

The Canadian

Courier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



Country Life Supplement



Character, Inside the House

By G. M. West



The Great Durbar

Striking Photographs



English Country Houses

With Special Photographs



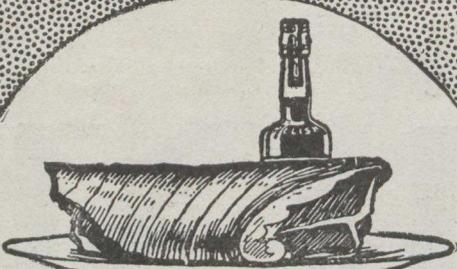
The Organist's Pupil

Story by John Strange Winter



Handling Christmas Mail

By H. W. Hewitt

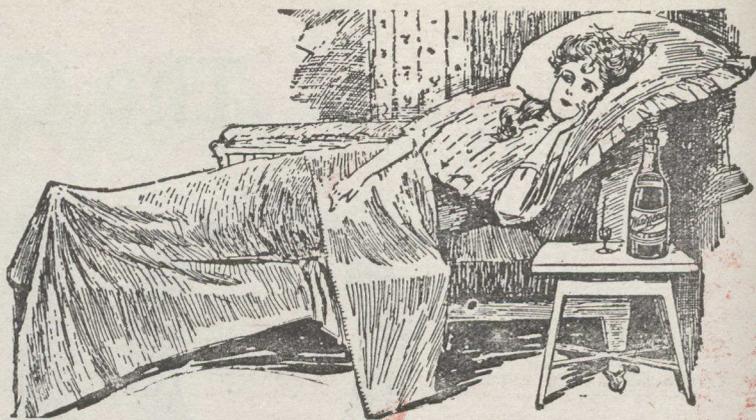


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The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

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VOL. XI.

TORONTO

NO. 6

CONTENTS

Character, Inside the House	By G. M. West.
The Great Durbar	Special Photographs.
Canada and the French Tongue	By Monocle Man.
Plays of Holiday Season	By J. E. Webber.
English Country Houses	With Photographs.
The Women of the West	By Canadienne.
Handling Christmas Mail	With Photographs.
The Organist's Pupil, Story	By John Strange Winter.
Why Willie and Lillie Were Late	By Estelle M. Kerr.
Runners of the Air, Serial	By Charles G. D. Roberts.
Reflections	By the Editor.



Editor's Talk

OUR present intention with regard to the "Country Life Supplement" is to have it appear in the first issue of each month. It is not yet all we hope to make it. The country-life movement is only beginning in Canada; there are as yet no model suburbs; the idea of town-planning on a large scale is in its infancy in this country. As these movements grow, so will our "Country Life Supplement." Meanwhile, we ask our readers, especially architects who are working along these lines, to assist us in securing information, pictures, and drawings which will add to the value of the department.

* * *

This week, our leading short story is by that famous woman, Mrs. Arthur Stannard (John Strange Winter), who passed away in London, England, last month. She was a splendid writer, and will be keenly missed by a great army of admirers throughout the English-speaking world. She was known as one of the few women in England to wear a monocle—having acquired the habit when it was more fashionable than it is to-day.

* * *

Next week we shall publish an interesting contribution entitled "The Woes of a Tory M. P.," by a Tory M. P. There are a lot of people who would be sorry if they missed this "confession" of an "insider."

* * *

Shortly we shall begin a series of humorous stories about Jews, written by Ed. Cahn, one of them. Everywhere to-day there is a healthy curiosity concerning the Jew, and these stories will satisfy that curiosity among our readers in so far as it exists.

Electricity in the Household

Chapter No. 1.

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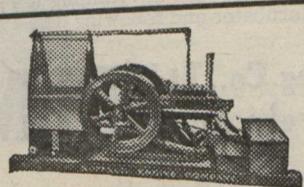
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largest and most successful poultry farm in the Dominion,—the Poultry Yards of Canada, Limited, at Pembroke. So they wrote and told us they wanted to raise poultry as we raised it. You can do that too; we have guided these twenty thousand odd successful poultrymen and we are ready to guide you.

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There Are Big Profits in Poultrying

TO get the maximum profits out of anything requires experience or knowledge. A bad start may take years to overcome; don't handicap yourself. Use our experience and knowledge instead of purchasing your own through bitter and costly disappointments. The Peerless Way has made smooth the hard road of the beginner and solved his problems before he even knew of their existence. Step by step, we will teach you every detail of The Peerless Way, so that as the business outgrows your back-yard, you can engage in it on as extensive a scale as we do.

It Will Cost You Little To Adopt The Peerless Way

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less Way—ten years hence or even longer! All you need to do is to write and your problems will be investigated individually and answered personally. We stand back of our followers not only in the raising of poultry, but also in turning their poultry and poultry products into revenue producers of the highest type.

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Get Into An Under-Supplied Market With Rising Prices

THE rise in prices of both eggs and poultry, during the last few years, will show you that the market must be a tremendous money-maker for someone. Why should not you be among those who are taking the easy profits? You can be as successful as anyone, if you will only let The Peerless Way show you how—if you will follow our methods and devote just a little time and more or less common-sense to the work. Send the coupon and get "When Poultry Pays"; it will tell you more about The Peerless Way.

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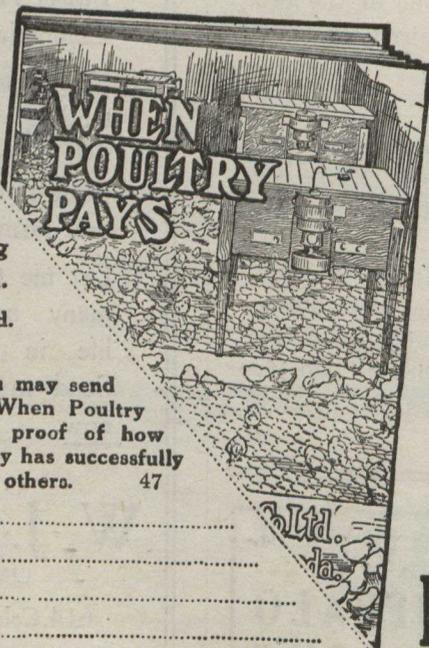
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The CANADIAN COURIER

A National Weekly.

Vol. XI.

January 6, 1912

No. 6

Handling the Yuletide Mail

Work of Men Who Can't Be Home for Christmas Dinner

By DONALD B. SINCLAIR

WALK down street Christmas Day, meet some official in the service of the Post-Office Department, clap him on the back and say, "Merry Christmas, old chap!" You will wonder at the peculiar worn smile on his lips as he accepts your good wishes. All the world has a good time on December 25th—except those who provide the entertainment. They work. And among those who are absent from the guest table at the Yuletide festival, are the men connected with the distribution of His Majesty's mail.

None labour so perseveringly, and with such self-sacrifice, that others may enjoy themselves, than your postman, who, on Christmas morning, with a bright and cheery smile, hands you a gaily decorated card, or package pregnant with mystery. He is the link which binds the affection of friends, separated by oceans and by prairies. While you are reclining in the luxurious depths of a Morris chair, smoking a "presentation" cigar, he is creaking down the frost-bitten street, humped with a load of toys and books and candy for the world to laugh over. His family know him not. They gather around the table to feast on turkey; he is eating a sandwich, perched on a mail sack. When the evergreen is ablaze with lights, his children wish that "Dad might only come." Couped up among mountains of mail in a musty post-office, he is fervently muttering that wish, too. But he is about his business; business before pleasure. It happens in the life of the postal staff that Christmas is the very busiest time of the year.

Its business in the Christmas season just closed was unprecedented. At no previous holiday season

were the mails so heavy. That is in great part because there is all the time more of a cosmopolitan interest being taken in Canadian Christmas. The pictures on this page show an Atlantic liner landing its Yuletide cargo at Halifax. From Europe,

Victoria, who, many of them, worked fourteen hours the day the rest of the nation sat down to the Christmas festival. The ordinary staffs were augmented by additional temporary clerks and carriers. Take Toronto as typical of the Christmas rush in the Canadian post-office. During Christmas week 140 new men and 130 extra waggons were added to the Toronto postal force. In the heat of the battle a special restaurant for employees was installed on the premises, where, at stated periods, batches of clerks repaired to refresh the inner man for another round.

Though the imminent necessity of their work deprives the postman of the ordinary joys of Christmas, he has a consolation in the fact that without his energies—well, there wouldn't be a real Christmas at all. If the post-office men did not meet the liners at Halifax, St. John, Montreal or Victoria, take from them their messages of good will for the city, the prairie and the Arctic trail, one half of the world would go without its message. And what is Christmas, anyway, but a message?

When you stop to think of it, you wonder how the mail-carrier can so well preserve a cheerful Christmas spirit. Not only is he required to work on the great holiday, but also at every house where he calls he sees evidences that other people are enjoying themselves. Many a man who can hardly imagine what it feels like to work on Christmas day would probably carry a good-sized "grouch" if he had to change places with the postman on that day. But, as a rule, the patient, faithful carrier of letters goes about his Christmas task with a surprising amount of cheerfulness.



Handling the Christmas Mail at the Dock in Halifax Harbour.

Asia, Africa, Australia, and the other half of America the Christmas mail stream pours into the Dominion, and is regulated and guided by Canadian postmasters. The stream is swelling. Every year there are an increase of inspiring Yuletide messages to be conveyed from the Old World to those who have come to this "land of hope."

Much Foreign Mail

Statistics of the cargoes of two great ocean liners, which docked at Halifax recently, give some idea of the amount of foreign mail handled in this country at Christmas. *The Empress of Britain* discharged on December 21st, 5,841 cases and sacks of mail. The week before, the *Hesperian* handed over to the Canadian postal officials 5,500 bags and cases, 2,500,000 Christmas letters, and 1,000,000 parcels! Think of the enormous amount of extra toil these stamped articles entail upon the officials, whose business it is to distribute them, while the Yuletide bells are ringing. At the Toronto post-office, for example, on an ordinary day in October, incoming British mail amounts to a paltry forty sacks of matter. The day the *Hesperian* docked last month 7,000 packages of mail left Halifax for Toronto. Every scrap of this mail, from the humblest Christmas card to bulky articles, such as five-pound boxes of candy, had to be checked by the officials.

Tremendous Increase

Postmaster Rogers, of Toronto, says that the increase of British mail received this year over last year at his office is seventy-five per cent. His estimate can pretty well be taken as applying also to the rest of Canada. No details can be given as yet of the incalculable mass of Christmas mail matter which reached this country from the United States; nor of the huge volume of domestic mail. All of it was handled by men from Halifax to



Sacks and Hampers of Mail between decks on a Canadian Mail Steamer.



Christmas Luggage as well as Christmas Mail on Dock after the Steamer Arrives.

THE ORGANIST'S PUPIL

A Romance Based Upon a Love for Music

By JOHN STRANGE WINTER

I.

OF all those who had to do with the teaching of music in Blankhampton the parish organist took the first place. When I was a little lad I used to think that it was because the organist of the parish carried the prefix of Doctor before his name, but I found later that that was but one of the many illusions of childhood. For a while later more than one professor of music in the old city suddenly bloomed out in the same prefix, in hoods and other gewgaws, the social result thereof being absolutely nothing. So now, looking back from beyond maturity, I know that Dr. Elvington was the great power in musical circles in Blankhampton because he was Dr. Elvington, and not because he had taken a degree.

Now it happened that Dr. Elvington was sitting quietly in his study one day when his man servant came and told him that a lady was in the drawing-room and wanted to see him.

"Is there a fire in the drawing-room?" he asked.

"No, sir. As Miss Elvington has gone out to lunch and will not return until dinner-time I thought I would light the fire about six o'clock."

"I see—yes. Well, James, you had better show the young lady in here. Is it someone for me—not for my sister?"

"No, sir," said James—"she particularly asked for you."

The man withdrew, closing the door softly behind him. Dr. Elvington got up from his place at the desk and, crossing to the fire-place, stirred the already good fire into a better blaze. Then the door opened and James announced "Miss Silverthorne." The Doctor took a step forward, holding out his hand.

"How do you do?" he said.

There was a moment's pause.

"How do you do?" said Miss Silverthorne.

"Won't you sit down?" He indicated a comfortable chair on one side of the fire. "You—er—you wanted to see me?" he said, as he took possession of the one opposite.

"Yes, I—I want to play your organ."

"Oh—you do?"

"Yes. I—I think I may say that I want to take lessons on the organ, and I want to have the opportunity of practising on a big organ like Blankhampton Parish."

"Indeed! I see. You have studied the organ?"

"Oh, yes."

"With whom?"

"I studied with Holl of Utrecht," she replied.

Dr. Elvington dropped his hands between his knees. "So? A good man—a very good man."

A very good master. I could not stand the climate; I was only there a few months. Before that I was with Weirchhoffer, of Mensdorff-Meissen."

"Indeed! And did you begin with him?"

"Oh, no! She laughed so heart-whole and genuine a laugh that Dr. Elvington found himself laughing in spite of himself.

"No, I began with our old organist at home. He didn't know much, poor dear; not merely as much as my piano-master did, but he played very well. Then I went to Worcester for a while—we were living near Worcester—and I—I got a bit from him. Then I went to a little German town that you probably do not know anything about, where they had a very fine organ and a very fine organist—Rosenbaum of Meilingen, near Prague. After that I went to Weirchhoffer. He advised me, as I wanted to get towards home, to try Utrecht and Holl. I told you I couldn't stand the climate. I got fever; I didn't think it was good enough. I am living quite near to Blankhampton with my people, and I want now to come to you."

Now it must be confessed that Dr. Elvington had a sufficiently good opinion of Dr. Elvington, but the young lady's record somewhat took his breath away.

"You must have begun young," he said.

"I am twenty-two," she replied.

"That is not a great age to have done all you have done. I take it you must have been studying for at least six years?"

"Well, I have been studying the piano more or less since I was eight years old. I began tinkering about the organ when I was about fourteen. I have worked the last five years."

"I'm sure you have. Why do you want to come to me? Is it only because you want to practise on the parish organ?"

"Well, if I did I should consider it worth it," she said, in her somewhat abrupt fashion. "But, as a matter of fact, Dr. Elvington, I have heard you play more times than once. I know all about you. I—you have got something I want."

"Indeed?"

"Yes, you have got something I can't get," she said, smiting one gloved hand into the palm of the other. "I must get it. I don't care what it costs—in reason; but I must get that effect that you are able to get. I have tried—all yesterday I spent in the village church. I never went home till I was



"And Myra Silverthorne played that wonderful melody."

Drawn by Miss E. McLaren.

frozen out. I—I can't get it—I must! I'm an enthusiast in my work—I must get it! It worries me; I can't sleep."

"Come, come!" he said. "Come, come! Not so bad as that. Now, will you come into the dining-room? I have an organ there—well, a small affair, fit for a house. It is there because that is the biggest room we have. Come and let me hear you play."

"On a small organ in a house?" She hesitated for a moment, then turned eagerly towards him. "Dr. Elvington," she said, "will you play Chopin's 'Marche Funebre'?"

"Yes, I will."

"Then I will play it after you. You will know enough of my technique to know that I am worth taking on as a pupil—that I shan't discredit you. You will know in an instant where it is that I fail. I hate failure. None of my house have ever failed—never for hundreds of years. Am I to be the first?"

"No, no—certainly not! But come, let us go into

the dining-room and see what we can do. Stay! Would you like to go across now into the parish and play for me?"

"Certainly; I should love it."

"Well, we'll take James with us. James blows sometimes when the regular man is not there. But it will be cold."

"Oh, no, I am never cold."

"Not even yesterday?"

"Oh! that was because I could not get my effect."

"Very good. Will you have anything before you go?"

"No, thank you. I had tea in the town. I—I only want the organ."

He looked curiously at her as she rose and stood in the full light of the electric lamp. She was slight and slim, rather tall than short, although she seemed quite a little girl beside his superior height and big, powerful frame. She was dark, with a pale, rather insignificant face, redeemed, however, by magnificent brown eyes. He knew enough to see that she was beautifully clad, that her furs were costly, that evidently she wanted nothing of this world's gear. He bent and touched the bell, and she in turn looked scrutinizingly at him.

"James," he said, when the door opened, "could you go across to the parish with me and blow for a little while?"

"Certainly, sir."

"Well, put a thick coat on, James."

"Thank you, sir."

"My man had the influenza a little while back. I am careful of him, he's such a good fellow," he said to the stranger.

"I like you for taking care of him," she said, flashing a glance at him. Then she looked up again. "You must have begun young?"

"I have never done anything else," he replied.

"What, as a little child you played—because you played?"

"I think so."

"It was there in you—you only had to open the door and let it out. It's there in me," she said, tapping her breast—"in me—in there—and I can't get it out. It cries—oh, it is dreadful—Let me out, open the door! I want to sing. I am a prisoner—I am fast; it is horrid in here, so dark, so desolate! I—I want to sing to the world. You can't sing when the door is locked and you can't turn the key."

"Well, we will try," he said. He brought his hand down on her shoulder. "I like you—you're a sister artist. You came here today as an ordinary pupil—"

"Yes."

"Well, I won't take you as such. I'll—but there, let us go across and see what we can do."

He turned out the lights in quite a prosaic fashion as she passed into the hall, took up his hat, and slipped into a huge fur-lined coat.

"I don't sport this coat in the open," he said, "I just keep it for travelling and sitting in the loft when it's awfully cold."

"Don't you have the loft warmed?"

"Yes—oh, yes; they call it warmed, but it's awfully cold all the same."

They entered the Cathedral by a little door which James was holding open.

"Lock it after you, James," said the Doctor.

"Yes, sir."

James had already turned up a single electric light, which burnt within the hood which screened the door from the wintry blasts and the noise of the outer world.

"This way," said he. He led her to the screen, opening a little almost-hidden door. "I will go first, Miss Silverthorne; these stairs are tricky."

As James had mounted the stairs he had turned on several small electric bulbs.

"Now, this is my perch," said the Doctor. "Is it like the others you know? I have never seen any of those organs on which you have studied."

"Yes, just the same. I think it has more room. May I sit here?" There was a velvet-cushioned seat at the base of the keyboard.

"Assuredly."

"It does not worry you to have anyone watch you play?"

"Not a bit. Now, you wanted the Marche Funebre?"

"Yes."

You know the Marche Funebre, my readers? If you do not, get it, learn it, study it. If you cannot, get someone else who can to play it to you—to play

(Continued on page 25.)

THROUGH A MONOCLE

CANADA AND THE FRENCH TONGUE.

ONE of the most remarkable things in Canada to me is the fear which some of us of English speech seem to have of the French language. We are inclined to treat it as we do a contagious disease. We want to isolate it—quarantine it—vaccinate against it—make it the modern version of a penal offence to be found propagating a pernicious knowledge of it. Now I do not imagine that it would hurt us to know more French or more of anything else which makes for culture. Education will not spoil us—bitterly as we fight against some of its more obvious manifestations. No Englishmen of standing who comes amongst us, thinks of himself as a educated man unless he can speak French. The representatives of the Crown invariably delight our fellow-Canadians of French origin by addressing them in their own language; and they seem to be entirely oblivious of the fact that thereby they are “shattering Confederation to its foundations,” and turning this young nation aside from a great and glorious and homogenous—and homeopathic—future.

* * *

NOW the French language will not bite. Its liquid beauty embalms much of the best literature in existence. French drama is a copious stream which never runs dry—as does the English riverbed. Any language is a more or less clumsy and loose vehicle for elusive human thought; but the French fits much more snugly to certain of our more delicate and involved conceptions than any other—especially than any Northern speech. If I were making the laws, I would be far more apt to make it compulsory for every Canadian school to teach French as well as English in practical and workable fashion, than to enact that coronation of contented and bigotted ignorance which discourages the teaching of literary French to children who too often cannot get that quality at home. And if I were going to extend State assistance to either language, I would not give it to the language which finance and commerce and industry and all the professions unite to “boom” on this Continent.

* * *

THIS dread of French is a purely mediaeval and obsolete survival of a day when “race lines” meant national division. There was a time—there are countries now—where a struggle for race supremacy went on, and it made a very great difference which won. That gave us an instinctive feeling against the spread of any language save our own. But that instinct is about as applicable to modern conditions in this country as the instinct which leads a horse to jump out of his skin at the rustle of a piece of paper by the roadside. Once it meant a tiger creeping in the dry grasses to leap upon his back; but tigers are a bit scarce on our city-streets these days. The horse shivers and starts at nothing. So it is with English people who think they see danger in the spread of the French language. They are living yet in the days of their far-ancestors.

IT is time for a little plain talk on this subject. We all know that there is absolutely no chance for the French race ever to become the dominant race in Canada or on this Continent. I am not discussing now whether it would be good, bad or indifferent to have that happen. I am only saying that it cannot happen; and that there is no dreamer of French stock who imagines that it can. The English-speaking peoples have got far too long a lead. There will never be any “French domination.” I wish I were as sure that there would never be any “English domination.” The English people are absolutely secure in their position; and yet they use their majority at times to ostracise and pillory and brand with the stamp of inferiority and constructive treason the language of a loyal and patriotic and friendly section of our people who are engaged with us in building up a great nation in the most absolute good faith.

* * *

OF course, I am quite aware that some of us who have the philanthropic bent—who never satisfy our own selfish desires without pretending that we do so reluctantly for the sole benefit of some one else—are awfully sorry for “the poor little French children” who do not get the sort of education which we think is good for them, and so are deprived of the superior advantages enjoyed by ourselves. They are liable to be left behind in the wearing race of life because their parents will not give them the practical education which we give to our children. So we set out to rescue them from their parents and teach them to compete with our boys—thus reaching the climax of self-sacrifice. But would we be willing to be done unto as we propose to do unto these others? There are people in the world—and they speak French, too—who think that we handicap our children in the race of life by teaching them what they call “the Christian legend.” These other French people banish “God”—as we understand Him—from the schools altogether, and practically teach “free thought.” Now if they were in a majority in this country, would we like them to give our children “a better chance in life” by taking them out of the hands of their “benighted parents” and giving them the free and enlightened education of Paris?

* * *

IT is a dangerous precedent to deprive parents of the right to choose the education of their own children. The parents may be wrong; but, after all, parental responsibility for the training of the child is a very essential part of the institution of the family. Moreover, the parents are bound to exercise the greatest amount of influence in any case. The home does ten times as much to mould the child as the school. And the influence of both is greatly weakened and thwarted when they are openly at cross-purposes. No one will dispute that it pays any child in Canada to be conversant with English. English “pays” much better than French. All the tremendous forces of gain and advancement are fighting for English. Where French parents are

left alone, and are not forced into an attitude of hostility toward English as an instrument of oppression and the symbol of a crusade against their home life, they are eager for their children to learn the language of trade. But they still are parents; and they still can be deeply wounded by a State movement to prove to their children that their parents are old-fashioned and their homes unprogressive.

* * *

HOWEVER, what I started out to say was simply that it is silly and cowardly and mal-adroit and anything but frank for us of English speech to pretend to be “afraid” of the spread of French. There is nothing to fear. The language of this Continent was permanently settled long ago. When we move against the French tongue, we are not on the defensive—we are persecutors. Moreover, we are depriving life on this Continent of one of its too few picturesque features—of an opportunity and an incentive to the rest of us to learn the language of Moliere, of Balzac, of Hugo, of many a great name in the world's College of Culture. And, in doing this, we are not “helping the country” or saving our own tongue, but feeding with savage satisfaction a remnant of belated barbarism that still soils the “substance of our souls.”

THE MONOCLE MAN.

Newspapers and Charity

ONE of the most distinctive features of the recent holiday season was the enthusiasm with which the newspapers engaged in charitable work. It is said that charity covers a multitude of sins, but of course no one would insinuate that this was the reason for newspaper activity. The gentlemen of the Fourth Estate are interested in public movements which include charitable work.

One of the newest ideas in spreading Christmas joy has been worked out by the *Montreal Herald*. It was labelled “Mr. Goodfellow.” The basic idea was that the *Herald* should call for the names of a thousand good-fellows, each of whom was willing to play Santa Claus to some less fortunate individual or family. In this way they hoped to benefit not only the recipient of charity, but also the giver. During their four weeks of effort the *Herald* collected the names of a thousand goodfellows and told each one what he should do. There was much work in getting the right goodfellow for the right family, but certain general principles were followed which proved to be a success. Each goodfellow had to make a personal visit to the family to whom he was supposed to bring some measure of Christmas joy, and in all probability it will not be his only one.

When all the goodfellows had been given their special tasks, some five hundred cases were left over to be provided for out of a general fund. This left an opportunity for those who for some reason or other were unable to make personal visits. Their contributions went into a general fund and provided five hundred well-filled baskets for the left-overs. Apparently the scheme was a great success. Mr. J. S. Brierley, Managing Director of the *Herald*, and his staff, are most enthusiastic as to the success of the campaign. They do not claim to have done more than any other newspaper in Canada with similar opportunities, but they think that “Mr. Goodfellow” represents the broadest form of Christmas cheer.

THE FOURTH ESTATE DISTRIBUTES GOOD CHEER



A picture taken at the *Montreal Herald* office the day before Christmas, when Mr. Goodfellow was getting busy.

REFLECTIONS

By THE EDITOR

Is the World Civilized?

CERTAIN events of recent occurrence would seem to justify an inquiry as to whether or not civilization is progressing satisfactorily. There have been some very glowing magazine articles and some ponderously important books written to show that the nineteenth century brought tremendous progress to mankind in general. We have been told by nearly all the great orators that the men and women of to-day are kinder, broader, nobler, and more unselfish than any people that ever existed on the face of the earth. We have been complimented and flattered till some of us were foolish enough to think that man had almost reached perfection, that international peace and good-will hovered like Noah's dove over the face of the waters and that the millennium was almost in sight.

And yet we find the people of China struggling with each other in as ruthless and as barbarous a fashion as the Goths and Vandals of old. The Russians have swooped down upon Persia and have shown a rather ancient spirit as to the value of human rights and human life. The Italians have gone over into Tripoli, and have vied with the Turks in deeds of stupid and senseless atrociousness. England, Germany and the United States continue to expend the wealth of these nations in planning, inventing and building engines of war. Great Britain and Germany have their hands at each other's throat and the sagest observers maintain that a war between the two great nations is inevitable. Russia and the United States have cancelled a friendly commercial treaty which has existed for eighty years. Japan continues her assimilation of Corea and Manchuria, while Russia takes a similar friendly interest in Mongolia and Turkestan.

The wars and conquests of the twentieth century do not seem to differ greatly from those of the fifteenth century or from even those of the tenth century. Cruelties and barbarities are almost as rife now as at any time since the birth of Christianity. There has been progress of a kind, and it has effected many phases of human life and activity. The sign of the cross, whether at a priest's girdle or upon the band which encircles the Nurses' arm, has attained an enlarged significance, but it is questionable if it has yet become a living force.

All this goes to show that mankind's progress is terrifically slow. The road up the hill of civilization is long and tortuous and stony. There must be many more generations of social reformers and humanitarians before war and rapine are banished from the earth.

* * *

Prince Edward Island.

EVIDENCE accumulates that the elections this week in Prince Edward Island will return a Conservative Government to power in that Province. It has been Liberal for a long time. This, however, is not the hey-day of Liberalism. The shock which it sustained in September last in the Dominion elections will be felt for many days to come.

Moreover, it seems natural that the people in the smaller provinces should sympathize with the rulers at Ottawa and should trim their sails accordingly. It would be unfair, however, to place too much emphasis on this point in connection with the present change in Prince Edward Island. A political change was overdue in that province.

Might I respectfully suggest to Premier Mathieson that there are two things requiring the attention of a courageous public man in his province. In the first place the legislative council should be abolished so as to reduce the size of the Prince Edward Island legislature. The legislative council as they have it in the Maritime Provinces is a relic of medaevialism. If Ontario, Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, with their larger populations, their tremendous territory and their magnificent problems, can get along with a one-chambered legislature, the little Province of Prince Edward Island should be able to struggle along with the same equipment.

The next step is a corollary of the first. Something should be done to hasten the movement to unite the three Maritime Provinces into one large

and forceful political entity. The publicist of the Maritime Provinces who leads this movement will write his name large on the pages of Canadian history. The future growth and the future importance of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island depend largely on their willingness or unwillingness to subordinate local politics to the commercial development and industrial expansion which is theirs by just inheritance.

* * *

Manitoba Telephones.

AN interesting discussion is proceeding in Manitoba with regard to the new telephone rates recently announced for that Province. The telephone system of Manitoba is owned by the Province and operated under a commission. It was found that the rates were unsatisfactory, being too high in some cases and too low in others. In order to equalize the burden and to increase the revenue it was decided to re-adjust the whole schedule. In Winnipeg the rate for a private telephone is to be four dollars a month. If the subscriber prefers he may pay a dollar and a half a month and two cents per call for all over thirty. The business rate is to be four dollars a month with the privilege of making one hundred calls in that month; excess calls are to be two cents each. In the province outside of Winnipeg the rate varies according to the number of subscribers on the exchange. For business telephones it runs from

TWO MEN NEEDED

Ontario Needs Two Big Men

A COLONIZER AN EDUCATIONIST

The first must have nerve enough to ask the Province for one hundred million dollars to provide ready-made farms and homes for a hundred thousand settlers in New Ontario.

The second must be big enough to find enough and better teachers for the schools in the newer districts of the Province, and also to pull down all the one-roomed country schools in the Province. He must also be big enough to insist that farmers' children be taught farming in consolidated public schools.

twenty-five dollars per annum and for residences from fifteen to twenty-seven dollars.

If the commissioners do not find the book-keeping system excessive, their new scheme seems to be an admirable one. It enables the careful householder and the frugal business man to get a telephone at a low rate. At the same time it makes the large business concerns pay a high price for a large service. A business house, which has over a thousand calls a month would pay twenty-two dollars per month, or two hundred and sixty-four dollars per annum. The small user is benefited, and the large user finds his taxation increased. It will be interesting to discover about twelve months hence what the business men of Winnipeg think of the arrangement. There is scarcely any doubt as to what the householder will think.

* * *

Some Pointers From Abroad.

AT the meeting of the National Civil Service Reform League of the United States, held in Philadelphia recently, many interesting phases of the movement were discussed. Clinton R. Woodruff said he could easily recall the time when honesty was the sole plank of reform campaigns. Now honesty is taken for granted and efficiency is the demand. In the Canadian Civil Service this is equally true. We have an honest civil service, but that is not enough. We also need an efficient civil service.

That a Civil Service Commission may itself fall into bad ways was shown by the criticism of the New York State Commission. During the past ten months, Governor Dix had asked for 478 exemptions

—that is, he suggested 478 appointments without examination. Of these 271 were granted, representing \$660,000 in patronage. "This is the most flagrant disregard of the merit system since the passage of the civil service law in 1883," said Robert W. Belcher, secretary of the New York Civil Service Reform Association.

There is a pointer for Sir James Whitney in the report of William A. Moulton, president of the Illinois Civil Service Commission. He said that there are 55,000 employees now under civil service rules in that state. Ontario has no civil service rules and is therefore far behind the majority of the states of the Union.

Commissioner James Creelman, of New York, predicted that the merit system in civil service has proved so effective and efficient where it has been properly enforced, that it will be extended eventually to every city and town in the United States.

Toronto and Montreal need civil service commissions. Ontario needs one and so do the other eight provinces. The Dominions outside service is not yet on the merit system. There is much need of reform along this line, and yet it is surprising how little interest is taken in this great question even by the more cultured portion of the population. It is surprising how Canadians cling to the patronage system which Great Britain abandoned fifty years ago, and which the United States has been fast eliminating for a quarter of a century.

* * *

Physical Training at Universities.

STRANGE indeed it is that the Universities refuse to assume any moral obligation in connection with the physical condition of the students who attend these institutions. Some of them have gymnasiums and physical instructors, but in none of the universities is the use made obligatory. A student may attend the gymnasium when he likes, do what he likes or fail to visit it at all if he so desires. As for drill or calisthenics in the open, nothing of the kind is known. The few men who follow athletics, foot-ball and other sports, train intermittently and often unwisely. Even the value of walking and of well-aired sleeping rooms is not impressed upon either the men or the women students.

Indeed, the rapid increase in the number of women students emphasises the necessity for greater attention to the physical welfare of university students. Nearly fifty per cent. of the first-year students in Queen's University are women. This probably establishes a new record in co-education, but it emphasizes the problem. These women-students are likely to pay little attention to the rules of health and little attention to physical training unless there is some person in authority to order otherwise. If these women-students were living in university residences under college control it would be an easier matter to see that their food was of the proper kind, that the hours of study were neither long nor irregular, and that their sleeping quarters were well supplied with fresh air. It would also be easy to follow the practice adopted by all the girls' schools and insist upon a certain amount of walking out each day. Since these students live at home or in boarding-houses there is all the more need that they should be subject to compulsory athletics and physical instruction.

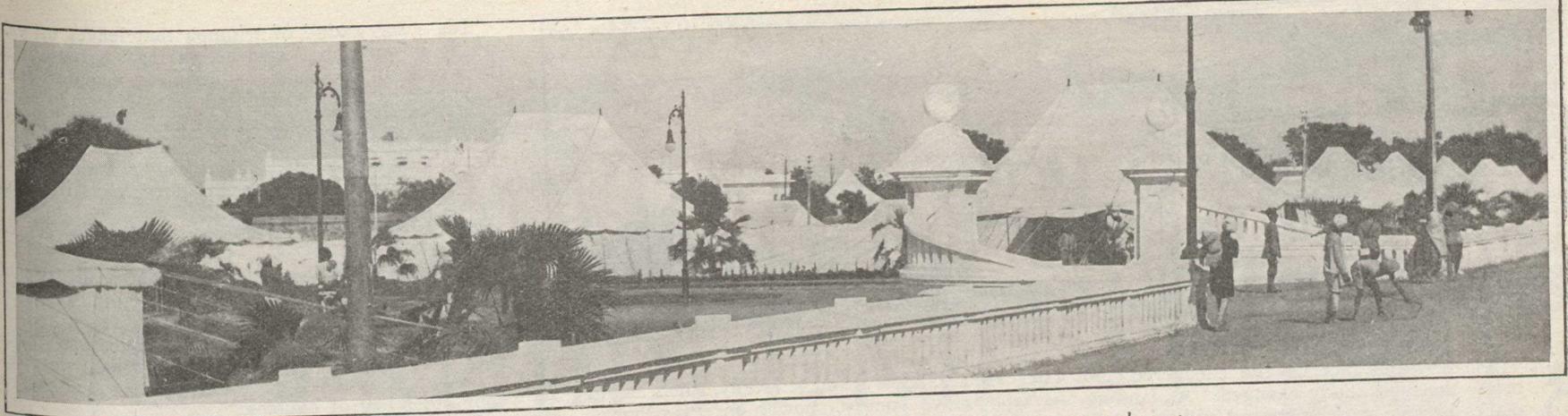
It seems strange that in Canadian colleges so much attention should be bestowed upon the mind and so little upon the body. In the Royal Military College at Kingston physical training is made of prime importance, and the young men who graduate from that institution are physically and mentally superior to the average university student. The R. M. graduates sometimes have a touch of snobbery which is not wholly pleasing, but the contact with the rough-and-ready world rapidly removes any portion of this which is undesirable.

* * *

The Sikhs and Their Desires.

AN unofficial announcement from Ottawa declares that the four thousand Sikhs in British Columbia will be allowed to bring in their wives and children if they are fortunate enough to possess them. Whether this means that a Sikh may go to India to seek a bride and bring her back with him is not stated. Nor is it mentioned that a Sikh lady seeking a husband will be allowed to enter Canada. Fuller information will be available when the special commissioner appointed to report on the whole situation shall have returned to Ottawa.

Whatever may be the opinion of British Columbia, it is clear that the Sikhs have rights as British subjects which it will be hard for Canada to permanently ignore. It will be especially difficult for the pro-imperialist members of the Borden Cabinet to be other than actively sympathetic.



A general view of the King's camp at Delhi. Their Majesties' tents are seen nearest the entrance.

THE ROYAL DURBAR AT DELHI

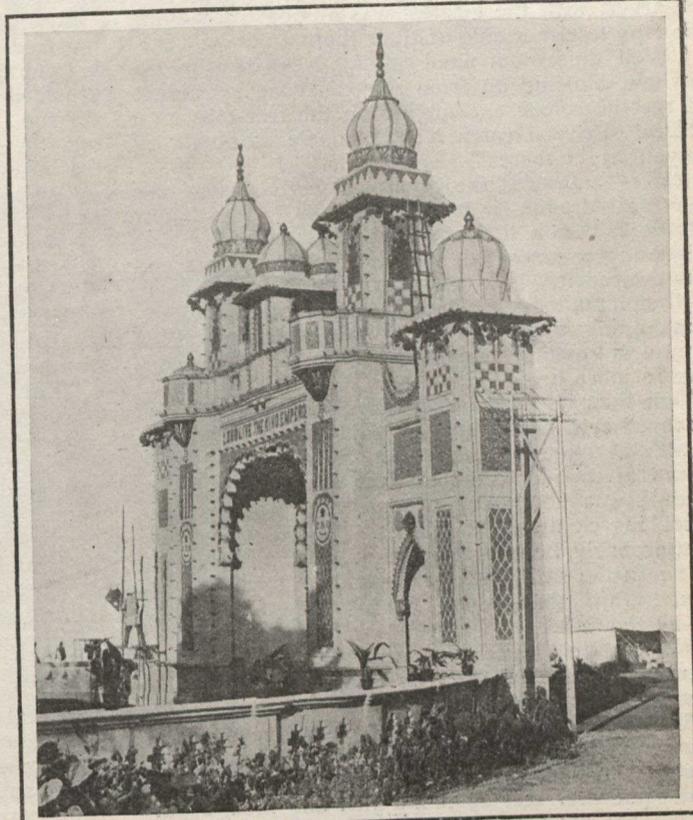


A native vendor of coronation portraits and post-cards at Delhi. These sell at one anna each.

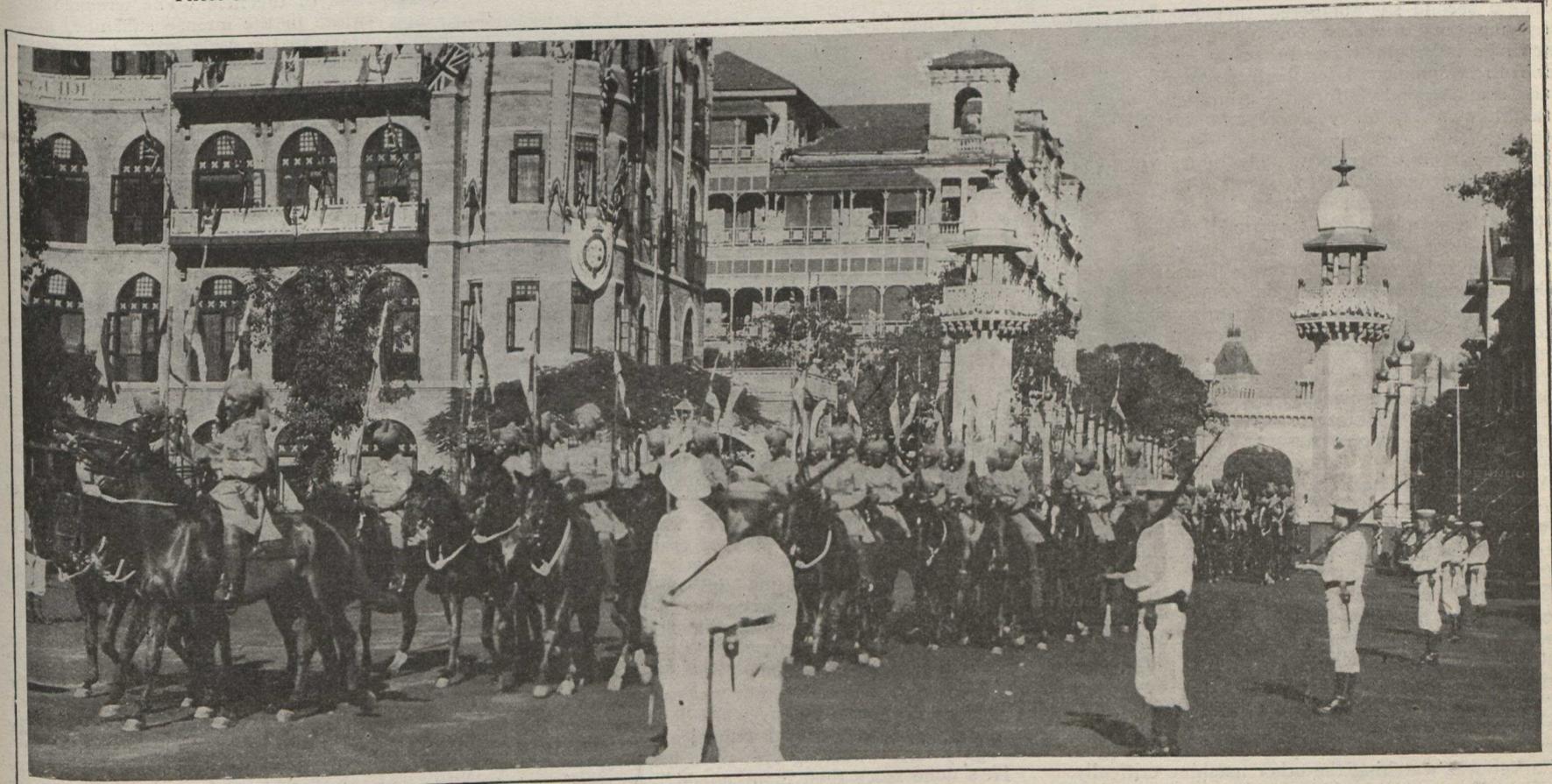
NEARLY four weeks are consumed in travelling from Delhi to Canada, and our photographs of the Durbar are not yet to hand. The pictures on this page were taken a few days before the great events, but they give some idea of the preparations that were made. Next week the pictures of the real events will have arrived.

The Durbar at Delhi was probably the most brilliant spectacle which ever took place in a British Colony. The chiefs of the different States in India made obeisance to the King-Emperor and Queen-Empress. Garbed in their traditional robes and wearing the wonderful jewels for which they are so famous. Representatives of the British diplomatic corps, the Civil Service, the Indian Army in light-hued uniforms greeted the visiting Sovereigns. A vast concourse of their Majesties dusky Indian subjects, clad in the picturesque holiday dress of the East, evinced their loyalty to the British throne by loud shouts, when the Imperial Herald rode out on his jet black charger and announced that King George had been crowned "Emperor of India."

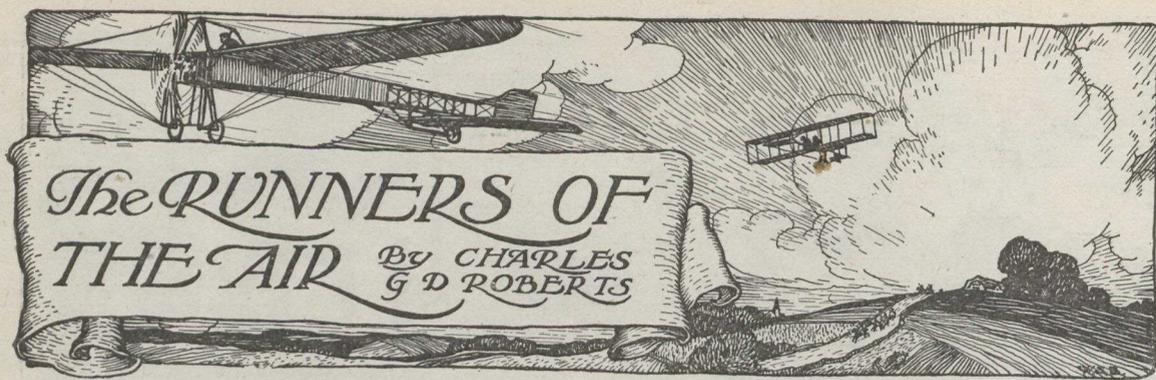
An important sequel to the ceremonies at Delhi is the announcement of Lord Hardinge, Viceroy, that the Capital of India will be transferred to Delhi.



The finest arch in Delhi. The inscription reads: "Long live the King-Emperor."



Indian cavalry rehearsing at the Apollo Bundar, Bombay. This photograph was taken on December 1st, the day before the Royal landing. Photographs by L. N. A. Staff Photographer.



BY-AND-BY, the face of the chequered land below them gradually changed. As landing-places became more scattered and uncertain, the aeroplanes soared to a higher level that they might command a wider choice.

"This is not just the country I'd pick out to fly over," said Count Sergius, "if we were having more wind than we knew what to do with."

Carver, with the glasses, was anxiously scanning the land to either side of their flight.

"Well, there's our wind coming, a bit of a breeze, anyhow, blowing up from sou'-east," he exclaimed. "I see the colour exchanging on the tree-tops as it comes. Do you catch it? A couple of points off to your right there!"

"Yes," answered the Count presently and headed the great dragon-fly to meet it fair in the teeth. "It doesn't look like any sort of a stiff blow, but it's going to make us lose time. There, Andrews has noticed it. He's heading up to it."

"I don't altogether like the looks of that cloud-bank piling up over there," said Carver. "The breeze is coming straight out of it. I should say there's more behind it."

Just then the blue-black pile on the horizon was streaked by a double fork of white flame.

"It's a thunder-squall!" said Sergius, though no sound of thunder came to their ears. The distant rumble was not heavy enough to surmount the throbbing chant of the 'planes. "It will blow itself out, probably, before it gets to us. But all the same, to be on the safe side, we'll work up quickly as we can toward those open fields yonder. Pasture, aren't they?"

"Yes. We'd better get near them," answered Carver. "Ah, Andrews has got it! Now, mind your eyes, Plamenac!"

The biplane was a couple of hundred yards to the southeast of the Antoinette and so caught the breeze first. They saw it lurch abruptly, lift like a blown leaf some fifty feet upon the gust and then, apparently, bear down upon them at appalling speed. In reality, it had merely lost its headway all at once, thus letting the dragon-fly rush up. In the next instant, however, the wind reached the monoplane and checked her way also.

For a second she staggered, then bounded aloft, steadying herself with a convulsive undulation of her wings as Sergius warped the tips sharply against her roll. A moment later, both aeroplanes, the biplane some seconds before the Antoinette, dropped straight downward on even keel some thirty or forty feet, as if a supporting hand had been all at once withdrawn from under them. The next instant they darted forward again at top speed. They were in the lull behind the first gust.

"That was pleasantly exciting!" said Count Sergius.

"Yes, brisk!" agreed Carver. "But if I'm any judge of weather that was only intended for an appetizer. My advice is to get down as soon as we can make a landing and lie low under the lee of the woods till the squall's over."

"Your advice is undoubtedly sound, old boy," responded the Count, "and I only wish I could act upon it at once. However, we're getting ahead pretty well now. That pasture field is drawing nearer rapidly."

A moment more and the wind returned—but this time gently. Gently it began, but it kept steadily increasing in force, till the 'planes, their singing screws boring straight into it, were not advancing more than five or six miles an hour.

Cautiously the battling machines nosed their way downward to the two-hundred-foot level, to be ready to swoop to cover as soon as they should gain that patch of pasture, whose light green gleamed so invitingly a mile or so ahead of them.

"We can handle this wind easily enough," said Sergius, "but I want to get out of it. We're wasting our precious petrol. We're just guzzling it."

Carver was watching the other machine critically. "That Farman's behaving well," he commented. "She's rolling a bit, but doesn't pitch, and she keeps

her speed like a wonder. Why, she's holding us level! Have you full power on, Plamenac?"

"I should say I had!" responded the Count emphatically.

"Well, then, I should say that as long as we're butting into a head wind, we're not going to have to hold back any for Brother Andrews. But I'll be anxious for him if the wind gets corkscrewy."

By this time they were come within three or four hundred yards of the field. Suddenly the forest beyond the field and then the field itself were drowned in shadow. Then the blackness swept over the sun. The change was instantaneous and daunting. A few big drops plumped down sharply on the 'planes.

"We're in for it now!" said the American philosophically.

"We're in God's hands still, just the same, old man!" responded Sergius.

"Don't you think you'd better slant her up a trifle?" suggested the other. "We're pretty close to those tree-tops and the first burst of the rain may beat us down."

"Right, as usual!" agreed Sergius and lifted the quivering 'plane.

He seemed to be lifting her right into chaos, for at this moment the purple darkness overhead was torn across by a withering forked flame of blue-white. Upon the instant following blackness burst the thunder, crashing upon them till it seemed as if the aeroplanes must be beaten down by sheer intolerable sound.

For one blinded second Sergius felt that he was falling, but instinct held the wheel true and a dash of rain full in his face cleared his senses. The rain passed at once, but behind it came a leaping, tortured wind that made the quivering monoplane wallow.

He heard the voice of the American at his ear saying coolly, "A pretty piece of handling, that, by Jing!" and realized that, in some mysterious way, he had steered the machine successfully through the first crash of the conflict.

The thunder leaped and battered and roared above them and the lightning darted over them like a shuttle, but he felt that he held the mastery of the wind in his grip.

"I'm glad the rain doesn't amount to anything. It might have blinded me," he remarked aloud. But he could not hear his own voice at the moment, so naturally he expected no reply from Carver.

Then began a battle with the storm which is impossible of description. The monoplane stood up well, but the biplane swerved and tipped like a ship in distress. It was evident that a landing was necessary, but there were dangers in that also. Sergius and Carver watched their companions with considerable anxiety, if in silence. It was evident that Andrews was trying to land. After considerable manoeuvring, he came down. As he swept along parallel to the ground a sudden squall of wind tipped the machine, one delicate wing touched the ground, and in a flash the Farman doubled up in a heap.

SERGIUS, in the monoplane, watched the struggle and noted the disaster. There was nothing to do but to try the same feat and hope for better luck. Slowly but surely he fought the storm as he glided slowly down. Two men tumbled out of the wrecked biplane and prayed for Sergius' success. The monoplane finally settled down on the wet earth as gently as a bird, glided along and stopped gradually. Success was still with them.

It was a wonderful feat and Andrews and Gregory hastened over to extend their congratulations. Sergius was not to be outdone, and he knew that his friends had done their best.

"Andrews," said the Count, "you put up a great fight. A dozen times I thought you two were gone. I guess my hair turned gray while I was watching you." And he felt his head whimsically.

Gregory turned adoring eyes upon his companion. "He's done more than man can do!" he cried in a sort of exaltation.

The Englishman gave an embarrassed laugh.

"It's a sorry kind of triumph that leaves us wallowing in our gore," said he, gazing sorrowfully at the wreck of his biplane. "Poor old machine, she's a bit clumsy for a tussle like that—gives too much hold to the wind. Now what I call a victory is this of yours, Sergius! Clean and tidy. You've come through that howling hell without a hair turned. And here your Antoinette sits purring as if it had been a picnic."

This speech—a long one for Andrews—relieved the tension.

"It would have been awful defeat," replied Count Sergius, "if we'd had to fight five minutes longer. Our petrol's about done."

"You'll have to take ours," said Andrews. "Gregory and I have been wanting to stretch our legs a bit—eh, Captain?—so we'll walk. And here's your other bag of baubles."

Count Sergius took the momentous leather bag and strapped it securely to his waist as Andrews had had it. "All depends on us two, now," said he, turning to the American.

"Exactly," responded the latter, carefully lighting a cigar. "Now, while you fellows are transferring the petrol—you can't smoke during that process, so I don't offer you my weeds—I'll be giving the motor a look over to see if any of that rain flurry got in where it ought not to."

"How much petrol have you left, Bob?" asked the Count.

"Oh, enough to carry you an hour and a half, anyhow. How much farther have you to go?"

Count Sergius turned questioningly to the mountaineer.

"Another forty kilometers will put you over the Save, just beyond the Drina," answered Gregory. "And that's the place to aim for, if the Austrians should be after you, for they wouldn't dare follow you across just there. We've always got a strong patrol on guard at that point."

Sergius and Carver climbed to their seats, then leaned down to grasp the hands of the two who were being left behind in the enemy's country.

"We'll wait for you at Shabatz," said Count Sergius.

"If all goes well, we ought to make Shabatz tomorrow night or next forenoon," said Gregory. Then motor and propeller broke into their great song and the monoplane, darting forward over the firm turf of the pasture, soared into the air.

CARVER looked back and waved his hand. A moment later he saw Andrews and Gregory hasten to the wreck and fumble in the box behind the seats. Then he turned his attention to the course which Count Sergius was steering.

"I wish you'd pull the peak down farther over my eyes for me," said Sergius. "This light makes it hard to steer."

Carver complied. Then he looked back. Andrews and Gregory were just vanishing into the woods on the extreme right of the field. The wrecked aeroplane, snowy-white in the intense sunshine, looked poignantly solitary in the wide green emptiness of the pasture, the strangest derelict that time had yet recorded.

The white dragon-fly was still climbing into the blue.

"Why so high, now?" questioned the American. "Hadn't we better fly low and not make ourselves so conspicuous?"

"I'm afraid there's no chance of not being seen or heard, in this part of the country," answered Sergius. "The only thing to do is to let them look and be —, and shoot if they want to. We'll fly so high there'll be little danger of them hitting us."

They were clear of the forest now and passing above the outskirts of a straggling village which lined both banks of an extraordinarily crooked little stream.

"In proof that you're dead right, Plamenac," said Carver, scrutinizing the village with his glasses, "there's a squad of our friends squinting up at us now. It looks as if they were going to do more than squint. Let's see—how high are we? Eleven hundred? I could bear to be a bit higher myself. Those beggars might make a hit, you know. And think how inconvenient!"

"From where they are, it's a good three thousand feet," answered Sergius, "and getting more every second."

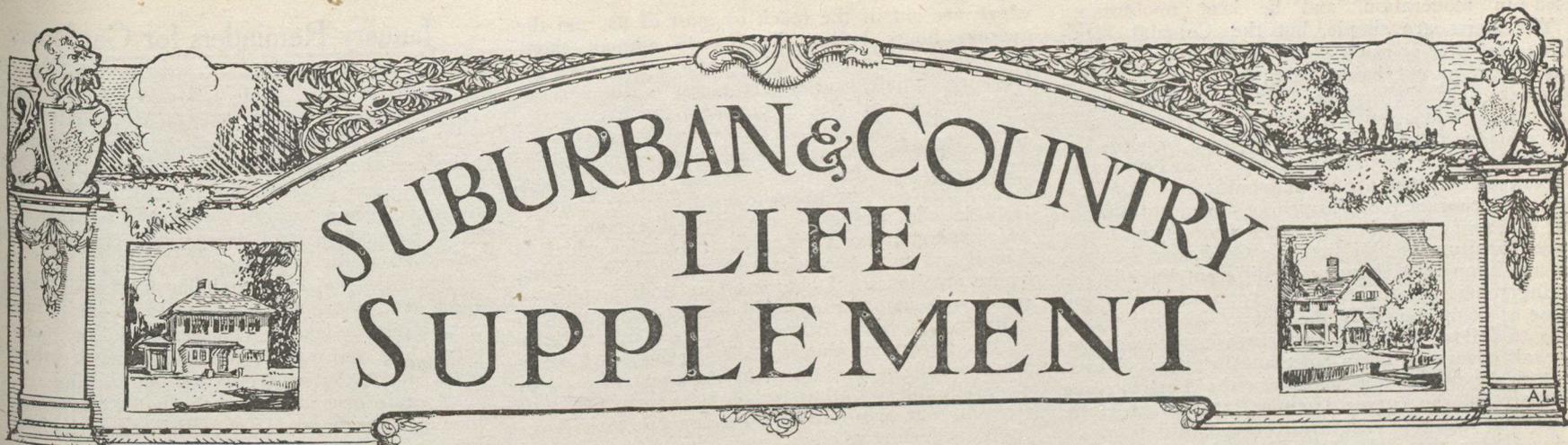
"There they go, anyhow," remarked the American coolly. The flat crash of the volley rose faintly to their ears, just heard across the drone of the propeller.

"Wasting their ammunition!" he continued after a pause.

"Well," said Sergius, "I'd like it better if they shot worse. Look here ahead, just abaft the screw."

"Gee!" ejaculated the American. A three-inch

(Continued on page 21.)



SUBURBAN & COUNTRY LIFE SUPPLEMENT

CHARACTER IN THE HOUSE

Points That Must Be Kept in Mind if Good Taste Is to Be Attained

By G. M. WEST

THERE is a saying that a man is known by the company he keeps, and in a like manner we can almost say that he is known by his house, whether it be a pretentious city dwelling or a simple country home. This being the case it behooves us, therefore, to be watchful of our reputations and to see to it that our homes conform to those canons of good taste with which we would desire to be associated. It is perhaps in the smaller and average type of suburban house that the problem of obtaining character is most difficult, and it is here that lack of taste or lack of knowledge of what is fitting is very liable to crop out; there are so many items which go to make up the successful whole that numerous chances for error are afforded.

The Type.

How often indeed is the interior of a house designed with

utter disregard to the character or style of the exterior, though truth to tell, in many cases it would be difficult to name the style of the outside. It is not, however, satisfying to pass from the contemplation of an external design reminiscence of the early Colonial or Georgian types into an interior whose chief character is pronouncedly "Mission" or some style whose traditions are at equal variance. If, therefore, we wish to build on "Colonial" lines, this motive should govern throughout and should be our guiding principle in all that has to do with our home, or, if some other style is our hobby let us assume its characteristics along which to build. Particularly is this so, to my mind, in country work where the relationship between the living rooms, the garden and terrace should be so much more intimate. The task of subdividing modern domestic architecture into various styles is entirely too great to be taken up here in any detail and we shall only speak at all of the "Colonial" and that which is sometimes called "Modern English" or "Modern Gothic."

Some Colonial Characteristics.

We are, or should be, all familiar with the outward characteristics of the "Colonial" or more correctly called "Georgian" type; the simple, straight-forward mass with uniformly disposed windows and doors, the simple porch and cornice of classic detail, and the staid formality of the whole, typical of this style, being noticeable in many of the older form of houses and homes of Ontario. This same spirit, simple formalism and classic detail should be



A Modest Dining-Room—According to Modern Ideas.



Sitting Room of an old Colonial Homestead built in 1796.

the key-note of interior design for this type. Bay windows are not frequent and the rooms therefore are usually large, roomy and rectangular, the openings are more or less uniformly spaced.

The trim is simple, sometimes of a classic order, with fine moldings suitable to the white finish which is usually given it. The mantels are low and of classic line and molding. Very often flat fluted pilasters support the shelf and enclose the tiled breast. Sometimes a mirror is hung above in

its own frame. A plastered cornice of simple formal design is usual in the important rooms. The stairs, perhaps, most express this style, open strings more or less elaborated with slim daintily turned balusters, veneered newels or often no newels at all, with gracefully curved and ramped handrails are characteristic. Pleasing contrasts are obtained by staining and finishing the balusters, newels and rails and sometimes the doors in fine deep reds or other tones, against the white of the general trim.

The Furnishing.

In furniture design it is not hard to obtain modern couches and other items on the lines of the old which will fulfil our needs in this respect. The spindle back arm chairs of other days and the comfortable and inviting wing chairs upholstered suitably are well known. There is a strong tendency to return to the roomy and comfortable upholstered seats and couches of the last generation. Neither do we find it difficult to obtain wall coverings in pleasing flower patterns or beautiful grass cloths in suitable tints for our purpose, and it is not usually hard to match these with hangings and upholstery in similar patterns and colourings. The lighting fixtures, hardware and numerous household articles with a little search and a discriminating eye, can be found which, if not strictly Colonial or Georgian, have at least, sufficient grace and refinement to pass muster in such classic surroundings. Here let me note that the term "Georgian" does not indicate connection to the state of Georgia, but rather, denotes the relation of this type to the English art at the time of our own kings of that name.

The Other Style.

In contrast to the "Colonial" or formal type there is that other style of house to which the classification of "Modern English" has sometimes been given. Though in all good work still retaining simplicity of mass and detail this lacks the formality and classicism of the "Georgian" and the freedom which manifests itself outwardly in the use of gables, bay windows and other features, which might be classed in a sense as "Gothic," continues throughout the interior. This very freedom makes the difficulty of obtaining character and is the cause of most failures to do so. We become lost in the maze of things we can do, and try to do them all.

Perhaps the most striking contrast to the "Colonial" type is the complete change in colouring and the neglect of classic traditions. The trim is simple but usually coarser. Brick mantels of carefully selected colourings and bond are very suitable, an overmantel of oak or other hardwood with beautifully grained selected panels often occurring. The rooms are sometimes wainscotted to various heights in hardwood, which is stained or fumed to beautiful browns and other tints. Beamed ceilings of various kinds, always designed with regard to their structural significance, are pleasing but sometimes much overdone. All such features must be

used in moderation, and be kept unobtrusive.

The stairs are simple, but the Colonial stem-turned baluster or ramp should never be used. Various forms of cut balustrading or simple square balusters take their place. The newels and rails are plainer and heavier in detail, though not coarse or common. The string may be open or closed.

The very fact of variety of treatment being easy I think should influence us to avoid it, and to follow the same character of furnishing and decoration in our different rooms is very necessary. If the living room furniture is "Mission" or Craftsman in type, do not jump to Mahogany of different lines in the dining room. To do so destroys the continuity and sense of completeness in the house. It is not necessary to follow the same colourings in the hangings or wall coverings, but a large and brightly coloured pattern paper does not seem to be the thing to place just around the corner from a tinted grass cloth.

The various types of furniture and fittings which come under those flexible titles of "Mission" or Craftsman are always suitable, particularly in the moderate priced house of this type. There are many types of furniture which could be mentioned, but

which are out of the reach of most of us, and the average house builder has to do without them. Good taste and a sense of the fitness of things are the surest guide, and with these it is not hard to select suitable articles to complete the list.

The Essential

In endeavouring to draw any line between styles in modern domestic work one is amazed, particularly in the smaller works, with the amount of overlapping of the various characteristics which is found, and with the successes which is met with. There are houses of character and individuality in every style, and there are houses of character and individuality which cannot be classed in any style but their own, yet they are all pleasing. I have in a sense endeavoured to point out the two ends of the chain and to outline some of the main points of each type as they are built to-day in the average home, and can only say again that personal good taste and knowledge on the part of the designer are essential, and that simplicity of motif and most of all the presence and continuity of that motif of design are the keynote.

January Reminders for Gardeners

IN her interesting volume entitled "The Canadian Garden," Mrs. Annie L. Jack gives the following "reminders" for the month of January:

"It is no use to cork up all the windows and key-holes and then wonder why the plants die. Open a door or window every day for half an hour, unless too stormy, and regulate the heat if possible.

"If green fly is troublesome, tobacco in any form will destroy the enemy.

"Hyacinths and other bulbs can be brought to light if pots are full of roots, and plants must be kept moist by careful syringing. Look out for mealy bug, and wash leaves and stems of coleus and other plants that suffer with wood alcohol.

"A walk on snow-shoes through the garden may give good returns. If the clisiocampa is found to have laid its eggs on the twigs of apple trees, they can be taken off and burned, thus destroying a multitude of enemies.

"Have stakes ready for plants, all painted green and ready for use."

CHARM OF ENGLISH COUNTRY HOUSES

Things That Go To Make a Good General Effect

By JOHN WILSON

WHEREIN lies the charm of many of England's country houses? Several points must be mentioned to answer that question.

A great number of those houses possess what, to use but one word, may be called repose. No matter how much money had been spent on them and no matter how well they might otherwise have been planned, these houses would never have made such splendid homes if they had not possessed that quality.

Expert students of houses declare that such repose is due—after constructive propriety and suitability of purpose and site—principally to proportion and colour. The writer of a recent book, who has made a study of English house design, points out that nothing is easier than to make a door or window too high for its width and that there are other somewhat similar dangers in building. Then he says: "But, after all, some one may say, are not such things the natural outcome of constructive knowledge and common sense? Within limits they certainly are. It is the engineer's outlook—the accomplishment of a purpose by the most direct means. But it leaves out of account that spiritual element which expresses itself in the labour of man's hands as what has been aptly called the 'smile of work.' It is only after the dictates of constructive propriety and of practical expediency have been satisfied that the element of proportion begins to enter the field of art, and it is in the varying degree of the refinements then exercised that the quality of the artist is discerned."

THE QUESTION OF COLOUR.

Another thing which tends to increase the charm of many English country houses is that they do not afford one's sense of colour as do many houses in the cities of both the old land and the new. The western nations are accused of having developed, during the last century, an extraordinary indifference to good colour. Processes of manufacture made it possible to obtain showy effects at small cost. This tendency to have showy colours, if yielded to, would have spoiled country homes in England where the "grey climate" makes it especially necessary that the buildings must harmonise with their surroundings.

English country houses gain much in appearance because of a wise choice and disposition of materials.



NORTH OF ENGLAND TYPE OF HOUSE.

Though not as striking as some other kinds of houses this one is well set off by the terrace, flower border and gravel walk.



A TYPE OF COUNTRY COTTAGE.

The plaster gables and red tile roof give a good effect, and the house blends in well with the garden.

Partially, the beauty of many houses is due to the work of the weather. Therefore, the building material chosen is often of a kind that will not so far resist the atmospheric influence as to prevent a "toning" by nature. Nearly all building stone is improved in appearance by that "toning" process, but care has had to be used in selecting tiles, bricks and other manufactured materials, because some of them, being hard and metal-like, don't take on "toning."

An important point that has meant beauty for many English country houses is that breadth and simplicity of colour effect have been obtained by using building materials that were readily obtainable in the locality. In some districts materials brought from a distance and not in keeping with the colours of the districts have been used. The effect has often been a bad one.

RECENTLY-BUILT HOUSES.

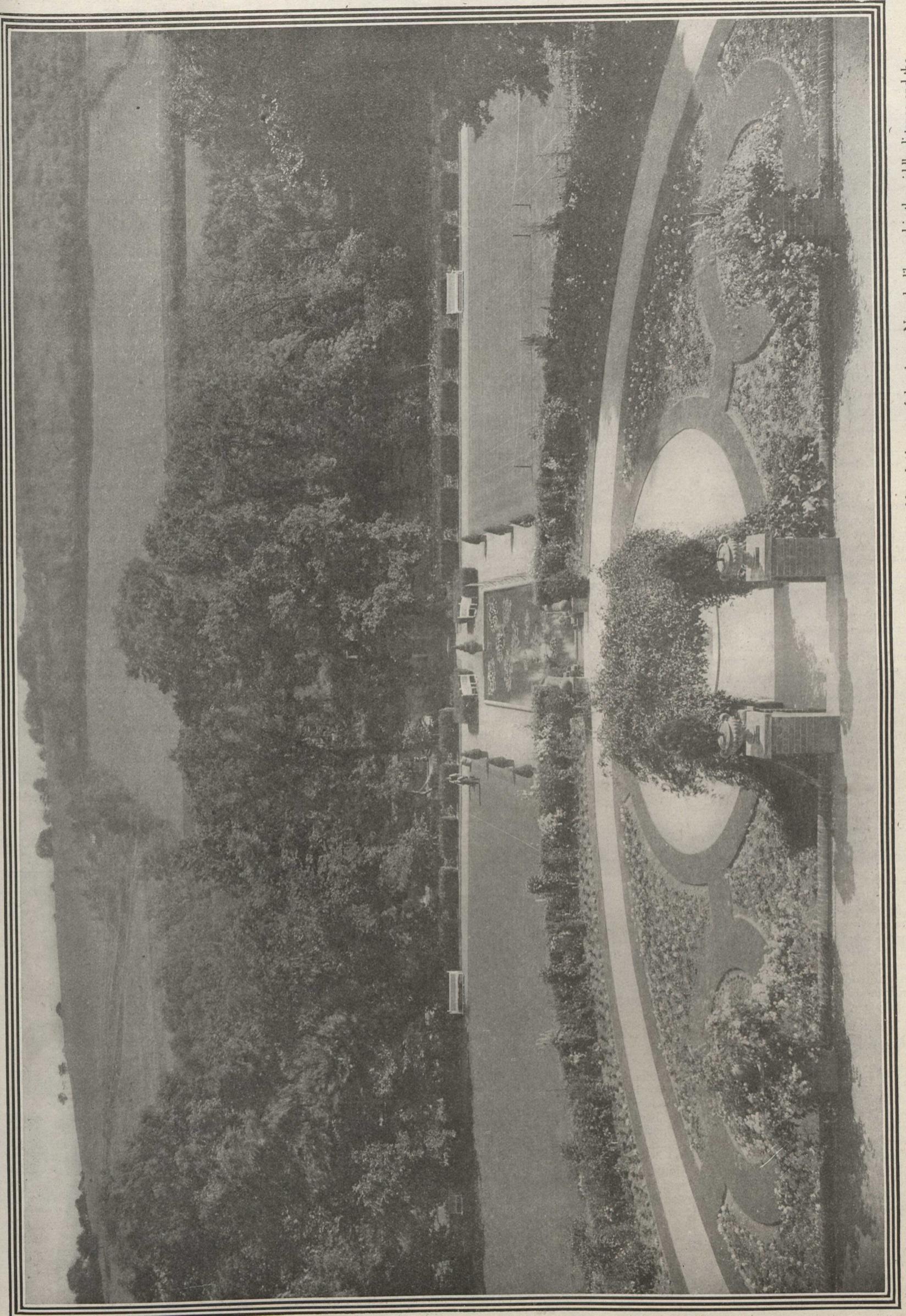
The work of the architects of today in the building of England's country houses is largely inspired by the work of former English architects.

Problems of hygiene—drainage, lighting, heating, ventilation—the requirements of which are now insisted upon, have made complications for the architect, but in spite of that fact, the old motives and methods of building are said to form the best basis for present needs in building.

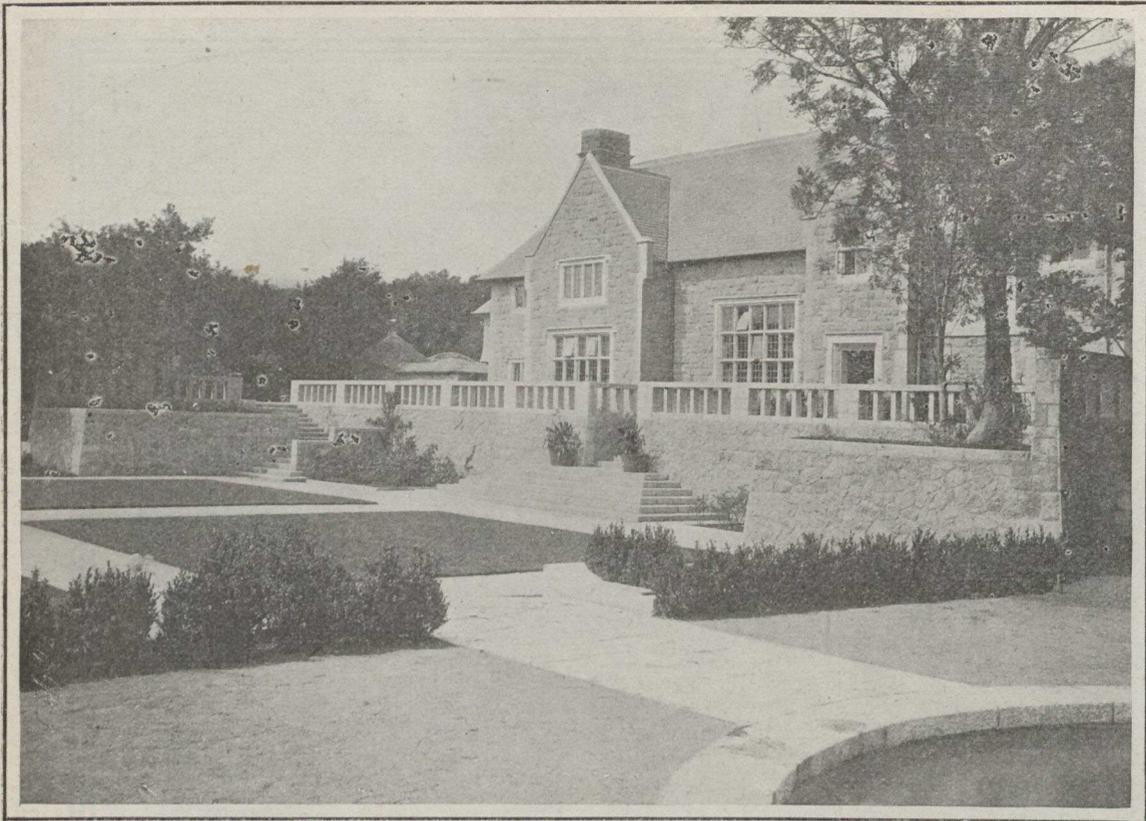
Mr. C. F. A. Voysey, a noted English architect, has done much to restore the earlier English traditions of building, and to show its adaptability to modern requirements. The absence of the embellishment of features by mouldings or ornament, and the complete reliance upon good material and good proportion are characteristic of what he has done. His work, of which the cottage shown as an illustration to this article is an example, shows that such elaboration is unnecessary. The horizontality of line, upon which the good effect of building in this modest scale and key largely depends, is materially assisted by the adoption of low-ceilinged rooms which, given well-placed openings properly used, are quite as hygienic as lofty ones. The stone-framed windows largely help to give character to the design by conveying an impression of solid good building which is as satisfactory to the reason as to the eye.

English country houses generally

THE DELIGHT OF LANDSCAPE AND GARDEN



The English country house is built wherever possible to command a wide sweep of the landscape. The garden is then laid out to add to the beauty of the view. Note the lily pond in the middle distance and the tree-guarded stream to which the garden slopes.



MODERN VERSION OF TUDOR ARCHITECTURE.

The formal arrangement of terraces and the flag-stone walks with lawns between are well suited to this style of house.

fit in well with their surroundings, indeed, the treatment of site and building are recognized as being really parts of one problem in design. The architect and the landscape gardener must work together to produce a good general effect. Indeed, it would have been almost impossible to produce such a splendid effect as many English country houses have if the general "lay-out" of the land had not been first considered. A beautiful house might be placed in a wrong position on the land, resulting in a spoiled general effect. So it has generally been necessary to first fix the general "lay-out" of the land—including the placing of the house as well as the walks and shrubs.

The illustrations accompanying this article give a good indication of how well the houses are made to fit in with their immediate surroundings so as to make a splendid, pleasing picture. The cottage with the general effect of lowness is given a garden in keeping with it, and one can easily imagine how far a different kind of garden would come from being in keeping with the cottage. The taller north of England type of house and its surroundings also are in keeping with each other. The greater height of house mates well with the greater feeling of breadth in the surroundings. Possibly equally suitable are the house of Tudor type and its surroundings.

In some respects, of course, English country houses are not suitable for Canada. The climate of Canada differs considerably from that of England, and therefore the Canadian houses, and especially the gardens, require somewhat different treatment from what is given to houses and gardens in England. Nevertheless, the Canadian who would build a good country house can learn much from the existing examples in England, for much artistic and architectural ability has gone to the building of those fine old houses.

Perfect Home Grounds

THE noblest ideal of home grounds is an outdoor living room where noblest home life may be enjoyed amid privacy and peace. An ignoble ideal is show. Therefore, surround the garden or backyard with a high wall, hedge, or fence. Do not let the passerby look in.

The highest aim is to make a beautiful home picture; a low aim is to make an outdoor museum. Therefore, frame the house with trees and then make an open lawn, flanked by masses of trees and shrubs. Do not scatter showy plants all over the lawn.

The refined spirit in landscape gardening is to make your place harmonize with the environment. The uncultivated spirit rejoices in a place that stands out in bold contrast to the environment. Therefore, plant green-leaved shrubs, instead of purple, yellow, or variegated; whole-leaved trees instead of cut-leaved; normal trees instead of dwarf or weeping varieties. A few of these are

permissible as accent marks, but it is better to have them in the garden—not on the lawn.

The most sensitive people wish to hide unsightly objects and frame vistas of the best things in the distance. The least sensitive people make no effort to screen outbuildings, billboards, dust, traffic, and city sights. Therefore, plant vines on walls, evergreens against buildings, frame the church spire with a pair of cedars, then plant the rest of your boundaries solidly.

The most artistic way to outline the boundaries of your place is to plant informal borders of shrubbery, because these harmonize with the landscape. The less artistic way is to plant hedges, since straight lines almost never harmonize with the landscape.

The most appropriate front yard in city or suburbs is the one that conforms to the practice of the street. Therefore, persuade your neighbour to plant the same kind of street tree, at the same distance, and to have no fences in front of houses. Persuade them to have open lawns, bordered by shrub-

bery—not flower beds. Make the front yard public and the back yard private.

The ideal material for planting around the foundations of a house is attractive the year round and makes a transition between architecture and nature. Therefore plant evergreens, such as rhododendrons and laurel—not flower beds.

The ideal lawn is the one that costs the least to maintain. Therefore, get the soil in perfect condition once for all, by deep ploughing, repeated harrowings, heavy liming and manuring. "Cheap" lawns cost the most in the end, because of the yearly expense for patching, reseeding, fighting weeds, and fertilizers.—*Country Life*.

In the Orchard.

DOES Love remember yet the little house
We builded ere the Summer's sun was set,
To shelter him forever 'neath green boughs,
That he might dream and' all the world forget?

The world beyond the orchard, where men fret,
Serving strange gods, remembering not Love's vows
Until the lonely afterdays that rouse

Within their hearts the serpent of regret,
And turn to lead the gold upon their brows,
Where once of old Love's circling roses met.

Does Love remember yet the little house?
If we forget not, how should Love forget?

Does Love remember how the apples hung
From drooping boughs above us, dewy wet?
And how all golden in the dusk they swung
Among thick branches, that in leafy net

Held the first stars—those stars that shall not set
While Love remembers? How the blackbird sung,
As in a bower, when Love himself was young,
He sang for Aucassin and Nicolette,

As still he sings in Love's clear silver tongue
For hearts that worship in green places yet?
Remembers Love how bright the apples hung?
If we forget not, how should Love forget?

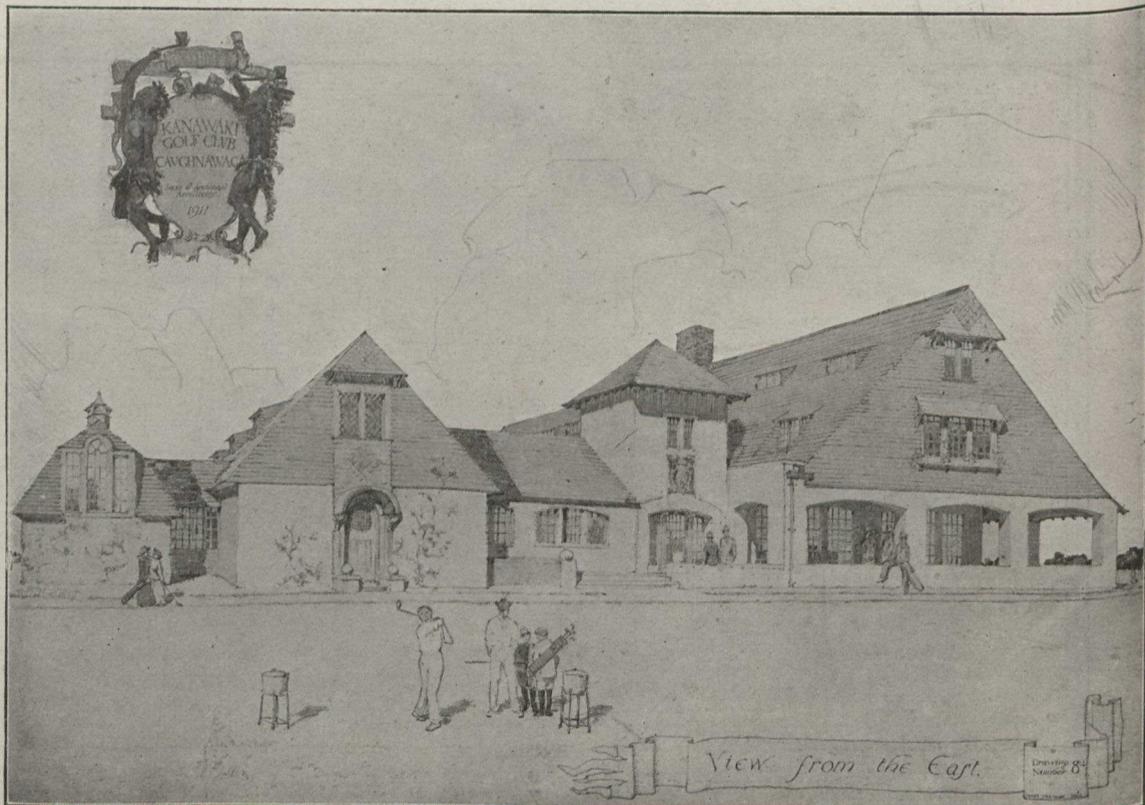
Does Love remember yet when boughs are bare
And moaning winds the naked branches fret?
When Winter tempest troubles all the air,
When ruin hath the orchard overset?

When he must go through windy ways and wet,
Nor find him shield or shelter anywhere?
When, cold on brow, and white among his hair,
December snow falls, where green leaves have met?

Does Love remember flower and fruit that were?
Or dream how Spring shall stir to blossom yet
The boughs that Winter winds have stricken bare?
If we remember, how should Love forget?

—Wilfrid Wilson Gibson.

MONTREAL'S NEW GOLF CLUB HOUSE



Montreal has several splendid golf and country club-houses. Next spring it will have another one. The architects' drawing (Saxe & Archibald) shows that it will be of creditable design.

A NEW IDEA IN HOLIDAYS

WRITING in a Montreal daily paper not long ago, Mr. John H. Roberts makes a curious suggestion about summer holidays which is valuable grist at this time of year. His chief contention is that the Canadian idea of a summer home puts too great a strain upon the mother of the family. Mother is worn out with packing, getting in supplies, putting the summer house in order and entertaining. To meet this evil, as he terms it, he makes these suggestions: "What we really want is an organized holiday movement which would teach us how to enjoy holidays, show us where to go and how to get there, and enable us to make the most of the all-too-short vacation time. I am not writing for those to whom expense and time are no object. I have in mind those of us who only have a limited amount of time and money to spend. This section has its holiday needs met in the old land by what is known there as the Co-operative Holiday movement. The idea originated in the brain of a clergyman and has spread at a remarkable pace until to-day there are seven or eight different holiday-homes, including one in Switzerland.

"The association has bought large houses or mansions in different parts of the country, it places a matron and a staff in charge of each one, and keeps them open for the larger part

of each year. Comradeship is the keynote of the movement and with the holiday is combined the educational ideal. For instance, each day has its programme of trips and excursions from the Home to place of interest in the surrounding country. One day there will be a mountain climb, another a drive to some famous old castle or monastery, perhaps, or a tramp to some point of interest. Arrived at the destination for the day the ladies of the party make ready the meal which the men have carried in their knapsacks. Then some geological expert or teacher of history gives a talk on the subject of particular interest in that locality, and, it is safe to say, that these holiday-makers return knowing more of their country's wonders or its story than the average vacation tripper would learn in a lifetime.

"Why cannot we do something like this in Canada? We are a young people and our history is in the making. But we could, I believe, develop a movement which would help us to know our country in the most intimate sense and link us together in the bonds of steadfast comradeship. Holidays organized, purposeful, and helpful may be had, but not on the present aimless plan most of us now follow. I shall be most happy to cooperate with any of my fellow-citizens to whom the idea here advanced may appeal."

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IMPROVING TORONTO

THE other morning in Toronto, an important report was laid before the City Council. It was that of the Civic Improvement Commission, which for two years has been working up suggestions for developing the scenic environment and comfort of Ontario's chief city. In the year 1909, the Civic Guild, an active association of prominent citizens with the aesthetic interests of Toronto at heart, impressed upon the City Council the need of taking immediate steps to further civic beautification. It urged that other cities on the continent of America of the same size as Toronto were years ahead in providing facilities which are regarded as requisites in the ideal modern city. It charged Toronto with not making the most of its natural advantages. In response to this appeal the City Council appointed a board, called the Civic Improvement Committee. The report of this Committee lays before the City Council thirty-eight suggestions.

The most interesting features of the report deal with transportation problems in Toronto, and the civic centre ideal plan of the city.

The committee first takes up the width of streets, with the solution of which four factors are considered. pedestrian, vehicular and street car traffic and planting. It concludes that 21 feet of roadway is the minimum required for street car traffic on a main thoroughfare, and that room for three lines of vehicular traffic should be allowed on each side, with a sidewalk at least 16 feet in width. With this data the minimum width would be 104 feet. A secondary main thoroughfare is also considered with a width of 87 feet, and it is recommended that residential streets should be as narrow as is consonant with safety and convenience.

In considering the question of downtown congestion, the readiest form of relief is concluded to be the abolishment of one set of tracks for a distance of at least several blocks in the most used thoroughfares. With

practically every downtown street saddled with car tracks it is stated that there is no reason why a judiciously planned scheme should not result in securing a distinct saving in the time required to reach a given point, in simplifying traffic and in reducing danger to both pedestrians and those in vehicles.

Speaking of diagonal thoroughfares, the report says: "Centuries of city planning in Europe and the wonderful activity in America during the past eighteen years, since the World's Fair at Chicago, have established radial thoroughfares as a fundamental requirement of any comprehensive solution of a city's transportation problem. Queen Street, east and west, and Yonge Street are main thoroughfares radiating at right angles from Toronto's business centre. A brief glance at a map of the city will convince the most casual observer that both of the proposed diagonals as planned by your committee will facilitate traffic for very much larger areas than Queen or Yonge Streets."

Consideration of this question leads to a discussion of the civic centre as a feature of the city plan. "The leading main thoroughfares of the city should converge to this centre, in order that the development of the city may be harmonious along predetermined lines, the stability of property values increased, and the speculative element in city lands lessened," the report continues. "If the two main diagonals were put through with a width of at least 104 feet, and preferably 125 feet, it might be that the transportation problem could be satisfactorily solved by making the other principal streets (with, perhaps, one or two exceptions) secondary main thoroughfares. It seems certain that Queen Street must develop into the basis of the city's transportation system, and as it is rebuilt it should undoubtedly be widened to at least 104 feet throughout its entire length (corresponding with the present wide portion just east of Spadina Avenue)."



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SAVING THE ELM TREES

THE stately elms and maples of Eastern Canada and Eastern United States may be saved from disease only by spring spraying. The larva of the elm tree beetle is from three-eighths to half an inch long, pale yellow, with a dark stripe down each side; the beetle is three-eighths of an inch long, yellowish green in colour, with a dark stripe down each side of the back. The worms, having eaten their fill, make their way down the tree trunks, to pupate in the ground at the base of the tree. When the change is complete, the beetles emerge. The eggs are laid by the beetles earlier in the summer. They are pale yellow points or tiny cones, and are laid in lines often near the edge of the leaf.

For the elm tree beetle a solution

of arsenate of lead has been generally used, four pounds to fifty gallons of water. A kerosene emulsion, diluted one part to five parts of water, has seemed preferable in treating the worms; this, however, was applied by a small hand sprayer and by pouring on the ground. The orange-coloured grub of the beetle is found at the trunk of the tree at certain times, also in the main crotch, and on the ground under the limb spread.

The elm tree beetle begins its work about as soon as the leaves form, and perforations in the leaves are evidence of its work. They lay their eggs on the under side of the leaves; and the young, when hatched, feed on the tender chlorophyll, leaving but the skeleton of the leaf—which turns brown and falls off.

THE GREAT WINTER EVIL---DAMP

THE evil from which greenhouse plants suffer most during the winter season is "damp." If allowed to prevail for any length of time, it is more fatal than cold, frost, or too much heat. Damp will bring to destruction many subjects that would be only slightly damaged by frost. To prevent damp, it is necessary that the house be kept as open as possible in dry, mild weather; but, if damp weather prevails, it is better closed.

Plants in the greenhouse should not be watered too often; they require only to be kept from actually drying up, for very little moisture is sufficient to keep from dying a plant that is not growing. The pots should be frequently examined and, if the soil appears wet, while others are drier, it will be found either that it has been receiving the drip from some faulty light-sash, or that the drainage is stopped or retarded. In the former case, the pot may be laid on its side to dry a little; in the latter, it must be changed to a new pot with proper drainage.

If there be any danger from frost, a fire should be lighted, but the temperature should not exceed 40 de-

grees. In case of an intense frost, it may fall as low as 35 degrees.

Cleanliness is of the greatest importance to the plants, and above all other things, though least of all attended to, plenty of room. By crowding plants close to each other on the shelves they injure one another, and it is impossible for them to assume handsome shapes.

All the shelves and stands should be brushed dry, dead leaves and all kinds of litter removed, and floors regularly swept. If the space under the shelves is common earth, and all the surplus water from the pots goes through and soaks it, the damp will often be found troublesome. Mildew will attack many of the delicate plants, and there is too much reason to fear they will scarcely ever be restored to their former health and vigour. On account of the artificial position, plants in pots should be watered with great care and attention. One thing should be observed rigidly, in giving liquids of any kind to plants, and that is, their temperature should never be lower than that of the atmosphere in which the plants are growing.—*Suburban Life.*

ELECTRIC STIMULATION OF PLANTS

ELECTRICITY as a stimulus to growth of plants is being tried by the United States Department of Agriculture at an experimental station in Virginia. The *Electrical Review*, describing this competition of electricity with sunlight, says:

"Experiment work was started early in the spring of the present year, and the tests are just at this time drawing to a close. Stimulation of the plants under cultivation was obtained by high-tension electric currents. In the preparation of the hot-house beds, a single galvanized-iron wire was embedded in the soil previous to setting in the plants. Suspended about four feet above the flower-bed, or 'bench,' as it is technically called, was placed a network of wires put together so as to form about a twelve-inch mesh. At frequent intervals along this network short brass chains were suspended. The entire screen of wires was carefully insulated from the structure upon which it was stretched.

"In operation, two wires lead from the source of energy, one of which is attached to the conductor embedded in the earth, while the second wire is joined to the overhead network. Very high voltage and frequency are used, an electrical field being produced in the space occupied by the flower-beds. In this way plants in the flower-beds are directly under the influence of the electrical field.

"The results of the tests made are truly remarkable and have exceeded the expectations of the experimenters. It is interesting to note the growth of chrysanthemums, a large number of which are annually grown by Mr. Gloede for the Chicago flower markets. When the plants were first set out, two beds were prepared side by side, and exactly alike, except that one bed was wired for electrical treatment, while the other was not. The bench which was not wired was planted with a select lot of shoots while the 'electric' bed was filled with the culls and weak plants which had been discarded from the first lot. The latter bed was kept constantly under the influence of the electric current, while the other was allowed to grow in its natural way.

"It was early noted that fungus growth, which is so prevalent in hot-house soils, and is responsible for the death of large numbers of plants, due to its parasite growth on their roots, was in turn attacked by the electrical waves, and in short time entirely disappeared. The plants, however, were not adversely affected, and began to show a rapid growth. It was found necessary to pinch their tops off several times in order to keep the stalks down to a marketable height. In addition, it was observed that the electrically treated chrysanthemums were much harder than the naturally grown plants."

Plays of the Holiday Season

Changes in the Current Theatrical Offerings

By J. E. WEBBER

Our New York Correspondent.

THE Christmas holidays invariably record a number of important changes on the theatrical chess board.

The Irish Players, unfortunately, have to bring to a close their prolonged and successful stay in order that other cities may share in this delightful visit to America. During their New York stay of six weeks, the Players have presented about twenty-one plays, all fragrant with the breath of poetry, all dealing with Irish life and varying in form from tragedy as poignant as Synge's, "Riders to the Sea," to comedy, as joyous and untrammelled as "The Playboy of the Western World," by the same author, or as sparkling as "Hyacinth Halvey," or "The Workhouse Ward." To those who still lean to certain literary traditions of drama, the visit of the Abbey Theatre company offers the most interesting experience of the current season.

"Passers-By" is another play whose passing brings regret. A successful run of five months here confirms in a very substantial way both the London verdict and the unanimous critical opinion on this side of its excellent qualities. Donald Brian, in his musical comedy success, "The Siren," also goes on his merry way to make room for "Kismet," which, although the work of a young American author, had a first presentation in London, where it has long been an established success. Mr. Otis Skinner is playing the leading role in the American production.

Established successes like "Disraeli," "The Return of Peter Grimm," "Bunt Pulls the Strings," "Bought and Paid For," "The Woman," "The Only Son," in drama; "The Quaker Girl," in musical comedy, and "The Million," in farce, remain at their various theatres indefinitely.

The New Amsterdam Theatre, inspired no doubt by the success of "The Garden of Allah," returns for a time to an old allegiance, stage spectacular, reviving a highly successful offering of former days "Ben Hur." The present production is also on a much larger scale than heretofore, five chariots, for instance, appearing in the famous chariot race. The incidents that make up the play, it will be recalled, include the vision of the Star of Bethlehem, the adoration of the Wise Men, the retreat of the lepers in the Vale of Hinnon, the meeting between Christ and Hur, the arrest of Hur, the sinking of the galley and the sea rescue of Hur and Arrius, the Grove of Daphne, the Circus at Antioch and the

a group of fine offerings, further enhanced by the presence of four most gifted, charming actresses.

"The Witness for the Defence," by A. E. W. Mason, is a skilful dramatic exposition of the

struggles of a woman who has committed murder, under circumstances that completely exonerate her, to regain a foothold in society. She gains her acquittal through the intervention of a friend who proves a valuable witness for the defence, but two years later on his insistence she is compelled to reveal the truth of the murder in the presence of her fiancée. Miss Barrymore's beautifully impressive acting was a feature of the performance.

"Kindling" is a somewhat powerful story of the tenement. Maggie Schultz, about to become a mother, steals in order that her baby may be born under fairer conditions of health than the present dirty, unsanitary tenement affords. She is not in any sense a neurotic or decadent type, but a primitive woman whose first and greatest thought is motherhood. With a rough sense of equity, Maggie chooses for the victims of her thefts the rich owners of the tenement, with its toll of empty cradles and general squalor. Maggie is caught, of course, and when brought to bay argues with ruthless logic the superior claims of motherhood over the conventions of honesty. She is saved from jail through the intervention of a good fairy in the person of the settlement worker who saw her native goodness. Miss Illington gives a most faithful and interesting portrait of Maggie Schultz.

"The Marionettes" tells the story of a little demure convent girl who, to win over an indifferent husband, turns butterfly, mingles gayly with the smart set—even to encouraging a flirtation or two for the sake of adding piquancy to the deception. It is an old expedient but apparently one that never fails, for at the end the little Marquise carries off her husband in triumph. The part hardly does justice to the great histrionic abilities of Mme. Nazimova, although her work is invariably interesting and the portrait drawn with infinite subtlety and charm.

Dolly Madison is "The First Lady in the Land" of the play, and if the lady of history was half as fascinating and clever as Elsie Ferguson makes her, we are not at all surprised at her success either in the diplomatic and official life of Washington, or in conquering the hearts of men as eminent as Burr, Alexander Hamilton, and James Madison, whom she married. When the play opens she is still keeping an exclusive lodging house in



ELSIE FERGUSON and LOWELL SHERMAN In "The First Lady in the Land." Photo by White.

final miracle of the cleansing of the lepers.

In addition to those plays already mentioned, recent offerings include, "The Witness for the Defence," with Ethel Barrymore, already seen in Toronto; Margaret Illington, in "Kindling"; Mme. Nazimova in a French comedy by Pierre Wolff, "The Marionettes"; and Elsie Ferguson, in "The First Lady in the Land";



MME. NAZIMOVA In "The Marionettes." Photo by Moffet.



MARGARET ILLINGTON and BYRON BEASLEY In "Kindling." Photo by White.

Philadelphia. Burr, one of her lodgers, has just been defeated for the presidency by Jefferson and subsequent events deal with his hopeless passion for her, which led to his duel with Hamilton and his Quixotic attempt to conquer Mexico. The play is interesting and entertaining, apart altogether from the ingratiating and winsome impersonation of Dolly.



GERTRUDE BRYAN (in centre) and Scotch Lassies with Henry W. Savage's production of "Little Boy Blue." Photo by White

AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

A DEPARTMENT MAINLY FOR WOMEN

The Women of the West.

BY CANADIENNE.

WE are given to generalities in the discussion of national characteristics which would be somewhat embarrassing to define or illustrate. For instance; how many of us could say what we mean by the expression—"a typical Canadian"? Is there such a human being? The most talked-about type is the American girl, the proper adjective in this case referring to the United States. Thanks to the art of Mr. Charles Dana Gibson, the world conjures up a vision of this victorious young creature without any effort, and respectfully allows her to have more of her own way that is healthy for any mere woman. Canadian writers and artists have been more chary of gush in describing or depicting the women of this fair land. It must not be forgotten that Canada is largely Scotch, and is therefore given to canny speech about its dollars or its daughters.

The expression, "typical Canadian woman," is seldom heard, and if one were asked to mention the qualities associated with her, there would be some hesitation. In the first place, we must not forget the large French population in Quebec and the Eastern Provinces. Marie, Josephine or Juliette of the Lower Provinces are almost regarded as foreigners by the Toronto or the London girl. They form a community by themselves, as much as if they still lived in Normandy. Curiously, the only Canadian girl who is widely known in literature is the heroine immortalized by the New England poet—Evangeline of primeval Grand Pre. She is on railway folders, bonbon boxes and shoe advertisements, until we know her gentle features and quaint garb by heart.

* * *

WE have become aware, during the last ten years of a "new Canadian woman"—the bright, energetic, vital woman of the West—and some day she will be placed upon canvas or between the covers of a best-selling novel, and the world will know as much about a Canadian home as it does about our cheese and wheat. Only, do not let us offer advice to our artists and novelists on this momentous subject, or we may spoil the picture. There are certain qualities which may be claimed as fairly characteristic of the woman of the West—and the greatest of these is her hopefulness.

After you have talked for half an hour to the woman from Regina or Edmonton or Vancouver, you feel as if a kindly and refreshing breeze had been blowing through the room, bestowing invigorating grace. Then you become younger and more ambitious, inspired with a desire to take the next transcontinental flyer and go out to the prairies and on, to the Pacific, where so much has been done and there remains so much to accomplish. When Lord Charles Beresford, that doughty sailor who is now having a breezy tiff with the Admiralty Department, addressed one of our Women's Canadian Clubs, he emphasized the hopefulness which he saw on the faces of our citizens and heard in the Canadian conversation. This spirit is seen at its best in the woman from our Newest Canada, who has beheld such wonders worked in a few years by strong hands and stout hearts that she has come to believe in what the doubting and timid would consider impossible.

There is absolutely no room in her spirit for discouragement and despair. She refuses to be convinced that the world, or any considerable part of it, is going to the "bow-wows," and proceeds to tell you all that "her town" has done for the new settlers. She replies in time-honoured fashion to the query: "But isn't it awfully cold out there?" with the comforting assurance that you really don't feel the cold at all, because the sun shines every

day of the three-hundred-and-sixty-five—and you find yourself believing her. She is own sister to Mark Tapley in her capacity for feeling "uncommon jolly," and making others participate in her own good spirits.

* * *

SOMEONE may remark gently: "It is all very well to talk like that, but the Western women are really Montreal, Halifax or Toronto women, who have lived in Manitoba, Alberta or the other Western Provinces for a few years."

Those few years, however, make all the difference. Let the Halifax girl visit her old home and, fond though she may be of the landmarks of childhood, you will observe that she is an out-and-out



A FAIR SPORTSWOMAN

Lady Sybil Grant and her team of Pyrenean mountain dogs, which she exhibited at the Ladies' Kennel Show recently. Lady Sybil, who is the eldest daughter of Lord Rosebery, married Captain Grant of the Coldstream Guards, who is brigadier-major of the London district. A member of such a sporting family Lady Sybil takes the greatest interest in all sports and is famous in the world of "doggy" women.

Westerner in her pride in Vancouver or Calgary. She can talk real estate and crops with the enthusiasm of an immigration agent, and she buys a ticket for the homeward journey with a glad light in her eyes. So, Mrs. Sanford Evans comes back to Toronto to tell us of Winnipeg's wonders—"one hundred miles from everywhere"—Mrs. Arthur Murphy takes a run down from Edmonton to say that Alberta is doing very well, thank you, while Miss Agnes Deans Cameron—Well, if there is another country or earth which can boast such an indefatigable explorer as this Vancouver Islander of Scottish descent, then I shall admit in all meekness that this is not Canada's Century. She is more "at home" in a greater variety of scenes than any other woman I have known. If she is not on the Peace River, enjoying a sunset in a remote reach of that northern stream, you may find her over in England addressing a fashionable feminine club on the ways of the Esquimaux and the industrial opportunities for women in British Columbia.

An English observer of Canadian life recently said that one important part of woman's "mission"

in the West is to keep life from becoming too roughly materialistic. The Western men are accused, perhaps unjustly, of talking too long and too often about dollars, forgetting as another Englishman has said: "The first use of dollars is to conceal the dollars." It is quite natural that in a Land of Sudden Success, the conversation should turn to the ways and means of making good—the phrase meaning invariably a large bank account, a "magnificent" residence and a variety of automobiles. It is woman's gentle task, to which she is usually equal, to see that this wealth is turned into cultured ease, rather than vulgar ostentation, that the finer arts of life are not forgotten in the haste to acquire many acres.

She has been a plucky pioneer, a good comrade through years of stress and hardship, this Woman of the West; and now, that the fruit of toil and patience is in her hands, we should all rejoice that she is not too old to enjoy it. She is generous, loyal and courageous, and the more frequent her home visits to the towns and cities she left behind her, the happier for the old friends who look for her blessed coming.

* * *

Musical Ethics.

BECAUSE a very practical suggestion has been made that the women students of the Guildhall School of Music in London, England, should sell programmes in Mr. Hammerstein's new opera house with a view to gaining experience in matters operatic, a very loud protest has been raised by the parents of the said women-students and the principal of the institution is obliged to flatly deny that such an undignified proceeding was ever contemplated. One indignant parent declared that he would as soon allow his daughter to act in the capacity of a barmaid as a programme-seller, a statement which has brought forth the following sane comment from a writer in *The Bystander*:

"Firstly, then, let me hasten to assure the outraged parent that his daughter, should she happen to be thinking of music as a profession, had far better make up her mind to be a barmaid at once, for she would then perform a function at the same time more useful to society and more lucrative to herself. Anybody who enters the musical profession unprepared to make the greatest sacrifice in order to obtain the smallest advantage is simply courting disaster. The profession is already overcrowded with similar people, who usually end their days in a third-rate provincial town with a brass-plate outside their door announcing that John Jones or Sarah Smith teaches Harmony, Piano, Violin, and Mandolin at a shilling an hour. Get you to your bar, young woman! There, at least, you will not swell the ranks of those most pitiable and undeserving wretches, incompetent and unwanted musicians.

"Good heavens! The idea of any musical student being too proud to sell programmes. If I had had no money when I studied music I would have willingly swept out the orchestra pit to be able to go to the opera regularly. What is more, nobody who is not willing to do so ought to be allowed to call himself a musician. The fact of the matter is that, in England, we have made music far too genteel.

"I am aware, of course, that the trouble is not peculiar to music and musicians. In this country the rank fear of losing caste by doing something out of the ordinary is amazing.

"It will doubtless come as something of a shock to our friend, the parent, to know that in America it is quite common for poor students at the University to go out as waiters in the summer in order to be able to pay for their education. Nor is this monstrous habit confined to one sex. I am told that there is one well-known hotel in the States which, in the summer months, only employs students of the Universities to do the service. Now, I am not an habitual admirer of things American, but a little of this spirit would benefit our schools and colleges immeasurably.

"The only thing that it is always legitimate to sell is oneself—if the marriage settlement be adequate."

A MEMORIAL EXHIBITION

Sydney Strickland Tully

By G. A. REID, R.C.A.



SYDNEY STRICKLAND TULLY, A.R.C.A.

MANY who are familiar with the work of Canadian artists as shown in exhibitions and otherwise during the past twenty-five years, have found a great surprise in the memorial exhibition of Miss Sydney Strickland Tully's work, now open in the galleries of the Art Metropole, Toronto. Even to very intimate friends of Miss Tully, who worked with her and went often to her studio, the sum of her efforts as shown in this exhibition, is a revelation; though all agree in saying that they were quite aware of her wide sympathies, her versatility and industry.

At her death, which occurred recently at the height of her powers, Miss Tully was mainly busy with pastel portraits. Of the 429 members in the catalogue about 25 of these belong to this latest phase of her work. Had galleries of sufficient wall space been available, twice this number of finished works in pastel could have been borrowed for the exhibition. As it is, completed works, both important and minor, studies and sketches for these, and notes of all sorts, indicating the never-tiring observance of nature, are hung side by side, while about 200 are to be seen in portfolios on account of the lack of space on the walls.

Miss Tully's temperament as an artist is vividly shown by the almost endless variety of phases of light attempted in landscape, and in interiors with figures; also by the appreciation of suffused and enveloped colour and tone, and by the combined boldness and delicacy of her technical efforts show appreciation of breadth, and she never ceased experimenting.

This proves that had her life been extended, her development had continued.

Miss Tully was born in Toronto and began to work in the Ontario School of Art when a school girl. She spent about ten years abroad, at different intervals, in pursuing her studies, exhibiting twice in the Royal Academy and once in the Paris Salon. She was an associate of the Royal Canadian Academy, a member of the Ontario Society of Artists, and of the Canadian Society of Applied Art.



"PEAS-BLOSSOM"

Although she has been known to many only as a pastellist, she worked well in water colours and with pencil and pen, besides doing some work in portrait medallions; but from the total estimate of her technique, as shown in this exhibition, it is evident that her power was greatest when painting in oil.

Her free sweeping touch enabled her to seize quickly many a fleeting effect and passing movement. In the development of this technique she was much influenced by her master Benjamin Constant. But even her early

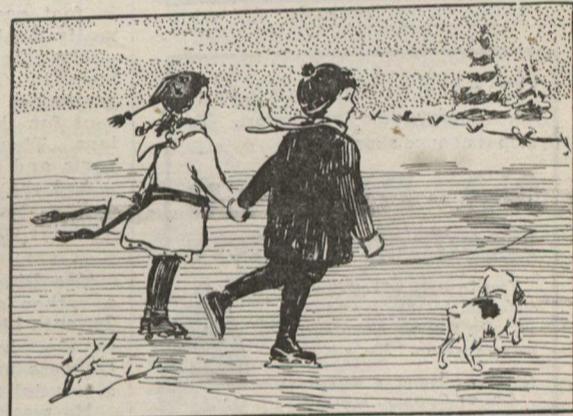
Why Willie and Lillie Were Late - By Estelle M. Kerr.



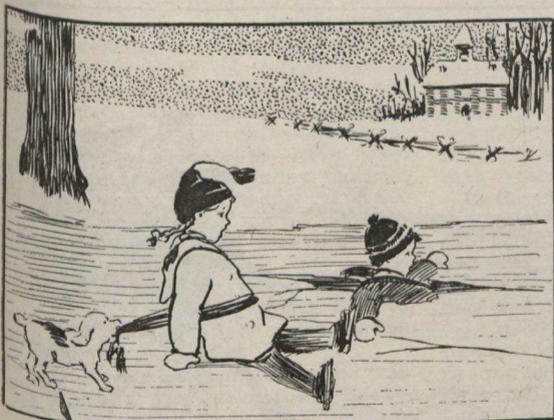
1.—When Willie and Lillie went to school,
The ice was simply great,
And Willie said, "We needn't walk,
It's pleasanter to skate."



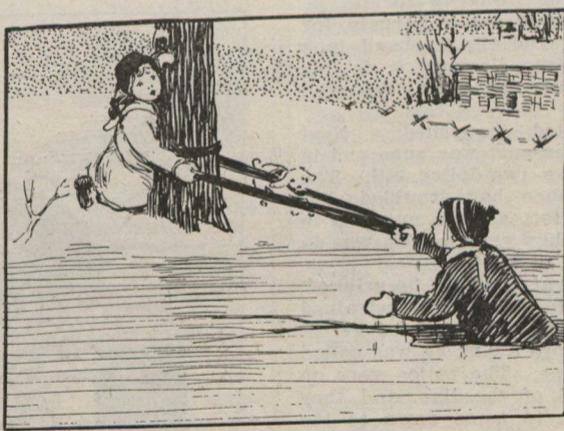
2.—So Willie fastened Lillie's skates,
And put his own on, too,
And Lillie cried, "Oh Toby dear,
I wish we'd skates for you!"



3.—The ice was just as smooth as glass—
'Twas also very thin,
And so—I hate to tell it—
Poor little Will fell in.



4.—But Toby knew the danger,
When he heard the thin ice crack,
And so he seized on Lillie's sash
And helped her scramble back.



5.—And then they tossed the sash to Will,
And tied it 'round a tree,
And soon upon the snowy bank
Quite safe again was he.



6.—The teacher put them by the stove,
They were in such a state,
She couldn't scold them, though they were
Quite twenty minutes late.

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DEMI-TASSE

Courierettes.

Defeated candidates may now realize the folly of using their pictures in the papers as advertisements.

A Western woman found a diamond in a turkey she bought for Christmas. The price of poultry makes it necessary for some inducement to be offered the purchaser.

King George is said to have had a narrow escape from the spring of a wounded tiger. His Majesty will hereafter be pleased to take his three cheers without a tiger.

Suffragettes recently smashed windows worth \$2,000. They are bound to let in the light.

Dr. Sun Yat Sen has been chosen president of China. He may prove to be the Ted. Roose Velt of that new republic.

Toronto will probably appoint a fair wage officer. It's to be hoped that he will be paid a fair wage.

Novel Plea for Votes.—On this page recently was related the novel plea of T. R. Whiteside, M.P.P. for East Toronto, for the labour vote in the recent election.

Another case which eclipses it has come to light. In the recent municipal campaign in the same city, Mr. J. W. Commeford aspired to an aldermanic seat. On one occasion, in stating his claims for the honour, he told the audience of the lives he had saved from drowning.

Then, putting his hand in his pocket, he said significantly, "And I have the medals here to show for it too."

The Nurses' Joke.—From a big Canadian hospital comes a little story of a unique Christmas gift.

In the hospital is a young medical man whose name is Hart. Two pretty nurses were alleged to entertain a more than friendly feeling for him—in fact gossip had it that they were really rivals in the field of his favour. The other nurses, realizing this, got busy at Christmas and prepared a pretty red pasteboard heart as a present for their two love-sick companions. Then they cut the heart in two parts and gave a half to each girl.

And the young Doctor is now wondering why the air is so chilly in hospital corridors.

The Biter Bitten.—They are telling a rather amusing tale now about a Toronto piano-worker whose wife was in the habit of digging into his trousers pocket whenever she wanted a few dollars—more or less.

He wearied of the wifely graft, but still had to submit to the "touches" because she did not take the trouble to ask permission. She did it when he slept.

At work one day he saw a fellow workman display a bogus \$10 bill. A bright idea struck him.

"I'll give you a quarter for it," he said. The man drove a bargain for half a dollar, and the husband took the tenner home, leaving it in his pocket. Smiling serenely, he fell asleep.

The expected happened. Next morning the ten-spot was gone and in its place was a two-dollar bill. The wife's conscience had troubled her about taking ten, so she put two in its place. Hubby smiled. He was in to the amount of \$1.50.

All day long at his work he grinned, and it was with difficulty he refrained from telling his fellows the joke.

But just before 5 p.m. he was called to the telephone. The police were on the other end of the line, and they requested him to come down to the station and bail out his better half, who had been arrested in a departmental store for attempting to pass a bogus ten-dollar bill.

The grin was gone as he hurried into his coat and cap and took a car

for the police station. There he explained matters and straightened the thing out. But his wife had purchased goods to the value of \$8.50 before she had handed the bogus bill to the clerk, and unhappy hubby had to put up real coin to pay for these things.

This is a true tale. Take what moral you please from it.

The New Divorce.—"There's a fortune in it for the fellow who patents the new divorce idea."

"What new divorce?"
"One which permits a man to keep his wife but gives him an absolute divorce from her relations."

Juggling with a Name.—A few nights ago a Toronto man telephoned a list of the new officers of his lodge to the three morning papers of that city. Being a printer, he knew that names are sometimes given a wrong spelling in print. So he was careful in doing the telephoning. And he was somewhat surprised to find that the name "Luke" was given properly in only one paper. A second made it "Lake," and the third printed it "Like."

A Mean Husband.—"Isn't it awful?" consoled the friend, who had called on the weeping wife, whose husband had eloped with the cook.

"Yes, and she was such a good cook too," sobbed the deserted wife. "I don't know where I can get her equal."

Ottawa Misses Its Music.—At Ottawa they are deploring the disappearance of the House of Commons "orchestra."

That orchestra was composed of two M.P.'s, but nevertheless it was a three-piece organization. The pair of M.P.'s were Joseph Russell, of East Toronto, and Adam Crosby, of Halifax. Both went down to defeat in the recent election, and so the nights are no longer "filled with music" at the House of Commons.

Joe Russell made but one or two speeches, or rather remarks, while he was in the House, but he made music—lots of it. He could play two instruments at once. He had contrived a wire arrangement to hold a mouth organ between his lips, the wire passing around his neck. With his hands he played a banjo.

Adam Crosby was a clever performer on the tin whistle. He could extract sweet melody from that tin whistle as easily as Joe could twang the banjo. Many a time did they get together and edify their fellow members with the strains of that good old Scotch air, "Cock o' the North." It was their "piece de resistance." M.P.'s would wander out into the corridors looking for other M.P.'s whom they could summon into the Tory committee room and form an

audience. M.P.'s would ask other M.P.'s for their favourite tunes, and the orchestra would be asked to play "Every Little Movement" or "Home, Sweet Home," but "Cock o' the North" would be the answer. No matter what was asked for, that orchestra would come to the front with the old reliable "Cock o' the North." And so it happens that Messrs. Crosby and Russell are much missed by their fellow members of the last Parliament who were lucky enough to get back to Ottawa.

'Twas Ever Thus.

(Being a brief record of the fate of New Year resolutions.)

Ten little resolutions, standing in a line:

Friend proposed a little drink—then there were nine.

Nine needful resolutions, standing very straight:

Late in getting down to work—then there were eight.

Eight eager resolutions, faces turned to heaven:

Up too late to go to church—then there were seven.

Seven shaking resolutions, in a sorry fix:

Simply had to have a smoke—then there were six.

Six sad wee resolutions, all alert, alive:

Ate too much at New Year's dinner—then there were five.

Five failing resolutions: lost my temper—swore—

Then another vanished quite and there were four.

Four falt'ring resolutions: I went out to tea,

Got into a poker game—then there were three.

Three rocking resolutions, met my little Sue:

Asked her if she'd marry me—then there were two.

Two trembling resolutions, shrinking in the sun:

Didn't bother going to vote—then there was one.

One lonely resolution: I shall keep this one—

That next New Year's I will make resolutions none.

Queer Gift to Mayor Geary.—Mayor Geary, who has the unique distinction of being the only mayor in Toronto's history to get a third term by acclamation, received many congratulations and gifts from friends when the news of his Christmas box from the citizens was published.

One of the most interesting gifts was sent by some unknown Chinaman to the Mayor's apartments. It consisted of a dainty Chinese shawl, and several packages of tea. As the Mayor is a bachelor his mother is wearing the shawl, and she also took care of the tea.



SCIENCE AND SPORT

Why not substitute a vacuum cleaner for the old-fashioned broom.

THE RUNNERS OF THE AIR

(Continued from page 10.)

splinter had been flicked off the upper edge of the body, between the propeller and the motor.

"We may as well slide up another seven or eight hundred feet, don't you think?" suggested Sergius, lifting the planes sharply. "It's a comfort to think we've lots of room overhead."

As they ran up the slopes of air the distant rivers came clearly into view, the broad, sprawling reaches of the Save and the twisted coils of the Drina flashing their summons to safety. With amazing speed they drew near, as if all the pictured side of the hollow bowl of the landscape were sliding inward and downward toward the bottom. Then, all up and down the fields, parallel with the river bank, little groups of men in uniform came into view. They were gesticulating and pointing and staring upward toward the humming and darting plane.

"This is where we run the gauntlet, I'm thinking," remarked the American, gazing downward through the glasses. Count Sergius said nothing. Every faculty, every ounce of will within him, was concentrated on the effort to lift the machine across the zone of fire.

"A-H-H-H!" came a long-drawn exclamation from Carver as the rifles sputtered upward their tiny jets of flame. Something pinged shrilly past his head, a high note which stood out from the noise of propeller and motor. His ear caught also a sharp, small sound which told him a bullet had gone through the taut canvas of the planes. Then, with a grunting sob, the motor stopped dead!

Count Sergius jerked upon his lifting plane. In the sudden, startling silence the great white dragon-fly began her terrific descent.

"Struck the magneto!" said Count Sergius. His voice sounded unnatural. Carver saw that his face was deadly pale.

"You're not hit?" he demanded. "Only my leg!" answered Sergius, the strong ring returning to his voice and the blood mounting back to his face. "Thank God it wasn't my arm! Are they going to fire again?"

"Don't look like it. They see they've winged us all right. I don't think

they want to shoot us all to pieces, because that would kind of spoil us for curios."

"We were not more than a quarter of a mile from the river when we were hit," said Sergius setting his teeth hard as the anguish awoke in his leg. "I believe I can keep her up till we're half-way over."

"Quite convenient for conversation, this unusual quiet," suggested Carver, eyeing him with admiration, then sweeping the river with his glasses. "But as to where we strike the water, I don't think it much matters; we'll be nabbed wherever we strike it, my boy. There's a little motor-boat piling up the river as if she had an engagement with us and thought she was late. And there's a big motor-boat hustling down the river in almost as big a hurry. I wish we could stay up here."

Sergius twisted his mouth in a ghastly grin, but made no reply. He was nursing to the last inch every foot of glide that the monoplane had in her. They were well out over the water now; but it was coming up at them too fast.

"By Jing, I'd like to take a shot at some of those comfortable-looking swine!" went on the American itchingly, lifting his rifle and laying it down again abruptly. "But it would be a fool trick all right. Not unless they begin it again! But if they do—ah, there's a tubby gentleman in civilian's clothes, who seems very important. It is borne in upon me that he is at the bottom of all this disturbance. I don't want him to profit by it as much as he thinks he's going to. Even at this distance, I can see he is what old Andrews would call a bounder. Well, if there's another shot fired, you'll go, my tubby friend, for I don't like your looks a little bit."

"It's de L'Orme!" gasped Count Sergius, the torture of the smashed leg-bone mounting upward into his thigh. They were half-way across the river and not ten feet above the water. He jammed his elevating plane hard upward, lifting the dragon-fly's nose and, with a great rustling sigh followed by a smacking splash, the machine settled level upon the current.

(To be continued.)

BANISH THE REVOLVER

Editor CANADIAN COURIER:

Sir,—Nine out of every ten revolvers sold across the counters of hardware stores are used for an unlawful purpose. The odd one is never used at all.

Some would-be reformers are under the impression that the revolver serves no purpose. This is an error. The purpose of the revolver is to MURDER.

Sometimes it is self-murder. Sometimes it is the killing of another, but always it is a violation of that Divine commandment which says "Thou shalt not kill."

It is a far cry from the day of the lone highwayman of old England and his blunderbuss to the footpad and the automatic repeater of to-day, but in each case it is the smallest gun obtainable that the criminal carries.

A few Canadian cities—Montreal and Toronto for instance—have passed city ordinances restricting the sale of revolvers. A visit to the hardware stores or second-hand shops of either city will furnish proof that laws are respected—sometimes.

In Winnipeg, Calgary or Vancouver, it is as easy to buy a gun as it is to buy a drink. All you need is the price.

A few weeks ago a brutal crime was committed in a western town. Jealousy was the motive, a five dollar revolver the means.

A few days after the murder I held a conversation with the hardwareman who had sold the murderer the gun. He said to me:

"I was suspicious of that fellow at

the time. He didn't look good to me, but as long as the law permits me to sell revolvers I'm going to do it. I expect the sale of small firearms will be prohibited before many years, and I believe it should be."

Because the law permits him to do it, this man is willing to become morally particeps crimini to murder. And there are thousands just like him throughout Canada to-day.

The plea is sometimes made that a revolver is a useful thing to keep in a house "to scare away burglars." For every burglar scared a dozen fools "who didn't know it was loaded" furnish an unwilling target for the bullet. And every once in a while the man who thought the gun would come in handy to scare Bill Sykes looks up his insurance policy and discovers therein a suicide clause.

A revolver is a handy little reminder that life is one long seige of woes and that death is easy.

In the civilized age in which we live the revolver performs no useful mission which can entitle it to the free and easy purchase that now obtains. Its use should be restricted to the military and the police.

Legislation aimed at the individual freedom to carry a revolver is useless as long as unrestricted sale and manufacture is permitted. The only manner in which the evil can be combatted is to make it a penal offence to manufacture, sell, buy or possess a revolver.

Then, and only then, will murder and suicide be made a little more difficult.

P. W. LUCE.
New Westminster, B.C., Dec. 16th.

WHY MAN OF TO-DAY IS ONLY 50 PER CENT. EFFICIENT

By WALTER GRIFFITH

IF one were to form an opinion from the number of helpful, inspiring and informing articles one sees in the public press and magazines, the purpose of which is to increase our efficiency, he must believe that the entire American Nation is striving for such an end—

And this is so.

The American Man because the race is swifter every day; competition is keener and the stronger the man the greater his capacity to win. The stronger the man the stronger his will and brain, and the greater his ability to match wits and win. The greater his confidence in himself, the greater the confidence of other people in him: the keener his wit and the clearer his brain.

The American Woman because she must be competent to rear and manage the family and home, and take all the thought and responsibility from the shoulders of the man, whose present-day business burdens are all that he can carry.

Now what are we doing to secure that efficiency? Much mentally, some of us much physically, but what is the trouble?

We are not really efficient more than half the time. Half the time blue and worried—all the time nervous—some of the time really incapacitated by illness.

There is a reason for this—a practical reason, one that has been known to physicians for quite a period and will be known to the entire World ere long.

That reason is that the human system does not, and will not, rid itself of all the waste which it accumulates under our present mode of living. No matter how regular we are, the food we eat and the sedentary lives we live (even though we do get some exercise) make it impossible; just as impossible as it is for the grate of a stove to rid itself of clinkers.

And the waste does to us exactly what the clinkers do to the stove; make the fire burn low and inefficiently until enough clinkers have accumulated and then prevent its burning at all.

It has been our habit, after this waste has reduced our efficiency about 75 per cent., to drug ourselves; or after we have become 100 per cent. inefficient through illness, to still further attempt to rid ourselves of it in the same way—by drugging.

If a clock is not cleaned once in a while it clogs up and stops; the same way with an engine because of the residue which it, itself, accumulates. To clean the clock, you would not put the acid on the parts, though you could probably find one that would do the work, nor to clean the engine would you force a cleaner through it that would injure its parts; yet that is the process you employ when you drug the system to rid it of waste.

You would clean your clock and engine with a harmless cleanser that Nature has provided, and you can do exactly the same for yourself as I will demonstrate before I conclude.

The reason that a physician's first step in illness is to purge the system is that no medicine can take effect nor can the system work properly while the colon (large intestine) is clogged up. If the colon were not clogged up the chances are 10 to 1 that you would not have been ill at all.

It may take some time for the clogging process to reach the stage where it produces real illness, but, no matter how long it takes, while it is going on the functions are not working so as to keep us up to "concert pitch." Our livers are sluggish, we are dull and heavy—slight or severe headaches come on—our sleep does not rest us—in short, we are about 50 per cent. efficient.

And if this condition progresses to where real illness develops, it is impossible to tell what form that illness will take, because—

The blood is constantly circulating through the colon and, taking up by absorption the poisons in the waste which it contains, it distributes them throughout the system and weakens it so that we are subject to whatever disease is most prevalent.

The nature of the illness depends on our own little weaknesses and what we are the least able to resist.

These facts are all scientifically correct in every particular, and it has often surprised me that they are not more generally known and appreciated. All we have to do is to consider the treatment that we have received in illness to realize fully how it developed and the methods used to remove it.

So you see that not only is accumulated waste directly and constantly pulling down our efficiency by making our blood poor and our intellect dull—our spirits low and our ambitions weak, but it is responsible through its weakening and infecting processes for a list of illnesses that if catalogued here would seem almost unbelievable.

It is the direct and immediate cause of that very expensive and dangerous complaint—appendicitis.

If we can successfully eliminate the waste all our functions work properly and in accord—there are no poisons being taken up by the blood, so it is pure and imparts strength to every part of the body instead of weakness—there is nothing to clog up the system and make us bilious, dull and nervously fearful.

With everything working in perfect accord and without obstruction, our brains are clear, our entire physical being is competent to respond quickly to every requirement, and we are 100 per cent. efficient.

Now this waste that I speak of cannot be thoroughly removed by drugs, but even if it could the effect of these drugs on the functions is very unnatural, and if continued becomes a periodical necessity.

Note the opinions on drugging of two most eminent physicians:

Prof. Alonzo Clark, M.D., of the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons, says: "All of our curative agents are poisons, and, as a consequence, every dose diminishes the patient's vitality."

Prof. Joseph M. Smith, M.D., of the same school, says: "All medicines which enter the circulation poison the blood in the same manner as do the poisons that produce disease."

Now, the internal organism can be kept as sweet and pure and clean as the external and by the same natural, sane method—bathing. By the proper system warm water can be introduced so that the colon is perfectly cleansed and kept pure.

There is no violence in this process—it seems to be just as normal and natural as washing one's hands.

Physicians are taking it up more widely and generally every day, and it seems as though everyone should be informed thoroughly on a practice which, though so rational and simple, is revolutionary in its accomplishments.

This is rather a delicate subject to write of exhaustively in the public press, but Chas. A. Tyrrell, M.D., has prepared an interesting treatise on "Why Man of To-day is Only 50 per cent. Efficient," which he will send without cost to anyone addressing him at 275 College Street, Toronto, and mentioning that they have read this article in the Courier.

Personally, I am enthusiastic on Internal Bathing because I have seen what it has done in illness as well as in health, and I believe that every person who wishes to keep in as near a perfect condition as is humanly possible should at least be informed on this subject; he will also probably learn something about himself which he has never known through reading the little book to which I refer.

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**MONEY AND
MAGNATES****Foreword for 1912.**

WHAT the average financier and trader likes to know most of all about at this season is what is likely to happen in the year just opening out.

In a general way, the opinion of leading bankers and industrial interests seems to be that as far as Canada is concerned, we are in for a year of considerable activity and, therefore, material industrial development. As foundation for this activity one has only to glance at the comprehensive plans that the big railways have for the coming year to immediately recognize that there will be a great deal of business for all the larger steel companies. There are also dozens of subsidiary concerns that are all kept going when the railways of a country are adding hundreds of miles of additional track, securing thousands of additional cars, and hundreds of more locomotives. The C.P.R. plans will result in an expenditure on new business and equipment of at least \$25,000,000, and this business alone will be sufficient to keep dozens of plants, outside of their own shops, in full operation for quite a portion of the year. Then again, the Grand Trunk Pacific will push its work on more aggressively than ever in the hope of getting the Transcontinental Railway through as far as possible; while the Canadian Northern, as a result of its recent \$35,000,000 loan, will endeavour to link up many portions of the lines that it hopes to have go to make a third transcontinental.

From a financial standpoint one can readily appreciate that the many large issues of additional capital being made by our principal Canadian banks will result in these banking institutions having a great deal more money at their disposal to take care of the many commercial enterprises that are springing up in every section of the country.

As a result of this activity in general trade and banking circles one may reasonably expect considerable activity in the principal stock markets, if only because leading interests behind different concerns are sure to try to take advantage of the situation to put through the various transactions which they have already in mind and which naturally must depend to a great extent on generally favourable conditions throughout the country.

* * *

New Conditions Among Banking Institutions.

AS a prominent banker remarked the other day, "What is going to be the outcome of this Canadian Bank of Commerce and Eastern Townships Bank amalgamation?" It brings about an absolutely new condition of things in Canadian banking affairs, as it will mean that the Bank of Commerce now not only surpasses the Bank of Montreal in earning power but in many respects outdistances the pioneer Canadian bank in the position it occupies. Five years ago if anybody had made the prophecy that the Bank of Montreal was at all likely to be ousted from its position as the premier bank of the country, one would have almost thought that they did not know anything about what they were talking. But such a thing has come to pass, and on the basis of the earnings of the Bank of Commerce and E. T. Bank last year, they would show profits of something like three-quarters of a million more than the Bank of Montreal; and now Toronto instead of Montreal becomes the headquarters of what will generally be regarded as the greatest banking institution in the country. This being the case, one may almost reasonably ask if it will not enable the Bank of Commerce to obtain a great deal of business which in the past has naturally gone to the Bank of Montreal, because up to that time it was the biggest institution in the country, and in making such an observation the account of the Dominion Government comes naturally to mind. The question is whether before very long the Bank of Commerce interests will not be able to establish their right to handle even such an account, and there cannot be any doubt that such a change would quickly result in a tremendous increase in the general business of the Commerce, and that it would take a lot of other business to make up for its loss to the Bank of Montreal. Down in Montreal it is recognized that as a banking organization the Commerce is building up perhaps the most successful there is in the country, and if this is so why then the benefits to be derived from proper organization should be even more marked as time goes on than they have been up to the present.

* * *

American Interests in Many Canadian Enterprises.

THE other day a crowd of Montreal interests went down to New York, and, after interviewing the principal American interests that have been making a specialty of manufacturing fittings for bank offices and buildings, came to an arrangement for the formation of the Canada Metals Company, Limited, very much along the same lines as many other transactions have been put through in the past couple of years in connection with the car equipment and foundry business. There seems to be always in such transactions some relation as between the people who make a thing and the people who are close to the ones who will give out the contracts, and on this account the connection between the Canadian groups and the American manufacturing interests seems to work pretty well. The fact that Mr. Nat Curry, the President of the Canadian Car and Foundry Company, had something to do with the new Metal Company conveyed the impression that the deal was effected somewhat along the same lines as that which resulted when the Canada Car, now one of the companies in the Canadian Car and Foundry, was established.

At the time the Grand Trunk Pacific was just getting under way a group of financial interests in Canada got in touch with some of the practical interests in the Pressed Steel Car Company of the United States, with the result that an arrangement was made for the organization of the Canada Car Company, the Canadian group undertaking to a large extent to find the business and the American crowd showing them how to organize and get their plant in proper working order.

About the same time another group were tied up with interests in the American Car and Foundry, and this resulted in the organization at that time of the Dominion Car and Foundry, manufacturing almost identically along the same lines as were the American Car and Foundry.

COUPON.

THE INVESTMENT SEASON

In readiness for the month of January, when security holders are investing their surplus or re-investing their bond interest and dividends, we have prepared a booklet on STANDARD CANADIAN SECURITIES.

This booklet will be found of particular value to every investor who desires to keep in close touch with leading Canadian corporations whose stocks are listed on the Montreal and Toronto Stock Exchanges.

The twenty-nine companies reviewed include the following:—

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Profits Earned in

1906	1907	1908	1909	1910
\$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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PEOPLE AND PLACES

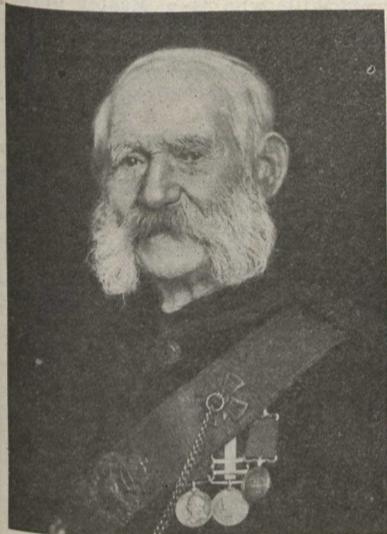
St. John, the Exporter.

ST. JOHN is becoming the big exporter. Half a million dollars worth of goods more than went out of the New Brunswick port last year, have been shipped this year. Fully half the shipments from St. John are American goods, dumped into the Canadian city for transportation across the Atlantic.

* * *

"A Grand Old Man."

THE elderly gentleman with the medals strewn across his breast, whose picture is reproduced in this department this week, is Mr. William Blaind, of Belleville, Ont. He was 91 years of age on December 11th. He doesn't show his age as those will testify, who have recorded their votes in the municipal elections with him as Deputy Returning Officer, Foster Ward, Belleville, every year for the last thirty-four. His illuminating let-



MR. WILLIAM BLAIND, Belleville, Ont.
"One of the Grand Old Men of Eastern Ontario."

ters to the Belleville papers on early days in the town reveal the vigour of his intellect.

Mr. Blaind prides himself on his military exploits. Few Canadians can say that they served in the militia in the Rebellion of '37. Mr. Blaind was at the front in those strenuous days at Belleville, Kingston, Prescott and Cornwall. In 1843 he became sergeant-major of the Hastings Regiment. Again, during 1864-1865, he saw active service at Windsor and Amherstburg. When the 49th Hastings Rifle Regiment was organized, he was gazetted sergeant-major, and held the office for twenty-three years. He is now one of the grand old men of Eastern Ontario looking back with pride on the days when he was able to serve his country in times of stress.

* * *

Edmonton Park Commission.

EDMONTON has just appointed a Parks Commission. The fur port town has needed one. In prairie municipalities, where rapid growth shifts real estate value so quickly, the park question is likely to be shelved unless there is somebody responsible for keeping aside part of the city site for parks. Edmonton has got to the stage when parks are just as necessary as they are in the larger centres of Canada. Because Edmonton has hitherto had no one to size up possible park sites, she has continually run the risk of being either bereft of parks or paying exorbitant prices for park land, which a park commission might have grabbed at the psychological moment. The new commission will fill a gap in Edmonton municipal organization.

* * *

Is He An Alien?

THE large Canadian colony in Boston, Mass., is vastly excited. The cause of the furor is a row be-

tween an ex-New Brunswicker and Mayor Fitzgerald, of Boston.

Mr. Horace L. Britain, son of Prof. John Britain, of Macdonald College, took his M. A. from the University of New Brunswick some years ago, and is now a teacher of note—a big enough pedagogue to be Superintendent of Schools in Hyde Park, Boston. Recently, Mr. Britain went to collect his salary for looking after infant culture in Boston, and the Mayor vetoed it. His Worship claimed that Mr. Britain, Canadian born, was an alien. The Superintendent of Schools replied that he had become a citizen of the United States. The Intercolonial Club and other Canadian organizations in Boston got hold of the news of the fracas between the Mayor and their fellow-Canadian; they raised a howl.

The Intercolonial issued a statement drawing attention to the significance of the Britain-Fitzgerald incident: "The fact that Mr. Britain is of Canadian birth is of interest only in so far as it indicates a belief that an unjust discrimination may be made against a Canadian which would be regarded as impolitic and unsafe to make against a man of another nationality."

* * *

Public Ownership at the "Soo."

THE Sault Ste. Marie Board of Trade held a meeting the other night and passed some strong resolutions. The Board wants public ownership at the Soo. In two years' time, two important municipal franchises expire. They are those held by the Tagoma Water & Light Company, which concern, at present, lights the city and supplies the drinking water. The Board of Trade favours the municipality controlling the waterworks and electric light plant.

The Board also has some opinions on such matters of local interest at the Soo as the improving of the water front, erection of a Government port at the ship canal, appointment of an Industrial Commissioner, and rebuilding of the Government dock. The Board is playing a hand in the municipal elections, and will try to elect a Council which will look after the policy it advocates.

* * *

A Record in St. Boniface.

ST. BONIFACE, MAN., which is a large suburb of Winnipeg, made history the other day. St. Boniface, predominantly French in population, elected an Englishman Mayor. No Englishman ever was Mayor of St. Boniface before. The man who did the trick is Alderman—now Mayor Thomas Berry—an Englishman from Manchester, who has prospered in Canada. Mayor Berry mixed in St. Boniface politics first in 1903. Five years later he took a crack at Mayor Bleau for the Mayorality, but was defeated. At the election this year he secured a majority over his opponent Dr. F. Lachance, of ninety-one votes.

The significance of his victory is that English immigrants, of which lately there have been a large infusion into St. Boniface, are on the way to dominating that part of Winnipeg. Three out of five of Mayor Berry's aldermanic supporters are also Englishmen.

* * *

A Statue to Lord Selkirk.

LIEUT.-GOVERNOR CAMERON, Sir William Whyte, and others of the most prominent men in Manitoba held a luncheon party the other day in Winnipeg, to discuss a memorial for Lord Selkirk. They decided to erect a monument. It will cost \$75,000, and will be located in all probability at that well-known Winnipeg corner, where Portage Avenue and Main Street meet.

During the discussion of the matter, Mr. J. A. M. Aikins, K.C., M.P., said a poignant thing, when he urged the ordering of a statue on the ground, that what it would personify, would be a patriotic example to the thousands of

Russell Motor Cars

THE following letter is typical of many constantly being received from satisfied owners of the Russell car.

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Dear Sirs:

I had delivery of your Model R, five-passenger car, a short time ago, and I have given it a fairly good trial, and I wish to say that I am delighted with it in every way.

You know I had a 1909 model of the same car in use until now, and it gave me very good satisfaction. Your 1911 Model is improved in many ways, running more smoothly, more noiselessly, and easier in operation.

You know I have had considerable experience with several makes of cars, and I believe your 1911 Model is the best car to-day for the money.

You are quite at liberty to make whatever use you desire of this letter.

Yours very truly,

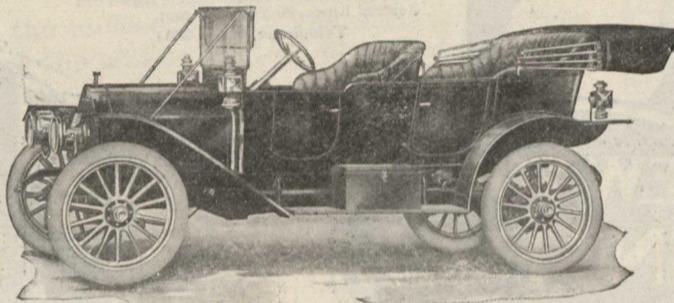
(Signed) S. D. BIGGAR.

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Anything Amiss?

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Is the floor worn in places? The wainscoting scratched? Table and chair legs marred? Picture frames a little shabby?





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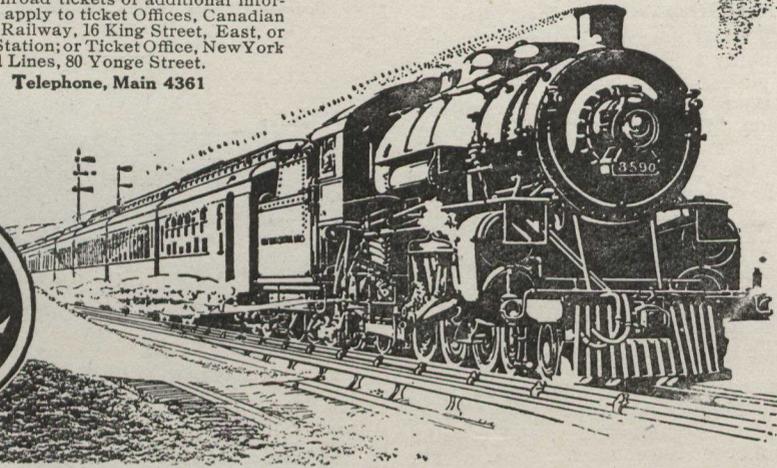
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foreigners in Winnipeg. He called attention to the fact, that whereas in Eastern Canada every big city has its statues to great Canadians, Western Canadian cities are conspicuous by the absence of such statues on the public squares.

More Art for Ottawa.

CANADA will soon have an addition of two more statues to her national art gallery. Sculptor G. W. Hill got off a boat from Europe at Montreal recently with two replicas of his two statues being erected to those great Canadian statesmen of the past, George Brown and D'Arcy McGee.

Premier Gouin, of Quebec, has looked the replicas over and pronounced effusive French phrases in admiration of them. The statues will be placed in Ottawa.

Life of Cardinal Gibbons

ONE of the most important and ambitious books of the season has just been issued from the presses of the John Murphy Co., of New York and London. It is Prof. Allen S. Will's Life of James, Cardinal Gibbons. Prof. Will, who is a Master of Arts and a Doctor of Literature, has for years been gathering material for this work, and the result seems to well justify the time spent and the labour expended.

The occasion of the book is the fiftieth anniversary of Cardinal Gibbons' ordination as a priest of the Roman Catholic Church and the twenty-fifth anniversary of his appointment to the American Cardinalate. Cardinal Gibbons is now 77 years of age and in the natural course of events his life can not be prolonged. This the writer has in a delicate way intimated, and thus the book, unlike most biographies of living subjects, has a completeness hardly to be expected. Moreover, many of the great causes with which Cardinal Gibbons has been identified are advanced to the stage that Cardinal Gibbons wished for when he first became actively concerned in their progress. Thus the book is given a finish and expresses well in summary the results of his long career.

The present is the first occasion in which the result of Cardinal Gibbons' life labour has been collected. As the author points out, a career of active labour stretching over fifty years of the priesthood takes us so far back into history, back beyond the civil war, that the questions then to the fore have sunk out of the recollection of the present generation. Moreover, biographies of civil war issues, while written often from the political viewpoint, have very seldom been recorded from the point of view of the Roman Catholic Church. Hence this work of four hundred odd pages, magnificently indexed, opens up a new aspect of the interesting events of fifty years back in North America.

The attitude of the Cardinal agent the American school questions will have an especial interest to Canadians. Apart from this the book does not touch on any definitely Canadian questions, as the Catholic Church of Canada is more closely identified with the United States. There is a chapter entitled "Sympathy with the French Catholics" which deals entirely with the attitude of the Cardinal and the American church to the French Government's dealings with the Catholics of France.

The celebration of June 6 this year of the Cardinal's twenty-fifth ordination to the See of Baltimore is very fully dealt with. Indeed, both Catholic students and others will find the book of great interest and value.

John's Mistake.—John had accepted an invitation to dine with his friend Jones, and it being a very dark night and the roads bad, John took a stable lantern to light him on his way. They dined well, and John departed for home. The next morning John received a note from his friend as follows: "Dear Jack—The bearer brings your stable lamp, please return parrot and cage."

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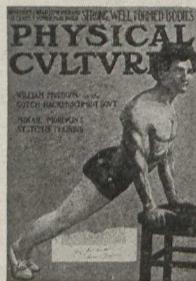
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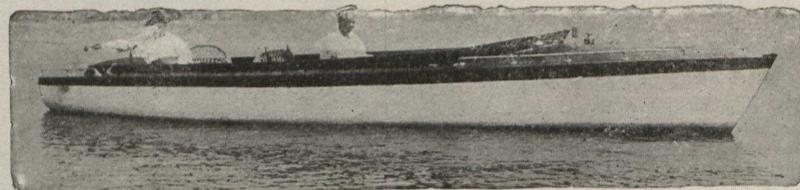
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The Scrap Book

Extension of Credit.—A young country merchant who had something of a reputation for close figuring was especially attentive to the village school-ma'am. The young woman had a sweet tooth and was not at all retiring about making the fact known. Accordingly, she hinted to her admirer that a box of chocolates would be greatly appreciated on the occasion of his next visit. Later the suggestion was repeated and again duly heeded. The third time the subject was broached, however, the dispenser of sweets turned a deaf ear to the entreaty.

"I don't know about takin' that girl any more candy," he confided to a companion next day. "She's owin' me sixty cents for chocolates already."—Lippincott's.

Solving a Difficulty.—A Chicago banker was dictating a letter to his stenographer.

"Tell Mr. Soandso," he ordered, "that I will meet him in Schenectady."

"How do you spell Schenectady?" asked the stenographer.

"S-c, S-c—er—er—er— Tell him I'll meet him in Albany."

The Usual Delay.—Friend—"Does the house you're putting up comply with the building regulations?"

New York Builder—"No; but I suppose they'll make us as soon as a workman gets killed."—Life.

Taking no Chances.—Before he was well known, Wendell Phillips, the distinguished abolitionist, went to Charleston, and put up at a hotel. He had breakfast served in his room, and was waited upon by a slave. Mr. Phillips seized the opportunity to represent to the negro in a pathetic way that he regarded him as a man and brother, and, more than that, that he himself was an abolitionist. The negro, however, seemed more anxious about his breakfast than he was about his position in the social scale or the condition of his soul, and finally Mr. Phillips became discouraged and told him to go away, saying that he could not bear to be waited on by a slave.

"You must 'scuse me, massa," said the negro; "I is 'bliged to stay here 'cause I'm 'sponsible for de silver-ware."

Inherited.—"Wot you doin', chile?"

"Nothin', mammy."

"My, but you is gittin' like yooh father."—Baltimore World.

The Family Tree.

A brand-new family tree adorns The home of Croesus Pickles; With tales of titled ancestors His fawning friends he tickles.

To all the world that tree proclaims Descent from lord and lady. Betwixt the branches and the ground Of course it's rather shady.

—Smart Set.

Ungrammatical Waiters.—Visitor—"After reading so much about Boston culture I was surprised to hear one of your waiters repeatedly end a sentence with a preposition."

Hubbitt—"Indeed! What was the sentence?"

Visitor—"Plate of beans with!"—Boston Transcript.

Simple.—Mrs. Struckett - Witch—"How can you tell cut-glass from the imitation?"

Mrs. Gaswell—"That isn't hard. You can always tell it by looking at the bill."

Made Things Hot for Him.—"Well, whaddy you want?"

"I am a man who was married in the cage of wildcats."

"I asted ye whaddy you want!"

"I thought I would like to look into the cage again. I fear I left my wife there and took one of the wildcats."—Houston Post.

A Kodak Lesson from Motion Pictures.

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The motion picture man must have a film that is free from the minutest blemish. The picture that you see upon the curtain, say 15 x 20 feet in size, is approximately seventy thousand times as large as the tiny film upon which it was made. A spot the size of a pin head upon that film would show as large as your hat upon the curtain.

The requirements then, are extreme speed, fineness of grain, absolute freedom from mechanical defects and dependability. The price of the film is a secondary consideration. First of all, it must be right. The competition for this business is purely a competition of *quality* and *reliability*.

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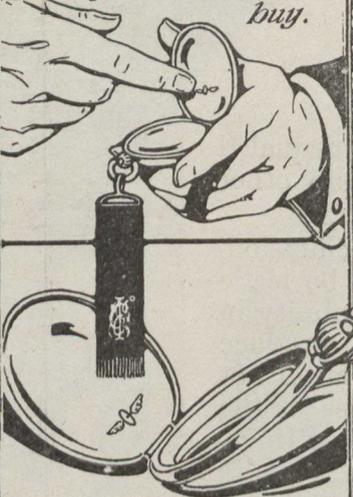
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THE ORGANIST'S PUPIL

(Continued from page 6.)

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it over and over again. And then you will understand something of what those two were feeling that dull November evening—just those three souls alone in that vast Cathedral. I think that Dr. Elvington played as he never played in his life before. You know musicians do not want crowds. They play to one soul, and there was that soul huddled up against the end of the keyboard, watching—watching every turn of wrist, every movement of fingers, with the tears running down her cheeks.

"Why," he said, "are you crying! My dear child, you take it all too seriously."

"Can one take music too seriously?"

"Oh, yes." He gave a sigh. "I am sorry I indulged you. Now, let me hear what you can do."

"I can't get it," she said. She snatched a little cambric handkerchief from her bosom and fiercely dried her eyes. "I—I beg your pardon for being so stupid. You don't know what it is to me. I can't get it—I—yes, I will play to you. You will understand, you will know just the want there is—the blank in my soul—the something wrong about my fingers—something contrary about the keys—I—"

"Well, don't talk about it. Let me hear what you can do. Now, James!"

And so they changed places, and he sat in the velvet-cushioned chair watching her, watching critically, scrutinizingly. And Myra Silverthorne played that wonderful melody from beginning to end, and she gave a little sob as she finished.

"Do you—don't you see?" she said. "I—I can't do it—I shall never do it. I can't get it."

"I know what you mean," he said. "I don't know that you haven't got it better than I."

"Oh, no!"

"I don't know. I am too near to hear as I want to hear. If I go to the other end of the nave will you play it again?"

"Of course."

So he left her, and she heard his footsteps going down the little winding stair, heard him cross the great, echoing space under the lantern tower, and presently he spoke from the far end of the great nave.

"Now," he said, "go on."

And so she played it again, and Dr. Elvington came back into the loft.

"Miss Silverthorne," he said, "it would not be honest to take you as a pupil. You may come and study with me if you like, but not for money. You're an artist. If I can help you it will be an honour, but not—not for money."

II.

From that time the comradeship between Myra Silverthorne, and the organist began. Every afternoon she came in in time for Evensong, going straight up into the loft. Usually she played the Voluntary, sometimes the Anthem, almost always the Recessional. And then, when the Cathedral was once more deserted, there came a glorious half-hour of study. And then some days she would go home to the old house in the Close and have a cup of tea with Miss Elvington; and sometimes they would go down St. Thomas Street and share a little table at Bonner's. Then Miss Silverthorne's motor would be in readiness in its garage, and she would go back again into the wilds whence she had come.

"Dick," said Barbara Elvington, when she and her brother were lingering at the dinner table, "where does Miss Silverthorne live?"

"Miss Silverthorne? She lives at St. Agnes Priory."

"Has she ever asked you there?"

"No. I'm her—her maestro—no more."

"She has told you nothing about herself?"

"Nothing."

But, as a matter of fact, Miss Elvington did not see. She was completely in the dark. If I tell the truth, I must say that it worried her to have this little musical genius coming day by day out of the gloom and going back

into it like a fairy into fairyland. There was a look upon Dick Elvington's face which his sister had never seen there before.

"Dick," she said, "has it ever struck you that you ought to get married?"

He gave a great start. "I?"

"Yes. It—it has been all right as long as I was here to look after the house and see to everything, keep up your social position, and generally work hard for you; but when I am married, what are you going to do then?"

"I don't know. I never thought of it. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof," he replied, glibly enough. "When is William coming down again?"

"He comes to-morrow night for a week. It will be his last visit, Dick, before we're married. I've been wondering and wondering—" She got up and came round to his end of the table. "Dick," she said, laying her hand on his shoulder, "follow my example, old boy—get married. Man was not meant to live alone, and an organ isn't quite the same thing as a wife. I know that you are wrapped up in yours, I know that your music has been your hobby and your profession and your love, but there will come a day, Dick, when you will find yourself alone, and you will wish that you hadn't given quite so many hostages to fortune. Take my tip, old dear, get married."

She did not wait for a reply, but went quickly out of the room. And Dick Elvington sat there thinking. Well, Bab was right. Bab was five years younger than he—only five-and-twenty—and yet in worldly matters she was always right. She was right this time. There was only one wife in the world for Richard Elvington—that other half of his soul, that sister artist, that slim genius of two-and-twenty from whom he could never have taken a farthing, to whom he had given all the genius that was in him. She would be his. She loved him. She would take Barbara's place in the roomy old house. They would be one soul, one artist, one genius, one perfect whole.

"I—I'll do it to-morrow," he said, aloud, and he banged his open hand upon the table till the glasses rang again.

They met as usual in the roomy organ loft the following afternoon.

"I will play the Voluntary," said he. And he played something of his own, something that had never seen the light, something that went straight from his heart to hers. And then, when the short service came to an end, he motioned her to take his place on the organ seat.

"The Marche Funebre," he murmured.

For quite a long time after the last notes sobbed away, echoing down the vast aisles of the mighty church, neither spoke. Then his hands stole towards hers.

"You—you have got it," he said.

"Yes?"

"Of course, you know you have."

His hand closed over hers.

"I got it from you."

"If so, give me back what is mine. There is only one world for you and me. Let us dwell in it together."

"But you know so little about me."

"I know all that is best in you."

"Yes? But you always call me 'Miss' Silverthorne."

"What!"

"I am Mrs. Silverthorne. I have always worn just my wedding ring."

"You—you are married?"

"I have been married."

"You are free?"

"Yes."

"A widow?"

"Yes."

"You loved him?"

"Did I? No—no, I think not. He was fond of me in a way, only in a way. It was not my way."

"How could anybody be fond of you in your way," said Elvington, possessing himself of her other hand, "excepting me?"



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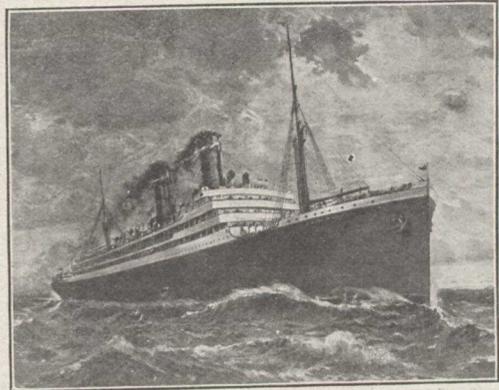
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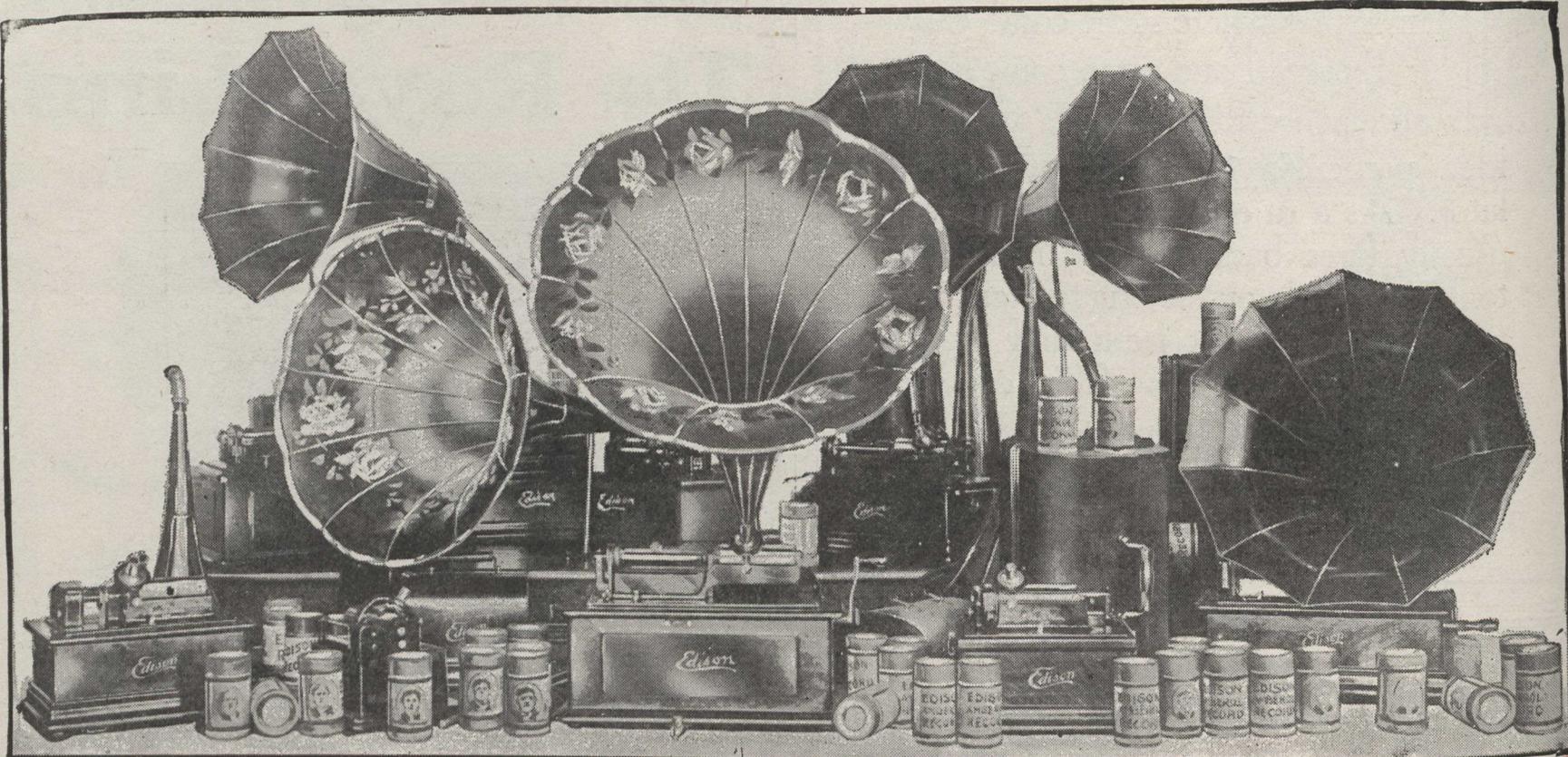
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