

# The Canadian **Courier**

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY





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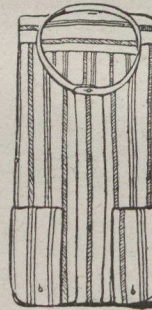
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# The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

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

VOL. X.

TORONTO

NO. 24

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## Editor's Talk

At the present moment the interest of the public is divided among football, hunting and politics, and it is difficult to say which is the most absorbing topic. All three are represented in this issue. The photograph which forms the basis of this week's cover design gives an exceptionally good presentation of a cow moose in a virgin forest of Northern Ontario. Mr. Burriss' story of his first moose hunt is amusing as well as interesting. Football and politics are somewhat similarly treated in picture and comment.

\* \* \*

Our Children's Department has been appearing in nearly every issue, but some of our readers have suggested that it should appear in every number. Arrangements have been made whereby we hope that in future no issue of this journal will appear without a Children's Department. We recognize that the "Canadian Courier" has become a home paper in which every member of the family may take an interest. We are happy that this is so, and we intend to take every measure which may be necessary to keep the paper in that proud position. While we shall continue to deal with the more serious Canadian events, we shall not overlook nor abbreviate those features which make a different kind of appeal.

\* \* \*

From time to time it has been the custom to publish in this column typical letters from subscribers giving their opinion of the "Canadian Courier." Out of a number of very interesting communications recently received we select the following:

Swift Current, Sask., Oct. 26th, 1911.

Gentlemen,—I have been a subscriber to the "Canadian Courier" for over two years now and it has become indispensable in my office, not only to myself, but for my patients in the reception room. Its unbiased political opinions, its originality, general freshness and crispness are indeed stimulating. May your paper continue to thrive and grow and hold its unique position as "The National Weekly."

Yours very truly,  
G. L. CAMERON.

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[a la Quina du Perou]

Increases the quantity and quality of the blood and contains all the elements which serve to make muscle.

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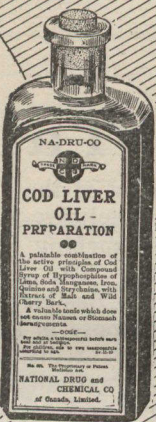
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100 Na-Dru-Co Specifics—one for every ill.

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## IN LIGHTER VEIN

**Who Was Mr. "McMix?"**—He was a sturdy Scot, with no education and no vestige of a shred of humour. He stood before the new city hall, gazing up at the simple legend over the portal. Then he turned to his wife.

"Annie," he said, "d'ye see hoo the Scots will be over cappin' them a'? I dinna ken who this mon McMIX may be, but his name above the door yonder makes my heart leap with pride."

A passer-by, happening to overhear the worthy labourer's remarks, could not refrain from smiling. The building bore the date, MCMIX.—The Weekly Scotsman.

\* \* \*

**Different.**—Madame Lillian Nordica returned to Farmington, Maine, her old home, after an absence of thirty years, and sang "Home Sweet Home" to her former friends. She and her audience were very much affected, but maybe Madame Nordica would not have felt that way if she had had to stay there for the thirty years.—Herald and Presbyter.

\* \* \*

**His Best Move.**—There is one first-rate story of an Oscar Wilde retort in Mr. H. M. Hyndman's newly published and entertaining autobiography. The late Sir Lewis Morris, author of "The Epic of Hades," was complaining bitterly of the attitude of the press in the matter of his claims to the poet laureateship.

"It is all a complete conspiracy of silence against me," he declared, "a conspiracy of silence. What ought I to do?"

"Join it," replied Wilde.—London Daily News.

\* \* \*

**Untimely Tommy.**—Mother—"Tommy always eats more pie when we have friends at dinner."

Visitor—"Why is that, Tommy?"

Tommy—"Cos we don't have no pie no other time."—New York Evening Mail.

\* \* \*

**A Back Slap.**—"I wouldn't marry you if you were the only man in the world."

"Well, considering the opportunities I would have for selection under the circumstances, I quite agree with you."—Newark Star.

\* \* \*

**Little Left.**—"What's the matter here?" asked the caller, noticing the barren appearance of the house. "Sent your goods away to be stored?" "No," replied the hostess. "Not at all. My daughter was married last week, and she has merely taken away the things that she thought belonged to her."—Detroit Free Press.

\* \* \*

**A Sharp Student.**—The Rev. Dr. Ritchie, of Edinburgh, when examining a student on one occasion, said: "And you attended the class for mathematics?"

"Yes."

"How many sides has a circle?"

"Two," said the student.

"What are they?"

What a laugh in the class the student's answer produced when he said, "An inside and an outside!"

But this was nothing compared with what followed. The doctor having said to this student, "And you attended the moral philosophy class also?" added: "Well, you would hear lectures there on various subjects. Did you ever hear one on cause and effect?"

"Yes."

"Does an effect ever go before a cause?"

"Yes."

"Give me an instance."

"A man wheeling a barrow."

The doctor proposed no more questions.

\* \* \*

**Nailed.**—Householder—"Here, drop that coat and clear out!"

Burglar—"You be quiet, or I'll wake your wife and give her this letter I found in your pocket."—New York Evening Mail.



## Makes You Feel Well Dressed

The basis of all good dressing is in the underclothing worn.

You cannot either look or feel well dressed if your underwear is ill-fitting and uncomfortable.

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People who recognize the value of being properly dressed appreciate the necessity of "CEETEE" Underclothing.

The success of "CEETEE" underclothing is chiefly the result of the great care taken in its making, and that is the kind of underwear people want.

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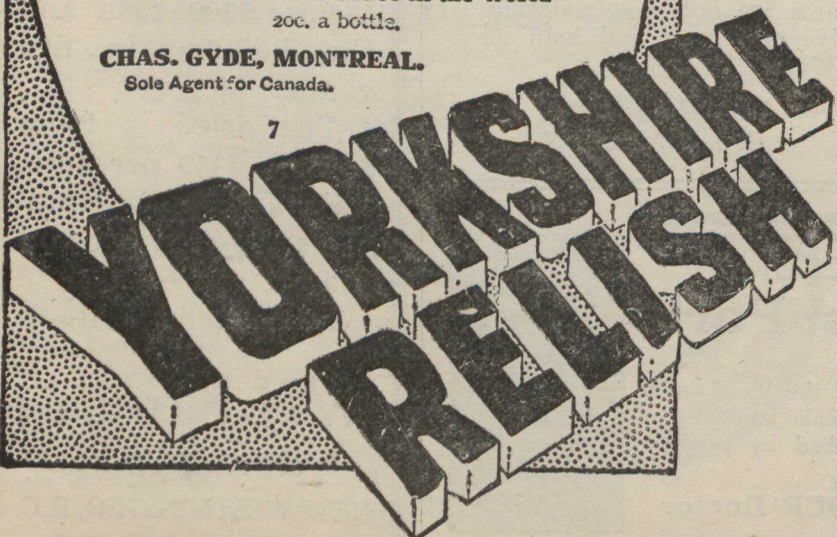
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# The CANADIAN COURIER

*A National Weekly.*

Vol. X.

November 11, 1911

No. 24

## GREATEST BATTLE OF THE SEASON

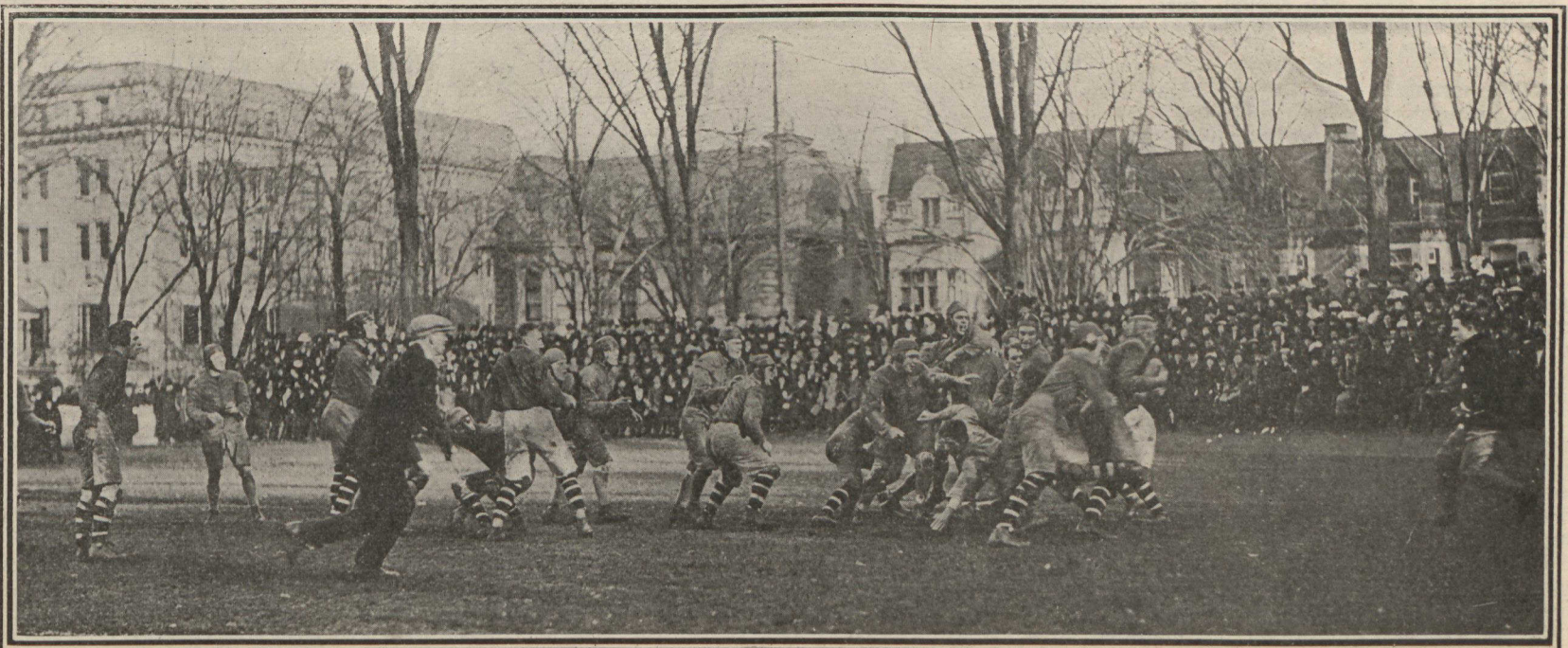
Varsity, Toronto, and McGill, Montreal, struggled for supremacy on October 28th; Varsity had the luck and won 26-22.



The McGill Rooters' Club attended the game in a body and cheered their team with the "Old McGill" yell.



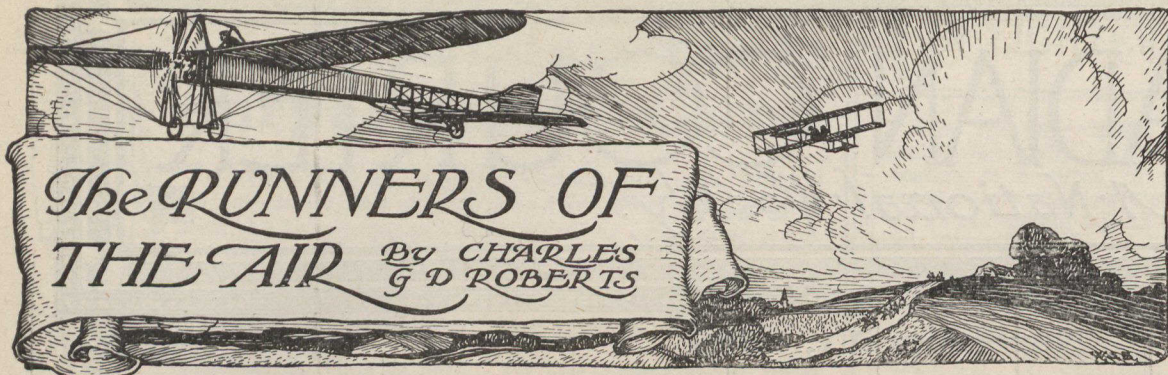
McGill intercepts Varsity half-back line trying to get through Montreal line with the ball on one of Coach Griffith's famous trick plays. Captain Jack Maynard converting touchdown for Varsity. "Pete" Campbell, Varsity quarter, on ground.



Heavy McGill line succeeds in bucking through the Varsity formation.

Photographs by Gleason.





## A NEW SERIAL STORY

## CHAPTER I.

## THE HOLY STONE OF VOUSIC.

UNWILLING to betray the excitement that worked in his lean face, Sergius got up from his chair by the writing-table and crossed over to the window. He stood staring down over the steep, bright confusion of roofs and streets and terraces which formed his beloved city of Belgrade. The fingers with which he pulled at his moustache trembled a little. At last he turned back to the table and sat down again.

"Then, the fact is, we will be able to save Serbia," said he quietly. He looked at his visitor with a smile, but a kind of exaltation burned in his eyes.

Count Sergius Charles de Plamenac, known to his intimates as Serge Ivanovich, had schooled himself to curb the impetuosity of his Serb temperament. Educated in England, at Harrow and Oxford, and afterward a graduate of the mining-camps of Nevada and Nome, he prided himself upon his imperturbability. But just at this moment he was near losing it.

From the sheet of dark green blotting-paper beside him he picked up a great white stone—water-white, with fleeting, ineffable tints of palest rose—turned it slowly between his fingers, then dropped it among the litter of pens, pencils, sealing-wax and postage-stamps that occupied the tray beside his big bronze ink-well. He opened a cigarette-box and abstractedly pushed it over to his companion.

"Yes, my friend," he repeated, "I think we will be able to really do something now! Have a cigarette."

The Count's visitor was a man of not over middle height, but of that gaunt, big-boned, loose-jointed type of frame that suggests great stature. He was dressed in the snuff-brown homespun short jacket, gaudy-coloured loose shirt and shrunken-legged brown homespun trousers of a Servian peasant farmer. But he had an elusive air of being at home in many garbs; and his face—hard, keen, vigilant, proud, swarthy and fiercely moustached, suggested that of a masterful bandit who took no discredit of his calling.

He chose a cigarette with deliberation, as if seeking to emulate Plamenac's coolness.

"I knew it, Serge Ivanovich!" he cried. "Of course I knew that would be your first thought, the thought of Serbia! And so I trusted you. And I was right. I hear it in your voice. I see it in your eyes! I—" and checking himself abruptly he lighted his cigarette.

"And how should you *not* have trusted me, Gregory Nicolaievich?" demanded the Count. "Would I have hesitated about trusting *you*, think you? We've known each other well enough, surely, and trusted each other well enough, in the old bloody days in the mountains!"

GREGORY sprang to his feet and began restlessly pacing up and down the room.

"I never distrusted you, Serge Ivanovich," he declared, "or I should not have been here. I knew you were honest and had the truth in your lips. And I knew you were Serb to the last breath, in spite of your Austrian grandfather. But the best of men may grow sluggish and selfish. Their hearts, if not their heads, may forget, far away in the laughing world. And the fate of a little people, a poverty-stricken little people surrounded by the wolves, might come to seem in their eyes a little, far-off thing."

"I have been far away, quite true, and in the gay world. But I have not been forgetting—not for one moment have I forgotten, my Gregory," answered the Count quietly. "I have been waiting—getting ready for what must come. Now, I think I begin to see how it will come. It is our poverty that has made it possible for Austria to so divide us and throttle us."

Gregory opened and shut his hands savagely as if he felt them clutching at an Austrian throat.

"It's the money that will do it," he muttered. "When we've all the money we want—for guns,

rifles, horses, fortifications, gunboats on the river; when we can pour arms and supplies into Montenegro; when we can arm and drill our brothers from the stolen provinces, from Macedonia, from the North—then our rights will be given to us, because, with a million fighting Serbs in the field, we can take them! It's the money will do it!"

Count Sergius stood up.

"And it is you, my friend, who will have done it," he said solemnly. Then he sat down again and let his eyes wander over a map of the Balkan States, which lay open on the table.

"No," answered the mountaineer, "it is only that I have been so fortunate as to find the treasure. It is for you, Serge Ivanovich, to find the way to secure it, to get it into Serbia—or better, into the secret places of the Black Mountain.\* And then, it is for you to find out how to turn it into gold, into power. I'm a mere free lance and leader of outlaws. What more can I do than help carry out what you may plan? I know the hills and the thickets and I know the hearts of the people. But you know the world!"

Count Sergius turned to the pen-tray. He picked up the great diamond and scrutinized it once more.

"How much is it worth, do you think?" asked Gregory.

The Count looked doubtful.

"Five hundred thousand francs, perhaps. More likely twice as much," he hazarded at length.

"There are a hundred more as fine," said Gregory; "and of littler ones, oh, more than I could take the time to count. Here's all I thought it wise to bring with me!"

And emptying his beaded tobacco-pouch on the green blotter before Count Sergius, he picked out of the tobacco a great stone of an elusive bluish tint, subtle and entrancing as the blue that flames in the depths of a crevice in clear ice. This he laid in Plamenac's hand. Then, spreading the tobacco with his lean fingers—which were not the fingers of a worker in the fields—he gathered out five smaller stones, all colourless as dew. These he bunched carelessly upon the blotter.

Count Sergius did not glance at them. He was absorbed in study of the great jewel in his palm. Deep within those cerulean gleams he saw the ancient splendors of the Servian Empire, dead since the black day of Kossovo five hundred years ago, now awaking, bursting into new glory.

"Is it equal to the other?" asked Gregory.

"Equal to it!" murmured the Count, looking up as if half-dazed. "It is priceless! Priceless!" He was silent for a moment. Then he muttered, "The hand of God is in it!"

"Of course, the hand of God is in it, Serge Ivanovich," responded the outlaw, with a touch of impatience at what seemed to his robust faith so obvious a remark. "How else, do you think, would I have found what so many have looked for in vain during these five hundred years? How else, when I had found it, would it have come into my heart to guess the meaning of the cleft in the stone? How else would I have had the courage to do what seemed a sacrilege—to split open such a sacred thing as the Holy Stone of Vusic?"

"SURELY you are right. Your heart told you that, however holy was the Stone of Vusic—which, so far, to be sure, has never done much for Serbia!—the Cause of our Country was holier. For that cause, my Gregory, you were ready to dare a sacrilege, and so the stone gave up its secret to you. You tore the secret from its heart. And so the ancient tradition may come to be fulfilled. The Holy Stone may indeed prove to be the salvation of the Serbs, if only we are faithful enough and brave enough and prudent enough. But why did you not bring more of the gems with you?"

"Would that have been being 'prudent enough,' my Count?" demanded the outlaw. "Remember, the treasure lies far within the borders of Austria. I

\*The Montenegrins call their country Tschernagora (the Black Mountain).

needn't remind you that I am not unknown or uninteresting to the Austrian police and their spies. It's the easiest thing in the world to pick a quarrel with some people. Imagine me searched and diamonds to the value of a king's ransom found in my tobacco-pouch! Imagine it, Serge Ivanovich. Would anything ever have got to Serbia? Would not the very mountains of Slavonia—seeing that I was on my way from that district—have been turned upside down to find the source of those stones?"

"True enough!" agreed Count Sergius. "But that brings us to another point. You found them. Why may not some one else find them, too, while we are planning how to get possession?"

"They are well hidden," said Gregory. "I have divided them into two lots, to be the safer, and have buried them under the muck of a hog-pen. They are well-guarded. The swine of old Maria Petrovich are rooting and swallowing over them."

Count Sergius sprang to his feet, laughing heartily. Half offended, half reproachful, the outlaw stared at him.

"Could I have found a safer place, Serge Ivanovich?" he demanded stiffly.

The Count caught him by the shoulders and shook him.

"No, a thousand times no, my Gregory!" he exclaimed. "As usual, you have done exactly the right thing. You are the most unerringly correct person in the world—which is surely amazing in a bandit, an outlaw. You outrage all the proprieties of romance, my Gregory."

"But I don't see what you are laughing at, Serge Ivanovich," persisted the other, only half mollified.

"Well, you see," explained the Count, "you've supplied just the human touch which was needed to make this thing quite real. The whole affair has been like a fairy-tale, up to this point. It was all just a little bit too magnificent to be true—and too miraculous, also, to be true. Now, I *feel* it to be true. I know your word is as pure gold, my Gregory. But there was the chance that we were both crazy or dreaming, or hypnotized. Now, I can see those hogs, rooting and wallowing and squealing and grunting, above the hope of Serbia! How appropriate the hiding-place! How fit the guardians! For Serbia lives by her pigs." And he laughed again, joyously as a boy.

Gregory looked more offended than ever.

"Still—" he began.

But Count Sergius interrupted him, at the same time pushing him into his chair and handing him a fresh cigarette.

"You see, my friend," he explained, "we were in danger of getting just a trifle too high-strung over this affair. And that's what we must not let ourselves do. Cool, steady commonsense is what we've got to depend on. What we've got to do is keep cool and think straight and see clear and be as practical and deliberate as if we were going to start a pig-farm. The fate of our race, and perhaps of more thrones than one, is in our hands, my friend. Wisdom is what we've got to cultivate—wisdom and sanity. I wish, now, my Gregory, you could see not only how clever, but at the same time how funny it was of you to leave the Holy Stone and all the hope of Serbia under the guardianship of Mother Maria's pigs."

"I see, my Count," responded Gregory, in a tone which showed that, though he did not see at all, he was nevertheless entirely mollified. "I suppose now, when you come to think of it, pigs are amusing brutes, but when you've seen such a thundering lot of them as I have, you—"

THERE came a tap at the door and he stopped in the middle of his sentence.

Count Sergius swept diamonds and tobacco together into the beaded pouch, drew the cord tight and called out impatiently, "Come in!"

A lad, the son of his concierge, who ran errands for him, approached with a card held deferentially between his finger-tips. Seeing the frown of annoyance on his patron's face, he hesitated and began to stammer excuses.

"The gentleman was very pressing, sir," he began. "He wouldn't believe me when I said you—"

But as he spoke the Count had glanced at the card. His face cleared.

"Show him up at once," he commanded.

As the boy, greatly relieved, darted away without finishing his apology, Count Sergius turned shining eyes upon his companion.

"There's not a man in the world," he declared, "whom I'd rather see come in at this very moment, Gregory!"

"Who is he?" demanded the mountaineer, in a tone of jealous suspicion.

"A friend of mine—a lover of the Serbs, whom I can trust as I trust you, Gregory."

(Continued on page 24.)



# THE LATEST PLAYS

*Theatrical Offerings that are Meeting with Success*

By J. E. WEBBER

Our New York Correspondent

THE latest additions to our theatrical fare have been numerous and among the most important of the season.

First, in artistic interest at least, is the American debut of Mme. Simone, the celebrated French actress, in Henri Bernstein's, "The Thief," a play written for Mme. Simone and in which she originated the role of Marie Louise Voysin, in Paris. Canadian readers will recall the presentation of this play at the capable hands of Margaret Illington and Kyrle Bellw some years ago, so that the story will be tolerably familiar. Mme. Simone belongs to the quiet, naturalistic French school, and realizes her effects by an economy of voice and

Mary Anderson collaborated with the author in the dramatization, and Louis Waller, the English romantic actor, is playing the leading role.

Three new musical productions have also to be named among the week's offerings. The ever-charming and gifted Fritz Scheff has found a new and successful medium in "The Duchess," an opera by Harry B. Smith and Victor Herbert. Another Victor Herbert production has been found for Kitty Gordon, "The Enchantress," while Marguerita Sylva is appearing in "Gypsy Love," an operetta by Franz Lehar, English book by Harry and Joseph Smith.

Since our last account, Miss Anglin



SANDERSON MOFFATT and MOLLY PEARSON  
In "Bunt Pulls the Strings," a Scotch play, the hit of the season in New York.

Photograph by White.



MARGARET ANGLIN  
In "Green Stockings."

Photograph by Moffett.

gesture that make our own portrayals of emotion violent and vociferous by comparison. Mme. Simone's repertoire includes the same author's "The Whirlwind" and Louis N. Parker's "The Lady of Dreams." In private life the French actress is the wife of Mr. Casimir-Perrier, son of the one-time president of the French republic.

The phenomenal success of "The Concert" has kept David Warfield in "The Return of Peter Grimm" out of the Metropolis until now. Psychic phenomena form the basis of the play, the story having to do with a simple, benevolent, old horticulturist who dies but later returns in the spirit to the scenes of his former activities, and, by the influence of his presence, succeeds in correcting a wrong he had unwittingly done to others in life. The feature of the play is the stage management of the psychic manifestations, a feat in which Mr. Belasco proves himself as adept as he has been in the presentation of phenomena more familiar to our mortal senses.

"The Only Son" presents the author of "The Fortune Hunter," Mr. Winchell Smith, as a writer of serious drama bordering on tragedy.



MADAME SIMONE

A celebrated French actress appearing in New York in a repertoire of plays in English.

Photograph by Sarony.

The "only son" of the play is an indolent, vicious ne'er-do-well who finally comes to a knowledge and realization of his manhood at a family crisis.

As an imposing stage spectacle, the "Garden of Allah," just produced at the Century (re-named from the New Theatre), has never been surpassed. It is also doubtful if a production of such stage pretentiousness has ever been housed in more splendid surroundings.

The dramatic narrative follows

pretty closely the lines of the novel. It tells of Dominick Enfield, a girl who gives up society for which she does not care, goes to the desert and there meets Boris Androvsky, for whom she at once feels a particular attraction. Their hearts are joined in the magic of the Garden of Allah, as the Arabs term the great waste, and their married life is ascendingly happy until Dominick discovers that her husband is a Trappist monk who has deserted the monastery and broken his vows.



FRITZI SCHEFF  
In Victor Herbert's new opera, "The Duchess."

has opened her New York season with considerable success in "Green Stockings," a refreshing comedy which has already been seen in Canada. Miss Gertrude Elliott's season was cut short by the unfortunate choice of a play. Her personal success was unmistakable, but "Rebellion," in which the author discusses the attitude of the Roman Catholic Church toward divorce, was clumsy, old-fashioned and foredoomed.

"Bought and Paid For," by George Broadhurst, is the lawful successor of "Paid in Full," and likely to prove a strong rival of the Walter play for popular favour. The play has one or two obvious faults, but its grip is unmistakable, and it accomplishes the one needful thing—it interests. A model husband in every other respect, has the fatal habit of tarrying too long over his wine, and, in a state of intoxication, has forced his way into his wife's boudoir. When she threatens to leave him he argues his proprietary rights in terms from which the play derives its title. A period of separation at the price of poverty and privation on one side, and mental anguish on both, brings about the needed repentance and reconciliation. A veritable feast of

(Continued on page 22.)



# REFLECTIONS

By THE EDITOR

## Canada and Her Neighbour.

THERE is still considerable discussion in the United States as to the future relations of that country with Canada. The *Chicago Tribune* has an editorial entitled "Foolishness in Canada," in which it assumes that a number of people in this country are encouraging the growth of an anti-American sentiment. It expresses the belief that Canadian patriotism is "violent at times" and not well informed, and that both nations would be foolish and childish not to encourage neighbourliness and a mutual understanding. In the main the *Tribune* is right. Canada and the United States should not be jealous the one of the other and every attempt should be made to preserve the finest and most friendly international feeling.

On the other hand, the utterances of Mr. Champ Clark, Speaker of the House of Representatives, made in Nebraska last week, will not lead in the direction advocated by the *Tribune*. His remark that "Nine-tenths of the people of this country favour the annexation of Canada" will not reassure any Canadians who have at present a feeling of timidity with regard to the future. We quite understand that Mr. Champ Clark is speaking only of a peaceful and mutually arranged annexation. That does not excuse his remark. There cannot be friendly relations between the two countries so long as the larger country professes a desire to absorb the smaller. This is a day of mergers in finance and industry but not in nationality. There never was a time in the world's history when nationality played so great a part in the international drama as it does to-day, and nowhere in the world is the feeling of nationality stronger than in Canada.

Further, Mr. Champ Clark has proven, to the general satisfaction of all those who claimed reciprocity would lead to political absorption, that they were absolutely right in opposing the Taft-Fielding pact. If his intention is to make reciprocity impossible for many years to come he is taking the course likely to accomplish his purpose with the greatest possible certainty.

\* \* \*

## Manufacturers and Immigrants.

COMPLAINTS are common in Australia that the labour unions are preventing the influx of new population into that British Dominion. Employers' organizations are loudly bewailing the necessity for more workmen in the cities and in the country. The Commonwealth generally desires both rural and domestic workers in larger number. Several royal commissions have been appointed to investigate the labour scarcity and to report on methods for its relief. The commissions, however, do not make any strong recommendations. They are usually appointed by labour governments and largely influenced by the strong union element in politics. These governments shift the responsibility to the commissions and the commissions shift it back to the governments. In this way the subject is kept in the air in a way not unfamiliar to Canadians.

Meanwhile, the labour unions discourage immigration, deny that there is a labour scarcity and keep back the growth of both rural communities and industrial towns. One method used to discourage immigration is to impose a large initiation fee on every new arrival who comes to the country and desires to join the local union. In the hat trade this initiation fee is said to be two hundred dollars. As working men from Great Britain are not likely to have two hundred dollars to spare on their arrival in Australia, the system seems to be fairly effective. The labour unions are so strong that non-union men are practically excluded from the factories.

There is much the same situation in Canada. During the past three or four years there has been considerable scarcity of labour, especially in the skilled trades, and yet the immigration department of the Dominion Government has been forced to discourage the importation of mechanics and tradesmen. While the labour unions do not play as large a part in Federal politics in Canada as they do in Australia and New Zealand, nevertheless, the men at the head of affairs in Canada hesitate to offend them. The former Minister of Labour appears to have tried to please both sides and to have succeeded in pleasing neither. Consequently at the present moment he cannot be said to be the most

popular of the defeated ministers. The new Minister of Labour is a courageous man and it remains to be seen whether he will meet the situation with a more active programme.

There should be no settled policy with regard to the migration of labour. When business is booming and manufacturers are short of help, it should be the duty of the Government to bring in as much labour, skilled or unskilled, as the labour market can absorb without congestion. The moment trade drops or shows signs of slackening it should be the policy of the Government to send prompt warnings of the situation to all its agents and all outside labour markets. If such a policy were carried out with skill and spirit, the manufacturers would have no grievance and the labour unions would have no fear of reduced wages.

\* \* \*

## Our Liquor and Tobacco Bill.

CONSIDERABLE surprise has been created by the announcement from Ottawa as to the growth in the consumption of liquor and tobacco. The prohibitionists and local option advocates have been telling us about the great advance in temperance sentiment throughout the country. They have been pouring into our ears most wonderful tales about the reduction in the number of licenses and the growth of the "dry belt." If one should hear only their side of the story, one might easily imagine that in a short time people would be making pilgrimages to view "the last distillery" and "the last brewery" in existence in this country. Indeed, some of us already have had this pleasing and inspiring delusion.

Now comes the report of the Inland Revenue Department of the Dominion Government apparently issued to shatter these fond illusions of ours. This report states that the consumption of spirits per capita has increased during the past year from .815 gallons to .859 gallons. In other words, more whiskey is being consumed in Canada than at any time in her history, even after making allowance for the increase in the population. If these figures are true and accurate then the money spent on local option and prohibition campaigns must be largely wasted and the efforts of many good men must be going for naught.

Lest there should be any thought that the whiskey figures might be exceptional, the Department adds the figures for beer and wine. In 1910 the per capita consumption of beer was 5.276 gallons; while in 1911 it had grown to 5.434 gallons. This is a small but decided increase. In the consumption of wine there has been a similar increase; the figures for 1910 were .097 gallons and for 1911 .104 gallons. If there had been a decrease in the quantity of spirits and wine and an increase in the consumption of beer, one might have felt that the temperance cause was gaining ground. But even this privilege is denied us.

This same report also contains some sad information for the W. C. T. U. It sets forth that the amount of tobacco used in this country has grown from 2.940 pounds per capita to 3.011 pounds. This means an increase of one million pounds for the twelve months. Even worse are the figures for cigarette trade. In 1909 Canada consumed 256 million cigarettes. In 1911 it consumed 585 million. In other words the people are smoking twice as many cigarettes as they did two years ago. Perhaps it would be well at this juncture for the officials of the W. C. T. U. to call upon the new Minister of Inland Revenue and point out how outrageous is this information.

\* \* \*

## Montreal and Its Slums.

FOR a long time both Toronto and Montreal were trying to conceal the fact that there were slums in these cities. During the past year both have been forced to admit the existence of the slum evil within their boundaries. Toronto bravely tackled the problem some months ago, and a general inspection was ordered. As a result a large number of houses were condemned and radical improvements ordered in others. The Medical Health Officer, assisted by several public-spirited organizations, is forcing a campaign along these lines. It is also probable that the City Council will seriously consider the housing problem.

Mayor Guerin, of Montreal, has also come out

openly for the abolition of the slum districts in that city. He announced a few days ago that he would shortly call a meeting at the City Hall for the discussion of the whole matter. During his recent visit to Europe, Mayor Guerin grasped the opportunity to visit the model suburbs and garden cities in the vicinity of London. He paid special attention to the model tenements for the poor. He seems to have been impressed by the idea that citizens with capital should undertake the work of erecting model tenements on a business basis. He thinks it should be a matter of investment rather than a matter of charity, and most people will agree with him on this point. He is in favour of flats of from three to six rooms fitted with hot water heating, baths and lighting, with a janitor over a number of the flats who would ensure their cleanliness and sanitary condition.

There is a lesson in this for the other cities of Canada. Prevention is better than cure. The city that desires to avoid the existence of slums can easily do so by adopting proper building by-laws and by the regulation of the number of people who shall occupy one dwelling. By prescribing a certain number of square feet of air-space for every inhabitant over-crowding can be avoided. If there is no over-crowding, slums will not be profitable to the class of men who have so little public spirit that they prefer to make a large profit out of slum buildings than a moderate profit from wholesome dwellings. There is not one model city in Canada, not one model village or suburb. Our cities and towns are better than the average the world over, but that is simply because we have not yet come to the stage where over-crowding is a national menace. Our present condition is due to circumstances and not to foresight.

\* \* \*

## The Future of the Navy.

THE United States Navy is now said to be the second strongest in the world. If the United States can in a few years build and man a navy of such proportions, surely Canada could in the course of time build one which would be more than "scrap iron" or "tin-pot" in character. Canadians ought to be as capable and as brilliant as the United States people.

Australia believes it is strong enough to have its own navy, and a few days ago, its first Dreadnought was launched from a British shipyard. New Zealand is also getting together a fleet of its own. Surely Canada is able to do as much as these two sister Dominions, each with a much smaller population than ours.

Canada is destined to be one of the big nations of the world. The world admits it and Canadians believe it. Then this navy question must be viewed in a broad way. Canada should have a navy as big as that of Australia and New Zealand combined. In time it should be as important comparatively as that of the United States. But it should be and must be a Canadian navy, built as far as possible in Canada, manned by Canadians and ready for such service as Canada may desire.

The man who says Canada cannot build and man a good navy is belittling his own country. Canada is the heir of the ages. She possesses or may easily acquire all the information about navies that the world possesses. There were those who said the United States could not build a navy, but the naval review last week in New York harbour was a complete answer. What the United States has done, Canada can do equally well.

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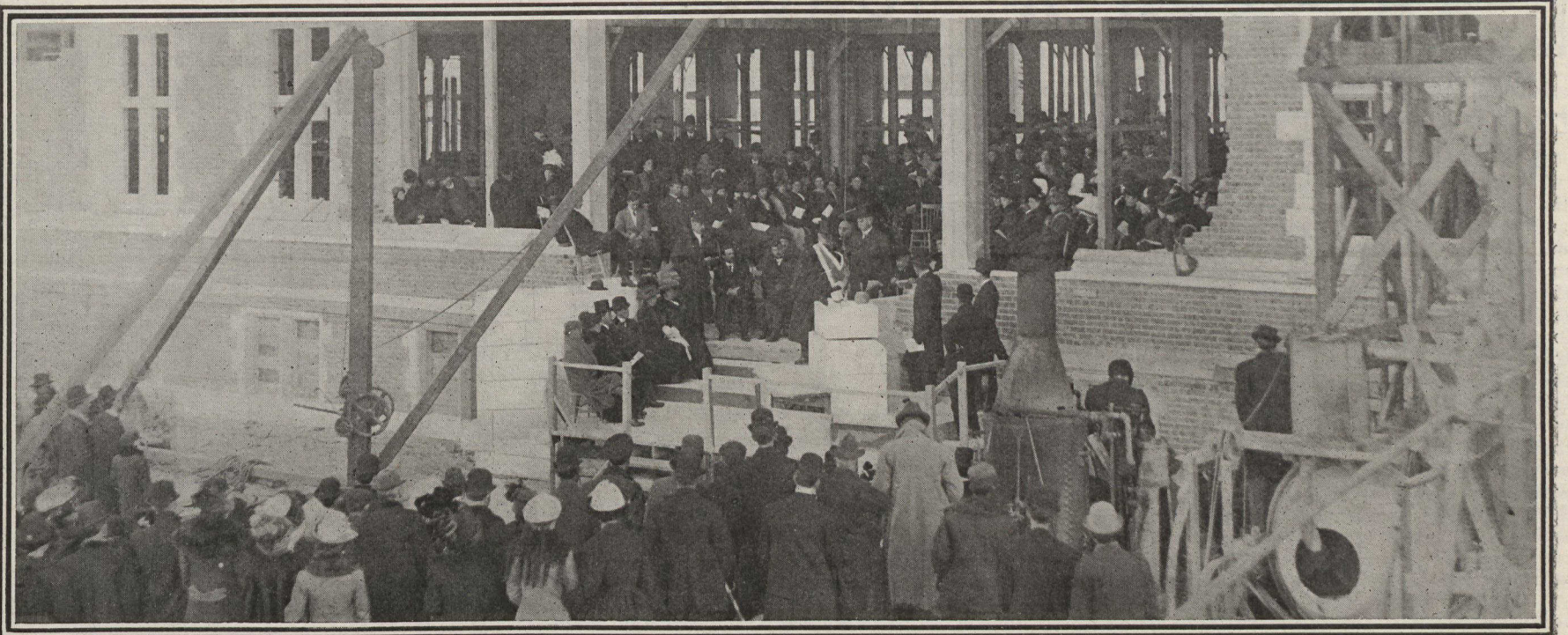
## Civil Service Reform.

AT Halifax, Premier Borden mentioned that he intended to carry out his promise and introduce a further measure of civil service reform. This will probably mean that all government services in the cities of Canada will be placed under the Civil Service Commission as is the service in Ottawa. Then it will be impossible to make a man seventy-one years of age a postmaster, as has been done in Montreal by the new government. The provisions of the Act provide that every applicant must be under thirty-five years of age and must pass an examination for fitness.

If Mr. Borden's colleagues agree with him that this principle is good, they had a splendid chance to uphold it in connection with the Montreal postmastership. They will probably answer that they are but following the practice of their predecessors until such time as the law is changed. This may satisfy their partisan supporters, but it will not be so satisfactory to the large body of independent voters who are more interested in efficient administration than in the vagaries of political patronage. While every person admits that the general problem is big and difficult, yet the Montreal case was one exceedingly easy of solution.



SCENES IN PEACE AND WAR



Laying the corner stone of the new Methodist College, Regina, by Lieutenant-Governor Brown on October 26th. Governor Brown is seen behind the corner stone and on his right in surplice is Sir Andrew Fraser.

Photograph by Rossie.



Mayor Fleming of Brandon driving the first spike in the street car system.

ANOTHER COLLEGE

HIGHER education in the Province of Saskatchewan progressed another step a few days ago when Lieutenant-Governor Brown laid the corner-stone of the new Regina Methodist College. The first classes in this institution opened on September 6th, 1911, and the signatures of the twenty-eight students who attended were enclosed in the cornerstone, together with the signatures of the first members of the faculty. Governor Brown's words were as follows:

"In the name of Christ and for the service of man I declare this stone to be well and truly laid as the chief stone in the building dedicated to the training of young people to intellectual mastery and in the principles of Christian citizenship."

Dr. Andrews, the Principal of the College, explained the necessity for the institution. He announced that through the generosity of the Massey Estate there would be a ladies' college on the grounds. Others present on this occasion were Hon. Walter Scott, Premier; Hon. J. A. Calder, Minister of Education; Sir Andrew Fraser and other prominent publicists and educationists.



Turko-Italian War. Italian soldiers and a captured Turkish gun at Gargarici east of Tripoli.



Transport difficulties in the desert. An Italian military wagon in trouble.

Photographs by L. N. A.



# THROUGH A MONOCLE

## SHALL WE LET THE DOCTORS KILL US?

THE *Fortnightly Review* publishes a translation of one of Maurice Maeterlinck's essays, the subject being the cheerful theme of "Death." Incidentally the essayist discusses the attitude of science toward the agonies of death, and stamps as barbaric the common practice of medical men to-day in prolonging these agonies as much as possible. M. Maeterlinck is pointing out that much of the horror of Death to many people is due, not to Death at all, but to our efforts to prolong life. "All the doctors," he says, "consider it their first duty to protract as long as possible even the most excruciating convulsions of the most hopeless agony. Who has not, at a bedside, twenty times wished and not once dared to throw himself at their feet and implore them to show mercy. They are filled with so great a certainty and the duty which they obey leaves so little room for the least doubt that pity and reason, blinded by tears, curb their revolt and shrink back before a law which all recognize and revere as the highest law of the human conscience."

\* \* \*

"ONE day, this prejudice will strike us as barbarian," says M. Maeterlinck; and he thinks that the one chance in a hundred thousand that the tortured sufferer may live, is not worth the agony it costs. This is one of the most delicate questions which can confront an intelligent human being; and yet it is a question which will more and more insist upon being intelligently answered. At the present time, we blink it. We simply go ahead on the old road marked out by blind instinct, and fight death with every weapon at our disposal until the Grim Conqueror triumphs. And science has equipped us of late with so splendid an arsenal of weapons for this last fight that the torn and tortured "battlefield" of the helpless human victim, writhing on the bed, is sometimes scarred beyond recognition before the Pale Flag is at last advanced.

\* \* \*

ONE difficulty in taking any other course is that medical science is not yet sure enough of itself to say with positiveness that the fight is lost before the final surrender actually occurs. We have so many cases of miraculous recovery after "the doctors have given the patient up" that loving relatives are loth to accept the verdict of the physicians that there is "no hope." The doctors may be mistaken. If life can be kept in the body of the apparently dying, it may be that some unexplained turn for the better will occur; and gradually we may win the dear one back to life. We do not yet know all about that mysterious force which at times baffles Death at the last moment; and it is a terrible responsibility to award the tragic victory to the Last Foe while life is still marshalling its forces for the fight. We all shrink from it. The doctors do not even consider the possibility—as a rule—of taking so decisive a step; and the relatives cannot give up hope. If the victim were consulted, we should often have a surrender when the battle was actually going in his favour, so paralyzing are the pains of the disease; so we will never be able to leave it to the person most interested.

\* \* \*

THEN there is the affrighting possibility of foul play. Human nature being what it is, relatives will sometimes desire the death of persons whose continued life keeps them out of wealth and enjoyment; and physicians will be found to do scientific murder for pay. Now if the State recognized the right of physicians and relatives to agree upon abandoning the struggle to keep a sick person alive, the door would be opened wide to this most treacherous and dastardly form of murder. Of course, in the face of such a conspiracy, the door is not now closed any too tightly. But, at all events, it is illegal and punishable; and no set of heartless conspirators can plead that they were convinced that the fight for recovery was harmless and cruelly agonizing. Clearly if the law ever permits physicians to cease their efforts to keep their patients alive, it will be compelled to require that that permission come from an independent and trusted public official who would not be in the least likely to be bound up in any foul conspiracy.

\* \* \*

THE other side of the question has been put so well by M. Maeterlinck that there is nothing additional to say. Undoubtedly dying people are now tortured for hours and even days when the

final defeat proves that there never was a chance of recovery. The discoveries of science have multiplied this form of human ill immeasurably; and victims who a hundred years ago would have died in an hour, now linger on indefinitely, kept alive by stimulants and countless other medical devices. The addition to the sum of human woe is very considerable; and, if we could get rid of it, a great gain in human happiness would be secured. But is it possible to escape it? Not only do dying folk linger longer to-day than a century ago, but very many people who would have died then, recover now and enjoy long and useful lives. Where to draw the line!—that is the vital question. When are we conferring the unspeakable boon of life; and when are we only adding to the pains of death? Until we can answer this question with certainty, we dare do nothing but keep up the fight and comfort ourselves with the undoubted truth that the net result is vastly on the side of happiness.

\* \* \*

AFTER all, the agonies of death are probably not as bad as the agonies of life. Even M. Maeterlinck says that "often the sensibility of him who, in Bossuet's phrase, is 'at bay with death,' is already greatly blunted and perceives no more than the distant murmur of the sufferings which he seems to be enduring." The approach of death deadens the consciousness, just as a great fear will kill pain. Men who have been mauled by wild beasts report that they did not suffer the excruciating agony which the injuries inflicted ought to have produced. They fell into a sort of stupor as they lay under the paw of the lion. Something of this kind undoubtedly accompanies the approach of Death. It may be true—I do not know—that the more chance there is of recovery, the more will the victim suffer; so we may have here a graduated scale of payment for value received. The agonies that lead to life—as we have said—may be far more trying than those which slip gradually down to Death. Nor is it likely that most death-beds are as painful as many merely sick beds over which Death does not hover. And we all willingly pay the price of pain for continued life. It is to be feared that we are not quite ready for euthanasia. Medicine must be a more exact science before public opinion will trust it so far.

THE MONOCLE MAN.

## THE FOOTBALL SITUATION

BY J. P. FITZGERALD.

THERE is no dope in Rugby. Here and there every week every known rule and law of facts and figures and the deepest laid schemes evolved from statistics are upset. The trouble is that these outbreaks against the smooth working out of these games along mathematical lines come from quarters the most unexpected.

True, this refusal of Rugby to conform to what ought to be makes it a sport worth seeing. Nobody cares to attend a game that will certainly end as figures would make it. An element of chance, an opportunity to experience a shock of surprise is essential to the success of any game.

Last Saturday's Rugby furnished all those frills and thrills. Nobody looked for anything but a win for Varsity over Queen's at Toronto. They won, 23 to 4, always the better team in every department. The game was never in doubt. Queen's has as yet failed to beat anybody but they put up a good battle at that against the tremendous odds of marvellous speed and wonderfully smooth-working machine of scorers such as Varsity possess.

The Queen's Parkers on Saturday's form were never represented by a cleverer or more formidable team.

Ottawa College has evidently been under-rated. Critics were prone to belittle Father Stanton's youngsters. Nevertheless they are on a par with Varsity in games won and lost and are the one team in the College Union to lower the colours of the Toronto men.

Varsity has a great team back of the line, and should on the Rugby shown about beat any man's fourteen.

They have been much better scorers than Ottawa, piling up 93 points as against 53 for their opponents, while College has amassed but 72 to 64.

Argonauts never had a bit of luck in their lives. Sailing majestically along with a lead of 8 to 4 and only a few minutes to play, at Hamilton, they had the Interprovincial championship in their grasp

to let it slip in a defeat of 9 to 8 in the last second of play. This only game was all they needed to enter the Canadian finals.

Meanwhile, Ottawa squeezed out a victory at Montreal in a garrison finish, swinging over 10 points, in the closing quarter and qualifying for at least a fighting chance for the Union honours by a total on the game of 18 to 17.

The Argonauts, with their remarkably strong wing line, present quite a problem in scoring. In their five games they have counted only 48 points, as against 30 for their opponents, an average per game of just 9.3-5 to 6. Perhaps no other winning team in this open, rapid-scoring style of Rugby ever equalled this record either way. Hamilton has scored 78 to 43, and among the colleges Varsity has piled up 93 to 53.

The Hamilton Alerts have a clean slate in the Ontario Union. Saturday they easily won at Dundas 18 to 0, as was expected.

St. Michael's were thrown out of the race by their loss to Toronto A. A. C. 19 to 7.

The title looks like belonging to Alerts. And make no mistake, they have a pretty fair sort of team. Their scoring ability which was tried out, of course, against rather weak teams, shows 133 points as against a meagre 14 in four games.

The College seconds and thirds are into the finals. Royal Military College carries back for Saturday's game at Kingston a lead of 23 to 18 the total counting on the two games with Varsity II. The soldiers showed the best form on the first meeting.

R. M. C. II. emulated the example of their seniors, defeating Varsity III. in the first game of the Junior round 4 to 3, and they were lucky. Varsity had the ball a foot from their line when the whistle ended the hostilities.

Trinity College School, Port Hope, demonstrated their right to the preparatory College championship by defeating Ridley, of St. Catharines, handily and at all angles, 16 to 2, piling up 12 in the closing quarter. They have a clean sheet in this competition now closed.

## ROMANCE OF AN '85 MEDAL

COLONEL GRAHAM, of Boston, who was visiting in Canada recently, tells a good story of an '85 medal. In his early days, Graham was a bugler in the 13th Regiment of Hamilton. Then he moved to Toronto, joined the Queen's Own, and was one of the lucky ones chosen to go with that regiment to the North-west in 1885. He served throughout the Rebellion and lived to wear a medal for his service. Afterwards he went to Montreal and served in the Victoria Rifles. Later he went to Boston and was invited to join the Ancient and Honourable Artillery Company. When this body visited England during the reign of Queen Victoria, Mr. Graham was one of those who took the trip. The entertainment was tremendous. It was the first time England had ever had an opportunity of welcoming a detachment of military men from the United States, and from Queen Victoria down the English people lavishly entertained. When the Company was inspected by the Prince of Wales, afterwards Edward VII., he noticed this medal on Mr. Graham. He stopped and asked Mr. Graham how he came to wear "an English medal on a United States uniform," and Graham had to tell him the story. Later on, the Company was inspected by General Sir Garnet Wolseley, who had commanded the troops in the Red River Expedition. As he passed along the line, he noticed the medal, but said nothing at the time. Shortly afterwards, an orderly approached Mr. Graham and said that General Wolseley desired to speak to him. Mr. Graham went over to where he was standing, in company with the Duke of Connaught, the Duke of Cornwall (now King George V.), and other persons of rank. The General also asked him how he came to get the medal. Mr. Graham suspected that Wolseley thought he had picked it up in a second-hand store, but he explained as best he could. The General asked him many questions about the regiment in which he had served, the name of his Captain, his commanding officer, the work done by his column, the engagements he had been in, and so on. But Graham was able to answer accurately and to convince the General that he had a right to wear the decoration.

Colonel Graham is still a young man and he hopes to wear that medal on many occasions yet. It is one of his proudest possessions. And he is never prouder than when wearing it at one of the functions of the Canadian Club of Boston, of which he is a past president. When in London with the Artillery Company on the occasion referred to, he lost it one day on the street. But the Colonel's good luck did not desert him. Next day, the medal was left for him at the Hotel Cecil.





## MY FIRST MOOSE

By R. A. BURRISS

**T**HIS was not a carefully planned or long premeditated hunt; it just happened. I have resided in New Ontario for twelve years, but I have never felt inclined to take time for a hunting expedition of any kind. No doubt I should have been more enthusiastic and more of a sportsman. I grew up in Illinois with a gun in my hand. In those days I was very keen on shooting. I well remember my first gun. I got some work to do, earned fifty cents a day, and when I had saved up enough money I purchased a smooth bore musket for two dollars. I had already secured shot, powder and a box of caps. The powder I kept secreted under the bed.

My father was a sportsman and a Kentuckian. When his first born son, that was me, could stand alone he took me in his arms and went out to hunt squirrels. When he would see a squirrel, he would put me down and say, "Stay here 'till I kill it." He would come back in a few minutes with a great big red or fox squirrel. I would take them and hug them up in my arms, and when we returned to the house my nice little dress was all covered with blood.

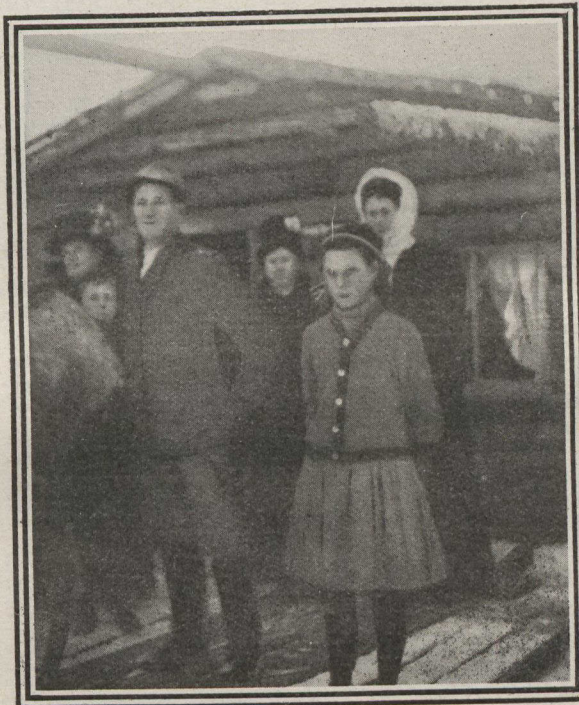
I will go back further than this to prove that the propensity for hunting was born in me, not acquired as the result of the moment. My grandfather had a rifle he called "Old Dave." There were 32 pieces of silver set in the stock. When he was first married (those were wild days in Old Kentucky, the days of "Kit Carson" and "Simon Kent"), grandfather was working his horse and ox in the plough when he saw a flock of wild turkeys at the edge of the clearing. He hurried to the house and got his faithful "Old Dave" and his turkey call. His wife heard the report of his rifle; this was enough, it meant one turkey. Grandpa hid himself behind a log and one by one he called up the flock until he had all he could carry. At the first crack of the rifle the young wife put the pot on to the fire, for she knew "Old Dave" never told a lie.

Now to the moose hunt. I was invited, in fact pressed, to visit the home of Mr. A. E. Smith, in Conmee Township, Thunder Bay District, about twenty-five miles from Port Arthur, where I am Government Agent. I had placed about twenty-five families in this township and I thought it would be a good opportunity to visit some of them. Mr. Smith's family consisted of himself and wife and their stepson William Bodkin. Mr. Bodkin had acted as my land guide for settlers and had placed most of them on their grant.

**C**ONSEQUENTLY one Saturday evening my wife and I took the train to Conmee township. We got off the train at Kakabeka Falls and then walked three miles to the home of Mr. Smith. Here a warm welcome awaited us and we met Mr. Dick Pifer, a settler from Pennsylvania, who was to assist in the projected hunt.

After supper complete arrangements were made for the expedition, which was to begin at day-light on Monday morning. I am afraid I did not sleep very well that Sunday night. I was anxious and rather excited. Mr. Bod-

kin had told me that I was to use one of his up-to-date magazine rifles. I had never had such an instrument in my hands before. I could use a shotgun, but that is a poor preparation for using a rifle



The ladies were greatly interested in our success.

which will send a bullet two miles. He had to teach me how to pull back the hammer, so little did I know about it, besides, I had had no practice shooting at a mark, and I was exceedingly doubtful of my ability to hit a moose even if I saw one. I



A typical bit of moose country in Northern Ontario.

thought if I only had the old musket which I used when I was a boy I would feel surer of myself.

At last the morning came, bright and cold. It was Thanksgiving Day, but there was very little snow on the ground. Smith and Bodkin fixed me up with a sheepskin coat and a good warm cap and put that awful rifle into my hands. Dick Pifer arrived and we started out shortly after daylight. The men had little to say and no instructions were given me. Mr. Smith went one way while Bodkin, Pifer and I went another. When we had gone about half a mile from the house Mr. Bodkin said, "You stand here." I obeyed orders.

Now I am a good soldier and I knew that it was not my business to ask why. I resolved to obey. It was very cold and the landscape was cheerless. They had not told me how long I would have to stand there. I began to wonder. Two hours? Half a day? All day? I did not have the slightest idea, nor did this sort of conduct jibe with my ideas of hunting moose. But Bodkin had said "stand here." He did not say "stand here and walk some." Therefore if I walked I would not be standing. As I have said I was a good soldier, and I got colder and colder. How I wanted to walk. My head went down deeper into my coat collar. The gun was in the hollow of my arm and my hands were down in my pockets. I was freezing.

At last I decided to disobey orders to a very slight extent. I stood first on one foot and then on the other. In that way I managed to get a little exercise. I thought of going back to the house, but I soon banished that thought.

Two hours passed by and I heard a noise. Was it a moose? No, it was only Bodkin and Pifer returning. Without a smile they asked, "You still here?" I said nothing, but I thought I had proved to them that I was no quitter. When Bodkin said, "Come on," I was quite glad. We went on through the wilderness for about thirty minutes, then we found Mr. Smith. It seemed strange to me that no one appeared to be cold except myself, but I resolved that I would freeze to death without a word.

Bodkin was boss and obedience was the order of the day. He said to Smith, "You go there." He said to Pifer, "You go over by that tree," and to me he said, "You come with me." I began to think that the man had lost all his senses. In any case his sense of cold was not very strong. However, I determined I would say nothing about being cold. Such a remark did not seem to be opportune.

**B**ODKIN and I tramped for ten minutes, and all the time Bodkin's eyes never left the ground. Then he said, "You stand here." Then I was quite sure that he was making a fool of me, but he went away before I could tell him what was in my mind. However, I was past the soldier stage. I was too cold to stand still any longer. I would walk about thirty paces, then stand for a moment, and then I would walk again. Indeed, I was utterly reckless. This was no moose hunt anyway.

I began to wonder if there was any danger of my getting run over by a moose. I had no instructions on this point. Bodkin did not tell me to watch for a moose nor mention my being in any danger. Later on I began to feel that I didn't care if I did get run over. I was so cold I would not feel it in any case. I was sure that it would take a very strong moose to make a dint in me.

It was about this time that I heard something which aroused all my latent fighting instinct. It was the sharp report of a gun and I knew it was Bodkin's gun. In a second or two right in front of me, not more than a hundred yards away, there arose a big moose. It seemed to me to be as big as a house. He held his head high as he stood side-wise to me and looked about to see what Bodkin was doing.

What did I do? Well, I think the first thing I tried to do was to get my hands out of my pockets. It was rather a hard job. Then I had to pull the hammer back with my stiff fingers. I took aim and fired. Nothing of importance happened. I was disappointed. I had rather expected to see the moose run. But he didn't. I said to myself, "I'll make you run yet." I put in a fresh shell and I let go at the moose a second time. Even then he did not run. So I said to myself, "I'll go a little closer." As I approached him I held my rifle ready to shoot as soon as he should begin to move, but he did not move. When I came closer I found that he was squatted on his hams and apparently unable to move. I learned that he had been wounded through the hips break-



ing his back bone. As he was still alive I approached within ten paces and put a bullet through his head.

It turned out that this was not the same moose that Mr. Bodkin had shot at. His moose ran and he had to fire eight times before it fell.

After my moose fell I started to look for Mr. Smith and Mr. Pifer. It was hard to find them, but in the end they came out of their hiding places. Mr. Smith had hidden behind a log and Mr. Pifer behind a tree. I refrained from asking them why

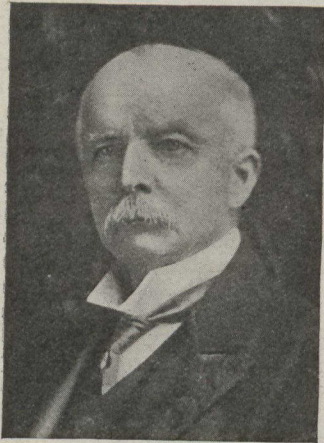
they had gone into hiding and they never told me. It seems difficult to believe that they were afraid of a moose.

When Smith came up he said, "Bodkin always makes me the dog." It subsequently appeared that Bodkin had discovered the two moose and had planned to surround them. Smith was the dog and he drove them out. Bodkin and I had the real sport.

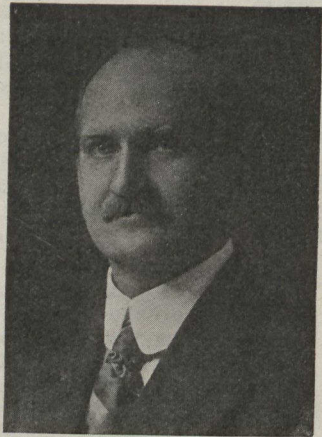
We were only a mile from the house and we went home for dinner. Then preparations were made for dressing the moose. Tackle rope, but-

cher's knives, buckets, were taken out to where the moose lay, and the skinning process began. By four o'clock in the afternoon the work was completed and each carcass cut up into six pieces. The meat was left out in the woods all night and the next day was frozen stiff. Each man carried a piece on his shoulder probably one hundred pounds.

About a week afterwards I hired a good rig and horse in Port Arthur and drove out to bring in our winter's supply of meat. It was a fifty-mile drive. My two boys went with me and enjoyed the trip.



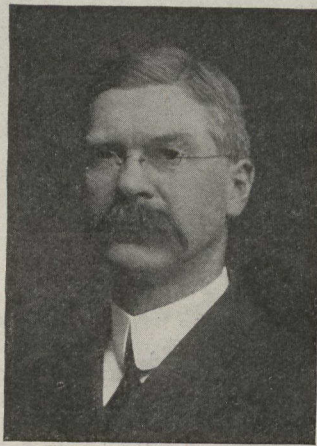
SIR ANDREW FRASER, K.C.S.I.  
Who comes to Canada especially for the series of Men's Missionary Conventions.



MR. J. CAMPBELL WHITE  
General Secretary, Laymen's Missionary Movement for America.



MR. ROBERT E. SPEER  
Secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions in the U.S.



MR. C. W. GRAHAM  
Secretary, Men's Missionary Convention at Hamilton.



MR. G. C. COPPLEY  
Chairman of the Men's Missionary Convention at Hamilton.

## A SERIES OF MISSIONARY CONVENTIONS

By A LAYMAN.

A CERTAIN group of Christian laymen scattered through Great Britain, the United States and Canada are determined to arouse the English-speaking people to greater activity in missionary work. In Great Britain and the United States this missionary work is interpreted to mean foreign missionary work. In Canada, owing to the great necessity for enlarged domestic missions, the movement is divided in its affections. Or, to put it as the Canadian laymen would have it, in Canada the movement covers both foreign and domestic missions. In April, 1909, this group of men held a missionary congress which formally launched the Laymen's Missionary Movement in Canada. The stimulus for that meeting came from New York, where resided the men who had organized a similar movement in the United States. However, as soon as the Canadian organization was perfected it was handed over to a committee of Canadian laymen. This committee embraced all branches of the Protestant Church in Canada and represented all the districts from coast to coast.

After the Toronto conference was over, other meetings were held in the various centres throughout the Dominion. At these meetings both clergy and laymen were represented and all denominations co-operated. Then subdivisions were created for each denomination and for each conference, di-

cese or presbytery. In this way the movement was carried into every Protestant congregation throughout the Dominion and resulted in increased missionary activity and in a tremendous increase in the annual contributions for missionary work.

The movement on its religious side is somewhat remarkable because it exhibited the new Protestant spirit which divides the responsibility for church work between the clergy and the laity. It is also remarkable in that it shows a determination on the part of the Protestant churches to spread the gospel through the world more broadly and more speedily than had ever before been attempted. It is an evidence that Protestantism is more than ever convinced that it is the chosen instrument for the civilizing and regeneration of all the nations. Protestantism thus takes its place beside Roman Catholicism as a missionary force of world-wide import and intention.

On its secular side it has equal significance. In the past it was generally accepted that the missionary work of a church depended for its leading and its direction upon the clergy. To-day it is fairly generally accepted that there is an equal responsibility upon the laity. If this condition of things continues to develop, then the missionary

movements of the world assume a new significance. They become more than religious. They will be a secular as well as church movement. They will be humanitarian as well as religious. The laity are less interested in dogma than they are in general Christianity and social reform. As the control of the missionary movement passes into the hands of the laity emphasis will be laid upon the social aspects.

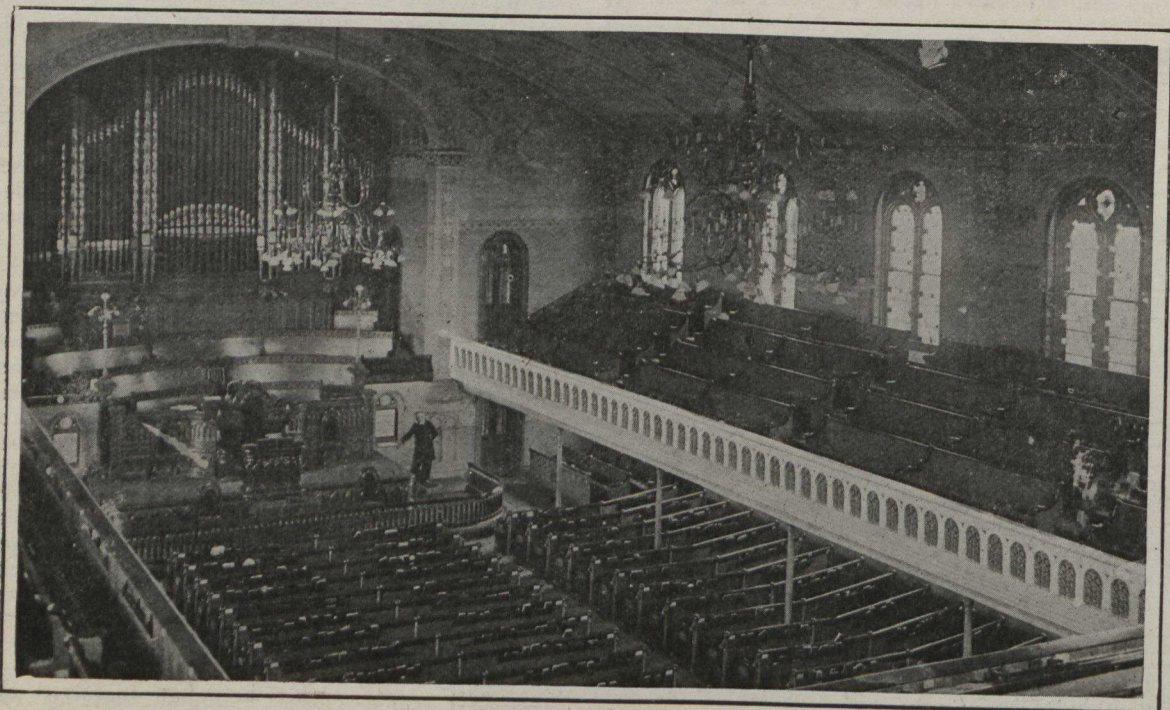
There is also another point which is impressive. The Protestant churches have long been talking of union and co-operation. Union seemed impossible because of the dogmas and beliefs which gave an historical foundation to each Protestant body. Union implied the extinction or unification of these dogmas and beliefs and this would imply a movement running in exact opposition to all the Protestant movements which have occurred since the time of Martin Luther. But while union seemed improbable, co-operation was inviting. To secure co-operation it was necessary to find a common object or intention. Missionary work at home and abroad seemed to be the only work in which all Protestant bodies had a common interest and in the doing of which all Protestants could meet on common ground. Whether the Laymen's Missionary Movement was designed as the first step in the Union of Protestant bodies, it would be hard to say. Nevertheless, it is quite possible that history will record the fact that this Movement was the first step in that direction.

To return to events. Following up the Congress of 1909 in Toronto, it was decided to hold a series of Men's Missionary Conventions throughout Canada in the fall of 1911. It was arranged that these should begin in Vancouver and follow in succession in all the leading cities from the Pacific to the Atlantic. This series of meetings was arranged as follows:

Vancouver	October	18-20.
Calgary	"	23-25.
Regina	"	25-27.
Winnipeg	"	30-Nov. 1.
London	November	6-8.
Hamilton	"	8-10.
Ottawa	"	13-15.
Montreal	"	15-17.
St. John	"	20-22.
Halifax	"	22-24.
Sydney	"	26-28.

By such an arrangement it was intended that the same speakers and leaders should be present at each convention and that the programme should be practically the same in each city. Sir Andrew Fraser, who was vice-chairman of the Edinburgh Missionary Conference, and a notable figure at the Toronto Congress of 1909, is attending all the conventions. So is Mr. Robert E. Speer, General Secretary of the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church in the United States. He is a Doctor of Divinity, although not a clergyman. His

(Continued on page 22.)



THE CONVENTION AUDITORIUM  
The Interior of the Centenary Methodist Church where the Hamilton Convention was held.





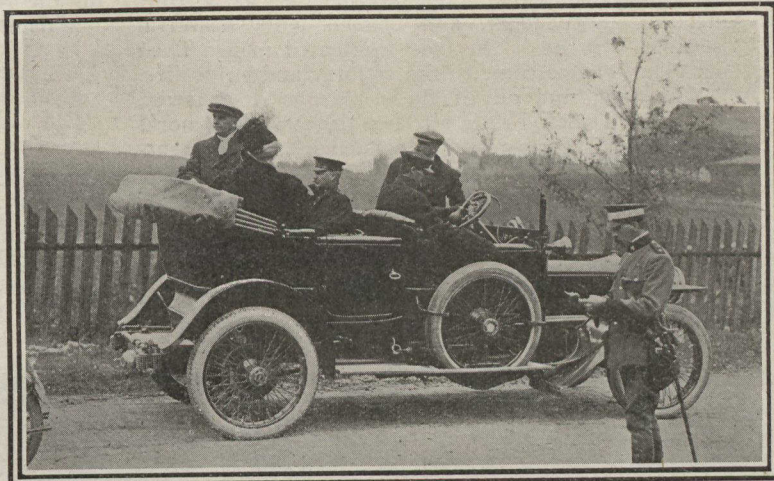
Waiting behind a hill for information of the enemy's whereabouts. 7th Fusiliers.



The artillery gets orders to change its position. 9th Field Battery.



General Mackenzie (mounted) and General Cotton comparing notes.



Colonel The Hon. Mr. Hughes, Minister of Militia (tweed cap), Mrs. Hendrie, Lieut.-Col. Morrison and Col. Hon. J. S. Hendrie. Lieut.-Col. Mercer, Q.O.R., standing.



Signallers transmitting news from a hill-top.

## A THANKSGIVING DAY SHAM FIGHT

By NORMAN PATTERSON

ENGLAND has its autumn manoeuvres and Canada has its Thanksgiving Day Sham Battle. In England the manoeuvres extend over several weeks and are the final feature in a season's training of the regular troops. In Canada, where there is only a small regular army and where that army is scattered in small groups over half a continent, it is impossible to get all the regular troops together for autumn manoeuvres. At one time during the past summer about one-half of this regular army of six thousand men was collected at Petawawa and given some training in larger field operations. The Thanksgiving Day Sham Battle in Ontario is mainly for the benefit of the district officers of higher rank and for the city militia. Only small bodies of the regular militia take part, and they are on the same plane as the volunteer militia. Indeed this is practically the only day in the year on which the regulars and the volunteers have a chance to unite in common field work.

This year's Ontario sham battle was held in the Dundas Valley, near Hamilton. This district affords excellent opportunities for the manoeuvring of troops in larger bodies and for an exhibition of the value of artillery positions. Over three thousand men were engaged, including small detachments of the Royal Canadian Dragoons, Royal Canadian Rifles, and other permanent corps. The militia was represented by the Queen's Own Rifles, the 10th Regiment and the 48th Regiment, from Toronto; the 13th and 91st, of Hamilton; the 38th Dufferin Rifles, of Brantford; the 19th Regiment, of St. Catharines; the 22nd Regiment Oxford Rifles; the 24th Regiment, from Chatham; the 30th Regiment Wellington Rifles; and the 7th Fusiliers, of London. There were also small bodies of dragoons, army service corps, field ambulance, engineers and artillery.

For the purpose of the day's manoeuvres these troops were divided into a red force under the command of Brigadier-General Cotton, and a Grey force under the command of Colonel Hodgins. The general idea was to the effect that a small body of troops was guarding ammunition at a railway station, and was expecting reinforcements. From three to five miles away were two bodies of the

enemy who had already captured ammunition at another point and were anxious to repeat their exploit. The Red force were on the defence and the Grey force on the attack. The Grey force moved upon the railway station from two separate angles until the two bodies were practically merged in one. They advanced rapidly and with considerable display of what might be termed good tactics and strategy. The defending force retired gradually upon its base and made a fairly good showing.

General opinion seems to indicate that the greatest weakness in the whole proceeding was the inadequacy of the umpire organization. In the military game, as in all other games, the efficiency of the umpire is most important. If a body of troops, opposed only by blank ammunition or an imaginary enemy, advances too rapidly, it can only be checked by an umpire who understands the situation and who is willing to exercise his authority. On this occasion, the umpires consisted of a small number of permanent officers and a large number of militia officers of senior rank. As this body of officers had never come together for a serious discussion of the details of the proposed manoeuvres, it is almost unreasonable to expect that they could do their work along clearly defined lines. Had these men been called together the previous evening for detailed consideration of the day's work and had they been given specific instructions in their duties and responsibilities, the results might have been more satisfactory.

One point which the authorities in charge were anxious to have exemplified was the transmission of information from point to rear. A considerable number of mounted dispatch-riders, motor cyclists and motorists were employed to carry information from those in the firing line to the general officer commanding each force. The intelligence officers with their maps and drawings were also much in evidence to assist in this work. It is safe to say that in no other sham battle ever held in Canada was the work better performed. The motor cycle, of course, was the newest and most valuable feature of this intelligence work. The Canadian Army has not yet risen to the dignity of employing airships.

One matter of comment among spectators was the lack of control by regimental officers over the

men serving under them. The Hamilton and Toronto regiments showed greater discipline than the troops from the smaller cities. The officers of the latter seemed to have too little control over their men on the road and in the field. After the battle was over, a considerable number of these men who were standing about the Dundas station waiting for their trains and employed their time in firing off the blank cartridges which remained in their pouches. This and other features were not likely to create a good impression upon the British officers now attached to the Canadian Force and who were present on this occasion. Discipline is the basis of all military training. A soldier's spirit is most clearly shown in his bearing and general conduct when in uniform.

Major-General C. J. Mackenzie, C.B., Chief of General Staff, was umpire in chief. He watched the events of the day very closely and at its close addressed a meeting of the senior officers. His criticisms and suggestions were pointed but kindly, and created an excellent impression. Major-General Otter, Director General of the Canadian Forces, was there as a spectator and visited all sections of the forces engaged. It is just possible that this may be the last Thanksgiving Sham Battle which General Otter will attend in his official capacity. As he is personally known to almost all the troops who were engaged, this thought gave a touch of sentiment to the occasion which is quite creditable to General Otter's record. Colonel, the Honourable Mr. Hughes, Minister of Militia, was present as a spectator and expressed himself as particularly pleased with the enthusiastic spirit shown by all ranks. He drove about in an automobile under the guidance of Colonel the Honourable J. S. Hendrie and Mrs. Hendrie, accompanied by Lieut.-Col. Morrison of Ottawa.

On the whole the day was a notable success, and will undoubtedly be beneficial to all the regiments who participated. The men seemed to enjoy the outing, and if they were asked would probably say that this was almost the only bit of real soldiering that they get during the year. The ordinary militiaman looks upon ceremonial parades as being a necessary sacrifice which he must make for the credit of his regiment and the glory of the militia. It is probable, however, that he never feels like a real soldier except on the day when he carries his meals in a haversack, his refreshments in a water bottle, and gathers dust and burrs in the open country on Thanksgiving Day manoeuvres.





# A PAGE FOR JUNIORS



## Prize List.

First Prize: Frank Wilson.  
 Second Prize: Joseph W. Thompson.  
 Third Prize: Mary Gordon Kewrick.  
 Honourable Mention: Elizabeth M. Kierstead, Ruth Lawson, Frances Cieman, Jas. O. W. Fosbrooke, Libbie Wainright, F. Edwin Coster, Albert Hunt, Sherbourne T. Bigelow, S. Bunnell, S. Cieman, Wm. Williams.

## WHICH is Preferable: Country or City Life?

From every province in the Dominion, the junior readers of the COURIER answer, "country." Of course there are dissenting voices, but nine-tenths of the answers—and all the prize essays—are in favour of the country, so we may conclude that whatever may be the opinion in later years, the country is best beloved by young people, our junior readers will now tell us why. Next week other letters on this subject will appear, and if any one else wishes to join in the discussion, we shall be glad to hear from them.

AUNT HELEN.

## Prefers the Farm.

DEAR Aunt Helen,—I noticed in your page of the COURIER that you are offering three prizes for the best letters in answer to the question, "Which is preferable—country life or city life?" I answer "country life." I am a country boy and unlike many such boys, I prefer to remain on the farm. A visit to the city is, indeed, very enjoyable, but after each of these visits I am glad to return to my country home.

To prove to all who may read this that I am right, I shall put forth for your consideration several points. City people have a custom of coming to the country to spend their holidays. Why do they do so? It is because they wish to escape from the rush and noise of the city and to gain the quiet life of the farm or seashore and to enjoy the fresh air and beautiful scenery of these places. Is it not best to enjoy such things all the time, instead of going back to endure the many unpleasant things connected with city life?

We have only to look at the healthy, strong boys and girls who come from the country to see the wonderful effect of the pure air of the country. Without healthy bodies we cannot have active brains. This is why many country boys succeed where city boys do not. The farmer's son is the boy with the healthy body who will overcome all difficulties and at last reach the highest round in the ladder of fame. James Garfield and Abraham Lincoln are examples of what a country boy is made of, and their lives show us that the country boy can do more to win fame for himself than the city boy.

While these boys remained on the farm they were not exposed to such temptations as are the city boys. Country boys do not as a rule hang around street corners, learning to smoke, and drink, and to do many other things which are better left undone. While the country boy is growing into a true and noble manhood, the city boy is growing into a second rate man who can never hold a prominent position in the world. Is it not better to keep the boys and young men out of temptation?

The beautiful scenery of the country which is far ahead of anything in the city, gives the boy a taste for the beautiful, a love for Nature, and for

Nature's God. Nature always arrays herself in the colours most pleasing to man's eye. In Spring she dresses in an emerald green, in Summer, in the gold of the wheat-field, in Autumn, in the gold, and scarlet of the frost touched leaves, and in Winter in a snowy white. Give me the country with its beautiful scenery.

"What other good points has country life?" you say. I will only mention two more—*independence and contentment.* The farmer is necessary to the city. The city is not necessary to the farmer. When Canada was young, did the farmer need the city? No! The farmer is independent, and so his life is better than city life.

Contentment is the result of the possession of several blessings. If a man has health, independence and a beautiful landscape ever before him, he is usually contented. The farmer is, as a rule, healthy, independent, and blessed with beautiful scenery. So he is the most contented man. Then let all who care come to the country and enjoy life.

For each and all of these reasons I answer, "country life." Fresh air, health, strength, moral purity, artistic tastes, independence, and contentment, are, I think, things which all men desire. Then a man should live in the country.

Uxbridge, Ont.

FRANK WILSON (Age 16.)

—Certified by Mrs. Burton (guardian).

\* \* \*

country possesses physical advantages over the city. The city people work indoors and at all times breathe comparatively impure air, while on the other hand, the work of the country people lies mostly out of doors, in the invigorating fresh air. The bad water and milk problem, to well known to the city, is almost unheard of in the country.

The independence enjoyed by the farming community, must be the envy of the masses of the city people, who work their daily wage.

Then, again, the boy or girl of the country have to do more work than the young people of the city. The inevitable outcome is this: the youth of the country are infused with a spirit of industry and perseverance, whereas the youth of the city are apt to contract idle habits.

Lastly, but greatest of all, the country undoubtedly possesses moral advantages over the city. The youth of the country have not the evils of bad society, extravagant luxuries and poisonous reading material confronting them, as the youth of the city have. In conclusion, in the words of His Honour Judge Riddell, "They (the farmers) are the mainstay of the nation, and while the heart and brain of the farmer remain sound, there is no fear for the future of our land."

Marmion, Ont.

JOSEPH W. THOMPSON (Age 15.)

—Certified by Mrs. Jas. A. Thompson.

\* \* \*

## Loves the Country.

MY opinion is that country life is best. Think of two months ago, the burning heat of the cities, and children dying by the hundred. How they would long to be in the country if they had been there once! I, myself, live in the country, and can tell you what I know. The fresh air, the woods, the rivers, the streams, the long grass, the

clover that smells so sweet in the Spring. All doctors will tell you that country air is best, not one will say, "Go to the town." All will say, "Go to the country." The people in the country are richer by a long way than the people in the cities. Even the poorest always have fresh vegetables or bread, and the butter is much better than in the towns. And although I was born in the city I would not go back for anything. There are many people who say things against the country, but I am not one of them, I love the country with all my heart and I am not afraid to say so. I am glad that there are others of my mind, who live in the country too. I know that they love the fresh air, the golden sunshine, and the clear blue sky as much as I do, and the sweet smell of new mown hay, and the

wild flowers nodding in the wind. Do you see these things in the city? No! and how many little children would like to see them? Oh! I do not know, maybe hundreds, maybe thousands, but many will not see them. They will toil away there in cities, day after day, never thinking of the country that is so near them.

The country, the country, so fresh and so pure, Oh, who could the strife of the city endure? The country, the country, so fresh and so green, And prettier by far than the city I ween!

The country, the country, oh long have I loved, Thou'st seem to be sent from the heavens above. The country, the country, rest, quiet and song, Oh grant I may die there, but first live there long!

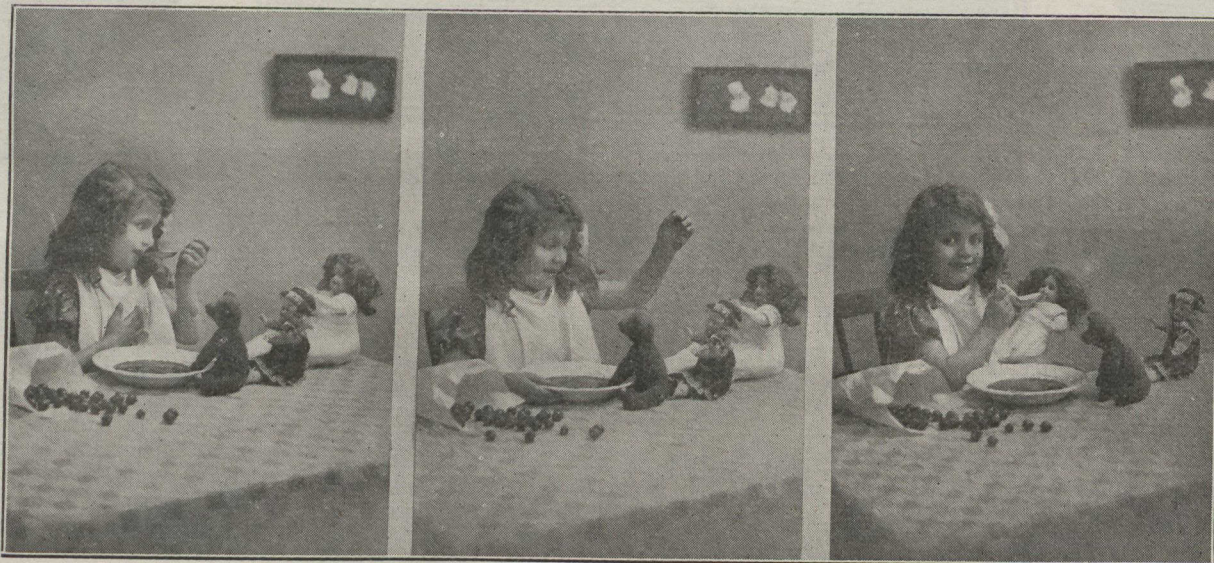
Rimouski, Que.

MARY GORDON KEWRICK (Age 13.)

—Certified by A. W. Kewrick (Father).

\* \* \*

THE NEXT COMPETITION: In next week's "Courier" particulars will be given about the new competition. The subject is "Our Pets," and the competition will close on January 1st.



SUPPER FOR FOUR

By Estelle M. Kerr.

I. At supper time I always am as hungry as can be, My plate of soup is large, but still it's not too big for me; And if there wasn't quite enough, why I could ask for more— You see, it takes a lot to serve a family of four!

II. My dollies hold their hands out so, and beg for "just a taste," And Teddy says, "You greedy girl, make haste, oh! do make haste!" He puts his hands upon my plate, and they're so very hairy, And looks at me most anxiously when I hold up a cherry.

III. So then I take my little dolls and feed them each in turn, While Teddy has to sit quite still, for patience he must learn; It keeps me busy feeding them—I hardly get a bite, And yet when they are through I find I've lost my appetite!

## Happiness in the Country.

ALTHOUGH our great seats of learning, so invaluable to a civilized nation, and our great manufacturing centres, which transform the raw material of the country into useful articles are found in the city, yet I hope to be able to prove to you, that country life is preferable to, and is more conducive to happiness, than city life.

The country possesses more opportunities for broadening and developing our mental resources than is found in the city. The daily path of the boy or girl in the country is embellished on every side by the exquisite beauty of Nature, while those of the city have not that privilege. Robert Burns is a striking example of a mind trained to a large extent, by Nature. Furthermore, to bear out my contention, allow me to quote the words of President Falconer, of Toronto University. He says: "It is from the farming population that we get the largest proportion of our best students," and in the same address he said that it was from the quiet, moral homes out in the country that the educational institutions are recruited.

It is almost unnecessary to say, also, that the



# AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

A DEPARTMENT MAINLY FOR WOMEN

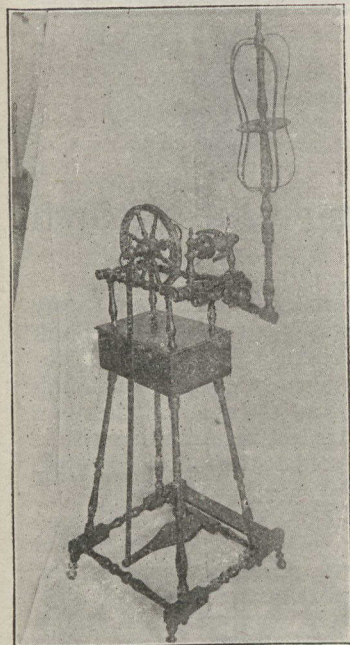
## A Gentlewoman's Diary

A REVIEW BY JEAN GRAHAM.

**I**N these hurried times there are few who will take the trouble to edit either memoirs or diary. This is especially to be observed in a country-in-the-making. Consequently, when we find a practical Canadian citizen making such a lavish expenditure of time as Mr. John Ross Robertson must have given to "The Diary of Mrs. John Graves

Simcoe, with Notes and a Biography," we feel that only a genuine historic fervour could have inspired such labour.

Mrs. Simcoe was the wife of the first Lieutenant-Governor of the Province of Upper Canada (1792-1796) and her diary is now edited with the hope that it will add to our fund of information regarding the social life of those early days. Niagara was then the centre of military, civil and social life in the pioneer community, and York, the Toronto of to-day,



Mrs. Simcoe's Spinning Wheel.

From Original in Possession of Mrs. Stephen Heward, Toronto.

"could scarcely count a score of habitable dwellings outside the primitive barracks that the Governor had erected within the few acres of ground where still stands the Fort—the Old Fort—as it is familiarly called in these modern days."

The original manuscript of the diary has been transcribed by the kind permission of Mrs. Simcoe, of Wolford, the Simcoe estate, near the Devon town of Honiton, known to the world of woman-kind for its beautiful lace. The wife of Upper Canada's first Governor made entries in her record from day to day, and these writings were forwarded every week to Mrs. Hunt, a lady who had undertaken the charge of Mrs. Simcoe's four daughters, Eliza, Charlotte, Henrietta, and Caroline, all under seven years of age, who remained at Wolford. The two youngest children were taken to Canada, with the Governor's household. The diary was commenced on the 17th September, 1791, nine days prior to Mrs. Simcoe's departure from Weymouth for Quebec, on the "Triton," man-of-war. The last entries are on the 16th October, 1796, when Governor Simcoe and his wife again arrived in London.

The annotations made by Mr. Robertson are incorporated with the text of the diary following the entries to which they belong. To the diary is appended the journal of John Bailey, who for over thirty-seven years was in the service of the Simcoe family at Wolford. Such faithfulness reads like a fairy tale to the modern household, but the journal of this servant of the old school could ill be spared from the presentation of the life of Elizabeth Gwillim Simcoe.

Elizabeth Posthuma Gwillim was born in 1766 at Whitchurch, in Herefordshire, at the mansion known as "Old Court." Her father was one of the three Majors of Brigade of General Wolfe at Quebec in 1759. The Gwillims came of noble lineage, their genealogy being traceable in a straight line from the early kings of North and South Wales. Elizabeth who was orphaned in infancy, was carefully reared in the best traditions of an English gentlewoman, with a sensitive appreciation of the old motto, "noblesse oblige." At the early age of sixteen, which the modern Canadian girl associates with a gown to the boot-tops and entrance on boarding-school life, Elizabeth became the wife of Lieutenant-Colonel John Graves Simcoe.

In these days of *Dreadnoughts* and such floating palaces as the *Lusitania* and *Mawretania*, it is interesting to read Mrs. Simcoe's notes on the routine life upon an eighteenth century war-ship. What a marvellous one-hundred-and-twenty years of invention and evolution in ocean travel lies between the voyage of Mrs. Simcoe on the "Triton" and the recent voyage of the Duchess of Connaught on the "Empress!" When the arrival of a Royal Duke is so fresh in the minds and hearts of the Canadian people, it is interesting to learn that when the "Triton" arrived at Quebec, November 11th, 1791, Mrs. Simcoe remained on board to write in her diary, while her distinguished husband and Captain Murray went ashore to dine with General Alured Clarke, the Lt.-Governor, administrator, to meet H. R. H. Prince Edward, the latter being Duke of Kent, father of Queen Victoria. So, the city of the "Chateau" rightly prides itself on its ancient hospitality, for, in comparison with its royal record, Toronto is a veritable mushroom. On the 28th of December, Mrs. Simcoe writes that she attended a "very pleasant ball at the Chateau," when she danced with Prince Edward. The frivolous feminine reader longs for more details. What did the "Governor's lady" wear and was the uniform of Prince Edward all a-glitter with decorations? And what a decorous description of a ball, in comparison with the modern debutante's "perfectly lovely" or "simply splendid!" On the 26th of December, 1791, the division of the Province of Quebec into Upper and Lower Canada, and the new constitution given to the former was announced, followed by dinners at the hotels and illuminations at night. So, Ontario had a brilliant birthday in Old Quebec. Mrs. Simcoe spent a pleasant winter in Quebec, and on June 4th, 1792, enjoyed a "splendid ball at the Chateau, but the heat was so great that I was very near fainting after having danced Money Musk and the Jupon rouge." What was this Jupon Rouge?

On Thursday, July 26th, 1792, the first Governor of Upper Canada arrived in the little hamlet at the mouth of the Niagara River and took up his residence at Navy Hall. Now, that we are contemplating the building of a vaster Government House than has been, at Chorley Park, Toronto, it is interesting to learn that the Duke de la Rochefoucauld, who visited Navy Hall in 1795, considered it "a small, miserable wooden house." Three of the four buildings comprising Navy Hall were burnt by the United States forces in 1813. The diary from the date of arrival at Navy Hall gives a most womanly and naive account of the work and recreation which filled those primitive days, revealing a nature which had a great reverence for duty and which found interest in every feature of the new life. To anyone interested in the early days of Upper Canada and the making of Toronto, this record with its annotations is delightfully illuminating in its glimpse of social conditions and pioneer endeavour. It is a book with which every patriotic

Canadian woman (which means all of our feminine population) should become familiar, and may well be discussed in our Women's Institutes, Historical Societies and Chapters of Daughters of the Empire. In our appreciation of records of this nature, Canadians are not so ready as are the members of women's book clubs in the United States.

Attractions of the book which must be emphasized are the two hundred and thirty-seven illustrations, including ninety reproductions of interesting sketches made by Mrs. Simcoe. These are simply invaluable from the historical standpoint, as they give faithful pictures of places and scenes in Upper and Lower Canada from 1791-6, which only this talented woman could have left us. The work involved in the editing and verification of such a diary leaves us impressed with the unselfish devotion to the Premier Province and its Capital which must have animated it. Toronto: William Briggs.

\* \* \*

## A National Anthem From Halifax.

**A** NEW national anthem has recently appeared, both words and music composed by Mrs. Charles Archibald, a Halifax lady prominent socially in that city, a patron of many local movements for the promotion of the study of music and founder of the Ladies' Musical Club. The words, written both in French and English, are simple and dignified and the melody has the effect, always desirable in music of a national character, of easily impressing itself upon the memory.

The announcement has been made that the proceeds of the sale of the "national anthem," which is to be found in all the music stores, will be devoted to the Children's Hospital of Halifax.

There is no doubt that it will shortly find its way into the public schools and that we shall hear its beauty interpreted by the clear, strong voices of our boys and girls.

\* \* \*

## Events At the Capital.

**S**Ocial events at Ottawa have taken on a new interest and importance since the arrival of Their Royal Highnesses, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught. Included in a very large attendance at the Ottawa Hunt Club's Point to Point Races, held on Thanksgiving Day, were their Royal Highnesses and a party from Government House, the new Governor-General acting as one of the judges. The most amusing event of the day was the needle and thread race, won by Mr. W. Y. Denison and Miss Mina Wylie, who threaded his needle, to whom was presented a box of candy as her share of the victory.

After the races tea was served in the Club House, the royal party being received by Mr. J. W. Woods, in the dining room where they had tea, the table was very prettily arranged with American Beauty roses, the softly shaded red lights and open fire place making a very effective and pretty room.

Last week, the Countess introduced the royal practice of visiting hospitals, and paid an extended visit to Ottawa's largest institution of this kind. This is a feature of British life which has not been greatly observed here.



NAVY HALL, NIAGARA, 1792.

[From a drawing by Mrs. Simcoe.]



# DEMI-TASSE

**Courieresettes.**

Sixth Ward Conservatives of Toronto have an annual meeting that looks like the Daughters of the Empire.

Chancellor Wallace declares that many modern novels are at home in two places—"one is your furnace, and the other is hell." Oh dear, Oh dear! The Chancellor must have been reading Ralph Connor—or perhaps it was someone else.

And another clergyman urged the Sons of Scotland to lead in a fight against profanity. This renunciation of golf is a sad struggle.

There was no opposition to Andrew Carnegie in the election as Lord Rector of the University of Aberdeen. Hardly! Andrew has the siller—also the bawbees—also an LL.D.

Italy wants a helping of Turkey—just a wing and a little of the light meat, and all the dressing.

In spite of the Toronto Evening Telegram, Mr. R. L. Borden would rather be Premier of Canada than be Yuan Shi Kai, the First Minister of China.

Alexandria, Egypt, has been having a few riots of its own—just by way of a Hallowe'en celebration.

Mr. Newton Rowell turned pale and faltered when he asked: "And what about woman suffrage?"

Canadians love to reflect that Britannia rules the waves; but they don't like to pay for the ruling of a single wavelet.

There's nothing ominous about the snowstorm following the Reform convention.

Wanted: A Temperance Policy which will catch the church vote and not hurt the feelings of the liquor dealers.

The House of Manchu is in need of repairs.

The Toronto Globe announces solemnly that Liberalism "looks to the future." There's nothing like having a bright prospect.

It's time for another Peace Conference. Russia is building three battleships, and Ireland is going to have Home Rule.

**Such is Fame!**—It was in the office of a great political daily—and members of the staff were discussing the lately-appointed Leader of Ontario Liberalism. In answer to a telephone call, the Man-who-looks-after-the-

Photographs replied: "Yes, we have a cut of Mr. Rowell."

"I'd like to get it," said an anxious voice.

"Is it for a newspaper?"

"No. I want to use it for a new cigarette."

Shades of John Wesley and the Ecumenical Council!

**Before the Election.**

Sing a song of promises  
How each rumour flies!  
Every "organ" says the rest  
Are telling awful lies.

When the strife is over,  
We'll be friends once more;  
Meanwhile orators profound  
Speechify galore!

**This Ever Happen To You?**—"Give me eight-one-six."

"Eight-nine-six?"

"No, eight-one-six."

"That eight-one-six?"

"No, you've got the wrong number."

"I'll ring again."

"No! Hello, Central, you gave me the wrong number! I want eight-one-six."

"Line busy!"

**Tory Nursery Rhyme.**

Big Bill Taft was a merry old soul,  
And a merry old soul was he;  
But he hasn't been nearly as merry,  
they say,  
Since we bumped Re-ci-pro-ci-tee!

**Appropriate.**—The East York Poultry Association is much opposed to the proposal of the civic authorities of Toronto to banish the hen from the city. Mr. George Shields, a poultry breeder, said, a few days ago, "If the hen must go the cat and dog must go as well," and he added that the civic authorities "come out with these dogmatic propositions just to get a reputation."

**Looks Like It.**—"Do you know why the banks—at least the ones in the heart of the city—close so early?" said one Toronto man to another.

"No," answered the other. "Why?"  
"So that the newsboys can use the steps for spreading out their papers."

**The Tables Turned.**—"How much do you spend on cigars a day?" asked the candid friend.

"Probably fifty cents," answered

the smoker. "Yes, I know—if I saved that amount every day and put it out at a good rate of interest I'd be able to buy that handsome building across the way in so many years. I'll tell you a good scheme. You save up what you don't spend on cigars and buy that building. I don't want it. You could—"

But the candid friend had vanished.

**The Latest Worry.**

We built our pretty fairy castles far above the ground;  
And there, away from prying eyes,  
much happiness we found—  
But now some peeking aeroplane is always snooping 'round.

**A Paradox.**—"The way of the transgressor is hard," but he is often found living on "Easy Street."

**Then the Boss Fainted.**—The head of a big business house was angry. It was seldom that he became wrathful concerning trifling things, but this time a matter which usually he would not have bothered about had aroused his ire. The office boy was out—had been for half an hour—and nobody knew where or why he had gone.

As the minutes passed, the man grew angrier. When at last the youngster appeared, the man was hot.

By a great effort he hid his anger and, in a tone that a grown-up person would have recognized as a danger signal, he said, "Where have you been?"

The youngster smiled, and in a "chummy" tone replied, "Guess!"

**A Timely Tip.**

Dear gentle reader, here's a tip  
That's surely worth the heeding;  
To judge by other year's it's this  
Advice that you are needing.

Forget the duties commonplace  
To which you're always holding;  
The ordinary tasks neglect,  
Though bosses take to scolding.

Neglect the meetings of your club—  
Away with custom's fetters!  
Don't waste your time in visits nor  
In ans'ring friendly letters.

Let ashes in the cellar lie;  
Leave furnace fires untended.  
Don't over missing buttons fret;  
Wear clothes not pressed nor mended.

Remember that we're drawing near  
The yearly hurly-burly;  
Neglect what else you can, but "Do  
Your Christmas shopping early!"

**What to Buy Him.**—Don't dear wife or sweetheart, buy him a box of cigars or a tie. The comic papers say that you don't know how to buy those things, and he will say so, too, even if you buy him what he himself would have selected. Buy him handkerchiefs and be on the safe side.

**Time Will Tell.**

I got into a crowd last night,  
And, getting back from town,  
I missed my watch, and phoned the cops  
To have the thief run down.

The wheels of justice thus I set  
In motion, and may be,  
Although the theft's mysterious,  
The cops can find the key.

By working on the case, a chain  
Of evidence they'll get,  
Here's hoping that in time their hands  
Upon the thief they'll set.

**A Schemer.**—"My girl used to think a lot of her pug dog, but I've managed to get the edge on him since we married."

"How did you work it?"  
"Fido wouldn't eat her cooking and I did."

**Perfectly Safe.**—"I should think you'd be afraid to let your boys run your automobile?"

"Oh, no; I have it insured."

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# HER OWN MIND

By ADELINE SERGEANT

"YOU are sure you know your own mind, dear?" Major Huntley said, leaning forward to catch the answer from Veronica's lips, as the railway carriage in which they were seated sped swiftly from Southampton and London to the north. She was a lovely girl, with the least little bit of a Colonial accent, and she was twenty years younger than the man who had just asked her to be his wife.

"Oh, yes, I know my own mind," she said, looking down. But she knew nothing of the kind. For her thoughts ran in some fashion as this: "If only dad wouldn't have sent Arthur away; I'd rather have had Arthur—poor boy! But he's too poor, and dad won't hear of it—and I do like Major Huntley very much. However, it's no good to seem in such a tearing hurry about it all."

So she looked up and said sweetly: "I might take a day or two to think over it, mightn't I? I suppose you'll stay the night—"

"And if I do you will answer me before I go? Why keep me in doubt?" said Major Huntley, smiling.

Inwardly he said, "Oh, Margaret, if only you had been true!"

"We are close to our station, I think," said the Major presently.

"I daresay Auntie Meg will be there to meet us. She'll think it awfully kind of you to escort me so far. You'll stay at her place if she asks you, won't you?"

"Oh, I shall not trouble her for any hospitality," he answered. "When I have deposited you in her care, I shall go to the village inn, and stay the night, just giving myself the pleasure of a call the next morning, to be sure you are all right—and to get my answer, you know."

The little country station was reached at length, and Auntie Meg was waiting to welcome the girl on her arrival. She was tall and slender with a pale, beautiful face—colourless but not sallow—deep, gentle, grey eyes, and a mass of bronze-coloured hair. She was dressed in black, but there was a June rose in the belt of her dress.

"Let me introduce Major Huntley to you," said Veronica's clear voice. "Major Huntley—Miss Wyndham—why, what's the matter? Do you know each other already? How delightful!"

Major Huntley's face had turned pale under the tan; Miss Wyndham's cheek showed a little unwonted rose-colour; there was recognition in both pairs of eyes.

"It is a great many years since we met," said Miss Wyndham civilly, after a little pause.

"Major Huntley wants to put up for the night," said Veronica. "Is there an inn down in your village? He can't get on to Scotland, you know, and he has come out of his way on my account."

"Of course. It was very kind of Major Huntley. There are plenty of spare rooms at Matchley; he must not think of going to an inn. We shall be pleased if you will stay at Matchley—the house where I and my sister live—for the night, Major Huntley."

But to Veronica's astonishment, the invitation was immediately declined. Major Huntley preferred the village inn. Moreover, he would not come to dinner. It was with great difficulty that he was induced to promise to come for a cup of coffee in the course of the evening. Veronica stared at him with large, protesting eyes, until he answered as she wished. Then they separated for the time being. Veronica was driven by Miss Wyndham in a pony-carriage, and Major Huntley walked off to the village inn.

"How interesting that you should have known Major Huntley!" said Veronica. "Isn't he nice?"

"I have not seen him for ten years," said Margaret.

"Was he nice when you knew him?"

"Oh, yes, he was always—nice."

"She speaks as if she has something against him," Veronica remarked to herself; and she resolved to know

what it was before Kenneth went away next morning.

Veronica spoke so much of Major Huntley at dinner, that Miss Wyndham very soon surmised the fact of an engagement—or at least an understanding—between the two.

Coffee came, but no Major Huntley. Veronica grew angry at last, and went away to her charming little bedroom on some pretext—really because she had found that her window commanded a view of the avenue down which he was sure to come, as it was the main road to the house. All the more was she surprised to find that he must have entered the grounds by some other path; for all at once she heard his voice beneath her, and by craning her neck forward she found that she could see a little wooden seat against the wall of the house: and on that seat Margaret Wyndham was seated, while Kenneth stood beside her in evident distress. Margaret, too, had placed her hands across her eyes.

"It was a terrible mistake," Major Huntley was saying. "I never got your letter; and I was told that you were married. It was your sister, it seems. Oh, Margaret, why didn't you try to find me, darling? You knew that I was true."

"I tried—but you know how my mother interfered; she would not let me write. She thought you had thrown me over, and she was glad. She forbade me to make a sign. She said that if—if you wanted me, you would write."

Kenneth groaned. "And then she suppressed the letter. Ah, well, it is over now—the time of waiting and pain. You don't suppose I ever forgot you, Margaret? Darling, you will forgive me, and come to me still?"

"How can you ask me, Kenneth? There is someone else now—the girl—upstairs."

"As if I could think of her in comparison with you!" cried the Major. "She is a dear little girl, but—Margaret! I never loved anyone but you."

"Well, really," said Miss Veronica to herself, as she drew back softly from her coign of vantage. "I think I have heard enough. A dear little girl, indeed!"

She made her way to the drawing-room, and thence, demurely, to the garden and the terrace on which (she was informed) Miss Wyndham and Major Huntley were walking. She greeted the pair with the sweetest smile in the world, and treated them to the wildest nonsense, by way of conversation, that they ever heard. Even Kenneth looked at her in puzzled surprise.

"Come up and call to-morrow morning," Veronica said to him, as they said good-night. And he promised to call.

"That's right," she said sweetly. "And by the bye"—she was walking down the avenue at his side—"I've been reconsidering the matter. I find I didn't know my own mind, after all."

"What do you mean, my dear child?"

"I'm not your dear child, Major Huntley. Excuse me for reminding you. And I'd just as soon you didn't write to daddy. I've changed my mind."

"But why—why—"

"Simply"—and her eyes danced with laughter—"because there's somebody else."

"Somebody else?"

"His name's Arthur," said Miss Sterling, "and father sent me away because we were getting too fond of each other. He said I didn't know my own mind."

"And do you—now?"

"Oh, my, yes, indeed I do. I found a cable waiting—from him, when I arrived this evening. It said, 'Father consents: coming next steamer: buck up.' I hope you'll come to the wedding, Major Huntley."

"But don't you think you are treating me very badly?" said Major Huntley, with a sudden smile.

"You must get Margaret to console you," said Veronica, with a laugh. And then Kenneth began to understand.

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**A FAIR REFUGEE**

By SIR WILLIAM MAGNAY, Bt.

WHEN a runaway motor takes a wrong turning and plunges down an obscure by-road in the darkness there is no knowing where it may land its occupants. Under such conditions a certain motor once did not land its passengers at all, but coming to an abrupt stop over the edge of a canal threw them both, more particularly the driver, into the water.

Half a mile away a young man was sitting alone in a big, dreary country house wondering what on earth was going to become of him. He had dined, frugally, since his means, his credit and his larder were all three at a low ebb. For all that, he was now rather bitterly telling himself he had no one outside his own skin to blame. His property would have been ample for his wants had he only had the sense not to measure them by his friends' extravagances. As it was, he had come very nearly to the end of his tether, and now, although shrewdly suspecting it was too late, he was making desperate efforts to retrench and economise. If he could only hold on till he turned the awkward corner he vowed he would never get into such a strait again. It meant—a great many disagreeable things which he hardly cared to contemplate; and, most repugnant of them all, a loveless marriage. That was the cement with which his aunt, Lady Teviot, was setting herself to mend his fortunes.

"It is all very well," he soliloquised, "for other people to feather your nest for you with stinging nettles and to tell you you ought to be quite comfortable. No, my dear aunt, so long as Dick Wentworth has a roof over his head and just enough to keep him from actual starvation Miss Muriel Tresham may look for a poor man who is not so particular as he is, or may continue her spinsterhood. And here is his ultimatum."

He took down a letter, he had just written and stuck a stamp on it with a resolute thump.

A furious ring of the front door bell sounded through the house.

He ran into the hall and opened the door. In the porch stood a handsome girl and a woe-begone, dripping man.

"Oh, may we come in?" the girl asked, with an expression half amused, half rueful. "We have met with an accident."

"Of course, come in at once." He led the way into the study.

"Our motor ran into the canal," the girl said, answering his look of surprise. "My—brother was pitched head foremost into deep water—"

"And you?" Wentworth asked.

"Oh, I contrived to escape with only a wet skirt," she laughed. "But poor Harry—"

"I am fearfully cold," quavered the sopping person referred to.

"I can get you a change of clothes," suggested their host.

"I—I think, if it wouldn't be taxing your hospitality too far, I should like to have a glass of hot brandy and water and go to bed," replied the dripping one, quivering with anguish.

"Come along, then." Wentworth led the way to a visitor's room, lighted the fire and got hot grog for his depressing guest. Then he lost no time in re-joining the lady.

"I think I have made your brother comfortable," he said. "He seems rather sorry for himself."

"Ah, yes," she agreed, "poor Harry has quite lost his nerve. Left it in the canal, if he ever had it."

"Now, I am going to forage for some supper for you," said Wentworth.

He returned presently with a tray furnished as daintily as he could contrive, and they sat down laughingly to the impromptu meal.

"So you live here all alone?" the girl asked.

"All alone. Please don't think me a miser from this beggarly fare. It is merely the result of my poverty. I have been foolish, or, as my relations tell me, wicked enough to run through my fortune.

"And now you are paying the penalty."

"Yes," he replied, with a laugh. "I

am only sorry that you have to share it."

She laughed demurely. "Do you know, I am enjoying this immensely."

"In spite of your brother's serious condition?"

"I'm afraid so. At least it is freedom."

"Ah, yes." He became more interested than ever. "You have been suffering from—the other thing?"

"From coercion? Yes. The usual sort of coercion that a girl like me is liable to."

"Ah; not connected with matrimony?"

She nodded. "That is the only thing people think a girl is good for."

"You are not in favour of it."

"With a man of someone else's choosing? Certainly not."

"I can sympathise with you—feelingly," he said warmly. "And so you ran away with your brother?" he asked, much amused.

"I would have run away with anyone."

"Ah!" he commented, half to himself. "I wish I had been there. And so you did not approve of your family's nomination?"

"Certainly not. His one qualification was his poverty."

Wentworth opened his eyes. "Usually considered a disqualification."

"Not," she rejoined, "where the girl has the misfortune to have money."

"Ah, true," he agreed feelingly, as he helped her to cold rice pudding.

"Do you know there ought to be a bond of sympathy between us. With the conditions reversed, I am in your position."

She put down her half lifted spoon and looked at him curiously. "You? How? Oh, I see. They want you to marry a girl for her money? And you won't marry her? That's right."

He nodded to the tray. "The ham sandwiches and rice pudding of love are better than the turtle soup and champagne of dislike."

"I am glad to hear you say so," she declared.

"I have written to tell my interfering aunt so," he proceeded. "Here is the letter. I was just off to post it when you arrived."

As he flourished it before her, she caught sight of the address.

"Lady Teviot," she exclaimed, rising in dismay. "Why it is a Lady Teviot who has been— Oh, you don't happen to be by any chance Mr. Richard Wentworth?"

"I'm not anybody else," he answered. Then he cried, "And you? You are never Muriel Tresham?"

"I'm afraid I am," she replied with an arch appreciation of the position.

"So you were running away from me?" he said.

"Yes. But fate has decreed that I should run after you, it seems."

"I wish," he declared, "we could continue the journey together."

"That can hardly be," she replied, with a little discomfited laugh.

"Oh, what a fool I have been!" he cried regretfully. "I wouldn't believe my aunt when she assured me you were—what you are. Muriel, I beg your pardon, Miss Tresham, may I throw this letter into the fire?"

"You don't know the true state of affairs," she said. "You had better keep the letter to be posted later."

"Muriel!" He took her hand. Then there came a loud ring at the bell.

He went out and returned, ushering in two ladies, his aunt and Mrs. Tresham.

"Here of all places!" Lady Teviot cried.

"Yes. To think of your finding me," Muriel returned defiantly.

"A letter for me?" Lady Teviot said taking it up.

"One moment, my dear aunt," Wentworth interposed hastily. "Let me ask a question before you read it. Miss Tresham it lies with you to say whether my aunt is to open that letter or burn it unread."

There was a pause.

"You may as well throw it into the fire, Lady Teviot," Muriel said.



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# MONEY AND MAGNATES

### Newly Rich Back of Market Movement.

THE recent active trading movements, that have been taking place on the Montreal Stock Exchange, are being ascribed mainly to the operations of men who have recently acquired a very considerable amount of wealth by disposing of their real estate holdings. Many of these men have been, in a sense, poverty poor for years, owing to the fact that they could not find an opportunity to market their holdings; but the recent tremendous boom in real estate all over the Island of Montreal has afforded a great many of them the opportunity of cashing in. The attractiveness of the stock market has evidently got hold of a lot of them, and so far their transactions have been on such a large scale that they of themselves were sufficient to bring considerably higher prices in many issues. The question, however, is whether they would be able to find a market for much of their stock around the prices that now prevail, and whether any attempt on their part would result in prices sliding off rather quickly from the present levels. Their operations, however, have been a great boon to Montreal brokers, as they make sure of their own commissions, whether their clients happen to be selling or buying. At the same time as the new group have been finding out things about the market, other interests are at work trying to create a market for their own specialties, and stocks which people would not look at a month or six weeks ago are now being picked up at from ten to fifteen points higher than they were in some time. Somehow the public always seem to like to go into a stock near the top. A Montreal broker once said about Dominion Iron, when it was selling around 18, "They may not touch it now, but you will see them falling over themselves to buy it when it is up around 60," and they did.

\* \* \*

### Changes in the Two Largest Milling Companies.

BY a rather interesting coincidence important changes have occurred this year in the direction of the two largest Canadian milling companies. Shortly after the sudden passing away of Mr. Robert Meighen, who had been the active head of Lake of the Woods Milling Co., the announcement was made that Mr. F. W. Thompson was retiring from the active management of the Ogilvie Company, that he would retain his position only nominally as managing director, and would have associated with him a new general manager.

It would be difficult to find in Canadian industrial circles two men in the same line of business who were such constant rivals as were Mr. Meighen and Mr. Thompson, and, as a rule, they were to be found in absolutely different positions—both as regards the grain and flour markets. When Mr. Thompson was "bullish" on the market it was almost a safe bet to say that Mr. Meighen was distinctly "bearish," and the same thing applied as to their views on the probable course that the flour market would take. Both men had been identified with the milling trade for a great many years, and though they operated their concerns in distinctly different ways, still both were tremendous money-makers.

\* \* \*

### What Should a Mining Company Do With Its Surplus?

THE directors of the La Rose Mining Co. are certainly grappling with an interesting situation when they are trying to make up their minds as to the best thing to do, as far as the shareholders are concerned, with the \$1,000,000 surplus which the company has now accumulated. A great proportion of the shareholders of the company paid up around \$8 a share for their stock, which is now selling around \$4, and, of course, if they are ever to come out right on their holdings, it will have to be because of the large dividends or bonuses which they will receive, and which will go a long way towards making up the loss in the price of their stock. What is troubling the La Rose directors is whether the shareholders, being as numerous as they are, would really benefit by a carving up of a bonus of say a half million dollars, which, in the long run, would mean a comparatively small amount of money to each individual holder. A great many of the shareholders seem to think that if the money were kept in one amount and carefully invested in some other properties, there might be a chance of their making some real money with it in the long run, whereas if they all get a few hundred dollars at the present time, the probability is that a very large percentage of the number will, in seeking to invest this small amount, lose it in one way or another. Of course it is a great responsibility for the directors to try to decide just what property should be bought, but with the way that their own claims are working, it would seem to be a pretty fair chance to take to try to locate other properties and, perhaps, by developing them, uncover bodies of ore, which would mean a great deal more to the shareholders than any paltry sum which they might receive at the present time. It is, however, a question on which very large shareholders and very small shareholders are likely to have somewhat different views, as any distribution at the present time would mean so much more to the large shareholders than to the small that they might consider it more advantageous to have it now than to look forward to the prospect of not getting it at all.

\* \* \*

### New General Manager of Ogilvie Company.

MR. W. A. BLACK, who assumes the newly-created office of General Manager of the Ogilvie Flour Mills Co., Ltd., has for many years been regarded as the practical wheat and milling man of the entire organization. For years past he has been Western General Manager of the company, a position he gradually rose to from the office staff in the time when W. W. Ogilvie was at the head of the company. For a great many years Mr. Black's reports as to the actual wheat conditions in the Canadian West have been looked forward to by leading grain exporters, and those reports were usually among the most reliable that ever came out of the Western wheat belt. In addition to having a large number of lieutenants who could size up the situation pretty correctly for him, Mr. Black himself was always directly in touch and could tell just how many bushels were likely to be obtained to the acre. Mr. Black was also in charge of the Western mills and elevators of the company.

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Profits Earned in				
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\$333,325	\$381,146	\$428,682	\$501,922	\$615,083
Profits Earned in per cent. of Premiums Received				
1906	1907	1908	1909	1910
20.9%	21.99%	22.36%	24.49%	27.39%

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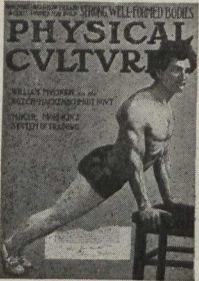
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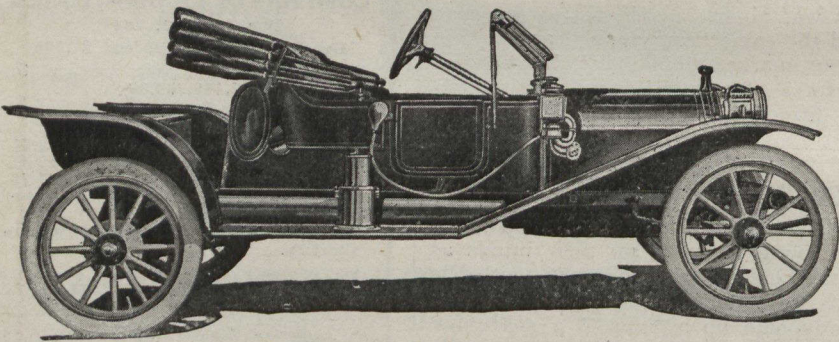
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## PEOPLE AND PLACES

### Hon. Clifford Sifton's Escape.

**HON. CLIFFORD SIFTON**, who was extremely prominent in the reciprocity campaign, had a narrow escape from death the other day near Ottawa.

Mr. Sifton, an enthusiastic member of the Ottawa Hunt Club, was chasing the hounds with some other members of the Club.

The run was a wildly exciting one. The eager huntsmen even followed the foxes along the railway track. The dogs were slowly creeping down on their prey. Hunters shouted, horses, thundered, dogs barked.

Above the deafening medley of sounds arose the hoarse shriek of a locomotive. It had been tooting for several minutes, but the hunters were so absorbed in their sport, that they had not given it a thought.

Suddenly the powerful engine and its train of clattering cars whirled through a clearing in the woods near by. It flashed down the track right upon the hunters at full speed.

Some of the hunting party scampered across the rails. Hon. Mr. Sifton, who is very deaf, did not realize the oncoming danger. Two of the hunters sprang to his aid and cleared the track with him, just before the heavy train rocked past in its wild career.

### A Record of the Pen.

**THE** Nova Scotia Historical Society, which has been particularly active this summer, unveiled a tablet the other day that marks one of the epochs in Canadian history.

The inscription speaks for itself:

"The site of the first printing press in Canada, established by Bartholomew Green, Jr., 1751, and of John Bushell's press, where the Halifax Gazette, the first paper in Canada, was published in 1752."

The tablet, in other words, marks the founding of Canadian journalism. Bartholomew Green was an immigrant from Boston. Bushell was the man who bought him out in 1752 and became the first Canadian newspaper proprietor.

The first newspaper in Canada was the Halifax Gazette.

The second newspaper in Canada was the Quebec Gazette appearing in 1764.

The newspaper business started to boom after these two papers began to increase circulation.

In 1778, the Montreal Gazette of today was born.

The famous Upper Canada Gazette electrified Niagara in 1793.

But our century and a half of Canadian journalism all originated in Halifax, the birth place of the first printing press, first newspaper, and first free parliament.

\* \* \*

### Money in This.

**AT** this season of the year the dorries of the fishermen creak out of Maritime harbours to take the toll of the sea.

Some of the fishermen along the coast of St. John and Charlotte counties in New Brunswick are making big money these days out of sardine herrings, which are sold across the line.

They get four to six dollars a hogshead for them.

In one weir at St. George one chap took in 1,000 hogshead. He banked \$4,000.

In four days fishermen at Lepereaux had a harvest of 2,494 hogsheads. There seems to be money in the big sardine industry from the Maine border to St. John harbour.

\* \* \*

### Plight of New Brunswick.

**MRS. LANGSTAFF**, of Prescott, whose struggles to obtain recognition as a full-fledged barrister in the Province of Quebec were recounted in these columns recently, has now a companion in trouble. She is Miss Mabel French, a New Brunswick young woman. Miss French is having a strenuous time persuading the powers that be in British Columbia to allow her to practice law. She has the qualifications, having held briefs in New Brunswick before she went West.

Judge Morrison, of Vancouver, handed down a decision in her case, to the effect that women were not entitled to try law examinations or practice law in the Province of British Columbia.

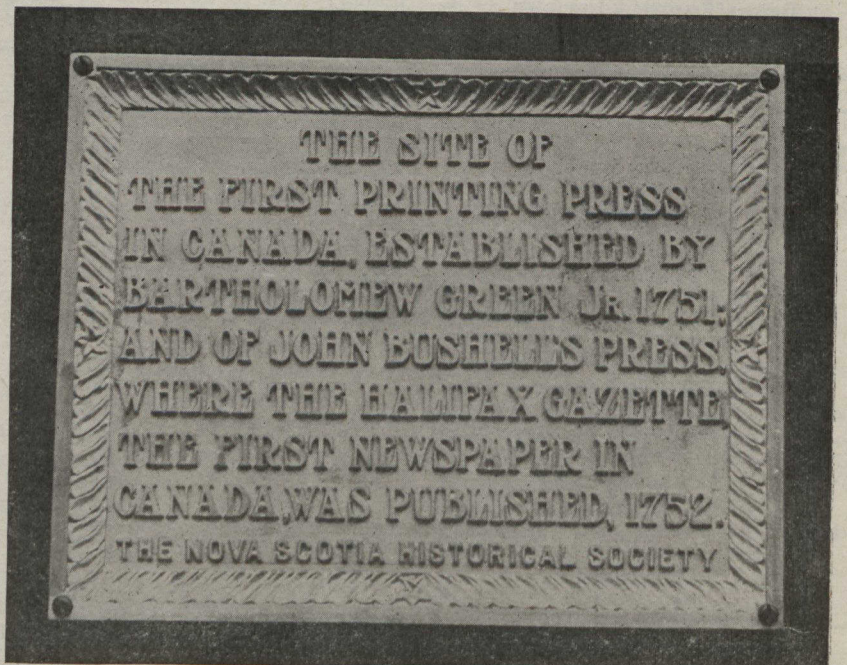
Miss French, who hung out the proud shingle—Bustin & French—in St. John, naturally feels strongly because of the adverse condition she has to face on the Pacific Coast.

\* \* \*

### Vancouver and the Stadium.

**TWO** Americans have been booming a project in Vancouver which is attracting considerable attention. They want to build, with the assistance of the city, an immense stadium to accommodate an audience of 45,000 people, and to cost \$250,000.

These chaps seem to think that Vancouver is a live enough town in the way of patronizing games. Sports, band concerts, and such outdoor



Mayor Chisholm, of Halifax, recently unveiled a tablet commemorating the founding of the first printing press in Canada by Bartholomew Green, Jr., in 1751. The tablet bears the Mayflower, the symbol of Nova Scotia, and was designed for the Nova Scotia Historical Society by Mr. Andrew R. Cobb, architect of the Memorial Tower.



"frivols" to justify erecting such a mammoth structure.

The Park Board of Vancouver, which is being asked to help by the promoters, is undecided as to the wisdom of the proposition. There is some feeling that such a stadium would be a big advertising agent for Vancouver. Those in favour are reminding those against the Vancouver stadium that the city of Tacoma, across the line, has a stadium of 32,000 capacity.

If Vancouver builds the stadium she will be uniquely equipped with an outdoor auditorium. One of the most disagreeable features about watching athletic sports in this country is the discomfort to the spectator through wretched accommodation.

\* \* \*

**Sydney in Earnest.**

SIXTY of the leading citizens of Sydney, N.S., sat down at the festival board in Sydney the other night.

The occasion was a striking one. The city was entertaining the directors of two of the largest industries in Cape Breton. The chief business men of Sydney, over cigars, had the privilege of talking heart to heart Sydney's future with the directors of the two great Nova Scotia companies—the Dominion Iron and Steel Co. and the Dominion Coal Co.

Men like Mr. J. H. Plummer, Mr. Fred Nicholls, and Senator MacKeen discussed problems which are imminent in Sydney just now.

Mr. Plummer aroused great enthusiasm when he declared that there was no better place on the coast for a shipbuilding plant than New Sydney.

\* \* \*

**The Tragedy of Pauline Johnson.**

PAULINE JOHNSON, song bird of the red men, will sing no more.

Every lover of Canadian literature hears with profoundest regret, that acute heart trouble, with which she has been afflicted for some time, has at last forced Miss Johnson into retirement.

Her physicians state that the renowned Indian poetess will never lift a pen again. The daughter of the Five Nations lies out in the city of Vancouver a chronic invalid.

And the pity of her illness is that she is in want. Poets are never celebrated for worldly riches. Canadian poets are no exception. Miss Johnson is as widely read as most Canadian poets. But she possesses no fortune to withstand the inroads of doctors' and nurses' bills.

Recognizing this, the Canadian Woman's Club of Vancouver has generously come to the assistance of a genius whose poems give pleasure to thousands of Canadian homes.

A fund has been started to publish a de luxe edition of Miss Johnson's works.

\* \* \*

**The Romance of Song.**

THE bosoms of the papers throughout Ontario have been rather agitated during the last few days by the matrimonial adventures of Julius McVicar, formerly of Sarnia, Ont.

It appears that Mr. Julius McVicar, an ordinary Ontario town boy, has just sung himself into a Standard Oil fortune of some fifteen millions.

Julius is the son of the late S. A. McVicar, one-time editor of the Sarnia Canadian. About a dozen years ago Sarnia became too slow for him, and he took a train for New York. He landed on the stage.

In Gotham he made quite a reputation among Broadway managers as a musical comedy singer. Tall and handsome, he was noted for the gallantry he could put over the footlights in his songs. He became a favorite among matinee girls. It was certain that he was cut out for a romance.

The romance came. It happened that one day the widow of the late Alanson Clumner, oil magnate, attended one of McVicar's performances. The lady was thrilled by the vocal strains of the Canadian singer. At the residence of some of her friends she met the lion. As the country weeklies are putting it:

"It was a case of love at first sight." A marriage took place the other

afternoon at the "Little Church Around the Corner."

And Julius McVicar, who not so long ago was knocking round Sarnia in knickers, has to-day a wife worth \$15,000,000.

\* \* \*

**An Equal Chance for All.**

THE MONTREAL STAR remarks that the Chinamen of the metropolis have caught that popular Canadian malady, real estate fever.

Slant-eyed Celestials, with great foresight, are said to be booking lots in the boom districts of Montreal, often paying down spot cash.

Their activity is in great part speculative. They are not merely reaching out for laundry sites.

Critics, who insinuate every time the police raid a gambling hell and rope in a score of yellow men, that the men of China are not getting as square a chance at gambling as those whites who frequent the Woodbine, Bluebonnets, or Fort Erie, can surely now have no ground for contrasting gambling facilities afforded white or yellow men.

Chinamen, buying lots for speculative purposes, have entered what is sometimes the greatest gamble of them all—real estate.

The Chinese realty market the last few days has been taking somewhat of a slump. Money, which would ordinarily go into lots, is drifting out to the revolutionists in the land that is waking from its long sleep.

\* \* \*

**A Tale of the Sea.**

THERE is a sea captain in Halifax, and the fish plead to eat right out of his hand.

He is the gallant Captain Chambers of the Furness liner Durango.

Captain Chambers has just sailed his ship over the seas from London.

As a result of this trip, he is not so sure that appealing to fish is quite the best sailing quality a sea captain may have.

The Durango had a peculiar experience on the way over. Out in mid-ocean the liner came to a dead stop.

On investigation it was found that the circulation pumps weren't working, and would not work until the intake pipe was relieved of the school of swarming fish which were trying to board the boat by this route.

\* \* \*

**Alive to Tell It.**

THERE is one man in Canada who was actually run over by a railroad train and not killed! Indeed, his injuries were so slight that he remarked, almost cheerfully:

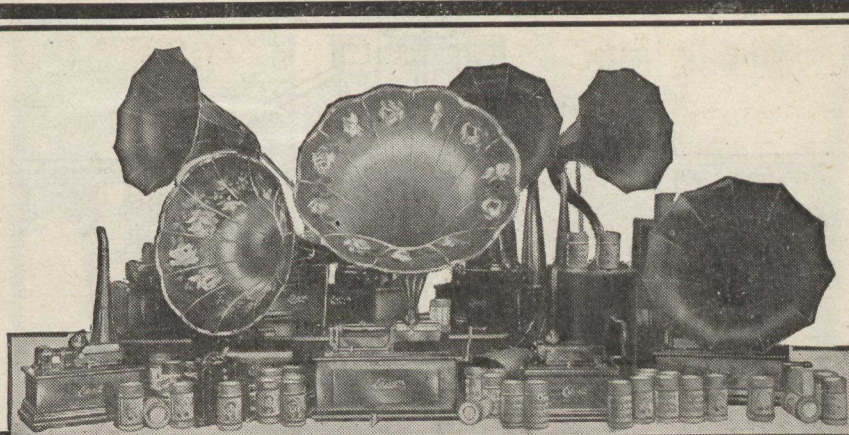
"My arm hurts me the worst, but it will be better, I hope, in a few days."

The experience of Robert Higgins, the bridge constructor of the Grand Trunk, who, in a moment of carelessness, was knocked down by a locomotive at Sarnia, reads like the yellowest of romantic fiction.

Almost a whole train passed over his body. He lived to tell the tale, and a vivid story it is:

"I felt the engine crawling up on me, and I could do nothing. I thought the ash box would catch me and grind me. It caught in my coat, and I was shoved along on the track. My face was being ground in the cinders, but I was powerless. I was dragged some feet, when my head dropped down into a hollow and the coat gave way, releasing me from the ash box.

"I was safe from that danger for the moment, but I feared the brake beams. They are fastened in the centre with steel rods, and I knew that if I were caught by the ends of the bolts I would be killed. I edged to the side of the track to escape them. I felt the wheels of the tender and cars scraping my arms. I crouched down as close to the ground as I could to escape them. When the first trucks passed over there was some space before the rear ones came. Then I yelled. Three cars had passed over me before the engineer heard me. He stopped when part of the fifth had gone by, and I was found under the cars. My companions rushed up, expecting to find me ground to pieces. However, I was only bruised."



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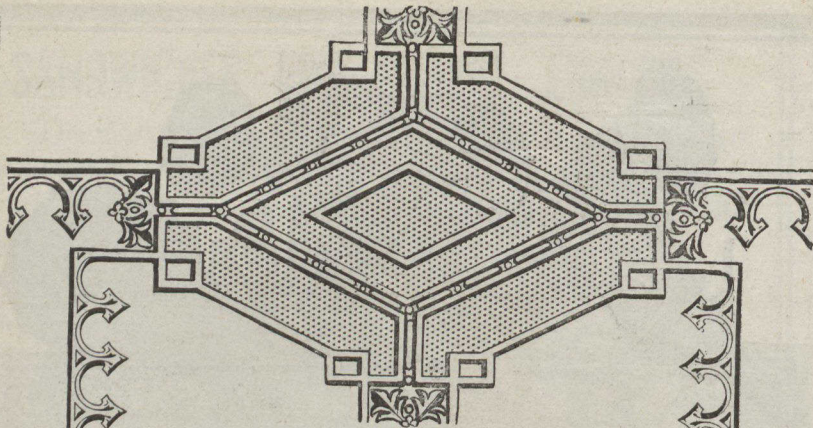
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The supreme restorative and life-giving virtues of "Wincarnis" are admirably illustrated in the letter given below which Mrs. Draycott sent out of gratitude for her husband's miraculous recovery. The letter also again proves our claim that

"Wincarnis" gives new life to the invalid, renewed strength to the weak, increased vigour to the brain worker and a wealth of health to everyone. Read Mrs. Draycott's own account of how



**gave a lease of new life to her invalid husband**

Gentlemen,—I must acknowledge that your "Wincarnis" deserves the highest praise. Some time ago my husband underwent two serious operations for internal injuries, which left him in a state of extreme weakness, in fact, he was a thorough invalid for months. Nothing seemed to revive him until I bought him a bottle of "Wincarnis." The result of the first few wineglassfuls was really marvellous. It picked him up wonderfully, and made him brighter and happier, and seemed to give him a lease of new life. So I continued giving him three wineglassfuls a day, and I am thankful to say that he is now stronger and healthier than he has been for years. Words cannot express my thankfulness for my husband's miraculous recovery.

Yours gratefully, E. J. DRAYCOTT.

The above letter carries a message to you. If you suffer from Weakness, Exhaustion, Anaemia, Sleeplessness, Brain-fag, Debility, Depression, Lowered Vitality, Nervous Disorders, etc., "Wincarnis"

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Can be obtained at all first-class Druggists, Stores, etc.

TRADE NOTE: Wincarnis can be readily obtained from all the leading Wholesale Distributing Houses in the Dominion.

## MISSIONARY CONVENTIONS

(Continued from page 12.)

ability as a speaker and organizer has made him a notable figure throughout the English-speaking world. Another equally notable speaker was Mr. John R. Mott, chairman of the World Missionary Conference and chairman of the Continuation Committee appointed by that Conference.

The secretary of each convention was either a layman or a clergyman who was especially interested in the movement, while the general committee for each consisted mainly of business men. For example, the chairman of the Hamilton convention was Mr. Coppley, of the firm of Coppley, Noyes & Randall. The secretary was Mr. C. W. Graham, of the firm of Buntin, Gillies & Co. The other members of the committee were Mr. L. R. Tobey, Mr. C. W. Heming, Mr. G. J. Allan, Mr. William Somerville, and Mr. Seneca Jones. There were also denominational secretaries, one layman from each Protestant body. A committee of clergyman looked after the programme for the Convention.

A similar set of committees had charge of the convention in the other cities.

In the literature which was issued the "real aim" of each convention was expressed as follows:

"The supreme object of the Convention is to bring to every Church the information and inspiration that will make possible an every member canvass. This is of the utmost importance for the development of the home church and the cause of world-wide missions. This canvass should be carried on in every church immediately after the convention."

There were other features which are equally interesting. For instance, in the Hamilton "invitation" the following phrase appeared: "Come and bring your pastor with you." Among other notable phrases are these: "To be a Christian is to be a Missionary"; "The Evangelization of the World in this generation"; "Canada's share is 40,000,000 of the world's unevangelized."

## THE LATEST PLAYS

(Continued from page 7.)

humour has been provided for contrast.

The current season is making stage history. "Bunty Pulls the Strings"—the most novel and refreshing play since "Peter Pan"—records the second step of the present season, in the long delayed movement to give the rest of the British Isles some representation on the American stage. The English stage has always been with us. A few weeks ago a skilled company of Irish players landed on our shores and have been playing to the edification and delight of Boston ever since. "Bunty" brings Scotland to the fore with a real Scottish company, a real Scottish play and a real Scottish author, Mr. Graham Moffatt.

"Bunty Pulls the Strings" would be appreciated in Canada even more than here, where the dour conditions of a provincial Scotch family on the Sabbath day, in which sunlight and secular reading are alike excluded as frivolities, are within the experience of many of the present generation; where the kirk with its cold formalities is the ruling factor in people's lives, and where to be made an elder and stand behind the plate is the noblest ambition they know. These are the conditions and worse that confront "Bunty" the winning and winsome daughter of Tammas Biggar who, alas, combined with religious severity something less than perfect saintliness of character. When her old father is found out and denounced before the kirk as a fraudulent trustee, it is "Bunty" who saves the situation and follows up her advantage to make rebellion on parental tyranny and pull the strings for her own happiness and the domestic happiness of other members of the kirk-ridden family. The story is simplicity itself, but the humour is delicious and the characterization as realistic as the accent. "Bunty" has made such a hit here that it may be a long time before it goes to Canada. But go it will undoubtedly, and, as you love the memory of the kirk, don't miss it.

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European Plan. Absolutely Fireproof.  
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European plan. 150 rooms, with baths and every modern accommodation. Rates \$1.50 per day upwards. Restaurant one of the largest and best equipped on the continent.

**The Scrap Book**

**Curiosity.**

They speak of Yankee lust for gain,  
Of endless work and mental strain,  
Of lack of pleasure, lack of ease,  
Of unrelaxing energies.  
They tell us that the young and old  
Are in a mad pursuit of gold.  
But have you ever seen the gang  
That gathers at a fire-bell's clang?  
Or men on information bent  
Who throng to see an accident?  
A punctured tire, a runaway,  
Will make them linger on their way;  
They even stop before a shop  
To-rubber at a razor-strop;  
They stop before a window-pane,  
Forget their so-called greed for gain,  
Or linger for an hour or more  
To ponder on the baseball score.  
Ah, yes, we are a busy race,  
So wrapped up in the dollars' chase  
That we have not an hour to spare—  
Go tell it to the copper there.  
—Milwaukee Sentinel.

\* \* \*

**Loyal.**—Marks—"So your Italian barber refused to shave you? Why was that?"

**Parks**—"I told him I'd just had a Turkish bath."—Boston Transcript.

\* \* \*

**Another Beau's Stratagem.**

When I proposed, my Ermytrude,  
And you politely answered "No,"  
Then offered me your sisterhood  
By way of solace for the blow,  
I wonder if you really knew  
The sort of bargain you had struck;  
If so, it seems apparent you  
Possess abnormal pluck.

No longer will each fatuous word  
Of yours be deemed a pearl of wit;  
If what you say appears absurd,  
I shall not fail to mention it;  
The honeyed speech I used of yore  
Belongs not to your altered rank;  
A brother's normal tone is more  
Unflatteringly frank.

Thus, using my fraternal right,  
I feel I need not hesitate  
To say you've looked a perfect fright  
In all the hats you've worn of late;  
Your love of red, I also think,  
Proves you a veritable goose;  
It does not suit you, dear, while pink  
Makes your complexion puce.

You see, it is a brother's way  
To mention little things like these,  
And I shall treat you day by day  
To kindred candid pleasantries,  
Till, as in course of time you find  
A sister's lot is fraught with pain,  
You drop your status, change your  
mind,  
And bid me hope again.  
—Punch.

\* \* \*

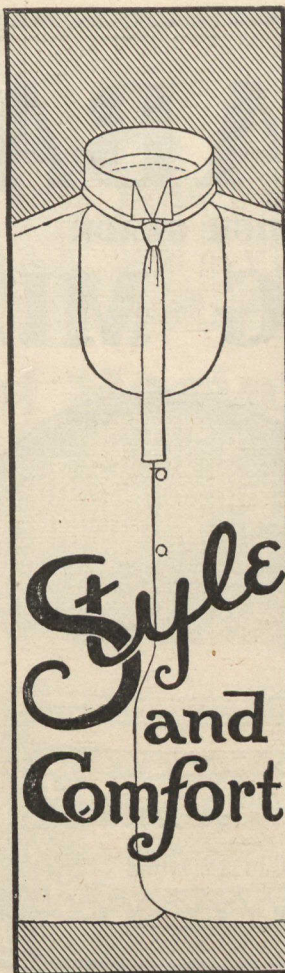
**Extravagant.**—"My friend, the architect, has a hard job on his hands."  
"What's that?"  
"He has a rich customer who wants him to build an Italian vendetta around her new cottage."—Baltimore American.

\* \* \*

**Then He Felt Safe.**—They stood on the curb at the busiest corner of Chestnut Street. He wore a wrinkled tow linen affair that generally advertises a traveller in a day coach, and on his hat was a thick dust of another country. Add ragged grey whiskers and you have the fellow whose picture in the comic papers is labelled "Si." His wife was with him, very much so, for they held each other's hand with a tight clutch. They were waiting for the tide of traffic to thin out enough to let them across. But every time they attempted it a trolley car seemed to bear down on them. Several times they were stampeded back to the curb, and they became convinced that the motormen were trying to mangle them under the wheels.

Suddenly the hawklike eye of the farmer discerned a chance. Tugging at his wife, he said:

"Come on, Sairy; here's a motorman ain't lookin'."—Philadelphia Star.



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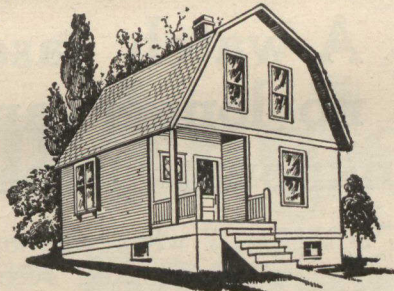
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Outclasses old styles,  
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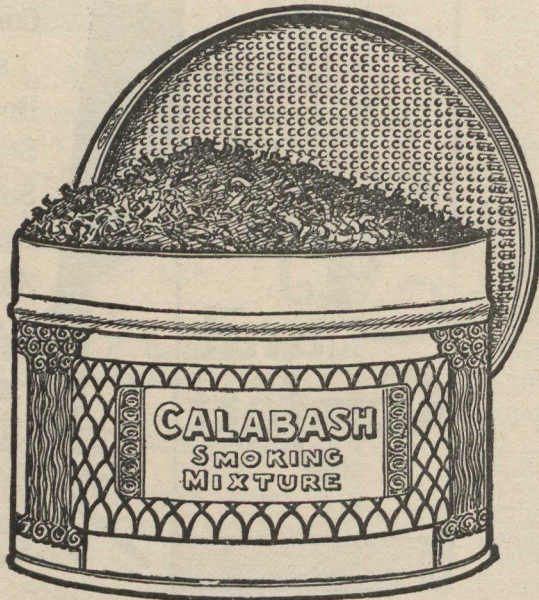


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 8 oz. Tin Costs .....75c  
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### THE RUNNERS OF THE AIR

(Continued from page 6.)

But the cloud remained on the face of Gregory Nicolaievich.  
 "Captain Andrews of the British Army," continued Count Sergius. "Here he comes. Be civil to him, Gregory!"  
 But the cloud on the outlaw's face had lifted.  
 "They don't make spies of Englishmen," he muttered with relief.

#### CHAPTER II.

THE AUSTRIAN AUTHORITIES MAKE A CALL.

A TALL figure in brown tweeds entered and strode across the room with long, cavalry strides. His light brown hair was cropped close, his long, square-jawed, weather reddened face was covered with tiny wrinkles, his piercing, light-blue eyes looked out from under shaggy, sandy-coloured eyebrows with a gaze that was frank, fearless and self-contained. His mouth, clean-shaven, was firm to obstinacy and reticent as his eyes were candid.

Count Sergius came forward eagerly to meet him; while Gregory, who had risen as he entered, remained standing close by the table, the fingers of his right hand moving nervously as if they longed to clutch the precious tobacco-pouch that lay close by on the blotter.

"Jove! But this is luck, old chap, to catch you here in Belgrade! I was afraid I'd find you flown," exclaimed Andrews in English.

"I call it more than luck, Bob! You were the very man I was wanting to see," answered the Count, in Servian. "But let me introduce my friend, Captain Andrews—Mr. Gregory Nicolaievich—a captain also, though of slightly irregular commission."

The Englishman gave the Servian a civil but coolly appraising glance, and the two men bowed stiffly to each other, with inarticulate murmurs that sounded vaguely polite.

"My very old and tried friend and companion-in-arms!" continued the Count, with significant emphasis.

A sunny smile broke over the Englishman's face, softening it to boyishness, and his hand went out heartily to the rough-looking stranger.

"The tried friends of Count Sergius are the kind of men above all others that I want to know," he exclaimed warmly, in good Servian.

Gregory took the proffered hand, but with frigid ceremony. His over-sensitive pride had been ruffled by that first searching appraisal of the Englishman's cool eyes. He made as if to go. He picked up his tobacco-pouch, but dropped it again instantly upon the blotter and stretched out his hand, with its long, well-kept fingers, for his peasant cap, which lay on the back of the desk. The Englishman's keen eye took note of those fingers, so little in keeping with the garb or their owner.

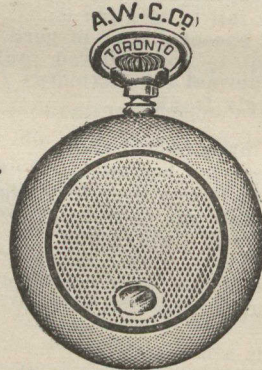
"Well, I'll bid you good day, Captain Andrews," he said. "And I'll see you again this evening, Serge Ivanovich, about ten o'clock, if you'll be in then. Or at eight to-morrow morning, if that will suit you better."

"Man," exclaimed the Count impatiently, "you are as suspicious as a cat! You men of the Black Mountain are as touchy as a porcupine. You can't be running off like that, Gregory Nicolaievich. You're needed here—and right now, not to-night at ten o'clock, nor yet to-morrow morning." And with intimate affection he pulled Gregory down into the nearest chair.

AS he repeated the name of Gregory Nicolaievich, the Englishman looked up sharply. It was evident he had not caught it when he was introduced. His blue eyes danced with delight and he hoisted his long length—which had just subsided into an arm-chair—once more to its full height.

"Really," he exclaimed, "I didn't catch your name, you know, first shot. Hope you'll pardon my stupidity. But if you're the Gregory Nicolaievich those Austrian rascals down in Bosnia are looking for so anxiously, I'm much honoured. I've just come up—

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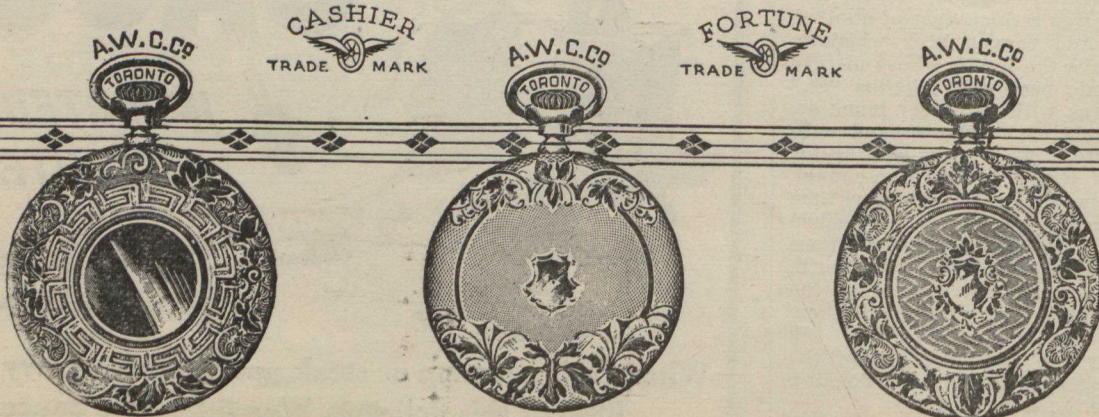
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not without troubles of my own—from Sarajevo. I'd like to shake hands with you again, Captain Gregory."

The Montenegrin's white teeth flashed under his moustache in a gratified smile and his hand shot out impulsively.

"Yes, the Austrians do me the honour to interest themselves in me," he assented. "And I can imagine they look on you, Captain, with some distrust. Count Sergius tells me you are with us."

"Indeed, yes, I am with you!" responded the Englishman simply. "But I'm afraid, Captain Gregory, I'm not going to see as much of you, just now, as I would wish. It is not only in Bosnia that the Austrians are looking for you. It is right here in Belgrade, also; and right now. They're hot on the scent."

"Curse them!" said the Montenegrin. His eyes flamed, but he seemed by no means surprised at the intelligence. Count Sergius, however, was more disturbed.

"What do you mean, Bob?" he demanded. "You've just arrived. How do you know so much already?"

"Well, you know, I was at the Prefecture just now, raising a row about some stuff I've had stolen since crossing the frontier. Of course, I was having a devil of a time to make myself understood, in a mixture of English and French—because at that time I thought it prudent not to know a word of Servian! That being so obviously and naturally the case, the agent of the Austrian minister, who came in while I was there and appeared to be in a great hurry, talked quite frankly before me.

"He was demanding the immediate arrest and extradition of one Gregory Nicolaievich, for the shooting of an Austrian official of some sort, somewhere on the other side of the river. I must confess that the description of the guilty personage did not exactly tally with your present appearance, Captain Gregory. But—"

"I have several appearances," interrupted the Montenegrin, smiling. "I find it advisable at times!"

"Quite so," agreed the Englishman. "Well, it appeared that the Prefect was most unwilling to be convinced that it was his duty to arrest you, but the Austrian, as usual, was obstinate and from the strictly legal point of view, Captain, he seemed to have a case! The Prefect had to yield, which he did with a very bad grace and as much delay as possible. But, procrastinate as he may, the warrant is doubtless out by this time and we may be sure our Austrian friends will let no grass grow under their feet. They seem to want you badly and I should judge that all the time you've got is none too much, Captain. If I can be of service, please command me absolutely."

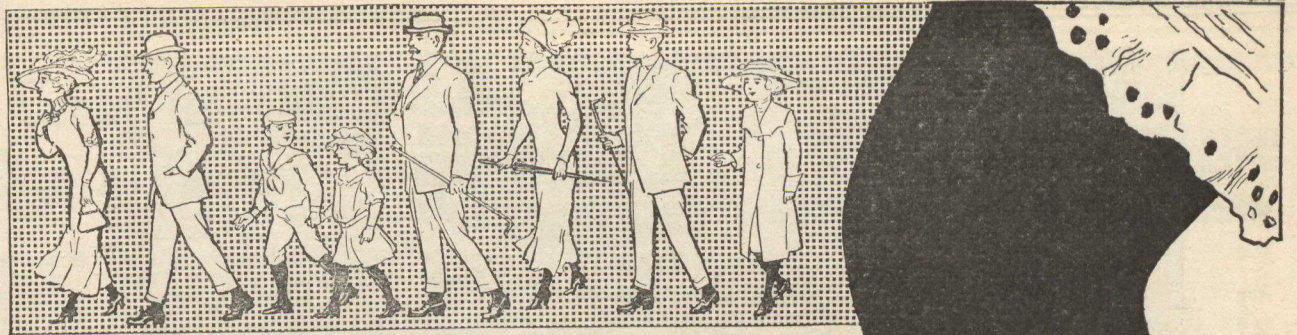
"Is it something new, Gregory?" demanded Count Sergius, with a trace of anxiety in his voice. "It's doubly necessary to be prudent, just now, surely!"

THE mountaineer gave a little laugh of satisfaction.

"It was quite unavoidable, believe me, Serge Ivanovich," he answered. "There were several of them and they permitted themselves to be too inquisitive. I was a little abrupt perhaps, but if I had not been so, they would have found—what it was necessary they should not find. And I should not have been here. They wanted to search me for letters, documents of any kind, you see. And that means a minute search! I told you there were difficulties to be considered when things were across the river!"

"If they track you here, my Gregory," said Sergius, "I've no doubt you have some way of escape ready. But it might lead to complications, to more suspicions where I am concerned. And suspicions would be inconvenient. I crave obscurity now, for some time on."

"Oh," said the Montenegrin easily, "they've been thrown off my track for a while. They probably won't know I've come here at all. There are plenty of backyards in Belgrade, and Michael, down-stairs, is a friend. I came by the backyard route and I'll



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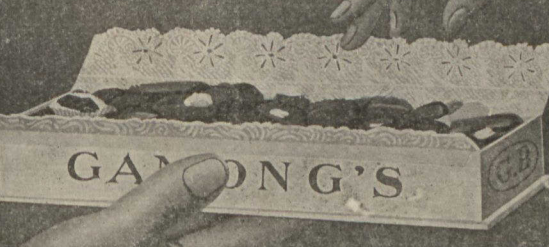
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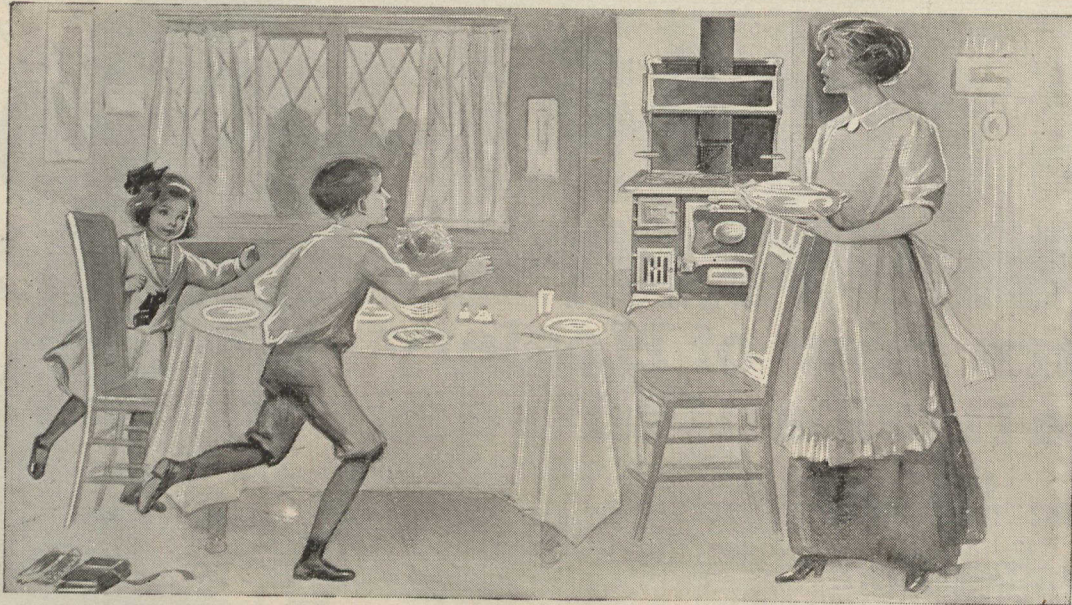
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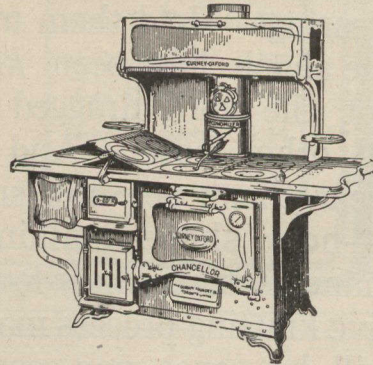
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go that way. When I let them pick up my trail again it will be a long way from the street where Count Sergius lodges."

"It's as good as underground passages!" ejaculated the Englishman. "When I was a boy I thought there was nothing like underground passages and, by Jove, they've got the most ridiculous fascination for me even yet!"

"We fellows of the bush, we've got to have them everywhere, or something like them, Captain Andrews," assented the outlaw. "But now, my Count, I think I'd better be getting away. I didn't really imagine the enemy would be quite so hot on my heels."

He rose and looked at Count Sergius significantly.

"I'm in the way, maybe!" said the Englishman smiling and rising also. "I'll step out till you two are through."

"Not a bit of it. You're needed right here, Bob," insisted the Count. Turning to the Montenegrin, he explained, "Andrews is in it, Gregory. He's the man I've had in my eye as the one we need, from the moment you opened your mouth to me about this affair. I answer for him. We can trust him with both our heads, as well as with what is far more precious."

The fiery, greenish-brown eyes of the Montenegrin met and plunged deep into the calm blue ones of the Englishman. They seemed satisfied with the result of their expedition.

"The word of Count Serge, of course, would be enough of itself for me," said Gregory. "But allow me to add, Captain, that I do not find it difficult to trust an Englishman."

Then he selected a folded scrap of paper from several that were in his pocket and spread it out on the blotter before Count Sergius, at the same time motioning the Englishman that he should inspect it, also.

"In case of its falling into wrong hands," said he, "you'll see that I have put down nothing that could indicate the part of the world it refers to. For the locality and how to get there, you must trust to your memory. From Pravnitza, the high road, such as it is, runs nearly northeast about eighteen miles till it strikes the little village of Solvich. A bridle-path leading up the hill from the back of the village takes you to old Maria Petrovich's cabin—a good five miles from the village, in the hollow behind the ridge. That square at the foot of the map is Mother Maria's cabin—better not give it any name!"

"She lives there with her son, a sturdy lump without more wits than enough to watch a hog-wallow, but honest and faithful. The country about there is open and reasonably level, with woods to east and north, about half a mile distant. Here and there you'll see a big oak—maybe six or eight in all. But there's only one other tree—the pine marked in the map. Straight north from Mother Maria's cabin is a curious-looking rock, like a beast crouching. There you see it. The only trees near by are the ones I've marked. You can't by any possibility go wrong. Well, if you sight off three lines, just as I've marked them here, at the two points of intersection you'll find what you're after. But they're messy places to dig for that's where Mother Maria's hogs are penned at night and she keeps a lot of them. Have you got it all straight now in your mind?"

(To be continued.)

**More Practical.**—The Prodigal had returned. "Father," he said, "are you going to kill the fatted calf?"

"No," responded the Old Man, looking the youth over carefully. "No, I'll let you live. But I'll put you to work and train some of that fat off you."—Toledo Blade.

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**Ready for Work.**—"Now," said the warden to the forger, who had just arrived at the prison, "we'll set you to work. What can you do best?"

"Well, if you'll give me a week's practice on your signature, I'll sign your official papers for you."—Tit-Bits.

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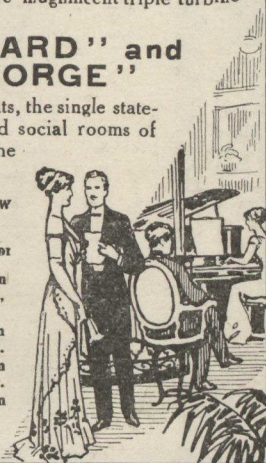
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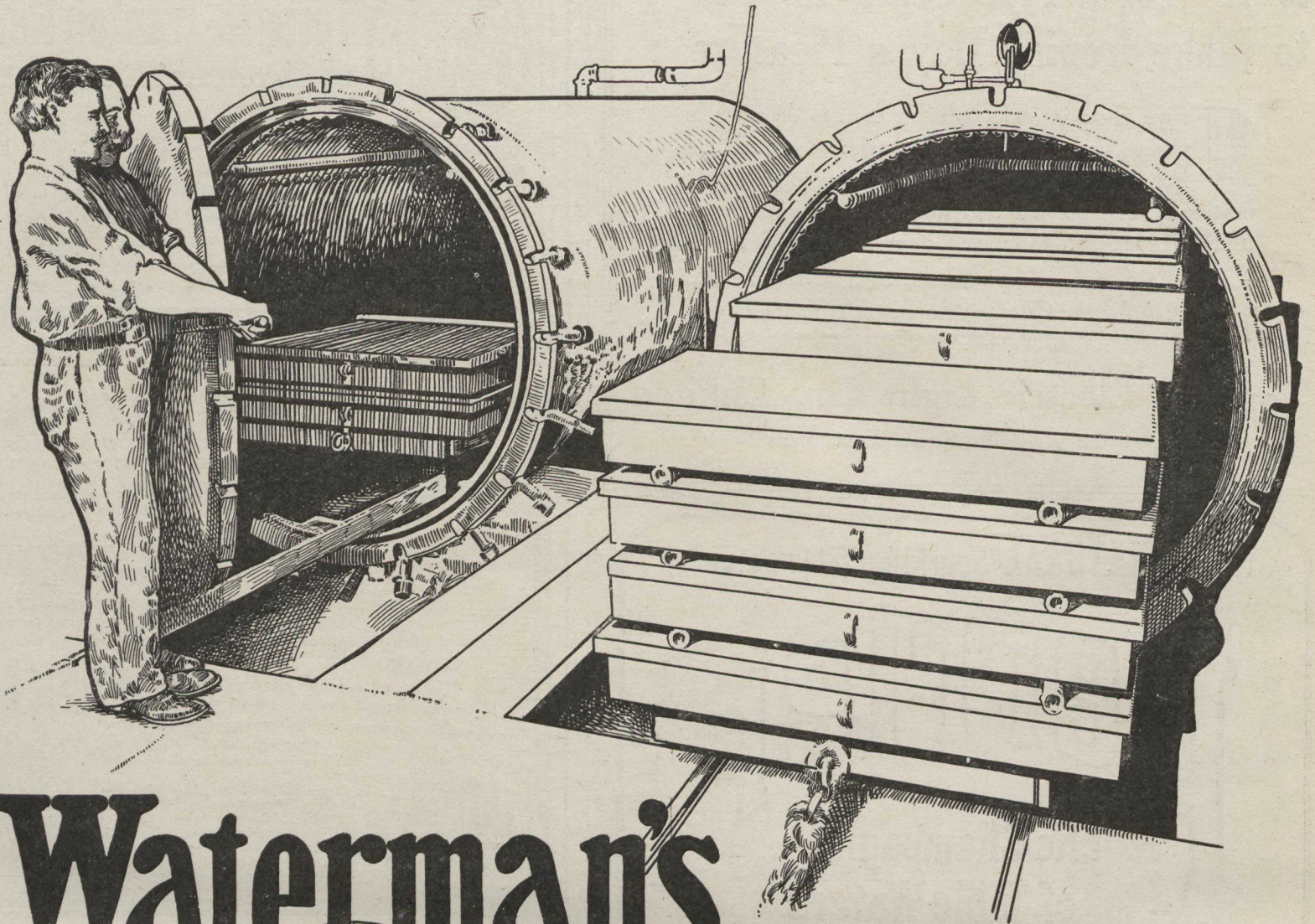
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