halifax. He is not likely to be plunged suddenly into a whirl of unaccustomed activity. Governor McGregor was born in New Glasgow, and now moves his permanent residence for the first time in seventy-two years.



Clifford Sifton, Jr., riding for the Earl Grey Cup, at Toronto Hunt Club.



Hon. Clifford Sifton and Lord Percy at last week's Point-to-Point Races in Toronto.



# REFLECTIONS

BY THE EDITOR

**T**HE battle between the manufacturers and the farmers promises to be most interesting. When the C. M. A. were in the West, they invited the farmers of the prairie to come down East and see the industrial development which was creating a growing home market. The Grain Growers' Association retorts with an excursion of its own—five hundred farmers from all over Canada to invade Ottawa in early December. These men are to bring a club with them with which it is intended to deal a blow for a lower tariff. Mr. Rowley, President of the C. M. A., lives in Ottawa, but it is not at his house that the petition will be laid. The House on Parliament Hill, presided over by Sir Wilfrid Laurier, is to be the scene of this portion of the battle, which even now is in progress. Sir Wilfrid will receive them politely, of that we may be sure. He will tell them little, but he will send them away feeling that they have met a man who has the country's best interests ever before him. If Mr. Rowley meets them accidentally the occasion may not be so pleasant. Mr. Rowley has other methods. If Mr. R. L. Borden meets them, he may not recognise them, but if he does he will be quite as polite and quite as gracious as Sir Wilfrid. On the whole, it should be an interesting occasion.

**A**CCORDING to the census figures and such confirmatory evidence as is available, the manufacturers produce twice as much annually as the farmers. The manufacturers produce about 900 million dollars worth of goods annually and the farmers less than 450 million dollars worth. Figured on this basis, the manufacturer is entitled to more consideration than the farmer. It is so in the United States where the manufacturers produce 15 billion dollars worth of goods and the farmers nine. Perhaps the figures are unjust or inaccurate, but they are the best available.

From another point of view, the farmer has the advantage. The exports of farm produce are four times as large as the exports of manufacturers. In so far, therefore, as our export trade is valuable in enabling us to pay for our imports, the farmer is doing much better than the manufacturer. Inasmuch as he does this, he is entitled to consideration.

Reverse this proposition and another point of view is disclosed. The manufacturer sells twenty-nine thirtieths of his goods in Canada, and therefore the home market is of great importance to him. The farmer sells only two-thirds of his production at home and therefore the home market is not so important to him. In other words, the farmer could cope with free trade in agricultural produce more easily than the manufacturer with free trade in manufactured articles.

**A**DMITTING, for the sake of argument, that the manufacturer does not want free trade, nor reciprocity, nor even lower duties, can Sir Wilfrid Laurier offer the farmer anything which will satisfy him and leave the manufacturer adequately protected? Would it be sufficient if he got him cheaper rates on his produce to the markets of the world, provided him with more and cheaper farm labour, and greatly increased the scope and expenditures of the Dominion Department of Agriculture? This is a point which Sir Wilfrid might consider in advance and discuss with the agriculturists when they arrive in Ottawa. Surely there is a compromise somewhere which will satisfy both sides.

The manufacturer is helping to build up Canada; the farmer is helping to build up Canada; we are all trying to build up Canada. If one class demands the head of the other on a silver salver, murder will become necessary and murder is a gruesome and unprofitable business. The manufacturers should be able to live without injury to the farmers, and the farmers should be able to get along in spite of the prosperity of the manufacturers. Why cannot both sides get together and decide upon a national policy which will be satisfactory all round? If this is the object of Sir Wilfrid's promised tariff commission then it should be appointed immediately.

**F**OR six months the Conservatives of Toronto have been discussing the question of introducing party politics into municipal elections. At first the movement gathered great headway and threatened to march straight on to success. Gradually, however, the saner men of the party managed to stem the force of the new movement, and

now it is practically at a standstill. It is a safe prediction that it will eventually subside.

Toronto is overwhelmingly Conservative, but the people vote independently in municipal elections. There have been several Liberal mayors and occasionally a Liberal council and board of control. This jars on the sensibilities of the Conservative ward-worker who hates to see the Liberals sharing in municipal patronage.

The average ward-worker in any city is not a broad-minded individual, and he is not yet acquainted with the demeritary principles of civil service reform. He is usually honest, but he is intensely partisan and is kept so by scheming members of parliament and semi-professional politicians who manipulate the ward-workers for their private advantage. Your leading citizen, with an automobile and a five-thousand-a-year income is never a ward-worker. He sits at home on his spare evenings and laments in a most high-minded way over the follies of the ward-worker and the politician. He does nothing to improve matters, and refuses to exchange his lounging robe for an evening with "the boys" who study voters' lists and keep the constituencies in political working order. What Canada needs is a revival of interest in political smallwares by the men who have education and knowledge. The common people are anxious to do right, but they cannot succeed when they are lead only by men whose aim it is to prevent their doing right. If the men who spend so much of their time raising money for hospitals, Y.M.C.A.'s, and foreign missions were to give a small fraction of their time to ward politics, our public and municipal life would be purer and more progressive. The small place-hunter would be eliminated.

## NON-CHURCHGOERS

*The Editor of the British Weekly in a recent issue has a very severe criticism to make regarding the carelessness of ministers, and it is possible that his remarks apply to Protestant ministers of Canada as well as to those of Great Britain. He says "the losses in our membership are due mainly to leakage," especially by removal from one district to another. If the pastor whose care they are leaving does not notify the pastor to whom they are going, the church may lose them. He speaks of the "incredible and shall we say criminal apathy of ministers" in this regard.*

*Is there such a leakage in the Protestant churches in Canada? If so, who is to blame? These are questions on which the Canadian Courier desires to have the opinion of its readers. Will you write us a letter about it?*

**T**HE "Mail and Empire" argues that our cruisers on the Atlantic and Pacific are too small to be any defence. Let us admit that and see where the admission carries us. A big battleship of the Japanese navy may come along and bang the Rainbow to pieces. That is the picture as it now is. Supposing instead of the Rainbow, we had bought a Dreadnought, the best that Great Britain could produce, and had stationed her at Esquimaux. Not having any cruisers or torpedo destroyers to scout for her or to defend her from sudden attacks, she would be helpless. Japan could send three or four small boats after her and some dark night they could torpedo her before her officers had time to think. Therefore one Dreadnought would be useless. Two Dreadnoughts would be equally useless and so would five. The only sure defence would be a fully equipped fleet—and that we cannot have just yet.

The Rainbow is a training vessel—the basis of a fleet that is to be. She is the insignia of Canadian sovereignty on the Pacific. Perhaps she is little good as a fighting force. The man who defends her on that score is as big a fool as the man who attacks her because she cannot repel a full division of the Japanese fleet.

Sir Charles Beresford is in favour of having colonial fleets for patrol work and for training purposes. These fleets will do work which the smaller British warships now do on all the oceans of the world. In this sense they will be of assistance to the Empire. The "Mail and Empire" is simply talking arrant nonsense when it maintains otherwise. Not that the cash contributions which it advocates are bad, but rather that the arguments it advances in favour of them are childish and anaemic.

**W**INNIPEG'S Navy League has passed a very fair resolution. It endorses the present policy of the government as being the "best permanent policy," but also urges a contribution of Dreadnoughts or cash. One can understand sensible men taking this view. It is the proper view, if there is really any immediate danger of an attack by Germany. Those who favour a Canadian fleet only, do so because they believe that there is no immediate danger of a conflict with Germany. However, a difference of opinion on this point is quite within the bounds of reason.

Compare this reasonable attitude with that of Messrs. Bourassa and Monk in Quebec. These gentlemen say that Sir Wilfrid Laurier is preparing the way for compulsory military and naval service under the British crown. They condemn the Canadian navy, and threaten revolution if any one should propose a direct cash contribution.

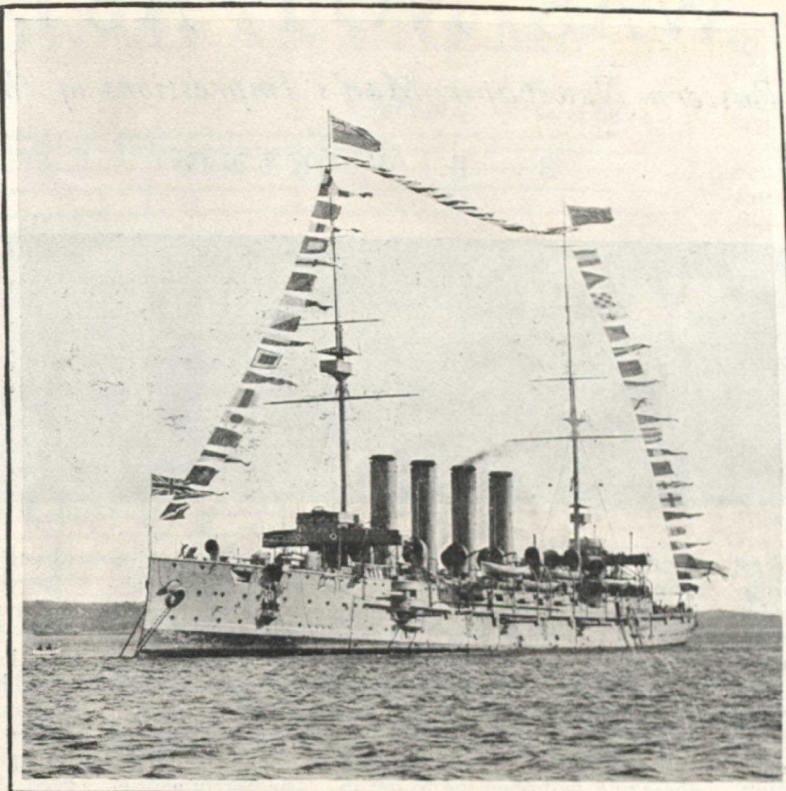
Again, it is equally interesting to note the attitude of the more partisan Conservative papers in the English-speaking provinces. They are down on the Canadian navy as not being the best permanent contribution. They go to the other extreme.

It is unlikely that Parliament will make any change in its policy, either to please the anti-militarists of Quebec, or the pro-imperialists element in the Conservative party. What has been done may not be the wisest course, but it was the only possible one under the circumstances of the case.





Commander Macdonald, who brought the *Niobe* to Canada.



The *Niobe* in Halifax Harbour—Dressed to receive the Admiral and the Minister of Marine.



Admiral Kingsmill, who met the *Niobe* at Halifax.

### Welcome to the Niobe

ON Friday, October 21st, a bright sunny day, the *Niobe*, Canada's first battleship, arrived in Halifax Harbour. Hon. Mr. Brodeur, Minister of Marine, welcomed Commander Macdonald, his officers and men. Lieutenant-Governor McGregor presented the compliments of Nova Scotia and a silver service.

Mr. Brodeur's address began thus:

"Captain, Officers and men of the *Niobe*:

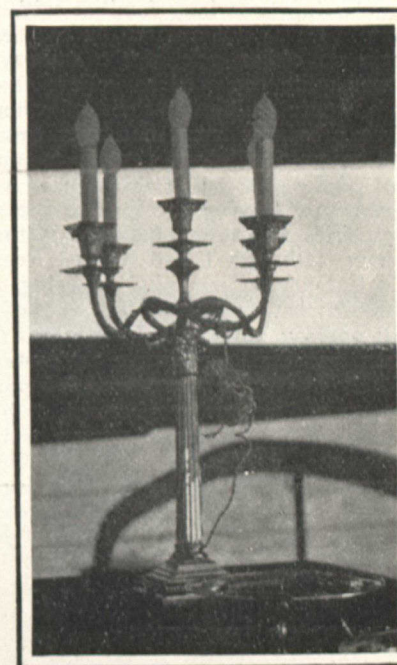
"I have much gratification in expressing to you a most cordial welcome to our Canadian waters, and in greeting you the first personnel of our Canadian navy. We are very happy to see that this ship is under the command of a young and brilliant officer, born in our country, with other officers of Canadian birth and association. We are all grateful to you for accepting service in the *Niobe*, our first training ship, exhibiting your willingness to help toward the formation and organisation of our local naval service.

"The arrival in Canada, of this, the first Canadian cruiser, is an event of historical importance. To-day the first training ship of our navy ploughs Canadian waters. Occasions such as this are few in the story of any country, and especially of a young nation like Canada. They are like golden milestones set at intervals along the pathway of our progress and development. As we look back upon the way we have travelled since the days of Confederation, we can count with pride these landmarks and point to them as examples for the practice and models for the imitation of the coming generations.

"This event tells the story of a dawning epoch of self-reliance. It proclaims to the whole British Empire that Canada is willing and proud to provide as rapidly as circumstances will permit for her local naval defence, and to safeguard her share in the commerce and trade of the Empire. We have a vast Dominion, and a vast future daily opens out wider and wider before us."



Lieut. Lord Graham.



Service presented by Nova Scotia Government.

### THE LATEST VARIETY OF "DIVINE SERVICE" PARADE



On Sunday last, Toronto had a Garrison Church Parade, but Montreal had something more unusual. This was a Parade of the Montreal Boy Scouts, on McGill Campus, whence they marched to St. George's Church.



# WHY I WAS NOT ASTONISHED

An Eastern Newspaper Man's Impressions of the West

By T. W. KING



EVERYONE who visits the Canadian West seems to have an obsession that he has discovered the country. This is quite trying to our friends who have to listen to us upon our return. Indeed, no one, not even the volunteer who fought in South Africa, or the man who once lived in the Yukon is so liable to take the floor and keep it as the traveller returned from the West. But published accounts are apt to be somewhat uniform in expressing astonishment and admiration. Much as I admire the West I cannot say that I was greatly astonished. I think before going West that I had a pretty fair idea of its condition and prospects. I was not stunned by the sight of Winnipeg, having been long familiar with the city of Toronto. I was not amazed by the great fields of grain on either side of the railway track because I was quite prepared to believe that one hundred and twenty million bushels of wheat produced in three provinces must naturally grow in the fields and be quite visible to persons passing through that part of the country. I think I had a fairly accurate idea before leaving the East of the size of the various cities and towns between Winnipeg and Vancouver, although I had lumped Regina, Edmonton and Calgary in my mind as being about the same size, which was quite unfair to one of the three. I will not say which, as I may have occasion to go West again. I can quite understand that people who have seen a town founded must exult in its growth and returning after a time be astonished to find a substantial city of twelve or fifteen thousand where they had left a few straggling houses. But the traveller who arrives for the first time at Saskatoon or any other "toon" sees only a city of so many people neither larger nor better although younger than many other cities which he has visited.

CHARLES DICKENS was probably unfair to the United States of his day in "Martin Chuzzlewit"; but the field was ripe for a satirist, and there are features of life in the Canadian West which invite some kindly, even though it may be an unwelcome criticism. One encounters, for example, what may not unjustly be termed a "pose" among certain Western people. Because they are in the West they feel that they must affect what might have been racy of the soil in either Canada or the United States fifty years ago. The pioneer who lived with his family alone in the forest, fought Indians, killed bears, and was only overtaken in old age by people and civilisation, had a certain contempt for some refinements of life and a rugged independence, almost indifference, bred by his lonely life of hardship, adventure and privation. He was a type and more or less a law to himself and he had a certain right to be "wild and woolly" in the midst of civilisation, if civilisation insisted upon overtaking him. But can we look with favour upon anything crude or crass in people who "pioneered" not by blazing a trail through the forest but by buying tickets and sleeping-car berths from the railway companies; who have never spent a day or night outside of a well populated town; who have never been in a house not equipped with plumbing and hot water, and who have found absolutely no difference in their comfort or environments by moving from Ontario to Saskatchewan or Alberta?

I MUST also protest against the affectation of "hustle," about which we hear so much from the West. I think that people are less inclined to hurry up the farther West you go. Certainly the service found in shops and hotels would not be tolerated for an hour in the East. One is uncertain whether to be angry or amused. At a good-sized town I went into the barber shop of the principal hotel quite early in the morning. There was a

gentleman ahead of me, a rather portly, fine-looking man, and in reply to his good morning I said, looking around me, for apparently no barber was in sight: "I wonder what chance I have of getting shaved?"

"You are after me," he said laconically, removing his coat and collar. No one appearing, he then proceeded to shave himself. When he had finished and wiped his face he stepped to the back of the chair and motioned me to get in. The portly gentleman was the barber and he naturally shaved himself before attending to a customer. At Moosejaw I asked a bootblack to shine my boots, at the same time mounting a chair which stood on the sidewalk near a barber shop.

"All right," he said, "just wait there a few minutes, I am going in for a shave."

Military fever is quite acute in the West, and amusing stories are told at the expense of the newly-fledged officers. One gallant major at a church parade is said to have marched his battalion into the wrong church. But a few moments later, although the sermon was well under way, he re-formed his soldiers and marched them out again.

PEOPLE undoubtedly have made money in the West quickly, and the opportunities there are better for many people than they are in the East. I do not doubt that some men are doing well in the West who would starve to death in the East. For a time I laboured under the impression that anybody who came West and stayed long enough would automatically become a millionaire. I inferred it must be automatically because I could not see that the men who lived by their pens were any better paid—or taking everything together were as well paid—as their brethren in the East who usually fall short of acquiring an even million. Still it is disconcerting to be told "if you had been here three years ago you could have got that lot over there for three dollars and a half, and to-day it is worth three hundred and fifty thousand dollars." You feel you would certainly have been there if you had only known it. One Sunday we were at Battleford, the old capital of the Northwest Territory. It is situated in a beautiful country, but for years had no railway connections, and meanwhile a new Battleford—North Battleford—has grown up on the other side of the river. Well, here at old Battleford we were shown the first issue of the first paper printed west of Winnipeg. It preceded Hon. Frank Oliver's Edmonton *Bulletin* by three years. It was not a large paper then, and it is not a large paper now. It is still in possession of the family of Mr. P. G. Laurie, the able man who founded it, but other papers founded by him, in Ontario for example, proved better money-making ventures than this first newspaper of the Canadian West. Even Mr. Oliver would probably have done as well in a financial way had he never gone West. The man who walks in midwinter from Edmonton to Winnipeg will not long remain a poor man in any part of the country.

ONE drawback to the Western visit is the obligation the visitor is under of looking at wheat fields and giving an opinion as to how many bushels it will run to the acre. I was honest enough to admit that I did not know wheat from oats or oats from barley, but it availed me nothing. I was called upon to hazard guesses until I was driven to frenzy. Sometimes I would guess two bushels to the acre, and if this seemed too low I would guess two hundred the next time I was asked. What I most objected to was getting out of the automobile in the dust, climbing fences and standing in the growing grain looking at it in a vacant manner and trying to be enthused. It was a great relief to strike British Columbia, where they did not seem to have any grain. I also became somewhat nervous on the sub-

ject of real estate values. When a man would say: "Do you see that corner lot over there, it was sold for two dollars and forty cents two years ago; what do you think it is worth now?" I would be at a loss what to say. If I guessed five dollars or some like amount my interlocutor would become indignant, and yet he would seem disappointed if I named a figure like two million dollars. I finally hit upon the expedient of always saying "one hundred thousand dollars." Sometimes it seemed absurdly low and sometimes a little high, but I positively refused to become excited when a different amount was mentioned.

But the Western people are all right. If they did not boom their country, no one else would do it for them. It may not be a get-rich-quick proposition, but it is surely a get-enough-to-eat proposition, which, after all, is what we are all of us after.

## Crown Jewels

A WRITER in *The Bystander* tells us that already, with a view to the Coronation next year, ermine and red velvet have gone up in price, coats of the former being now only within the reach of those ladies of the musical-comedy choruses who also own cars. Very busy indeed, rendering an account of their stewardship, are also those most useful avuncular custodians into whose safe keeping baubles such as coronets, strawberry leaves, antique family jewels, and the like are given over in times of peace. It was Madame de Lieven, Russian Ambassador to England, who, writing to Paris on the accession of Queen Victoria, declared the English crown to have "no diamonds." Such a lot disappeared during the Georgian era, and most of those that remained were the property of Queen Adelaide, and came to her from her mother, who had bequeathed them to the Crown of Hanover. "As this crown is now separated from the English crown," so wrote the gossip, "the Duke of Cumberland reclaims the diamonds. Thus Queen Victoria has none, and although she is in no hurry to send back the jewels, she can, of course, not wear them."

It is a very different state of affairs that Queen Mary succeeds to-day. Her Majesty herself has a magnificent collection of jewels; as the bride of the son of the heir-apparent most of her thousands of wedding presents consisted of jewellery, and, thanks to the passion of Queen Victoria for the acquirement of precious stones, the British Crown Jewels rank now among the finest in the world. The greater part of the late queen's jewels went, of course, to members of her own family, Princess Henry of Battenburg especially. But a large number were assigned to the crown, among them some of those most wonderful ones of which we have despoiled India. Queen Alexandra, too, has an enormous amount of jewellery. She inherited a good deal from the Queen of Denmark, and all her life has collected and is always buying it, while all her jewels are set in the latest "Cartier" fashion.

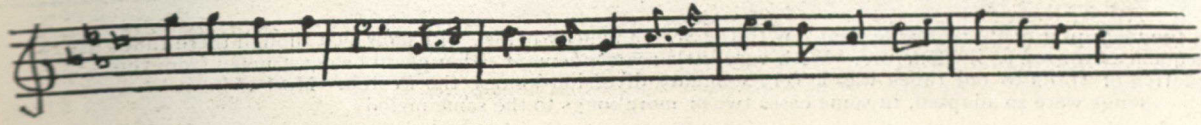
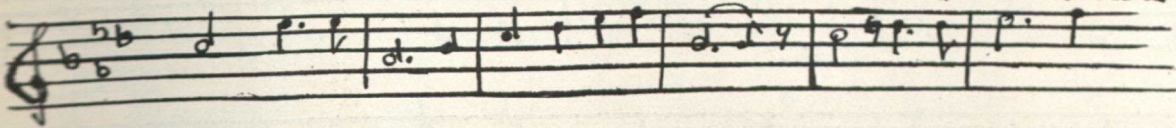
## The Women in the Forge

FIVE hundred women blacksmiths are idle in Cradley Heath, England, because they will not agree to work for the next six months for four or five shillings a week. The women, who operate forges in their own homes, are engaged in making chains. Their wages have been so low that a commission, after an investigation extending over seven months, decided that they should be increased, although the old rate might continue for six months if the women would consent. About half the women agreed to work for the old pay. The rest have been locked out.



## OUR NATIONAL ANTHEMS

Celeste Lavallee

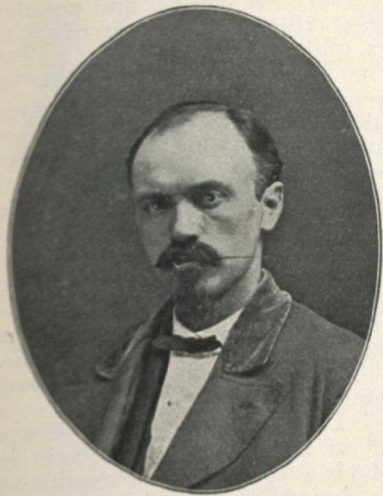


Part of the score from which the Sheriff of Bristol played "O Canada," a few weeks ago.

### More of the truth about "O Canada" and "The Maple Leaf."

By THE MUSIC EDITOR

AS a piece of editorial blue-funk it would be hard to beat the latest—but by no means the last—deliverance of the *Toronto Telegram* on the respective merits of "O Canada" and "The Maple Leaf." For several months now there has been a large tempest in a small teapot at the *Telegram* office over this matter. The editor has been quavering in his teacups for fear Canadians are beginning to prefer the dignified and noble melody of "O Canada" to that of "The Maple Leaf." He has found it necessary in his last article to scold Dr. Vogt and the *CANADIAN COURIER* both at once.



The composer of "O Canada."

This article has all the mock solemnity of Tick-Tack-Tow set to a dead march. Its chief defect is that it was written by a man who, quite unconscious of the fundamentals of music, undertakes to make and then to settle a musical controversy. From which it appears that "O Canada" is in the same "national" class with Presbyterian hymns and the songs of Charles Wesley. He says, for instance:

Dr. Vogt decides that "O Canada" is "Canadian."

Will Dr. Vogt name one element of Canadianism that is present in "O Canada" and absent from the solemnities of the equally cheerful but far grander "Dead March in Saul" and Chopin's "Funeral March"?

"O Canada" appeals to Dr. Vogt as "an expression of strong personality" and as possessing "distinction."

The "personality" and "distinction" of "O Canada" illustrate the individuality of one form of worship.

The "personality" and "distinction" of the Scottish Psalm tunes express the individuality of another form of worship.

The "personality" and "distinction" of the melodies of Wesley's hymns express the individuality of still another form of worship.

"O Canada" was designed to hymn the glories of Quebec's ideal of Church and State:

"Now and forever one and indivisible."

Then to clinch his argument and to lay the blame in a definite personal manner, he concludes thus:

"An English-speaking Canadian occasionally feels that it is time to say something equally emphatic to the *CANADIAN COURIER*, to Dr. A. S. Vogt and the other authorities who are trying to force this country's acceptance of the devout words and dirge-like music of a church and state chant that, in so far as it is eloquent at all, is eloquent of

affection for the race and creed ideal of Bourbon France."

The *Telegram* makes a bogey in order to have the pleasure of chasing it. Neither Dr. Vogt nor the *CANADIAN COURIER* has ever tried "to force this country's acceptance of the devout words" of "O Canada." It is true that the Mendelssohn Choir two years ago sang an English translation of Judge Routhier's words—because at that time no English words were available. Since that time some hundreds of perhaps as good "English-speaking Canadians" as the *Telegram* editor have written English words. The writer of this article made the first setting two years ago last spring. Whether good art or bad, national or otherwise, all the English settings were an attempt to link English Canada with French Canada by adapting English words to the French-Canadian melody. The *Telegram* evidently prefers to accentuate the discrepancy between the two great race divisions of Canada, by refusing to consider any compromise whatever. At the same time it pretends to be deeply concerned over national unity; which in the mind of the *Telegram* evidently means—down with everything French, even to "La Chant National."

Now that the "devout words" bogey is disposed of let us consider "The dirge-like music" phantom. Possibly the *Telegram*, clever enough to criticise Dr. Vogt and to make a mountain out of a molehill from the words of Dr. Williams, of the Grenadier Guards, will be consistent enough to pay attention to the testimony of another British musician equally capable of giving a sound opinion. I refer to Mr. George Riseley, of Bristol, the best-known musician in the southwest of England, who, a few weeks ago, heard, as he played it himself, "O Canada" for the first time. A life-long musician may be pardoned for giving his first impressions of a piece of music.

It was at the Lord Mayor's dinner in Bristol that Mr. Riseley, who is also High Sheriff as well as musician, announced a programme which on Sunday morning he would play to the Canadian and American press delegation on the organ in Colston Hall. The list contained two United States selections, one French, one German, one Finlandish and some English.

"But where does Canada come in?" enquired the music editor of the *CANADIAN COURIER*.

"What have you got?" said the sheriff.

"Well, there's 'O Canada.'"

"But I don't know it."

"Very well. Is there any score paper in the Lord Mayor's house? If so, I'll write you out the melody."

The organist promised to have score paper at the hotel next morning; which, however he failed to do, making it necessary to write out a very crude score of the melody on note paper. This much-blotted and hard to decipher was handed to Mr. Riseley just as he was about to begin the recital.

The last item on the programme he brought it on; harmonising it at sight; so captivated with it that he played it through again.

"And I would have played it a third time if I had dared," he added, in speaking of it afterwards.

He knew nothing of the words or of the French-Canadian origin of the piece. The music only ap-

pealed to him. He has since promised to arrange "O Canada" for festival chorus and orchestra. Which means that in time Lavallee's great tune will become more or less familiar in that part of England at least.

Is it likely that a leading British musician of forty years' experience would take such a lively fancy to "dirge-like music?" Or is it possible that the *Telegram* would put in the "dirge" class all the great national melodies and most of the world's great inspiring hymns?

Further the *Telegram* alleges that "O Canada" illustrates the individuality of one form of worship. In what respect? Manifestly the words; for the tune is neither Catholic nor Protestant, but universal. It is with the tune that English-speaking Canadians are concerned. The tune of "O Canada" was composed in Quebec by a French-Canadian—as the tune of the French-Canadian Congress in 1881, when a committee was appointed to procure a "national" hymn, which in that case of course, meant French-Canadian "national." The committee, with Judge Routhier as chairman, waited on Mr. Lavallee, now deceased, but then a pianist and composer well known all over America. Mr. Lavallee wrote five or six tunes. The one used in "La Chant National" was chosen: the others were destroyed. Judge Routhier immediately wrote religious words to the melody and the entire work was submitted to, and adopted by the congress.

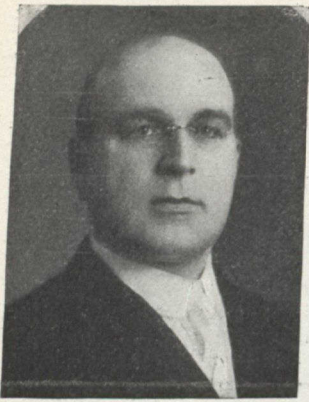
From which it appears clearly that the music of the piece was the real inspiration: not the words which have nothing whatever to do with a united Canada.

Happened, however, that Mr. Lavallee was more of a musician than he was a churchman. Up to date the tune which he composed is said to resemble in spots at least four other tunes: the Scipio March of Handel, cited by Dr. Williams; a march by Mozart, mentioned by Dr. Vogt; a sea song of Sullivan, instanced by a British musician now touring Canada; and a melody of Schubert, pointed out by a Canadian composer resident in Toronto. It is a coincidence well worth the *Telegram's* while to consider—that not one of these pieces bears the slightest relation or resemblance to any music used



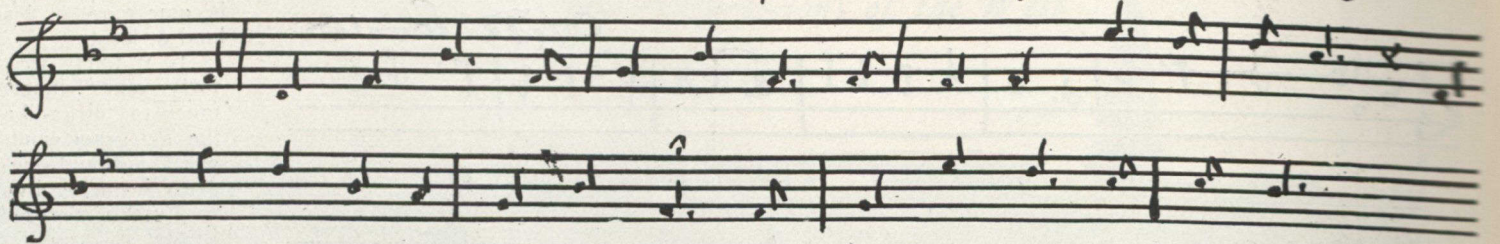
The High Sheriff of Bristol playing "O Canada" for the first time on the big organ in Colston Hall. Mr. George Riseley is the only man authorised to play on this organ, of which he has the key, and whenever he wishes, permits other organists to play. He is also conductor of the Festival Choir of 500 voices, the Festival Orchestra and the Royal Orpheus Glee Society.





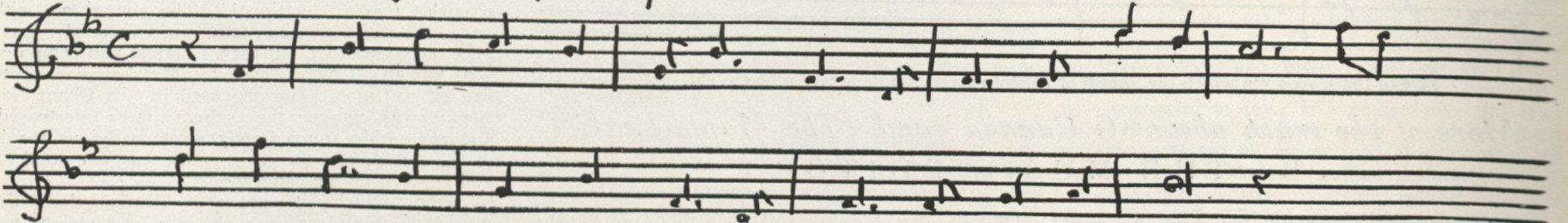
Dr. A. S. Vogt.

### Chorus and Last Part of the Melody of 'The Maple Leaf'



A comparison of this, the main part of "The Maple Leaf" with the Scotch melody below, will show that though these tunes are not identical in sequence they are so in structure. With very little rearrangement either could be constructed from the other. Adaptation of words to old tunes was a very common diversion among the Scotch. Most of Burns' songs were so adapted, in some cases two or more songs to the same melody.

### Refrain of 'My Love is Like a Red, Red Rose'



by the Roman Catholic Church; also that at least three out of the four writers were recognised Protestants; which exonerates "O Canada" as a tune from the charge of being even reminiscently a Romish production.

And if it is the tune alone that concerns British Canada why should anyone trouble about the French-Canadian words? The only point the *Telegram* should have made it entirely missed—in the fact that though British-Canada should succeed in adapting English words to the French-Canadian tune and making a national hymn of the combination, French-Canadians would still sing the ecclesiastical words of Judge Routhier. Thus we should have two lines of "national" sentiment set to the same tune, which would be quite as sensible as having two national tunes, one for French Canada, the other for English Canada.

But let us suppose that the tune of "The Maple Leaf" is quite good enough, whether original or not, to be the melodic voice of the Canadian people. Will the *Telegram* explain how it will ever be possible for French-Canadians to sing the words of the Maple Leaf when the first stanza of the piece runs this way:

In days of yore from Britain's shore  
Wolfe the dauntless hero came,  
And planted firm Britannia's flag  
On Canada's fair domain.  
Here may it wave our boast, our pride,  
And joined in love together,  
The thistle, shamrock, rose entwine,  
The Maple Leaf forever.

Apart from the fact of atrocious poetry and almost worse syntax is it likely that the Quebecker is going to sing that verse as he passes the Plains of Abraham? Similarly what are the hundreds of thousands of United States settlers in Canada going to do about the verse beginning:

"At Queenston Heights and Lundy's Lane?"

Will the *Telegram* insult the American settler by forcing down his throat a glorifying reminiscence of the war of 1812?

Another verse of this parochial production makes Canada simply and solely England, Scotland and Ireland and nothing more. Is that the kind of Little-Englander Canada the *Telegram* would glorify as the Canada of the twentieth century?

Having squandered so much time and space over the unmusical and unpatriotic hysteria of the *Telegram* it is more to the point to consider the opinions of a gentleman who is at least well qualified to judge as to the musical and popular merits of "O Canada" and "The Maple Leaf." Bandmaster Slatter, of the 48th Highlanders, writes the CANADIAN COURIER thus:

Armouries, Toronto, Oct. 10th.

To the Editor of the CANADIAN COURIER:

Dear Sir.—Evidently your esteemed musical editor was so busy dodging the learned opinions hurled at him by the opposing forces engaged in the sanguinary battle of "A red hot musical controversy," which took place in your issue of last week, that he failed miserably to detect the white heat joke perpetrated therein by one signing himself W. Cruickshank, who, to use his own words "sung and whistled 'The Land O' Cakes' to the tune of 'The Maple Leaf Forever' when going to school in Edinburgh fifty years ago." I presume everyone

was so overcome with the noise and smoke of the battle that it was impossible to detect the remarkable similitude "sic" existing between the minor key tune of "The Land O' Cakes" and "The Maple Leaf Forever." "Ludicrous" is the only term one can apply to the assertion that there is a resemblance between the two melodies.

Without discussing the merits or demerits of Lavallee's beautiful setting of "O Canada," or Alexander Muir's patriotic contribution (all musicians agree that "O Canada" is the more scholarly composition), the fact is established beyond question or argument that "The Maple Leaf Forever" is the most popular patriotic Canadian song before the public to-day, and in my opinion will continue to be so as long as the Maple tree grows in Canada. Without doubt there is a certain similarity between Muir's melody and some old Scotch songs, notably "My Love is Like a Red, Red Rose," (I have reference to the tune) but, being a Scotchman born and bred, Muir would naturally and unconsciously give his own melody a Scotch flavour.

The man whose remarks got the "Telegram" going.



Dr. Albert Williams,  
Bandmaster Grenadier Guards.

As one who is in the best position to judge the tastes of all classes I unhesitatingly say that, no other Canadian melody can rouse the enthusiasm of the people in any national cause or any patriotic occasion quicker than the strains of Alexander Muir's eloquent appeal, "The Maple Leaf Forever."

True, there are one or two incongruities easily perceptible in the tune and which no doubt were overlooked by the untrained musical author, notably the eleventh bar of the melody and third bar of the refrain, which two measures might be written the same with advantage, and this, together with richer harmonies throughout, would certainly enhance the value of the stirring composition considerably.

Plagiarism is beside the question, for all composers are guilty of thus, unconsciously, presumably to a great extent.

Yours truly,

JOHN SLATTER,  
Bandmaster 48th Highlanders.

Bandmaster Slatter is as qualified as any to adjudge the respective merits of "The Maple Leaf" and "O Canada." His band has played one some thousands and the other hundreds of times to all sorts and conditions of Canadians, and on all kinds of occasions: military, patriotic and other-

wise. Being like Alexander Muir, a Scotchman, Mr. Slatter may be pardoned for preferring the Scotch-Canadian "Maple Leaf" to the French-Canadian "Church National." But Mr. Slatter is not influenced merely by national sentiment. He judges the two pieces on their musical and popular merits. He does not criticise the music of "O Canada." He does criticise the melody of "The Maple Leaf." He states that "The Maple Leaf" is capable of rousing popular enthusiasm in Canada better than any other composition. He says nothing about the enthusiasm provoked by "O Canada," which may be confined largely to music-lovers in English-speaking Canada, and to all classes in Quebec.

It must be conceded, however, that the enthusiasm of all classes for "The Maple Leaf" is based almost entirely upon the melody. The harmonic setting is inferior, difficult to sing—especially in the bass part, and by no means attractive. Even Mr. Slatter will admit that. Mainly the melodic form is good and the rhythm is excellent.

On comparison "O Canada" is infinitely better from the standpoint of real music. Less lyric in form than "The Maple Leaf" it has a breadth of melody, a dignity and simplicity of setting and a grandeur of harmonic structure which cannot be found in the melody of Alexander Muir. In all probability it never will become the national hymn of Canada. But with a good English setting it should take a very high place in our national music-literature. "The Maple Leaf" will probably continue to be a feature at school closings, for which it was primarily intended by nature: and to delight the patriotic soul of the Toronto *Telegram*. Some day we may get a real "national" anthem.

## The Modern Cicero

THE Quebec Cicero has been at it again—denouncing his Catiline. The member for Labelle in the Monument National in Montreal—the "Nationalist" leader—has given out a wholesale impeachment of Sir Wilfrid Laurier. These two leaders of various, if not hostile camps, in Quebec, have been tilting at each other for some years; latterly more than before.

He appeals to the people; to history and to the past twelve years, back to the Chamberlain movement on behalf of Empire; to the Victorian Jubilee of 1897, when plain Wilfrid Laurier "carried to the foot of the throne the homage and respect of a million and a half French Canadians." He adverted to the Imperial Conference of 1907 when Chamberlain—"I was in Canada one of the most violent and opinionated of his adversaries"—announced his Imperial policy. He traced the story of the ten years between in which the phase of Imperialism known as the South African War brought the first split between the Premier and Mr. Bourassa; making it possible for Mr. Bourassa to get a name for his new party—Nationalist as opposed to Imperialist. He reiterated that Canada owes nothing now to England; that in matters of defence England for her own sake needs all the ships and soldiers that she has to protect her food-carrying marine. He therefore had severe pleasure in slating the Canadian navy.





# The Mystery of the Tower

By Andrew Loring

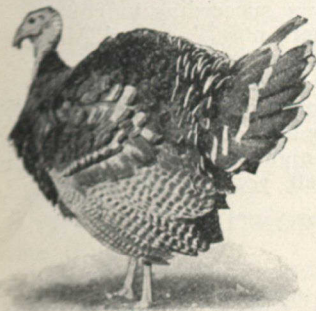
Author of "Tom King of Nowhere," etc.

## A NEW SERIAL STORY

### SYNOPSIS.

Motherless Margaret Lee flees from Paris and her keeper, Mrs. Gascoigne, to see her father in London. During the first evening at home, she looks through the father's pet telescope and sees a sight which is the basis of all the events to be narrated. In the first excitement, her father drops dead, and her only friend is Mr. Percy Marshall a chance acquaintance. Mrs. Gascoigne comes to London and a mysterious Mrs. Carlingford, a friend of her father, appears also. The former is easily driven out, but the latter is mistress of the situation. In the meantime Marshall sets out to solve the church tower mystery. He finds the church, gets in and discovers that the telescope tells the truth. His entrance is noted, his escape cut off, and he climbs down the lightning rod only to be struck senseless.

### CHAPTER VI.



THAT afternoon the maid had opened the door of the drawing room in Maidenlane and announced "A lady to see you, miss."

The visitor hesitated, peering through the soft shadows of the darkened room.

Then the sound of long-drawn, regular breathing came to her, and she moved silently forward. She bent over the couch on which Margaret lay asleep, and scanned the unconscious face, feature by feature. She touched the soft, gleaming curls which clustered round the low white forehead. She studied the long sweeping lashes, the cheeks faintly tinged with the flush of sleep, the red lips which drooped like those of a troubled child, the slender hands, whose pink-tipped relaxed fingers curved like a cup round the soft palms.

For a long time the woman bent listening to the slow, gentle breathing, watching the beautiful unconscious face all the while. At last, either cramped from her awkward position or sure that the girl was deeply buried in slumber, she drew herself erect and glanced around her uncertainly. Her eyes fell on a little bunch of keys which lay on the table near the couch. She sidled towards the table, watching Margaret's face all the while, and her fingers closed over the keys without a sound.

She stole to the door with yet another backward glance, softly turned the handle, and slipped out. A murmur of voices told her that the servants were safely in the kitchen. Three doors were before her, but only one was closed, and this must be open to what she wanted. She tiptoed across the hall, stood for one instant with bent head listening, then stepped within, and noiselessly shot the bolt. She was alone with the dead.

She stared with fascinated eyes at the white sheet which hung straightly, defining the outlines of the rigid body which lay beneath, then moved slowly across the room. The rustle of her silken skirts sounded loud to her in the stillness, and she gathered them with one hand away from her feet, fearful lest the noise should drown approaching footsteps.

She hesitated by the bedside, and twice her hands were sharply withdrawn; but at last she lifted the covering from the calm, quiet face, and she bent over and fixed tearless eyes in intent scrutiny. Precisely as she had studied the face of the girl sleeping so quietly across the hall, she studied the marble face of the dead man. Five minutes passed, and still she stood, not moving.

Through the curtained, open window came faintly the distant roar of the London streets; the bells of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, and of St. Paul's,

Covent Garden, struck the quarter, but she did not stir. A sound from the flat itself, that of a closing door, made her start, and she straightened up and listened, her clenched hands pressed to her breast.

She replaced the cloth on the dead face and swept the room with restless, searching eyes; then crossed to a large desk, which came open to the third key she tried. She went hurriedly through the contents of the drawers, which she found arranged in the most perfect order. She flung aside bundle after bundle—these astronomical calculations did not interest her. She pounced eagerly on a yellow packet of old letters, but threw it aside after one glance. There was nothing which she wanted, and she replaced the papers with scrupulous care and relocked the desk.

She crossed with eyes averted from the shrouded figure, and knelt and peered beneath the bed; but could not see in the gloom of the curtained room. She flew to the window and pulled back the blind. A ray of sunshine rested on the silent white form, and that seemed to give her pause; but only for an instant. With shaking fingers she drew from beneath the bed a flat tin box. She unlocked it. The rasping sound made her start; but after listening for an instant she drew out thick bundles of banknotes, then a box which proved to be heavy with golden sovereigns. At last—a long, folded document tied around with lawyer's tape. She snatched it up, and read it with devouring eyes. Then, with one quick glance at the bed, she tore it across and thrust the pieces into the bosom of her dress.

Putting back all the money she relocked and replaced the box, drew the curtain, and stole back to the drawing room, where Margaret still slumbered, as a weary child slumbers. The keys jingled as they were laid down. The strange visitor started and looked at the couch, but the girl did not stir. She laid a gentle hand on Margaret's arm.

MARGARET'S long-lashed lids lifted slowly. She stared for a moment in puzzled perplexity at the beautiful woman who bent to her.

"What's the matter? Where am I?" Then memory came back to her sleep-benumbed brain. "Oh, yes—" she breathed with a shiver. Then she sat upright, brushing back the loosened hair from her forehead. "I'm sorry," she continued, slipping off the couch to her feet, "but I was very tired. I did not hear you come in. Are you Mrs. Carlingford?"

"Yes—Mrs. Carlingford." The visitor's voice was low and sweet, and vibrated as though strongly repressed. Her hand clasped that of Margaret, who thrilled to the firm, kindly grasp.

"You are kind to come so promptly," she said, gratefully. "He died last night, very suddenly. His heart. I—"

"A great shock for you. Were you with him?"

"Yes. I—"

"And you were very fond of your father?"

"I hardly knew him."

"What?"

"I hadn't seen him for years."

"How extraordinary—not for years? And where have you been brought up?"

"In France; people have been paid to look after me." There was a tinge of bitterness in the manner.

"So he left you to strangers? He was very peculiar about everything. I had not seen him for years. How did you come to know the name of Carlingford?"

"My father spoke of you yesterday. You see, I took him by surprise. I ran away from Paris. I had reason; and he said I should go to you later. So that's how I came to telegraph to you. You are good to come."

"Tell me about his death. Do you mind?"

They were sitting together now on the couch, Mrs. Carlingford still keeping a close hold on Margaret's hand.

"You poor child!" cried Mrs. Carlingford, when Margaret had finished, her voice trembling, as she pressed the girl's hand closely between hers. "What a trial for you; and how lonely. You must let me help you now. Would you like me to stay with you until after the funeral?"

"Oh, but—" stammered Margaret, overjoyed at the prospect of a woman's companionship.

"That's settled, then. I came prepared to stay the night. And now, when did you have anything to eat last?"

Margaret admitted that she had only had a cup of tea all that day. She could not eat, she said.

"You must have tea at once," cried Mrs. Carlingford, "and an early dinner. I'll ring—no, don't you move—and you give those orders."

MARGARET felt relief at the kindly way in which her new friend assumed command, and gladly obeyed instructions. She had not known how tired she was, and she rested, under orders, on the couch. Mrs. Carlingford arranged and re-arranged cushions, poured out tea, made her drink, talked with kindly wisdom, and was so entirely sympathetic and tactful that Margaret's lonely heart went out to her. It was novel, delightful to Margaret to receive attentions which were not the result of a handsome salary paid every quarter.

"You look better," said Mrs. Carlingford, an hour later. Her eyes expressed admiration as she looked into Margaret's face. "You are rested, so we can be practical." She drew her chair to the side of the couch. "Death brings many sad duties. Have you written to your father's solicitors?"

"How could I? I don't know who they are."

"Haven't you looked?"

"No, I haven't touched his papers."

Mrs. Carlingford bent her head to hide the involuntary look of relief. "They used to be Morse and Castle," she said; "at least, I think so. Shall I write to them for you, dear?"

"Oh, thank you, would you mind?" murmured Margaret, to whom the thought of going through her father's papers seemed a heavy and mournful task.

"I want to do everything for you I can," answered Mrs. Carlingford, her grey eyes shining with tenderness. "And now about other engagements."

"Mr. Marshall has seen to everything."

"Mr. Marshall?" The elder woman lifted her eyebrows.

"The gentleman who was so kind—last night. I told you, you know. He went for the doctor. He is calling again this evening."

"Then I can see him and thank him for you. We shall not need to trespass on his kindness any further."

"He has been very kind," returned Margaret, a little stiffly. The next moment she was sorry for her slight abruptness. Mrs. Carlingford was so charming, so sympathetic, so anxious to be of help, that she felt she had been ungracious. She laid her hand on her companion's arm, and smiled almost apologetically.

"You see," she said, the colour deepening a little in her cheeks under the other's intent scrutiny, "Mr. Marshall and I were thrown together under very peculiar circumstances. He was so prompt, so ready, and always so courteous, that I should not wish him to think me ungrateful."

"Of course not, dear," answered Mrs. Carlingford; "only, as you say, the circumstances are rather peculiar, and you know"—she put her hand under the girl's chin and gently lifted it—"you are very pretty, and young men—well—" She shrugged her shoulders lightly.

The flush was deeper now. "But for Mr. Marshall," Margaret said, "I should have been placed in a very uncomfortable position this morning. I told you I ran away from Paris—from Mrs. Gascoigne, because—well, she took an unfair advantage of her position. She turned up here this morning—"

"What—from Paris?"

"Yes, she thought, I suppose, to persuade my father to send me back to her; and when she found what had happened she said she was my guardian."

"Oh, that couldn't be. He could never have been so—"



"She claimed it, and if it had not been for Mr. Marshall I don't think she would have gone."

With a swift, impulsive movement Mrs. Carlingford drew the girl to her breast, and kissed the fair pale cheek. "Mrs. Gascoigne will have to reckon with me now," she said.

"She is a horrid woman," said Margaret, yielding to the embrace, "and I can't say what my father may have signed."

"She can have no possible claim on you," answered Mrs. Carlingford, decisively, smoothing the girl's soft wavy hair gently, while Margaret rested with closed eyes. It was so sweet, so restful to have someone of her own sex to whom she could turn, in whom she could confide. She murmured an inquiry as to the time.

"Mr. Marshall ought to be here soon," she said, sitting up. "I am very anxious. I shall be until he comes."

"Anxious?" Mrs. Carlingford showed frank astonishment.

Margaret nodded. "You are so kind," she breathed, "I am sure I can trust you. I did not tell you what really was the cause of my father's death."

HE rose and went over to a cabinet in one corner of the room, and took out the photograph of the church.

"He is looking for that church for me," she said, "for there last night a murder was committed—"

Mrs. Carlingford's eyes dilated as she stared at the picture and at the cruel words scrawled across it. She hardly seemed to have heard Margaret's last words. The girl, absorbed in her recital, did not notice her perturbation.

"What's that you say?" ejaculated Mrs. Carlingford at last, dropping the photograph and starting up. "A murder—a woman in a yellow dress—in that tower?"

"Yes," cried Margaret. "I saw it; it has haunted me."

"Oh, impossible!" Mrs. Carlingford sank back onto the couch.

"No—I saw it," repeated the girl, firmly, "through the telescope."

Mrs. Carlingford sat silent, listening eagerly, while Margaret walked restlessly to and fro. The gates of reserve were broken down, and the girl poured out all the misery, all the horror of the past twenty-four hours. When at last she had finished she stood in front of the listener and looked down into eyes that seemed to her to show incredulity. She flung herself on her knees beside the silent woman. "Oh! you do believe me, don't you?" she cried, clasping Mrs. Carlingford's arm and gazing into her face. Her vehement appeal seemed to rouse the elder woman as from a trance.

"I don't know," said Mrs. Carlingford, brokenly. "Oh, no, it can't be true! To think that you—"

"Mr. Marshall believes it," broke in Margaret. "That church, he says, must be somewhere near the Crystal Palace. He went to look for it to-day—he promised to let me know to-night—" She looked impatiently at her watch. "He is late—" she said breathlessly.

Mrs. Carlingford drew Margaret to her side. "If you are not quieter," she said gently, "you can't see him when he comes; I must forbid it." And then a long silence fell between them. Margaret's thoughts were with Percy Marshall. She wondered, feared; what news would he bring her? Mrs. Carlingford sat staring before her, her fingers still interlaced in those of the girl, her mind absorbed with the singular story she had heard.

"That woman has a double murder on her soul," cried Margaret at last; "she killed my father too."

Mrs. Carlingford gave a little shiver. "My dear," she cried, "you will make yourself ill if you think any more of this. Put it aside, at any rate until he comes. I've a few minutes before dinner. I have forgotten one or two things necessary for the night. I'll run out and get them; I've just got time. I'll be back in fifteen minutes. Shall you mind being left?"

"Can't we send?"

"No—trifles for the toilet; I must choose them myself. I am faddy." So saying, smiling with white lips, she stroked Margaret's hair in a caress, and went away.

While she was absent Margaret directed that a bed be prepared for her, and ordered dinner to be laid for three. If Percy Marshall came, he

would dine with them, he must not go away hungry.

Her hospitable thought was wasted, for he did not come; instead, as she and Mrs. Carlingford were sitting down to the table, there came a telegram. Margaret stretched out an impatient hand, but the wire was addressed to Mrs. Carlingford.

"Oh, my dear, I am so sorry; I must go at once. One of my old servants is very ill. I must not wait a moment. Oh dear—poor old soul!"

"To Horsham?" asked Margaret, as she followed Mrs. Carlingford into her room.

"Horsham? Oh, yes. I'll come to-morrow morning the first thing. This is too bad, Miss Lee, to desert you like this. Look here, why won't you come with me? Oh, do."

"You forget, dear Mrs. Carlingford, Mr. Marshall. I must be here when he comes."

She held up Mrs. Carlingford's cloak as she spoke, and gave deft aid in that lady's hurried preparations.

"Leave a message—let him follow. I can't bear the thought of your staying here all alone. Come!"

But Margaret shook her head. "He has gone on my errand," she said, "and I must wait for him here."

"You are too considerate—but I admire you for it. I'll come first thing in the morning. Good night, dear."

A hurried affectionate embrace. Margaret was alone.

#### CHAPTER VII.

"I am sorry, dear, I could not come before. I have been up nearly all night with poor Janet. She is nearly seventy, and nursed me when I was a baby."

The speaker was Mrs. Carlingford, and the time was eleven o'clock on the succeeding morning.

"Ought you to be here now?" asked Margaret. "Your nurse has the first claim."

"I have arranged everything, so I can give you the day with a clear conscience. I would not think of leaving you alone again. I may feel that I must return to Horsham to-night, but the day is yours. You have not slept well, you look so tired."

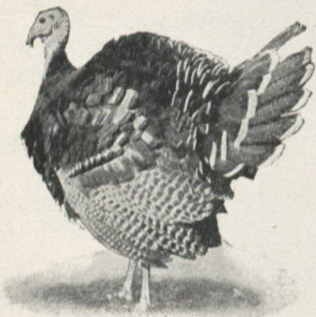
TO BE CONTINUED.

# AN EXPERIMENT IN FICTION

*Proving again that Truth is the Safest Refuge*

By ARTHUR E. McFARLANE,

Drawings by R. Johnston



"WELL, we've got eleven francs left, haven't we? Eleven francs!—About two dollars and a quarter!—Morton!"

"Yes, and eleven francs have grub-staked two people for a week many times before now, Gwendolyn, you can bank on that!"

"But I tell you the Winstons are here!"

"How do we know it's the Winstons'?"

"Who else could it be? They said they were going to surprise us. And they're our only friends, too, that the *concierge*\* knows. You'll see they'll call again to-night or to-morrow morning, sure!"

"And supposing they do?"

"Supposing they do! After their entertaining us in Boston for ten days, and then taking us all over London—to have them catch us like this!"

"Let me cable, then. The coin will be here the day after to-morrow."

"And when you told your father the last time that never under any circumstances would we overdraw again! Besides," she added, with a milder emphasis, "it would take almost every copper we've got on hand to cable."

The situation was partly novel and partly not. For the last two months of the first half year of their married life they had been occupying a tiny furnished apartment in the respectable southerly end of the Latin Quarter. And although their fortune, as represented in capital under the eyes of their elders at home, was wholly sufficient for their needs, for the fourth time since they had left Indianapolis they had reached the fag end of their monthly stipend several days before the next draft was due.

There was this to note, indeed. Young Mr.

\*The woman door keeper who has a kind of office at the entrance of French apartment-houses.

Morton Carter was in literature. He was even now gathering material for that great romance of historical intrigue which was to reach its height in the fall of the Bastille, and the Reign of Terror. But that great romance was still to get to printer's ink, and it had no predecessors. Literature was, therefore, not a source of wealth upon which Mr. Carter and his bride could reckon for immediate dividends.

"Then I'll have to put in my watch."

"Put in your watch—with my picture in the back of it, and everything."

"But I tell you the *mont de piété* is a regular government institution. It'd be just like getting the money from a bank. Besides, with nobody knowing us here, we haven't any blame need to worry about whether it's respectable or not."

She sniffed.

"Oh, you mean by *that*,"—his sarcasm was withering—"that I'm to cable after all?"

"No you're not!"

"Very well, dearie, very well! I'm going out to get my stuff about the Faubourg St. Antoine. It'll be up to you!"

"Oh, yes, it's easy enough to leave it all to me!"

At that he stood nailed upon the threshold. But he could think up no rejoinder which he had not used so often already that his literary conscience absolutely ruled it out. And under a bursting head of steam he started for the Faubourg.

#### CHAPTER II.

Whatever Mr. Morton Carter may have lacked, beyond any doubt he had the artistic imagination. Three hours later he came back with a realisation of exactly how the Bastille was taken, which made his eyes glitter and his breath come in long exhalations that partook almost of solemnity. There would be one chapter at any rate in "By Right of

Blood" which would make Hugo himself seem picayune!

The *concierge* stopped him at her little wicket and gave him a card. He was still holding it when he mounted to his own door and let himself in.

The hall opened upon their dining and sitting room. From it again, opened the dressing, and then the bedroom.

"Is that you, Morton?" Gwendolyn called from that inner chamber, and then showed a flower-like head which was still hatted.

"Where have you been?" he asked, astonished.

She laid a hundred franc note and some big five-franc cartwheels upon the table. "I've been to your old *mont de piété*, that's where I've been! And now we've enough to make some sort of show on, anyway."

"But what—what did you take out?—I don't see. At least he began to feel,—and it was like a large ice pressing upon his diaphragm.

"Why, there was that tankard thing, and the tray with the sugar and creamer, that we've never used. And, at the last, I made up my mind we could get on without the tea-urn, too; we can make that green one do. And when I'd put in the Sevres bowl and the Gouda-ware vases, and—"

"But Great Cæsar! Those things are all Miss Pastonbury's!"

"Well, we'd rented them, hadn't we? We'd rented the apartment furnished. And when she took her whole four months' in advance—!"

"Rented them!—Snakes, Gwendolyn! Don't you—Didn't you—Why, we rented them to use!"

"Well, that's using them, I guess! As long as we're willing to go without them in the meantime—"

"Yes—and if Miss Pastonbury should come back in the meantime! To say nothing of the honour of it! Where's the ticket they gave you?"

She produced it. "Oh, start lecturing now, do! You'd—you'd think to hear you,"—she gulped—"that it was a pleasure for me to go pawning! And when we know very well she's safe over in Exeter."

The ticket was not in itself a terrifying document. It looked much like a receipt for a registered



letter. But Mr. Morton Carter was regarding it with all the horror he had vainly sought to put into the expression of *Claude de la Courcelle* upon the sight of his *lettre de cachet*. "How—how much will it take to get them out again?"

By this time Mrs. Carter was beginning to partake of his emotion in spite of herself. "Why, it's only seven per cent, as you said, and the fees. Of course there was my cab fare, there and back—"

"Cab fare? Why, did you go over to the head office—on the Right Bank?"

"Certainly I did. Papa says it's always good business to go to the head office. Besides, how did I know that some time or other Miss Pastonbury mightn't have been at that place around the corner herself?"

It was a revelation of the femininely Michiavellian which staggered Mr. Carter almost as much as the pawning itself. "Well," he said at length, "just a little more than half our eleven francs is gone. Thank heaven we have the rest of it!"

"Oh,—if you must get it out of me, we haven't it all. I thought while I was over there, and near the Anglo-American, it would be a chance to—to get some tea that is really nice. You know how particular Elly Winston is about her tea. And—and, anyway, we've got it now."

"Yes, and I hope Elly Winston may choke on it!" He looked at his watch. "I'm not even sure there's time to make it to-day."

"Just as like as not there's a draft down at the *concierge's* now!"

Thereupon he opened his hand and glanced at the card in it. He did not exclaim, or even change colour to any marked degree. But at the look which began as it were to warp his countenance, she exclaimed—"Oh, Morton,—it isn't—Not Miss Pastonbury—?"

"That's all! And she says on the other side—'Am passing through on my way to Switzerland with my cousin, Mrs. Gloyd. Shall be here until to-morrow afternoon. Shall try to come in again before six.'"

He was still holding the watch in his hand. It was now five-thirty.

"Well, at least," she cried, "that gives us some time to plan."

"Plan! All we can do is to put for it!"

"But she'd know from the *concierge* that you got her card. And—and supposing we met her at the corner!"

She ran to the front window. "I knew it! I knew it! I knew it! She's just paying the cabman now!"

"We could both be laid out sick." And for his part he could have given the most perfect imitation of an exceedingly well-bred young man having a fit.

"If we both were, she'd insist on coming in. But I'm going to be! I couldn't be around after my taking the things out!" She fled into the bedroom. "You can tell her I've had a headache and am asleep."

"Well, my heavens, I like that! By James, I do! And how am I to square it with her?"

"Why, you're all the time making things up. It's your profession! And you know, Morton, you always say that when I offer you suggestions in your plots I only get you mixed!—I guess I'd help you if I could! But it—it needn't be any trouble at all! You can do it just as if it were a part of a story."

### CHAPTER III.

Miss Pastonbury was a middle-aged, educated English spinster of inflexible principles and unconfiding temperament who had long gained a fair livelihood by teaching her language to the patrician youth of Paris. She had let her apartment during the period of her visit home, and she had let it to Americans—for whom, as a sister race, she had a very half-sisterly affection. But she had put that apartment under the egis both of the *concierge* and the house agent. And, although she had not mentioned it to the Carters—she had from the beginning counted upon the present continental tour to give her the opportunity of returning at the end of the second month for a visit of inspection, herself.

Nor did Mr. Morton Carter need any psychic intuition to tell him that it was a visit of inspection. And while, outwardly, he was making apology for Mrs. Carter, and leading his guest to the seat in front of the fireplace, inwardly—with a tightening of every sinew of defence—his mind was speeding back to first and basic principles. He had once as a youngster, against parental warnings, applied the tip of his tongue to an iron pump handle in zero weather. Immediately in an ingenuous attempt to lick it off, he had followed it with the rest of his tongue, and his lips as well. And a moment later he was trussing his slobbered fingers beside his jaws

in the same agonising chancery. The experience had stayed with him ever afterward as a great moral and literary lesson. In all fiction, whether written or spoken, you put the end of your tongue to the pump handle perforce; but to attempt to remove it by more tongue—that way madness lies. Safety and strength are in no specious expansions, but in narration confined to the most Doric simplicity.

And already Miss Pastonbury's gaze had come to rest upon the shelf above the mantel. "Oh, I see you've been shifting things about a bit, Mr. Carter."

"Why—why, yes, just a little. What was it you



"At the last I made up my mind we could get on without the tea urn too."

—used to be there?"

"My little shepherd—the Dresden, you know. I was afraid for a moment there had been an accident."

"Oh—Oh, yes." He drew in his breath for it. "To tell the truth, Miss Pastonbury, we—we've been sending some of your china out to be looked at by the mender. Not that anything was broken—but they'd been a little knocked about and—"

"Oh, Mr. Carter!" There was bitter agony in her voice.

"Really—really! You can take my word for it. We sent them out just to be dead sure—entirely certain, you know! And they'll be home again to-morrow. You'll be able to see for yourself!"

"But I'm sure Christine—in my service she used always to be the very carefullest maid!"

"Oh, it wasn't Christine. She's all right. She's the pure McCoy, and it was awfully good of you to recommend her to us! It was a dog—Monsieur Lajeunesse's—Poigneau, you know. He was in one day, and got to jumping all over the place—"

"Why, I thought Monsieur Lajeunesse had gone to Ville d'Avray, and taken the great stupid brute along with him?"

"Yes, but he came back again next morning. You see, he'd forgotten some stuff." Having said so, he realised that when Miss Pastonbury went downstairs she would ask the *conciere* about it, and learn that Monsieur Lajeunesse had never been back at all. It was the pump handle.

But, on this first occasion it did not seem to have

taken hold of him. Miss Pastonbury's eyes had dropped to the mantel. "Mr. Carter, I—I don't see my bowl! It wasn't broken?"

"Yes, but they weren't broken! I—I don't believe they were even cracked. It was just that we thought it safest to send them out. There was that pair of Gouda vases on your desk, too." (She was at that moment looking for them.) "They weren't damaged at all, though—not in the slightest."

She sat back and fairly shrieked at him. "But—Mr. Carter—the bowl stood directly over the hearthstone! I can't see how it escaped being absolutely shattered!"

"Heh! Well—well, to tell the truth it did have the closest kind of squeak! If it hadn't been that one of the cushions happened to be lying right beneath it at the time!" He re-set his smile. "It was funny, wasn't it?"

"Oh!—oh, yes, indeed!" They were cushions which Miss Pastonbury had embroidered herself.

"And I must tell you about the other things—the shepherd and the Gouda vases." A drop ran suddenly down in front of his left ear. "Monsieur Lajeunesse managed to catch them half way. We saw them just as they were going. It was mighty quick work, though!"

"Oh! oh, yes, it must have been."

Until now Miss Pastonbury had been sitting with her back to the serving table and the china cupboard. But during the last few moments—and she had her excuse in the levelled glare of the sun—she had been gradually shifting her position. Cupboard and table came within her field of vision at last. And, as she had only too strongly suspected, there was to be seen neither Queen Anne tray nor three-piece service nor ancestral tankard!

Mr. Carter had marked the direction in which her eyes had travelled. And now—with what might very well have been mistaken for eagerness—he began at once to speak about that silver. In fact he had been just about to bring it up. To tell the truth they didn't seem to have had the right sort of polish for it. It had kept on getting duller and more tarnished in spite of all they could do. And in the end they had made up their minds to have it cleaned up decently. When she returned she could count on finding the things in practically the same condition as when she had left them. They had felt it only right to see that they were kept in proper shape. He smiled upon her more reassuringly than a nephew trying to borrow money.

Miss Pastonbury also smiled, but not reassuringly at all. Albeit it might not lie upon the surface, she had blood in her that had produced three Crown prosecutors and a master in chambers. Now she saw herself verily called to the hour of act, and she cooled to it professionally, as it were.

"Why, that was very good of you, Mr. Carter, very good, I'm sure!"

"Oh, not at all. And it was really Mrs. Carter's suggestion."

"Yes? And you were so fortunate in finding a place where they do re-polishing, weren't you? I've heard there's such a shop just down on the Rue Monge. Perhaps that was where you left it in?"

"No. No, we were a little afraid to trust it there. We took it across to the Right Bank. We found a big place over there where they do all sorts of mending and fine metal-polishing."

"Yes? Then I needn't worry about my silver at all, need I?"

"No, not a bit!"

"And that's really a kind of place I've always been looking for, myself. I must get the address from you now, before it slips me."

The pump handle had found him at last. But he tried to get a grip on himself. "Yes, yes, of course! It was one of those new places on the Boulevards, you know."

"I thought it must be. And the name?"

He swallowed, and then swallowed again. But whatever he was swallowing at, it grew only the more chokingly huge. "La—Les—"

"You mustn't let a little mispronunciation bother you, you know, Mr. Carter."

"Heh!—Heh, heh!—George, I don't seem able to remember! It was—it began with—"

"I could very likely place it myself by the street—?"

He had the sensation of thinking very hard, but he knew that he had entirely ceased to think. He still maintained his smile, though. He felt, somehow, that in continuing to smile he had a power





## For The Children

Fallen leaves—frost in the breeze—meadows brown and sear,  
Plump Turkeys in the barnyard—Thanksgiving Day draws near.



### False Faces and Ghosts.

A STORY OF HALLOWE'EN.



EVELYN and Mary had a secret all their own. They had had it now for two days, and not a single other person knew it. True enough, Evelyn could not help whispering it to the old tabby cat because she looked so very much as if she wanted to know, but of course a cat doesn't count. So

you see it was a very great secret indeed.

Every morning on their way to kindergarten, Evelyn and Mary passed the dearest little stationer's shop on the corner of the street, and every day they would stop and press their pudgy little noses against the window pane to see the pretty things inside. One day as they came in sight of the window they gave a little cry of delight, for it was more beautifully decorated than they had ever seen it before. The floor was covered with lovely gold and green and red maple leaves. A great pumpkin head filled the centre of the window. It was lighted from the inside and had stary eyes that wobbled from side to side and a terrible flat nose and grinning teeth. Set around it were so many baby pumpkins and the sides of the window were hung with every kind and colour of false face in the world that you could think of.

Evelyn said: "Wouldn't you love a false face for Hallowe'en? I wonder how much they cost? I think I should like to have a Chinaman's face, one just like Sammy Lucs that brings the laundry."

And Mary said: "Let's have a secret. Let's save up and buy two false faces, and when Hallowe'en comes we will put them on and frighten everybody in the family."

And that was how the secret came to be thought of.

Now on feast days the two little girls were always allowed to have dinner with the grown-ups of the family. So on Monday evening, which was the day Hallowe'en and Thanksgiving both fell on, their mother put on their good frocks and sent them off to the playroom to await the dinner bell.

But when dinner was ready and everybody else was at the table Evelyn and Mary had not appeared.

"Where are the children?" asked the father. "If they knew what jolly Hallowe'en favours I have for each of them to-night, and the thrilling ghost story I am going to tell afterwards, they wouldn't keep their old dad waiting dinner for them."

At that very moment two piercing screams were heard from the direction of the upper hall and the next instant the dining room door flew open and two of the queerest figures you ever saw came tumbling into the room. At first glance you would have thought they were just two ordinary little girls, in pink and blue dresses, pink and blue legs, and black slippers. But when you looked at their faces—good gracious! one certainly had a Chinaman's face and the other an Indian's, with high cheek bones, a big nose, and very brown and sunburned. And over these terrible faces fluttered huge pink and blue butterfly bows.

They flung themselves sobbing into their daddie's arms, for they were really Evelyn and Mary.

"Dear me," said their mother, "what on earth can be the matter?"

"W-w-we were so frightened," sobbed Evelyn.

"W-w-we saw ghosts," cried Mary.

"There, there," said their father, "don't cry and tell us all about it. In the meantime I'll take off these masks, because I like my little girls' faces much better. Now Evie, what happened?"

"We had a secret and we were going to frighten you," said Evelyn, her sobs growing fainter, "and up in the playroom I tied on Mary's false face and she tied on mine, and we were just tip-toeing down to the dining room to bounce in at you when we saw two awful ghosts, plain as day. They had dreadful ugly heads, didn't they, Mary?" And they both shivered at the thought.

Brother Bob shouted with laughter, the two big

sisters giggled, and even their mother and father smiled.

"You great gooses," cried Bob, "it was your own two selves you saw in the mirror in the hall. Now own up, didn't one ghost have a Chinaman's face and the other an Indian's?"

"Y-Yes," said Evelyn, "I believe they did."

"But they were ghosts," said Mary.

"Here," said Bob, "let me show you, "and he clapped the Indian mask over his own rosy face and fell to dancing an Indian war-dance in such a silly way that Evelyn's and Mary's tears were soon dried and they were holding their sides from laughter.

"Well," said their father, "the tables were turned on that trick, sure enough, and now everybody come to dinner, the turkey is getting cold."

It was the jolliest feast night the children ever had.

### A CHILDREN'S SUPPLEMENT

Our readers will note that the Children's Department in this issue is larger than usual. For some time we have realised that the younger folk were taking a large interest in the Canadian Courier, and that this department was too small to enable us to get into it enough stories, articles and illustrations to please all ages. We have, therefore, decided to enlarge it so that we may give a greater variety.

With this in view, we have made arrangements with a number of writers and artists to supply stories and pictures. These will be the best stories and pictures ever prepared for the entertainment of Canadian Children.

This new and enlarged Children's Department or Supplement will be published regularly once a month.

We would like every boy and girl who reads the Canadian Courier to send us stories, photographs, drawings and suggestions for this department. To start with, we offer a prize of \$5 for the best Christmas Story sent us by any young writer fifteen years of age or under. There will be a second prize of a year's subscription to the Canadian Courier, (\$3), and a third prize of a half-year's subscription (\$1.50). These stories must reach this office not later than November 28th, No story should contain more than fifteen hundred words.

Editor Children's Department.

### When Two Feasts Meet.

BILL sat in the old, red rocking chair, And gazed in the fire with a thoughtful stare.

"What makes you so quiet, Billie, my lad?

It doesn't seem natural-like," said dad.

"Hope you're not sickening for something queer, With Thanksgiving and Hallowe'en almost here?"

"That's just my trouble," said Bill with a sigh, "When I think of the turkey and pumpkin pie,

And cran-ry sauce, and the whole array Of pasties that go with Thanksgiving Day.

Not to mention the good things of Hallowe'en Like cider, and chestnuts, and maple cream,

And toffy, and apples, so juicy and sweet, And the dishes of popcorn a fellow will eat.

It seems to me gluttony can't be a sin When two days like those come crowding in."

### How Mr. Turkey Came to Grief.

A FINE, fat turkey strolled into a corn field where he met a great, golden pumpkin smiling up at the sun.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Pumpkin," said the turkey, "you are looking remarkably cheerful considering that it is getting so near to Hallowe'en time.

Don't you feel at all nervous at to what will become of you?"

"Not at all," replied Mr. Pumpkin. "I would not care to live to an old age, and when I think of all the beautiful pies that can be made out of me, and how the children smack their lips and pass up their plates for another help, I feel that I have done some good in the world, and am not sorry to die." But how about yourself? Thanksgiving is not far off, and I believe fine birds like you are very popular on that day."

"Thank you for the compliment," said Mr. Turkey with a toss of his head, "but you need have no fear on my account. Do you imagine that the pride of the barnyard, as I heard someone call me the other day, could possibly come to so undignified an end as to be eaten at a Thanksgiving dinner."

Now it happened that year that Hallowe'en and Thanksgiving fell on the same day. As Mr. Pumpkin expected, he was taken from his bed in the corn field into the big kitchen of the farmhouse to be made into pumpkin pies. When the children saw him they cried out in delight, "O! what a lovely, round, smiling pumpkin. Do let us have him for our Hallowe'en table." So, after he was hollowed out they carved him eyes, a nose and a mouth, lighted a candle inside him.

And when the turkey came, who do you think it was but proud Mr. Turkey of the cornfield, looking very brown and sad, and altogether as if he had had a good roasting.

"Well, my fine fellow," said Farmer John as he carved off a leg, "you'll strut no more, and I'm not sorry, for you were a bold fellow. But boys, where did you get that cheerful looking pumpkin? He looks to me as if he were just bursting with smiles, and his eyes actually seem to twinkle. The finest we had in the field, I should say."

And sure enough, Mr. Pumpkin was smiling to himself. "When I was a little pumpkin," he whispered softly, "I once heard someone say 'Pride cometh before a fall.' Poor Mr. Turkey, I guess nobody ever taught you that in your youth."

### A Hallowe'en Adventure.

NANCY was sitting at the fire burning nuts, and the Kitchen Kettle and the Copper Kettle were singing merrily on the hobs. She had burnt nuts for everyone she knew. Then she thought of the Cream-jug and the Kettle, and she popped two more nuts into the fire. They blazed up quickly, and she was watching eagerly to see if they would quarrel, when the door opened, and who should walk in but the Coffee-pot, with a hat on his head and a stick in his hand!

"You are to come to the wedding," he said.

"What wedding?" asked Nancy.

"The wedding of my daughter Creamy and Mr. Kettle," he replied.

So Nancy took Pussy up in one arm and went away with Mr. Coffee-pot. And when they turned the corner there they saw the strangest sight in the world. The fat old Teapot was waving an umbrella in the air, and scolding the Cream-jug, who was weeping great streams of milky tears all over the ground. And the Kitchen Kettle and the Copper Kettle were jumping about furiously with swords in their hands, and spouting great clouds of steam, while all the Tea Cups and Plates were standing round with their mouths very wide open.

"Tut, tut!" said Mr. Coffee-pot, becoming very groundy. "What are you crying for, Creamy?"

"I don't know," said she; "but Mother has been saying—"

"Tut, tut," said Mr. Coffee-pot, becoming more groundy than ever. "Dry your eyes quickly, for the wedding is to take place at once."

"The wedding!" shouted everyone. "What wedding?"

"Creamy is going to marry the Kettle," said Mr. Coffee-pot. "Which Kettle did you say, Nancy?"

"I don't know," said Nancy.

"Then that must be what we are wanting to fight about," burst in both Kettles together, jumping more wildly than ever.

At this Pussy got such a fright that she sprang out of Nancy's arm and bounded away. And Nancy ran after her. Round the corner and down the road she fled as hard as ever she could and helter-skelter after her came Mr. Coffee-pot and the Cups, and Mrs. Teapot, and Creamy and the Plates, and the two Kettles. On and on she sped, faster and faster, but though she ran with all her might, Mr. Coffee-pot came nearer and nearer, till at last he caught her by the foot. Down she fell with a bump, and then there was a dreadful yell and a great crash, and Nancy woke to find that the Kettles had boiled over and scalded the cat, who, in her fright, had sprung at the table and pulled all the things on to the floor.



# The Acorn and the Squirrel

by Donald A. Fraser

A CHUBBY little acorn  
Hung on a limb so high,  
And cried, "I'll be an oak tree  
Some day by and by."

A frisky little squirrel,  
With hop and skip and jump,  
Came scrambling up the branches,  
And spied the acorn plump.

"Ho, ho!" he cried, "I see you;  
You'll never be a tree.  
You'll make a lovely dinner,  
To go inside of me.

"I will not eat you now, though,  
Because you are so plump.  
I'll put you in my cellar  
Beneath the fir tree stump.

"And then, when comes the winter,  
A banquet I shall hold.  
I think you'll just taste splendid,  
When the weather's keen and cold."

So Squirrel dropped poor Acorn  
Upon the ground below,  
And scampered down the tree trunk  
As fast as he could go.

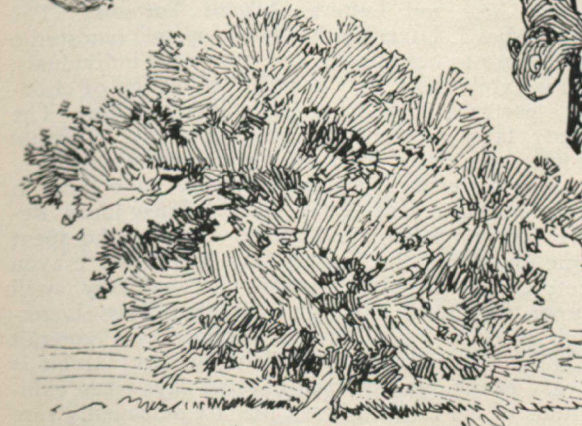
He stuffed him in his cellar;  
Said Acorn: "What a fall!  
To be a squirrel's dinner  
I do not like at all."

But Squirrel skipped off lively,  
And didn't care a rap;  
But suddenly he tumbled  
Into Tommy Jenkins' trap.

And Tommy took him homeward,  
Nor heeded Squirrel's rage;  
And kept him for a plaything  
Within a wooden cage.

Beneath the fir tree stump,  
Poor Acorn lay in doubt;  
Then the spring rains fell and soaked  
him,  
And he began to sprout.

He grew, and grew still greater,  
And flourished fair and free;  
And so became a grand old oak,  
In spite of all, you see.

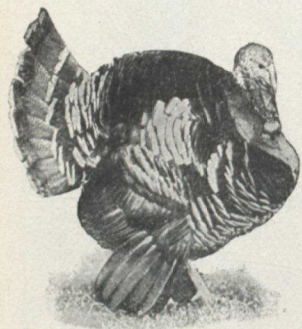




# AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

A DEPARTMENT MAINLY FOR WOMEN

## Vaudeville By Choice.



**S**TRANGE it is how the human tastes vary. Most people with stage ambition aim to do serious work in concert, opera or drama. Miss Flora Chalue is an exception, though perhaps the exception is more apparent than real. She has adopted vaudeville as a training ground, rather than a per-

manent vocation, and so far has been fairly successful. Because she is a Canadian and because of this peculiar ambition the CANADIAN COURIER thought it advisable to interview her.

"I started with the hackneyed schoolgirl stagginess, fond parents objecting to real or imagined histrionic talents, persistency on my part. In Toronto, you know, an amateur has every opportunity to try herself out—"

"Toronto Press Club plays?"

"Exactly—I took part in them. And then Mr. Schuch's operas. So much for my amateur work. My first professional engagement was with Mr. E. S. Willard—the dear old gentleman! I did small parts in his company, and finished the season as his ingenue lead—very, very proud you may be sure. That summer I got some fine training in stock in Toronto, under such players as Robert Conness, Mr. McKay and Ida Conquest.

Here is where the remarkable part of Miss Chalue's experience comes in. She got away with that extremely difficult and pivotal role of Adeline in "The Climax." Managers will tell a recruit that if she can handle Adeline she can play almost anything. Miss Chalue faced New York in this part; later drifting to the southern circuit. Because of her success in "The Climax" Miss Chalue was cast as the prima donna in the musicalisation of the Rida Johnson Young play, "Brown of Harvard," which shows that she has also a singing voice. It is a lyric soprano, not matured—and there is promise in it.

Now Miss Chalue has jumped the "legit" for variety. There's a reason. She aims at versatility.



The King, the Queen and Princess Mary, and His Majesty's little dog "Happy."

Then she is going to specialise—at what she does not as yet know. Vaudeville so far has held out many allurements. The *vivas* of applause have come spontaneously. There are some rather interesting features about Miss Chalue's vaudeville work. For instance, she writes her own songs and character stunts. She is not a mere piper of other people's tunes. In this originality of hers is an argument for her to stay in vaudeville—remember

George M. Cohan! Also another tip—Miss Chalue has tucked away down in one of her trunks a three years' contract for vaudeville work on two continents!

But I rather think that Miss Flora Chalue is old-fashioned in her stage ideals:

"Such prosperity, of course you are going to stick to it?"

"What, prosperity?"

"Oh, yes, prosperity, certainly—and, well, vaudeville?"

Miss Chalue jumped down from the trunk top and she smiled.

"Tentatively only. I don't think there's much future in vaudeville. Such a hard climb to be a headliner, too. It's great experience, though. A girl learns to depend on herself. On the vaudeville stage you alone are the cynosure of all eyes—good phrase isn't it? In the "legit" you are not the whole caste, and the other members may cover up a multitude of your sins. No, vaudeville is only a training school for me, whatever I do. I have still my eyes on the opera or the drama—in spite of that three years' contract. Silly? I know you think so!"

## The Royal Family A-Holidaying.

**T**HE King and Queen and the Royal children have lately been spending holidays at His Majesty's beautiful Highland seat, Balmoral Castle, entertaining a few guests, and taking such enjoyment as is peculiar to their various dispositions. The young people especially, devoted themselves in a very whole-hearted manner to the important matter of having a good time. The Prince of Wales spent most of his days in fishing or grouse shooting, and proved himself a very promising shot. Princess Mary found great entertainment on her bicycle investigating the numerous shady paths which wind about the castle, and the three younger princes had no difficulty in amusing themselves at cricket and other sports to their great satisfaction.

The picture of their Majesties and Princess Mary which appears on this page, was taken shortly before their return to England. The king's little terror "Happy," appears to consider himself quite one of a family group.

## The Harvest Moon.

**I**T is the harvest moon! On gilded vanes  
And roofs of villages, on woodland crests  
And their aerial neighbourhoods of nests  
Deserted, on the curtained window panes  
Of rooms where children sleep, on country lanes  
And harvest fields, its mystic splendour rests!  
Gone are the birds that were our summer guests;  
With the last sheaves return the labouring wains!

—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

## A Progressive Organisation.

**T**HE reassembling of the different organisations for the season of 1910-1911 reminds us of the many avenues in which men and women find outlet for their talents and energies, while at the same time doing their mite or more towards carrying on the work of the world's civilisation.

A society which works quietly and along leisurely, yet none the less progressive and telling lines, is the Women's Canadian Historical Society of Toronto. As in most organisations of this class, the bulk of the work is done by a few, the majority benefiting by their efforts and enjoying in a recreative yet profitable way the results of the endeavours of the working minority.

This society has been happy in its choice of presidents. In the sixteen years of its existence it has had several women who made a notable success in presiding over its destinies. The first president was the gentle and capable Mrs. Curson. Mrs. Curson was followed by Lady Edgar, whose literary work in the way of historic research, combined with much executive ability and a gracious personality, made her a distinguished presiding officer in many circles of women. At present and for some years past the chair has been ably filled by Mrs. Forsyth Grant, the dainty and vivacious lady under whose deft and clever handling no meeting could be dull.

A strong factor in the work of the historical is Miss Fitz-Gibbon, the corresponding secretary, who like the president, Mrs. Forsyth Grant, is of a family whose members did much of themselves to make Canadian history.

On the roll of honorary members, past and pre-

sent, are such names as Rev. Dr. Scadding, Rev. Dr. Withrow, F.R.S.C., O. A. Howland, C.M.G., Very Rev. Dean Harris, Col. G. T. Denison, David Boyle, and other men well known for their interest in matters historical and patriotic. Besides, the society has a corresponding clientele in many parts of Canada.

The records and articles of interest collected and preserved by the Women's Historical Society of Toronto are every day gaining in value, a fact to which the many applications for information concerning them from many parts of the globe testify.



Miss Flora Chalue, who is doing good work on the vaudeville stage.

While giving themselves many a social and pleasant hour, the ladies of the Historical Society have the gratification of knowing that they are lending a helping hand and in some measure making easy the ways of others travelling in a path similar to their own.

## The Lavender Sellers.

**O**VER in England the drawing-in of the evenings already heralds the approach of autumn, but in the London streets there is one other intimation that the dreary season is near at hand. It is the appearance of the lavender sellers with their tanned faces and quaint familiar cries, which are among the oldest of the London street cries still surviving from time immemorial. The old English couplet in which the itinerant vendors of the fragrant herb advertise their wares has been handed down since the time of the Tudors. "Who'll buy my lavender, there's sixteen blue branches for a penny?" There was once quite a long verse setting forth its excellences, but the rest of the ditty is seldom heard. Although a great deal of lavender is imported from France earlier in the season, it is more than mere sentiment that makes all discriminating housewives wait till "Sweet September" to purchase the sweet-smelling flower in its prime.

## An Exhibition of Children's Portraits.

**M**ANY people will remember the charming canvas entitled "Fine Feathers Make Fine Birds," which hung this year in the Art Gallery of the Canadian National Exhibition, and which now hangs in the Arts and Letters Club of Toronto. The artist, Miss I. Lovering, has lately opened her studio in Toronto to her friends, and interested individuals, and is exhibiting a very beautiful collection of children's portraits in pastel, water colour and oils. The dainty faces of the little ones of many Toronto people smile down from their places on the wall.

Miss Lovering is an Englishwoman who came to Canada about a year ago in search of new ideas. Before taking up her residence in Toronto she spent some months at the Capital City, where her crayon sketches of prominent people became very well known and much admired. Although Miss Lovering's work is not altogether confined to portrait painting, her idea of specialising in her exhibit is a very happy one, for even in these days when exhibitions of art in Canadian cities are sufficiently rare as to attract general attention, there is a desire for something "different" from the general run, and this Miss Lovering seems to have provided.



# DEMI-TASSE

## Newslets.

**MAISONVILLE** is the man of the hour. His sense of honour consists of a great vacuum.

Our poem on "An Airship Crossing the Atlantic" is unavoidably detained on account of the weather.

The *Globe* turns aside from tariffs and bi-lingual troubles to write an editorial on mountaineering, in the course of which there is a splendid burst of Caledonian poetry. We wonder who wrote that editorial. It must have been the Pursuer of Peace.

Dr. Carman wants a press censor for the *Globe*. Perhaps he suspects the editor of not believing in Moses and miracles.

"The Canadian Rockies will be the playground of the world," said Dr. T. A. Longstaff to the Canadian Club. Hamilton and Montreal listen with cold sneers, while Gaspé refuses to believe a word of it.

Borden missed the degree of LL.D. at Kingston. Empty honours are not for him.

It is now rumoured that Belleville may have a street railway. How the peaceful repose of our rural districts is being marred by the clamour of modern inventions!

## The Fatal Letter.

**REPORTERS** look up merrily,  
The *Globe* gets very gay,  
The Legislative halls are filled  
With folks with lots to say.

Sir James discourses of the crops  
And says the weather's fine,  
But, oh, there's something doing  
When Hanna writes to Pyne.

The Public Works Department  
Is just a little riled  
Because its correspondence  
Was neatly marked and filed,

When swift there came an enemy  
Within the Tory line,  
Who stole the famous letter  
Which Hanna wrote to Pyne.

## A Perfect Brute.

"**DO** you suppose that old man was out of his mind when he married?" asked a Toronto woman as she laid down the evening paper.  
"No man is sane when he marries," replied the Toronto woman's husband gloomily, as he surveyed the bargain advertisements.

## A Turkey Famine.

**THE** tidings come from farms throughout  
Our own beloved land,  
That poultry's worth its weight in gold  
Wherever chicken's canned.

The prices are prohibitive  
For turkeys plump and fine,  
And on the proud Thanksgiving bird  
The millionaire will dine.

The turkey will be missed a lot  
From many a festive board,  
For we must dine on humble goose,  
Since turkey value's soared.

The world is but a fleeting show,  
Illusion is our lot;  
And all the universe is blue,  
If turkey can't be bought.

## His Proper Sphere.

**HON. W. J. HANNA**, who is enjoying the delights of a banquet at the Soo, while the Liberal press is making remarks on his correspondence, is frequently represented in one of the Toronto evening papers as a cook superintending the making of soup. This curious fancy of the cartoonist was misunderstood by a juvenile member of the Hanna household, who informed another companion that the Provincial

Secretary's duties in Toronto consisted entirely in cooking. "You ought to see his picture," said the small person. "He wears such a queer apron, and is always making soup."

This remark was recently repeated in Toronto, whereupon a Reform member remarked, "And now he's Fallon in the soup."

"Not a bit of it," responded a young man from West Lambton. "He'll be making it hot for the rest of them."

## Strange.

**THEY** met within the darkened hall;  
He said, "I've brought some roses."

Her answer seemed irrelevant,  
It was, "How cold your nose is."

## As It Seems to Us.

**NOW** it's Peary who is credited with not having reached the North Pole. Whoever has discovered it will convince us only by bringing back to civilisation the North Pole or the hole he dug it out of.

The tanglefoot dress is going out. The fair sex have either to let it go or to fall out in their march to equality with man. Fancy a "woman policeman" in a hobble skirt.

Fort William and Port Arthur are trying to unite, and because neither place will agree to the other's name being used, the new double city may well be named "the Heavenly Twins."

An engineer has discovered, far north of the Arctic circle, in Canada, what he believes to be the highest mountain on the continent. Later—Dr. Cook climbed it several months ago.

The Dominion Parliament is to get going on November 17, so we'll soon enter upon that considerable period when there's no work at all for the soft pedal on the political organs.

Everything considered, it looks as if the man who goes fishing is no greater trifle with truth than the man who tells us what great crops he raised in the kitchen garden of his city lot.

A Toronto newspaper says that there are too many drowning accidents on Toronto Bay, and the city is left wondering what is the proper number.

Wouldn't it be much easier to get into a proper frame of mind for Thanksgiving if the puzzles of Christmas giving were not threatening us?

The Panama canal was recently choked by a landslide, and next thing it's to have a visit from President Taft, who may put his foot in it. One of these days the poor, disgusted canal will just curl up and die.

The world is getting better; it is turning from prize fights to prize flights.

Walter Wellman's reason for thanksgiving is that although he had to sacrifice gasoline and later abandon his airship, his trip didn't change his name.

## Saved By a Technicality.

**THAT** "figures can't lie" is the beautiful talk  
Of some people who mildly rant;  
But when "business is business," the saving clause  
Is "There's no such word as 'can't.'"

## Domestic Science.

**A** MONG the boys attending the schools in connection with the Faculty of Education of the University of Toronto is a Rosedale lad to whom going to school is a new and pleasing experience. He takes a lunch to school, instead of going home at noon, and every day's experience is like a picnic to him.

His father is very much interested in

the lad's schooling and often tries to find out what progress the young hopeful is making. The other night the father asked, "Well, what did you have to-day?" The boy's answer was given out enthusiastically. It was: "Two lovely chicken wings, daddy."

## Fatal Resemblance.

"The woods are full of them."  
"What?"  
"Men who look like deer."

## Wheel Within a Wheel.

**A** MAN of nimble wit was shown, a few days ago, an actual instance in an American publication of a quotation within a quotation within a quotation. "That," he said, "is as bad as an Irishman imitating an Englishman singing 'Annie Laurie.'"

## An Awkward Name.

**A** CYNICAL somebody says that the children's saying published from time to time are really made by men with grey hair, but we guarantee this pair to be both fresh and genuine. The boy who made these remarks is not quite four years old, he lives in the north-east section of Toronto, and his "front name" is Jack.

The little chap's mother is short and stout, but the mother of a baby living a little further down the street is quite tall. Jack noticed his mother and the other lady walking home together, and when his mother reached the verandah he said, "You're not very big, mamma; you don't fit up to the baby's mother."

A couple of Sunday's ago Jack and the rest of his family were sitting on the verandah enjoying the summery day. Jack saw his little playmate, Helen, walking from her house to the sidewalk, and he broke the Sabbath quiet and badly startled everybody with hearing by shouting "Hel!"

## Says the Cynic.

**M**AN wants to make a mark, woman a remark.  
Every man has his price, but very few get it.

Being in the swim doesn't necessarily make one a good catch.

A quiet wedding is often the prelude to a noisy married life.

Everybody was cut out for something, but very few were labelled.

Never put off till to-morrow what you can put off till next week.

There are not as good fish in the sea as people say they have caught.

If everybody swept in front of his own house there'd be an awful dust.

He gives twice who gives quickly, because the charity collector makes a second call on him.

Just as many a man gets his hand on the top rung of the ladder of success his foot slips.

## His Second Youth.

**A** MONG the men of Ontario who have felt the call of the Somewhere Else is one who, though well on in middle age, still apparently thinks and plans as if he were but a short time out of his teens. He has talked of going to England or France, Mexico or some South American country, and several other distant sections of the globe.

His latest talk is of going to Western Canada, and he speaks of his plans as enthusiastically as if the present were the first occasion on which the spirit of wandering had seized him.

"You've talked of going to nearly every land there is," said a friend to whom the prospective wanderer confided his hopes. "You've had this, that and other plans according to what place seems to take your fancy. Now, what the dickens do you expect to do out West?"

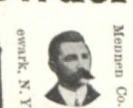
The "middle-aged youth" apparently appreciates the humour of his everlasting plans for getting to some other land to make his fortune. His answer—given with a sly smile—was: "Oh, grow up with the country."

## The Business Instinct.

"Will you lend me a match?"  
"What's your security?"

## MENNEN'S NARANGIA Talcum Powder

For sale everywhere or mailed on receipt of 25c. Sample Free.



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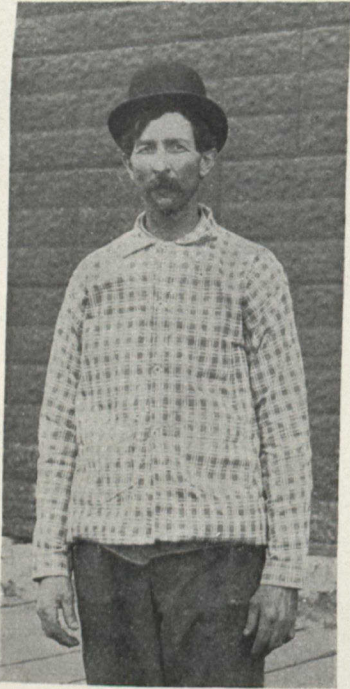


## PEOPLE AND PLACES

### Cured of His Typhoid.

**F**RIGHT will sometimes cure a nervous malady, but it is not often one hears of typhoid being cured by sudden exertion.

Mr. I. T. Walker, one of the sufferers by the recent fire in Rainy River district, was ill of typhoid when



"A typical lumber-district pioneer who was restored to health by the recent forest fire."

the fire struck Beaudette. He was forced to get up and dress. Here is his story as told to a newspaper man: "I was in bed with typhoid fever on Monday, when the fire started," he said, in describing his experiences. "I could hear the roar of the flames, and when my wife came in crying with fear I did not know what to do, for I could not get up. Finally, when the flames came nearer, and it was seen that our home could not escape, my own fear overcame my weakness. I got out of bed, gathered together an armful of blankets and carried them and our baby down to the river. When the fire approached we waded into the stream. I do not know how long we stayed there, but it seemed about two hours. When the fire had passed we came out and made our way to a place of safety. I cannot understand it. Before the fire I was too weak to get up, and to-day I am able to be around, and though somewhat weak, am not suffering at all."

\* \* \*

### The Ottawa Thirst Problem.

**C**ANADIAN municipalities are fast learning that nothing may so enhance or detract from a town's reputation as the condition of its water supply. Ottawa has a thirst problem which seems to be the fashion just now—remember Toronto and Moose Jaw. The condition of affairs in the capital is something similar to that of the western town. Ottawa wants a longer and taller drink. Lately, A Hazen, one of those New York experts whom Canadian municipalities have a habit of calling in when anything at all disputatious arises, has been on the job in the city trying to figure out how Ottawa is to obtain a larger water supply. Mr. Hazen has submitted his report. He has decided that the new reservoir must be McGregor Lake. This is one of the pretty pools of the Gatineau chain, and is located about fourteen miles from town. There are rocks on the shore, and a myrtle fringe of pine trees. According to the Ottawa

Journal, no one in the city in particular has till now paid much attention to McGregor Lake. Campers would occasionally make a day of it out there. Just now even the lawyers are nodding their heads when McGregor is mentioned. The lake has become of special interest to the legal gentlemen. For, indeed, there may be a nice constitutional point involved if Ottawa authorities agree to follow Mr. Hazen's advice and begin to pump water into town from McGregor. The crux is this: Has Ottawa the right to build works on McGregor? Ottawa is in Ontario; McGregor is part of the territory of the province of Quebec.

A question of greater importance than this technicality to the citizens, however, is that of the quality of the French lake's water. Mr. Hazen says that it is "extremely desirable as a source of public water supply"; better than the Ottawa River, even after the process of decolourisation and filtration have been applied to that stream.

\* \* \*

### The Hero of Allahabad.

**I**N our schoolboy days we have all read of the boy hero of Allahabad, the sole survivor of the Sepoy massacre in that city when the Indian Mutiny broke out. The Indian Mutiny is such ancient history that all track of the boy, Harry Roberts, has for years been lost. It was taken for granted that he was dead. Last week, at a meeting in Winnipeg of the veterans of Western Canada who are forming a big organisation, Harry Roberts turned up and enrolled, and when the veterans of the army and the navy, the Crimea, the Indian Mutiny, the Canadian Rebellion, the Boer and the Maori Wars, found who he was, he was given a wildly enthusiastic welcome with three British cheers, given as only British veterans can give them.

In an interview with a representative of the COURIER, Mr. Roberts said: "I was born in Allahabad, India, in 1846, where my father held a responsible position with the East India Company. My mother was a native of Cashmere. I was the youngest of six brothers and sisters. I was educated in Hindustani, and knew but little English. The mutiny broke out in 1859, and the horrors of that terrible massacre haunt me still.

"My father, mother, three brothers



Harry Roberts, Hero of Allahabad.

and two sisters were horribly tortured and killed, whilst I was left for dead bathed in blood, and pierced by a sword thrust. I was trying to rouse my dead parents when the soldiers found me. The doctors said that I could not recover from the awful wounds that I had received from the

## Dress Suit Evenings



**E**VERY man should have a dress suit for the season that is here right now. He should purchase it from a tailor conversant with the latest styles and with the special art of tailoring these goods. You can easily understand that it is a special art.

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you order from us you have the guarantee that everything turned out by us is intended to improve our reputation.

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These clothes are made from cloth selected in England at the mills there, and may be made in either the American or English designs. We believe that the season's styles are better in the latter modes—more of a swagger cut to the European fashions.

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Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Offices of Boothville, Proton Station, Swinton Park and Birdall and at the Office of the Post Office Inspector at Toronto.

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**IRON**

Nana Sahib's mutineers. However, I recovered, and I was sent to England to be placed in the Duke of York's school. In charge of a sergeant I was taken to the War Office and Whitehall, where it was decided that as my father was not a soldier, I could not enter. The sergeant was ordered to take me to the workhouse, but I did not want to go there, and on the way escaped.

"At the age of twelve years and three months I enlisted in the 75th Regiment, and from 1860 to 1868 served with that regiment in India, Africa, England, Gibraltar and Ireland. I was also through the Abyssinian campaign, and also accompanied Stanley on one of his exploration trips.

"I received," he said, "the Indian Mutiny medal, medal and clasp for Abyssinia and Royal Humane Society medal for saving human life. In 1901 my only son was killed in the Boer War."

\* \* \*

#### The Captor of Riel Passes.

THE man who brought Riel into tow passed to the Happy Hunting Grounds at Regina the other day. Tom Hourie, Scotch half-breed, confidante of governors, military officials and big chiefs of the whiskey days on the prairie, was buried with the ritual of the Masons. Everybody among western old-timers knew Tom—he was part of the country. The mushroom weeklies are now writing his epitaph: "One of Nature's gentlemen"; remembering the tales Tom told, when nature was a greater part of the trails than in the days of transcontinentals. Often it ran into riotous embroglios, and Tom was in the middle of the fight. But he preferred the pipe of peace. His fellow redskins dubbed him "the man whose tongue was not split." That was when they saw him cribbing out of the old Hudson Bay Company dictionary English words which might better them on the numerous occasions when they sent him to barter with the white traders. It was Hourie who persuaded the red men to camp on the reserves set apart for them by the government. He cleaned up that job in record time.

It was in 1881 that Tom Hourie received what he claimed was one of the two great honours of his life. In that year he linked up with the Marquis of Lorne as his official interpreter.

Tom's second distinction occurred during the Rebellion. The official party which was picked to rope in Riel by oversight did not include Tom Hourie. That nettled the Scotch. He organised a little scouting party of his own on the sly. He and his band beat it off on an unfrequented trail. The other party did not have a look in. When they sneaked back to camp, down at the mouth because of their failure to find the rebel leader, they were further chagrined to find the fomentor wearing the bracelets of Tom Hourie.

\* \* \*

#### The Telephone Over the Trails.

THE social side, that is where country life falls down—at least many young people think so, and hike to the city and "conveniences." The telephone is an antidote which is being taken quite commonly now by the rural districts. It assists social intercourse; it saves farm horses tripping over hot, dusty roads; in short, it sweetens the temper of a community. All of which is preface to some remarks on the extraordinary popularity of the telephone in Manitoba. One of the chief sources of pride to the government of Premier Rodmond Palen Roblin is its encouragement of the extension of the telephone throughout the province. During the past year two thousand Manitoba farmers linked up with the telephone.



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Observe how highly every Mason & Risch is prized by its owner—how years of constant use only heighten their appreciation of it. Mason & Risch pianos in use for twenty-five years are still in such good condition as to give no reason for wanting a new instrument. Think how seldom you find a

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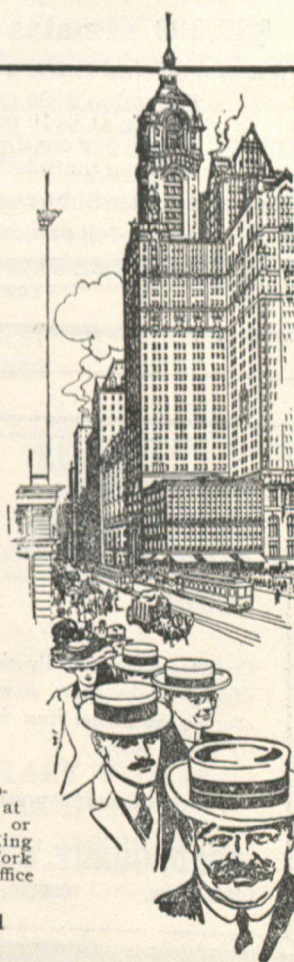
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# THE SCRAP BOOK

## Another Health Hint.

SEASIDE Visitor (admiring a sea-gull)—How nice and clean he looks. Boatman—Yes, ma'am, if you spent as much time in the water as he does, you'd look clean, too.—*Punch*.

## Too Much Limelight.

THE Visitor—Won't you come here and tell me your name? Child of Wealthy Parents: No, I won't. I'm just sick an' tired o' bein' interviewed.—*Life*.

## Worth Rehearsing.

FAIR Amateur—"The curtain will rise in a few minutes. Are you quite sure you know your words?" Hero—"Yes, all except the part where I kiss you. We'd better rehearse that again."

## Human Life Is Cheap.

ANGRY mother—"You've got an awful nerve to ask me to give you back your ball when you nearly killed one of my children with it." Boy—"Well, ma'am, you've got ten children, and we've only got one ball."

my life I shall be an object of suspicion among the police." "But you will not be alone, my friend," replied the philanthropic visitor; "the same thing happens to people who own automobiles."—*Washington Star*.

## Expert Evidence.

BLOBBS—"Scribbler has had no less than nine plays rejected." Slobbs—"What's he doing now?" Blobbs—"Writing essays on the decline of the drama."—*Philadelphia Record*.

## Needed a Tag.

A MEMBER of an eminent St. Louis law firm went to Chicago to consult a client. When he arrived he found that he had unaccountably forgotten the client's name. He telegraphed his partner, "What is our client's name?" The answer read, "Brown, Walter E. Yours is Allen, William B."

## Not For Good.

THERE are many reasons for a girl's giving up office work, but one mentioned by a writer in Brook-



Horticultural Contributor (to new Vicar on conclusion of the Harvest Festival decorations). "Well, sir, we've had the church looking saucy before, but never anything like this!" —*Punch*.

## Wouldn't Experiment.

REGINALD—"Darling, I see by the papers that a food expert says that it is possible for a family to live on \$4 a week. Do you think it possible? Rosalind—"No, dearest, but I'll be a sister to you!"—*Cleveland Leader*.

## Just As Good?

SUNDAY School Teacher—"Now we will all stand and sing a hymn. Johnny, do you know 'O Day of Rest and Gladness'?" New Boy—"No, ma'am, but I know 'My Wife's Gone to the country.'"—*Harper's Bazaar*.

## Excuse That Failed.

"WHO has broken the milk jug?" "The cat knocked that down, madam!" "What cat?" "Haven't we got one,"—*Fliegende Blaetter*.

## Numbered and Noticed.

"IT is a terrible thing," said the prisoner, "to be known by a number instead of a name, and to feel that all

lyn Life in the following story is perhaps the most effective that could be invented.

"Miss Smith is going away," said one of the stenographers to another. "Is she leaving for good?" "No, for better or worse."

## A Help to a Good Life.

I'VE just been reading about the power of the will. It's a wonderful thing." "Yes; a millionaire friend of mine left a will that makes six children and seventeen grandchildren be good."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

## Disappointing Death Rate.

A PROPOS of the enmity, now happily buried, that used to exist between Minneapolis and St. Paul, Senator Clapp said at dinner in the former city: "I remember an address on careless building that I once heard in Minneapolis. 'Why,' said the speaker in the course of his address, 'one inhabitant of St. Paul is killed by accidents in the streets every forty-eight hours.' A bitter voice from the rear of the hall interrupted: 'Well, that ain't enough.'"

## Reasons for Buying Bonds

1. They afford, when properly selected, ample security.
2. Several different classes are available, the investor being able to suit his individual needs.
3. The interest on them varies from 4 to 6 per cent. per annum payable half-yearly.
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## Mail Contract

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until Noon, on Friday, the 2nd December 1910, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years six times per week each way, between ABINGDON and WINONA from the 1st January next.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Office of Abingdon, Winona and intermediate offices and at the Office of the Post Office Inspector at Toronto.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,  
Mail Service Branch  
Ottawa, 18th October 1910.  
G. C. Anderson, Superintendent.



## Mail Contract

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until Noon, on Friday the 25th November 1910 for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails on a proposed Contract for four years six times per week each way, between SHERIDAN P. O. and CLARKSON G. T. R. STATION from the 1st January next.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Offices of Sheridan, Erindale and Clarkson and at the Office of the Post Office Inspector at Toronto.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT  
Mail Service Branch.  
Ottawa, 12th October, 1910.  
G. C. Anderson, Superintendent

## Experiment in Fiction

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

to convince which transcended logic. "Heh!—Tchck—To tell the truth I don't just seem able to remember the street either."

"Hm. But memory does play us such tricks, doesn't it? I think you said it was somewhere on the Boulevards?"

"Yes. Yes, of course. But you see I wasn't sure at the time which of them it was. It was right up there where a whole bunch run together at the Place de la Republique, you know." He began to breathe again. "And it'll be back again tomorrow morning, in any case."

"Oh, indeed? At the same time as the china? That's quite a happy coincidence, isn't it, Mr. Carter?"

"Yes. Yes, it is, rather." Even his nose was sweating now. "It didn't really occur to me before."

"But, no—naturally, when you took them all to the same place. I think you said to the same place, if I remember rightly?"

HAD he said so? Or was it the pump handle in another guise? Yet there are those who imagine it is easier to lie than to tell the truth! He moistened the roof of his mouth. "Oh, no—no, they were different. The china place was quite near, though—in the same block, at the corner."

"Oh, quite so. Then you'll remember it, in any case? I fear I may be bothering you a trifle, Mr. Carter. But one likes to feel sure about such things, doesn't one?"

He mopped himself again. "Really, I—I don't believe I—you see it was Mrs. Carter who took out the china." He could at least rest for a moment on that yard of solid ground.

"Mrs. Carter?"  
"Yes. Of course I don't often let her do those things for me. But as she just happened to be going over in that direction one day—"

"Oh, then you did know of the place yourself? No doubt you had heard some one speak of it?"

Once more the pump handle was engagingly held out to him. His words fell over themselves in his haste to get away from it. "No, oh, no! I believe—the truth is we found it in Baedecker." He knew that their Baedecker was safe in the inner chamber with Gwendolyn.

"Why," said Miss Pastonbury, "that makes it perfectly easy, then. She crossed to her bookcase, and reaching behind the upper tier, took out her own, fat, red guide book.

In Baedecker's list there were mentioned no menders of china or polishers of metal whatever.

He gagged. "Heh! I suppose in that case, we must have got it from the directory—the one at the post office." (But were there directories at the post office in France?) "Or, no, I remember now quite well. We saw it when we were taking out the silver." Again he could for a moment loosen his grip upon his chair arm.

"Oh, yes, precisely so. And it really doesn't signify, does it Mr. Carter?"

"No, not at all." He felt quite clearly that she was merely re-arranging him upon the spit.

"But, just before it slips me"—she had now got down to business again—"about Monsieur Lajeunesse. You were saying he came the morning after he went away?"

"Yes. Yes, I think it was the morning after."

"And that must have been more than seven weeks ago—a few days after you moved in. The—china's been out for quite a while, then, hasn't it?"

He made no answer at all.

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SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until Noon, on Friday the 18th November 1910, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails on a proposed Contract for four years 18 times per week each way, between LAMPTON MILLS and C. P. RAILWAY STATION from the 1st January next.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Office of Lambton Mills and at the Office of the Post Office Inspector at Toronto.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT  
Mail Service Branch.  
Ottawa, 4th October 1910.  
G. C. Anderson,  
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"And the silver—but of course you sent that out only a little while ago, when it had become so dull and tarnished?"

She eyed him with a kind of grim, raptorial satisfaction as the net tightened.

"Yes, I believe it was last Friday. It's to be returned to-morrow morning." It now came quite automatically.

"Precisely so, Mr. Carter. I had understood, though, that you found the china place when you were taking out the silver?"

After that her remaining questions came to him out of a hot and prickly haze. There was something about receipts. It was very odd, wasn't it, that he had no receipts? Mightn't his not having them make it exceedingly difficult for him to get the things back upon demand? There was even more blighting interrogation than that, too! She ended by informing him that she would call again next morning with the house agent. He believed he asked her if she couldn't come to luncheon.

He was still standing somewhere near the door when Mrs. Carter rushed out to him. "Oh, Morton—Morton, dear!—Even if you want to, I'll never let you forgive me! And I might just have known that it'd be like that! For no matter how clever you may be at inventing things, if you can't make the other person say the things to fit in, too! The old—old gargoyles! Why couldn't I have been there to take care of her! But don't you see if I had come out, it would have made it look as if you hadn't been telling the truth!"

CHAPTER IV.

If, for the time, Miss Pastonbury had controlled her natural emotions, and confined herself almost wholly to cross examination, it was not that she regarded the loss of some of her most valuable possessions merely as the chance for an exercise of inductive dialectics. It was only that, in Mr. Carter's odious Yankee phrase—she wanted to be "dead sure."

Having made herself dead sure she stopped at the *concierge's* on the way down stairs, and left instructions that at the first attempt upon the part of her tenants to move out the police should be called in. Then she sought the office of the agent. He had gone home and would not be in again until noon next day. In the meantime, therefore, she must act alone, at least alone with Mrs. Gloyd.

And if, next day, Mrs. Gloyd, being touched less closely, showed a certain hesitation, Miss Pastonbury herself had the spirit for a multitude. It was, indeed, in her mind—probably from reading accounts of executions—that according to law she must give the Carters time to eat their morning meal. But there was no reason why they should have any longer shrift.

With Mrs. Gloyd behind her, she rang their bell at a quarter to ten.

Mrs. Carter opened to her. Upon the mantel shelf stood the Dresden shepherd. In the center of the mantel was the Sevres bowl. One of the Gouda vases, still half wrapped in an *Indianapolis Journal*, lay upon the lounge. And beside it on the lounge gaped a pumpkin-coloured club bag.

Mr. Morton Carter was standing with belated face within the closed portal of the dressing room. It had been his intention, when at last he got his morning's shave, to send Gwendolyn out to the Louvre, and, with heroism, await the issue alone. Now, as he stood there, powerless to stop it, what he heard from the mouth of Gwendolyn, and that swooping vengefulness and a most businesslike sufficiency, was this: "No, Mr. Car-

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You can buy twice the quantity of Ingersoll Cream Cheese in blocks for the same money as you would receive in jar cheese, besides, there is just as much difference in the quality in favor of Ingersoll Cream Cheese as there is in the price. Never becomes hard. Every particle can be consumed. Sold only in 15c and 25c blocks. For sale by all grocers.

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—Macbeth.

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ter is *not* at home; but perhaps, this time, I can act instead?"

In Miss Pastonbury's outraged soul, incredulity and thousandfold suspicion, and a resolution for action which was now quite objectless wrought and contended together. But she was able to speak at last. "This is my cousin, Mrs. Gloyden."

"Oh! oh, indeed." There was a deadly echo in that intonation.

"We—we came a little early," said Mrs. Gloyden, timorously.

"Yes, so good of you, wasn't it? You must stay for breakfast."

"Thank you," said Miss Pastonbury, "thank you! We did not come for breakfast!"

The lines have been drawn with much fineness as to what one lady may say to another. But when the first lady knows that the second is not a lady, and she would only be putting herself in her power to treat her like one, much more latitude is obviously allowable. "Oh—quite so!" said Mrs. Carter. "You merely came to rubber?"

"What?" said Miss Pastonbury, paling; "I—I beg your pardon? What does she mean, Maria?"

MRS. GLOYDEN had begun to move toward the door again. It was not her hour for conundrums. "You can see, Adeline, that your things are there! And if you wouldn't be warned—"

"In any case I can feel how atrocious the expression is, and whether you stay or not, Maria, now that I have come, I intend to satisfy myself." She already felt herself more furiously heated than the day before when she had been coolly in possession of every faculty. She took a step towards the pumpkin-coloured bag.

With one spring Mrs. Carter placed herself in front of it, and awaited her in an attitude that was reminiscent of basketball.

The attacking force fell back gasping. "Good gracious! I—I never in my life—!"

"No, I guess you never did! You needn't think because you can bully Morton you can bully me. And you shall be satisfied, too. I don't intend you shall leave until you're satisfied. I intend to make it my business that you're satisfied!" She passed her down the shepherd and the Sevres bowl. She followed them with the Gouda vases, taking the second from the bag and unhusking it with tremulous haste. Then she came to the silver. And it also she made Miss Pastonbury examine piece by piece, from tray even unto tankard.

"There!" she said, with a gleaming eye, "that's done with! But it's only the beginning. You took poor Morton when he was alone. Now it's my turn! I want you to question, and heckle, and cross-examine me"

Morton, in the dressing room, found himself becoming acquainted with a bride who was entirely new to him.

For her part, the gargoyle could only gasp anew.

"You know, I told you, Adeline—" said Mrs. Gloyden.

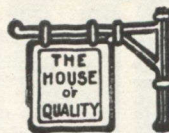
"Go on," commanded Mrs. Carter; "You seem to think— He told me there were places where you didn't appear to believe him."

Miss Pastonbury's narrow bosom heaved like the English Channel. But she still sat speechless.

"Very well! Then I'll let Mrs. Gloyden know without your asking me!"

"Why, I'm sure," deprecated Mrs. Gloyden, "I said again and again last night that I felt she must be mistaken."

"Mistaken! It wasn't merely a mat-



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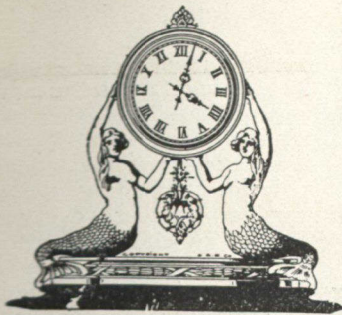
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SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until Noon, on FRIDAY, the 25th November, 1910, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years six times per week each way, between FREELTON and HAMILTON, from the Postmaster-General's pleasure.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Offices of FREELTON, HAMILTON and intermediate offices, and at the Office of the Post Office Inspector at Toronto.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,  
MAIL SERVICE BRANCH,  
Ottawa, 19th September, 1910.  
G. C. ANDERSON, Superintendent.



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ter of being mistaken! But when he was doing his best to explain to her, if you could have heard how she deliberately went to work to get him tangled up!"

"And nothing could have been easier," panted Miss Pastonbury, "nothing could have been easier."

"Yes!" flamed her conqueror. "And why? Just because he was trying to put things so you wouldn't be agitating yourself about it! I know lots and lots of men who wouldn't have cared a— a hoot whether you were agitating yourself or not!"

"Oh! O-oh!"

"Well now, Adeline—"

"And not only that. It was all because he is so honourable and high-minded!" Mrs. Carter began to address herself to Mrs. Gloyden again. "If you had heard—if you only knew how he talks about such things! And mind you, being so honourable like that gets in his way a lot! Papa says—and I'll tell you there's nobody in Indiana knows his way 'round any better than papa—he says he never went to court yet with a story they couldn't tear all to frazzles if only they got the right sort of inside cinch on it! So that you can just see how it would be with Morton, can't you, Mrs. Gloyden?"

"Oh, I felt, I was quite certain, that there couldn't be anything wrong—"

"And more than that, again; you see, Mr. Carter is an author—"

"Oh," said Mrs. Gloyden, in awe; "Adeline didn't mention that."

"Yes, and you can easily understand how much worse that would make it for him, when he couldn't get his—his explanations right for her! Why, he's just all conscience, that way! He won't let the very littlest thing pass that might let people think he was making up! He'll go back over a story twenty times, and pull it this way, and twist it that, and if he can't find any way out of the snarl, he goes pretty near crazy! You haven't any idea! And then, as I've told you, to be deliberately tangled up!"

MRS. GLOYDEN regarded her kinswoman with a shame which was fast becoming indignation.

The latter lady had been for some time experiencing a sense of strangulation.

"Yes," she choked, "and before you finish you might also say something about Mr. Carter's remarkable memory, and his most peculiar absence of mind!"

"I was just about to, even if you hadn't reminded me, for it's just his bad memory and his absence of mind which prove how much genius he has!"

Miss Pastonbury rose to her feet quivering. She picked up the Sevres bowl again. "There's not the sign of a crack in it, not even a white crack!"

"No. And he told you there wasn't! I hope, now, that you'll be more ready to believe people in future!"

"I'm sure I warned you, Adeline!" said Mrs. Gloyden.

"And my silver—it's in exactly—precisely the condition it was in when I went away."

"Yes," cried Mrs. Carter in final triumph, "and that's just how he told you it would be! He used almost those very words himself! Now—now, are you satisfied?"

"I shall be satisfied," said Miss Pastonbury hoarsely, "when I have seen the rest of my apartment!" With one swift stride, which a training in basketball itself could not anticipate, she caught the knob, and thrust open the door of the dressing room. Mr. Morton Carter collapsed heavily backward upon the floor.

The defeated reached the street as

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Special openings for manufacturing farm and agricultural implements, including gas and steam tractors; paper and strawboard mills, men's clothing, ladies' ready-to-wear goods, food stuffs, starch factory, boots and shoes, felt wear, metal goods, wire nail factory, hardware specialties, flax and jute works, beet sugar factory, elevator machinery, electrical fixtures and appliances of all kinds, automobiles and commercial motor carriages, home and office furniture, leather goods, cereal foods, dairy supplies, building materials, stoves, ranges, furnaces and heating plants and twenty-five other smaller lines.

Special reports prepared and mailed free of charge on the manufacturing possibilities of any of these lines of industries, by addressing CHAS. F. ROLAND, Commissioner of Industries, Winnipeg, Canada.





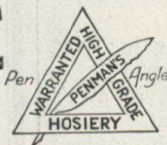
# Pen Angle Hosiery

## Only SEAMLESS Hosiery Fits Right!

You should wear Pen-Angle Hosiery, and no other kind. For this is the only Canadian-made hosiery that is seamless AND priced moderately AND guaranteed. All three merits ought to be in your hosiery. Because no hosiery that is not SEAMLESS can be comfortable—and Pen-Angle machines are the only ones in Canada able to knit such hosiery, form-shaped to the leg and foot, instead of merely water-shrunk into shape. Thus, though priced reasonably, Pen-Angle Hosiery holds its shape indefinitely. And it is reinforced wherever wear falls.

To these merits add the GUARANTEE you read here—two pairs for one if Pen-Angle Hosiery disappoints. Note next the modest price you need pay to get all this—and then remember name and trademark when next you need hosiery.

## PEN-ANGLE HOSIERY



**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 strength where needed. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.50; 6 pairs, \$3.00.  
 No. 1020—Same quality as 1760, but heavier. 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. 2-ply Botany yarn with special "Everlast" heels and toes. 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 splice heels and toes. 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. Black, light and dark tan. Put up in boxes. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.00; 6 pairs, \$2.00.

### READ THIS REMARKABLE GUARANTEE

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.

### ORDER THIS WAY

Ask at the store first. If they cannot supply you, state number, size of shoe or stocking and color of hosiery desired and enclose price, and we will fill your order postpaid. Remember we will fill no order for less than one box and only one size in a box. BE SURE TO MENTION SIZE.

ADDRESS AS BELOW:

**PENMANS, LIMITED**  
 Dept. 40  
 PARIS, CANADA



one be-dazed. "I—I—I never expect to get at the bottom of it now," she said.

In the sitting room Mrs. Carter had taken the coming famous author of "By Right of Blood" into her Amazonian arms.

"And you needn't think, dearest, that I'm laying that up against you! For I was listening there, every minute yesterday, myself! But, Morton—Morton, dear, if there's ever anything like this to do again—when it's a case of a story you're not writing, you know—you'll let me do it from the beginning, won't you?"

Mr. Carter did not answer immediately. In his spirit was that peculiarly embittered gloom which can be understood only by artistic souls.

Also, in his right vest pocket reposed the French equivalent of forty-seven cents.

He produced the coins, and dropped them into the Queen Anne tray as into a collection plate.

Mrs. Carter gazed at them with a rapidly falling countenance.

"It—it isn't enough now, to cable with is it, dear?"

"Scarcely, Gwendolyn. But, except for that, it looks like seventeen cents too much."

"Well, there's no use being funny about it anyway! And, dearest—" again she beamed on him—"you know we've always said we wouldn't mind being poor, so long as we only have each other!"

She was interrupted by the repeated calling of the bell. And then followed the sound of feet hurrying expectantly up the stairs.

It was the Winstons. Elly Winston threw her arms about her hostess' neck.

"Now," she cried, "we're going to have that week of solid enjoyment!"

## Not a Real General

AT the first meeting for the season of the Arts and Letters Club, Toronto, a few nights ago, Sir William Mulock told a funny story, the prologue of which had to do with the new main room of the Club. That room used to be the county courtroom, and Sir William had there successfully defended a man whom he dignified with the name "Artist," although he could not remember "which wind instrument the artist played." Being a dreamer, the "artist" had managed to come into possession, in an alleged wrongful way, of property belonging to someone else.

The remainder of the story Sir William told somewhat as follows:

"Some time later the man came to my country home and explained that he wanted to do something to show his gratitude.

"I'm told that you are a general, and I want to join your army," he said, and he told me that he felt he would be suitable for my army because he had been a soldier in Italy.

"I'm no general," I said, and for quite a while I was puzzled as to how he had got the impression that I was a general. Finally I solved the mystery, and my friend went away disgusted when I explained to him that I was only Postmaster-General."

## Problem in Promotion

A LIBERAL worker in the last general election was extolling to an old farmer the merits of his chieftain. He was confronted with this argument:

"So it's Laury-ay you're puffin' up, is it? Well, if he's any relation to this 'ere man Laury-er, I don't want nothin' to do with him."—P. R. H.

Why let that headache spoil your day's work or pleasure? Take

## NA-DRU-CO HEADACHE WAFERS

25c. a Box at your druggist's.

Guaranteed to contain no morphine, opium or other poisonous drugs, by the 30 National Drug and Chemical Company of Canada, Limited, Montreal.

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 CANADIAN COURIER, TORONTO.

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Manufacturers of High Grade Bank & Office Fixtures, School, Library & Commercial Furniture, Opera & Assembly Chairs, Interior Hardwood Finish Generally.





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When you are speeding upward in an up-to-date Elevator to-day, fifteen, twenty, yes even thirty storeys high, do you ever wonder what made these enormous sky-scrapers possible?

One thing only—The Elevator.

Elevators are absolutely essential not only in the tall building, but in the two or three storey building as well.

Passenger Elevators are a necessity, while the Freight Elevator is rapidly replacing the old-time hand method of carrying goods from floor to floor, placing the necessities at your immediate convenience and the needed stock of the future within short reach.

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# OTIS-FENSOM ELEVATOR

has caused its installation in the great majority of the world's greatest buildings and the newest and tallest buildings of Canada.

It is important that the wheels of industry should be constantly and economically fed—and only by the use of an Elevator can you ensure this.

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HIGH GRADE

## SMOKING MIXTURE

Every tin is equipped with patent moistener.



For Perfect Satisfaction

2 oz. Tin Costs . . . 25c.  
 4 oz. Tin Costs . . . 40c.  
 8 oz. Tin Costs . . . 75c.  
 16 oz. Tin Costs . . \$1.50.

### Revival of Cricket

A GREAT effort has been made this season to popularise cricket, which, as everybody knows, has been superseded, by the more exciting and strenuous games of lacrosse and baseball.

The rules regulating cricket have lately been revised, so as to make them more acceptable to all, and if the result be as anticipated, we shall see more of a sport that, although it may not, to the superficial observer, appear so, is in reality the best game, for all purposes, that could be indulged in.

While it gives sufficient exercise, there is nothing violent about it, which cannot be said of most other games, and for this reason can be participated in by the old and young with perfect safety—a feature in itself sufficient to restore it to popular favour.

The majority have not the desire—nor physical ability if they had—to play either lacrosse or baseball, but all need exercise, in one form or another, and nothing will supply that in a more agreeable and profitable way than cricket.

It develops, too, the social side of the player's nature better, perhaps, than anything else, as is evidenced by the harmony that invariably prevails at matches, in striking contrast to the "free fights," and rough tactics, that too frequently characterise games of lacrosse and baseball, and this should be another reason, and one of the greatest, why the game should be given preference to the others.

Admitted that the majority enjoy physical recreation of some kind, that exercise is necessary, and that to be beneficial, it should be moderate, and had under the most agreeable conditions, there is nothing, it appears to me, that will supply all these so fully and satisfactorily, as the good old game of cricket, which bids fair to occupy the position it once had, and should have, in the pastimes of the Canadian people.

### A Royal Fireman

A NEW light on royal activities is afforded by an item in *Le Gaulois* (Paris) which reminds us that the late King Edward at one time served with the firemen of London.

Edward VII, at the time when he was the Prince of Wales, was a close friend of the Duke of Sutherland, who was so greatly interested in everything that pertained to the Fire Department of the English capital that he had constructed for his own use a fire-engine of the most recent type, and he had his domestic servants so trained that on occasion they could serve as firemen.

The Duke of Sutherland had made an arrangement with Sir Massey Shaw, who was in command of the London Fire Department from 1861 to 1891, to have his luxurious palace, Stafford House, connected by an electric bell with the central office of the Fire Department in London. Every time a great fire broke out in the capital, the Duke was immediately notified and steam was got up in the fire-engine. He sent a message to the Prince of Wales at Marlborough House, and as he went by he picked up his future sovereign and carried him to the scene of the fire.

When they arrived at the place where the fire was raging, the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Sutherland never failed to put themselves under the orders of Sir Massey Shaw and carried out his orders like common firemen.

It was thus that the late King, from 1864 to 1876, took a share in putting out hundreds of fires.

BY APPOINTMENT.

## WHITE HORSE WHISKY

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Great age and fine bouquet with guarantee of purity are its recommendation.

Always ask for **WHITE HORSE** specially if you want it.

Sold by all Wine Merchants, Grocers and Hotels.

## Lait-Larola

"Lait-Larola" is a perfect emolient milk quickly absorbed by the skin, leaving no trace of grease or stickiness after use. Allaying and soothing all forms of irritation caused by Frost, Cold Winds and Hard Water, it not only

**PRESERVES THE SKIN** but beautifies the Complexion, making it **SOFT, SMOOTH AND WHITE, LIKE THE PETALS OF THE LILY.**

The daily use of "Lait-Larola" effectually prevents all Redness, Roughness, Irritation and Chaps, and gives a resisting power to the skin in changeable weather. Delightfully Cooling and Refreshing after **MOTORING, GOLFING, SKATING, CYCLING, DANCING, ETC.**

Men will find it wonderfully soothing if applied after shaving.

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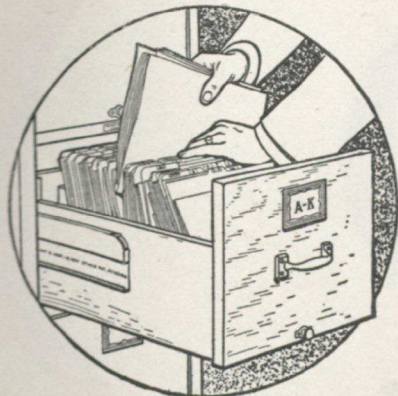
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For sale by **G. P. BRECKON & CO.** - Rear, 210 Victoria Street, Toronto



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**I**F YOU want a good cheap Filing Cabinet, here it is. There is more value per dollar in this "Office Specialty" Solid Oak Four-drawer

Vertical Filing Cabinet than in any other on the market. Each drawer has capacity of 4,500 papers. The Cabinet is finished in a rich golden shade. The trimmings are brass oxidized. The drawers slide on roller suspension arms, and in each is fitted a Follower-block.

To prove to your satisfaction that this Cabinet is all that we claim, we will ship it anywhere in Canada upon approval. Return it at the end of ten days if it is not as represented.



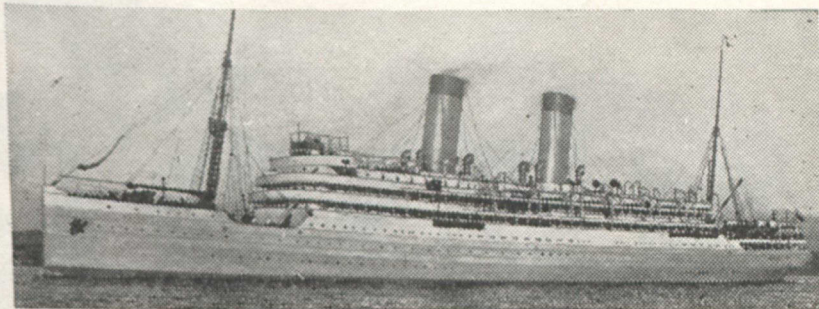
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5 days, 20 hours  
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THE STEAMERS

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Deer and Moose abound in all that district known as the "Highlands of Ontario", reached by GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM.

**Open Season**

DEER—November 1 to November 15 inclusive.  
MOOSE—November 1 to November 15 inclusive. In some of the northern districts of Ontario, including Temagami, the open season is from October 16 to November 15 inclusive.

**Open Season for Small Game in Province of Ontario**

DUCKS—Sept. 15 to Dec. 15 inclusive. SNIPES—Sept. 1 to Dec. 15 inclusive.  
GEESE—Sept. 15 to April 15 inclusive. WOODCOCK—Oct. 15 to Nov. 15 inclusive.  
PLOVER—Sept. 1 to Dec. 15 inclusive. HARES—Oct. 1 to Dec. 15 inclusive.  
QUAIL—Nov. 15 to Dec. 1 inclusive. SQUIRRELS—Nov. 15 to Dec. 1.  
PARTRIDGE—Oct. 15 to Nov. 15 inclusive.

Write the undersigned agents for a copy of "Haunts of Fish and Game" containing maps, game laws and all particulars.

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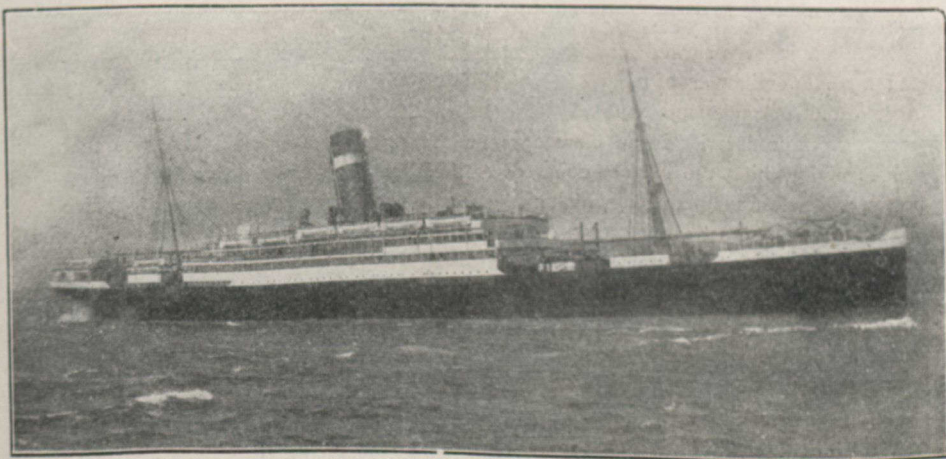
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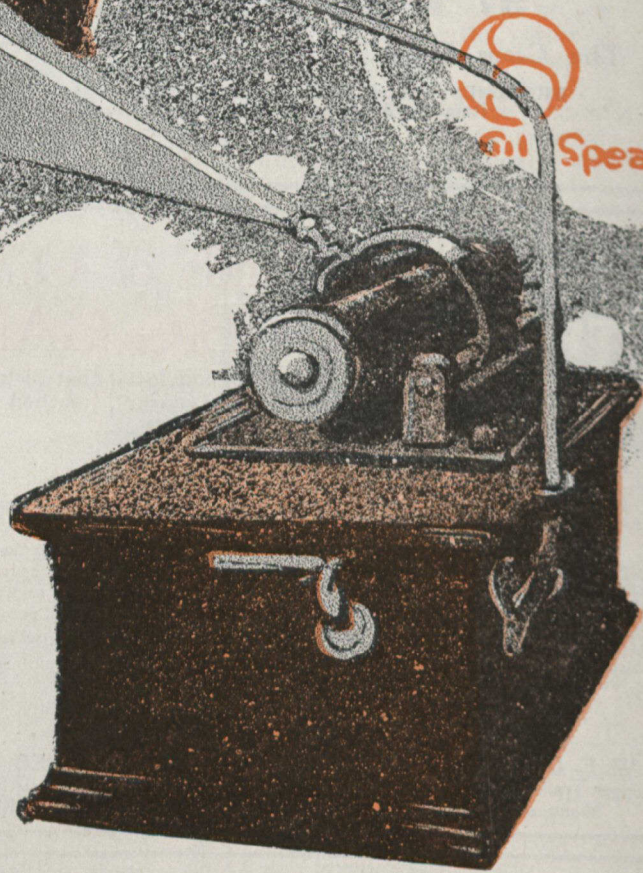




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