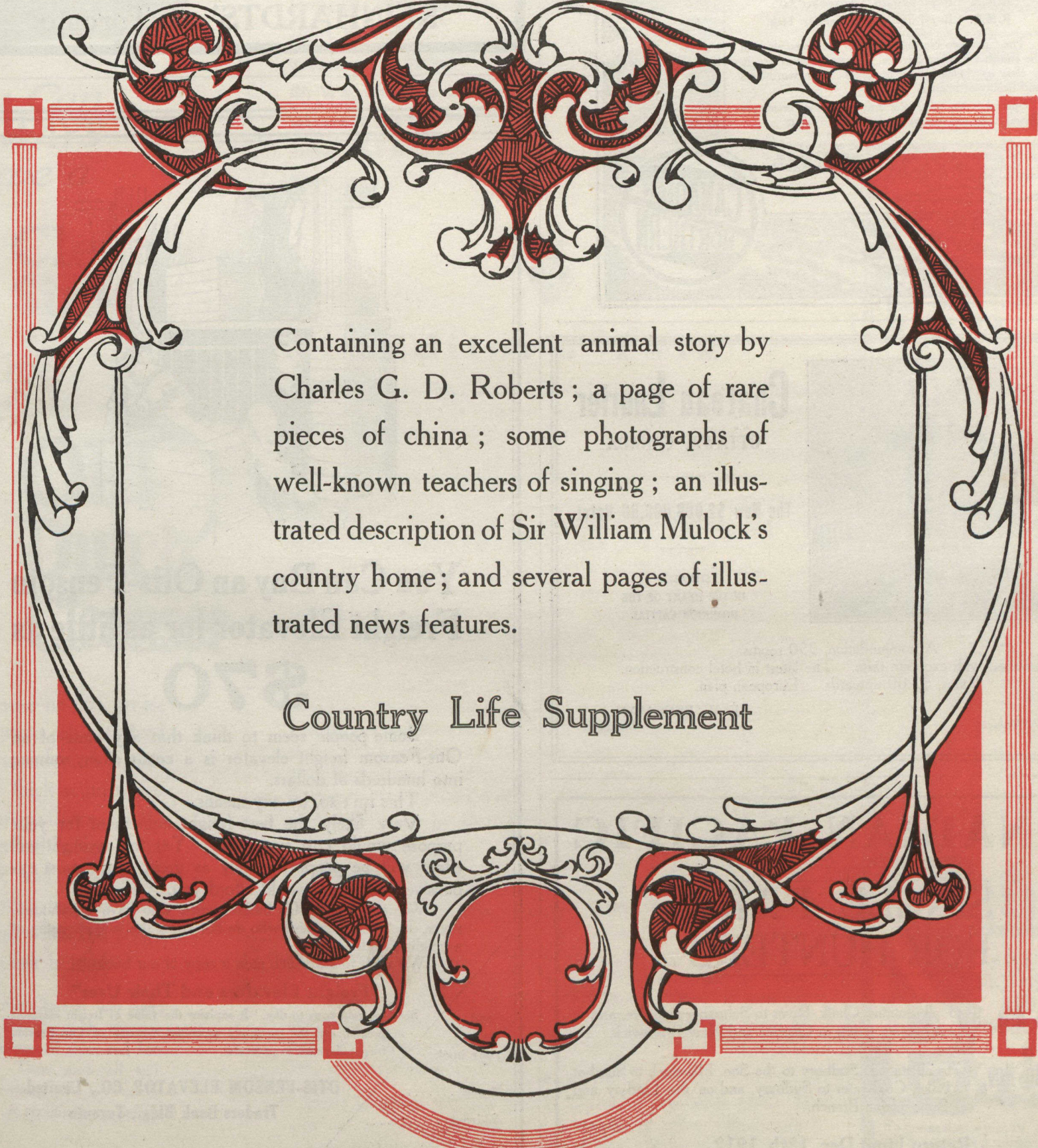


The Canadian Courier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



Containing an excellent animal story by Charles G. D. Roberts ; a page of rare pieces of china ; some photographs of well-known teachers of singing ; an illustrated description of Sir William Mulock's country home ; and several pages of illustrated news features.

Country Life Supplement

EDITED BY JOHN A. COOPER

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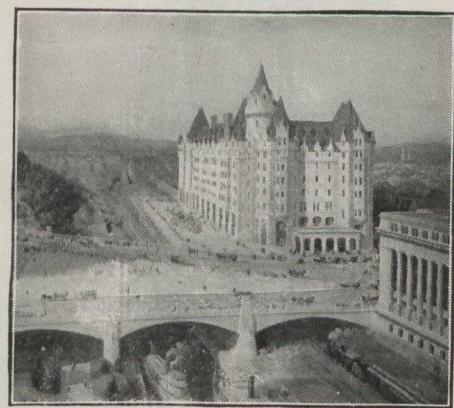
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**The Canadian
Courier**

A National Weekly

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

VOL. XII.

TORONTO

NO. 23

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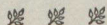
- The Invaders, an Animal Story By Charles G. D. Roberts.
Intensely Interesting Tale of Two Dramatic Conflicts.
- David Blythe Hanna By Augustus Bridle.
Sixteenth in Series on "Personalities and Problems."
- Singing Teachers You Have Met By the Music Editor.
- The Balkan War Photographs.
- Great Gas Well at Pelican Portage By Francis J. Dickie.
- News Features Photographs.
- Treasures in China By Madge Macbeth.
- Sir Wm. Mulock's Country Home By A. Helen Pearson
- Garden Work for November By E. T. Cook.
- Money and Magnates By Staff Writers.
- Reflections By the Editor.



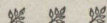
Editor's Talk

THERE have been many series of biographies and character sketches in newspapers, and periodicals. Some of these have been founded upon a business relation, others have been more or less advertisements, and still others have been inaccurate studies of leading citizens. Whatever the basis, all character studies of leading citizens are interesting. Nevertheless, upon their impartiality and accuracy depends their intrinsic value. We believe that no truer and less biased series has ever appeared in any Canadian paper than that now appearing in the "Canadian Courier." The greatest care has been taken to make them accurate. Infinite pains are taken to make them fair, candid and honest. The utmost skill of a skilful writer is exercised to make them reliable and interesting.

This may explain the popularity of the series. It certainly is popular. These remarks are merely intended to show that we realize our responsibility to our readers in connection with them. We hope they will be taken as more than word-paintings. They should be an indication of the spirit of the men who are leaders in the various walks of life as it is in this Dominion, with the reasons for their leadership.



This week we have one of Charles G. D. Roberts' famous animal stories, than which there are no greater. Next week we shall publish the first of three "TALL TIMBER TALES," by Professor Roberts' son, Lloyd Roberts. Like his father, Lloyd Roberts has the literary instinct. He also knows the life of the bushman, the trapper, and the tourist-hunter as these characters are known in New Brunswick. There is nothing stereotyped about these tales. Indeed, there is a deal of humour in them as well as fine description. Each of the stories will be illustrated.



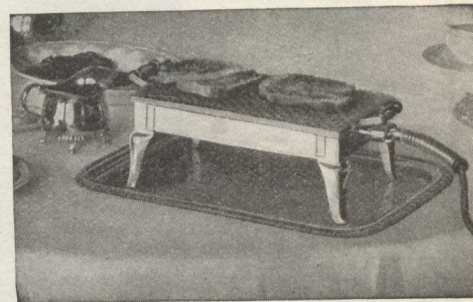
Our Christmas Number will be issued on December 14th. It will not be a number for sale at a special price. Each subscriber will get his copy in the usual way. Nevertheless, it will be a double number, crowded full of Christmas stories, sketches, and illustration. It will be our seventh annual Christmas Number and will surpass all its attractive predecessors.

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In Lighter Vein

The Test.—"So you want to marry my daughter?"

"Yes, sir."

"Got any money saved up?"

"Yes, sir?"

"Could you let me have \$5,000 on my unsecured note?"

"I could, but I wouldn't."

"I guess you can take care of her all right. She's yours, my boy, and here's a five-cent cigar."—Washington Herald.

Reminding Him.—Peck—"You will never get the dog to mind you, my dear."

Mrs. Peck—"I will with patience. You were just as troublesome yourself at first."—Boston Transcript.

A Famous Victory.—"I would have you to know, sir, we came over with William the Conqueror."

"It must have been some kind of a conqueror who could make you come over with anything."—Baltimore American.

Possibly So.—The following item appeared in a morning paper: "The body of a sailor was found in the river this morning cut to pieces and sewed up in a sack. The circumstances seem to preclude any suspicion of suicide."—London Telegraph.

Insidious Scheme.—"Rosa, my mother-in-law is coming for a long visit tomorrow. Here is a list of her favorite dishes."

"Yes, sir."

"Well, the first time you give us one of these you'll get a week's notice."—Fliegende Blaetter.

Not Needed.—While a travelling man was waiting for an opportunity to show his samples to a merchant in a little backwoods town in Missouri, a customer came in and bought a couple of night shirts. Afterwards a long, lank lumberman, with his trousers stuffed in his boots, said to the merchant:

"What was them 'ere that feller bot?"

"Night shirts. Can I sell you one or two?"

"Naup, I reckon not," said the Missourian. "I don't set around much o' nights."—Lippincott's.

Southpaw Compliment.—The Woman—"My husband is forty to-day. You'd never believe that there is actually ten years difference in our ages."

The Man—"Why, no indeed. I'm sure you look every bit as young as he does."—Boston Transcript.

One of Many.—"A young man should learn to do one thing well. This is an age of specialists. Is your son conforming to that rule?"

"In a way. His specialty is rolling cigarettes."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A Familiar Term.—"Why didn't you arrest that man when I denounced him as a pickpocket?" demanded the irate citizen.

"I thought it was just a little political discussion," explained the policeman.—Kansas City Journal.

A Back-Slap.—Husband—"I don't believe that fable about the whale swallowing Jonah."

Wife—"Why not? That's nothing to what you expect me to swallow sometimes."—Lippincott's.

Keeping It Secret.—"Why is it," asked the curious guest, "that poor men usually give larger tips than rich men?"

"Well, suh," said the waiter, who was something of a philosopher as well, "looks to me like de po' man don't want nobody to find out he's po', and de rich man don't want nobody to find out he's rich."—Youth's Companion.

Think, Men.—"I don't know whether it is a good thing to encourage women to go into politics or not," said the man with a furrowed brow.

"Surely you do not doubt their capability."

"Not in the least. But think of the appalling sums that will change hands if they get to betting hats on elections."—Boston Transcript.

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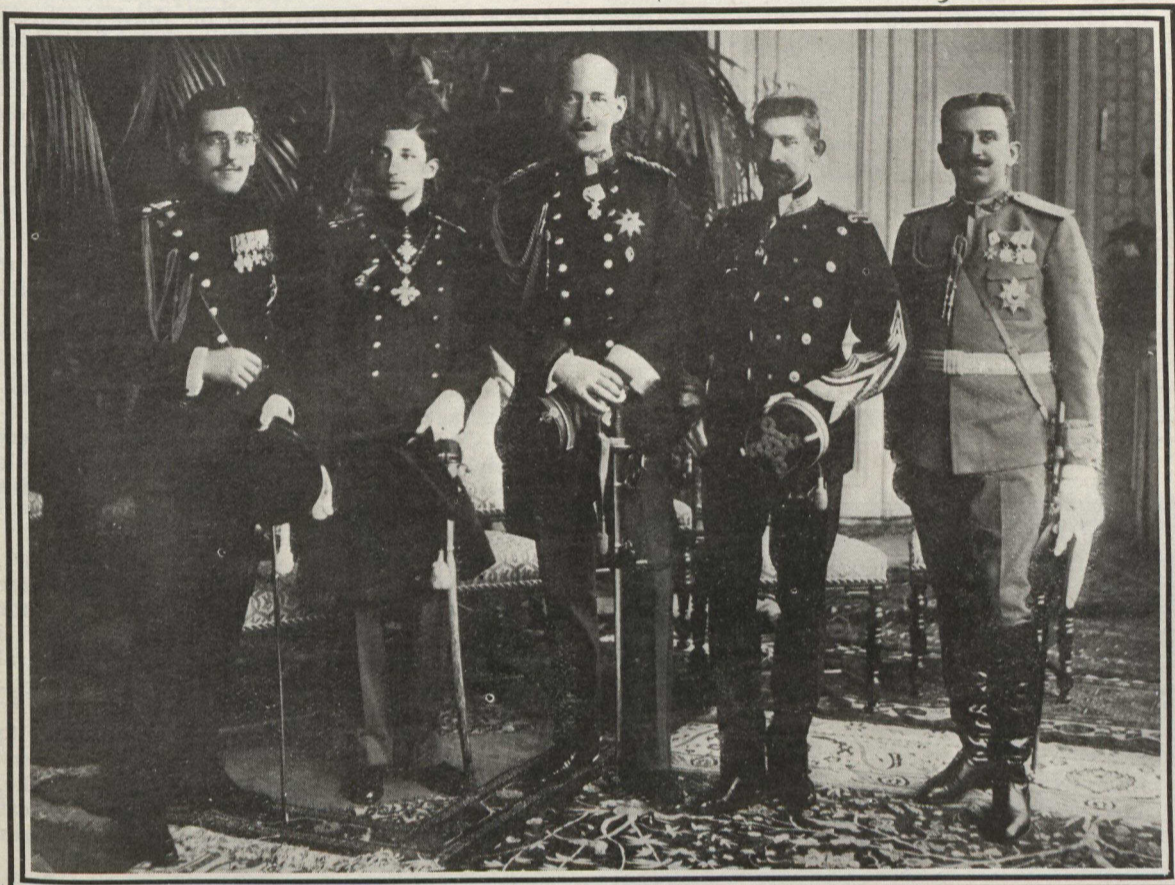
The
**CANADIAN
 COURIER**
The National Weekly

Vol. XII.

November 2, 1912

No. 23

Eager to Battle With the Terrible Turk



Heirs to the Thrones of the Balkan States, all of whom are Now at the Front. Left to right—Prince Alexander of Serbia, Prince Boris of Bulgaria, Prince Constantine of Greece, Prince Ferdinand of Roumania, and Prince Danilo of Montenegro.



Montenegro Junior Princes: Prince Mirko (left) and Prince Peter. The Latter Fired Montenegro's First Shot Against Turkey on his 23rd Birthday.

A WAR, which, in one respect, recalls the days when mediaeval kings and princes led their men to battle is that now raging in the Balkans. In the small, independent states which have joined in common cause against Turkey princes and common people are equally eager for the fray. A Montenegrin prince fired his country's first shot in the war, and royalty leads the allied armies.

The danger to the allied states is calling their sons from other lands, many Greeks, for instance, leaving the humble job of shining shoes in Canada for the heroic task of battling with the oppressor.

The Balkan war cloud has long been threatening. By the Treaty of Berlin, in 1878, the European powers not only assented to Montenegro, Serbia and Bulgaria throwing off the Turkish yoke, but gave a guaranty to those states that Turkey would institute a system of reformed government for the Christian peoples still under her dominion, and that she would cease persecuting the Greeks, Macedonians and Slavs remaining beneath her sway. Turkey did not institute any of the internal reforms urged upon her by the Berlin Conference, and the European powers didn't insist upon those reforms.

The condition of Turkey's Christian subjects steadily grew worse, and their revolts were ruthlessly suppressed. Europe kept on postponing the forcing of reforms lest the Turkish empire be brought to ruin and the disposal of it cause war among the great powers. So, sick of waiting for Turkey to be brought to time by the great nations, the little states have joined forces and attacked her.

The allied states have thrown themselves aggressively and determinedly into the fray, but Turkey hopes to regain in the eyes of the Mohammedan world the prestige lost in the war with Italy.



As Happy-looking as if Starting on a Pleasure Trip, Bulgarian Reservists and Volunteers are here Shown Entaining at Sofia for the Front. Photographs by Topical.

Personalities and Problems

16--David Blythe Hanna

Who in a Busy Life is Thankful for Two Native Endowments---Mirth and Music

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

THE man from the Canada Iron Corporation took himself off half of the waiting bench in the outer annex to the more or less inward office that leads by a series of labyrinthine manoeuvres to the room normally occupied by the third vice-president and general manager of the Canadian Northern Railway.

He smiled in a sarcastic way.

"Hope you don't want to see Mr. Hanna?"

"Well, I have an appointment at ten. It's ten now. What do you know about him?"

He rolled his cigar 'tother way on.

"Oh, not so very much. I've been on his trail for three days now. This morning I concluded the best thing I could do was to come and camp on his doorstep. He went through here a few minutes ago. Oh, I know where he is."

He clouded himself with smoke, and pointed mysteriously in seven different directions at once.

"Sir William's got him," he said, with the air of one who thinks the end of the world is in sight.

"Heaven knows when he'll get out. But I'm not going to budge from here till I see him if I have to send out for my lunch. Sorry, old chap."

"Oh, don't mention it. Perhaps you have an extra cigar?"

Which he had. We smoked silently a while. Then as time dragged he killed a little of it by discoursing on the comparative life of a steel rail and an iron car wheel—considering curves, grades, traffic and weather. He was selling car wheels. I wasn't.

Pretty soon two other Nimrods came blustering in.

"Haw-haw," sniggered the car-wheel expert. "You'll be a smart pair of Alecs if you tree Mr. Hanna before noon."

"But we had an appointment at ten-thirty."

"Yes, but railroad timetables weren't invented for general managers. They're for the general public. You see, any train has a right to pull in behind time if it wants to and the public can wait till it arrives. But if the public is behind time and the train isn't—well I guess that isn't the railway's funeral. Anyhow, the walking's good."

"Oh, we'll round him up somewhere," said the pair. "Come on, let's count ties a while."

They went. In ten minutes in came a huge personage with shoulders like a French-Canadian bushwhacker, along with a man about two sizes smaller but quite as lively.

"Hullo, Nat!" said the car-wheel man. "What are you doing in this neck of woods?"

"Rounding up—D. B. Hanna."

"Well, I guess you'll have to shoot squirrels awhile. He's in with Sir William."

"He is, eh? Well—I guess we'll go on a rampage through the premises. We'll head him off."

And they went. One was Nat Curry, head of the Rhodes-Curry Car Co., in Montreal. He had cars to sell—by the thousand.

"By George! if those two head him off it's all day with me," said the car-wheel man. "But there's no use budging from here."

After a while two other trailsmen shunted in. They were from Port Arthur; mainly concerned with quadruple tracks and traffic.

"Mr. Hanna anywhere round here?" they asked in a duet.

"Nope," said the car-wheel man. "He's elsewhere."

"When will he be back?"

"Hmh! Ask me something easy."

"Well, guess we'd better beat it."

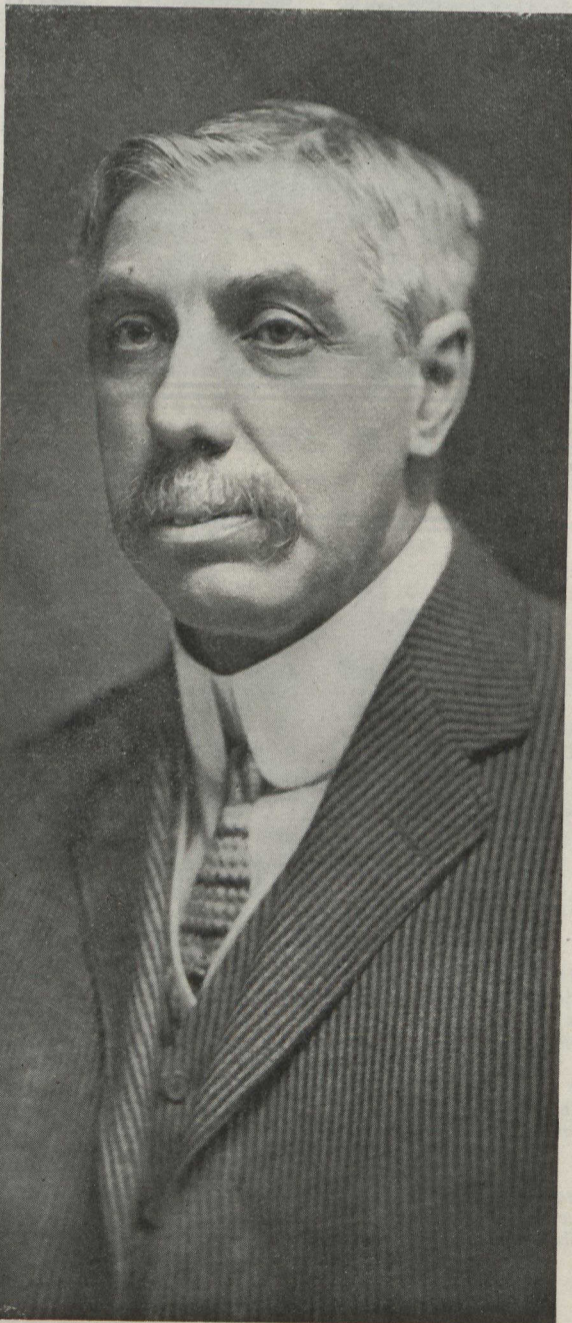
And they also went.

Some time before noon the interviewer followed suit, leaving the car-wheel expert in the camp.

FOR business purposes—keeping ordinary appointments, and prospective appointees in good-humour—Mr. David Blythe Hanna should have a double. Though a duplicate or even a near resemblance of D. B. Hanna would be next thing to a miracle. The excitement of treeing Mr. Hanna is about equivalent to anything in the annals of backwoods sport. The Canadian Northern building in Toronto is as good as any piece of woods in Canada for an official to hide in. Which is part of the swift, almost sudden evolution of things that has produced Mr. Hanna in the system of the Canadian Northern. If he were to keep all his appointments as rigorously as C. N. R. trains are supposed to do, and if he could always be located when he

doesn't, he would not be D. B. Hanna, "Exhibit A of the Canadian Northern."

"Exhibit A" is his own definition of himself to the Dominion Railway Commission, at its recent inquiry into western freight rates at Ottawa. He was the first employee the C. N. R. ever had. That referred to the year 1896, which to the C. N. R. is ancient history. For when Messrs. Mackenzie and Mann corraled this prairie Scotchman, the year Sir Wilfrid Laurier became Premier of Canada, he was treasurer and lands commissioner on the old Manitoba and North-western, which was the road that Mackenzie and Mann took over when they decided to go into railroading on their own hook. The M. and N. ran from Portage la Prairie to Yorkton. The biggest feature of it was D. B. Hanna—six feet two and as lively as a bull moose. Previous to that capture of a road and a man he had been born in Thornliebank, Scotland; as Scotch as that other "David" McNicoll, of the C. P. R., from Arbroath, and for his years just as much of a railroad man; for, like Mr. McNicoll, he has been railroading all his life. In his house, near Castle Frank, is a series of friezes illustrating "The Lady of the Lake," done by a Canadian artist. At sixteen he was assistant agent in the Scottish railway service; chief clerk and cashier on the Caledonian; came to Canada in 1882—clerk auditor's office on the Grand Trunk and New York, West Shore and Buffalo Railway; from 1886 to 1892 chief accountant on the Manitoba and North-western; most of all this



"With a hundred chances, a day to lose his temper he diffuses good humour among other people."

time dealing with cash and accounts and first-hand economics.

At present Mr. Hanna is president and director of a whole category of more or less co-related companies dealing in power, lumber, transportation, milling, lands, insurance and finance.

But when D. B. Hanna became Exhibit A of the C. N. R. he was a very easy man to corral. All you had to do was to peer into a box-car or take a scoot over to a construction camp. For the entire system of the M. and N. that grew into the C. N. R. was epitomized in Mr. Hanna. And for most working purposes the system of the Canadian Northern, with its 7,000 miles of rails, its near-transcontinental corporation and its lines of steamships on ocean and lakes, is actively concentrated in the third vice-president and general manager. That's why he is hard to corral. But the reasons why it's worth while to trail him up, even if you have nothing to sell him, till you have him where he can't get out, are the qualities that make the character of D. B. Hanna; and that was never the product of any system or corporate evolution.

Six o'clock of the same day I met the car-wheel man coming out of the offices.

"Ho-ho!" he grinned. "No use. He's half an hour on the road to New York now. He'll be back day after to-morrow."

"Oh! Did you get him?"

"Yes, for about five minutes."

Ten o'clock of day after to-morrow the timetable was again set—barring accidents.

10.05—Mr. Hanna came bustling out; big, cheery and swinging along—going somewhere, as I could see, and moving with the aggressive celerity of a yard engine.

Jovially he shook hands.

"Look here," he said, with a fine Scotch burr, "I'm very sorry. But I find I've got a committee meeting and a board meeting both scheduled for this forenoon. But if you'll come in at 2.15 I'll promise you that nothing short of my own funeral will prevent me from seeing you."

WHEN at the appointed hour I managed to wriggle into the office of Mr. Hanna—a very cheery, roomful place with a desk in the middle, waterfall pictures on the walls and a chair-seat covered with about a dozen various sorts and sizes of drills—I began to breathe easier.

"Are we—alone, Mr. Hanna?"

He laughed like a June morning.

"Tell me—the heifer story," I said, reverting to his Exhibit A days on the C. N. R.

I am not sure that this yarn has ever been in print. It has been much told, especially among railroad men—much more freely than the broadaxe story concerning Sir Donald Mann. I daresay Mr. Hanna has told it forty times in various parts of the world. It's Scotch; and western—and Han-naesque.

Scene: Trip from Portage to Yorkton in the first year of the C. N. R. Train an accommodation, one passenger coach and a string of freights. On board, besides a construction camp crew—Mr. D. B. Hanna who had then been several years in the West and knew how to expect the unexpected.

Not far from Portage he was pointing out a bunch of fine young cattle.

There came a mild bump; which in those days was enough to stop the engine.

"Guess we struck a buffalo," said a joker.

The crew and the passengers got off. They all went ahead to the engine, which had struck a heifer and broken a leg.

"Bill of costs!" said D. B. Hanna, who at once began to wonder how the road could afford it.

The heifer was not dead—yet.

"Call the camp butcher."

Confab. Also with the engineer—a retired meat purveyor.

Result: The two killed the heifer, dressed the carcass; and on the spot D. B. Hanna sold the meat and the hide to the construction camp commissariat at regular market price. As soon as possible he got the bill of costs from the farmer.

When it was all over he had four dollars to the good.

"If you could only operate all your railroads on that principle, Mr. Hanna?"

"There are reasons why—we can't," said he,

making a dead set on a desk drawer where there was a fresh box of cigars which with jocular pertinacity he opened.

He believes in smoking, as a genial pastime; as part of the rhythm and the lubricant of life.

"Two things else I've always been thankful for," he said, as he lighted up—and by this time he wouldn't have cared if all the car-makers and car-wheel men in Christendom were outside the door.

"Thank heaven for a sense of humour!" he said.

And he looked it. Some men are thankful for a sense of humour on the same principle that a very old spinster all flubdubbed in powder and rouge is glad she feels so young. D. B. Hanna has got it—real native and abiding humour which has helped him through many a tough scrimmage and over many an otherwise demoralizing day's work.

"I always pity a man who has no fun in his makeup," he said. "There's a laugh lurking in half the things we have to do in this busy age. It's fine!"

And he laughed as he said it. On a schedule basis I guess D. B. Hanna spends about half his time laughing or its equivalent. He does it without effort; as a natural part of his conversation. But he never was flippant. Scotchmen seldom are; or if so they go the limit. Hanna's mirth is spontaneous. He evolves it from the day's work. With a hundred chances a day to lose his temper he keeps it marvelously well and diffuses good humour among other people. There's much in the way men laugh. I knew a sour farmer who seldom laughed; when he did he laughed so hard he had to stop work, like the Mississippi steamboat that had to stop the engine to blow the whistle. Hanna laughs as he works. That's why he is able to change front and tack and back up and go ahead, here a half-moon curve, there a heavy grade—but always moving something. And he is a big, hefty man, whose movements are as swift as a prize-fighter's.

"And what's the other ingredient you are thankful for?" I asked him.

"A love of music," he said; not quoting Shakespeare.

On the guarantors' list of the Toronto Symphony Orchestra you will find the name of D. B. Hanna; and in his own way he has been an impresario.

"I was once—a choir leader," he said. "That was out west, when things were so quiet we were glad to sing once in a while to keep our courage up. Heaven help the man with no music in his soul!"

On a toss-up between a psalm tune in the kirk and a strathspey—commend D. B. Hanna to the lively piece. There is no adagio about him. I guess he has an ear for "Annie Laurie" and "Mary of Argyle" and "Bonnie Sweet Bessie" and "Ye Banks and Braes"; but when the bagpipes strike up and the fiddles fetch forth a reel—watch him.

Spontaneously he turned to railroading; about which he knows more than about music—for he is in the position of a man who studies the game on all sides. Fundamentally he has to do with building new roads—expert in the buying of drills and steam shovels and raw, restless labour in the camps. What a camp boss he would have made! The navy who, under D. Blythe Hanna, wouldn't stretch himself to an unbroken series of cheerful days' works as naturally as a fiddlestring tauts up for a tune—would be too dead for a new country. And if he had time he could tell more about the real gospel of labour than all the I. W. W. camps on the Pacific Coast. For he has all his life been shouldering with the heft-movers; himself moving things.

But he said little as to this. His time would be short. In a few minutes a bank meeting. Seven times the secretary came in with messages and reminders and requests for interviews and calls on the 'phone.

HE reverted to the question of rates. Somewhat summing up his evidence before the Commission he spoke in ton-miles; remembering the day when on the early lines the rate per ton-mile had been three or four cents; now in the same territory—seven-tenths of a cent per ton-mile; how it costs less to move a hundredweight from Edmonton to lake ports now than a few years ago it cost to move it from Winnipeg.

"Never has been known in any country such a reduction in freight rates!" he said.

"And—is the reduction to go on?"

"How can it?" he said.

And he proceeded to show the economics of the case. For there may be romance and adventure about building great lines of railway hooking up remote parts of the earth to the world's traffic; but in the case of the general manager operating both a construction system that spends money and a working system whose necessary aim is to make money that has to be spent, it's the cold facts and figures that have to be taken into account.

"For instance, if we were like some short lines I know of—I don't speak merely of the Canadian Northern, but of all trans-continental lines interested in both local traffic and through traffic—we could afford to cut our rates still further and be safe. If, for instance, we were carrying coal up and ore down, our rolling stock would be busy both ways, and we could keep rates to a minimum. But when we have to send back empties—you can see the difference."

"How does that affect the problem of manufacturing in the west?"

"As a general principle," he said, "extensive and variegated manufacturing is more economically done in the east. The freight on a case of boots, for instance, is not much of a factor compared to the total cost of production. So with many other articles of common use. Time is more. But that can be adjusted. I don't believe the west can ever hope to duplicate the east in manufacturing. Mind you, I don't say the west can't manufacture. The west can. Wherever there is power and raw material and labour—manufacturing must take place. But it's a case of local development as part of a general evolution. The west is growing in population and consumption now very much more rapidly than in manufacturing. I don't expect to see eastern manufacturing decline because western manufactures develop."

In fact the argument seemed a good deal like the electric road compared to the railway and the automobile to the horse. In an age of automobiles and electric roads more steam roads and more horses are needed than ever before; because of general development.

"However, Mr. Hanna"—and here I was sure he would agree right off the reel—"you believe in mixed farming?"

"I—certainly—do!"

And he went on to show how deep-rooted was his belief in varying the farm methods of the west; quite as enthusiastically as though he had been a C. P. R. man boosting the irrigation belt.

"At the same time," he said, "I can see how the western farmer at the present time prefers wheat which he can raise with a minimum of labour even at a high risk, to hogs and cattle and roots and fruits and so on that take much more personal care and cultivation. But isn't it almost a national

(Continued on page 26.)

The Great Gas Well at Pelican Portage, Alberta

By FRANCIS J. DICKIE

FOR fourteen years four million feet of consumable gas a day has been escaping from the great gas well at Pelican Portage, about 170 miles in a direct line north-east from Edmonton.

An enterprising body of men, guided by A. W. Fraser, who has since become a famous magazine writer, discovered the gas possibilities of Pelican Portage. In 1897 Mr. Fraser determined to find out whether the indications of the formation were

borne out by the strata below. In July of that year he commenced to drill. In October the first gas strike was made.

The present flow of gas in the well was struck in October, 1898, at a depth of 675 feet. An attempt to cap the well was made three years ago, but failed, the tremendous pressure blowing off the valve. Oil drillers use all the gas they need, and the remainder necessarily goes to waste.

It is about a year since the Calhoun Oil Company, Limited, took the leases over from the Government and secured considerable acreage. Mr. J. C. Calhoun, the president, has announced his intention to pipe the gas to Edmonton.

Mr. Glen C. Foster, one of a party of newspaper men who recently made a trip of inspection to the gas well, has this to say of the wonderful place concerning it:

"Up there they go to bed by gas, sleep by gas, get up by gas, cook by gas, eat by gas, read by gas and work by gas. Gas piped part way up the hill where they are drilling furnished heat for a forty-horse-power boiler. This boiler in turn supplies steam power that keeps the oil outfit going twenty-four hours a day, and generates electricity for all the buildings and tents in connection with the oil camps.

"We lay down with the noisy gush of the escaping gas close to us and, with our beds in a semi-circle to the flame that shoots high into the air, we read books; and though it was a bitterly cold night the air about was balmy as a tropical night."

In all these years there has been no diminution of the flow from the natural gas gusher at Pelican. Three years ago a government test with a pitot tube got a pressure of 600 pounds per inch. On September 27th a hydraulic gauge was put on and showed a pressure of 225 pounds to the inch.

According to experts, who viewed the Medicine Hat field and the fields in California, the Pelican field's flow will be practically inexhaustible and will continue to flow until such time as the body of

petroleum which generates gas has been exhausted. Though the cold in these regions is sometimes intense, the temperature dropping as low as 60 below zero—at which point petroleum freezes—the gas has never been affected.

Now that a strong company, some of which are Edmonton's largest financial magnates, are taking hold, the gas in all probability will be harnessed to the will of man.



This Gas Gusher, About 170 Miles North-east of Edmonton, Has Been Flowing for 14 Years.



Gas Spouting from Oil Well in District from Which Gas May be Piped to Edmonton.

The Invaders: By CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

A Tale of Two Dramatic Conflicts Among Dwellers in the Wild

THE lake was set in the high barrens. Its wide surface, as smooth as glass under the unobstructed sunset, was of an intense yet faintly smoky orange, shading into green in the deep, reflected zenith. Its far-off western shore-line, fringed with a low growth of firs, was toothed and black against the sky. The eastern shore, but vaguely to be marked in the lone, pervasive glow, was flat and naked except for a thicket of willow and poplar about the mouth of an inflowing stream. The flooding, tranquil colour, the low remoteness of the encircling horizon rim, the apparent convexity of the lake surface—which seemed to bosom upwards toward the impending dome of air—agreed together in an unutterable beauty of desolation.

Presently a black speck—no, two black specks—appeared upon the sheen of the perfect mirror, detaching themselves from the dark edge of the western shore. Pushing out swiftly across the radiance, side by side, they broke it with long, smooth, diverging ripples, which gleamed changeably behind them as they drew their trail straight out toward the centre of the lake. Under the lonely glow the black specks revealed themselves as the heads of two swimming moose, a cow and a bull.

They swam completely submerged except for their dark, uncouth but splendid heads, their long, prehensile muzzles outstretched and cleaving the surface. The huge antlers of the bull, massive, and broadly palmated, lay back flat on the surface behind him, above the turmoil of his unseen, powerfully labouring shoulders. In the eyes of the pair there was a questioning fear, a certain wildness as of panic. It was a strange look for these tall lords of the wilderness to be wearing at this time of year, the height of the mating season—when the sullen eyes of the cows are wont to smoulder with desire, and the gigantic bulls front all creation arrogantly in their lust of love and battle. But the one terror that could daunt them had come upon them suddenly—the terror of the unknown.

The pair had been on the open strip of beach, between the fir-forest wherein they roamed and the water-side where they were accustomed to wallow and pull lily-roots, when the terror came upon them in full force, and drove them out across the orange mirror of the lake to seek refuge in the barrens of the farther shore. And neither knew what it was that they were fleeing from. For several days the cow had been uneasy, the bull angry and suspicious. The sense of some vague, uncomprehended peril, approaching but still impalpable, was in the air. From the wonder and fear and amazement of other and feebler kindreds of the wild, it had come by some obscure telepathy to trouble the nerves of the great, imperturbable moose.

But in the chill glory of this October sunset the mystery had come nearer, had grown more tangible without becoming any the less a mystery. As the cow stood alone by the water-side, calling her mate, she had felt oppressed with a dim apprehension that something other than her mate might come in response to the uncouth passion of her appeal. And her mate had come suddenly, watchfully, noiselessly, as if in half expectation of being intercepted or ambushed. His tall, black shape was at her side, like a shadow, while her first calls were yet hoarsely thrilling the stillness.

EVEN as they stood conferring with sensitive, intimate muzzles, a red buck had gone leaping by, manifestly terrified, yet with an air of irresolution curiously unlike the usual wholeheartedness of his flight. Their ardor was chilled for a moment by the impression of his inexplicable fear, and they stared after him apprehensively, as if the familiar sight of a running buck had suddenly become a portent.

The strange terror of the buck was hardly more than well forgotten when a fox emerged hastily from the bushes. Seeing the pair of moose absorbed in each other, and standing there black and conspicuous by the water-side, careless of what

eyes might mark them, he came stepping delicately down the beach and seated himself on his haunches not a dozen feet away. His shrewd eyes scanned them with intense inquiry, as if wondering if their careless confidence represented a strength under which he might shelter himself. At other times the lordly pair of lovers would have resented his intrusion and driven him off. But to-day they simply stared at him with anxious inquiry. The look in their eyes seemed to satisfy the fox that there was no help here to be relied upon. He looked uneasily over his shoulder toward the dark fringes of fir whence he had come, rose slowly to his feet, stepped past them superciliously, and went trotting on down the edge of the lake. Their keen eyes, following him closely, saw him lengthen out into the gallop of desperate flight the moment he reached the cover of an osier thicket. The sight of that sudden

of pale fire, which might be eyes. At last a breath of air, an exhalation of the forest so light as not even to stir the long fringes of hair pendant from the bull's throat, came to their distended nostrils. It was a scent unknown to them, but indescribably sinister. . . . Its menace daunted them. Indignant and appalled they backed down slowly, side by side, into the water, still keeping their eyes fixed upon the forest. Then, wheeling suddenly, they swam out into the orange radiance, straining toward the refuge of the far-off opposite shore.

THERE were eight gigantic wolves in the pack, and one much smaller and slenderer who seemed, none the less, to wield a certain influence over her fellows. The eight were such portentous figures as one would never expect to see in the eastern wilderness, being of the most formidable breed of Alaskan timber-wolf, long of jaw and flank, broad of skull, massive of shoulder, deep of chest, and each powerful enough to slash the throat of a caribou cow at one snap and to pull her down in her run. Yet, with one exception, they had never seen Alaska, or a running caribou, or the wild rivers rolling north, or the peaks of endless snow. They had been born south of the St. Lawrence, in the limited and half-tamed forests of northern Vermont; and they had come sweeping northeastward in the search for more spacious solitudes.

The establishing of so great and fierce a company in the ordered East had come about in this way. Some years earlier, at a village in northern Vermont, a splendid timber-wolf had made his escape from the caravan of a travelling menagerie. He had been hunted, with abundant hue and cry, for several days. But he was sagacious. He did not halt in his long, untiring gallop till he had put safe leagues between himself and his pursuers, and found a forest wild enough to hide in. He had hunted with wise discretion, deer and hare and other wild creatures only, and had strictly withheld himself from all quarry that he thought to be under the protection of man. Thanks to this prudence no man suspected his existence. After a while, meeting in the neighbourhood of a village a long-jawed, wolfish-looking bitch, a mongrel with husky and deer hound in her veins, he had easily seduced her away from her master and back to the wild life for which she had always had a dim craving. She had hunted beside him faithfully, and given him two litters—big-boned whelps which grew up as huge and savage as their sire, but far less sagacious than he, and of more evil temper, as is apt to be the case in such a cross. They obeyed their sire and leader, because they feared him and felt his dominance. And they had a respect for the virulent and sudden flame of their slim mother's wrath. But as time went on and wild game grew scarce, they could not be withheld from foraging near the villages, and so they presently drew to themselves the notice of men. When a few stray heifers had been done away with, and many sheep devoured, and several innocent dogs shot on suspicion, then the wise old leader pulled the pack sternly together and led it eastward.

THE eastward march was long and surrounded with many perils. Sometimes there was little game and the pack went long hungry. Sometimes it was hard to find wooded country to conceal their journeying; and sometimes forced to take toll of the flocks of some village, the settlers swarmed out after them with a tumult of dogs and guns and curses which by and by taught caution to the most turbulent of the whelps. Several carried shot-pellets under their hides to teach them that their leader's prudence had reason in it. And by the time they reached those wild regions of spruce forest, lakes, and tangled water-courses where the boundaries of Maine impinge on those of New Brunswick and Quebec, they had acquired discipline and caution. It was an invasion formidable beyond anything the native wild had conceived in its worst dreams, that now swept on through the high soli-



"Unprepared for this novel defence, the leader caught the pile-driver blow full in the face."

desperation, in a beast so wise as the fox, unnerved them in spite of themselves. They had seen many foxes, but never before a fox who acted so peculiarly. What had he wanted of them? Why had he so searchingly looked them over? And then why had he fled? They shivered, drew closer together, wheeled their dark bulks about till their sterns were toward the shining water, and stared intensely into the dense mass of the forest where the fox had gazed so curiously. Those somber masses of spruce and fir were their home, their secure and familiar covert—but now they questioned them, distrusted them. What treachery could the silent shades be preparing?

The eyes of the moose, though keen, discovered nothing. But presently their big ears, thrust forward and rigid with interrogation, caught the ghost of a sound across the immense silence. It might almost be the padding of many feet. Then here and there, from the depths of certain spots of blacker shadow, flashed a greenish gleam—points

tudes to northward of the Upsalquitch and Ottanoosis.

Among the furred and feathered dwellers of these eastern wilds there was no tradition even of any such scourge as this swift, ravaging pack. Of wolves there was, indeed, a sort of dim, inherited memory, but it had to do with the small eastern, or "cloudy" wolf, courageous enough in its way, but not worth having nightmares about. No bear or moose had ever paid much attention to the cloudy wolf, which had been practically unknown in these parts for upwards of half a century. But rumours of the new scourge carried a chill to hearts which had hitherto had little acquaintance with fear; and a sort of obscure panic heralded the invasion all down the wild rivers and the desolate plateau lakes. So it fell that of the ruling tribes of the region none for a time crossed the path of the invaders. The swarming rabbits and the abundant deer kept the pack in fair hunting; and at the same time, in their astonished retreat, led it on ever eastward.

But this to which they were now come was a country of bears, and it was inevitable that the pack should fall foul of them. One day as the eight swept noiselessly on the hot trail of a deer—noiselessly, because the wise leader had taught them the need of silence in the dangerous forests of their birth, and they seldom gave tongue except when the urge of the full moon was too overpowering to be resisted—they almost ran into a huge black beast which stood directly across the trail, clawing at a rotten stump. They stopped short, spread out into a half circle, and stood on tip-toes, the hair on their ridged necks and shoulders bristling stiffly.

The bear was equally surprised. An old, solitary, and bad-tempered individual of his highly individual race, he had neither heard of nor sensed the invasion of the terrible hybrids; nor would he have paid much attention had he sensed it ever so clearly. He was not a subject for panics. Whirling about to face the intruders he sat back on his haunches, grumbled deeply in his throat, lifted one great paw with its long, curved claws projecting, and with lowered head eyed his opponents fearlessly. He was ready for a fight, without regard to consequences. At the same time he was equally ready for peace, on condition that he was left severely alone. He was too interested in grubs, and berries, and rotten logs, to think of seeking a fight for its own sake.

THE wolves were not hungry; and they felt that the bear would prove no easy prey. In irresolute expectancy they waited till their leader should give signal for attack. Their leader, however—who sat on his haunches, with lolling tongue, just before the centre of the half-circle—was in no hurry to begin. He was studying the foe; and also waiting for a move. As befitted so wary a leader, he had the gift of patience.

It was a gift the bear had not. Presently appearing to make up his mind that the gaunt strangers had no wish to interfere with his pursuit of wood-grubs, he turned once more to the stump and tore out the whole side of it at one wrench of his great forearm.

In that same instant the fiery little bitch darted forward like a snake and snapped at his hind-quarters, hoping to hamstring him. With such lightning swiftness, however, did he whirl about and strike at her, that she got no more than a mouthful of fur in her teeth, and only escaped that eviscerating stroke by hurling herself clean over, like a loosed spring. A long red wale on her flank showed that she had not escaped completely.

Following in a second upon her rash attack, the rest of the pack had surged forward, but seeing that his mate had cleared herself the leader halted abruptly and with a savage yelp tried to check his followers. They obeyed, for they saw what sort of a foe they had to deal with. But one, the most headlong, had gone too far. A sweeping buffet caught him fair, high up on the chest. It hurled him clean back among his fellows, his neck broken and his throat torn out by the rake of those iron claws. As he lay, twitching and slaving, the leader surveyed him critically and came to a quick decision. It was no use risking, perhaps breaking, the pack upon so mighty an adversary, when their proper quarry was just ahead and there was no desperate famine to drive them. Summoning the pack sternly to order he led it aside at a gallop, picked up the trail of the deer again a hundred yards farther on, and left the body of the victim to whatever fate might befall it. The bear glared after them, mumbling angrily, till they were out of sight. Then he slouched over to the body, sniffed at it, turned it over with his paw, and went calmly back to his stump to look for grubs. He had no appetite for either wolf or dog.

The pack meanwhile, raging and amazed, went on,

and in due time made its kill. Feasting on the warm venison, it got over its discomfiture; and its lost member was easily forgotten. But it had learned a useful lesson.

IT was two days after this that the wolves came to the lake of the barrens, and from the dark covert of the fir-woods stared forth wonderingly upon the first moose which they had ever seen.

Two days earlier, the wolves would have regarded these two tall, ungainly shapes on the beach, black against the water, as but a kind of exaggerated deer, and would have flown at them without hesitation. But now they remembered the bear. They did not quite trust the colour of these two high-shouldered, long-muzzled strangers, with their wide splay hooves and indifferent air. They waited for

the signal of their wary leader. And that signal, again the wary leader was in no hurry to give. He was uncertain what prowess, what unexpected energies, might lurk in these bulks that seemed so like and yet so unlike deer. But when at last the two moose, daunted by the unknown, suddenly plunged into the water and swam off through the orange glow, he concluded they were a quarry to be hunted. Alone he stalked forth upon the open beach, gazed fixedly after the fugitives for some minutes till he made sure where they were bound for, and then stared appraisingly up and down the shores as if calculating the circuit of the water. Having apparently decided which would be the shortest way around, he stalked back into the shadows. A moment later the pack was under way at full run
(Continued on page 28.)



THE WAR CORRESPONDENT.

THE modern war correspondent does not get a fair chance. He is no longer on or near the field of battle. He can no longer describe the engagements at first-hand, and he is not permitted to see anything that the officers in command do not want him to see. He is virtually reduced to getting his information at second-hand from the group of combatants to which he is attached; and it is no wonder that he is often the victim of the "new tactics" which consist in securing moral support for the belligerent nation by magnifying its successes in the field. Of course, the larger facts cannot be kept from him. A great defeat will be so obvious that it cannot be denied. But his friends, the commanders of his army, will be about as garrulous over minor reverses as railway officials are when a reporter tries to find out the details of an accident on the "line." It is only fair to remember this as we read the contradictory and about-to-be-contradicted despatches from the Balkan Peninsula. They are not the observations of the correspondents. They are the optimistic dreams of the combatants.

IN the late Japo-Russian War, the Japanese Government kept all the European and American war correspondents locked up in Tokio for weeks after hostilities began, and then only permitted a representative or two of the whole "corps" to proceed to the mainland where they were kept far behind the actual fighting-front of the army. All they saw was the field of battle after the deadly simoon had long passed. The same thing happened in this war. The correspondents were kept in Sofia—the Bulgarian Capital—until much fighting had been done on the frontier. How near they are now to the front, we do not know; but the chances are that they can only hear the echoes of the cannon and the carefully-censored accounts of the "press bureau" of the army to which they are officially attached. This is a great change from the days when the correspondents were with the fighting soldiers and watched the flight of shells with their glasses.

THIS "bottling up" of the war correspondents is, of course, necessary under modern war conditions. Where you have a battle-front of a hundred miles—as occurred in Manchuria—and the long-range fighting rendered possible by our modern cannon and even rifles, it would be impossible for war correspondents to learn anything adequate of what was going on, be they ever so reckless. It is only at the headquarters of the two armies, where news comes from all parts of the immense field—quite as often by field telephone as by courier—that there is any grasp of the real meaning of the manoeuvres. A war correspondent attached to any regiment in the line of battle would know literally nothing of the course of the conflict, even if he knew what his own regiment was doing—which would be doubtful. He would have to "take cover" with the soldiers, and keep well out of sight while bullets whistled overhead. If they advanced, he must take the chances of the rush across the open; but he would be none the wiser for it—so far as war news went—if he arrived at the new trenches in safety. He would be like a flea under the sweater

of a "half-back," trying to report a foot-ball game.

SO there is nothing for the war correspondents to do but keep in touch with headquarters and send out the news parcelled up and given to them. This system has its defects—as all readers of war news from the Balkans are now perceiving. It is apt to be optimistic on both sides. You really only feel sure of a victory when the defeated army reports a repulse. Then, naturally, the importance of operations is exaggerated. When an outpost is captured, the victors feel as if they had broken the chief line of defence of the enemy; while the enemy regard the loss of a fortress as no more than "falling back" to more favourable fighting ground. And there is no neutral war correspondent who can see the whole thing and judge for himself. He has unfortunately declined from the proud position of a judge or an umpire, and become little better than a "press agent" for the army with which he "messes."

ON the other hand, every evil having its compensations, we were never so promptly served with war news as we are to-day. The telegraph wire follows the war correspondent into the camp; and the whole world knows of a brilliant action within a few hours of its completion. Before the wounded have been brought in, the partisans of the winner are cheering their victory in the safe streets of their far-away cities. We, in Canada, are more closely in touch with the battlefields of the Balkans than the people of England were with Waterloo. Of course, there were no press correspondents at Waterloo. The war correspondent is a relatively modern invention. But when the military operations permitted the pressman to watch them, he had to send his letters to the home papers by slow mail. Thus they became at least as much criticisms of the campaign as bulletins of battles; and when the public got its news, it got some illuminating comment at the same time.

NATURALLY the majority of foreign correspondents have gone into this Balkan War with the Bulgarian army. That is the force which is likely to see most of the fighting—it was easier to reach Sofia than Constantinople—outsiders would probably be given more freedom by Bulgarian than by Turkish commanders—and the connection with the telegraph system of Europe would be more direct and constant from the camp of Czar Ferdinand than from that of the Turkish generals. The Bulgarian army is the most compact and effective single force in the struggle. It ought to do the best work, man for man. The indifference of the Turk to death will be matched by the enthusiasm of the Bulgar in this fight for the safety of his kindred; and the German training of the Turkish army has been offset by German and French training of the Bulgarian soldiers. As for arms, the Bulgars will be at least as well equipped, and probably better. But, of course, they are fighting on the offensive; and defensive fighting is the Turk's "long suite." Thus the important accounts from the seat of war are almost sure to come through Bulgarian channels. The Greeks are doing, and will continue to do, plucky fighting; but they are a long way from the pivotal points where the result of the war will be settled.

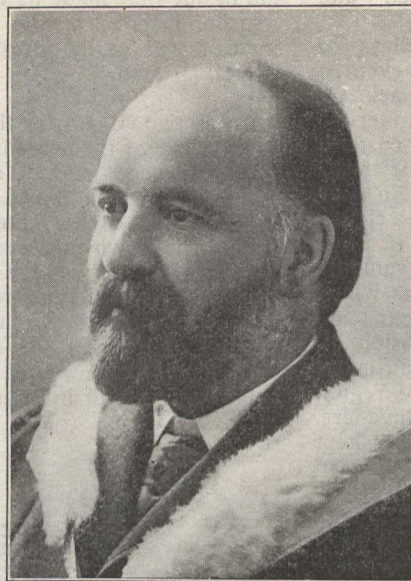
THE MONOCLE MAN.



MR. FRANCIS FISHER POWERS,
Veteran Singing Teacher from New York,
Now Head of the Vocal Department
Columbian Conservatory, Toronto.



MR. GEORGE DIXON,
Studied in New York, Afterwards in Italy;
Now in the Vocal Department at the
Hambourg Conservatory, Toronto.



MR. A. T. CRINGAN,
The Man who First Systematized Singing in
the Public Schools of Toronto, was the
First Teacher of Mrs. Colin Campbell,
Now Studying Opera in Paris.



M. SALVATORE ISSAUREL,
The Husband of Beatrice La Palme is In-
structor in Operatic Singing, Colum-
bian Conservatory, Montreal.

Singing Teachers You Have Met

A few of the good ones in Canada are pictured on this page. There are many others. A few of the bad ones are briefly described below.

BY THE MUSIC EDITOR

THERE'S the individual who insists that he discovers the pupil's voice; which before he began to take heavy fees for light work must have been skulking round trying to avoid work. This ingenious person gives you to understand that if you formerly sang tenor you ought to be a baritone; or that a mezzo-contralto by habit is really a soprano by nature.

When in doubt—always say "mezzo." In this way you get credit for nice discrimination, and at the same time keep out of trouble. Because it takes a fine sense of justice to distinguish between a mezzo-soprano and a mezzo-contralto. And many a singing teacher has comforted regretful parents with the assurance

"Oh, well, of course you can't expect a mezzo voice to sing high C."

"Oh, no, I suppose not. But tell me—is a mezzo as good a voice as a soprano?"

"My dear Madam! The mezzo is really the most delightful voice in the world. It's so full of subtle nuances and luscious tone-colours—all the difference between wine and water or roses and calla lilies. Now, my dear," to the pupil, "won't you just show your mother what I mean?"

Pupil sings "The Rosary" in a middle key. Mamma sits on the edge of a chair, doing her best to be "en rapport" when the atmosphere is so precariously aesthetic; gets a frog in her throat because the pupil is hoarse; wonders what are the mezzo qualities referred to and if they are so different from the voice that used to sing "Neath the Shade of the Old Apple Tree" that it ought to have cost two hund—(sh!). However, on the final high note she is satisfied that the quality of tone is worth the price; and is quite convinced that to have her daughter's voice rediscovered as a mezzo instead of a common soprano is greatly worth while.

There is the teacher who always thinks that the pupil, no matter what teaching or teachers she has had before, must go back to first principles now, even though she is in the same college or conservatory. Of course there is a great advantage in this in the matter of experience. When the pupil gets through with her teachers she will have as many styles as last season's hats. But of course that costs money; which is what some teachers imagine vocal culture was invented for.

AGAIN there is the teacher who got all his ideas from one celebrated person somewhere and diligently fits them on to all his pupils. So that when the young baritones and tenors come out in recital everybody knows they are Mr. Blank's pupils, because they all sing as far as possible like he does. This is a good trade-mark proposition and has the advantage of not bothering with individuality, which after all, is often nothing but a series of defects. Some of these ready-to-wear teachers succeed in getting even pupils of the opposite sex to do imitations of themselves. This is genius.

Never overlook the teacher whose sole aim in life is to develop the big tone. This person is the Sandow of vocal culture. He believes in muscular voice production. His theory is that songs were written to show off the dynamic qualities of the voice. His studio is first cousin to the woman's corridor in a police station. His pupils are human megaphones.

Remember the apostle of vocal culture who tells you that the diaphragm is the real producer of tone. To him the whole mechanism of song resembles a steam engine. The larynx and the pharynx and the epiglottis are all patent arrangements for the production of tone—so-called; just as the boiler and the furnace and the steam-pipes have to act in conjunction to produce the phenomenon known as the steam whistle. The only restriction on this mechanical engineer in the art of singing is that he can't take a pupil's vocal mechanism apart and reconstruct it on a new basis. If he could he would have every voice the same as every other one, and all of them bad.

Do not omit the genial illusionist who pretends that there is nothing at fault in nature; that all you have to do is to open your mouth and concentrate your soul and sing just like the linnets sing; and that when you have overcome being nervous at the sound of your own voice he will proceed to teach you style and repertoire, not bothering you with any drudgery of tone-production. He is the irresponsible Ariel of the studio who tries to make himself think he imagines that singing is a divine gift and never a drudgery.

And there are many others. They all do some good and a lot of harm. Probably many a good teacher of to-day was the enthusiast of yesterday who took up with the latest fad without knowing what a fad it was till taught by experience and bad results. No one singing teacher can possibly



MR. HENRI DELCELLIER,
Director de la classe d'opera au Conserva-
toire de l'Universite McGill.



MR. MERLIN DAVIES,
Head of the Vocal Department in the
McGill Conservatorium.



MDME. BENITA LE MAR,
Who Has Given Poetic Song-Interpretations
of Debussy, Max Reger, Brahms and
Hugo Wolf in many European
Cities. Now in Canada.



MISS EILEEN MILLETT,
At First a Pupil of Dr. F. H. Torrington at
the Toronto College of Music; Later
Studying Under European Teachers,
Now in Erie, Pa.

embody all the bad points of the art; which is at least something to be thankful for. Many a pupil has been successful in spite of bad teachers. Many a pupil would never be successful if taught by all the best teachers in the world rolled into one. There is such a thing as personality in singing, which cannot be taught in a studio. There is also such a thing as jolly good hard work, which must be gone through with by even a genius.

A Famous Harvest Hymn

A BEAUTIFUL harvest hymn that is now being sung in many Christian lands at this season of thanksgiving is "The Sower Went Forth Sowing." It was sung recently in a Toronto church and one's thoughts wandered back to the author, the Rev. W. A. St. Hill Bourne, whom when the writer knew him was Vicar of St. Luke's, Shepherd's Bush, near London. From thence he was transferred to Finchley. The hymn was written in 1874 for a Harvest Festival at South Ashford in Kent. As a writer well known in England, the Rev. S. C. Lowry, M.A., well says, "It is a very striking composition and introduces a note of warning which is not unheeded in Harvest Festivals, when commonly many people come to church who are seldom to be seen there on other occasions. Its tune is called St. Beatrice, and if the melody be somewhat sentimental it exactly suits the words. The origin of the tune is of pathetic interest. The words reached the composer, Sir Frederick Bridge, the famous organist of Westminster Abbey, when his little daughter Beatrice was dying. He set it to music at that time of deep anxiety, and, after she was taken from him, he named the tune in her memory." E. T. C.

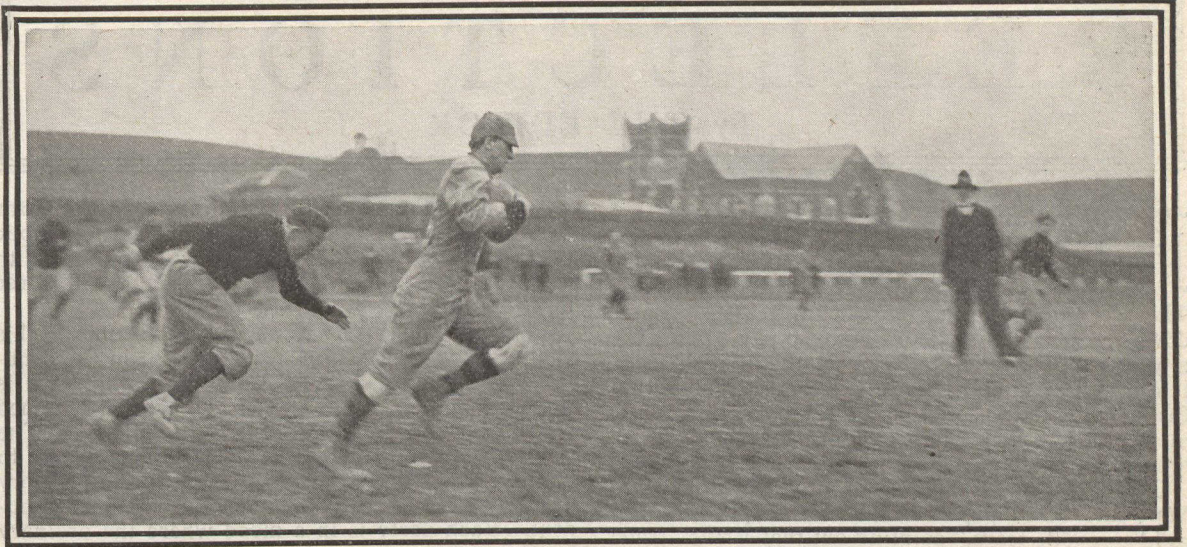
The Monument to Garneau

FRANCOIS XAVIER GARNEAU, the first and best historian of French Canada, deserves a monument to his memory. At the unveiling of this on the grounds of the Legislative Building at Quebec, on the 19th, a very representative body of people were present. Sir Francois Langelier, Lieutenant-Governor, presided. Hon. C. F. Delage, Speaker of the Legislative Assembly, took the chair at the after meeting. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Sir Lomer Gouin, Sir George Garneau, Sir A. B. Routhier, Senator Landry, Speaker of the Canadian Senate, Senator Choquette, Judge McCorkill, Principal Peterson, and others occupied seats on the platform. In the audience were many prominent citizens, both English and French. The monument was received by Mr. Hector Germain, on behalf of the Garneau family. It was presented by Mr. George E. Amyot, a prominent manufacturer in Quebec City, who conceived and carried out the undertaking at his own expense.

The monument consists of a large bronze statue of the historian in a sitting posture, with a quill in his right hand. The figure rests on a supporting pedestal of imported onyx. The work was done by the famous Paris artist, Mr. Paul Chevre.

Canada's Greatest Need

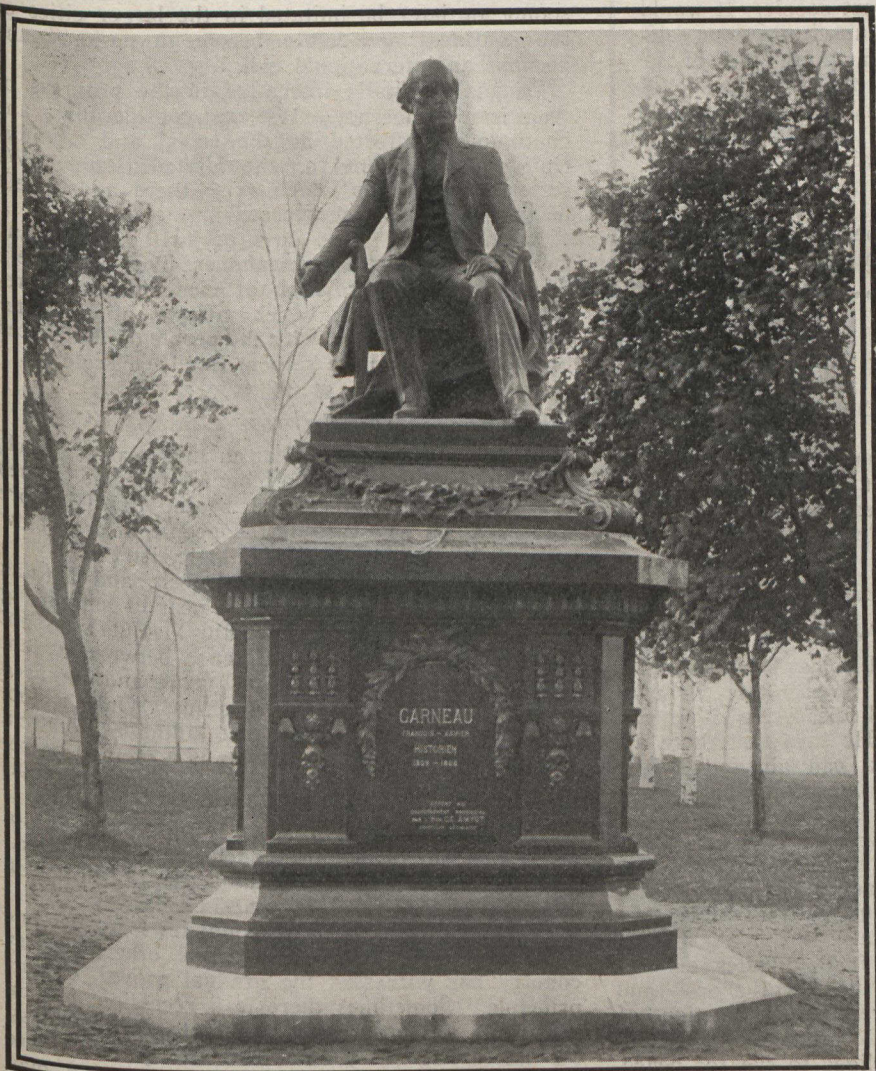
MR. W. MOLSON MACPHERSON, president of the Molsons Bank, does well to emphasize the need for cheap transportation east and west. He admits that the railways are doing their best to increase mileage in spite of the scarcity of labour. As has been continually pointed out in these pages, what Canada needs is not cheaper rates, but increased facilities and improved transportation conditions. In the end this will bring cheapness. Apparently the president of the Molsons Bank agrees. The point must be emphasized again and again. A clique in the West is crying for lower freight rates when it ought to be crying for more branch lines and improved facilities. The C. P. R. is making money, but it is also spending tremendous sums on the improvement of its terminals, terminal hotels, sidings, as well as double tracking. There are rates which are too high and these cases should be remedied, but a general policy of reduction of rates would mean a slackening of construction.



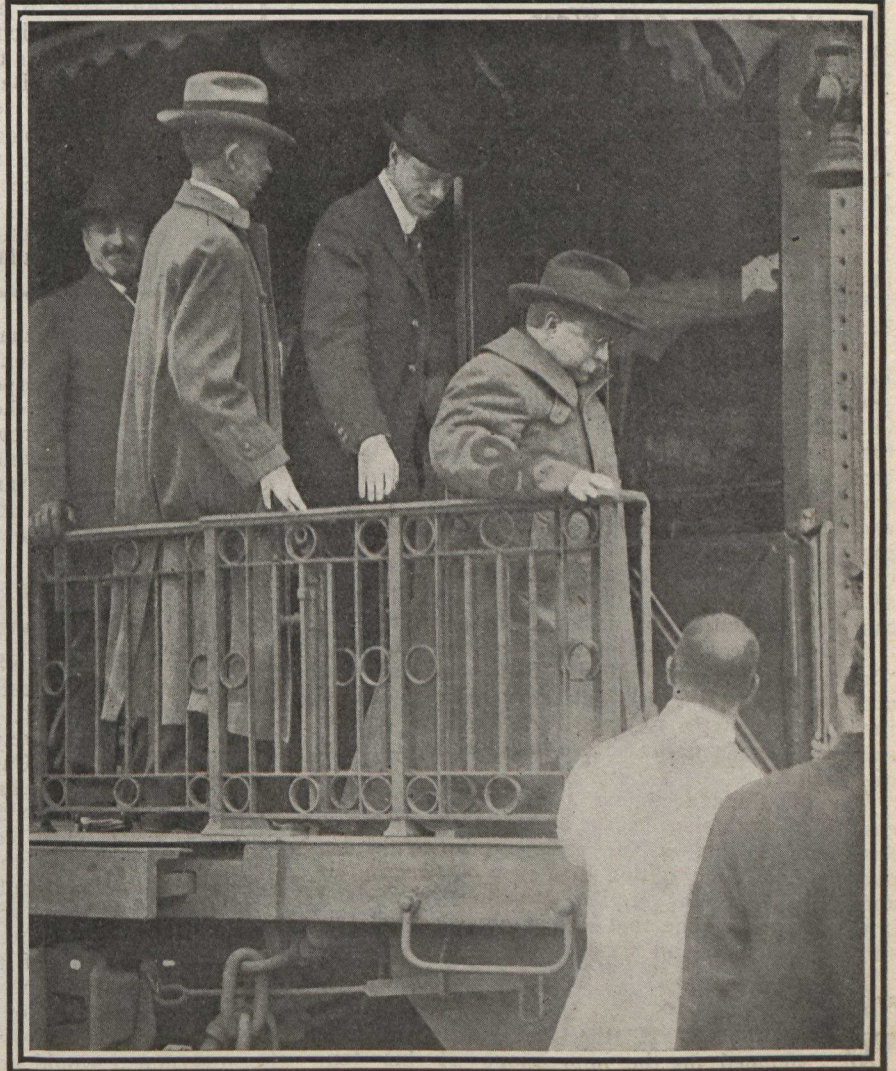
THE GAME OF RUGBY ON THE PRAIRIE

These two pictures of the opening game of the Western Rugby season were taken at Calgary, on September 22nd. They indicate that Rugby in the West is as strenuous as Rugby in Ontario and in the United States. It is only in British Columbia and the Maritime Provinces that the milder Rugby of Great Britain and South Africa finds favour. The Calgary "Tigers" and the "Y's" were the two teams competing, the former winning by 31-3. The "Tigers" hold the championship of Western Canada, having defeated Winnipeg for that honour last autumn. Photographs by Oliver, Calgary.

Heroic Personalities—Past and Present



A Monument to F. X. Garneau, the famous French-Canadian historian and writer, 1809-1866, and author of a "History of Canada," published in 1845, was unveiled at Quebec on the 19th. It was presented to the Province by Mr. George E. Amyot.



Colonel Roosevelt arriving at his home at Oyster Bay, Long Island, on the 22nd. Although still suffering from his wound he was able, as the picture shows, to descend the steps of his car without assistance. Behind him are his secretaries and the doctor.

REFLECTIONS

By THE EDITOR

John Bull Should be Proud.

JOHN BULL ought to be proud. Every Canadian who is anybody is arguing about what we ought to do for him. Some say he needs the cash. The *Toronto Telegram* reeks with tears over the down-trodden British taxpayers who pay \$47,000,000 a year in food-taxes to keep up the British navy. It cries out in anguish because every British breakfast table is taxed to make up "Canada's just share in the burden now carried by the owners of these breakfast tables."

On the other hand, the *Toronto Globe*, *Toronto Star*, and other papers refuse to weep what they call "crocodile tears," pointing out that British trade is advancing by leaps and bounds, that Britain is the wealthiest country in the world, and that it has paid off nearly \$400,000,000 of the public debt in the last six years. Instead of money these papers would give men and ships—good, honest Canadian men and good, honest Canadian ships.

Others again would give both men and ships. They see Britannia cowering before the German Kaiser's mailed fist and momentarily expect the death-blow to be struck. Every morning that they wake up and find the Union Jack still floating over the British Isles, they are agreeably disappointed. All day they go about shaking their heads and saying, "It may happen to-morrow." Sir Hugh Graham and the *Montreal Star* lead in this dreary pantomime.

On the other hand, Mr. Cahan and Mr. Bourassa and Mr. Monk and our own dear Captain Armand Lavergne refuse to believe that John Bull needs anything. Not a dollar, not a ship, not a man, would they send him until there is a referendum—by which they mean "never." But they covet a share in his councils. They want the right to sit in his Big Cabinet and direct the issues of war and peace.

So John Bull should be proud. We are all thinking about him and his affairs. Some of us are so engrossed in the work of wondering what we ought to do for him and what he might do for us that we have laid all other national topics and all other national problems aside. I sincerely hope the Old Man appreciates our concern on his behalf.

Terrible Times Out West.

MOST trying times in the West. The Liberals and Independents and grain-growers are talking about the election in Macdonald and crying "Stolen," "Robbed," "Plundered," and "Un-British." (It is to be noted that "Un-British," not "patriotism," is the last refuge of the politician.) Then there is that Police Magistrate McMicken, who let two Tories off with a fine, when he should have put them in jail. My, but the Liberals are angry. They demand the life-blood of Sir Rodmond Roblin. Nothing else will satisfy them, but his gory head on a political platter.

Then reverse the shield. The *Winnipeg Telegram*, with equal fair-mindedness, calmness, and gentlemanly bearing, retorts, "The Province of Saskatchewan was delivered soul and body into the hands of the most corrupt and unrepresentative government in Canada." "A whole province was debauched and coerced." As if that were not enough, the *Telegram* editor adds: "The real meaning of the whole outcry about liberty is that a gang of political mercenaries and outlaws in the service of the Liberal party . . . have had final notice that their activities will no longer be permitted."

In short, the Liberals of the West are "corrupt," "mercenaries," and "outlaws"; the Conservatives are "robbers," "thieves" and "perverters of British justice." Even the *Ottawa Free Press* is led to say that Canada never before had "such a carnival of criminality."

What is Canada coming to, if one-half of these charges by both sides is true? Are we becoming so Americanized that we are ceasing to distinguish between right and wrong or even between fair and unfair, so far as elections are concerned? Isn't it pretty nearly time that decent citizens took this situation in hand and created a new atmosphere?

Non-Partisanship.

WHEN H. R. H. the Duke of Connaught summed up the impressions of his ten-thousand-mile trip, for the benefit of the Canadian Club, of Toronto, he saw fit to emphasize

two points: the value of the fullest education for the young and the benefit of considering public questions from a non-partisan viewpoint. With both of these hints, the best Canadians will agree most heartily.

If there ever was a time in the history of this country when the non-partisan element in the country needed to be thoughtful and alert, that time is the present. Each set of political leaders is inflamed with the most dangerous kind of jealousy. The sudden defeat of the Liberals last year seems to have made them ferocious; the unexpected victory of the Conservatives has made them almost impudent. Each party is in a mood where the ordinary barriers will not stop them. Neither will consider the other in the slightest, and neither is likely to give much consideration to the public when the party's interest seems to lie in another direction.

Our political leaders are too keen on party advantage. Nor is this confined to the leaders. The party journalists are in a very bitter mood. The

A Cash Contribution.

Shall Canada contribute \$30,000,000 cash to the British navy?

Such a gift would be inadequate and inappropriate. What is needed is fifty or a hundred million dollars' worth of ships, manned by Canadians as far as possible, carrying Canadian brawn and brains to help in the policing of the world.

Did Canada send money or men to Queen Victoria's Jubilee? Was it money or men which made up the Imperial Pageants of King Edward and King George?

Did Canada send money or men to go up the Nile with Wolseley?

Did Canada contribute money or men to South Africa?

Is Canada, in future struggles, to keep her soldiers and generals, her sailors and admirals, lolling on beds of ease while our borrowed gold is handed over stingily to purchase a few "hirelings"?

A mere cash contribution would be a "bluff," utterly unworthy of a great people. It would be a subterfuge which would destroy our self-respect and make us the laughing stock of the Britannic world. Better far that we should admit that we are selfish, that there are no "men of fighting blood" left in the country, and that we prefer to take our chances by letting the other people of the world settle its destinies.

Perhaps also it would be advisable to abandon the name "Canada" and adopt "Carthage."

whole atmosphere is charged with party hatred.

One part of the country has little superiority over another in this respect. Neither political party may throw stones at the other. Even the "third" parties, the Grain Growers and the Nationalists, are adopting tactics which smell of hatred and intolerance. Party government we must have, but we should always be able to treat our opponents with courtesy and generosity. This is what we are in danger of forgetting.

"JAM" Aikins on the Navy.

MR. J. A. M. AIKINS, M.P., has been discussing the naval question before the Brandon Canadian Club, and discussing it intelligently if not conclusively. He says that there are two ways in which Canada can aid the British Isles. We can build battleships immediately and attach them to the North Sea Fleet to protect the Empire's heart. Or we can let England shield itself from the direct blow and form a cruiser fleet to protect the trade routes and relieve the British Isles from that necessary duty. Apparently Mr. Aikins favours the latter half of the alternative. He points out that if the food supplies or raw material is cut off the British workshops and British workers cannot live. A destruction of Britain's merchant ships would produce a panic and the government would be obliged to sue for peace. Whatever is done Mr. Aikins would have it done quickly so that the world would know that the

British Empire is one and indivisible.

Apparently if Mr. Aikins were not a member of the Conservative party in the House of Commons and were free to express his own opinion he would be in favour of a Canadian navy. He is probably typical of many Conservative members of Parliament. Just what effect these private opinions will have upon the public policy of the Conservative party is not yet apparent. The question of political tactics and political strategy is playing an important part in the naval discussion. Those who are in favour of a Canadian navy and a non-partisan settlement of the question can only hope for the best and trust that the leaders on both sides will eventually recognize that the interests of the Dominion and of the Empire are of much greater importance than the political future of any party or any set of politicians.

Will Roosevelt Win?

A FRIEND of mine, whose judgment I respect, writes me from New York: "I think Teddy will not win." He goes on to explain and one paragraph is most illuminating. It runs thus:

"Wilson apparently has not made any mistakes in his campaign. Bryan usually started off big right after the nomination, but steadily lost strength up to election day. Wilson, apparently, instead of losing is gaining right along. Of course, I may be wrong in my prediction, but while a number of people believe Teddy has a chance, no one wants to bet on him."

The shooting incident has made some votes for Roosevelt. His courage was impressive. But this is the Democratic party's one great chance. With two Republicans in the field, and with a good candidate of its own, the Democratic party must win or admit that it is a negligible part of the country's political machinery. Moreover, it must not only elect Wilson, but it must gain enough states to ensure a Democratic Senate. The House is Democratic now. To make Wilson's regime satisfactory, the Republican majority in the Senate must be wiped out. Therefore, it would seem that this ought to be a big Democratic year.

The Conviction of Becker.

LIEUTENANT BECKER, of the New York police, has been found guilty of instigating the murder of Rosenthal, a gambling-house keeper who grew tired of paying money for police protection. Most people will be sorry for Becker, but pleased that such looseness in a police "system" has been severely checked. If such a "system" could succeed indefinitely in New York, it would sooner or later be imitated in the larger cities of the continent and hence become a national and perhaps an international evil.

Canada is vitally interested in the progress of American democracy. We are considerably and continuously affected by the social and administrative developments of the United States. We suffer by the evils which arise there and benefit by the reforms which succeed.

No nation, in these days of swift trains and swifter telegraphs and telephones, lives unto itself. There is an inter-relation of vice and virtue, reaction and progress, which affects all nations. Therefore, we rejoice, with the people of the United States, that one more serpent has been scotched.

Our Logical Minds.

WHEN a shot is fired at an European monarch, we describe it as a blow for freedom. When a shot pierces the breast of Theodore Roosevelt, an advocate of the people, it is a blow against freedom. Wonderful logic, isn't it?

I am sorry for Colonel Roosevelt, and I think the man who fired the shot came near to committing one of the crimes of the century. But I do not think there is so much difference between a shot fired at a prominent person in Europe and one fired at a prominent person in America. Only a fool or a lunatic would believe that killing a monarch, a statesman or a popular leader is a method of reform. Therefore, let us be logical. There are fools and extremists in every country and America is no more free of them than is Europe. Let us not boast idly, nor draw false conclusions to the detriment of the aristocrats and monarchs of Europe in order to tender ourselves some idle flattery.

The great struggle in all countries is to get one man to respect the rights of the other. Every country has witnessed the gradual growth of this principle. Sometimes there is a recession, but on the whole the progress is constant. Nevertheless, the world has not yet reached the point where jealousy and hatred, in relation to citizenship, may be said to be eliminated.

SUBURBAN & COUNTRY LIFE SUPPLEMENT

Sir William Mulock's Country Home

A Beautiful Estate Which Has Many Interesting Features

By A. HELEN PEARSON

EVERYBODY who goes to Lake Simcoe on the Metropolitan trolley line knows that cars meeting between Aurora and Newmarket must pass on the switch at "Mulock's Corners"; everybody who motors up Yonge Street knows that the plain, magnificent house at the north-west angle of the cross-roads is the country home and experimental farm of Sir William Mulock.

Most people glance an eye of admiration over the columnar facade; an eye of delight over the extensive, well-trimmed lawns, and rising terraces; and an eye of—but by then the several hundred yards of rain-bow flower-beds that wind around the house on the lowest level have whirled past, and they go home and tell what a beautiful place Sir William's is.

They are perfectly right, although they don't know it.

They don't know that while the world and his go-ahead wife are cycloning up and down Yonge Street some of their more leisurely relatives are exploring on the side-roads, and are discovering that not only the environment of the farm possesses qualities of exceptional delight to the scenic epicure and lover of sylvan glory, but that the farm itself holds a score of intelligent and practical interests for as many spheres of life.

To get some idea of the "depth of background" that lies behind the picture one sees from Yonge Street, it is necessary to realize, when climbing over Pinnacle Hill—the high one just south of Aurora—that one is crossing the height of land between Lakes Ontario and Simcoe; and that this height of land, known as The Ridges, swings east and west across the entire county, the westward arc following a northerly course across King township, and into that of Simcoe.

The north-westerly trend to these fine old hills permits the loftiest rise to which they attain in York county to outcrop some two and a half miles due west of Sir William's farm, and between the second and third concessions of the township.

APPROACHING Yonge Street from the third concession, then over the Mulock side-road, one passes through scenes of varied and romantic loveliness, part of the way being known as The Old Gamble Road. The south side of the big hill dips down into a stretch of pastoral excellence, while the north side is covered with scraggling pines and underbrush of the most abandoned nature. From the top of this hill on a bright day one may descry some twenty miles of gently undulating country, and afar, like a gleaming blade, the narrow waters of the Holland River, where they pierce "the steel-blue breast-plate" of Lake Simcoe's distant bosk. "Scallyhooting" down the hill past sloping fields of stumps and stones and a few deserted-looking dwellings, one winds through woods of majestic grandeur, where

"Woven boughs shut out the moon's bright ray,"

and where, in spring, the air is rife with many woodland melodies.

Emerging once more into the open, one finds oneself bowling along a green-swarded avenue that stretches through the three hundred and twenty-four acres of the Mulock farm.

Suppose we turn onto the farm from this most appropriate rear.

Sir William himself, with characteristic kindness, comes forward to greet us.

We walk about a bit to get a comprehensive idea of the "layout" of the farm.

On the western horizon rises the wooded hills of the Gamble district, forty acres of which belong

to the Mulock farm, and all of which woods give place suddenly to the cultivated precision of apple orchards and hay fields.

The apple orchards cover one hundred and thirty

Scientists maintain that it does. Leading apple growers take the other view, but without accurate data to guide them. It is safer, I think, to accept the opinions of scientists."

To reach the enormous stables, with their reputation of being the largest and best in Ontario, we walk eastward through neatly laid out vegetable, fruit, and flower gardens, and past the conservatories, with their suggestions of humus odours, frondy greens, and gay groups of colour, where we turn sharply to the north.

To enter the pony-paddock, we cross a lane-road, and a stile, beneath the spreading grandeur of a black-walnut grove. The dainty ponies spying Sir William, started toward us from out a cave-like embankment under an old house, where they find shelter from the weather.

They gathered about us with the utmost confidence.

"The darling creatures," we exclaimed, rubbing their noses, and petting them. "But how much larger some are than others."

"There are two varieties. The larger ones are Exmoors, and the little ones, Shetlands."

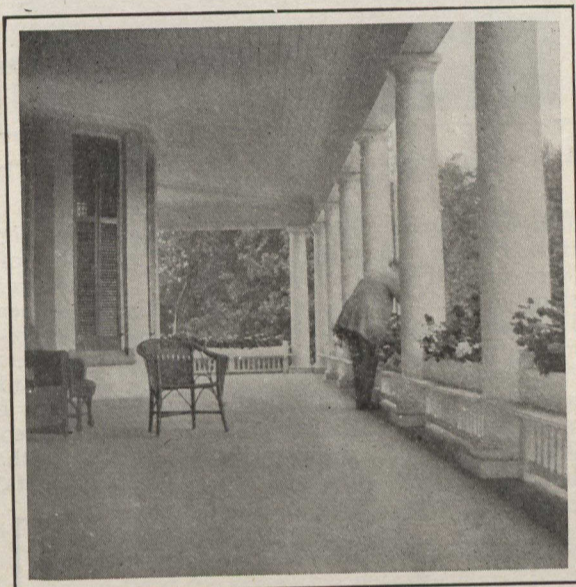
"But that tiny one with a halter on—surely that is a colt?"

"That is Dandy, the sire of the Shetland herd. I have fourteen Shetland ponies, most of which I selected and purchased from the Ladies Hope, daughters of the late Marquis Linlithgow, who carry on large breeding establishments of Shetland ponies in the south of England. Their Shetlands are all registered thoroughbreds, and first prize winners in practically all of the United Kingdom. Dandy there is a perfect type of Shetland pony and a first prize winner in competition with all England."

"The Shetland colts, then, judging from Dandy, must be a marvel of littleness."

"Come and see. On the eighth of August, a filly colt was born, not much larger than a Cocker spaniel, and could easily be carried by a 6-year-old."

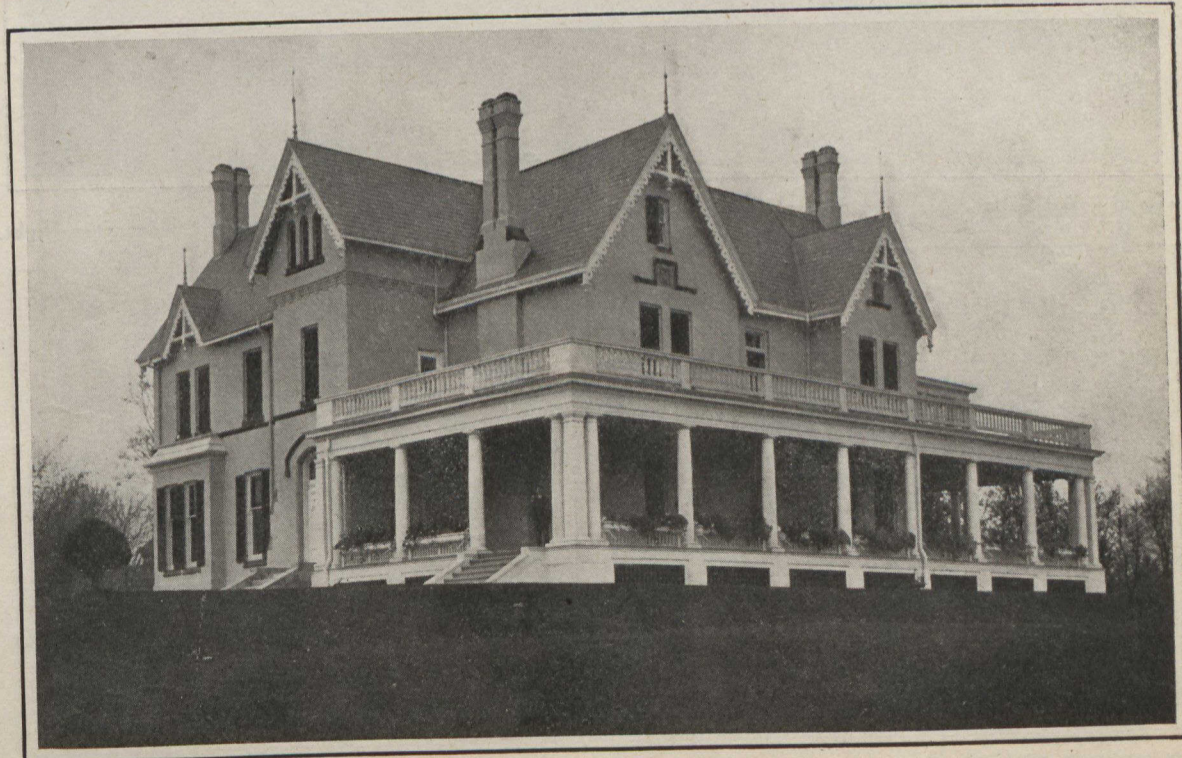
It certainly was a fascination of smallness, as it



Sir William Mulock on his Verandah.

acres, flanking both sides of the road we have just travelled on. The trees bear entirely winter fruit, of which three-fourths are northern spies. The other fourth are apples that blossom at the same time as the spies, and are planted among them for pollination purposes.

"As a rule," Sir William explains, "apple trees of one species require pollination by those of another species, but authorities differ as to whether the northern spy requires that mode of pollination."



Sir William Mulock's Country Residence and Farm at Mulock's Corners on Yonge Street, a Few Miles North of Toronto.

was only six days old, and had weighed but fourteen pounds when born. What it lacked in size it certainly made up in energy, as its capers, upon its first introduction to the sunshine and the glad light of day, were inexpressibly funny.

The Exmoor ponies being larger in size than the Shetlands, are consequently of more use, a span of them making the distance to Toronto from their home in two hours.

"I have twenty-five Exmoors," Sir William went on, "all of which were imported or bred from imported Exmoors. The Exmoor is, in figure, a miniature thoroughbred, having all the beauty and other characteristics of the thoroughbred except size."

The Exmoor sire was, without doubt, a very handsome creature.

"There's nothing else like that in Canada," his keeper said, as he led him into the stall. "He's worth a farm, he is."

"So large a stable suggests abundance of stock. Have you many cattle?"

"Not now."

"You once had a fine herd of Shorthorns, I believe."

"Yes, but I disposed of them as our American market became of no avail."

"Surely there is no duty on thoroughbred stock?"

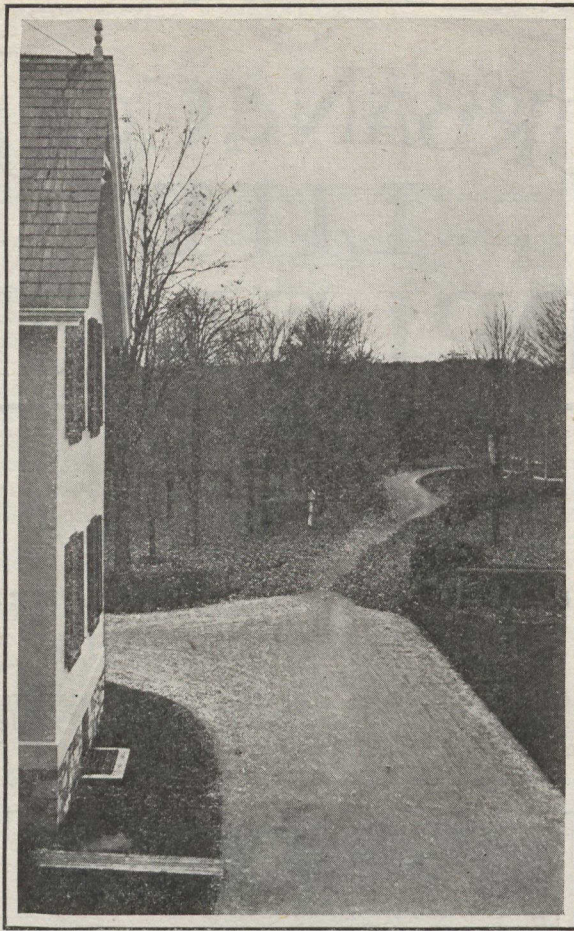
"No, and at one time there was a good market in the United States, they entering, as now, duty free. This privilege, however, has been neutralized by the ingenuity of United States Shorthorn breeders.

"There is, in the United States, a Register of Thoroughbred Shorthorns, and an American buyer of Shorthorns requires all his imported Shorthorns to be entered in the American Register. To shut out foreign thoroughbreds, a fee of one hundred dollars, for the privilege of registering any imported Shorthorn, is exacted. This fee is just as prohibitory to the importation of Shorthorns as if it was a customs duty, because a breeder outside the United States cannot pay the \$100 fee for registration and compete with the American breeder, who is exempt therefrom."

Returning through the grove of walnut trees, we paused to admire the straightness of their trunks, the tint of their foliage, and the leafy lightness of their fimbriated shade.

"How did you accomplish so satisfactory a result?" we asked.

"I'll tell you all about it, then you will know how to do it the best way yourselves. In 1883, being



A Charming October View from Sir William's Top Verandah Looking West.

anxious to grow black walnuts, and to get big trees as soon as possible, I purchased a number of large-sized trees from a nursery in Markham, thinking the larger trees I began with the sooner I should have results. Every one died. The following year I purchased a second lot, a size smaller. All but two of them died. Being doubtful as to whether they would live through the winter, I made no further trials until 1887, and up until then the two in question, though alive, made little growth. I began experimenting in raising them from nuts,

and got a bag from James Fleming, M.P. for Peel, which were planted in a little field. They grew and, when two years of age, all but about fifty of them were transplanted. Those fifty are, to-day, large, flourishing trees, some exceeding fifty feet in height and fifteen inches in diameter. Those that were transplanted have made comparatively little progress, and the two trees referred to that survived transplanting are not now any larger than those grown from the nut when they attained the age of six years."

"Is the reason for the difficulty in transplanting known?"

"It appears that the black walnut has a particularly large tap-root; transplanting involves the cutting of that root, and the tree has difficulty in surviving so serious a surgical operation."

"The trees certainly form an exceptionally beautiful shade-grove, but was there any other object in raising them?"

"The timber is very valuable, of course, but my object was to demonstrate the fact that black walnuts can flourish in this climate. Long since, the original trees grown from the nut have been bearing nuts, and those nuts have been growing trees."

"It suggests a gay time for the squirrels. Have you plenty on the farm?"

"Not many. I thought to restore Black Squirrels, they having become almost extinct in this vicinity, so purchased quite a number of both black and grey ones, and domesticated them around the premises. They multiplied, but not so fast as vandal boys could shoot them. A few are still around the grounds, but mostly they have been shot off by trespassers or have retired to less accessible districts."

"I hope you caught some of the rascally youngsters?"

But as usual when Thoughtless Youth enters the field of action, Wisdom and Law must shake a sad head.

Walking toward the house, it was impossible not to become influenced by the beauty of view in every direction. Nature and art had joined hands and had converted the twenty-five acres of home-grounds into vistas of loveliness. A rustic summer-house in a clump of young cedars being a new feature, we wandered toward it.

Speaking of transplanting trees, here was a case of great success. The cedars were from ten to twenty feet in height, and there were twenty-five of them, all of which had been moved during the winter. Of that number only one had died.

"And here you see the secret," he explained.

Around the circumference of each tree, some two feet from the trunk, were three tile drain-pipes, placed in the ground at an angle so that moisture from the surface of the lawn would drain toward the roots of the tree. Also, the opening of the pipe was sunk some two or three inches below the surrounding level of the ground.

We were now approaching the front of the farm, and the part visible from Yonge Street. The flowerbeds were opalescent with asters, and the porch-boxes were effulgent with nasturtiums, among which a vibrant little humming-bird was wont to poise and dart.

But from the distance came the drone and honk of motors and the roar of trolley-cars, and we remembered that still the world was daily whirling by. We realized that we, too, would go home and say, "What a beautiful place Sir William's is!"

Young Trees Should be Planted

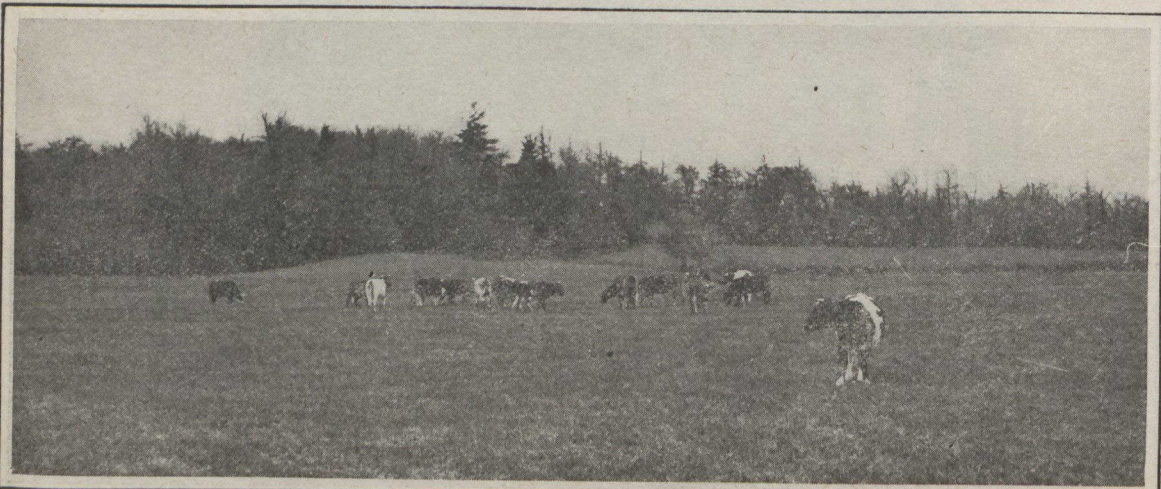
NO matter where the garden may be—in Europe, in the Dominion or elsewhere—old trees when lifted rarely recover, unless the most expensive methods of transplantation are adopted.

The well-known Canadian nurserymen—Stone and Wellington—point this out in their annual catalogue. "We cannot too strongly recommend," they write, "young trees, especially for orchard planting. They can be taken up with more perfect roots, are more likely to live, and will become more quickly established in a new location. They can also be more readily trained to any desired shape. The largest and most successful planters invariably select young, thrifty trees."

The best distances for planting are, it is mentioned: for standard apples, 30 feet apart each way; standard pears and strong-growing cherries, 20 feet; Duke and Morello cherries, 18 feet; standard plums, apricots, peaches, nectarines, 16 to 18 feet; dwarf pears, 10 feet to 12 feet; dwarf apples, and quinces, the same; grapes, rows to be 10 feet to 16 feet apart, 7 feet to 16 feet in the rows; currants and gooseberries, 4 feet apart; raspberries and blackberries, 4 feet by 5 feet; strawberries for field culture, 1 foot by 3½ feet; strawberries for hill culture, 2 feet apart each way.

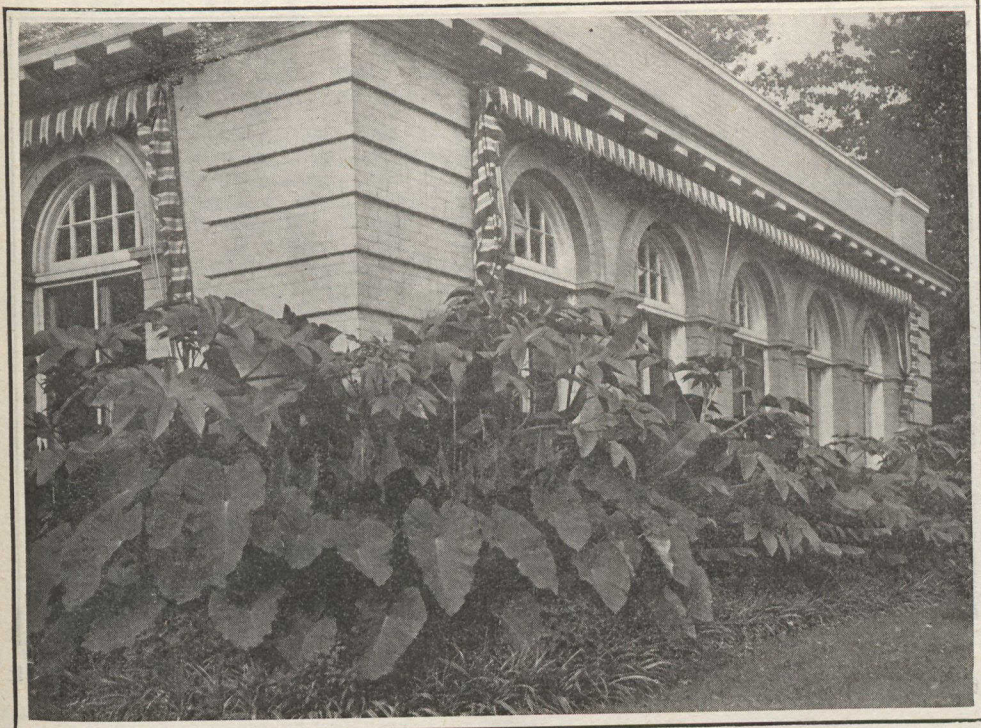


Sir William's Barns with the Shetland Ponies on the Left and the Exmoor Ponies in the Field on the Right.

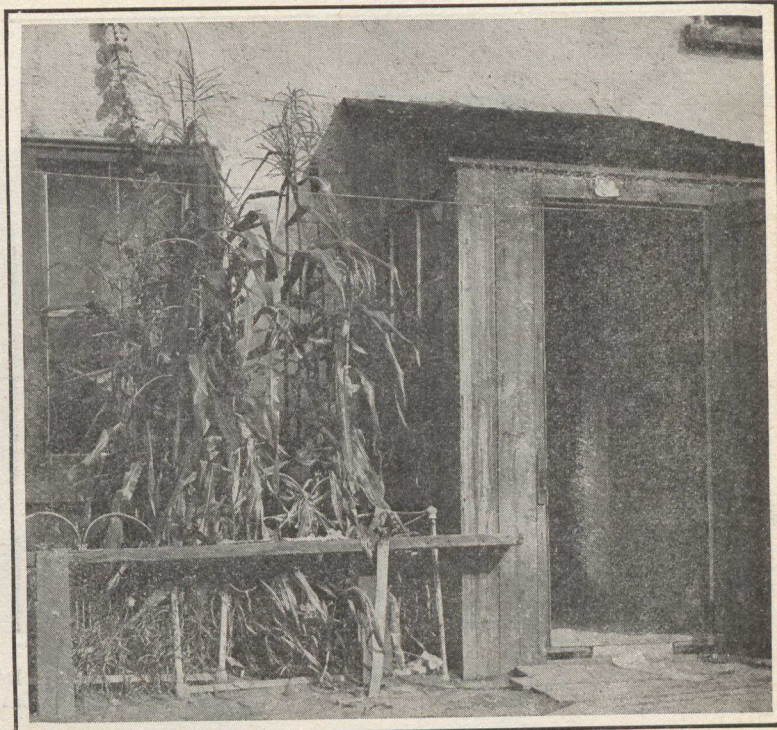


Sir William Prides Himself on his Beef Cattle. These Particular Animals will make Christmas Beef for the Epicures of Toronto.

A Striking Contrast--Yet a Similar Sentiment



September Foliage Around "The Sun Room" of Senator Cox's Home, Sherbourne St., Toronto.



September Corn in a Pathetic Little Back Yard of a House in "The Ward," Toronto.

A Year in the Garden

Work to be Done in November

By E. T. COOK

THE year is rapidly drawing to a close and the wise planter is taking care of every precious moment for planting and protecting. Never leave to the Spring the work that can be done in the Fall. The colour has died away almost in forest, woodland and garden, and soon snow falls and hard frosts will wrap up the earth. Farewell to outdoor activities save for the sportsman until Spring again brings forth her flowers.

The nurserymen in this country are partly to blame for much of the slackness in Fall planting. An order given even now should be met, so that the season is not missed, and surely it is not difficult to give some estimate of the quantities desired, but this is not done except under unusual conditions.

Planting and Protecting.

AS these notes must be written some time in advance of publication, it is essential to take into consideration existing circumstances. A hard frost may have stayed out-door labour, or the sun may still shine into summer warmth, without hindering the work of the farm and garden. Every ray of this golden weather must be taken advantage of; and plant every moment of the day without rushing over or ignoring details. It is the detail that counts, and carelessness means absolute failure and intense disappointment.

Sufficient has been written of the actual planting and advice given to have in readiness plenty of leaves to protect roses and tender flowers during the winter. Leaves form a natural shelter, and "littery" manure, that is, the strawy part, will perform almost as good an office. This protecting is called "mulching," and it is well to know the reason of all terms. It acts not only as a direct protection from frost, but the plants are not exposed to the almost fatal alternation of thaw and freezing that occurs frequently when the spring of the year is coming to gladden the earth.

The stems of roses should be bent down and then pegged. Over these place a six-inch covering of leaves or litter and leave it there until spring, when all danger of frost is over. Sometimes rose stems are bunched together, supported with stakes, and covered round with straw, but the pegging down principle is the most satisfactory.

The Woodland.

IT is a poor estate that harbours decaying timber, but the woodland is not always a source of satisfaction—trees dying or already dead, toppling one against the other in their last embrace and encumbered with an undergrowth of no value whatever—a rough jumble of what in their place are things of beauty. The woodland or the surroundings of an estate should receive a thorough examination yearly to prevent destruction of beauty of form

in the tree itself and open up perhaps fresh and exquisite views from the house itself.

The landscape gardener should be an artist, too. He paints with a rough brush, but the picture is the more difficult to produce when the canvas is the great field of waving grass or corn that is to be the garden and woodland of the future. A want of colour is sometimes a blemish upon an otherwise fair landscape.

Look at the surroundings from every point of view. Near the army of pines on yonder hill ridge plant Red Maple, on a grassy side the same tree and as the house is approached touch the woodland or the fringe of the drive with many brilliant shades—the crimson that comes from the flowers still appear-

ing of spiræa Anthony Waterer, the brightness of Scarlet Dogwood and deep red of Weigela.

The following list comprises a few of the finer coloured leaved shrubs: Purple-leaved Barberry, Variegated-leaved Althæa, also known as Hibiscus, a Dogwood that is called *Elegantissima Variegata*, and another of the same tribe, the Cornelian Cherry, which has its leaves splashed with white golden elder and *Elæagnus Longipes*.

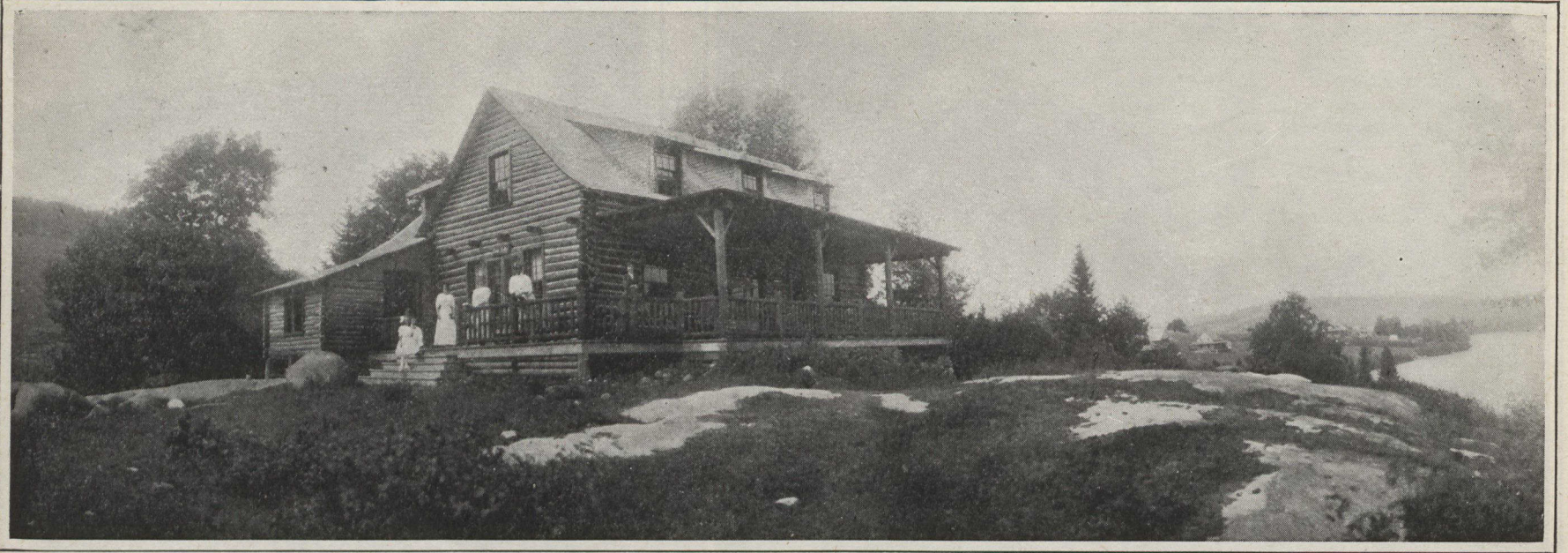
Of the last mentioned an authority writes: "A native of Japan. The merits of this attractive shrub have only been appreciated lately, but it is coming into general favour more and more each year. The *Longipes* variety blooms about May 15th and bears a profusion of small greenish silvery yellow flowers. The fruit is edible, has a pleasant taste, and makes an excellent sauce. The berries

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hang some weeks in good condition, and are red in colour, foliage silver-hued, clean and fine. We advise all who desire a novelty in the line of hardy shrubs to add *Elæagnus Longipes* to their collection."

Continuing the list there are the silver-leaved and the golden-leaved *Kerria*, Purple-leaved Plum (*Prunus Pissardi*), Golden *Spiræa (Foliis Aureis)*, Golden-leaved *Syringa* or *Philadelphus*, and the variegated *Weigela*, also known as *Diervillas*. These are shrubs, and wherever used, group them to obtain the full value of their distinctive leaf-colouring.

A Shrub for all Gardens.

A SHRUB of impressive beauty bears the name of *Hydrangea paniculata grandiflora*. The writer saw it in the garden of Kirkfield House, and never more in harmony with the lawn and firs surrounding it. This *Hydrangea* should be planted with no niggardly hand. It spreads out nobly, hiding nothing of its leafy charm and those big panicles of flowers opening white but turning in this land to shades of pink and rose, just as if a bit of the sunset had dabbed the once creamy white petals.

There seems a mingling of leaf and flower grandeur and when frosts have touched the earth it still remains a few days longer, the last flowering shrub of autumn days.

The Tartarian Honeysuckle as a Hedge.

LONICERA *tatarica* is one of the best known of spring flowering shrubs, its wealth of pink blossom and grey leaves making a subtle contrast, but it may be put to a good use apart from its advantages in the shrubbery, and that is, as a hedge. An author of acknowledged authority says of it: "Ornamental hedges depend for their beauty on more or less neglect. That is, if made of bushes, they must be allowed to follow natural outlines with considerable irregularity. The Tartarian Honeysuckle is, however, specially excellent for keeping a good form and enduring pruning. You may top off branches that over-reach you or you may cut a whole side back without materially damaging the hedge. Indeed, I cannot say too much for this admirable shrub. It is very close growing, and makes new shoots so quickly that a clipping does not long remain unpleasantly formal.

"In general that which we wish of an ordinary

hedge we do not wish of a hedge planted only for ornament; that is, we do not require exact lines and precision of growth. But where approximate accuracy and formality are needed, the Tartarian Honeysuckle is above all others, the plant that you need."

The Lawn.

A GARDEN without a lawn is as unsatisfactory as a nut without a kernel. It is not possible for everyone to have one of those cool, comforting spaces of rich green grass that we call the "lawn," but where such a feature does exist then take care of it at this season, and the quicker the work is done, the better. Give the lawn a good coating of well decayed manure, which will promote thick growth in spring, washing nutriment to the roots. Many artificial fertilizers are to be obtained and these have a beneficial influence on the grass, but the writer has a warm faith in the manure.

A lawn must be well kept, otherwise it will destroy the beauty of the whole garden, to say nothing of the house itself. Where grass is played upon hard during the summer the care of it in the late autumn is the more imperative.

Borders of One Flower.

THE fall is the season for making alterations in the garden, and in established estates there are many opportunities of adding little pictures—a walk of Peonies shadowed over by woodland, Asters, as explained in the October supplement, and Delphiniums, each flower separate and placed so as to bring out its beauty of growth and colour.

This recalls the walks of one flower in what we may call the "reserve garden"; the place where plants are grown for cutting alone to prevent interference with those in the borders. From this reserve handfuls may be gathered for the adornment of the home or to give to friends.

Sunflowers, Annual and Perennial.

A BEAUTIFUL group of garden flowers consists of the sunflowers—annual and perennial. The seed of the former must be sown in spring and tufts of the latter planted now, though there is not a moment to lose. The writer has mentioned before that for the small garden and larger places the free and graceful perennial Sunflowers are of the greatest value. Several varieties conspicuous for charm of growth and flower have been raised within recent years.

Perennial Sunflowers are conspicuous for the most part for their tall, willowy stems of yellow flowers, and they are so robust that the roots run here, there, and everywhere, leaving one spot when the soil is exhausted to find fresh pasture. Some are more aggressive than others. The common kind is *Helianthus Multiflorus*, which has long remained a good border flower, and its variety, *Fl. Pleno*, which has quite double flowers, is as well known. These are not so willowy as *H. Decapetalus*, *H. Giganteus*, *H. Lætiflorus*, *H. Orygalis*, a very graceful and beautiful flower, and *H. Rigidus* (Miss Mellish); the last named is strong, leafy, with large, yellow flowers, and about six feet in height. This type of Sunflower may be made excellent use of for planting against ugly corners where more delicate flowers would fail. They increase rapidly, small bits soon becoming large, unruly masses, when division must be resorted to.

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"I also dyed some old ostrich plumes and ribbons and we made three hats with them.

Made over from a brown broadcloth dyed black

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Uncommon Vegetables

By E. T. COOK

VEGETABLES should take a greater share in the economy of the household than is apparent at the present time, and in England the most nutritious and palatable kinds are served up as separate courses with the most approved sauces. It is to be hoped that these notes will stir up greater interest in the selection and cooking of the best vegetables, and many kinds are in existence that are far more appetizing than the usual run of dishes in home and hotel.

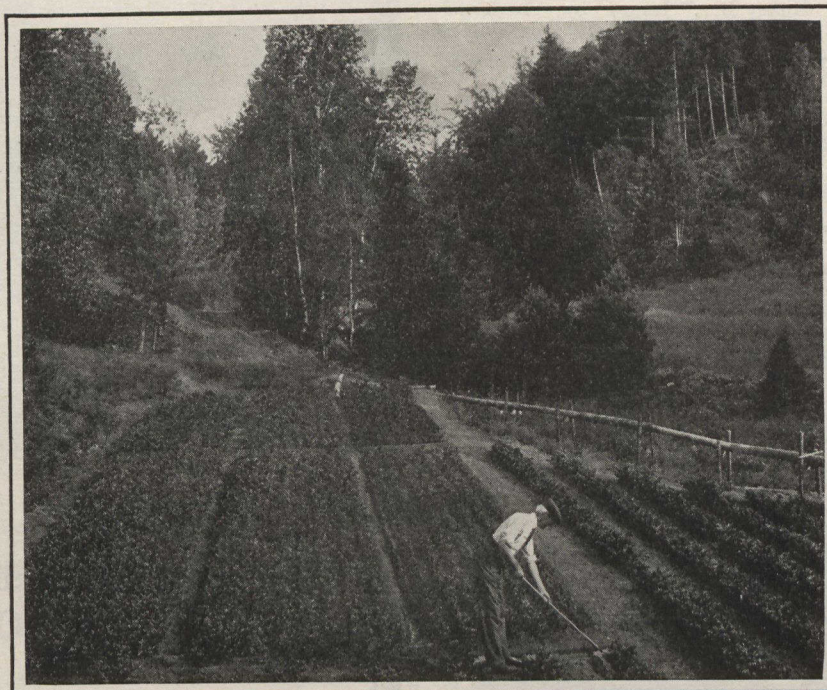
Seakale.

MORE delicious to many palates than the asparagus is the comparatively little known Seakale, a wild seashore plant, easily forced.

In one of the most authoritative works on vegetables, "The English Vegetable Garden," which the writer had the pleasure of preparing, some simple details are set forth for forcing. It is mentioned that the modern way of forcing, and the

and sent to the table with mayonnaise or cream sauce. The two vegetables may be grouped together, so that the remarks about celery apply also to the seakale. Stewed celery may be served with white or brown sauce, and should be prepared as follows: After removing the outer portion and scrubbing the celery with a brush, divide it, and when it has been thoroughly washed cut it into pieces of convenient length (about five inches) and tie it into bundles. (Seakale must not be cut.) Have ready a saucepan of boiling water, put in the celery and let it boil for ten minutes, then drain it, and, if it is to be served with white sauce, stew it gently in milk, or on the other hand in stock until it is tender. Keep it hot while the sauce is made by thickening the milk with flour and butter; add salt, pepper and a little nutmeg, and strain the sauce over the celery. Make a brown sauce, using some delicately flavoured soup stock, and after

MARKET GARDENING IS UNIVERSAL



This is a Picturesque Bit of a Pleasant and Sheltered Market Garden in Nova Scotia.

details apply with equal force to the Dominion, is to place roots in fine soil in a dark, warm place; darkness is essential, otherwise the growth soon loses its whiteness. A temperature of 55 degrees to 60 degrees will grow good material, and when growth begins give ample supplies of tepid water and daily dampings overhead. To maintain a supply place roots in the house every three weeks in the quantities desired. As the season advances less water will be needed, the plants starting freely. To grow material for this purpose save the thick, thong-like roots, which should be cut into lengths of from four to six inches. Make a straight cut at the crown or top and a slanting one at the bottom. Tie these root cuttings in small bundles, and plunge them in loose soil in frames; they will start into growth in spring, and may then be planted in well-enriched soil, two feet apart between the rows with half this distance between the plants. Keep them free from weeds and apply a good fertilizer or salt and soot in showery weather. Good plants can be got in one year, but the results are better from two years' growth, and unless space is plentiful and labour abundant, it is wiser to purchase roots specially grown for forcing. Roots also force well in cellars or boxes or under the stages of houses; but there must be darkness, with only sufficient moisture to promote growth. Produce can also be obtained by placing roots in large pots, in leaf soil, just level with the crowns, and then cover them with another empty pot; anything that will promote growth will suffice for forcing.

The Way to Cook Seakale and Celery. SEAKALE should be prepared and served in the same way as celery, and it may also be iced (like asparagus)

draining the celery from the stock in which it was cooked, arrange it on a hot dish and pour sauce over it. Scalloped celery is to be recommended; in this case the celery must be cooked, cut into fairly small pieces and mixed with a rich, white sauce; it is then placed in a buttered dish covered with bread crumbs and baked in a quick oven; if the flavour of cheese is not objected to a little grated Parmesan mixed with the crumbs is an improvement.

Fried celery is suitable for serving with mutton cutlets; it must be boiled until tender, then cut into pieces of about two inches in length and dipped into beaten egg. Cover with fine, dry bread crumbs and fry in a wire basket. Stewed celery is a delicious vegetable, though it should not be served separately, as in the case of seakale.

Chard.

THIS is to be seen on many tables and as a separate dish, but it is not grown so much as it should be. Chard is of the beet type, and the portion eaten consists of the leaves, which must be gathered carefully, and the crown will keep on maintaining a supply. The leaf is thick and should be treated exactly the same as spinach, that is, remove the stalks and imperfect leaves and wash the remainder thoroughly so that no grit remains, then drain it and give it a final washing in salted water. Put it wet in a stew pan (without any water) and let it cook uncovered until it is tender; it must be turned once or twice with a wooden spoon, and will take from ten to fifteen minutes. When done press it so as to abstract all the moisture, then chop it until it is quite fine and rub it through a wire sieve. Put it into a sauce pan and add sufficient thick, white sauce to moisten it. Season it with

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pepper, sugar and nutmeg, and stir it over the fire until it is thoroughly hot and almost dry. Then add a good-sized piece of butter or a tablespoonful or two of thick cream; arrange it neatly on a hot dish and garnish it with sippets of fried bread.

The Broad Bean.

It is unusual to find the nutritious broad bean grown in any quantity, but served with ham and white sauce it is esteemed by many. Sowings must be made in spring. The following note is from a famous cook: "The majority of cooks make the error of serving these beans in their stews; unless they are very young and small the skins should always be removed, for they are indigestible and help to spoil the flavour of the beans. If boiled in an abundance of salted water (which should be quite boiling when they are put in) until the skins begin to crack, the latter can be easily removed. The beans may then be mashed with warm butter, seasoned with salt, pepper and a very little sugar, or they may be served with almost any kind of white sauce.

"When no longer young, broad beans, after being boiled, may be passed through a wire sieve, then seasoned with salt, pepper and grated nutmeg and heated in butter with a few spoonfuls of cream or thick white sauce."

Globe Artichoke.

THE globe artichoke is rarely grown, but it is one of the most delicious of vegetables, the portion eaten being the head, and not as in the case of the

if preferred, the crumbs may be mixed with an equal quantity of mild grated cheese. If only the bottom portion of the artichoke is required (and it is useful for many entrees and savouries), remove all the leaves and the choke and trim the little green cups and then boil them in salted water until they are quite tender.

In France, the land of good cooking, globe artichokes are washed and placed in a large sauce pan of boiling water with a handful of salt, the waterpot fully covering them. They require boiling about an hour, and when a leaf can be pulled out easily they are done. When taken out of the water leave them to drain with the points downward, and they are usually eaten with a sauce made of oil and vinegar, pepper and salt.

These notes on a few uncommon vegetables may serve to bring to the notice of those who are seeking for fresh and dainty dishes some vegetables rarely seen on our tables. It will be a pleasure if others will add to them with the special object of serving them separately, as asparagus, for instance, always is in Europe.

Enemies of the Bee

IN the Bulletin concerning "The Honey Bee," issued by the Canadian Department of Agriculture, reference is made to the enemies of the bee and the plants that are most suitable for producing first-class honey.

There are two species of Wax Moths, which are also known, among other

A WONDERFUL HYDRANGEA



This huge plant is in the garden of Mrs. T. E. Lord, of Hull, Que. It measures 15 feet across, and at one time this fall had more than 700 flowers.

Jerusalem artichoke, the root. It should be planted in spring. Many consider the artichoke is the most delicate in flavour of all the vegetables, and the notes on ways of cooking it should interest those who are unacquainted with this appetizing dish. Serve it as a distinct course. Globe artichokes should be cooked as soon as possible after they are cut, and when they have been trimmed and thoroughly cleansed boil in slightly salted water until the leaves can be easily detached. Drain them on a hot, soft cloth, and serve them with melted fresh butter, seasoned with salt, pepper and a few drops of lemon juice or tarragon vinegar. The butter should be heated, but not allowed to boil, and make the sauce-boat in which it is served very hot.

Globe artichokes may be served in many ways; for instance, instead of being boiled entire divide into quarters, remove the choke, and cut the leaves, leaving only about a quarter of an inch. Place each piece as it is trimmed into cold acidulated water to prevent any discoloration, and then cook the artichokes in salted water, to which a small quantity of lemon juice has been added. When they are tender, drain them, and serve with a rich, white mushroom sauce or thick brown sauce.

The vegetable may also be scalloped; place it in a small buttered pie or grating dish, and wash it with some good, white sauce, then cover the top with finely sifted bread crumbs (seasoned with salt and pepper) and small pieces of butter and bake in a quick oven until brown;

popular names, as "bee moths" and "wax worms." They are the Larger Wax Moth (*Galleria mellonella* L.) and the Lesser Wax Moth (*Achroia grisella* Fab), and the larvae or caterpillars of both species are the destructive stages of the insects' life histories as they eat through and destroy the combs. The name, strictly speaking, is somewhat of a misnomer, as the caterpillars do not appear to feed on pure wax but on the combs which contain pollen, the cast-off tissues of the developing brood and other debris, and they burrow long tunnels through the wax which are lined with a strong protective web of silk.

It should be pointed out that all evidence points to the fact that damage is inflicted only to those colonies which are weak, either on account of queenlessness, lack of stores or neglect. Strong colonies do not suffer and, even though the pest obtains entrance, the caterpillars are quickly removed, especially if the stock is Italian. In weak colonies and in stored combs, however, they may cause very great damage.

The Larger Wax Moth is the more common and destructive. Its life history, briefly, is as follows: There are usually two broods during the season. The first brood appears in May and the second brood in August. The moth measures about three-quarters of an inch in length; it is most commonly of a dull grey colour. When they are at rest on a weathered board or the side of the hive, entering at dusk, or in the crevices of the hive, they are not liable

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to be noticed. The larvae begin to tunnel their way through the combs soon after hatching. The caterpillar of the Lesser Wax Moth often feeds on the debris in the bottom of the hive. When full grown, the caterpillar is of a dirty-white or grey colour and measures about an inch in length. It spins a silken cocoon in which it changes into a chrysalis stage from which the moth emerges. The winter is usually passed in the chrysalis stage.

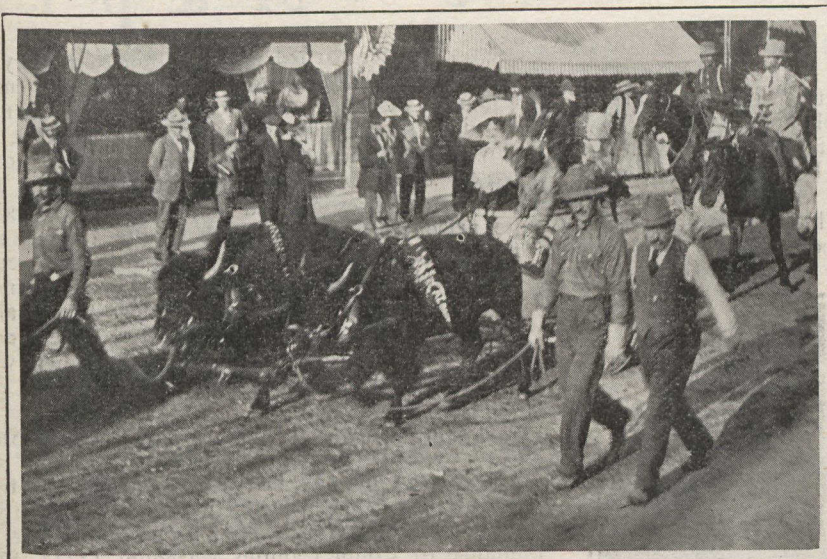
THE most important means of controlling these pests is to keep the colonies strong. The caterpillars will make little headway in a strong colony. If a colony is weak, some method should be adopted of making it strong, either by giving it more brood or by uniting it to another colony. When the caterpillars are seen they should be cut out with a knife. Stored combs are seriously damaged by them. When the insect is found attacking such combs the latter should be put into a box or chamber which can be closed tightly

las, Cyslamen and the greenhouse Roses. I am most fond of Killarney (pink and white varieties) Bride and Bridesmaid for the greenhouse, but for the garden (April and early May is the out-door time for roses) I like Frau Karl Druschki, Fisher Holmes, Duke of Teck, Souvenir du President Carnot, Mrs. John Laing, Marie Bauman, Ulrich Brunner and Dean Hole.

Violets are our earliest flowers. By having some in a frame I get them in December, and then those in the open in March. After come the pansies, primroses, white violets, paeonies (both the ordinary and so-called tree paeonies), dog's tooth violet, double daisies, hydrangeas, roses, phlox, etc., etc.

In the way of shrubs there are many, some peculiar to the country, which flower in midwinter, such as Olea fragrans, Cistuses, the Magnolias, Forsythia, Kerria, Ilex, Plums, Peaches, Cherries, Quince (Cydonia japonica), which are lovely, especially the blush pink shade, dozens of different colours of Azaleas, Lilacs (all grafted), Bamboos,

A HUMOROUS WESTERN CONCEIT



A Buffalo Chariot which was a Feature of the Procession in Honour of H. R. H. the Duke of Connaught at Calgary.

and fumigated with carbon bisulphide or sulphur. Care must be taken in the use of carbon bisulphide as the vapour is extremely inflammable. Combs should be stored in dry, well-ventilated rooms. Experiments carried out some years ago showed that, in localities where a zero temperature is experienced, the moths can be controlled by storing the combs during the winter in dry situations where they may be exposed to the effects of a low temperature. Beekeepers should be warned against moth traps and falsely called moth-proof hives.

Care should be taken to prevent mice obtaining access to stored combs or great damage may be inflicted. Not only the honey house but the bee cellar should be mouse-proof, as mice sometimes cause serious trouble to colonies when they are wintering.

From Far-off Shanghai

Editor Country Life Supplement:
I have read with much interest your various articles in The Courier, and I have thought that by appealing to you I might be able to be put on the right track to get what I want.

To be brief, what I want is to know where I can get seed of the wild flower I have many times picked as a child in Canada (Quebec) in May, and which was known in that neighbourhood as the "Mayflower."

I have got a garden of about four acres, and I have quite a few distinctive Canadian flowers, such as Solidago, liliun, canadensis and cercis canadensis. Unfortunately there are few flowers or flowering shrubs in bloom just now. The heat is too much for them. At the present time we have only Linnias, Balsams, Cannas, Amaranthus, Helianthus, Margolds, a native Amaryllis and a few others. The shrubs now in bloom are Lespedeza, Hydrangea, Paniculata, Viburnum, Oleander and the Bignonia. The gardeners are busy with the autumn flowering varieties: Chrysanthemum, Poinsettias, Moschosma, Marguerites, Carnations, Gerberas, Cinerarias, Primu-

Deutzia, Tulip Tree, Snowball Tree, or Guelder Rose, Daphne, Roses of Sharon, Hibiscus, all kinds of Spiraeas, etc., etc., including Wistaria.

I am going to Japan next month to get some special Acers, Paeonies, Chrysanthemums, Lilies and Azaleas.

I hope I have not bored you with this long recital, and that you will be good enough to tell me where I can get the Mayflower seeds, if they are to be had.

Yesterday I planted turnips, cauliflower, peas to be eaten in November, likewise potatoes, and these latter, too, I shall plant again in January for the early spring.

Yours very truly,
W. S. DAVIDSON.

Shanghai, September.

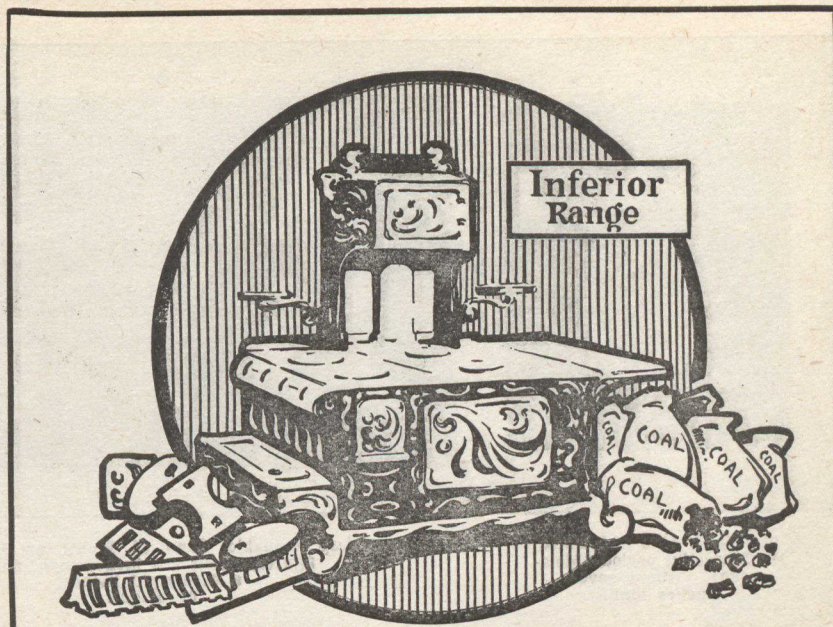
Editorial Note.—It seems impossible to get any seeds of the Mayflower or May Apple, although the plant is common enough in this country. If our correspondent will place an order with any Canadian seed house they would probably gather him some next spring. Or if he is willing to make the experiment no doubt any seed house would secure some roots and ship them to him. The plant is so common in Canada that nobody thinks of keeping the roots or the seed.

A Beautiful Flower

VISITS to many gardens this year have been fruitful in observation, and one flower has appealed greatly to the writer, the Delphinium or perennial larkspur called Belladonna, a beautiful name for a beautiful flower, which fortunately is not in the least difficult to grow. The flower stem is not so majestic as that of many other kinds, but the flower is bewitching, a sky blue as blue as the summer heavens and mixed with a white phlox, a perfect little picture for the artist to paint.

I had a large group in a sunny bit of the garden. Behind, but not too close, are a few gnarled apple trees, and the pure blue and white led up the green background. Very simple is this meeting of these lovely things.

VIATOR.



Which Costs Most?

THE cheap inferior range---expensive in coal and repairs, and often a poor baker OR---

The range which costs more to buy, but saves money by reducing the coal bill and costing next to nothing for upkeep?

To the far-seeing housewife there is only one answer.

Look in on a neighbor who has a MONARCH. Ask her how much coal she uses? What it costs her for repairs? How it does her cooking and baking? Then figure out for yourself just where your own range stands?

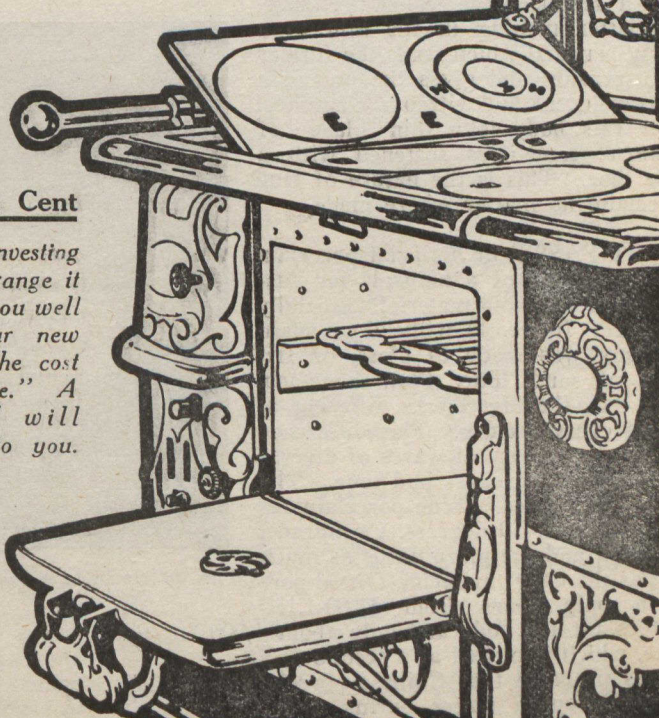
The MONARCH is a well-designed, strongly constructed range. Figure its cost over a couple of years, and it is by far the cheapest range you can buy.

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RANGE

"Ask your neighbor"



Invest a Cent

Before investing in a new range it will pay you well to see our new book: "The cost of a Range." A post-card will bring it to you.

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Preston, Ont.

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A pitcher in blue and white of the Marcolini period (Meissen). About seven inches high.

Two very valuable Capo di Monti or Ludwigsburg figures, about ten inches high, and a vase eight inches in height.

Top of Ludwigsburg dish, showing the perfect detail of cupids. When complete the dish was worth \$1,000.

A Ludwigsburg figure with flowers in perfect form and colour. About seven inches high.

At the Sign of the Maple

Treasures in China

By MADGE MACBETH

EVERY one will grant that the ideal way in which to collect china is to "pick it up." In order to do this one must have at least a superficial knowledge of the history of china, otherwise unscrupulous dealers will foist imitations and obvious fakes upon one with such ease as to be deeply humiliating. At any rate, one does not take the greatest pleasure in buying china from a dealer; rather at a sale or in a perfectly impossible and out-of-the-way place; an old urn covered with the dust of ages and scorned by the spick-and-span housewife as a germ catcher, may be "picked up" by the connoisseur as cheap as the dirt which clings to it. What joy to find a ducal coronet beneath the dust and verify one's suspicions—that the piece is a true Ludwigsburg, let us say!

That which we call porcelain is a discovery of such ancient date that no one can tell just when it was first invented. Certain it is, that it was discovered over a thousand years ago by the Chinese who converted the rude stone and clay of the mountain side into that white, translucent, gem-like substance which we call porcelain. This name has been misapplied to older wares from Greece and Egypt, but these are seldom other than bits of highly glazed earthenware. The glory of discovering true porcelain belongs wholly to the Chinese.

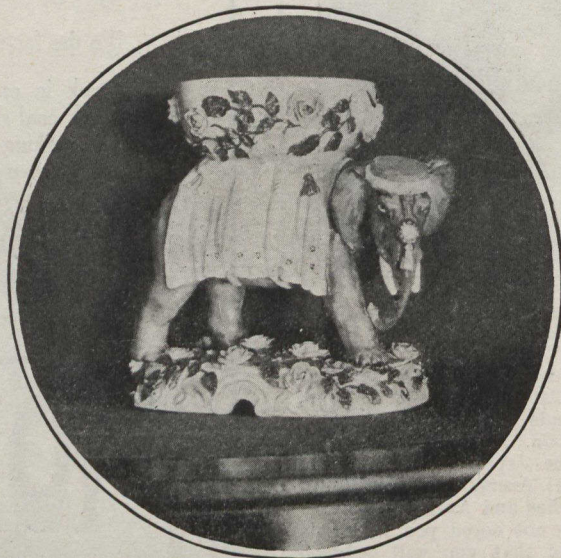
Its existence can be traced as far back as 618 A.D., sometime before the T'ang dynasty, which has been called the Augustan Age of Chinese Art. The collector always begins with studying the difference between pottery and porcelain. Next, between real and artificial porcelain, popularly called hard and soft paste. Briefly, porcelain is earthenware made translucent by the addition of some natural or artificial fluxing material; true porcelain consists of two natural felspathic substances, a non-fusible clay called *kaolin* by the Chinese, combined with a fusible stone called *petuntse*, this latter melting in the kiln to a glassy material which holds the former in suspension and gives the porcelain its translucent and vitreous character. Over this body is a thin glaze of *petuntse*, sometimes softened with a little lime. This is the nature of true porcelain, no matter where made.

SOFT-PASTE, or artificial porcelain is formed of a natural clay suspended in a fluxing material artificially prepared. In the old artificial porcelain this flux was made of glass, or frit made of sand, lime, flint, bone-ash, soda, etc., the ingredients differing at almost every factory. This difference produced a variety of wares of diverse translucency, hardness and tone. The glaze, too, varied. True porcelain requires 1,350-1,450 degrees, Centigrade, to fire it, and the glaze needs as much heat as the body; artificial, fritted porcelain only bears from 1,100-1,150 degrees for the body and only about 1,000 for the glaze, which is melted at a second firing.

It is probable that Chinese porcelain first came under European notice during the Crusades in Palestine and Syria. The first important collection was gathered at Dresden, chiefly by Augustus the

A DEPARTMENT MAINLY FOR WOMEN

Strong, between 1694-1705, and the greater part of it may now be seen in the Johanneum of that city. No sooner were Western potters familiar with the Oriental porcelain which had been brought into the country than they set about to imitate it, and as early as 1519, in Vienna, and at Ferrara, in 1575, an artificial porcelain was produced. No specimens



A Furstenburg elephant somewhat after the manner of Dresden ware. Must be nearly two hundred years old. Owned by Mrs. Thompson, Ottawa.

of these wares are in existence. Florence, Delft and Rouen also opened porcelain works and made exceedingly good imitations, especially the Delft ware. But true porcelain was not discovered in Europe until 1709, when Bottger—Johann Friedrich Bottger—at Dresden, unravelled its secret. Bottger

tection. Bottger turned his attention to pottery of different sorts in the royal laboratory and made his famous discovery which caused such a turmoil and raised such hopes in the royal breast that the discoverer, his men and the pottery were removed privately to the Albrechtsburg, at Meissen, a few miles west of Dresden, and there they all worked as state prisoners. All approach to the factory was forbidden, the workmen were pledged to the deepest secrecy and it is recorded that they were reminded of their pledge by the inscription "Secret to Death," which was placed above the doors. The secret slipped out, however, and fugitive workmen were welcomed anywhere, welcomed and given protection.

Meissen, known in France as *porcelaine de Saxe*, and in England, inaccurately called "Dresden," was not perfected by any means in Bottger's lifetime. Four periods came before a neo-classical style was fully developed. In the fourth period, under the guidance of Count Camillo Marcolini (1774-1814), the rococo ornament gave way to severe outlines borrowed from antique shapes, and the ware was covered with profuse painting in which formal landscapes, medallions and stiff flowers played an important part. A star between crossed swords marks the Marcolini period, of which this pitcher is a specimen. (See illustration.)

It belongs to Mrs. George Thompson's collection and is a beautiful, graceful piece of the potter's art.

ANOTHER valuable antique which was "picked up" in a very interesting manner is the Furstenburg elephant. A brief history of this unique ware is as follows: The Duke of Brunswick, being very anxious for a porcelain factory, instructed the Oberjägermeister von Langen to arrange matters for him. He engaged J. C. Glaser, of Beyreuth, as arcanist, in 1746, but the attempt was unsuccessful until 1770, when the best works began. Sometime after 1780 the factory was sold at auction—the ducal support being greatly diminished. The mark was generally an F in underglaze. This elephant was evidently one of the earlier pieces, as then—between 1746 and 1753—Passau earth was used and that produced a greyish ware, which is accurately descriptive of the elephant's body. The trappings are tinted exquisitely, rather after the manner of "Dresden" ware, and every petal of each rose leaf stands out perfectly. Mrs. Thompson has a particular fondness for elephants, those in her collection—ivory and china combined—amounting to something over sixty.

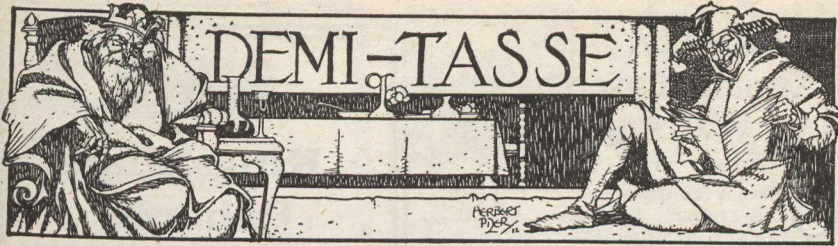
The factory of Ludwigsburg was founded by Duke Charles, under the guidance of Ringle, who remained until 1802. It was situated in a very unfavourable spot (as far as clay went), but in spite of that porcelain of the finest quality was produced, owing to the liberal subsidies of the patron. The mark is a double C under a crown. The same kaolin was used for this ware as for Furstenburg and produced a slightly greyish tint also, but that was almost entirely done away with under the artist Pustelli, 1760-1762, whose statuettes include the usual subjects and are exquisite bits of work. The two shown here are owned by Mrs. Thompson.



An Empire Dresden Tea Set. White ground with delicate tracings in gold. Owned by Mrs. Thompson, Ottawa.

was a native of Schleitz, Thuringia, born in 1685, and he started life as an alchemist at Berlin. He gained the dangerous reputation of being able to transmute metals, and fearing persecution fled to Dresden, in the year 1701, where the Elector of Saxony, Frederick Augustus 2nd, gave him pro-

ware as for Furstenburg and produced a slightly greyish tint also, but that was almost entirely done away with under the artist Pustelli, 1760-1762, whose statuettes include the usual subjects and are exquisite bits of work. The two shown here are owned by Mrs. Thompson.



Courierettes.

OF course some kind friend will tell us that "dry farming" doesn't mean just what it says, but all the same it sounds queer to read of a dry farming congress being held after the summer we had.

"What's in a name?" The Council of "Toronto the Good" in appointing a Mayor for the rest of the year passed over Controller Church.

War with the "unspeakable Turk" is forcing us to notice a lot of unpronounceable names.

A woman in England left another woman \$500 because the latter smiled on her. "Laugh and grow fat" will be dropped for "Smile and grow rich."

Constantinople recently admitted a Bulgarian victory but declared that the Turks' retirement was a "strategic move!" Was Turkey doing Kurapatkin's trick of "luring them on"?

Apparently some people believe that a contribution to Britain of \$30,000,000 would make Canada "look like thirty cents."

Not a School-given Degree.—Keen wit is a characteristic of the Spence family—the famous Canadian temperance family, of which F. S. and Rev. B. N. are the most widely-known members.

But in the family is a sister, who is quite as bright in the way of wit as her better-known brothers, and the men and women who attended Toronto Normal School in days "lang syne" will enjoy this little anecdote about Miss May Spence.

Before the time the following incident happened, Miss Spence had become a happy wife and mother—Mrs. (Dr.) Reid, of London, Ont. It was some years after her graduation from the Normal School that Inspector James L. Hughes, who had been a teacher there, wrote to the ex-pupils, asking for a brief synopsis of their careers, to be used in an official record.

Mrs. Reid replied to his query, giving names, dates and all necessary details. Then at the end of the dry facts and figures she appended this bit of humour: "Graduated in 18—, married in 18—, since when I have taken the degree of 'MA' several times."

Miss Innocence.—Louis Robie, the well-known theatrical manager, tells an amusing little story about a 20-year-old Canadian chorus girl who joined his company recently.

"She had never been out with a show before," said Mr. Robie, "and of course there were a few little things she had to learn. After we had travelled six weeks—a week to a town—I happened to hear her back stage one day talking to another chorus girl.

"Say," she said, "isn't it odd that they have the same scenery in every theatre we play in?"

"She had failed to notice that we carried our own scenery."

Consolation.—Better be disappointed in love than in matrimony.

No Wonder He Smiled.—Sometimes, quite innocently, a person is made to feel very cheap. Here is a Montreal man's account of an incident that made him feel cheaper than anything else he ever experienced:

"I dropped into a shoe store one day several years ago, selected a pair of boots and, when paying the clerk, said to him,

"Will you please put a pair of laces in with those boots?"

"The clerk smiled. I was nettled. I had always understood that a pair of laces was given with a pair of boots.

"However, when the parcel was delivered I realized why the clerk had smiled. My purchase was a pair of boots with elastic sides."

Foolish Question No. —

NOW, speaking of foolish questions, here

Is a puzzle which makes me flounder: If a baby's known as a "bouncing boy," Will it grow to be a bounder?

A New Wrinkle.—Compressing an idea into a heading for a newspaper item often results in giving an odd turn to it. For instance, the Toronto "World" put this heading over a bit of football news: "Varsity Practice Many New Faces."

The Premier's Worry.—If even half of the rumors published by the Liberal papers turn out to be true, it won't be long before Premier Borden will find it necessary to insert, in the "Help" columns of the papers, this advertisement: "Wanted—Good cabinetmaker."

An Apt Comparison.—"They say Miss



Teacher: "Now, can you tell me what the hide of the cow is used for?"

Pupil: "Yes, ma'am—it's to hold the cow in."

Richleigh is much sought after by marriageable young men."

"Yes, she has had so many offers of marriage that now a proposal sounds in her ear just like the minutes of the previous meeting."

Turning the Joke.—"Jimmy" Simpson, who is editor of the weekly Labour paper, the "Industrial Banner," and is a member of the Royal Commission on Industrial Training and Technical Education, once neatly turned an elaborate joke back on the would-be perpetrators.

While he was attending a convention, in Norfolk, Virginia, of the American Federation of Labour, a certain other Toronto Labour man was appointed to a government position.

Jimmy had opposed the appointment. At that time he was a member of the editorial staff of the Toronto "Star." So, for a joke, several other men on the "Star" sent him, collect, a long tele-

gram informing him that the appointment had been made.

For some days the people in the telegraph office at Norfolk were unable to locate their man. Finally he dropped in one day to see if there were any messages for him. A girl was in charge of the office. She handed him the telegram. He saw the point of the joke and handed the message back to the girl.

Soon afterwards the "Star" office received word that "Simpson cannot be found," and when Jimmy returned he played the part of "He who laughs last laughs best." He saw a collection being made among the would-be jokers to pay the cost of the long telegram.

Lucky Red Sox.—Twenty-two Boston ball players got \$4,024 each as their share of the receipts from the world's series of games.

That is enough to buy their winter's coal, two dozen fresh eggs, and still leave a few odd coins for the collection plate.

Montenegrin War Song.

HAND it to 'em,
Sword and shot—
Make 'em dance the
Turkey trot.

War's Horrors.—Yes, war is a terrible thing. Look at these two headings from a recent issue of the Toronto "Globe": "Bulgarians closing on Adrianople. Heavy fighting along an extended front." "Carrying the fight into heart of riding. No quarter being given by Liberal campaigners in East Middlesex."

Yes, Quite a Little.—Once when Lord Dufferin delivered an address before the Greek class of McGill University, a reporter wrote: "His lordship spoke to the class in the purest ancient Greek, without mispronouncing a word or making the slightest grammatical solecism."

"Good heavens!" remarked Sir Hector Langevin to the late Sir John A. Macdonald, "how did the reporter know that?"

"I told him," was the Conservative statesman's answer.

"But you don't know Greek," said Sir Hector.

"True," said Sir John, "but I know a little about politics."

A Long Wait.—The other day in a restaurant in a Canadian city the talk turned to the subject of the long wait sometimes experienced in getting served.

The prize incident was told of by a young lady. She said:

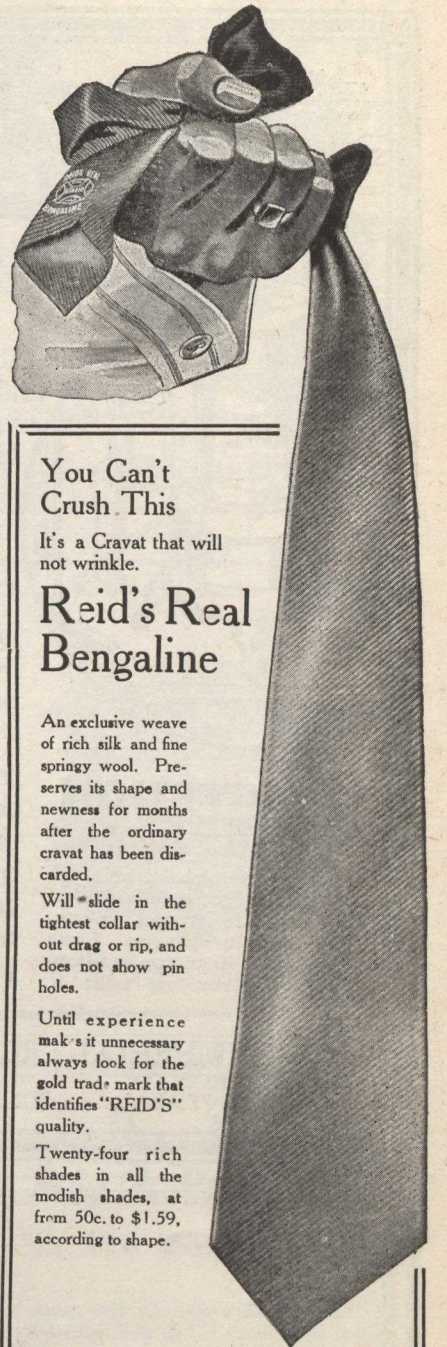
"Four of us were dining at a place where a specialty was planked steak. We ordered that. After a long time I remarked that I was getting very hungry and that we had been waiting a long time. Another member of the party advised me to be patient. So we waited about twenty minutes longer. Then we called a waitress and told her our trouble.

"She got us to describe the girl who had taken our order. Then she said, 'Oh, that girl fainted about an hour ago and had to be taken home.'"

His Worship's First Caller.—The City Council of Toronto one day last week promoted Controller Hocken to the Mayor's chair, Mayor Geary having been appointed Corporation Counsel of Toronto.

Mayor Hocken is president of The Sentinel Publishing Co., which publishes the "Sentinel," the official organ of Canada's Orangemen. But it happened that when he took possession of the office quarters of the Mayor his first visitor was Father Minehan of St. Peter's Roman Catholic Church.

Has to Admit It.—"Well," remarked the boxer, as he walked the floor with his first-born, "some of my enemies have said that I couldn't put a baby to sleep, but I never believed it till now."



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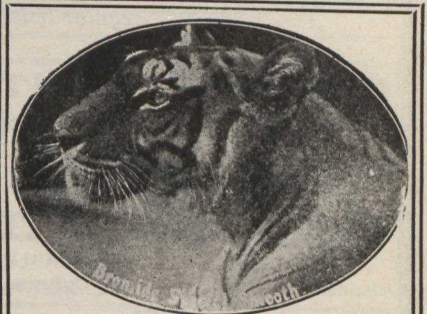
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Mr. Dooley on Armand Lavergne's War Appointment

(Ottawa Free Press.)

"O I see b' th' pa-apers th't Captain A-armand Lavergne, av' th' sixty-first fusiliers, is not goin' t' riprisint th' Canadian a-army in th' Balkans after all," said Mr. Dooley, knocking the ashes from his pipe.

"An' why wer' they goin' to sind a captain av' militiay whin they hev' hundreds an' hundreds av' kurnels an' gin'rils on th' headqua-arters sthaff?" queried Mr. Hennessey. "Don't th' gin'rils learn more about th' a-art av' war sittin' all day long at th'er roll top desks lookin' out av' th' window, th'n Mистер Lavergne ever learnt in th' poolitical circles av' Quebec?"

Mr. Dooley hesitated. Such a lack of information greatly annoyed him.

"Don't y' know th't A-armand Lavergne is wan av' th' greatest war commanders in th' country?" said he. "Did ye niver hear av' th' battle av' Wurtemberg Sthreet in Siptimber av' nineteen illivin, wh'n he sthormed th' Tory camp single-handed in favor av' his frinds Bourassay an' Monk an' th' rist av' th' Nationalists? Did ye not know how he came t' Ottawa an' fought Mистер Borden an' J. S. Willy-son, an' Sam Hughes, an' Hammy Hill, an' th' rist av' th' Ontario Tories th't were buildin' th' Borden Cabinet? 'Fall in,' says A-armand t' th' innimy; 'form fours,' he says; 'rear tu-urn, quick ma-arch,' says he. An' whin th' Borden fooces got back fr'm th'er retreat they found th't A-armand had app'nted Mистер Monk an' Mистер Pelletier an' Mистер Na-antel t' th' Cabinet, an' had announced it t' th' country. A-armand might have gone right up to Constanti-nople on a special C.P.R. train t' dictate terms on behalf av' th' Balkans with th' Sultan himself. War, strategy, there's little about it th't A-armand doesn't know."

"But why did th' Minister av' Militiay app'nt A-armand t' learn more about war, knowin' th't his own wing av' th' Conservativ' pa-arty would hev' t' fight th' Nationalists ag'in?" asked Mr. Hennessey.

"Some men are app'nted; others app'nt th'mselves," declared Mr. Dooley thoughtfully. "It all depinds on who y' ar'."

A Ghastly Guide

(Vancouver, B.C., News-Advertiser.)

THE Grain Growers' Guide is worry-ing the life out of its otherwise prosperous followers with perpetual dismal forebodings. No communities of people could endure the succession of miseries that The Guide prepares for those that believe it. Personally conducted followers of this Guide have been led to believe that the farmers would have no harvesters to gather their crop, no twine to tie it up, no elevators to contain it, no cars to carry it to market, nor no one to buy it when it got there. Farmers in this gloomy procession are invited to breakfast, dine and sup on horrors. Every day is set apart as a growl-giving festival. He who enters the office of The Guide and becomes a subscriber leaves hope behind. No more for him the sunny sky, the cheerful companionship of genial friends, the smile of a contented wife, the prattle of wholesome children, the prospect of comfortable days, and of a placid old age; but ever the vision of famine, want, oppression, malicious influences, evil imaginings and the shadow of death. These and such like sorrows are their matins daily and their evensong. From such forebodings and gloom those who seek other guidance are far removed. They find that the ghastly train of events, spread as a programme before their unhappy neighbours, do not happen. They work and sleep, take their profits, add to their possessions and remain cheerful as they grow more rich.

A Ready Answer.—Tailor—"You have inherited a lot of money; why don't you settle my bill?"

Owens—"My dear man, I wouldn't have it said for anything that my newly acquired wealth caused any departure from my simple habits."—Boston Transcript.



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The High Cost of Living

The cost of living in Canada continues upward, according to figures issued by the Government. The statistical department's index number has risen 10 points in a year.

Life Insurance is a Necessity

which, in regular legal reserve companies, can still be purchased at the same price that has prevailed for some years. And it is a distinctly advantageous feature that, notwithstanding the advance in price of other things, the yearly cost of insurance can never be increased beyond the original price stated in the policies of

The Mutual Life Assurance

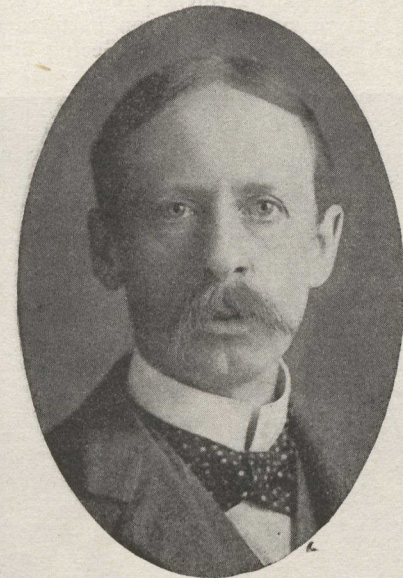
COMPANY OF CANADA.

Head Office Waterloo, Ont.

MONEY AND MAGNATES

Once More a Bank Merger.

THE other day the directors of two of Canada's chartered banks held a meeting. After it was over three men, in particular, became figures of public interest. They are James Manchester, president of the Bank of New Brunswick; President J. Y. Payzant and General Manager H. A. Richardson, of the Bank of Nova Scotia. Mr. Richardson left St. John, N.B., for his office in Toronto. While he was on his way west, Mr. Manchester issued a statement to the press from St. John. It said that the Bank of New Brunswick had decided to become part of the Bank of Nova Scotia, subject to the shareholders giving their consent. The terms to shareholders were to be share for share with \$10 bonus. Mr. Richardson and Mr. Payzant subsequently confirmed the Manchester statement.



MR. H. A. RICHARDSON,
General Manager, Bank of Nova Scotia,
which has absorbed the Bank
of New Brunswick.

In other words, for the second time in a few months a bank merger has occurred in Canada. A few weeks ago, the Royal and Traders linked up forces. Now it is the Bank of New Brunswick and the Bank of Nova Scotia which are united. Bank mergers are becoming the fashion in Canada. The banks enter into them because they reason that in many instances one bank can more efficiently and economically do the work of two; and that concentration of resources places a bank in a stronger position to handle the increasing business of the country. President Holt, of the Royal Bank, argued at the time of the Royal-

Traders merger, though he did not use these words, that bank mergers were the penalty of our prosperity. There is a large section of the press and public against bank mergers. These critics urge that our chartered banks are too few now; a tendency to reduce them may lead to a money trust. The question of mergers is one that should properly fall under the new bank inspection act which parliament is said to be considering. At present, as long as the banks preserve the legal formalities the legislature cannot interfere with a merger. How far the public should be considered by banks merging can only be ascertained when the Finance Department obtains power to dictate the policy of a merger.

The new merger has some interesting features. In the first place it affects two of the oldest banks in the country. The Bank of New Brunswick, which now passes out of existence, is 92 years old. Nova Scotia, which receives it, is 80 years old. The merged bank will now have a total capital of \$5,410,530, a reserve of \$9,864,742; liabilities of \$63,577,869; assets of \$79,658,122; and deposits of \$56,747,825. The Bank of Nova Scotia has 116 branches; New Brunswick, 31 branches. At thirteen points they compete. So if these branches are eliminated, 134 branches will be the new strength of the Bank of Nova Scotia. A merger of the Bank of New Brunswick and one of the larger banks has long been contemplated. Half a dozen of the leading national institutions in Montreal and Toronto have been mentioned at one time or another as desiring to take in the million-dollar bank down by the sea. But the union with Scotia was the natural one. Though its head office, formerly at Halifax, is now in Toronto, the Bank of Nova Scotia has been long the chief banking institution of the Maritime Provinces.

The Bank Statement.

ON looking over the bank statement for September, one is struck with the increased amount of money sent by our banks to be put out in call loans in New York. Money has been very tight and one would naturally expect that during September the banks would have been bringing in some of their money from New York to meet the tremendous demands of the shipping season. On the contrary, one finds that the call loans in New York in September, 1911, were \$93,000,000. In September, 1912, these were \$112,000,000. In other words, our banks had \$20,000,000 more in New York in September, 1912, than they had in 1911, although the need for money in Canada was much greater. Perhaps the bankers think the country is developing too fast and that our progress needs checking.

Rate of Interest in the West.

MR. J. J. HILL proposes to organize a big financial institution in St. Paul which will be an agricultural bank for all practical purposes. Its chief aim and object will be to loan money to farmers. Mr. Hill objects to the high rate of interest now being charged by banks and loan companies to the farmers of the western states. His railroad is dependent to these states for its revenue and more especially is his prosperity bound up with the prosperity of the farmers along his line. Therefore, it is to his advantage that these farmers should get money for development purposes at a reasonable rate. They are now paying from eight to ten per cent., and he believes that he can do what has been done by agricultural banks in Europe and Australia and loan money at at least six per cent. The new company is to be known as the National Bank and Trust Company.

The Canadian North West needs a James J. Hill. The rate of interest now charged by banks, trust companies, and mortgage companies in that district varies from eight to ten per cent. Eight per cent. is the ruling rate. Not long ago a movement was on foot among the various loan companies in Toronto and Winnipeg to increase the minimum rate in the West from

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Debentures for sale bearing interest at FIVE per cent. per annum, payable half yearly.
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Total Assets, \$2,800,000.00

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General Manager, E. F. Hebdon.

Paid-up Capital \$ 6,000,000
Reserve Fund and Undivided Profits 5,458,875
Deposits (Nov. 30, 1911) 63,404,580
Assets 81,928,961

184 BRANCHES IN CANADA.

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

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Head Office: TORONTO

Paid-up Capital, \$15,000,000; Reserve Fund, \$12,500,000

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ALEXANDER LAIRD General Manager
JOHN AIRD Assistant General Manager.

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The Travellers' Cheques issued by this Bank are a very convenient form in which to provide funds when travelling. They are issued in denominations of

\$10 \$20 \$50 \$100 \$200

and the exact amount payable in the principal countries of the world is shown on the face of each cheque.

These cheques may be used to pay Hotels, Railway and Steamship Companies, Ticket and Tourist Agencies and leading merchants, etc. Each purchaser of these cheques is provided with a list of the Bank's principal paying agents and correspondents throughout the world. They are issued by every branch of the Bank.

J. W. FLAVELLE, President. Z. A. LASH, K.C., } Vice-Presidents.
W. E. RUNDLE, General Manager. E. R. WOOD, }

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SINGLE RAILWAY FARES From All Points in Ontario

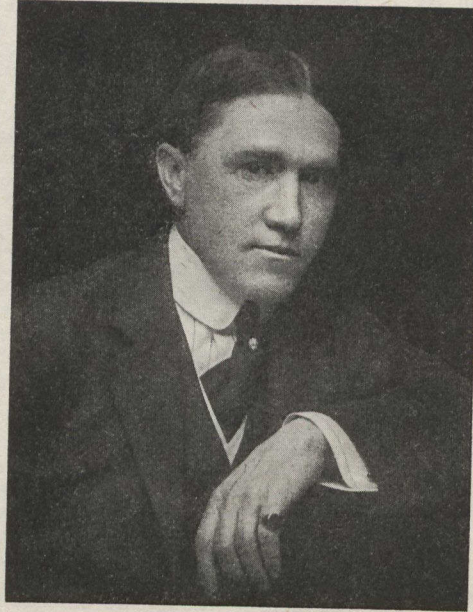
FLOWERS, FRUIT, VEGETABLES, HONEY

THE ANNUAL SOCIAL EVENT

eight to nine per cent. To the credit of some of these financial houses let it be said that they refused to go into a combination of this kind, claiming that their present profits were quite ample. To the discredit of other companies let it also be stated clearly that they were willing to mulct the Western farmer if their competitors in the loan business would allow them. If the Dominion Government would take this subject up and investigate it they would probably accomplish as much for the farmer and for the development of the West as by any other piece of legislation now under discussion.

Striking Career of a Man Who is Still Young.

OF the men whose crowded periods of work in their offices are bounded often by the hours at which various boards of directors meet, there are few whose careers and personality are more interesting than that of Albert Edward Dymont. Forcefulness and poise combine in this man who, at 42, has attained a position in financial affairs that would be a credit to a much later age than that. Seeing him in his office, one finds nothing of that nervous temperament which is generally supposed to characterize many of the men who are prominent on the stock exchanges. In the office and on the street one notices his ruddy complexion—he got that, no doubt, in the woods of Algoma. And on the street one marks also the springy step which is further evidence of bodily and mental health.



ALBERT E. DYMENT

Who Put Through the Amalgamation of the Royal and Traders Banks.

Mr. Dymont was born at Lynden, Ont., February 23, 1869. He was educated at the Barrie Collegiate and Upper Canada College. Slightly over a score of years ago he went to Thessalon, Ont., and became partner and manager of the firm N. and A. Dymont, lumber manufacturers. After eighteen years in the lumber business in Algoma, he decided to get back to older Ontario, and he sold out his lumber interests when the business was at its best.

A year spent in closing up his investments convinced him that there was a big field in Canada for financial business. So he decided to locate in Toronto, and there formed the firm of Dymont, Cassels & Co., taking in Mr. Robert Cassels as a member of the firm.

Though he has been only about three years in the brokerage business, Mr. Dymont is to-day in the front rank of Canada's financial men. Besides being a director of several companies, he is president of the Dymont Securities, Loan and Savings Company. A few weeks ago, when the directors of the Royal and Traders Banks looked about for the man to arrange the amalgamation of those institutions, they picked Mr. Dymont. The Royal Bank, having comparatively little business in Ontario, desired to take over the Traders Bank, which had its greatest strength in that province. The business of the two banks dovetailed in nicely, and the way the amalgamation has worked out has proved the advisability of getting together to form the one institution, the Royal Bank, which now has almost \$180,000,000 of assets and stands third among Canadian banks. This amalgamation is the biggest thing of its kind in Canada, and so well were the banks satisfied with Mr. Dymont's handling of it that they asked him to join the directorate of the Royal Bank. This offer he accepted. Mr. Dymont's firm also handled very successfully the Murray-Kay amalgamation.

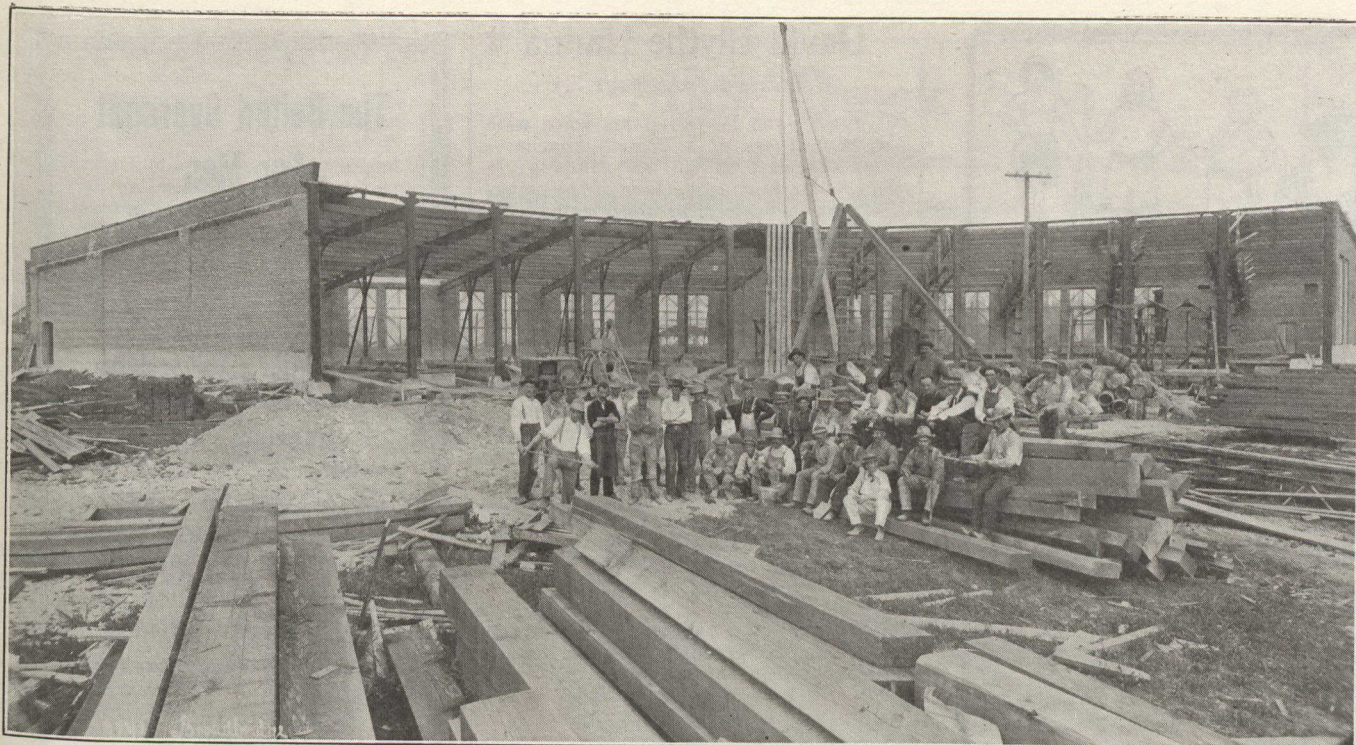
Mr. Dymont's interest in thoroughbred horses is well known; this year he won the King's Plate, the great annual event at the Woodbine, Toronto. From 1896 to 1904 he represented Algoma in the House of Commons, and from 1904 to 1908 he sat for Algoma East. In February, 1907, he was appointed honorary lieutenant-colonel of the 97th Regiment.

Annual Trip of Winnipeg Real Estate Exchange.

EVERY year the Winnipeg Real Estate Exchange has an outing for its members. The 1912 affair came off the other day when two score of Winnipeg's leading realty brokers, led by Mr. A. H. Oakes, president, journeyed out to the town of Selkirk. They had a royal time. After feasting on Manitoba wild duck, dispensed by the Selkirk Board of Trade, the Winnipeggers went for a river trip above Selkirk. They were invigorated by the crisp autumn ozone, and revelled in the red tints of the yellowing foliage of the trees, as they took in the scenery from the deck of the boat. Much satisfaction was expressed at the progress of Selkirk. It was felt by the Winnipeg men that an improved automobile drive should be built between Winnipeg and Selkirk, the big suburb of the 'Peg.

Money in the Bank.

A GLANCE at the September bank report shows that Canada has money in the bank. The fever of real estate, which seems to have seized the whole country, landed men laying out new suburbs, the eager public falling for their offers cold storage and all; the very heavy year on the exchange because of the remarkable appreciation of many domestic issues—these operations require money. Watchful publicists have sounded warnings admonishing Canadians not to be carried away by the speculation in land and stocks; have urged upon the country to keep its bank balance on the right side. Have they been heeded? Figures don't tell the whole story, but they must go for something. In May, for the first time in our history, Canadian bank deposits reached the thousand million mark. An evidence of the thrift of the Canadian people is the fact that the September bank report indicates that demand and saving deposits were \$123,000,000 ahead of September, 1911.



First Unit of 48-Stall Round House, under erection by C.P.R. at the great Coquitlam Freight Terminals.

COQUITLAM

The C.P.R.'s New Pacific Coast Freight Terminus, Where an Amazing Development is Taking Place. 27 Miles of Terminals Already Laid. Bridges, Hotels, Houses, Roads, etc., Under Construction.

Everybody who reads the newspapers and magazines has heard about Coquitlam—the C.P.R.'s New Pacific Coast Freight Terminus—and a great fresh water port at the junction of the mighty Fraser and Pitt Rivers, 24 miles from the ocean. More newspaper and magazine articles have been printed about Coquitlam than of any other new town in the West.

Railroad presidents, big financiers and shrewd manufacturers realize that Vancouver and Coquitlam, by reason of their geographical location, are destined to command a vast share of ocean transportation upon the opening of the Panama Canal.

It is doubtless to place itself in a position to secure a huge share of this Panama Canal trade that the C.P.R. decided to build its great terminal yards, round houses, machine shops, etc., at Coquitlam on an area four times as large as the great Angus shops at Montreal.

There was not enough available level land in Vancouver to accommodate this tremendous C.P.R. terminal undertaking, a strip of land 2 1-2 miles long by 1-2 mile wide being required.

Visitors from Eastern Canada who have stopped off at Coquitlam lately have been amazed at the development which has taken place during the last six months.

Twenty-seven miles of completed C.P.R. terminals have already been laid in the centre of Coquitlam. The first unit of the colossal 48-stall round house is nearing completion. It is shown in the picture above.

A shipbuilding plant, capitalized at \$500,000, is under way. A special railway, two miles long, is under construction for the accommodation of manufacturers. It will cost \$30,000.

Many hotels and stores, and several hundred new houses are already erected and many more in the course of construction.

Streets, railways, roads and bridges have been constructed upon which the municipality of Coquitlam has expended \$250,000 and the Terminal Company \$25,000.

Over the Coquitlam River there is a three-track C.P.R. bridge in course of construction, while the C.P.R. are beginning work on the new \$2,000,000 double-track Pitt River bridge.

A Safe Real Estate Buy

If you hesitated to invest in Coquitlam before, consider the facts as we have presented them. Coquitlam is no get-rich-quick lure, but a conservative real estate investment for careful investors.

As the Toronto Globe in a splendid article said: "The fact that the development is not speculative, but absolutely assured, and that the C. P. R. is actually going ahead with the construction of the big terminal scheme, puts Coquitlam entirely outside the ranks of questionable propositions."

Nothing seems more certain than that Coquitlam will become a city of great importance—a great seaport, railroad and industrial centre. Other Western cities without half the promise or strategical situation of Coquitlam have grown from almost nothing to 20,000 in five years' time. No other Western city ever got away to such a good start.

There's a lot more to tell you about Coquitlam. Facts you'll be glad to know. So fill in, clip out, and mail the coupon below.

Lots are selling rapidly. Ours is inside property, surrounding the C. P. R. terminals. Our prices are very reasonable. One big Western financier bought \$30,000 worth of property from us. Other big Western and Eastern capitalists have invested thousands.

You cannot do better than to follow their example. The first step is to mail the coupon at once. Address envelope to our nearest office.

Sites for Manufacturers

The water frontage and industrial acreage in our townsite is entirely reserved from investment or speculation, and is held for manufacturers desiring to establish themselves on the Pacific Coast. Nowhere else in the Vancouver metropolitan district can sites be obtained so cheaply with advantages of trackage and water frontage by bona-fide industries. Special taxation concessions, cheap power, and marked distributing advantages. The opening of the Panama Canal will force you to establish a Pacific Coast branch. Get ready in time. Manufacturers looking for a site on the Pacific Coast should address The Coquitlam Terminal Company, Ltd., 553 Granville Street, Vancouver, B. C.

Coquitlam Terminal Company, Limited
Coquitlam Townsite Co., Limited

Head Office, 553 Granville St., Vancouver, B.C.
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Coquitlam Terminal Co. Limited

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Please mention this paper.

David Blythe Hanna

(Continued from page 7.)

calamity"—and he raised his voice with the earnestness of a Scotch preacher—"that the west should be shipping in meat, butter and eggs, three of the things that can be raised in that country in such great abundance and with so much ease?"

He spoke not merely as a railway man; but as one interested profoundly in sound local economic conditions.

"I think we can claim some credit for being interested in local conditions as well as in through traffic," he said. "We began that way. We have always believed that the country through which we ran our roads ought to be developed as rapidly as possible; that the roads we build should be as busy as possible just as soon as they can; that the country should develop along with the railway and the road along with the country. That is an axiom with us."

I did not doubt it.

"We have done the best we know how to act on the principle that the farmer is the backbone of prosperity," he went on. "We have reduced our rates as low as we can on implements, lumber and other things on which the freight rates are a prime consideration. That's basic."

"At the same time—you have paradoxes?"

"We certainly have. Here's one."

He pointed out with great earnestness how both Dominion and Provincial governments are primarily anxious to have new branch lines built to reach people.

"Naturally. Because, first of all, influx of population is the prime business of immigration departments and of provincial governments. We agree to that. No one is more anxious to get people in than we are. We are bringing people on our own steamships as fast as we can get them. Only last week we landed seven hundred at Quebec—third-class; at an unusually late season. We want to see these people placed where they can be most productive. Well and good—in they go. In many cases they go to some unroaded territory to get cheap land—also a prime consideration with them. The governments naturally want the railroads to get after them, to supply them with railway facilities. We do so. We have always done so. The Canadian Northern began by extending its original stub line to reach a colony. Very well. What happens? We build costly branch lines to reach people with no railroads. These lines are for some time a charge on the traffic of main lines. There is not business enough to make them self-supporting. Then—we are asked almost immediately to reduce our rates, making it impossible to operate branch lines without a system of benevolences.

"I call that—a curious anomaly," he said, laughing.

He spoke over the telephone. His secretary reminded him that he had a meeting in a very few minutes.

"Believe me," he wound up, "the railways are much more interested in seeing people productive than in seeing the price of real estate go up. No, we haven't much trouble just now with idle farm lands. We are not slacking up in our building operations. We are never done. We can't always be so busy as now. But we've always said that; yet we keep going ahead. I believe—"

He got his hat.

"Be sure I believe in the farmers of the west doing all they possibly can to help themselves to be productive; in mixed farming—or real farming as opposed to wheat-mining; in thrift and industry and local improvement; in giving the land a chance to do the best it can, because land must wear out some time.

"And not least of all"—here he shot out to the elevator with a clerk at his coat-tails whom he dismissed with brief instructions at the door—"I believe in the farmer doing all he can to take care of his own wheat in his own granaries till such time as the railways can handle it. We have too much happening all at once. We don't believe in congestion. Wheat can be stored just as well in small elevators as in big ones; as well in internal elevators as in terminals. Equalize traffic; keep us evenly busy as far as possible the year round—oh, Lord! we'll get things out and keep things moving."

And just as he got into the car another clerk pounced upon him with a desire to know what—?

The car was on the way. And till it

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Now that cold weather is coming, let's talk of overcoats.

First, there's the fabric to consider—the weight, texture, design and color.

Fortunately for you, variety is the thing in overcoatings this season.

There are blues, tans, grays and browns, a wonderful collection of rough novelty mixtures, all in varying weaves and weights.

The big feature of this season's overcoat styles is the belted back. But of course the conservative styles and fabrics are always in vogue.

Prices at

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Don't let your entire life be darkened by the limitations of low wages. Get a better position. Get larger earnings. 20 years experience in preparing men just like you for advancement proves that we can help you in your own home, in your spare time, to earn more. The thing to do is to start now. Use the coupon NOW.

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MISS HAZEL DAWN, the prima donna who plays the violin so wonderfully in "The Pink Lady," says: "The Vareni Violin has the most exquisite tone. It is one of the most perfect instruments that I have ever used."

Vareni Violins

fully deserve the high praise of this artist. The maker has succeeded in producing a well-balanced instrument with that full, round even tone that is the last test of value in a violin.

The VARENI VIOLINS are made in three models:
No. 23 is the Concert Model, selling at \$45.00
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R.S. MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS OF QUALITY
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dipped down to the next floor D. B. Hanna shot up parting instructions to the face at the wicket.

"Say," I remarked, "wouldn't you like a little monotony once in a while—just for a change?"

He laughed like a kid let out of school.

"Oh, well, as long as a man can keep his health—what's the odds?"

The Two Colonels

NEVER has Col. George Taylor Denison, Toronto's police magistrate, Imperialist, and author, sought to hide the fact that he has little or no use for Yankees or Yankee institutions. There is but one American for whom Col. Denison is known to entertain a genuine admiration. That man is also a colonel, an author and a cavalry officer—Theodore Roosevelt.

"One touch of nature—" runs the old adage, and that probably applies in the case of the two colonels. Col. Denison is the author of a book on cavalry warfare, and it happened to fall into the hands of Col. Roosevelt, whose exploits at the head of the Rough Riders in Cuba made him famous. When Hon. Mackenzie King went to Washington during the Roosevelt regime, he was asked by the President if he knew Col. Denison.

"Yes, I do," said the young Canadian Minister.

"Then tell him when you see him that his book is the best I have read on that subject," said the President.

Mr. King did so.

A year or so later Col. Denison was in Washington. Having a little spare time, and remembering the Roosevelt message, he decided to test Teddy's memory. He went to the White House and presented his card. Under-secretaries and secretaries made the usual attempts to stall him off.

"Just take in my card," said the Police Magistrate of Toronto. "I don't want to see the President if he doesn't want to see me."

The card was taken in. A moment later Col. Denison was shown in to the President's room. Roosevelt had remembered the author of the book on cavalry warfare. Next day they lunched together, discussed wars of the past, present and future, and decided just how cavalry should behave under any given set of circumstances.

Displacing Cedar Ties

IN 1910 eastern cedar composed 40 per cent. of the total number of cross ties purchased in the Dominion; in 1911 it fell to 5.4 per cent. and to fifth place in importance of species used. Its place has been taken by jack pine, of which wood 40 per cent. of the ties used in 1911 were made. Tamarack, with 19 per cent., Douglas fir with 14 per cent., and hemlock with 12 per cent. are the three next in order.

The Forestry Branch of the Department of the Interior, which is authority for the foregoing, states in its bulletin on the subject that 13,683,770 ties, or 4,469,808 more than in 1910, were purchased in 1911. Railway development in the West is largely responsible for the increase.

The average price per tie was 39 cents. The United States furnished the most expensive kinds—Southern pine at \$1.10 and white oak at 81 cents apiece. These latter were used largely in switches.

In 1911 the sawn tie stood ahead of the hewn tie both in quantity used and price, 70 per cent. of the total being from the mill. The cost was 41 cents apiece, or 4 cents more than the hewn tie.

An interesting estimate of the amount of timber which could be saved by preservative treatment is given. Creosoting makes the initial expense per tie about 93 cents as compared with 58 cents for the untreated tie. However, as the length of life is extended by 10 years, the economy is two cents per tie per annum. This would mean \$1,400,000 per annum, to say nothing of the vast quantity (estimated to be 350,000,000 feet board measure annually), which is being taken from the fast diminishing timber supplies.

Severe.—"What punishment did that defaulting banker get?"

"I understand his lawyer charged him \$40,000."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

For Quick Sale

2500 acres finest British Columbia orchard land, subdivided into 20 acre blocks, \$50 per acre. Full maps, surveys, reports and literature to be had from

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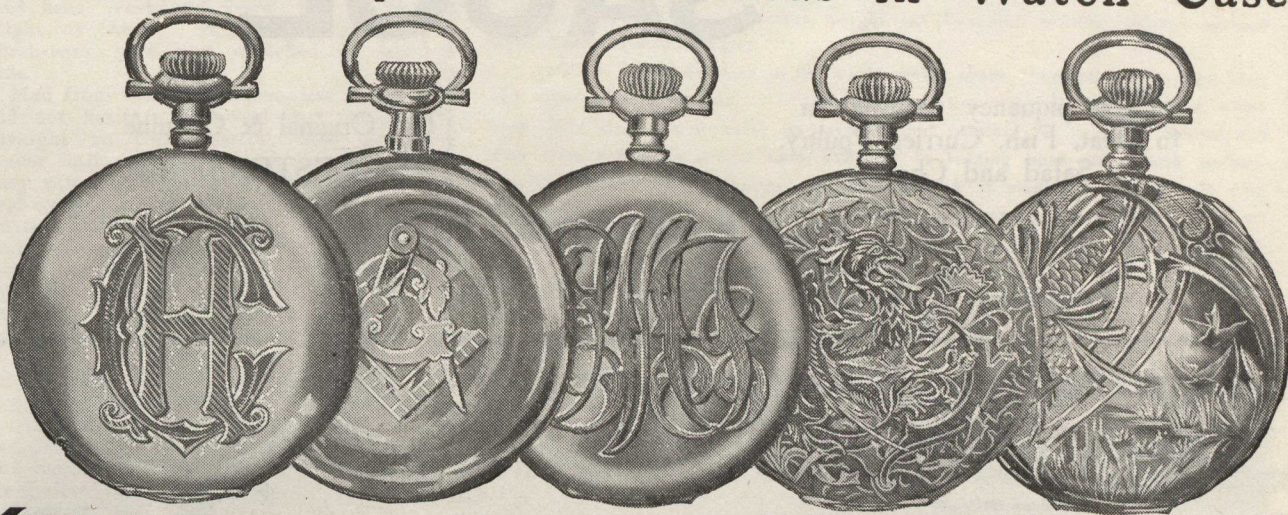
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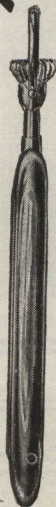
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The Invaders

(Continued from page 9.)

making for the head of the lake, some seven or eight miles distant.

The pair of moose, in the meantime, gained the opposite shore and stalked up, black and dripping, beside the willows. But they did not stop there. The fever of change was upon them—and when a moose gets going he is liable to go far. With their long, shambling trot, which seems so effortless yet so inexorably eats up the miles, they followed along the stream till the orange gleam was left far behind, and the bushy levels of the barren began to lift into low, rounded uplands, sparsely wooded. They had but one purpose, to put themselves as far as possible from those flitting green eyes and padding foot-falls in the black fir-woods by the lake.

They little guessed that the path of their indignant flight was converging toward that of the green eyes and padding feet.

It was a night of early moonrise, and the moon near the full. Far back among the low uplands the stream broadened out into a series of wide, still reaches that formed practically a sort of winding lake. At an abrupt elbow of this lake-like expansion, where a clump of tall water-ash, poplar and elderberry thicket made a little island in a space of open wild-meadow, lay hidden two hunters. They had come up from the coast to eastward, crossed over the height of land, and made their way down into this remote valley, looking for moose.

Both men carried rifles. One, a gigantic figure of a man, and from his dress obviously the guide, carried also a light axe, and a long roll of birchbark shaped something like a trumpet. This was the season for moose-calling.

Seating themselves with their backs to the trunk of a big water-ash, and in such a position that they were fairly hidden while commanding a free view of all approaches to their ambush, the two made themselves as comfortable as possible for a long, motionless wait. After some ten or fifteen minutes of a stillness which would strain the nerves of any one not trained to it, Adam Moore, the giant guide, lifted the birchbark tube to his lips and sounded through it the strang mating call of the cow-moose, harsh and formless, but indescribably wild, lonely, and desirous—the very voice, as it seemed, of the untamed solitudes. It came lingeringly from the guide's cunning lips.

"Faith, Adam," murmured Rawson, "but you've got a fetching note. I believe I'd come to that myself, if I were a moose."

Moore allowed himself a faint grin of acknowledgment; for this lean, hard-bitten, cool-eyed Englishman, who had hunted big game in every corner of the earth, was one of the very few sportsmen whose commendation he cared a farthing for. After a few moments' pause he sounded his appeal again, with added poignancy. Then he lowered the birchen tube, laid it across his knees and waited.

There was not a breath of air. The unstimulating, soundless wilderness seemed as if it had been enchanted into glass under the spell of the blue-white moon. But suddenly there came a far-off sound of crashing branches. It drew nearer swiftly. "I thought that would fetch him, Adam," murmured Rawson, no louder than a breath of air in the poplar leaves. "He's coming in such a hurry he doesn't care who knows it." He lifted his rifle and rose softly to one knee.

A moment later Moore laid a great hand softly on his arm. "Queer, that!" he whispered. "There's two coming!"

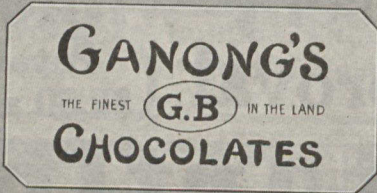
Then from the thick growths across the meadow, perhaps three hundred yards away, burst the two fugitives. Even at that distance one could see that they were sore pressed and spent. The cow, in particular, staggered as she came on. The antlers of the bull were magnificent; but Rawson saw only the splendid beast's distress and lowered his gun involuntarily.

"I can't make it out!" muttered the guide, rising cautiously to his feet behind the elder bushes.

The fugitives came straight on, making for the refuge of the water-ash

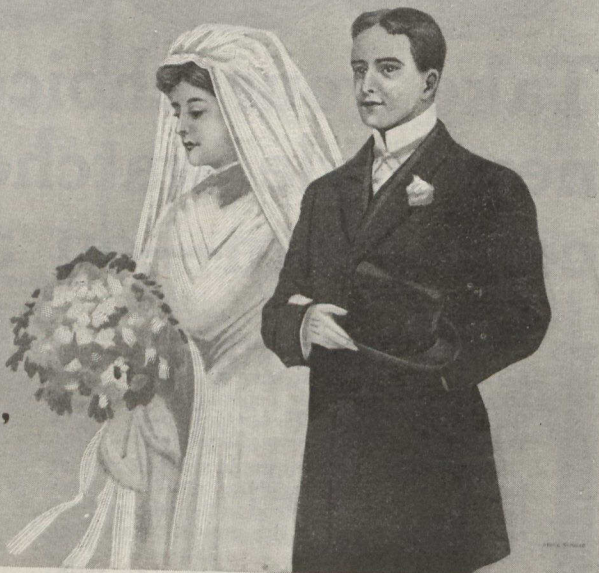


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grove, heedless of what perils it might hold for them in their terror of the unknown menace that pursued. Half way across the meadow lay a fallen trunk, carried there and stranded by some past freshet. The tall bull took it in his stride. But the cow, apparently half blind with exhaustion, stumbled over it, fell forward on her muzzle with a bleating groan and lay as if she no longer cared what fate might bring her.

Finding his mate no longer at his side the bull halted abruptly, swung back, lowered his huge head and sniffed at her solicitously. He pushed her with his muzzle. He even struck her smartly with the sharp points of his antlers, striving to force her to further effort. Then, apparently making up his mind that his efforts were vain, he stood over her, and stared back along the trail by which they had come.

"He's game all right!" muttered Rawson, his eyes aglow with admiration.

The next moment the undergrowth across the meadow parted with a rush and gaunt forms came leaping into the moonlight.

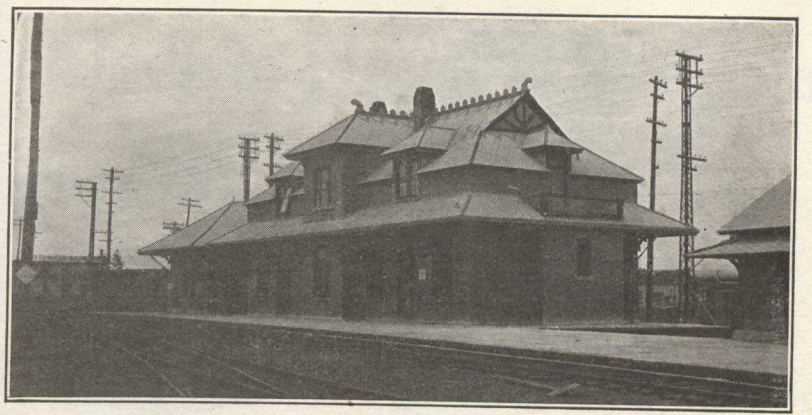
"Wolves! Timber-wolves, by God!" exclaimed Moore in a startled voice. He had been West and knew the breed. Eight of them! He flung down his birch-bark horn and snatched up his rifle.

Mad from their long chase, the wolves did not hesitate a second, but sprang straight on their quarry, their gray leader half a length to the front. As they came, their bared white fangs and cold eyes gleaming in the moonlight, the waiting bull never flinched. At the instant when the leader sprang for his throat, he reared, towering colossal over the onslaught, and struck out furiously with his knife-edged hooves. Unprepared for this novel defense, the leader, in mid-spring, caught the pile-driver blow full in the face. He went down under it with his head crushed in.

The next second came the crash of Rawson's rifle. Another wolf dropped. But the rest were already leaping upon the gallant bull's flank and shoulders, striving to pull him down. Raging at the sight, the Englishman rushed forward to his defence, firing once more—with what effect he did not stop to notice—and then swinging his rifle like a club, Moore, unable to shoot lest he should strike Rawson, dropped his rifle, swung his axe, and followed with huge leaping strides.

Rawson was bringing his butt down across the back of the nearest wolf, erect and tearing at the bull's neck, when from the tail of his eye he saw a smaller, slimmer beast darting at him from the side. Instinctively he shouted "Down! Down!" and delivered a spasmodic kick at his assailant, catching it under the jaw. Had he been less fully occupied with what was going on before him, he would have been much astonished to see this one of his adversaries drop its tail between its legs with a yelp, slink around behind him and stand staring in bewildered submission. The bitch had been recalled suddenly to her ancient allegiance by the command in a master's voice.

The hybrids, having no longer their wise pack-leader to teach them prudence, and maddened by this unlooked for interference with their kill, now turned a portion of their fury upon their new opponents. For a moment Rawson had his hands full to defend himself against the leaps of a flaming-eyed beast which he could only fight off with short desperate jabs, having no room for a conclusive blow. At the same time, however, at the other side of the melee the giant guide was swinging his axe with swift effect; and the invaders were reduced to three. The bull, his neck and shoulders streaming with blood, but suddenly freed from close pressure, was lashing out once more with his battering fore-hooves in a blind fashion that made him a peril to friend and foe alike. As luck would have it, however, he grazed the haunches of Rawson's adversary, causing the brute to whirl upon him with a snarl. The diversion gave Rawson a chance for a full, swinging blow, ending that quarrel. Of the remaining two wolves, one, springing up sideways at the guide's face, was met by a low sweep of the axe which cut clean through his loins. At the sound of his dying yelp the survivor leaped backwards, wheeled, and fled from the lost battle. As he ran, lengthening himself out, belly to earth, Moore swung his axe again. Launched with the unerring aim of the expert backwoodsman, it hurtled through



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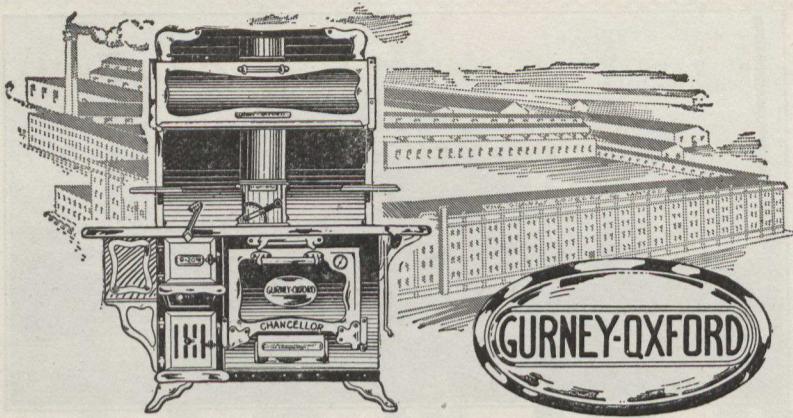
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the air, swooped, and clove the fugitive's haunches. The guide strode calmly forward, recovered his weapon and with a tap on the crown put the writhing beast out of misery.

By this time the cow, having somewhat recovered from her exhaustion, was struggling to her feet. Seeing this, the bull turned threateningly upon his rescuers. Rawson jumped away just in time to avoid a savage thrust.

"It's evident we're not wanted here any longer," he laughed, turning to go back to the grove. As he did so the bitch, hitherto unnoticed because she had made herself so discreetly inconspicuous, ranged up alongside him with a confiding humility that was unmistakable. The Englishman eyed her for a second or two in amazement, then remembered, and understood.

"You get out of this, and be thankful you get out with a whole skin!" he ordered coldly. "You're a turn-coat." He was about to enforce his command with the butt of his gun, but the guide, coming up at that moment, intervened.

"No," said he, decisively, "don't drive her away. I'm darn glad you've refused her. I'll keep her myself. She'll be worth a dozen of your ordinary brutes that have never had the spunk to kick over the traces. I reckon she's learnt her lesson, an' she won't go wrong again."

In One Job 58 Years

TO have been for almost three-score years in the continuous service of one man is the proud record of Mr. Robert A. Courtenay, lumber surveyor, St. John, N.B. From 1854 till the spring of this year Mr. Courtenay was in the employ of Mr. Alexander Gibson, the "King of the Nashwaak," who is still living and is 92 years old.

In that long period Mr. Courtenay has seen both the condition of the workers and the process of manufacture in the lumber industry greatly changed.

Fourteen hours was the length of the ordinary working day in 1854 and for many years afterwards. And at that time there was no legal machinery to compel an employer to give compensation to a man injured in his employ.

Interviewed recently for the St. John "Globe," Mr. Courtenay recalled much that makes interesting reading. The best pine in New Brunswick, he stated, was burned in the great fire on the Miramichi. He was up there some years after that event surveying logs for Mr. Gibson and saw a windfall, which he measured. It was 112 feet long from the butt to where the top had broken off and at that place the log was 14 inches thick.

Mr. Courtenay is proud of the fact that the Gibson lumber had a unique reputation for quality among the ship captains who came to St. John. The deals and boards carried a uniform thickness throughout their length so that they would stow more closely and the cargo be less liable to shift. Mr. Gibson, he said, had always the best of filers in his employ and a jealous watch was maintained over the behaviour of the saws. The moment it was discovered that one of them was not running true it was stopped till the filer had put it in good order again. The size of the average log in those early times was 11 inches at the top. The gang saws were used for cutting the deals and boards. There were no patent edgers in those days and the men had to pull the lumber through by hand. The rate of compensation in those early days was not high, the best paid men in the mill receiving no more than \$20 a month and board and of course many got less.

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YOU have seen a birthday cake, all creamy icing and candle-trimmed and looking almost too good to eat! Such a cake it was that John had on his eighth birthday, with a dozen friends invited in to make a party. There had been noisy games in the afternoon, and fireworks in the evening, with such a wonderful birthday tea in between. John went to bed that night with not a real care in the world, and only just a faint regret that he had not punched Bussy Thompson's head for making fun of their old one-eyed cat, and something inside of him, his conscience possibly, telling him that it really had been unwise to eat seven pieces of birthday cake at tea, to say nothing of the three

darkness came the light of a thousand blazing eyes, not two eyes together, but single eyes like that of the old cat at home. And, then, so a fierce yowl went up into the quiet night that John quickly covered his ears, not so quickly that he could not hear the words that were screamed at him in cat language. YOU LET BUSSY THOMPSON LAUGH AT ME! Oh! why hadn't he punched Bussy's head, even if it was at his own party! He would run home and tell the old cat he was sorry. But it was no fun running down a dark hill at the foot of which a thousand angry eyes glared up at you. How slippery it was. John fell. Then he rolled and rolled and rolled and the hill seemed made of gravel (How did the crumbs get in your bed,



Six Little St. John Sisters Delighted with the New Playground Opened in Their City Last Summer by the Kindness of Mr. Walter C. Allison, a Generous Merchant.

he had later managed to slip into his pocket and dispose of during those undisturbed moments when he was supposed to be engaged in evening prayer. As soon as John fell asleep that night he had a dream—not just an ordinary dream, but the kind of a dream almost any small boy would have after he had eaten ten pieces of birthday cake. In fact, it might almost be said that John had a nightmare. However, this was what he dreamed, and you can judge for yourself whether it was a nightmare or merely a bad dream.

JOHN thought he was standing on the peak of a high hill that pointed its nose up to the sky. It was night and he was alone. The Man in the Moon looked patronizingly down at him, and John distinctly heard him say, "Who in the moon can this rude earth-child be who stares at me so impudently?" The little stars that flickered all about the sky, like candle flames, seemed to have their eyes all fixed on him, which gave him an uncomfortable feeling and made him stand first on one foot and then the other and shove his hands down into the pockets of his knickerbockers—what was that he struck! A sky rocket and a roman candle. Now how did they come to be there? He'd like to blow one up into Mr. Moon's face and see what would happen. A rocket might really hurt him, so perhaps he would just tickle his face with a roman candle. He had matches in his pocket, too. John was never allowed to carry matches, but it's strange how these things seem to happen so naturally in dreams. So he quickly lit the roman candle and after it had phizzed a bit and the sparks began to fly, he turned it upward right into Mr. Moon's big yellow face. Phew! but he looked mad. Then all of a sudden his mouth opened wide, his nose screwed itself up into a little round ball and John roared with laughter because he knew Mr. Moon was about to sneeze. P'choo! It was the loudest sneeze John had ever heard. The hill on which he stood fairly quivered, and the force of the sneeze blew out every one of the little candles of stars that had shone so brightly down on him. Then everything was dark. But suddenly out of the

Johnny?) and there was no foot to it. Bump! There it was at last, but instead of being the foot of the hill it was the foot of John's bed and his curly head was lying where his feet should have been.

So you see just exactly what ten pieces of birthday cake did for John.

M. H. C.

The Butterfly's Fad.

I HAPPENED one night in my travels To stray into Butterfly Vale, Where my wondering eyes beheld butterflies

With wings that were wide as a sail. They lived in such houses of grandeur— Their days were successions of joys, And the very last fad these butterflies had Was making collections of boys.

There were boys of all sizes and ages Pinned up on their walls. When I said, 'Twas a terrible sight to see boys in that plight, I was answered, "Oh, well, they are dead. We catch them alive, but we kill them With ether, a very nice way; Just look at this fellow, his hair is so yellow, And his eyes such a beautiful grey.

"Then here is a little droll darkey, As black as the clay at your feet. He sets off that blonde that is pinned just beyond In a way most artistic and neat; And now let me show you the latest, A specimen really select, A boy with a head that is carrot red, And a face that is funnily specked.

"We cannot decide where to place him— Those spots bar him out of each class; We think him a treasure to study at leisure, And analyze under a glass." I seemed to grow cold as I listened To the words that those butterflies spoke, With fear overcome, I was speechless and dumb, And then, with a start—I awoke.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

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12 Adelaide Street East, Toronto

MOLES AND WARTS

Removed with MOLESOFF, without pain or danger, no matter how large or how far raised above the surface of the skin. And they will never return and no trace or scar will be left. MOLESOFF is applied directly to the MOLE or WART, which entirely disappears in about six days, killing the germ and leaving the skin smooth and natural.

MOLESOFF is put up only in One Dollar bottles.

Each bottle is forwarded postpaid on receipt of price, is neatly packed in a plain case, accompanied by full directions, and contains enough remedy to remove eight or ten ordinary MOLES or WARTS. We sell MOLESOFF under a positive GUARANTEE if it fails to remove your MOLE or WART, we will promptly refund the dollar. Letters from personages we all know, together with much valuable information, will be mailed free upon request.

Guaranteed by the Fla. Distributing Co, under the Food and Drugs Act, June 30, 1906. Serial No. 45633.

Please mention this paper when answering

Florida Distributing Company
Pensacola, Florida

French NATURAL Sparkling Table Water

perrier
"The Champagne of Table Waters"

MEERSCHAUM SMOKING TOBACCO.



MEERSCHAUM
AN ABSOLUTELY PURE
SMOKING TOBACCO

10c. PER PACKAGE.

The Immigrants' Impression of Victoria.

Thomas (*from Yorkshire*)—"There is Victoria, named after our great Queen of glorious memory."

Andrew (*fræ Fifeshire*)—"Tis a graund residential city they tell me, and a great place for Meerschaum Smoking Tobacco."

Thomas (*from Yorkshire*)—"It seems as if the farther west we go, the more men we find smoking our favorite blend of Virginia and North Carolina Tobacco."

Andrew (*fræ Fifeshire*)—"Meerschaum do own the west, a' richt."

