

The Canadian
Courier
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Two Views of Professional Baseball

By E. R. PATERSON and "BLEACHER"

A Day of Days Among the Ruthenians

By MIRIAM ELSTON

Canada's Consular Corps

By W. ARNOT CRAICK

Men and Religion

By REV. H. SYMONDS





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The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

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

VOL. X.

TORONTO

NO. 17

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Editor's Talk

THE first broadsided criticism ever levelled at professional baseball by any writer in a Canadian publication is printed in this issue from the pen of Mr. Ernest Pater-son. In publishing this article The Courier neither agrees nor disagrees with the writer. The article is published because it is interesting and because it contains absolutely a great deal of truth, viewed from that particular angle. The accompanying article, by "Bleacher," giving the opposite view, contains just as much truth from the other angle. Truth after all seems to be a matter of angles.

Miriam Elston's admirable description of the Ruthenian colony or church is the best bit of western writing that has reached this office since Nan Moulton closed her articles on the Mormons.

It will be news to many readers that Canada has twenty busi-ness agents in nearly every civilized country in the world. The illustrated article by W. A. Craick is the work of a writer who well understands how to make this sort of feature much more readable than the pages of some novels.

Within a few weeks the "Men and Religion Forward Move-ment" will be in full swing over this continent. Rev. H. Symonds, of Montreal, gives Courier readers a remarkably valuable appreciation of the real significance of this modern religious movement.

By the time this goes to press the greatest election campaign ever held in Canada will have been decided. Whichever way it goes the contest has done good to Canada. The reciprocity pact is of less importance than the effect of the reciprocity struggle on the national self-consciousness of a young country. We shall publish next week a full and fair appreciation of the ultimate meaning of this struggle.

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"But," said one man, "I understand the girl you're engaged to is a twin. How do you tell the difference between her and her sister?"

"Well, it's a mighty nice family,"

said the lucky man, "and I don't bother very much."

* * *

Base Deceiver.—Professor John Dewey, of Columbia, was talking about a legislator who had turned traitor to the suffrage cause.

"A man who could be so mean to woman," he said, "must be the orig-

inal of the Clayton jail story. A convict in the Clayton jail, you know, managed to do a little flirting over the wall. He flirted for some weeks with a girl who milked the cows in a field adjoining the jail, and one evening he called to her, and they struck up a conversation. Every day after that, for a year or more, the girl came

to the wall. Then the convict, getting tired of her, told her it was no use waiting for him, as he was in for life."

* * *

The Easiest Way.—Teacher—"How will they use airships in war, Jimmy?"

Jimmy—"Induce the enemy to go up in 'em, ma'am."—Puck.

The CANADIAN COURIER

A National Weekly.

Vol. X.

September 23, 1911

No. 17

DR. F. W. MERCHANT, of the Department of Education for Ontario, is a very busy man just now. He is loaded with responsibility present and prospective. The duties which he has to perform have even political significance. For some time he was chief inspector of public and separate schools in the Province of Ontario. He was also inspector of Normal schools. The even tenor of his way was disturbed when the question was raised as to whether the bi-lingual schools were properly conducted or whether they were merely French schools in disguise. The Minister of Education sent Dr. Merchant to investigate. He has been at this piece of work for some time. Last spring he investigated the bi-lingual schools in Essex County. Now he is pursuing his inquiry in Eastern Canada along the Quebec boundary. His report to the Government will be received with almost breathless interest by certain sections of the community. There seems to be little doubt that in the near future Ontario will be keenly discussing the question as to whether the bi-lingual schools should be mainly French or mainly English.

But Dr. Merchant has also another large task in prospect. As soon as he finishes with his present duty he is to be sent to Europe to study technical and industrial training. No educationist in Canada is of real importance until he has been sent abroad to study something. Dr. Merchant was recently promoted from the position of Chief Inspector of Public Schools to be Director of Industrial and Technical Education, a position of recent creation. Indeed Dr. Merchant is the first man to wear the title. It will be his duty to work out the provisions of the Act passed during the last session of the Legislature, entitled, "The Industrial Education Act." This Act provides for the establishment of technical schools under the direction of special local committees. No ordinary school board or board of education is to be allowed to control these special technical schools in the various towns and cities of Ontario. Each local committee will consist of twelve persons, six from the Public School Board, three who are employed in a manufacturing industry, and three who are employers of labour. Each will be known as the "Advisory Industrial Committee." The object of this machinery is to make the technical school in Brantford suit the industries of Brantford, that in Stratford to suit Stratford, those in Toronto to meet the particular needs of Toronto, and so on. The courses of study will be prescribed by local, not provincial, authority. Dr. Merchant devoted special attention to mathematics and science in the earlier years of his career, and it is reasonable to assume that he will show the same skill and progressiveness in his dealing with technical education. The success of his work will mean much for the industrial future of the Province of Ontario.

A Rising Educationist.

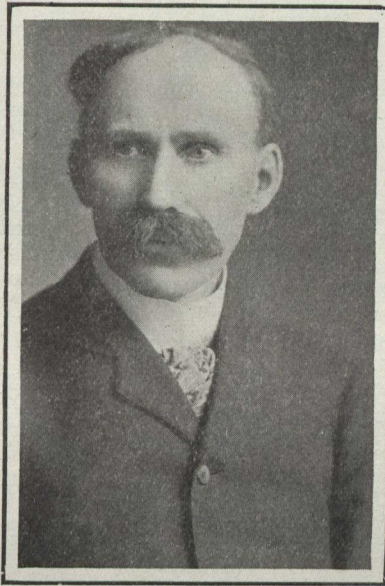
DR. MERCHANT'S successor as Chief Inspector of Public Schools in Ontario is Mr. R. H. Cowley. Born in Carleton County, he attended both Ottawa and Queen's universities, specializing in literature, history and natural science. He went back to his own county to teach and soon earned an appointment on the model school staff of the Ottawa Normal. Later he was science master in the Collegiate, and

finally inspector for the county. This is the typical routine for a successful pedagogue.

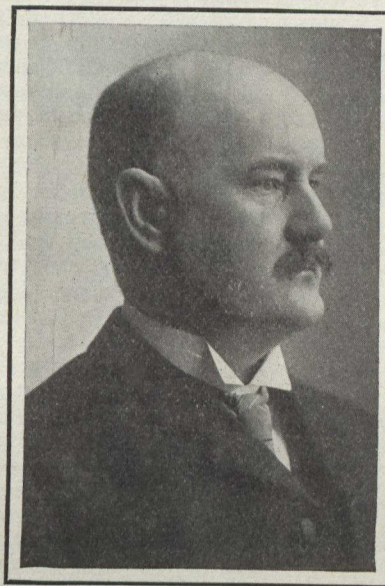
One of Mr. Cowley's enthusiasms has been "continuation schools," the school which fills up the space between an ordinary public school and an ordinary high school. He introduced them into Carleton county and about five years ago became inspector of continuation schools for the province. When Dr. Merchant was promoted, Mr. Cowley was naturally chosen as his successor, and he is likely to continue his predecessor's good work—perhaps improve upon it.

* * *

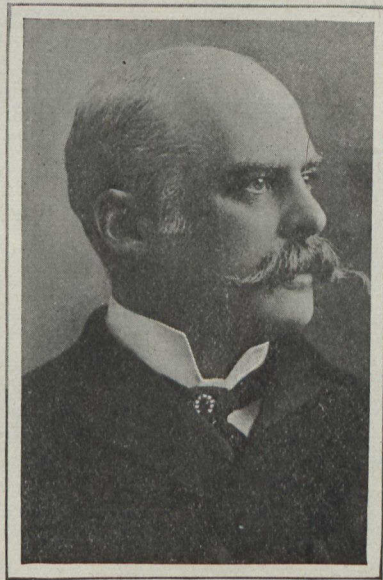
MEN OF TO-DAY



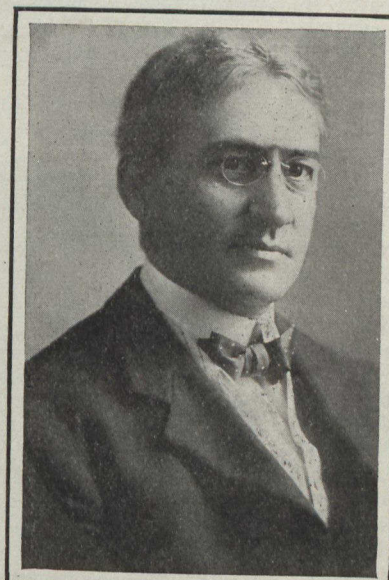
DR. F. W. MERCHANT
Director Technical Education for Ontario



MR. R. H. COWLEY
Chief Inspector Public Schools, Ontario



DR. J. J. GUERIN
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MR. L. J. GABOURY
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A Bi-Lingual Post-Office.

MONTREAL is the greatest bi-lingual post-office in America, and its assistant-postmaster is a bi-linguist. Mr. L. J. Gaboury was born at St. Cesaire, in the county of Rouville. His father, a notary, educated him for the law, after he had taken his B.A. from Marieville Seminary. Two years of law were enough for him, and he switched to business and thence into the civil service. His first important post was superintendent of the D. L. O.—Dead Letter Office—of the Montreal Division, and this post requires a live man always. In 1906 he received the appointment as assistant-postmaster. Because of the illness of the late Postmaster, he has been in almost entire charge of this important office, the largest and most difficult in Canada. He has shown great zeal in the discharge of his duties and has won the good opinion of his superior officers.

Not long ago, there was a great discussion in New York as to whether Mr. Morgan, the assistant-postmaster, should be made postmaster, and the political pot fairly boiled over. However, the cause of good government won and Mr. Morgan received the appointment. Just now in Montreal there is a similar struggle. Shall Mr. Gaboury receive a natural and well-earned promotion, or shall a politician who knows nothing about post-office work be put into this important post, as was done in Toronto and other places? This is a question of considerable importance to the country as a whole. It is interesting to notice that the Board of Trade, other commercial bodies, and the daily press are all united in declaring that the best interests of the public would be served by the promotion of Mr. Gaboury.

* * *

Mayor Guerin Decorated.

DR. J. J. GUERIN, Mayor of Montreal, who was notified recently by Archbishop Bruchesi, that he had received from the Pope the title of Knight Commander of the Pontifical Order of St. Gregory the Great, has had a busy career. What his fellow-citizens think of him was shown by the fact that in February of last year he was elected Mayor of Montreal by nearly ten thousand majority. He was the candidate heading the slate brought out by the Citizens' Committee to fight graft. Montreal, previous to the taking of that action, had been robbed of more than a million dollars in a year.

Dr. Guerin was born in Montreal on July 4, 1856, and received his education there. Both his parents were Irish. He was elected three times to the Quebec Legislative Assembly and was a member of the Marchand Administration without portfolio. He has been president of the St. Patrick's Society, the Shamrock Lacrosse Club, and many other organizations. He was at the Coronation and had a seat in Westminster Abbey.



Mr. Ernest Paterson thinks these gladiators have no real place in modern civilization. "Bleacher" says the professional baseballist is a public benefactor.

TWO VIEWS OF BASEBALL

1. *The Professional Game is Not Legitimate Sport*
2. *Baseball is an Institution Worthy of Public Patronage*

BASEBALL excitement, which began in May and will culminate in the latter part of this month, has come to the high-water mark in 1911. Every year Canadian "fans" are on the increase. The biggest crowd in the annals of the Eastern League assembled at Hanlan's Point, Toronto Island, last May, when 22,000 people witnessed the opening struggle between Toronto and Providence. In Montreal, a leading centre of lacrosse, the great American game has become almost as popular as in Toronto. In all our western cities local leagues have made baseball as prominent a summer pastime as hockey is in winter. The struggle for the pennant of the Eastern League this year has been eclipsed in Canada only by a great general election, whose leading issue is reciprocity, of which baseball is a startling manifestation. In the two views of baseball published on these pages, Mr. E. R. Paterson openly condemns the vogue of professional baseball, which, in his estimation, amounts to a form of hysteria. "Bleacher" as strongly contends that the professional game is a great out-of-door institution well worthy of public patronage.

THE CRITIC'S VIEW

BY ERNEST PATERSON.

ANY historian of this age and continent, failing to give due weight to professional baseball as a powerful influence in the life of the people, would be guilty of a serious omission. The game has, in truth, come to form a salient feature of the social conditions of our times. The extraordinary prominence given to baseball by the daily press throughout every season of the year—a prominence rivalled only by the subject of politics—is a sufficient indication of how conspicuous and continuous an interest it is in the minds of our citizens, and no student of the various forces at work in our North American civilization, taking note of the thronging crowds of spectators at the matches, the vast amount of discussion on all sides regarding the veriest minutiae of the game, the waves of jubilation or depression that seem almost to sweep across the community according to the varying fortunes of the "home team," the eclat that marks the opening of the season, when the city's Mayor or even the Lieutenant-Governor of the Province is present and assists almost as if at some important public ceremony—no one taking note of these things could fail to perceive that baseball is playing a large part, a part of singular significance, in the life of the people. It is, therefore, important that we should consider with great care the nature of the influence that is exerted by this remarkable interest.

Let us acknowledge, before proceeding further, that baseball is in itself an admirable game. It calls for and develops all the characteristic qualities of the athlete—speed, strength, endurance, agility, trueness and quickness of eye, mental alertness, strategic skill. Especially is it an excellent game to watch. Every movement of the players can be seen, and those movements are exceedingly accurate and rapid. Moreover, every play "counts"; every mistake is significant; every well-thrown or well-caught ball has a definite bearing on the final result. Of course, as with other games of its kind, such as Rugby and Lacrosse, baseball has the defects of its excellences. It is too vigorous and violent for most men who have passed beyond the years

of youth. "Slow" games, like cricket and golf, have an immense advantage in this respect. But our continent is singularly impatient of delays in its pastimes; it demands quick movements and a constant excitement. Baseball, indeed, seems to suit the genius of Canada as well as it suits that of the States, and in itself it is by no means unworthy of the devotion of our best athletes and sportsmen.

It is, therefore, a matter of double regret that the game has fallen on evil days. Professionalism has been gnawing like a vulture at its very heart, until the baseball we see played by our city teams can no longer in any legitimate sense be regarded as sport. It may well be that no form of professional athletics is deserving of the name; sport is suggestive of a pure and spontaneous delight which those that make a game their business cannot be expected to feel themselves or to inspire in others. But baseball is marked by some features that distinguish it from most varieties of professionalism (for example, professional cricket in England) as being peculiarly incompatible with our conception of sportsmanship.

It is a matter of common knowledge that the whole baseball organization is a business enterprise, conducted solely for the profit of its shareholders, and tainted through and through by a venal commercialism. The players are paid experts, and it is rare that a single man of them is a citizen of Canada. They are bought and sold and transferred from one team to another without any consideration of their place of birth or residence, and without any regard to their own wishes. This traffic in athletic skill forms the great topic of public interest during



This is the kind of popular spectacle that Mr. Paterson condemns and which "Bleacher" argues is as necessary to the twentieth century as the Olympic games were to the Greeks.

the winter season, and it continues even during the actual months of competition. The result, therefore, is that every year sees what is substantially a new team professing to represent Toronto, composed largely of players who in past seasons or even in the same season have been members of rival clubs, and who will almost certainly be so again in the future, assisting and opposing in turn just according to the amount of salary that their ability com-

mands. Pecuniary profit is, in brief, the basis of the whole structure. The clubs are simply business companies, and their sole object in purchasing the services of good players is to attract large gate receipts.

The enterprise, however, has been so adroitly conducted and so cleverly advertised by its owners, that they have succeeded in duping and blinding the public into a strange and almost laughable delusion. One would naturally suppose that the spectators would watch the game very much in the temper and attitude of people attending a simple exhibition of athletic or acrobatic skill. So regarded, a baseball match is a remarkable performance. The precision of the game is almost unique; it is as if some admirably constructed and carefully oiled machine were in motion. But such a conception of baseball is absolutely foreign to the minds of a typical audience. Amazingly credulous, pitifully hoaxed, victims of an absurd hallucination, the spectators behave as if the "home team" in some way was actually chosen from the best brain and brawn of the youth of their city, and as if the city's prestige was materially enhanced by its victories and impaired by its defeats.

The outburst of local patriotism that results from this delusion, factitious and fallacious as it is, is a thing incredible to those who have not witnessed it. Almost every other feeling is sunk in a keen and almost overwhelming desire to see the "home team" win. So far is this carried that the spectators are perfectly willing that the match should be a poor exhibition of baseball, provided that their craving for victory is satisfied; and they are usually eager to see the opposing side play badly, in order that the players they are supporting may be correspondingly advantaged. Favour and prejudice, partiality and malice, rule the day.

The colossal imposture of the whole thing, the extraordinary obliquity and blindness of vision displayed by the public, whereby a body of paid men, collected for a few months from various parts of a foreign country, playing baseball in much the same spirit as that in which a troupe of tumblers perform their feats of agility, owned and managed by a private company for its private gain, is invested with all the attributes of a team of amateur sportsmen, lovers of the game for the game's sake, imbued with the traditions and ideals that are the proud heritage of sportsmen, representing their native city at considerable expense to themselves of time and money in a chivalrous contest against other true amateurs—such a state of affairs would be utterly beyond belief if it had not become the commonest of commonplace. Men otherwise intelligent and even astute, keen in their discernment of the practical issues of life, undecieved and uninfluenced in their business dealings by considerations of sentiment, cool, cautious, hard-headed men, are absolutely hounded and flimflammed by this transparent swindle, absolutely fooled by this silliest and shallowest of fictions.

Such having been the origin and development of professional baseball, conceived as it was in a sordid desire for gain, and born and bred in delusion and credulity, we dare not expect that the actual playing of the game should be in accord with the spirit and traditions of true sport. Very little need be said on this subject. Every one who has attended a match, or has read newspaper reports, knows that the ideals of sportsmanship, those gracious principles of courtesy and honour and restraint that form one of our race's chief sources of pride, have no part in professional baseball. The most prejudiced devotees of the game can scarcely make this claim. It is always tacitly assumed that baseball stands almost by itself among games, with its own peculiar code, and its own unique notions of what is fair and praiseworthy.

This assumption has become so general that it is but rarely criticized. People merely smile when the conduct of a baseball match is described, amused rather than amazed and indignant at the disgraceful features of the game—the incessant interchange of minor abuse and petty squabbling among the players, the occasional riots and shedding of blood over a questionable decision, the brutal attacks on the umpire that marked former years, only now partly checked, not by any improvement in the tone of the game, but by the stringent imposition of fines, the perpetual yelling of the spectators, absolutely partisan, absolutely devoid of any regard for the claims of justice and generosity, the indiscriminate and virulent vituperation hurled at the members of the visiting team, the snrill shrieks of encouragement and stupid advice directed at the "home" players.

In truth, the whole temper of the game is in absolute antithesis to all that is usually accounted sportsmanlike and honourable. Any attempts at deceiving the umpire, any underhand but successful ruses are

openly commended. Victory at any cost, by any means, however unscrupulous, is the fundamental principle, and, when the passions of the crowd are raised to the highest pitch by a close score, and given a turbulent outlet without shame and without restraint, the spectacle is one of the most degrading that can be imagined. The madness of the whole thing reaches its culmination when weak playing on the part of the "home team" at first annoys and then enrages its supporters, and a poisonous fury of abuse is poured out upon the very players that perhaps on the previous day were belauded with a praise equally blatant and equally undeserved.

It is not difficult to understand how evil must be the results of a game thus played and thus supported. Manly amateur sport is one of the best influences in our civilization. The present day is beginning to recognize it as an essential part of a liberal education. Sport teaches lessons that are not to be learned in colleges, and stands for some of the noblest ideals to which our natures respond. Apart altogether, too, from the training it gives to body and mind, regarded as sheer recreation, as a hearty reaction from bustling practical lives, as a source of pure and unalloyed enjoyment, adding a grace and beauty of its own to existence, as a heightener of obscured visions—who shall estimate its value? Obscured visions—who shall estimate its value? What shall we say, then, of anything that tends to debase sport, anything that cheats and defrauds us of its sweet and health-giving fruits, making us spectators rather than players, not sending us forth into the green fields, ourselves to take a joyous part in some well-beloved pastime, but setting us in a grand-stand to get our exercise and our sport vicariously and to watch paid athletes whose only interest in our city is that our money pays for their services, duping us with a pitiful parody of a wholesome game played in a wholesome way by wholesome men, encouraging unchivalrous and dishonourable behaviour, indulging such mad lack of reason and restraint as might mark the orgies of savages, fostering sinister and brutish passions, breeding clamour, rancour and insolence?

Judged by its Heroes

Surely anything with these mischievous tendencies should be stoutly resisted by every honest and intelligent citizen. A nation is known by the heroes it sets up. Consider of what sort are the influences at work on the youth of a city where baseball players are pictured, interviewed, admired, flattered, and idolized on every side. For who are such ardent hero-worshippers as children? Imitation of the morals and manners of baseball can yield none but the most vicious results. Our boys are drawn away from the games they should themselves be playing by the artificially fabricated excitement of the diamond; they are blinded to all the more ideal forms of living; they are degraded into hysterical and malignant emotions; they are vulgarized by a behaviour that is nowhere condoned but among the players and supporters of baseball; they are educated in impudence, coarseness, and irreverence. We see the later effects of this and similar influences in a large number of our young men—sallow weaklings, who are called sportsmen only because they are well versed in baseball news, dishonouring the glories of our language by an unintelligible and vulgar cant, loud-mouthed and shallow-brained, flashy in manner and dress, rude and arrogant in behaviour, spending their evenings loafing on street corners, spitting and chewing gum, and leering at the passers-by.

Much has recently been said of the threatened Americanization of Canada. Baseball is a much more powerful influence in that direction than commercial reciprocity. In spite of this the very papers that profess to be most desirous of drawing our country closer to the Mother Land publish column upon column of baseball news in every issue, giving absolutely gratuitous advertisement to a wealthy business organization.

It may be answered that professional Association football in England holds a position very similar to that of baseball on this continent. It is true enough that there exists this stain on the fair 'scutcheon of British sport; but there is at least one very important distinction to be noted. The evil of professional football is recognized and deplored by almost all intelligent English men. The game is supported only by a certain uneducated section of the population, and newspapers of the better sort give it little or no attention. All true sportsmen are well aware that the whole constitution of the thing is fundamentally antagonistic to the principles of sport. And because the danger is felt and known and acknowledged, there is hope that it may ultimately be averted. The worst feature of the baseball situation, on the other hand, is

that the game is patronized by almost all classes of our citizens, and even those who find no interest in it are apt to overlook or condone the viciousness of the thing as a mere manifestation of natural and harmless "animal spirits." Our best newspapers, as well as our worst, have apparently discovered that their readers require full information in regard to everything connected with the game. It is seldom that any real criticism is made, and the number of those who seriously contemplate the nature of the influence that professionalism is exercising throughout our land is both small and inert.

What, then, remains to be said in conclusion? If there is any degree of truth in this indictment of professional baseball, it is clear that it should be abolished from our country, root and branch, and vigorous steps taken to encourage a personal, active participation in real sport by our young men. As to the best scheme for organizing an effective crusade with these ends in view, the writer expresses no opinion. He wishes merely to make an earnest appeal to Canadians that they give the whole matter some serious thought, assured that reflection will end in action, and that a strong public feeling will not be at a loss for methods to accomplish its wishes and enforce its demands.

THE FAN'S VIEW

BY "BLEACHER."

PROFESSIONAL baseball is one of the world's greatest organized forces. The size of the baseball machine appeals to the public, and the smoothness with which it is run also is impressive.

Baseball attracts both sexes and all classes. It is of as great importance to the people of the twentieth century as the Olympic games were to ancient Greece, or the circus to the ancient Romans, who seem to have invented the modern grandstand. This widespread attraction means generous support. Generous support means the making of great clubs, and great clubs mean a continental interest. People thousands of miles apart are making the same speculations as to what will happen next in the big leagues. For perhaps half the people of America baseball is a common bond.

A whist player once said that one can learn in five minutes how to go through a game of whist, but that it takes a lifetime to learn how to play whist. Much the same might be said of baseball. To learn the main points of the game requires but a few minutes; to understand it with any approach to thoroughness requires years of study. Even the great leaders in baseball are frequently finding out that they have still something to learn.

Baseball had to become professional. It proved to be too great a game to stay amateur. It demands that it be played by the best and brainiest athletes and that they give to it not merely evenings, Saturday afternoons and holidays, but their whole time. If amateurs could afford the time and had an incentive big enough to take the place of the bread and butter incentive that it has for the professional, amateurs might become almost as good baseball players as the professionals are. But there's that big *if*.

Professional baseball is worthy of public support because of the excellence of the playing and of the splendid way in which it is managed. "Dirty plays" and disorderly scenes are of remarkably rare occurrence considering the great number of games played and the rivalry aroused. The spectator has almost perfect assurance that he is going to see a real and clean game. The men who are playing baseball every day in the season and keeping themselves in proper condition between seasons put up the best games and pull off the finest plays, and it is the best games and the finest plays the people want to see.

The excellence of professional baseball offers a not-to-be-despised education to the spectator who takes his baseball sensibly. The ball game is a good study, and the cleverness and self-control that the best players exhibit have a wholesome effect upon the spectator.

Also the excellence of professional baseball teaches fairness to the spectator who is willing to accept that teaching. The shrieking, unfair fans by their noise and unsportsmanlike actions bring discredit upon spectators in general and lead the casual observer to conclude that all spectators are "poor sports." But in spite of the shrieking of some fans, the heart of the great body of the spectators is sound. The unsportsmanlike fan is much in evidence at Saturday and holiday games, but he is usually not found at the games played on other days. At these latter games the spectators are very largely quiet students of baseball who applaud good plays by the visiting team just as readily—though, of course, not as heartily—as good plays by the home team, and who in almost every instance take

defeat philosophically and victory not hysterically.

The criticism is often made that in professional baseball no city is represented by its own citizens, and that in Canada nearly all the players belong to the United States. Having each city represented by players really belonging to it would be an ideal condition. But do we reject everything because it is not ideal? Cities are not represented in the larger leagues by their own citizens simply because the idea is impracticable. To make the contests worth watching it is necessary that the clubs in any one league be of much the same playing ability. If each city were compelled to have only its own citizens on its team, some teams would be much superior to others, and the league races would rapidly lessen in interest. So there must be buying and selling of players.

It is true that the more important teams in Canada are composed chiefly of players from the United States. But it must not be forgotten that Canada has furnished some of the greatest players connected with teams across the line. The bigger country has produced the greater number of players. But must Canada keep out players from the United States and so see a poorer line of baseball. And ought Canadian players be forbidden to sign with teams that pay better salaries than Canadian teams?

It has become customary among some people to refer to the members of any city's professional baseball team as "aliens" or "hired men." Admitting that each city's team is composed largely of men from other places, one can see several points that give spectators a realization that each game is a real contest between two cities. The business judgment of the men behind baseball in one city is pitted against the same element in the other cities.

A hundred big and little details, all of which have their effect on the game, are dealt with by each city's own men. Good home grounds, well looked after, may mean a difference of one win or more in a season. Much depends upon the staging of the game so as to minister to the comfort and enjoyment of both spectators and players; and this point also is in the hands of the men in each city who are behind that city's baseball. Finally, the loyalty and fairness of the spectators of each city are not by any means negligible factors in the winning of games. The shrieking, fickle fan is probably not the help in winning games that he is imagined to be. If he gets the opposing pitcher "rattled," does he not "rattle" also the home team's batters and runners? But a team is surely helped by such items as the presence of a big crowd, the applause greeting both good plays and good attempts and peremptory cries from loyal fans to disloyal ones to "Quit yer knockin'." Other things being equal, the city that has a big, loyal crowd pulling for its team is certain to beat out the cities that have many disloyal or lukewarm fans.

THE PRIZE RECIPROCITY LETTER

MR. JAMES F. NAPIER, of Montreal, is the winner of the prize offered at the beginning of the present election campaign for the best 100-word letter on reciprocity. There were at least half a dozen others between whom and Mr. Napier it was a toss as to merit.

In judging the values of such letters, more than politics must be considered. Chesterfieldian politeness as a letter-writer of course was not taken into account. Choice of diction was not a factor. Nor was mere cleverness in argument the criterion. The winning letter contains a percentage of all these elements. But it has something more.

We hope that some readers of THE COURIER have been benefitted by the discussions in these letters. It is too much to hope either that the fate of the government has been decided by this forum, or that any great number of votes has been swung by the discussion. We believe, however, that the whole philosophy of the greatest election campaign since Confederation is contained in these letters, if one but had time to dig it out. We regret also that a large number of letters came in too late for publication before the election.

THE WINNING LETTER.

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

Montreal.

SUNNY JIM.

REFLECTIONS

By THE EDITOR

Activities of Protestant Laymen.

ON Tuesday of last week, the people of Ottawa and Aylmer were greatly interested in celebrating the sixtieth anniversary of Dr. Francis E. Clark, founder of the Christian Endeavour Society. Dr. Clark is a native of Aylmer, but early in life left that village to be adopted by an uncle in the United States. His real name is Symmes, but he has always used his uncle's surname. The celebration last week included a memorial service to Dr. Clark's mother, Mrs. Lydia Clark Symmes.

Dr. Clark was one of the first to realize the value of giving the children and young people in the churches a broader religious education, and of allowing them a larger share in church work. His example has led to other movements of a similar nature, such as the Student Volunteer Movement, the Laymen's movement, and the Men and Religion campaign. The latter movement is the latest, and is dealt with in a special article elsewhere in this issue. The organizers of it have been at work for nearly two years, but the active, broad campaign commences this week.

Laymen's movements are perhaps but a natural feature of a democratic age. There is a growing feeling that religion is as much a question of conduct as of faith. The weakness of Protestantism has been its failure to permeate the daily life and conduct of its adherents, and the consequent looseness of the tie which bound the majority to the faith. In recent years there has been a decided change in this respect. Humanitarianism and morality have, as it were, been merged with religion and religious activity. Religion is less a seventh-day garb and is becoming an every-day garb. As the movement proceeds, its effect on business, social and political conditions may be expected to be more and more pronounced.

* * *

The Saloon and the Church.

REV. DR. GRANT, of Montreal, has been working among the "unwashed" of Montreal, and he tells the Montreal Presbytery that there are more men and boys in the saloons on Saturday than in the churches on Sunday. If this is true, is it the fault of the saloons, or the churches, or of the men and boys themselves? I wonder if Dr. Grant would agree with me, if I were to state that in my opinion the fault was largely with the churches?

In the first place, the men and boys are not forced to go into the saloons. They do not receive personal invitations. The saloons do not advertise in the daily papers. They go because they want entertainment, diversion and companionship. They go because they have nothing better to do and because they are welcome.

Now what do the churches do to counteract this? What do they offer to these men and boys on Saturday afternoon? They cannot answer that it is none of their business to provide entertainment for these people. If it is their business to keep them out of the saloons and if this can be accomplished only by providing counter attractions, it should be done. If throwing open the church rooms on Saturday afternoons and evenings, and providing places where men and boys can find entertainment and companionship, why should not the church take up the work?

Perhaps the real trouble is that the priest and the preacher are more concerned with church ceremonial and church finance than with keeping men out of saloons. The preacher spends Saturday afternoons preparing a sermon for the empty pews which he faces on Sunday, instead of spending his time in leading the entertainment which the workingman demands on his half-day off. The church lawn is being mowed and raked on Saturday afternoon when it might be used as a playground for men, boys and children. The church rooms are bolted and barred for fear some one should enter and emit a hearty, healthy laugh.

It does seem to me that in this country religion is too closely connected with black clothes, clean linen and new boots. It needs humanizing. It needs more of the milk of human kindness and human sympathy. It should be uncluttered and brought out into the fresh air and the beautiful sunshine. Then and then only, will it grip the men

and the boys. Surely the lesson is clear that the remedy is in the hands of the clergy.

* * *

The Romance of a Great Daily.

THE story of the *Manitoba Free Press*, Winnipeg's great daily paper, is most interesting. Its founders struggled with it for some years, but it first took its premier position in the West when the Canadian Pacific Railway found it advisable to play a part in western affairs. After the "Young Napoleon" from Brandon, Hon. Clifford Sifton, broke into Dominion politics about fifteen years ago, he managed to secure a controlling interest in it. How he induced the Canadian Pacific people to part with it and how he secured the funds to make the purchase Mr. Sifton has never revealed. It has often been reported that the late Walter Massey, of the Massey-Harris Company, was associated with Mr. Sifton in the purchase. If that is true, the secret has been well kept.

When Mr. Sifton left the Government at Ottawa and ceased to be a Cabinet Minister, he allowed the *Free Press* to continue to give the Laurier administration as full support as it had previously given. This year, when Mr. Sifton made a further breach in his relations with the Laurier administration and declared against reciprocity, the *Free Press* continued the even tenor of its way. It seemed curious to many people that Mr. Sifton should not have ordered the paper which he controlled to adopt his policy. But he did not. He

After the Elections.

ONE of the first duties of the new Postmaster-General, after the elections are over, will be to appoint a new postmaster for Montreal, in succession to the late Mr. Harwood. Will he study only the best interests of Montreal and seek for the best man in the service to fill this position? Or will he allow the patronage committee in Montreal to nominate a politician for the place?

In the post office service at present there are a score of well-trained, experienced men who would, any one of them, make a good postmaster for Montreal—the most important post office in Canada. Will Hon. Dr. Beland encourage the men in the service, by promoting one of themselves; or will he yield to the dictates of the political element which believes that such an appointment is the legitimate property of the local patronage committee?

probably is too shrewd a business man not to recognize that such a course would have disorganized the paper's relations with its readers and have caused it to lose its present importance. Not even a well established party organ may change its political allegiance without endangering its earning power.

Now comes the announcement that several moneyed Liberals in Winnipeg have made arrangements to take over the *Free Press* from Mr. Sifton, for a consideration somewhere in the neighbourhood of a million dollars, and thus ensure its remaining the leading Liberal organ of the West.

* * *

Another General Election.

RUMOUR has it that Ontario will have a general election of its own in December. Eight members of the Legislature resigned their seats to contest Dominion ridings, and one seat is vacant by the death of the sitting member. The Government of Sir James Whitney is face to face with a choice between nine bye-elections or a general election. The Legislature has another year to run, but a general election now would save nine men from two contests in twelve months.

Those who resigned to run for Dominion honours were all Conservative except Mr. R. E. Truax, of South Bruce. The seven Conservatives are Lieut.-Col. Hugh Clark, Centre Bruce; W. F. Nickle, Kingston; J. H. Fisher, North Brant; Gor-

don Wilson, North Wentworth; A. E. Fripp, of Ottawa; J. J. Carrick, Port Arthur; and W. J. Paul, in Lennox.

The reason why so many Conservative members of the Legislature went into the Federal fight may be traced to the influence of the Hon. Frank Cochrane, who has become the greatest political force in Ontario on the Conservative side, and who has been the provincial director-general of the campaign which has just closed. Mr. Cochrane, apparently, was determined to have the best men available as Conservative candidates in the reciprocity battle, even if he depleted the local house. In this he probably had the full approval of Sir James Whitney, who also threw himself heart and soul into the Federal campaign.

If Ontario goes as strongly Conservative in this week's battle as it did at the last Dominion election, then the Province may prepare for another general election before the year is out.

* * *

Eliminating Taxation Follies.

A TAX on improvements is a questionable tax. So say the newest critics. In Vancouver, improvements on property are not taxed in the slightest degree. In Winnipeg improvements on buildings are taxed only sixty per cent., while vacant land is assessed at the same figure as the adjoining occupied land. In Ontario improvements are taxed at the same rate as the land. In this matter, the West is more progressive than the East.

But the East is waking up. At its last session, the Ontario Legislature passed acts providing for the abolition of the farm lands exemption in cities and for the expropriation of land in cities where such land would be benefitted by public expenditure. The latter Act enables a municipality to gather in a profit which rightfully belongs to the municipality but which would otherwise go to private owners.

There is a further movement on foot to get an Act through the Ontario Legislature to enable municipalities to reduce taxes on buildings, improvements and business assessment, and to throw the increased tax on land values, as is now commonly done in Western Canada and in the United States. A bill for the purpose was introduced last session, but met with much hostility. It will be introduced again and backed up by many petitions. At least, this was the decision arrived at when the Tax Reform Association of Ontario met the other day in Toronto.

The larger cities of Canada are face to face with a slum problem, and the slum is too often the product of an inefficient tax system. The land-owner with a poor house on a valuable lot pays a lower tax than the man with a good house on a lot of equal value. To get a tenant for his poor house, the owner must look to the foreign element, which desires cheap lodgings. Hence the slums which might be eliminated by the reduction of the tax on improvements.

* * *

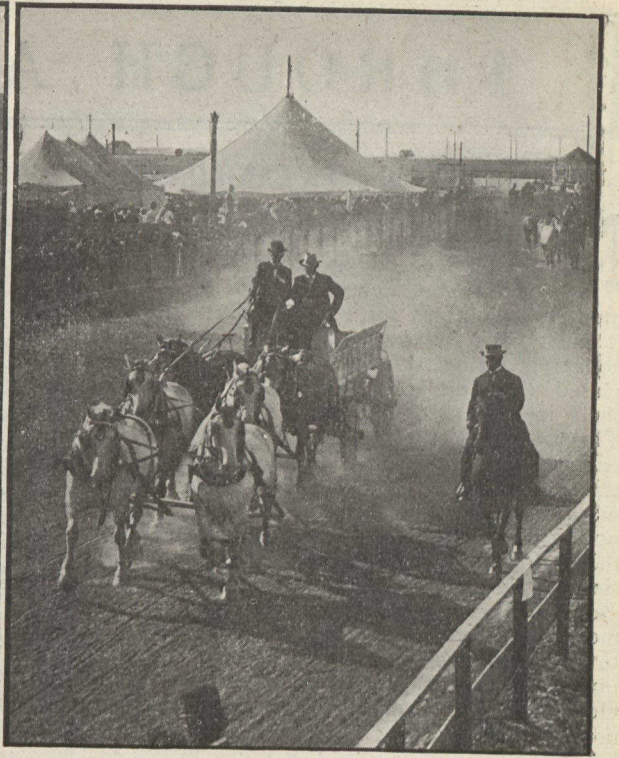
The Ready-Made Farm.

FIFTY miles north of Edmonton, the Duke of Sutherland is inaugurating a system of ready-made farms to be sold on the instalment plan to Scotch immigrants. The Duke divides his land into suitable portions, erects the necessary buildings and does sufficient preliminary work to enable the new farmer to maintain himself in comfort. These farms are then sold on easy terms to new settlers.

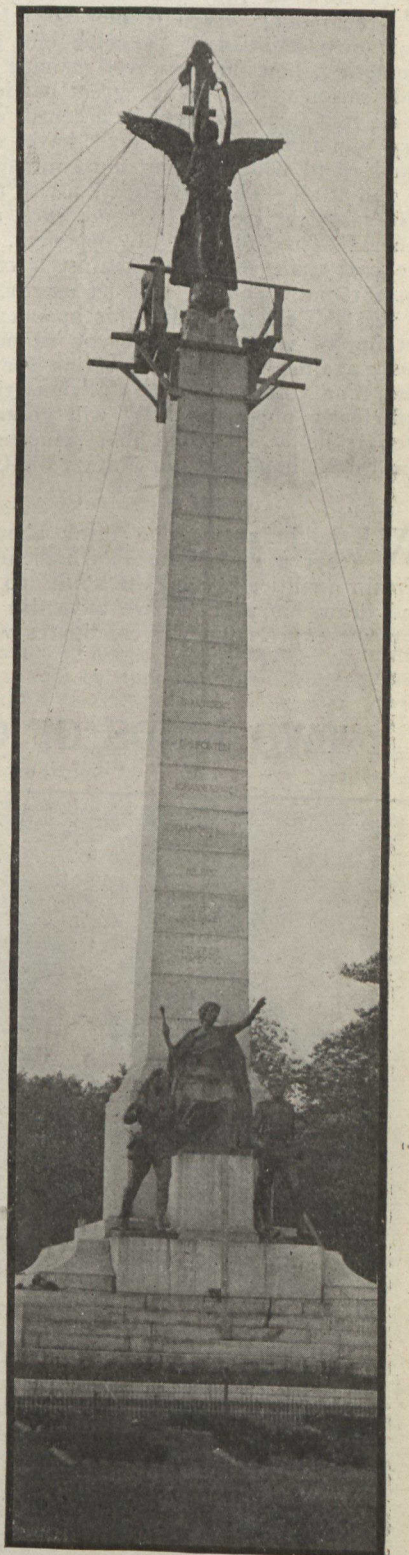
The Canadian Pacific Railway, the Duke of Sutherland, and one or two large land companies have adopted this principle, and why should it not come into general use? It would eliminate the hardships which debar many good men from taking their wives and families into the newer districts of Canada. It would induce a better class of immigration. It would hasten settlement and speedily increase the country's annual agricultural product. There are a score of reasons why it should be done, and not one against it.

Further, if this scheme is good in the West, it is better in the East. It takes a longer period to bring a farm into a state of profitable cultivation in Eastern Canada than it does in the treeless West. If northern Ontario, northern Quebec and central New Brunswick are to be opened up rapidly, some such system must be adopted. The settlers that Canada is now getting must go into regions where they would starve if they had to wait more than one season for their first crop. Further, they cannot farm successfully with the small amount of capital which the average immigrant can supply. If the ready-made farm is a good investment for the C. P. R. and the Duke of Sutherland, why should it not be a good investment for the rich provinces of Ontario, Quebec and New Brunswick?

PEOPLE AND PLACES IN PICTURE



The Annual Fair at Lethbridge, Alta. A beautiful holiday picture. Six-horse champion team of Percherons owned by Gordon, Ironsides and Fares.



M. Louis Beraud's picture showing the engraver, Laguillermie, in the Louvre copying "Mona Lisa," the Da Vinci masterpiece which has disappeared. To right is Correggio's "Betrothal of St. Catherine of Alexandria" and to left is an allegory by Titian.

South African Heroes Memorial by Walter Allward, recently completed by hoisting the apex figure. It stands at the foot of University Avenue, Toronto.

From an Engraving.

THROUGH A MONOCLE

WANTED--BETTER CANDIDATES.

NOW that the elections are over, and you can talk about a candidate without being accused of trying to make party capital, I would like to enquire how it is that some men get nominated for Parliament. I am sure that it must have puzzled people in every part of the country, during this campaign which has just closed, to think how certain of the candidates in their immediate districts ever got into the field. They were not the sort of men you would naturally expect to be chosen to represent an intelligent constituency in the great Council of the Nation. They were hardly "public men" at all. Of course, I am not speaking of the majority of our candidates. I think that the average was fairly high this last time. I am, in fact, thinking no more of the recent election than of others of which I have been a more or less concerned spectator. It always seems to me that some men run who are conspicuously unfitted for a Parliamentary career or even for an election fight. And I must say that the people usually endorse my opinion by leaving them at home.

* * *

BUT how do they get nominated? Who brings them out? Even if they so fatally misjudge their own abilities as to come out without any prompting, how do they ever manage to secure the endorsement of one of the great parties? It seems to me that there ought to be a censor of Parliamentary candidates. We should have some sort of standard to which a man must measure up before he run at all. There is always a risk that the worst man may get elected by some such accident as a general desire to beat his opponent. More votes are cast than you think against a candidate—and not for one. That is, you, let us say, do not want to see "A" elected. "B"—his opponent—you know nothing of whatever. But you cannot vote effectively against "A" without voting for "B"; so "B" gets your vote. Now it is obvious that if "A" is sufficiently unpopular, "B" will go to Parliament, even if he is so stupid that somebody must take him by the hand and put him on the Ottawa train.

* * *

WE might as well be frank about it and say that a member of Parliament should have certain qualities beyond the ability to eat and sleep and draw his pay. If we advertise for an office boy, we expect that the candidates will be able to

"office boy" for us to a fair extent. If we wanted a bookkeeper, and a man applied who could not show poor judgment in picking out a probable job. Now what are the duties of a member of Parliament? Ought he not to be able to do more than vote when the party "whip" says so? Assuredly. He is our spokesman in the body which taxes us and spends the proceeds—which makes the laws and appoints (by proxy) the judges to enforce them—which does a lot of things about which we have an opinion. Obviously, our representative should be a man who can stand up for us, can see that we get our share of what is going, and can make sure that our opinion is at least heard, and moderately respected. In two words, he should be a man of influence with his fellows—a man who can state a case clearly and cogently—a man who has a genius for getting his way.

* * *

IT pays a constituency to send a superlatively good "member" to Ottawa. We all recognize that. A Minister is a strong candidate because a Minister has influence. A man of Ministerial rank on the Opposition side is also a strong candidate for the same reason. Now if it pays a constituency to send a conspicuously good representative to Ottawa, it must surely hurt it to send a conspicuously poor representative down there. Parties should think of this when they name their men. It is hard for electors to think of it, after the battle is once joined; for the issues are apt to submerge the personal qualities of the men. But a party which allows its name to be attached to a poor candidate, deserves punishment when the independent voters get an opportunity to administer the same. All of which comes to the conclusion that parties should be more careful about their standard bearers than they are to-day. It is not enough to find a man who is willing to run and spend a little money. It is a species of treachery to the constituency to lend such a man the party label if he is not personally fit to sit in Parliament and take his share in the great business of governing the nation.

* * *

LOCAL party organizations should always try to nominate a possible Minister. There are plenty of them in every constituency. I say this seriously; for "plenty"—you perceive—is no more than two. But the possible Ministers are usually very busy. They are not pressing themselves upon the "workers." They have to be sought. Still most

party organizations want to win; and there is no doubt in my mind that the party which should systematically set itself to get out the very best in every constituency, would win, nine times out of ten. Good men do more than dignify a platform—they help make it. A party which went in for "brains" would present the "brainiest" policy to the people. Our politics is a good deal a game of trying to "beat each other" to the best policies; and this is a sport in which the brightest and best-manned party is bound to succeed.

* * *

HOWEVER, what I started out to do was to try to find out how certain exceedingly unfit candidates got into the field. Somebody must have slept at the switch. A man cannot get nominated by a party in this country without securing the consent of a lot of responsible people; and I would tremendously hate to carry the responsibilities in this respect which some politicians have been shouldering for the last few weeks. This country is not suffering so much from corrupt public men as from stupid would-be public men. We have more honesty to choose between on election day than ability. We are always saying of our party leaders that, when they want a Ministry, they must go outside of Parliament for it. Now that is not always a disgrace to our party leaders. But it is a disgrace to some one. Are you quite sure YOU are not one of the ones?

THE MONOCLE MAN.

The British Strike.

A CANADIAN COURIER correspondent writes from Liverpool as follows:

"The strike here is over at last for a time. A more vicious attempt at the liberty of the people has never been known. The strike in Liverpool was led by Tom Mann, who tried to cripple the city.

"The railway strike does not come under the same category at all. We have the scum of the earth in Liverpool, some 20,000 to 30,000 of the lowest class creatures on the face of the earth—men and women without any conscience, who have sunk to the lowest depth of depravity, and who would not be lifted if they could. They inhabit a sort of under world of their own. They simply live to wage war on one another. It only required a fire brand to get amongst them, and they would follow to the middle of Hell. Anything that excites and influences the passions appeals to them. The cry to wage war on society was their bugle call. Half bricks, broken bottles, bricks tied in handkerchiefs, and crow-bars, formed their ammunition. Respectable citizens went about in peril of their lives. Cars were stopped, windows broken, and stores looted. Beer ran down the gutters, and men and women drank the filthy mixture as it ran."

TWO KINDS OF COLLAPSE--FROM NATURAL LAW AND FROM CARELESS DESIGN



50,000 tons of snow sliding down a mountain at Stewart, B.C., July 7th, 1911. A daily phenomenon during March and April.

FROM the point where the spectators stand in the left-hand picture to the black line marking the mountain top is estimated at 1 3-4 miles. For two months every year the inhabitants of the remote mining town of Stewart, B.C., far up in Comox-Atlin, near the boundary of Yukon, witness a daily spectacle of sublimity unequalled by Niagara. Fifty thousand tons of snow sliding from the glacial peaks of our northernmost mountains into the purlieus of a quiet little town. No wonder the townsmen knock off work to contemplate the great catastrophes of nature. The emotions roused in the spectators shown in the right-hand picture are of a different sort. Some careless contractor or incompetent architect in the headlong hurry of construction puts up a large building intended to house scores of people. The floors collapse before even the walls are quite finished. And the onlookers are able to tell exactly why the catastrophe happened. It is something of a miracle that calamities of this kind are so few in a land that builds a town almost in a night. In the haste to house new populations many buildings are inhabited almost before the roof is on. These are at least some advantages in living in towns where buildings do not fall before they are finished. The West so far has been peculiarly fortunate to escape building calamities. But if experience with the average Eastern builder is any criterion, there must be a large number of shoddy constructions on the prairie.



An apartment house in Calgary became a mass of debris on August 26. Fortunately this phenomenon is of rare occurrence even in a land of headlong haste in building.

MEN AND RELIGION

A Great Modern Forward Movement Explained

By HERBERT SYMONDS, D.D.

THE question of the relation of men to religion is one of perennial interest. Are people growing less or more religious? That is a question upon which it is easy to express an opinion either way. It is probable that each generation regards itself as less religious than its predecessor. But this may be, and in the opinion of the present writer is, but a case of distance lending enchantment to the view. There is much to be said in support of the conviction that there were never in English-speaking countries so many people interested in religion in a living and practical way as at present.

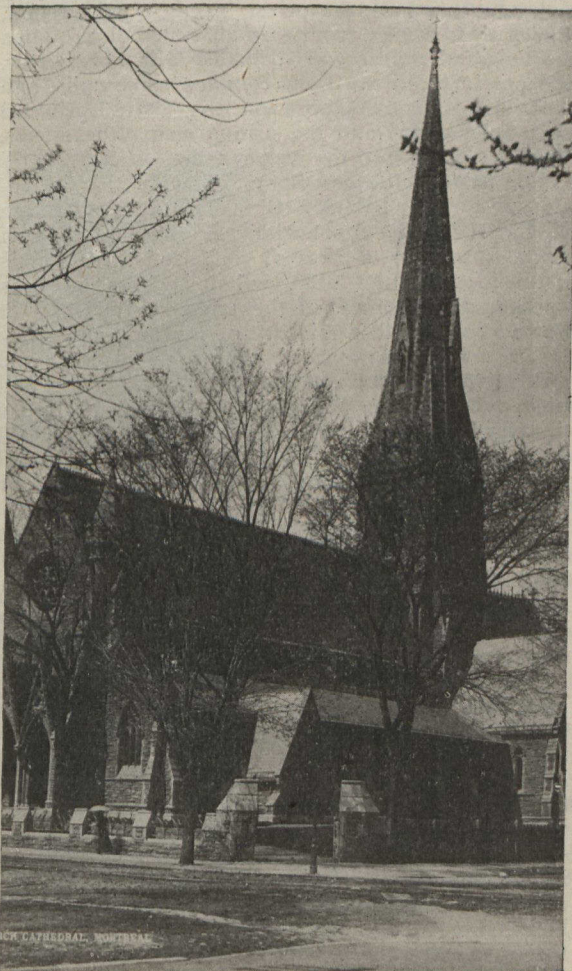
The question about church-going, although related to the question of religion, is by no means identical with it. It would require a hardy optimism to believe that the percentage of the population of North America or of Great Britain attending church services is as large as it was forty or fifty years ago. But church-going is only one test of the religiousness of a people. Many reasons can be given for the falling off in our day. A considerable proportion of it has been due to the dropping out of the merely conventional church-goer, who added but little to the vitality of the communion to which he belonged.



REV. H. SYMONDS.

Nevertheless, the churches cannot rest content with the present condition of things. In the great cities of the United States the number of men who are quite untouched by church life is appalling. It is difficult to get accurate statistics. But of the fact there can be no manner of doubt. In England a book, the composite work of representatives of the leading communions, has recently been published on this topic. No one of the contributors questions the assertion that less people attend church than formerly. It is probably the same in Canada. At any rate the same causes that have produced such deplorable effects in Great Britain and the United States are at work here.

How can this diminution of interest in the church be checked, and how can an increased interest be secured? The efforts of Protestant Christendom to stimulate fresh zeal, to save the lost, or to recover the backslider, have usually taken the form



Christ Church Cathedral, in Montreal, of which Rev. H. Symonds is the Vicar.

of revivals. That the revivals of such men as the late Mr. Moody were effective no one can doubt. But there are not wanting indications that the old-fashioned revival has lost much of its power.

New times call for new methods. This is as true in the world of religion as in those of business and politics. The heading of this article is part of the title of a new method about to be attempted in the United States and Canada. It is known as, "The Men and Religion Forward Movement," and its beginnings are to be traced to that eminently and increasingly successful organization, the Young Men's Christian Association. Under the presidency of Mr. J. G. Cannon, president of the Fourth National Bank of New York, a meeting of forty-one men was held on May 18th, 1910, at the Hotel Manhattan, New York. This meeting, which was representative of various church brotherhoods, as well as of the Y. M. C. A., appointed a committee of eleven to take further steps. This committee met at Niagara Falls, on August 22nd, 1910, and arranged a conference, held at Buffalo on Oct. 25 and 26, with two hundred and sixty-two delegates from twenty-two cities, representing many different church societies. Here the movement received cordial endorsement, the permanent "Committee of Ninety-seven" was appointed, and the campaign will be inaugurated in many centres, including Toronto, this fall.

What now are the distinguishing features of this movement?

1. First, and perhaps foremost, it works through existing organizations. It is not, therefore, to be dismissed with a shrug of the shoulders as simply an addition to the already far too numerous church societies. Thirteen of the principal brotherhoods or associations on the continent, representing nearly as many churches, are co-operating with this movement as constituent parts of it.

2. It is this primary feature of the movement that differentiates it from the revival. It is not a temporary and more or less spasmodic effort. It has the element of permanency. It is literally a Forward Movement. And it aims not only to move, but to keep on moving. No doubt special efforts will be made at important centres from time to time, but these efforts will have for their chief objective the strengthening of already organized societies.

3. In the third place we may notice the prominent position of the laity in this movement. It is indeed a laymen's movement. At the same time it looks to the clergy and the churches for large sympathy and support. We of the clergy have in past years urged upon the laymen the necessity of doing more than contributing to church expenses, and now that they are taking us at our word, it would be foolish and injurious to regard their energy with misgiving or mistrust. The clergy have certainly rejected that view of the relation of the laity to the church expressed by an excellent clergyman who, when he was asked what he considered to be the duties of the layman to his church, replied that in his judgment they were all summed up in the words of the Psalmist, "So that the people humbly bring pieces of silver." The laity are devotedly loyal to the ministry. It is indeed a splendid thing to note the character of the men who are taking the lead in this movement—men of the highest standing in the world of business are to be found in the ranks of the committee of ninety-seven.

4. In the next place, we may notice the breadth of this movement. It takes no contracted view of religion. Some recent revivalism has been open to the objection of ignorance and bigotry. The thoughtful religious man has been alienated by it. The "Men and Religion" movement insists upon Christ as the centre of its religion, but it leaves "views" on one side, and aims at living trust and personal devotion to Him. It is essentially a Bible movement. But it will not anathematize the reverent and truth-loving critic.

5. Moreover, it is fully alive to the importance of the social side of Christianity. It does not rest satisfied with getting men to ask the question, "What must I do to be saved?" but it bids them ask this further question, "How can I save others?" As Prof. Graham Taylor, President of the Chicago School of Civics and Philanthropy, says in an article written for this movement: "Religion is made up of relationships. Jesus' idea of religion is the ideal of what the relationship should be not only be-

tween the one man and the one God, but between the one man and every other man." And again, "You cannot have a saved soul in a lost body. You cannot have a saved life survive in unsaved surroundings. You must save a larger and larger part of the world and a man's relationships, and make his surroundings at least compatible with the ideals of life which you are holding out to him if he is ever to realize those ideals. No! The "Men and Religion" movement makes no narrow appeal. It asks and deserves the hearty support of all who like the Master of old, would "go about doing good."

6. And lastly, this movement strikes the note of unity. It is an interdenominational movement. Its committees embrace men from all the larger denominations, and the work, whilst drawing upon a common source of enthusiasm and support, will be accomplished through the channels of the denominational organization.

There was never a time when the two-fold call of religion sounded with greater urgency in men's ears. The call in the first place, to a clear and definite acknowledgment of the claims of religion. And in the second place the call to active and definite work in that vineyard of the Master which He loved to call the Kingdom of Heaven. Or, in other words, the call to high ideals of personal life, and to a readiness to give oneself to social service. The "Men and Religion" movement cordially embraced, will strengthen the individual religious life, and mark out the road by which to strengthen that of others.

World's First Aeropost.

ON Saturday, September 9, the first flying postman aeroplaned over the land of the Dickens stage coach, carrying mails from Hendon, a suburb of London, to Windsor Castle. The first aerial mail-train in the world, however, had a bad mishap. It fell. Hubert, one of the postal aviators, had his legs broken and would have been crushed by the engine, but for the mail-bags.

The inauguration of the first aerial mail service in the world was intended to take place during Coronation week. The Aerial Navigation Act, controlling all aerial flights, seems to have made it necessary to postpone till September 9, when by arrangement of the Postmaster-General and by courtesy of King George, the first mail-train on wings pulled out of Hendon for Windsor Castle.

Aeroplanes were seriously considered as mail carriers when the railway strike was on. The Government is now anxious to see how they would work in case of another emergency. In the second place, there will be evidently a good profit on the venture at the prices charged, and that is to be devoted to charity. Then, besides, the post office department, rather unpopular at present because of the hideous postage stamps it is turning out, gets an opportunity to give the public a new toy without expense or risk.

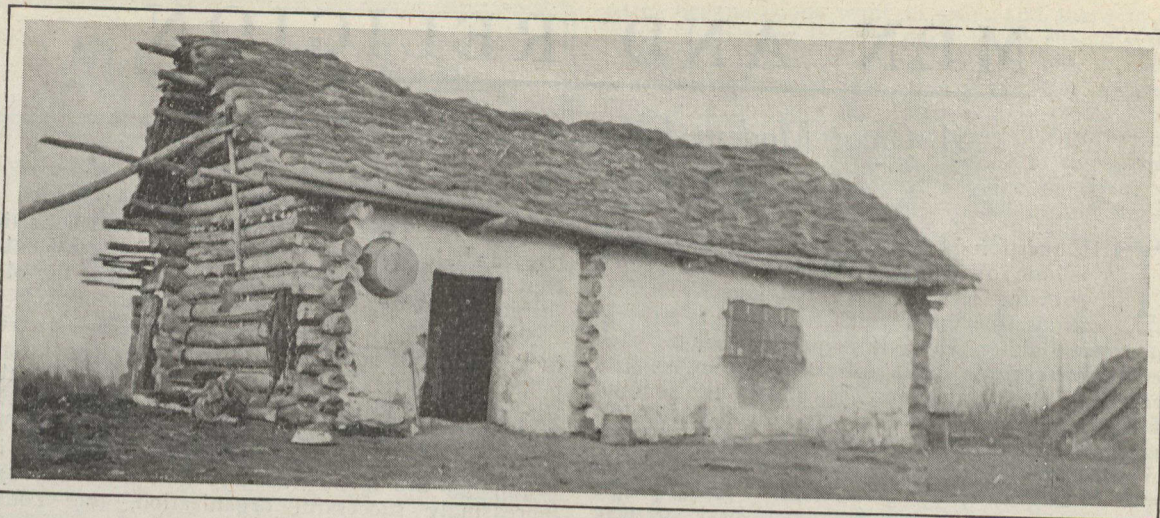
Under the present arrangement the aerial mail service will consist of only one post a day, and will be expensive. It will also be slow, and the Government advertises the fact that it will not guarantee its efficiency or undertake any responsibility for loss.



LETTER-WRITING THAT COMES HIGH.
This aerial postcard costs 13 cents, and at present is worth the money. Envelopes to match the cards cost 26 cents each.



Ruthenian Greek church fifty miles east of Edmonton



One of the early thatched houses of the Ruthenian colony; built of spruce logs and rough plaster

A RUTHENIAN DAY OF DAYS

When the Albertan Colony, who ten years ago were known as "Sifton's Sheepskins," Consecrated a Greek Church in the Name of Civilization

By MIRIAM ELSTON



The altar of the Greek church on the prairie



Gathered in the dooryard for discussion

DAWN, dim and weird, was creeping in over the Albertan prairie; a faint, narrow rim of light. Close to the eastern horizon clouds hung heavy, a mass of sombre greyness. Although it was little more than three hours past midnight many a grey column of smoke arose from the thatched houses of the Ruthenian colony, fifty miles east of Edmonton.

Many a man, as he turned in his oxen or horses from the pasture, watched the sky, but not with the eagerness one might if he knew that weather conditions *could* change his plans. Many a family gathered in the dooryard, and discussed cheerfully the probabilities. If the skies had opened in a downpour that had threatened a deluge they would still have gone forward in stolid indifference.

But only scattering rain-drops fell. At some of the Ruthenian open-air inns, camp fires began to send up their tale of smoke. People who had come for very long distances, and had to accept the pace of the oxen, and some who had to tramp on foot for many a weary mile, had covered part of the journey on the previous evening.

By six o'clock the trails for many miles around were alive with people. From every point of the compass there came heavy wagons drawn by horses, or in many cases by oxen, some wagons filled almost to overflowing, some holding just two or three people. On foot they were coming, too, groups of people in brilliant-coloured clothing, looking in the distance, against the dark green of the grass and willow scrub, like immense animated blossoms.

For many miles some of them had been able to catch a glimpse of the white church with its one large and two small tin domes glittering in the occasional ray of sunshine. The people who made their way towards it felt in it the joy of possession. Many days of labour, when conditions for labour were hard, had some of them contributed towards the erection of their new church. To-day they were proud of their church, as it stood in its position of eminence on the top of a hill, visible for many miles across the prairie. To-day it was to be dedicated to its holy uses.

Standing in the gallery I looked down on the moving mass of people. It was a quaint scene. Beneath an azure tinted dome, spangled with silver stars, a priest in robe of rich purple, almost covered with cape and stole of yellow and gold, was leading in worship. Around him gathered devout and reverent people. Many candles burned on the brackets before the sacred picture, and often one of the worshippers would press through the crowd of standing people to the desk at the back of the church, and, buying one from the man in charge, would light it, and stand it among the ones already burning.

Presently priest and people left the church. From opposite directions came two bands of people, each headed by a priest in gorgeous robes, and by a number of men, each bearing brilliant banners of crimson and yellow, blue and gold, showing vividly against the green grass, and the now blue sky. And from the church a procession of people, headed also by a priest, and by many banners, went down to meet and to welcome them. A united throng, they made their way back to the church.

In a Ruthenian Orthodox Greek church there are

no seats. The men stood on the right hand side of the church, the women on the left. Close to the walls the women had laid down their infants. The scene was full of intensely human touches. A bashful maiden glanced shyly at an amorous youth, whose eyes rested in admiration on her comely face. Unconsciously her hand stole up, and smoothed back a wayward tress that had escaped from beneath her head-shawl. A young matron examined her neighbour's new apron with an open admiration untrammelled by any law of etiquette. An aged woman, with dreary, hopeless face, smiled back in toothless pleasantry to the younger women who pressed forward to kiss her hand in greeting.

Looking towards the alcove in front of the church, the priest, in broken English, asked that the strangers, if they wished to see the dedication of the altar, would come to the alcove. The altar stood before the people; a frame of white wood, about four feet square and the height of an ordinary table. Against the wall nearby was the top, ready to be fitted on. From a large bowl of holy water a priest lifted a silver-handled brush, and sprinkled each part of it. At the top of each leg was a hole, ready for a peg to be driven in, and into this hole the priest, using a gold spoon, dipped melted wax from a small silver dish. Then the top of the altar was sprinkled with holy water, and put in position. Four common spike nails, and four stones, were placed on the altar, sprinkled with holy water, and the priests, using the stones, drove the nails into the waxed holes.

The part of the ceremony following this is significant to the Orthodox Greek of the preparation of Christ's body for burial. A small pitcher of warm water, three cakes of soap, and three towels were placed on the table, and the priests carefully washed, and then wiped the table. Afterwards it was anointed with a mixture of perfume and wine.

The priest then opened a tiny metal box, and took from it a bottle containing a dark liquid, and with a brush the cross of the Orthodox Greek church was marked several times on the washed and anointed altar.

The altar, washed and anointed, was covered by the priests with a fitted covering of white linen. This covering signifies the burial clothes. Then the altar was enveloped in a covering of yellow and gold, and overspread by a tablecloth of fine linen. A large golden book, a golden crucifix, a folded crimson cloth, and a silver candle-stick, holding three candles, was placed on it.

At the priest's request, the people left the alcove. I was the last to leave it, and then I stood outside the door, and watched the priests as they lit the three candles, and swung around the altar the smoking-silver censer. Never again would anyone enter the alcove but the priests, and those set aside to aid the priests in their work.

The scene changed again. The people gathered in the main body of the church, and the banners that had been standing against the walls were borne by young men, who formed an avenue through which the priests passed as they sprinkled, first with water, and marked afterwards with the sign of the cross the door posts and side-walls of the church. This done, a procession was formed,

the young men ahead, bearing the banners; immediately after them the three priests; the one in the centre holding to his forehead a small, curiously-formed box, covered with yellow and gold cloth, containing a small particle of a bone of one of the men who, in the early days of the church, suffered martyrdom. Large golden crucifixes were in the hands of the other two priests. It was their mode of consecration, but ignorance of their language prevented me from reading its full meaning.

Again, as I stood with the people who crowded into the church to listen to the priest, from the few words of their language that I did understand, I learned that he spoke to them of truth, of love, of the Man of Nazareth, and of the Author of all goodness. Did anywhere a congregation face their priest turning to him eyes full of more pleading need? How eager they were to listen! For hours they had been standing, and they still stood, showing no signs of weariness or impatience. The face of the aged who had found life unsatisfactory was there; that bit of tragedy so often seen among all classes and conditions of men; the impetuous youth whose eager face questioned which of life's gifts he should grasp, that life might yield most of pleasure; the middle-aged in whose life dissatisfaction was as yet not blended with indifference; each and all were looking to the man before them for guidance.

The speaker had ceased to address them, and a priest, holding a plate covered with a drape of green velvet edged with gold, and in his other hand a heavy golden crucifix, was making his way among the people, and the people pressing forward were dropping their offerings into the plate, bending as they did so, and kissing first the crucifix, and then the hand that held it.

The processions with their banners again formed, and took their separate ways home. The priest and



Ruthenian mother and children



So very shy



A dame of fashion

people who had gone to the dividing of the trails with them came back to the church singing. The sun gleamed on the gold of their waving banners, and brought into sharp relief the bright colours of dress and headshawls. One by one the wagons received their human freight, and rattled off across the prairie. A buxom woman, preferring to walk, took her solitary way to a nearby home. Some few still lingered to discuss some choice morsels of gossip. I turned to go home.

Close beside the trail stood a sweet-faced Ruthenian maiden. She gave me smile for smile,

and answered my salutation in a mixture of Ruthenian and English.

"Dobra day."

"It has been a big day."

By the aid of many gestures on my part she grasped my meaning.

"It plenty much like old land. Many days and we no forget. It is dobra day."

"It is plenty much like old land." I repeated the words to myself, and did not doubt her statement. I had almost forgotten that I was only fifty miles from the capital city of Alberta.

THE CANADIAN CONSULAR CORPS

Our Trade Representatives in Many Lands

By W. A. CRAICK

DIPLOMATICALLY, Canada is still tied to her mother's apron strings. Commercially, she is hoeing her own row. Which is to say that if a Canadian gets into trouble with the police in Paris or Berlin, he must appeal to the British Ambassador to help him out of his scrape, while if he gets mixed up in some business negotiations, he has the happy alternative of calling at the office of the Canadian Trade Commissioner for advice, counsel and relief.

This ambitious Dominion of ours is assuredly making progress. Time was, back in 1854, when it took the Governor-General, acting directly on instructions from Downing Street, to negotiate a reciprocity treaty with the United States for the juvenile colony. In the year of grace 1911, it needed just two plain ministers, to wit, Mr. Fielding and Mr. Paterson, to close a similar deal and all the British Ambassador had to do was to look on.

If the wars of the future are to be commercial wars, then Canada is making a good start in getting her ambassadors of commerce skillfully placed at all the strategic points of the field. You will find their sign boards hung out conspicuously in the streets of Paris and Melbourne, of Berlin and Auckland, of Amsterdam and Shanghai, of Havana and Yokohama.

And our Canadian Downing Street, keenly alive to the importance of their work, holds the strings. Appointed and controlled by the Department of Trade and Commerce, they act under twenty-six pages of closely-printed instructions—the Trade Commissioner's Book of Leviticus. Like the laws of the ancient Israelites, the instructions to the Trade Commissioners provide but dry and scanty fare for the rest of mankind, and, as pater familias is wont to skip the chapters of Leviticus in his family devotions, so is it becoming that the present writer should not pause to inflict the sixty-six sections of the Commissioners' bible on the patience of his readers. Suffice it, if needful, to pick out a few golden texts.

Putting it in a nutshell the main function of a Trade Commissioner is to link up Canadian sellers with British or foreign buyers. He is supposed to keep his eyes open for possible markets for Canadian goods, to post himself on the way to do busi-

ness in his particular district and to furnish reports on trade conditions. For instance, Commissioner Fischer, over at No. 10 Unter den Linden (charming address), Berlin, makes a discovery that a certain German manufacturer, who uses quantities of feldspar and mica in his business, would be delighted if he could get in touch with some Canadian exporter of these commodities. Canada is just the place to supply feldspar and mica, and Commissioner Fischer assures the German he will stir things up. Through the Department at Ottawa and their neat little weekly trade newspaper, it soon becomes known to the business men of Canada that a German correspondent, who is a large buyer of feldspar and mica, wants the addresses of Canadian exporters. This is an intimation to the feldspar and mica men of the Dominion to bestir themselves and write in for particulars. If all goes well, an arrangement is effected. Commissioner Fischer has done his duty and has vindicated his position.

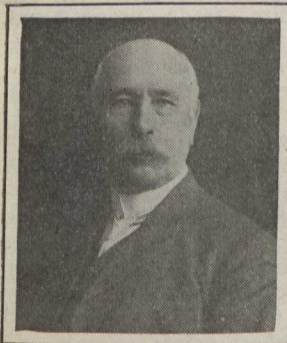
The service is still young. A glance over the present official list of Commissioners would show that the most venerable of the appointees has only held office since 1902, while most of the others date from 1907 onwards. The Trade Commissioner Service was launched in a small way in 1892, when three or four commercial agents were appointed in the West Indies. These agents were men in business in the islands, who for a small remuneration devoted a part of their time to the promotion of Canadian trade in the islands.

However admirable the system was as a starter, it had its defects. Canada needed the undivided attention of native-born officials. A new class of agents was constituted, distinguished from the former by the name of trade commissioners, and paid a sufficient salary to enable them to devote all their time to the duties of their office. The late J. S. Larke received the first appointment in 1894, and at intervals since then the service has been enlarged and extended until to-day the list includes eighteen commissioners and four agents.

In order to make the work of the commissioners as effective as possible, the Department of Trade and Commerce has gone extensively into the publishing business. It shares with the Secretary of State's Department the honour of getting out the



D. H. ROSS
Canadian Trade Commissioner
in Melbourne



JOHN A. CHESLEY
Advance Agent in Durban,
South Africa



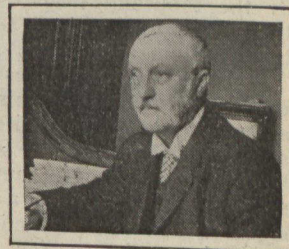
W. A. MACKINNON
Sends reports to Ottawa from
Birmingham



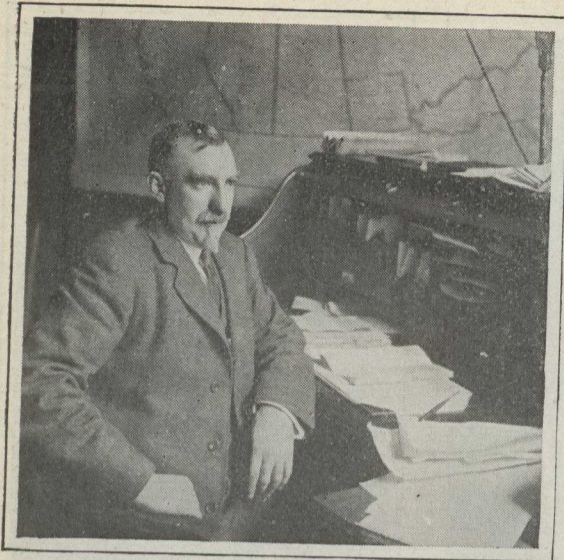
F. A. C. BICKERDIKEY
Represents Canadian trade in
Belfast



E. H. S. FLOOD
Looks after Canadian trade in-
terests in Barbadoes, W.I.

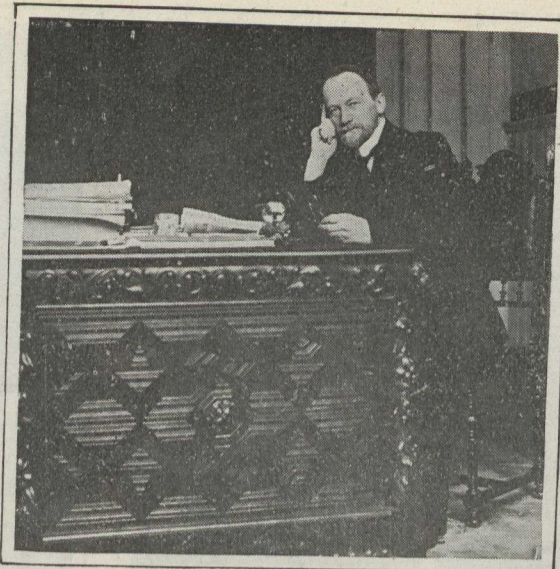


E. D. ARNAUD
Canadian representative in his
office at Bristol



J. T. LITHGOW

With the map of the world, in his Glasgow office, informs Canada of trade possibilities in Scotland



W. T. R. PRESTON

At his mahogany desk in Amsterdam remembers the days of dull times in Ontario



W. A. BEDDOE

From his Auckland office, N.Z., sends us cheering messages from the South Seas

only weekly publication issued by the Government. In its way the "Weekly Report" of the Department of Trade and Commerce is every bit as interesting as the "Canada Gazette." True, it does not furnish such a variety of topics as the voluminous Gazette, but it has some choice paragraphs for those who know how to find them.

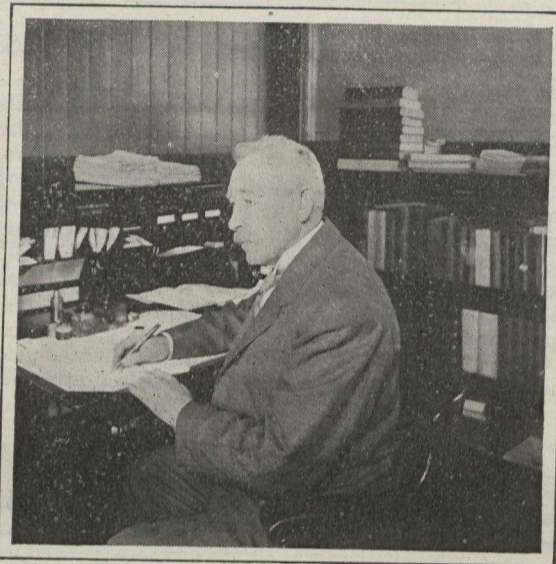
Apart from the information about tariffs, about methods of doing business, about various articles of commerce in demand, and about the volume of trade in certain commodities, the Report has a valuable section devoted to the recording of trade inquiries. Here is to be found weekly a lengthy list of inquiries, which foreign firms are making about Canadian trade. A manufacturer will want a Canadian agent, while an agent will want a connection with a Canadian manufacturer. A wholesale dealer will be anxious to hear where he can secure certain Canadian commodities, while another will be eager for an outlet for his goods. Among them all an immense list of inquiries is made up, every one of which is carefully indexed and filed away in the Department's cabinets.

Some manufacturers may think it like searching for a needle in a haystack to find anything profitable in this list of trade inquiries. It is true that many of the inquiries lead to no result, that some of them may even be reckoned as fakes, and that it requires a deal of patience, much good office stationery and many stamps, to follow them up. But there are not wanting some who have found the game worth the candle. Just as a small boy or girl has patiently and persistently worked out the acrostics and other problems on the puzzle page of a juvenile periodical, so these business men have made a special and careful study of the trade inquiry page of the Weekly Report, to be at last rewarded with luscious plums.

One business man once informed the Department that through following up a trade inquiry he had formed connection with an English firm which netted him profits of more than \$2,000 a month for nearly three years. Another wrote an unsolicited letter to Deputy Minister O'Hara stating that his firm had sold 20,000 gallons of cider, as a direct result of answering an inquiry. But the Department does not know a tithe of the instances where, by following up inquiries, firms have reaped rich profits. All they know is that the number of inquiries is increasing each year and that they are furnishing annually an increasing number of addresses to firms who wish to follow up the inquiries.

Thanks to the fact that it enjoys the good fortune of being a government off-spring, the neatly dressed little Weekly Report travels through His Majesty's mails on a frank. Otherwise it would have to pay a nice figure for being carried in quantities all over Canada, because technically speaking it has no paid-up subscription list to entitle it to the benefits of second-class matter. It is sent out every week by the thousand free to all who ask for it, and there seem to be quite a few people in the Dominion interested in it.

It is one of the duties which must fall hard on the shoulders of at least some of the trade commissioners to keep the editor of the Weekly Report supplied with material for its columns. To get literary contributions out of some people is like squeezing milk out of a stone, and, because the eighteen stalwart commissioners have not necessarily been chosen for their literary abilities, it follows that some of them must find the work of getting up contributions for the Report somewhat arduous. It must be said, however, that when their



W. B. NICHOLSON

Writing a report from St. John's, Newfoundland



Offices of the Canadian Agency at Durban, S.A.

productions come before the eyes of their readers, they are as graceful and stylish as the efforts of the most polished essayist.

Trade Commissioners are given to understand at the outset that it is the desire of the Government that they should endeavour to their utmost to increase the export trade of Canada. When, however, in their investigations they encounter a firm, as is frequently the case, which not only wishes to buy from Canada, but to sell to her as well, they are not to refuse to give information and assistance, which would enable this firm to sell its product in Canada. It would scarcely be polite to discriminate

between the two desires, and for this reason about half the inquiries which come into headquarters from the commissioners relate to Canadian openings for foreign commodities.

Commissioners are also required to keep on the affect imports from Canada. Trade returns must effect imports from Canada. Trade returns must also be watched closely and, when issued, analyses are to be made of them for despatch to Canada and publication in the Weekly Report. In this way Canadian shippers are informed of changes pending in foreign tariffs and their effects on Canadian shipments, as well as the volume of traffic in certain commodities. The commissioners are warned to be accurate, a sure indication that errors have sometimes crept into their reports.

Very particular pointers are given to the commissioners as to how they shall write their reports. Brevity, they are informed, is a quality highly desired, and they must confine themselves as closely as possible to statements of fact, with careful avoidance of superfluous and irrelevant matter. They are warned not to yield to any temptation to construe facts or figures in advocacy of their individual theories or opinions. The usual rules as to typewriting reports are added. With such careful instruction no wonder the literary effusions of the commissioners are meritorious.

Should a commissioner be landed in a strange city, he need not sit and twiddle his thumbs, waiting like the immortal Micawber, for something to turn up. Section 10 of his instruction book will afford him dozens of hints. There is a multiplicity of directions in which he can set forth. He could actually spend a life-time collecting all the information suggested in Section 10. Statistics of exports and imports, rates of taxation, how taxation is levied and collected, the banking system of the country, commercial credits, trade usages and peculiarities, steamship and railway facilities, changes in transportation rates, subsidies or bounties, port and harbour dues, growth or decline of industrial, commercial or manufacturing centres, change in economic conditions of producing communities, changes in tariff legislation, proposed legislation of interest to farmers, merchants, manufacturers, etc.—these and a thousand other matters are placed before him for investigation. And let it be said that the commissioners have been very faithful in the discharge of these duties, and any one who takes the trouble to read their reports will have learned much on all these points.

Another direction in which the commissioner's activities must be directed is towards seeing that goods shipped from Canada are properly packed. Any cases of goods badly packed or goods not up to sample, which come to the attention of the commissioners, are to be reported confidentially to headquarters. This is an important and necessary work.

This is in brief what the commissioners have to do. That they have proved themselves efficient in the discharge of their duties is the testimony of their superior officer, Mr. F. C. T. O'Hara, the Deputy Minister of Trade and Commerce. The system under which they work is now running smoothly and satisfactorily. The name, Canada, is blazoned forth in eighteen of the leading commercial cities of the world. Reports come in regularly, indicating that the commissioners are constantly at work, advancing the interests of the Dominion. An increasing number of trade inquiries proves that results are being obtained. And while the piper has to be paid, of course, the tune seems to be worth the price.

THE TOY BALLOON

A Children's Story About a Trip With an Elf-Man.

By ELIZABETH ROBERTS MacDONALD

Illustrated by W. Smithson Broadhead.

BOBBY came home from the Exhibition the proud possessor of a toy-balloon. It was a ten-cent one—big and beautiful, and in colour a splendid blue. Bobby's mother liked it almost as well as he did, and never laughed at him a bit when he wanted to take it to bed with him. She told him, indeed, that the string would be sure to slip out of his hand when he went to sleep; but then she thought of the beautiful plan of tying it to one of the brass knobs at the foot of his bed.

From this place of safety it floated gayly above him, and was the very last thing Bobby saw before his eyelids would go shut. The white kitten that lay curled up near his feet must have wondered why she received so little attention that night, for Bobby usually talked to her until he fell asleep, but she was a placid little cat, and preferred sleep to conversation any time.

It seemed to Bobby that he had only been asleep for a few minutes (but *I* believe that Dreamland clocks are different from ours), when he opened his eyes with a start, thinking that someone had taken his precious balloon. But no, it still floated above his bed, and from it there hung a little car, such as real balloonists use; and leaning over the



"He opened his eyes with a start."

edge, smiling down at him, was a little man dressed in blue, with a blue pointed cap on his head.

For a little while they stared at each other without a word; then the little man said suddenly:

"Well, Bobby; Have you anything to say?"

"O, yes, indeed!" Bobby said, sitting up in his excitement at hearing the elfin voice. (An elfin voice, you must know, is different from any other kind, and sounds like a mixture of the tones of a musical box, Santa-Claus's sleigh-bells, and blossoming grasses talking in the wind.) "Ever so many things!"

But he didn't say them, so the Elf-man spoke again encouragingly.

"Ask me anything you like, Bobby. I am exceedingly good-natured; you won't bother me at all!"

Thus urged, Bobby collected his wits, and said, rather timidly:

"Well, are you a Brownie?"

The little man shook his head vigorously.

"No, indeed!" he cried. "Why, Brownies are

ever so much bigger, and—oh, so very different, but I can't explain just how. *I* am an Elf—a Household Elf!"

"Then you must be very nice," Bobby said; "Mum has read me stories and stories about elves, and they always are."

"Yes, I *am* rather nice," the Elf said, laughing. "I know it, so why shouldn't I say it? Tell me that, Bobby!"

And as he said the words he put his hands together, stood on the edge of the balloon-car, and dived into, turned over before he lit, and landed in a sitting position on the astonished Bobby's knee.

"Now, Bobby," he said, "how would you like a voyage in my balloon?"

"My balloon!" said Bobby, politely, but firmly.

"Oh!" laughed the little man. "Well, *your* balloon, if you like. How would you like a little trip with me, in your balloon?"

"More than anything!" said Bobby. "But would Mother let me go?"

"Of course she would," the Elf-man answered positively. "She is a very sensible woman, and knows what is good for children—and for other people, too! I notice she never allows my house to be moved, and always dusts it herself."

"Oh—please—" cried Bobby, eagerly, "tell me where is your house. I *would* like to see it."

The Elf laughed at that till he almost fell off the bed.

"Why," he said at last, "you see it every day. You admire it; I've heard you say so. Some day I hope to have the pleasure of entertaining you there."

Bobby didn't speak this time, but his eyes asked so many questions that the Elf-man went on.

"I'll tell you, Bobby. I live in that model of Windsor Castle, on top of your Lady-Mother's oaken cabinet."

Bobby's eyes grew larger and larger, and he laughed with delight.

"I always thought there was something *extra* nice about that Windsor Castle," he exclaimed. "Have you lived there long, Mr. Elf?"

"Long?" said the Elf-man, doubtfully. "Well, I can't tell you that. We elves don't take much notice of time. To be sure, I lived in an old clock-case once; but even then I never cared what time it was! No, I don't know if I've lived in Windsor Castle long or short."

It was Bobby's turn to laugh now, but the Elf didn't seem to mind.

"Come along," he cried. "Put on your dressing-gown and slippers; and hurry, for I should be in my house before the dawn."

So Bobby jumped up and donned his warm blue dressing-gown and his fluffy bed-room slippers. When he turned round again the Elf-man was in the balloon, leaning over the edge as before. Then Bobby suddenly began to think about the largeness and the smallness of things.

"Why, I'm too *big*, of course," he cried in disappointment. "I could never, never get into my balloon."

"Give me your hand, quickly!" said the Elf. "Don't think about it, but trust to me. Nothing shall hurt you, I promise you that."

His voice was so merry and kind that Bobby's courage returned. He reached up his hand; the Elf-man grasped it; the next moment he found himself comfortably seated on the cushioned seat that ran around the car.

"Is your window open?" asked the Elf.

"Yes; the one by the door," Bobby said.

"Then shut your eyes a minute," said his friend, "and off we go!"

Bobby shut his eyes, and held on to the sides of the car. There was a swaying motion, a level flight, and then the freshness of the Autumn night all about him.

"Open your eyes, Bobby," cried the little man. "You won't be dizzy—and you can't fall out."

Bobby opened his eyes, and saw such wonders that he gasped with surprise. Above him the night-sky, deep blue and thickly sown with golden stars; beneath him his own little city, with its sparkle and glitter of tiny lights, spread out like an illuminated map.

"Fine, isn't it?" said his companion, pleased with Bobby's evident admiration. "Now, we have only

time to visit one place to-night, so choose where it will be."

Bobby did not hesitate long. His favourite picture-book was one which told about Santa Claus and his home at the North Pole, and Bobby was not going to lose any chance of seeing that. He said so promptly, and was much disappointed when "Mr. Elf" shook his head.

"Not this time," he said gravely; "not *this* time! I'm sorry, for it's a fine thing to see, but Santa is not seeing visitors just now."

"Oh, why not?" Bobby cried.

"Well, to be perfectly frank," the Elf answered, "it's on account of all this Cook-and-Perry controversy (that means *fuss*, you know). It has upset things so up there that Santa has been obliged to move, and everything is unsettled. He says the atmosphere is full of unrest; don't know what he means by *that*, I'm sure!"

"How—do you mind telling me how you heard about it?" Bobby asked.

"Oh," said the Little Man, in an important tone, "I had a wireless from Santa himself last night. He did not say where they were going, but promised to send me his address as soon as they were in order again. So we will go there on one of our other trips, Bobby. In the meantime, choose again."

Bobby thought and thought, but round it hard to decide between the many places that he wished to see. At last the Elf-man said:

"How would you like a visit to the Island of Lost Kittens?"

"Bobby clapped his hands at the thought.

"I never heard of such a place, but I'd love to see it," he said.

So Mr. Elf at once busied himself with the steering-gear of the balloon, and they floated off rapidly and smoothly. It seemed only a minute or two to Bobby before they began to descend—not abruptly, but in long swoops such as some birds make.

Then the Elf-man leant over and threw out a shining anchor, and they came to port beside a great broad-branched apple tree. Mr. Elf sprang out lightly on to one of the branches and held out his hand to Bobby.

"Come along," he said. "This is a nice low branch. We can drop from here to the ground."

Bobby stepped out on to the bough, and dropped, and found himself on short soft grass from which came a pleasant herby smell. It was daylight here, and he could see at a little distance a number of small houses covered with vines.

"That smell is catnip," the Elf-man said, hearing him sniff. "There is ever so much of it, all through the grass. It's the only medicine the pussies ever need."

As they approached the village, Bobby saw four kittens come out of as many houses. It seemed strange to him, at first, that while he was now about the size of the Elf, the kittens were as small, in proportion to himself, as kittens had been before.



"With a great effort Bobby hid his disappointment."

His wonder on this subject, however, passed before he could form a question, and everything seemed natural and right. The kittens came running toward him, with many gambols and an occasional bite at the fragrant catnip. One of them was black, one white, one tortoise-shell, and one that lovely striped black and brown that some cat-lovers like best of all.

"Oh, oh!" Bobby cried, running to meet them. "There is my dear tortoise, that wouldn't stay when we moved—and there is Mother's white Angora that was stolen—and Hilda's black one that jumped out of the basket when we were bringing it from the country, and ran into the woods—and old Mrs. Grey's striped kitty; she cried when it got lost! Oh, you nice kits!" And he gathered the whole bunch up in his arms, while they purred, and switched their fluffy tails in greeting.

"Can I take them all back with me?" Bobby asked eagerly. But Mr. Elf shook his head.

"No, no, Bobby! You can't take anything back with you, except the remembrance of your visit! Besides, these kittens are much happier here than they ever were before. They like to see you, but they won't be lonely—at least not for long—when you go away. Let us walk about their little town and peep into their houses; then you will see how comfortable they are."

With a great effort Bobby hid his disappointment, and the Elf-man showed him through the town with much pride. Two of the kittens sat on his shoulders, and the others frolicked along beside them, chasing each other and turning somersaults by the way. Other baby-cats came out of the houses, all looking merry, and all purring, so that the air was full of a soft murmuring noise.

"Are there no old cats at all?" Bobby asked.

"Surely they get lost sometimes!"

The Elf-man laughed, and pointed to a sedate



"It sounds quite a lot like our breakfast bell."

motherly maltese looking out of an upper window, and a rather severe-faced tabby standing in a school-house door.

"Not many cats get lost," he said, "not many. But there are a few, just about enough to take care of the frisky kits. Now I want to show you the public dairy, where every puss gets a saucer of cream and two of new milk each day. It is worth seeing, I assure you."

They turned a corner and were walking towards a little red brick building that stood in a fir-grove by a tiny stream, when Bobby heard, distinct and loud, and strangely familiar, the ringing of a bell. The Elf-man heard it, too, for he jumped and caught Bobby by the hand—but not one of the kittens took any notice at all.

"It sounds like—it sounds quite a lot like our breakfast bell!" said Bobby, in a puzzled tone.

"It is," Mr. Elf exclaimed. "It is indeed! We must run! Quick, Bobby, quick! To the apple-tree! Climb up, and jump in the balloon! Hurrah, we'll get there in time!"

Then Bobby sat up, clutching the sides of the car—and then—and then—his mother was laughing and patting his shoulder, and asking him what he was holding the pillow so tight for, and if he knew that breakfast was ready.

And there, floating over the bed, but without the Elf-man or the car, was the lovely blue balloon!

A Boy's Good Choice.

A BRIGHT answer has saved many a schoolboy from punishment. That should have been the experience of the boy in the following story, told by the *Tatler*:

A schoolboy, being asked by his teacher how he should flog him, replied, "If you please, sir, I should like to have it on the Italian system of penmanship, the up strokes heavy and the down ones light."

ESARHADDON, KING OF ASSYRIA

First of a Series of Storyettes by British and European Authors

By COUNT LEO TOLSTOY

THE Assyrian King Esarhaddon conquered the kingdom of King Lailie, destroyed and burnt all the towns, took all the inhabitants captive to his own country, slaughtered the warriors, beheaded some of the chiefs, impaled others, and confined King Lailie himself in a cage.

Lying on his bed at night, King Esarhaddon was thinking how best to execute Lailie, when suddenly he heard a rustling near his bed and opening his eyes, saw an old man with a long gray beard and mild eyes.

"You wish to execute Lailie?" asked the old man.

"Yes," answered the King. "But I cannot decide how to execute him."

"But Lailie—is yourself," said the old man.

"That's not true," replied the King. "I am I, and Lailie is Lailie."

"You and Lailie are one," said the old man. "It only seems to you that you are not Lailie, and that Lailie is not you."

"What do you mean by 'it only seems?'" said the King. "Here am I, lying on a sofa bed; around me are obedient men-slaves and women-slaves, and to-morrow I shall feast with my friends as I did to-day; while Lailie will sit like a bird in a cage, and to-morrow he will be impaled, and with his tongue hanging out will wriggle till he dies, and his body will be torn in pieces by dogs."

"You cannot destroy his life," said the old man.

"And how about the fourteen thousand warriors I killed, and with whose bodies I built a mound?" said the King. "I am alive, but they no longer exist: that shows that I can destroy life."

"How do you know they no longer exist?"

"Because I do not see them. And the chief thing is, that they were tormented, but I was not. It was bad for them, but well for me."

"That, also, only seems so to you. You tortured yourself, but not them."

"I do not understand," said the King.

"Do you wish to understand?"

"Yes, I do."

"Then come here," said the old man, pointing to a large font full of water.

The King rose and approached the font.

"Strip, and enter the font."

Esarhaddon did as the old man bade him.

"Now, as soon as I begin to pour this water over you," said the old man, scooping up water into a jug, "dip your head under water."

The old man tilted the jug over the King's head, and the King dipped his head under water.

And as soon as King Esarhaddon dipped under

water, he felt that he was no longer Esarhaddon, but someone else. And, feeling himself to be that other man, he saw himself lying on a rich bed, beside a handsome woman. He had never seen her before, but he knew she was his wife. The woman raised herself and said to him:

"Dear husband Lailie, you were wearied by yesterday's work, and have slept longer than usual, and I have guarded your rest and have not roused you. But now the Princes await you in the Great Hall. Dress and go out to them."

And Esarhaddon—understanding from these words that he is Lailie, and not feeling at all surprised at this, but only wondering that he did not know it before—rises, dresses, and goes into the Great Hall where the Princes await him.

The Princes greet their King Lailie, bowing to the ground, and then they rise, and at his word sit down before him; and the eldest of the Princes begins to speak, and says that it is impossible longer to endure all the insults of the wicked King Esarhaddon, and that they must make war on him. But Lailie disagrees with him, and gives orders that envoys shall be sent to Esarhaddon to remonstrate with him; and he dismisses the Princes from the audience. Afterwards he appoints men of note to act as ambassadors, and impresses on them what they are to say to King Esarhaddon.

Dividing his time between business and pleasure, he lives for days and weeks, awaiting the return of the ambassadors he had sent to that King Esarhaddon—who used to be himself. The ambassadors only return after a month has passed, and they return with their noses and ears cut off.

King Esarhaddon had ordered them to tell Lailie that what had been done to them—his ambassadors—would be done to him also, unless he immediately sent a certain tribute of silver, gold and cypress-wood, and unless he came himself to make obeisance.

Lailie, formerly Esarhaddon, again assembles the Princes, and consults them as to what he should do. They all, with one accord, say that it is necessary to make war against Esarhaddon without waiting for him to attack them. The King agrees, and taking his place at the head of the army, he starts on the campaign. The march lasts seven days. Each day the King rides round the army, and rouses the courage of his warriors. On the eighth day his army meets Esarhaddon's army in a broad valley, by the side of a river. Lailie's army fights bravely, but Lailie, formerly Esarhaddon, sees that

the enemy swarm down from the mountains like ants, over-running the valley and overwhelming his army; and, in his chariot, he flings himself into the midst of the battle, hewing and felling the enemy. But the warriors of Lailie are but as hundreds, while those of Esarhaddon are as thousands; and Lailie feels he is wounded and that they have taken him prisoner. Nine days he (with other captives) travels, bound, and guarded by the warriors of Esarhaddon. On the tenth day he is brought to Nineveh and placed in a cage. Lailie suffers less from hunger and from his wound than from shame and impotent anger. He feels how impotent he is to avenge himself on his enemy for all that he suffers. The one thing he can do is not to give his enemies the pleasure of seeing his sufferings; and he firmly resolves to endure courageously, without a murmur, all they can do to him. For twenty days he sits in his cage, awaiting execution. He sees his relations and friends led to death; he hears the groans of those who are executed; some have their hands and feet cut off, others are flayed alive, but he shows neither disquietude, nor pity, nor fear. He sees the wife he loved, bound, and led away by black eunuchs. He knows she is being taken as a slave to Esarhaddon. And he bears that, too, without a murmur. But one of the guards placed to watch him says to him: "I am sorry for you, Lailie. You used to be a King, but what are you now? And at these words Lailie recalls to mind all that he was. Two executioners next open his cage door, and having strapped his arms tight behind him, lead him to the place of execution, which is soaked with blood. Lailie sees a sharp stake dripping with blood, from which the corpse of one of his friends has just been torn, and he understands that this has been done that the stake may serve for his own execution. They strip Lailie of his clothes. He is startled at the leanness of his once strong, handsome body. The two executioners seize that body by its lean thighs; they lift him up and are about to let him fall upon the stake.

"This is death, destruction!" thinks Lailie, and, forgetful of his decision to remain bravely calm to the end, he sobs and prays for mercy. But no one listens to him.

"But this cannot be," thinks he. "Surely I am asleep. It is a dream." And he makes an effort to rouse himself. "Surely I am not Lailie, but Esarhaddon," and he does indeed awake to find himself neither Esarhaddon nor Lailie, but an animal of some kind.

(Continued on page 22.)

AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

A DEPARTMENT MAINLY FOR WOMEN



MRS. F. W. DOWNER,
President Woman's Civic Club of the Lethbridge
Board of Trade and President of the Galt
Hospital Ladies' Aid.

A UNIQUE CLUB.

By Irene McLachlan.

THERE is not a town or city in Canada that does not boast of some sort of woman's club. In some cities of the Dominion women's organizations outnumber the clubs and associations where the sterner sex reign supreme. But to Lethbridge, Alberta, is given the credit for the first Woman's Civic Club in Canada. This club, "The Woman's Civic Club of the Lethbridge Board of Trade," held its initial meeting, with a charter membership of one hundred and forty names, and since that time scores of new names have been added. Every member of the club is a booster for Lethbridge, and the members of the club, which is an auxiliary to the Board of Trade, are working with their husbands, brothers, fathers and sweethearts in making a greater and better city.

The Lethbridge Board of Trade secured twenty-five thousand dollars to be used for publicity purposes for the year beginning May 1st, 1911, and a portion of this amount was given the new club to use as they deem to the best advantage.

Lethbridge is endeavoring to secure for 1912 the International Dry Farming Congress, which is the largest agricultural organization in the world. As this would mean thousands of visitors to the city, and the hotels could not begin to accommodate the

many of their friends as possible to do likewise.

The day the initial meeting of the club was held, a petition was circulated and signed by two hundred prominent merchants and business men of the city, asking the mayor to grant a half holiday, and those who signed the petition further agreed, if necessary, to go home and care for the children, so that their wives might attend the meeting. So great an interest was taken by the members of the Board of Trade that the officers and a number of the members of that organization showed their approval by attending the meeting.

The first thing the club decided to do after its organization was to wage a "Buy at Home" campaign. Each member pledged herself to buy her wearing apparel and family needs from the merchants of the city, who in turn promised to secure for the women of the city the smallest and cheapest article at the lowest possible price, and as quickly as possible, if they did not have in stock what was required.

The officers of the club are all representative women of the city, who are energetic and keen workers, alive to every opportunity given to help make a greater, larger and better city. The club's motto is, "Make Lethbridge a Spotless City." Several committees each under the supervision of a member of the executive committee carry



MISS IRENE McLACHLAN,
Recording Secretary Woman's Civic Club,
Editor of the Woman's Department of the
Lethbridge Daily Herald.

on the various branches of the work of the club, which are Publicity, Buy at Home, Information, Moral Reform, City Beautiful, Welcome, Entertainment, Amusement, Finance, Departmental, Membership and Charity. These phases of the work are being carried out along broad lines, and each committee is composed of several eager workers.

One of the principal aims of the club is a hearty greeting to every woman who comes to the city to reside. Realizing that women coming to a new city find it difficult to make acquaintances readily, and soon become discontented with their surroundings unless they make congenial friends, the club observes a "Strangers Day" each month, when all newcomers are invited to come and have a cup of tea and become acquainted with the members.

Lord Kitchener's Love Affair.

IF there is any truth in the report that the great war hero, Lord Kitchener, is contemplating the termination of his bachelor years, it seems quite likely that Lady Naylor-Leyland, who was Jane Chamberlain, of Cleveland, Ohio, is "the woman in the case" who has worked the miracle. Society had almost given up the hope



MRS. JOHN A. SILVER,
First Vice-President of the Woman's Civic Club

of being able to weave a romance about the gallant soldier, but his devotion to the lady, who is one of the most charming hostesses in the Anglo-American colony in London, has given them sufficient ground for gossip.

Lord Kitchener appears to be much pleased at his appointment as British Agent in Egypt, where instead of entering on a repressive political campaign he has in view vast schemes of improvement on which he intends to centre his hopes and the energies of the Egyptians.

The Lost Masterpieces.

THE disappearance of one of the most famous pictures in the world from the Louvre is an event of international interest. This is the "Gioconda" of Leonardo da Vinci (1452-1519). It was in all its glory in the Louvre Galleries one Sunday. On Monday it had gone no one knows where. Leonardo da Vinci, the painter of the great picture, was born in the town of Vinci, and he was the painter of some of the most wonderful pictures in the world, including the "Adoration of the Magi" at Florence, the "Last Supper" at Milan, the "Virgin of the Rocks" of the Louvre and of the National Gallery of London. But perhaps no picture by him except the "Last Supper" is better known than his portrait of Mona Lisa, the wife of Francisco del Giocondo, upon which he worked for four years. This picture was painted at Florence between 1501 and 1506, but was acquired by Francis I. of France, who



MRS. ELIAS ADAMS,
Second Vice-President and wife of the Mayor of
Lethbridge.

paid 4,000 gold florins for the work, and it has remained in that country ever since. It is the only existing example of Leonardo's work in portraiture.



MRS. C. F. P. CONYBEARE,
Treasurer Woman's Civic Club, wife of C. F.
P. Conybeare, K.C., D.C.L.

crowds of delegates and visitors, the women of the club will, if the congress convenes in Lethbridge, open their homes to the visitors and persuade as

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DEMI-TASSE

Courierettes.

Now we can settle down for the winter, go to the football games, and get in some coal.

The life-long Liberals who left their party and the confirmed Conservatives who turned their back on Mr. R. L. Borden are now asking the question: "Is it worth while to have a conscience?"

The busy hammers which have been used for the last two months in nailing lies may now be returned to the tool-chest.

There has been another appeal in the Michael Fraser case. Michael and his money will be soon parted.

Mount Etna appears to belong to the anti-reciprocity party.

We shall hear no more of beans, barley, peaches nor hogs, until there is another little pact with Washington.

The farmer is now just a mere citizen.

The ex-Shah has given up the struggle for the Persian throne. What's the matter with his trying for the leadership of the Canadian Opposition?

The State of Maine continues near-dry.

France wants an open door in Morocco—and Germany shows a nasty disposition to slam the door.

Italy would like a slice of Turkey for Thanksgiving.

Sugar is higher than ever, and will probably be a "dear sweet thing" in another month.

The old flag will now be furled during a brief intermission.

A woman aviator (the English say aviatrix) has made a flight of over one hundred miles. Whom was she after?

A Labour College is the latest proposition. The students will have an eight-hour day.

* * *

Is This True?—Several Canadian citizens were recently discussing the dearth of "literary" men among our politicians.

"In the Old Country," said one, who had spent six months across the sea, "it is different. It was not to Disraeli's discredit that he wrote novels, nor to Gladstone's lasting disgrace that he translated the Odes of Horace and took a deep interest in Homer. Many a member of the House of Commons in Great Britain can paint a water-colour picture or make a collection of old china without being considered any the worse as a politician. But it is quite different in Canada—we're becoming painfully materialistic like the Republic to the south of us."

"Canadians have a deep distrust of a man who is interested in music, art or literature," said another, "that is, when it comes to putting him in a municipal or political office. They consider those subjects matters for a woman or a long-haired foreigner to be interested in. There were two clever Hamilton boys, who have made good far from their home city. One of them is now a successful and prosperous lawyer in British Columbia, but he never would have become so well-known in Hamilton. Why? Because he painted pictures and was known as a novelist and poet. Another was Sandy Evans. He has done famously in Winnipeg, and makes a first-class mayor. He would never have been elected mayor in Hamilton, where he was known as a literary chap and a lecturer on highbrow subjects. It's just the stupidity of the dear public, that's all."

* * *

What She Had Heard.—Small brothers and sisters have a most distress-

ing way of speaking the whole truth to an elder sister's masculine admirers.

A little girl was entertaining such a caller while her "big sister" was putting the final touches to a theatre costume. The gentleman endeavored to be entertaining, and finally remarked:

"Miss Dorothy, I don't believe you know what my name is."

"I've heard Daddy call you 'The Limit,'" she said thoughtfully.

There was a sudden lapse in the conversation.

* * *

A Mitigating Circumstance.—A noted Liberal in a town of Western Ontario once attended a meeting addressed by Sir John Macdonald. The assembly was held during the afternoon, and it was about six o'clock before the audience began to disperse. On the way out, the Liberal met Sir John who insisted on shaking hands with him.

"I belong to the Reform party," said the latter.

"Never mind, man! I'm not proud," said Sir John genially. "I've shaken hands with worse looking men than you in my day."

Afterwards his political friends twitted the "stalwart" with the fact that he had been seen in conversation with Sir John.

"Well, I've never denied that he has a pleasant way with him—and, anyway, it was nearly dark, and only a few people saw us."

* * *

The Polite Version.—Binks—"What was it Sir William Van Horne said about reciprocity?"

Dinks—"That he was going to bust the—that is, that he was going to break up the whole affair."

* * *

The Eternal Mystery.—The recent disappearance from the Louvre of Leonardo da Vinci's famous painting, "Mona Lisa," has led to much discussion of the fascinating and baffling lady who was so vividly depicted by the great genius.

"I wonder what her smile means," said a woman who was looking at a copy in a Canadian shop. "She looks as if she had discovered just how little worth while everything is."

"I don't think so," promptly remarked another. "She is scheming or planning some mischief. I shouldn't be surprised if she were going to poison one of her enemies. That is the smile of an evil nature."

"It isn't at all," said the first. "She is just the wisest woman who ever lived."

A man friend approached at this moment and the two fair disputants appealed to him.

"Hasn't she a wicked smile?" asked the second.

"Isn't it a wise, tender smile?" asked the first.

"Why, I don't think she's smiling at all," said the man, "that's a sad expression."

The women turned away in despair, and the man was left to ponder the features of the mysterious Lady of Florence.

* * *

Too Subtle.—Among the humours of the election campaign was the experience of Mr. T. C. Robinette, K.C., in telling the natives of a North York village one of his subtle jokes. Before commencing his campaign speech he related how several men had had an argument about close horse races. One had seen a horse win a race by a nose. A second had seen a race won by the horse sticking its tongue out at the wire. The third had remarked, "Well, I was in Scotland a year ago, and I saw the closest race any man ever saw." Mr. Robinette paused. The silence was awkward. No one saw the point. No one laughed.

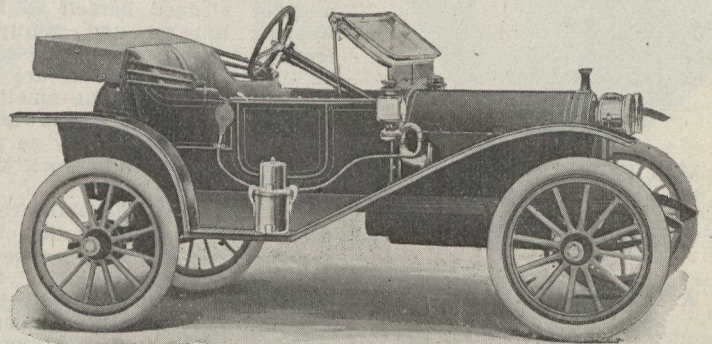
Mr. Robinette smiled sadly. "I'll come back for re-election in four years and perhaps they'll have seen the point by that time," he murmured.



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THE WILDCATTERS

A Tale of the Cobalt Country.

By S. A. White

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CHAPTER XXII.

CARL'S intention was to get away from Cobalt as soon as possible. His uncle seemed to be recovering satisfactorily. Carl's presence was not needed at the mine. He laughed when he thought of the earnest endeavour with which he had worked there at an earlier date. It took him but a short time to pack his few belongings. But before he went he thought he should see Rita Theodore and tell her that he had forgiven her.

Accordingly, as soon as it was evening he called at her home. Rita was at home, the maid said, but the Colonel had gone down town. Of this fact Carl was glad. It would be only embarrassment for the Colonel and himself to come in contact after what he knew about Theodore's "investments."

It happened that Rita was dressing when Carl came, so he was invited to enter the reading-room. He lay among the soft cushions in that dreamy, soul-possessing den of hers and waited. He did not read. It was satisfying just to gaze at the room and wait. When the maid lighted the lamp, its tinted radiance but enhanced the loveliness of all it glowed upon. Then Carl heard Rita's footsteps on the stair. She parted the door draperies and stood for an instant bowing to Carl, with her beauty showing in all its perfection against the dark background of curtain.

"I have kept you waiting," she said, faintly.

"A little," Carl returned, "but it is beautiful to wait here." Her radiance dismayed him. She was dressed in a creamy, clinging gown that he had never seen. She was dressed as he had never dreamed. She looked like a dark, stage-queen of tragedy, a woman who battles with the minds and souls of kings. Coming from the draperies Rita sank upon the cushions opposite Carl.

"And why?" she asked with a smile.

"The room!" he answered. "It is perfect. You have such taste and such harmony."

"It is because you have harmony and art in your nature that you appreciate it. One who is not inclined to art would not admire it. It is like painting."

"Have you done any lately?"

"Not since that day we were painting last!"

"Ah!" Carl exclaimed in surprise. "That is a long time ago. Why didn't you paint since?"

"Oh! I don't know," she said, quickly, while her gaze went past him. "I haven't time, I suppose."

"You shouldn't neglect it."

"But you? What have you done?"

"Nothing," he replied.

"There!" Rita cried with a laugh. "Then you are just as careless. We are both culprits."

"Yes, we are both culprits," he said, and the deep meaning of his words reached her. Neither of them had spoken of the incident to which he now referred.

The girl remained silent. Carl waited for some expression of sorrow or regret. None was forthcoming. Sudden pride rose in Carl's heart. He resolved that he, too, would be silent. He would offer no words of forgiveness till Rita voiced her regret at having been the means of making him gamble.

"When shall we paint again?" she questioned.

"I am leaving to-morrow," answered Carl.

Her cheeks blanched slightly. "For how long?" she asked.

"For ever."

"Don't say for ever!" she cried, vehemently. "I thought you were interested in your uncle's mining enterprise."

"I am no longer interested in that."

"Where do you expect to go?"

"I have not yet made my plans."

"But when did you take this sudden decision?" Rita inquired. "Do not think I am inquisitive, but something must have influenced you."

"Something of which I cannot speak!" he returned.

"Is it private?"

"Yes."

Rita placed a cushion under her head and remained in thought. How beautiful! How perfectly beautiful! was Carl's unspoken comment as she reposed against the tinted silk of cushion and hanging. Again he felt the power of her eyes and of herself. He could feel the magnetic attraction that always drew him when near this girl.

"You are going," she murmured, bending a deep gaze upon him, "and we have been such friends."

"Such friends!" he echoed. "But we will still have the remembrance of that friendship."

She sat upright with a quick grace that startled Carl. One white arm with the slit sleeve falling away she stretched out in a sweet gesture.

"Will you always have that remembrance?" was her question. The dark eyes gleamed like stars.

"Always," Carl answered. He wished she would not gesture like that or be so perfect in pose. It stirred the uneasiness which he habitually felt in her presence.

"Will nothing blot it out? Will nothing be dearer?" The words came with liquid sweetness. Her head was thrown back with that downward look which in a beautiful face is all-powerful.

Carl gazed in fascination.

"Will it?" she prompted. The white hand that undid him once before was near to his face.

Carl felt the power of her charm. In another instant he would tell her there was nothing dearer, however empty the words might afterwards be.

Acting on the impulse of restraint, Carl rose swiftly from his seat, intending to depart, but the arm which had been bruised struck the corner of the settee. The twinge of pain through it made him involuntarily ease it with his right hand while his lips closed tightly. Rita was on her feet in an instant and at his side.

"What is it?" she cried in alarm.

"Nothing," Carl said, "nothing!" He motioned her away.

"Oh! you are hurt. Let me see!"

"No, it is nothing," he repeated. "Please move away!" Carl was shielding the arm from her view, for it was swollen and he could not step past her since she blocked the way.

"Carl, are you hurt? Tell me the truth!"

"It is only a bruise," he answered. "I bruised it today. Of course it is tender and I struck it on the wood when I rose. It is nothing at all."

"But the pain, dear; I saw the pain in your face." Her tone was one infinitely sweet caress.

Carl flushed at the word. "Don't!" he cried. "Oh! Rita, don't! I am going."

"And for ever? We must part?"

"Yes."

Rita threw her hands up in abandon, with a flood of beseeching, appealing emotion in her eyes. "Carl," she said, "my Prince!" Her voice thrilled him like low harp sounds. "My Prince! Why should it be? Why should we part? Why can we not be together for ever? Oh! do you not see? Take me, Carl, take me!" All the passion which had shaken her soul many times before rushed out in a magnetic torrent.

"Carl, take me!" she trilled.

"No, no, it can never be!" he cried, shutting out the vision of her with a hand over his eyes.

"Why, Carl? Why will you leave me?"

"There is another," he groaned. "Down in the God-breathing country there is another all sunny hair and innocence. I love her."

Rita gave a little scream and her eyes were large with anguish.

"But I am going," he cried fiercely. "Enough of this! Let us say farewell."

"No, no!" the girl burst out passionately. "I cannot let you go. I cannot give you up to her. Carl, don't you care? Have I not touched your heart a little?"

"No. I am going."

Rita's voice went low and tender. "I love you," she sighed. "You cannot go."

"I cannot?"

"No," she said, moving swiftly away from him, almost to the other side of the room. "You would not accept my love when I was forced to declare it. Now you shall come to me. I can make you love me. Men for whom I did not care a farthing have gone insane over me. The one who is all the world to me shall be no different. Come, Carl, I am calling you."

She stood in lissome grace at the farther side. All queenly poise had vanished. Her form drooped like a swaying willow wand in a storm, calling a thousand times stronger for pity and sympathy. Her matchless white arms were held to him, appealing and inviting. The wealth of night-tinted hair fell in billows over her neck

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and heaving bosom. Her eyes were looking at him with a great, lustrous gleam alluring in all its intensity. The head was thrown backward, giving her features that downward look which was so strong.

"Carl, my Prince, come to me. Come to my heart," she murmured.

Carl felt himself drawn with compelling force. He tried to turn away, not to look, but his gaze involuntarily sought her again.

"Carl, will you come?" she whispered, throwing her arms wide. He could see the swell of her bosom.

"Carl, my love, will you come? Will—you—come?" The words came burning pathetically. She let her head fall to one side with hands clasped above.

"Dear," she scarcely murmured, "you are coming."

Carl gave a cry and walked slowly across the room towards her. When she opened her arms again they were stretched to him.

"Take me, Carl, take me!" Her arms almost caressed him. He never moved. Rita took a step nearer. Her arms were past his cheeks and nearly touching them. Her face was close, with the lips all but pressing his.

"Carl," she sighed, "I am yours."

Crying aloud he caught her to him. For one mad moment he crushed her to his breast and rained kisses on her lips passionately and insanely. The white arms were locked about his neck. He looked into her eyes and for a second he wavered. Then his manlier self came back with a swift revulsion.

"Woman, woman!" he cried. "Let me go. Let me go."

"Never now!" she said, tightening the soft arms on his neck and lifting her eyes to his. In them the light was not of love.

"Let me loose!" Carl begged. "Spirit of heaven, let me go!"

"No, never!" Rita said.

"Temptress! Let me go."

"No. Kiss me!"

Rita's arms closed in burning contact round his neck and she covered his face with mad caresses. "Carl, my Prince," she murmured. Then she gave him an embrace that with the strength of her fierce emotion made the soft arms seem like muscled steel. It staggered Carl. It smothered, conquered, dazed him! For an instant he tottered. Then with a rush his strength came back.

"You devil!" he screamed, and tore the arms loose from his neck.

"Carl, O Carl!" she moaned, clinging vainly to him with her hands.

Carl wrenched himself free and thrust her back so fiercely that she fell sobbing across the cushioned couch.

With full control of his senses once more, he went again to the door. With his hand upon the knob, he turned. "Did you ever see Parsifal?" he asked coldly.

"Yes," Rita said, looking through her tears.

"Then you know whom you shall always be to me after this."

"Who?" she asked, although she knew.

"Kundry."

The girl buried her face in her hands.

"Yes, Kundry," his metallic voice went on. "The critics may pull Wagner to pieces, but I shall know that whatever his other characters may be Kundry is real."

CHAPTER XXIII.

CARL was dazed and stricken with the emotion of the night as he wandered somewhat aimlessly through the streets. He wanted to tramp unceasingly in the damp night air till its cooling breath should drive the fever from his brain. His feet but partly obeyed his will and at a corner he staggered into a burly figure coming the opposite way.

"Look out!" exclaimed a strangely familiar voice. "Are you drunk or do you own these blessed trails?"

"Bland!" cried Carl incredulously.

Jerry Bland peered at him through the dusk. "It's Carl!" he exclaimed. "What is the matter? You never drink. Are you sick?"

"Yes, I am sick, Jerry," answered Glover, in a weary tone. "I am sick of myself and of the world."

"Tell me about it," his friend urged.

"Tell me first why you are here. I thought you in the Maritime Provinces."

"I came back last week," Bland explained. "Father has Cobalt fever like the rest. He wants to invest and he would come up to look over the ground. I had to accompany him. So here I am rolling about the rocks when I should be home helping the Argonauts trim the Hamilton Tigers. Now what is wrong? If there is anything I can do, Carl, you know you may depend upon me."

In a broken voice Carl briefly related his experience.

"You poor chap!" Bland exclaimed, laying an arm across his shoulders. "You came through all right."

"Barely!" said Carl. "I must get away, Jerry."

"Where?"

"Anywhere! It does not matter. I want to lose myself."

"Clive told me of your engagement to Jean. You will go to her. She will forgive."

"Go to her!" Carl exclaimed. "Go to her with the touch of that siren's arms on my neck and the scorch of her kisses on my lips. Bland, I would die first."

"Carl, you are making a mistake," Jerry said anxiously.

"I have already made the mistake," Carl bitterly returned. "The cost of it is my life's happiness. Do me this favour, Jerry, when you return home. Go out to the Humber and tell Clive what I have recounted to you. Bid him tell it all to Jean. I would write but I cannot bring myself to pen a line. I feel that she would curse me for every word of it. Will you do that much for me?"

"Yes, but I know it means the world to you both. Why do you not go and tell her yourself? I know she will forgive you."

"Forgive!" Carl cried desolately. "I can see Jean Thurston's pure face when Clive tells her that the man she loves has broken a bank over the gaming table and has held another woman in his arms. No human pride could forgive that."

"I believe you are wrong," Bland persisted.

"I am right, Jerry. My going will save her the ordeal of a renunciation and a separation. For that at least she will thank me."

"You are determined to leave at daybreak?"

"I shall go on the first train. I cannot say where my destination will be. I have not the least idea. There is one thing more. Tell Jean's father, Clive and all the rest down there, that if they hear of a company called CONSOLIDATED DIAMOND COBALT they must not invest a cent in it. The company is a fraud. Will you remember that?"

"Yes," Bland promised. His intentions at the time were of the best, but that very injunction afterwards slipped his memory.

No words of farewell were spoken, but two sinewed hands met in a mighty grip more eloquent than any speech.

There was a blinding pain of tears across Carl's eyes as he stumbled on.

(To be continued.)

LITERARY NOTES

IN our daily papers of the election season, there is little to cheer us in the editorial page. Yet, even in the very-much-in-earnest columns of the Toronto Globe editorials, one may occasionally find relief, in the weekly article on "nature study," which takes one utterly away from tariffs and trouble to the wider lake waters or the quiet banks of a Canadian stream. It is almost unkind to use such a hackneyed expression as "nature study" regarding such exquisite and seemingly unlabored articles as those by Mr. S. T. Wood.

In the issue of August 26th, for instance, we come with exceeding gladness to an editorial, "The Velvet Scooter," written with a simple charm which is unmistakable. No other writer in Canada could so naively describe this "big, lonely black duck, with a humped, yellow bill, out in the open bay and seemingly alarmed at his loneliness." We read every word about the velvet scooter and wish that his "alert inquisitive stare" had not receded so soon into the distance. The writer of these delightful sketches would confer a favour on the public by publishing them in book form and thereby save many readers the weekly toil of cutting them from the surrounding desolation of politics and putting them in a scrap book with other "literature." Perhaps they would not sell. Who knows? When trash by Ralph Connor lures more Canadian dollars than would ever be expended on the essays of Dr. Macphail, one may well think twice over the selling prospects of a really good book.

* * *

SAID a reader of weird tales the other day: "Are there any Canadian ghost stories?" This aroused some discussion, and it was decided that only in French Canada or among the Indians are there any really "creepy" yarns. The loup-garou has supplied many thrills for the sensation-monger. Mr. W. A. Fraser wrote a prize story for the Metropolitan Magazine some years ago, in which a most uncanny canine was the leading feature; but Canadian story-writers, as a class, prefer the broad light of open day to the midnight regions of ghostly wanderings. The Canadians of Anglo-Saxon descent are a practical community, too much absorbed in the day's work to spend much time in speculation of an airy nature.

A Canadian writer, Mr. H. Addington Bruce, however, has recently written an interesting series of articles, "Adventurings in the Psychological," for one of the New York magazines. These come outside the realm of ghost stories, yet are beyond the merely material in their suggestion and scope.

Perhaps some of our readers have an intimate knowledge of more thrilling uncanny tales with Canadian scenes, than any which have come to our notice. We should be glad to satisfy the curiosity of the inquirer for Canadian ghost stories and furnish him with the literary material for a nightmare of the first order.

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MONEY AND MAGNATES

Canada Regulating Factor in the World's Wheat Supply.

RECENT developments in the wheat market would seem to indicate that Canada, for some months to come, will be the determining factor in what will be the prevailing prices of wheat in the main centres of the world. London is now admitting that complete reports show that the wheat crops both in Russia and the Argentine have been below the average, and while it is accepted that Canada, even allowing for the damage that has been done in some parts of the wheat fields from black rust, will have a total crop of approximately 200,000,000 bushels, seeing that 75,000,000 bushels will be all that will be required for the home market, there will be at least 120,000,000 bushels available for export. It is this amount for export that will go to determine just what the price will be in London, which is always regarded as the main centre, but, of course, such a condition will result in Canadian farmers being assured a very good price for their wheat for some months to come.

Incidentally the principal Canadian milling companies, who are large carriers of wheat, will undoubtedly be able to handle it to distinct advantage, in as much as they are perhaps brought more directly in touch with the wheat market on the other side than is the average man in the country. Even granted that they do not buy wheat for speculative purposes, still it resolves itself simply into a business transaction that if conditions warrant them selling wheat to better advantage than if they were to convert it into flour, it might be just as well for them to curtail the output from their various mills and make the profit from the raw material.

* * *

Adding to Equipment.

THE principal Canadian railways are adding, as quickly as possible, to their equipment. At the present time it is known that something like close to \$10,000,000 of equipment in the form of locomotives and cars of all styles are under construction for the Canadian Pacific. The Grand Trunk is also working its various shops to their fullest capacity, and just the other day placed another contract for one thousand additional box cars with the Canadian Car and Foundry Co., to be delivered as quickly as possible. From the large territory which the Canadian railways have to cover, it rather seems as though they require a good deal more equipment than the average American line, in as much as it takes such a long time to get cars back into one section of the country after they are sent to another.

* * *

Clever Move by Grand Trunk.

AN interesting phase of railroad expansion at the present time is that of the Grand Trunk, which is pushing forward its proposed expansion into Providence, R.I., making a bold bid for a particularly rich section of the territory which, for a great many years past, has been regarded as the natural reserve of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad. Of course, quite naturally, as a business proposition the railroad has opposed the invasion of the Grand Trunk at every point, and this latter action has rendered it necessary for the Grand Trunk to fortify itself in other directions. For a great many years past, for instance, the Grand Trunk carried a very large percentage of the summer traffic to the main coast, but this year, owing to the New York, New Haven and Hartford refusing any longer to allow it running rights over any portion of its lines, it had to be content with carrying its passengers to Portland and letting them make their own arrangements to get out from there to the different points either by train or electric tram. Of course, under such conditions it could not hope to handle the traffic to the same advantage as it had in the past, but recent developments go to indicate that it has made a clever move by acquiring the control of some of the principal electric tram lines running from Portland down to Old Orchard Beach and Kennebunk, and it will, in this way, be able to carry its passengers direct from Canadian points right through to their destination. The expansion in this particular section by the Grand Trunk will, it is believed, be a particularly profitable one for the company, as, in addition to the passenger traffic, a great deal of freight traffic originates in the New England States, which the Grand Trunk will be able to handle right through, over its own lines, to Chicago and Western American points.

* * *

Investment Trust Increases Capital.

EVIDENTLY with a view of getting ready to handle still larger transactions than it has up to the present time, the Investment Trust Co., Ltd., of Montreal, is securing the necessary authority to increase its capital from \$500,000 to \$1,000,000. The growth of the company's business has been remarkably rapid considering the fact that the company was organized less than three years ago, when its authorized capital was something like \$250,000, and paid-up capital considerably below that figure.

During the past year, following on the expansion of its business, the company opened offices both in London, Eng., and Toronto, and, notwithstanding the fact that less than a year ago the capital was increased to \$500,000, it has been evident to Mr. A. J. Nesbitt, the Managing Director of the company, and his directors, for some time past, that arrangements would have to be made to secure larger capital.

* * *

Another Big Loan Company.

IT is understood that a group of strong Toronto capitalists are making arrangements for the organization of a large Canadian loan and mortgage company, which will make a specialty of handling loans on all kinds of real estate and farms throughout the different parts of Canada. Up to the present time, however, negotiations have not reached a point where any definite statement can be made regarding the plans, but in the event of their coming through in their present form, another particularly strong company will be added to the list of Canadian institutions making a specialty of this particular line of business.

Coupon.

ESARHADDON, KING OF ASSYRIA

(Continued from page 16.)

Esarhaddon is surprised to be an animal, and at the same time surprised not to have been aware of it.

He is grazing in a valley, tearing the succulent grass with his teeth, brushing away flies with his long tail, and experiencing a strange, heavy feeling in his udder. Near him a long-legged, dark-gray ass-colt, with a stripe down its back, is frisking and playing. Kicking up its hind legs, the colt gallops up at full speed to Esarhaddon, and poking him under the stomach with its smooth little muzzle, seeks for the teat, and, finding it, quiets down, swallowing evenly. Esarhaddon realizes that he is a she-ass, mother of the colt, and this neither surprises nor grieves him, but rather gladdens him.

He feels a pleasant sensation from the simultaneous movement of life in his offspring and in himself. But suddenly, with a whistling sound, something flies near and strikes him in the side with its sharp point, piercing through his skin into his flesh. Feeling a burning pain, Esarhaddon (who is also the ass) tears the udder from between the colt's teeth, and laying back his ears, gallops to the herd of asses, from which he had strayed. The colt keeps up with him, galloping close to his legs. They have nearly overtaken the herd, which has started off, when suddenly another arrow in full flight strikes the colt's neck. It enters and quivers in the flesh. The colt moans piteously and drops on his knees. Esarhaddon cannot abandon him, and remains standing over him. The colt rises, staggers on its long, thin legs, and again falls.

A dreadful two-legged thing—a man—runs up and cuts the colt's throat.

"This cannot be, it is again a dream," thinks Esarhaddon, and makes a final effort to awake. He cries out, and at the same moment lifts his head out of the font. . . . The old man stands over him, pouring on to his head the last drops from the jug.

"Oh, how terribly I have suffered! and for how long!" said Esarhaddon.

"Long?" replied the old man, "you have only dipped your head under water and lifted it again; see, the water is not yet all out of the jug. Have you now understood?"

Esarhaddon did not reply, but only looked at the old man with terror.

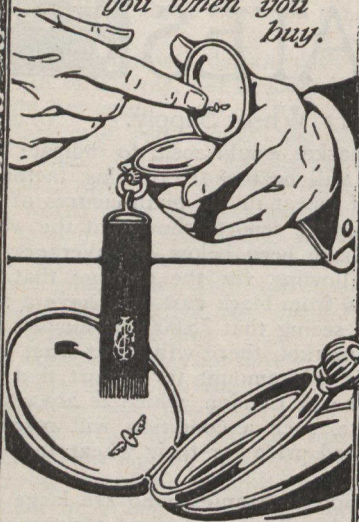
"Have you now understood," continued the old man, "that Lailie is you, and the warriors you put to death were you also? And not the warriors only, but the animals you slew when hunting and ate at your feasts were also you. You thought life dwelt in you alone, but I have drawn aside the veil of the delusion, and have let you see that by doing evil to others you have done it to yourself also. Life is one in them all, and you have in yourself but a portion of this common life. And only in that one part of life that is in you, can you make life better or worse—can you increase or decrease it. You can only improve life in yourself by destroying the barriers that divide your life from that of others, and by considering others as yourself, and loving them. Thereby you increase your own life also. To destroy life, or to alter it, is impossible; for life is the one thing that exists. All else but seems to us to be."

Having said this the old man vanished.

Next morning King Esarhaddon gave order that Lailie and all the prisoners should be set at liberty, and that the executions should cease.

On the third day he called his son Assur-bani-pal, and gave the kingdom over into his hands; and he himself went into the desert to think over what he had learnt. Afterwards he began to go about as a wanderer through the towns and villages, preaching to the people that all life is one, and that men only harm themselves when they wish to do evil to others.

This mark safeguards you when you buy.



IN selecting your watch case there is a certainty of getting what you pay for if the case you buy bears the "Winged Wheel" trade mark.

This mark represents full equivalent in gold value and reliability of workmanship. Cases so stamped have been regularly sold by responsible jewelers for over 25 years. Made in Canada, you get the quality and save the duty.

Send for our book. It's free.

Shows patterns, styles and construction of "Winged Wheel" cases. Also instructs you on the proper care of your watch.

THE AMERICAN WATCH CASE CO. OF TORONTO, Limited

Largest Manufacturers of Watch Cases in the British Empire



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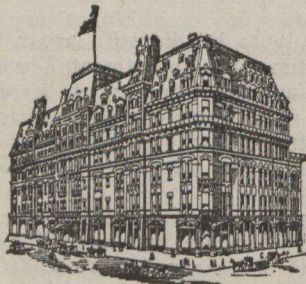
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RATES

Rooms without bath, one person, \$1.50 per day and upward, two persons, \$3.00 and upward; with bath, one person, \$2.50 per day and upward, two persons, \$4.00 and upward. Suites \$6.00 per day and upward.

"Canadian money taken at par."

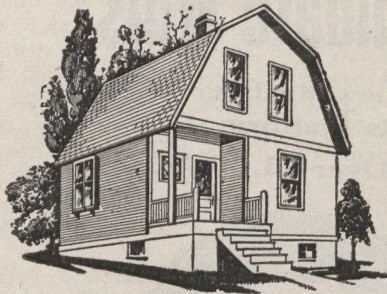
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Built any other way it would cost you at least \$1,000. We save you architect's fees, builders' delays and three or four profits by shipping direct to you from our mills.

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We'll gladly send you a book full of photos, plans and detailed descriptions of more than 60 attractive homes that you can build with utmost economy the Redit-Cut way. Send 2-cent stamp and ask for Book No. 41

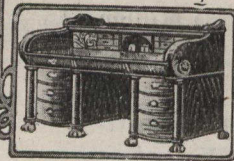
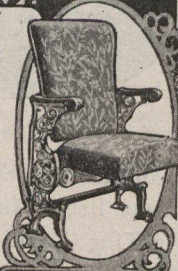
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Manufacturers of High Grade Bank & Office Fixtures, School, Library & Commercial Furniture, Opera & Assembly Chairs, Interior Hardwood Finish Generally.



MAIL CONTRACT

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until noon, on Friday, the 27th October, 1911, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years, six times per week, between ENNISKILLEN, ENFIELD and RETURN (Rural Mail Delivery), from the Postmaster-General's pleasure.

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

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT, Mail Service Branch, G. C. Anderson, Superintendent, Ottawa, 14th September, 1911.

It pays to advertise in the Canadian Courier — because you reach the best class of people in the nine Provinces of the Dominion.



"More Pressure"

PRESSURE means protection. When pressure fails, water in the firemen's hose does not protect your property. You must then rely on your fire insurance policy, and "More Pressure" in that case depends upon the size and efficiency of the Company you have selected to stand between you and disaster. You cannot have too much of that kind of pressure.

For over a century the **Hartford Fire Insurance Company** has responded each year to this call for "More Pressure." Its business machinery was never in better working order. With its assets of twenty-four millions it can cover any loss which will ever come to it. In the policy-holder's time of need, the "high pressure" of the Hartford never fails.

Any agent or broker can get you a Hartford policy.



Insist on the Hartford

Agents Everywhere

12 STORIES OF SOLID COMFORT
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HOTEL YORK

ABSOLUTELY FIREPROOF

Corner 36th St. and 7th Ave.

One short block from Broadway and New York's
Newest, Largest and Finest Department Stores,
Fashionable Shops and Theatres.

2 Minutes from New Penna. R.R. Terminal.

10 Minutes from Grand Central Terminal.

Accommodations Better than Rates indicate

ROOMS \$1.50 and \$2.00 with Bath Privilege

\$2.00 to \$4.00 Private Bath

Where two persons occupy same room only \$1.00 extra

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Write Hotel for Map of New York

JAY G. WILBRAHAM, Managing Director

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ALE**



Dominion Brewery Co.
TORONTO Limited

COSGRAVE'S



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



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



PALE ALE

People and Places

Ontario Railway Mileage.

ONTARIO'S railway mileage totals 9,017.94. During 1910 there were completed and opened for traffic, according to the report of the Public Works Department, just issued, 357.52 miles of railway. Of the 757.95 miles of the Transcontinental across Ontario, all of which have been located, 531 miles have been graded and 333 miles of tracks laid. On the Algoma Central and Hudson Bay Railway 98 miles are under construction.

Prior to Confederation the railway mileage in Ontario totalled 1,447.5 miles. Since then 7,507.44 miles have been completed. There are now 703.77 miles under construction. The total electric railway mileage is 721.73. There are under construction 67.5 miles.

The Health of Montreal.

THE Montreal Star has been taking a fling at the health situation in the metropolis. The terrible infant mortality in Montreal during the heat wave is fresh in the minds of the public.

The Montreal death rate is very high. In the last six years the average is 22.64 per thousand of the population.

Improvements in the water supply are under way for the relief of typhoid. But typhoid is only one ailment of the suffering Montreal public. The white plague is eating its dirty way into the homes of the people. Tuberculosis deaths have increased from 919 to 1,336 in the past four years.

A Mammoth Dock.

HON. DR. PUGSLEY says the British firm of Morton Griffiths & Company will build the St. John drydock, which will cost \$4,000,000, and which will be one of the mammoth docks of its kind in the world. Norton Griffiths is the lowest tenderer. He is an English member of Parliament, who has visited Canada several times. His firm have large contracts in both hemispheres.

The School Lands Map

REAL estate agents and their clients ought to have a copy of the School Lands Map of Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta, just issued by the Department of the Interior. School lands are sections 11 and 29 in every surveyed township in the three above mentioned provinces. They are put on the market at auction every little while to help swell provincial education funds. Quarter sections are offered. Sometimes the land is leased for coal mining and haying and grazing, but never for agricultural purposes.

Men Who Won't Work.

THE claim is made in many Canadian cities that there are a certain class of men out of work who don't really want to get anything to do.

The Hamilton Herald a few days ago had occasion to find what truth there is in that claim so far as the Ambitious City is concerned.

It isn't because he can't get work that a man is idle these days, said The Herald in its issue of September 13. Gore Park and City Hall corner have the usual number of the old guard on the job these fall days, and the inference to be drawn from this occupation of outdoor seats in cold weather is that a man goes to such a public spot to find work. Yesterday a Herald employee was sent out to get a man to help him in unloading a lot of paper at The Herald warehouse. He went to Gore Park and the City Hall, where he offered 25 cents an hour for a whole day of easy work. There were no takers. Those who held down the seats

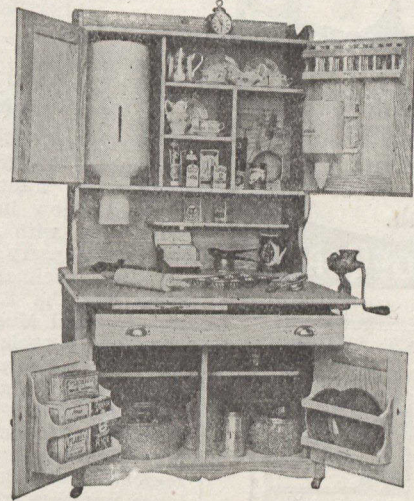
Do you find it hard to get good help?

Here is the kitchen helper that lessens work.

Makes it easier to get meals ready.

Saves countless, needless, steps.

Keeps kitchens tidier.



Banishes lots of kitchen bothers.

Economizes time, energy and foodstuffs.

Groups everything in handiest place.

Abolishes muss and confusion.

This is one of the five styles of Knechtel Kitchen Cabinets. Each of them is a practical, time-saving, woman-helping convenience that you need thrice a day in your kitchen. You should go and examine the KKK this very day.

"Look for this Trade Mark"

Built to outlast two generations.

Handsomely finished.

By far the handiest and most useful kitchen cabinet made.



"Registered"

Extension table top of shining aluminum that won't rust or tarnish.

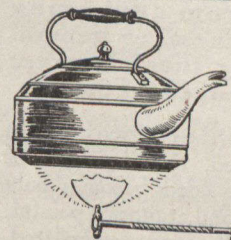
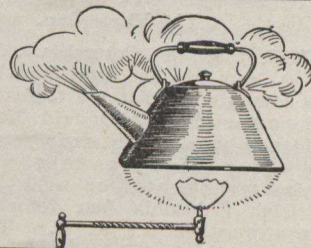
Ingenious flour and sugar bins.

Fully equipped with canisters, etc.

Earns Its Cost Over and Over Again

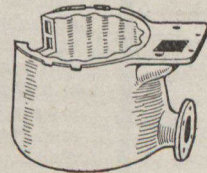
In time saved when getting meals ready---
in strength saved by abolishing needless steps
---in foodstuffs saved by keeping them clean and
dustfree---the Knechtel earns its costs many times a year.
Visit your furniture dealer to-day and SEE ALL THE FIVE
HANDSOME STYLES. Some very good store near your home handles
the Knechtel. Examine and compare it. Its cost will not frighten you.
Booklet E mailed on request

Knechtel Kitchen Cabinet Company, Ltd.
Hanover, Ontario



Twice-as-quick circulation with less fuel

BECAUSE the fire-pot, the area of the grates, exposed surfaces in the combustion chamber, and the water



contained in the water wall, are all scientifically proportioned in the King Boiler, they ensure a quick circulation with a minimum of fuel.

**KING
BOILER & RADIATORS**

To illustrate: Take two tea kettles, one holding a quart and the other two quarts, fill them full of water, and set them over the fire, it is quite obvious that the kettle holding the lesser quantity will come to the boiling point much faster than the other. The same principle applies to the King water wall when compared with that ordinarily used. The water wall in a King Boiler is 1 inch wide as compared with 1 1/2 inches of the ordinary boiler. The result in heating is obvious.

"Comfortable Homes" talks practical common sense on the heating question.
Write for it.

STEEL and RADIATION, Limited

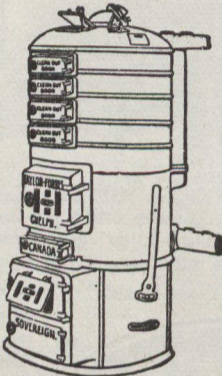
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Quenches the thirst in a wholesome way and does the stomach and kidneys good. **MAGI** is not a medicine but preserves health.

THE WATER OF QUALITY

The second edition of the "Dictionary of Heating" is now ready for distribution



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Makers of
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BENGER'S FOOD

Wherever there is a case of enfeebled digestion, whether from advancing age, illness, or general debility, there is a case for Benger's Food.

When the stomach becomes weakened, the digestion of ordinary food becomes only partial, and at times is painful, little of the food is assimilated, and the body is consequently insufficiently nourished.

This is where Benger's Food helps. It contains in itself the natural digestive principles, and is quite different from any other food obtainable.

All doctors know and approve of its composition, and prescribe it freely.

For INFANTS, INVALIDS, AND THE AGED.

The "British Medical Journal" says: "Benger's Food has, by its excellence, established a reputation of its own."

BENGER'S NEW BOOKLET deals with the most common doubts and difficulties which mothers have to encounter. It is sent free on application to Benger's Food, Ltd., Otter Works, Manchester, England.

Benger's Food is sold in tins by Druggists, etc., everywhere.

AGENTS WANTED.

Representative wanted at once for work in your locality. Will guarantee \$2.00 to \$5.00 per day. Opportunity to advance rapidly. Will pay liberally for spare time. Work not difficult. Experience not required.

INTERNATIONAL BIBLE PRESS, Toronto, Ont.

didn't even have the grace to cover their refusal to work with a kick about the money offered not being enough.

One man was "waiting for a friend"; another said: "That's not in my line, I'm a machinist." Others had equally poor excuses.

Hunting in New Brunswick.

KERMIT ROOSEVELT, who accompanied his father on his famous big game hunting expedition in Africa, is now in the woods in New Brunswick with three other Americans and a party of guides. They are out after specimens of New Brunswick game for the Smithsonian Institute and National Museum at Washington. They are especially anxious to get specimens of moose, caribou and beaver, but will also collect others.

Mr. Roosevelt has his camera with him, and this visit ought to provide a great advertisement for the big game regions of the Province. Every year large numbers of sportsmen from the United States visit New Brunswick in search of moose, caribou, deer and bears. The Province protects its game and the receipts from hunters' licenses are an important item of provincial revenue.

Complaints About Water.

TORONTO'S florists made a complaint a few weeks ago that the chlorination of the city's water did harm to several varieties of greenhouse plants. And now a novel complaint has been made concerning Winnipeg's water.

The Manitoba Free Press of September 11 tells about the latter complaint as follows:

Winnipeg's alkali water is bad medicine for goldfish according to Odiva, the Samoan water worker, who was at the Orpheum last week. Several of her big school of fish died in the tank before she realized what the trouble was and they were then all removed and kept in river water, but even there they continued to drop off. For the last two days of the week the fish were kept out of the tank.

Miss Odiva has sent to Duluth for a couple of barrels of lake water in which she will carry the rest of her pets to Spokane. She has also sent for more goldfish to a dealer in Philadelphia who keeps her supplied with the finny beauties.

The Mann Cup.

THE British Columbia Lacrosse Team, which came East last year to compete against the Ontario champions for the Sir Donald Mann Cup, did not have a very satisfactory visit. It is questionable as to whether they were well treated or not. However, British Columbia has determined to have another try at it. The Vancouver Athletic Club's Amateur Team, which won the championship of British Columbia recently, has sent a challenge to the trustees of the Mann Cup in Toronto, and asked for dates. The Cup is now held by the Young Torontos. All of which goes to show that lacrosse is still the national game in British Columbia, and that the followers of the game in that Province are earnest and enthusiastic sportsmen.

Opportunities in the East.

THE Maritime Provinces as a promising field for those who desire to establish new industries, or to profitably invest capital in the exploitation and development of natural resources, is the theme of an interesting booklet just issued by the Intercolonial Railway.

The advantages of many parts of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia are ably presented in detail, together with many cheerful facts that ought to impress those who have capital ready to invest in a new field that is rich in opportunity.

The booklet will be mailed free to those who write the Industrial Department, Intercolonial Railway, Moncton, N. B.

NOW THE THIRD CITY IN CANADA

WINNIPEG

(MANITOBA)

The Supply City of Western Canada

Offers greater combined advantages to manufacturers and capitalists than any city in Canada. The remarkable development of this great central market is creating an unprecedented demand for home industries.

Winnipeg Wants These Manufacturers

and offers cheap power, cheap sites, low taxation, varied raw materials, the best of labor conditions, unexcelled railway facilities, and the earnest support of a community that recognizes the importance of its industries. Over a billion dollars produced by the farms of Western Canada in the past five years, and this with only eight per cent. of the available land under cultivation. Consider what this development makes possible for the home manufacturer.

YOUR OPPORTUNITY

Get Close to this Market

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.

\$20 OVERCOAT
to measure
FOR \$8.60

(CARRIAGE & DUTY PAID)

Curzon's \$8.60 Overcoat has been valued by clients at \$20.

All Curzon clothing is sold with a guarantee (satisfaction given or money returned) and is produced from genuine British Textiles.

MADE FROM REAL BRITISH MATERIALS.

Greatest attention is paid to the cutting of every individual order, and the style of production is equal to anything sold anywhere at twice and thrice the money—at least, this is what the Curzon clientele say about the Curzon \$8.60 Overcoat.

Then there is the tailoring. As is well known, London is the hub of the tailoring craft, and Messrs. Curzon Bros., as practical tailoring experts themselves, are in a position to secure the most qualified workmen in the trade. For all these reasons Curzon tailoring is sold with the following guarantee:

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR MONEY RETURNED IN FULL.
One Silver and Two Gold Medal Awards.

Our methods appeal to the thoughtful man: that is perhaps why we number among our clientele such well-known men as the following:— Rev. R. J. Campbell, Hon. G. E. Foster, M.P., Horatio Bottomley, M.P. Lieut.-Col. A. E. Belcher, Lieut.-Col. Dr. S. H. Glasgow, Hon. R. R. Fitzgerald, Rev. Canon Davidson, Comte. Ubaldo Beni, J. P. Downey, M.P., W. H. Doyle, M.P., Hon. F. W. Aylmer, Mr. Eustace Miles, Dr. T. R. Allinson, Major-Gen. J. C. Kinchant, Mr. Matheson Lang, Mr. Montague Holbein.

Fill in a post card and address same to us as below, asking for our latest assortment of materials. Together with patterns, we send you fashion-plates and complete instructions for accurate self-measurement, tape measure, all sent free and carriage paid. We dispatch your order within seven days, and if you do not approve, return the goods, and we will refund the money.

Address for Patterns:

CURZON BROS., c/o THE CLOUGHER SYNDICATE (Dept.)
449 Spadina Avenue, TORONTO, ONTARIO.

\$20 SUIT OR OVERCOAT TO MEASURE FOR \$8.60
(CARRIAGE & DUTY PAID).



The World's Measure Tailors,

60/62 CITY ROAD, LONDON, ENGLAND.

West End Depot: **PEMBROKE HOUSE, 133 & 135 OXFORD ST., LONDON, ENGLAND.**

Please mention this paper.



The Scrap Book

Curiosity.—"I was asked to find out when you would pay this little account," said the collector pleasantly.

"Really," answered the debtor, "I am unable to enlighten you. However, there is a soothsayer in the next block who throws a fit and reveals the future at fifty cents a throw."

"I've no money to waste," growled the collector.

"Just add the fifty cents to my account," continued the other, "for I have a curiosity on the point myself."
—Life.

* * *

The Worm Turned.—He was quite evidently from the country and he was quite evidently a Yankee, and from behind his bowed spectacles he peered inquisitely at the little oily Jew who occupied the other half of the car-seat with him.

The little Jew looked at him deprecatingly. "Nice day," he began politely.

"You're a Jew, ain't you?" queried the Yankee.

"Yes, sir, I'm a clothing salesman—" handing him a card.

"But you're a Jew."

"Yes, yes, I'm a Jew," came the answer.

"Well," continued the Yankee, "I'm a Yankee, and in the little village in Maine where I come from I'm proud to say ther ain't a Jew."

"Dot's why it's a village," replied the little Jew quietly.—Everybody's.

* * *

No Forgiveness.—Mrs. Brown-Jones—"Mrs. Smith is opposing your nomination bitterly. Can't you conciliate her in any way?"

Mrs. Smith—"It is impossible. Twenty-four years ago I said that her baby was small for its age."—Harper's Magazine.

* * *

"Arranging."—Joe, the regular office boy, had been sick for several weeks, so the head of the office was forced to engage a substitute. The substitute proved such an intelligent boy that the employer was loath to let him go.

"But I have worked for you for two years," pleaded the regular boy as he asked to return.

"Well, if you can arrange with Tommy, then you can come back," said the employer.

The next day the employer came down to his office. The top of his desk was smashed, an ink bottle had been overturned, while the glass in the door was broken where a paper weight had been thrown through. The papers in the office were scattered over the floor, and the furniture was in wild disarray. Seated in the midst of this wreckage, his eyes beautifully blackened, his nose bleeding, and his clothes torn nearly to shreds was the regular office boy. When he saw his employer, his eyes lit up in triumph.

"Tommy is gone, sir," he said. "I've arranged with him."

* * *

A Boomerang.—Dr. James T. Docking, the president of Rust University, once discussed, in a Fourth of July address at Holly Springs, Miss., the treason of Benedict Arnold.

"Arnold's fault," he said, "was as plainly brought home to him as the fault of Fenimore Cooper's friend."

"Fenimore Cooper gave a friend a copy of his last work, inscribing on the flyleaf the words:

"To John Blank, with the author's affection and esteem."

"A few months later Cooper came upon this same book at a second-hand dealer's. He bought it and sent it back to his friend again, with a second inscription:

"This volume, purchased at a second-hand shop, is re-presented to John Blank with renewed affection and reiterated expressions of esteem."—Wasp.

* * *

A Poser.—The supervisor of a school was trying to prove that children are lacking in observation.

To the children he said, "Now, chil-



S. C. P.
Gaslight de Luxe

The ideal paper for all photographic work. You cannot stain this paper—even if the developing be forced—You always get the best your negative can give.

Wellington & Ward
Plates Papers Films
13 St. John St. Montreal.

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HEAD OFFICE - - MONTREAL.

President, Sir H. Montagu Allan.
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155 Branches in Canada.

General Banking Business transacted.
SAVINGS DEPARTMENT at all branches
Deposits of \$1.00 and upwards received
and interest allowed at best current rates.

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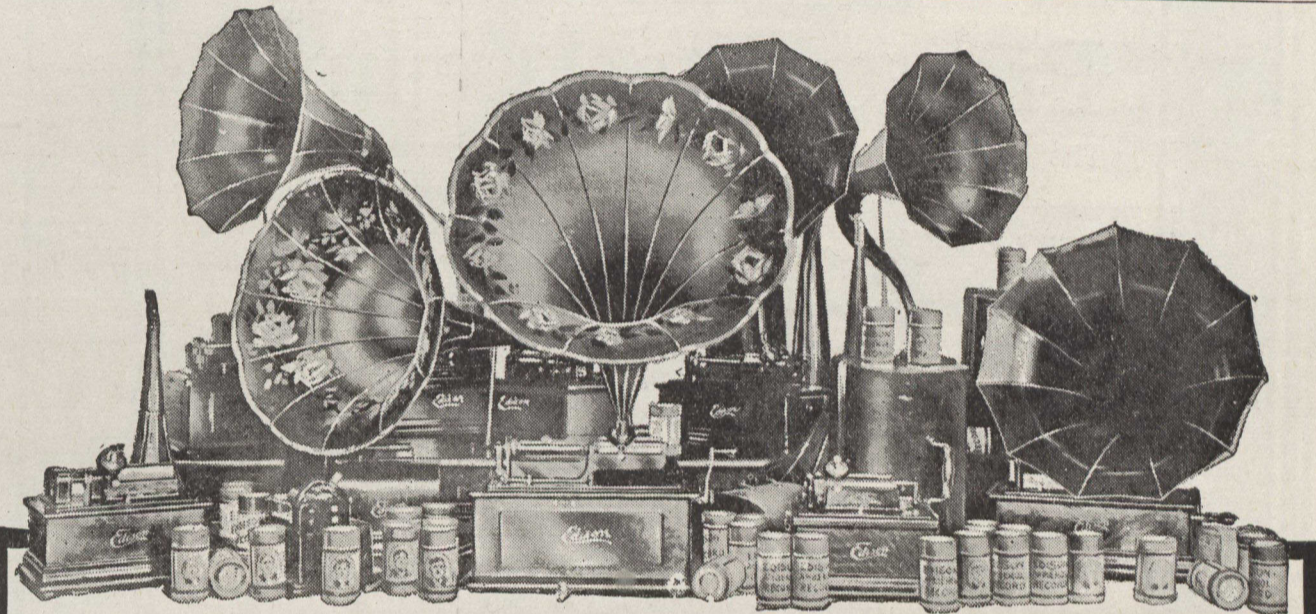
Wellington St. West; 1400 Queen St. West
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Private wire connections with
W. H. GOADBY & CO.,
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Your Choice of Any of These
Yes, FREE. Shipped posi- EDISONS
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not have to pay us a single penny either now
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we just ask you to accept it as a free loan. We do not even ask you for any deposit or any guarantee,
not even any C. O. D. payment to us. All we ask is that you tell us **which** of the magnificent Edison outfits
you prefer so that we can send that one to you on this free loan offer.

Just Take Your Choice You Don't Have
to Buy Anything

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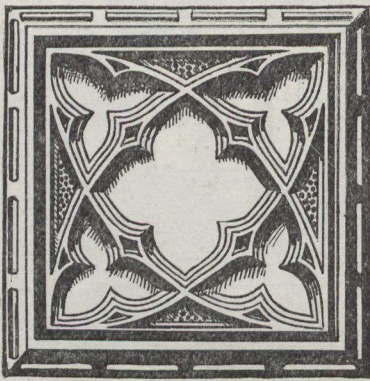
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dren, tell me a number to put on the board."

Some child said, "Thirty-six." The supervisor wrote sixty-three.

He asked for another number, and seventy-six was given. He wrote sixty-seven.

When a third number was asked, a child who apparently had paid no attention called out:

"Theventy-theven. Change that, you darned thicker!"—Everybody's.

* * *

Needed Only Tact.—"Doctor, I want you to look after my office while I'm on a vacation."

"But I've just graduated, doctor. Have had no experience."

"That's all right, my boy. My practice is strictly fashionable. Tell the men to play golf and ship the lady patients off to Europe."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

* * *

Well Defined.—An economist is usually a man who can save money by cutting down some other's people's expenses.—Washington Star.

* * *

On His Way.—"Binks has risen in the world."

"Yes, I hear that he is working in the subway now instead of in a coal-mine."—Brooklyn Life.

* * *

New Species of "Ram."—An elderly gentleman, wishing to purchase a ram, visited a country town a few miles distant. He was accosted by several intimate friends, who questioned him as to the kind of ram he intended investing in. These worthy gentlemen at once commenced their little spiels regarding the qualities of the various rams. One suggested Leicester, another Cotswold, etc.

He kept very reticent as to his intentions, merely leading them on by saying he wished to get a good ram while he was at it.

Upon returning to the hotel, the proprietor, a jovial fellow, and a one-time tiller of the soil, began to voice his arguments in favor of the various breeds. He even became so warm in his arguments that he confidently stated that he would bet a treat all around that it would be a Cotswold ram that was purchased.

Imagine the consternation of all when the old-timer spoke up and said: "Gentlemen, I just came into town to purchase a hydraulic ram."

"A what?" they all echoed in chorus.

"A hydraulic ram!" he repeated. "You see," he went on, "I am installing the latest improvements on my farm, and this here 'ram' is the 'butt' end of my private water-works system."

The proprietor treated.—Canadian Farm.

* * *

Upset.

Adown the stream of life, they said, Together peacefully they'd float;

But, just as soon as they were wed, They both began to rock the boat.

—Life.

* * *

Probably Not.—It was at a suffragette meeting. A woman was speaking bitterly of the many rights and privileges which the men enjoyed, but which were so unjustly denied to the women.

"Say," broke in a male hearer, tauntingly, in a small, high-pitched voice that sounded well in proportion to his physical make-up, "wouldn't you like to be a man?"

"Yes," replied the woman; "wouldn't you?"—Harper's Magazine.

* * *

It Can Be Done.—"You make 30,000 marks a year as aviator? And yet people say you can't live on air."—Fliegende Blatter.

* * *

The System Failed.—Archie—"I've been takin' a course of memory-trainin'. It's a wonderful system—doubled my memory power in a month."

Friend—"Really. What's the name of it?"

Archie — "Oh—er—dash it, it's slipped me for the moment; but it's near—er—you know—what's his name's in Thingummy Street.—Punch.

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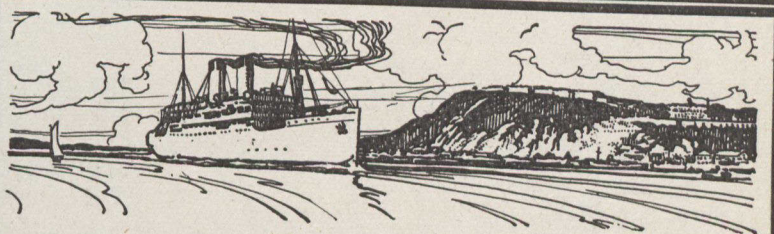
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