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# The Canadian Courier

A · N A T I O N A L · W E E K L Y



EDITED BY JOHN A. COOPER.  
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# THE Canadian Courier

A NATIONAL WEEKLY

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## EDITOR'S TALK

THIS IS IT. Of course, like the old "Canadian Courier," it will grow in size and diversity. It will gradually take on character. This copy is like the first product of a new factory—the parts usually want some polishing and adjusting.

MR. GOOD'S FIRST ARTICLE of the series on sport and athletics is here. The second will appear in a fortnight. The remainder may run every week or every other week as determined by circumstances. The editor, like other people, is subject to moods—his own and others.

MORMONISM is making an impression in Canada, but the particular brand which has taken root in the East is different from that which has been planted in Alberta. The article in this issue gives the explanation.

HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL has become one of the first in the ranks of modern fiction-writers. Mr. Vachell's novels, "The Hill," "Brothers," "A Face of Clay," and "Her Son," are successful in the literary, as well as the popular, sense of the word. The last story appeared serially in London and New York, and its subsequent fame as a novel led to its dramatisation. As a play, it has been one of the few theatrical triumphs of the recent London season. The "Canadian Courier" has been fortunate enough to secure a story by Mr. Vachell, "Messiter's Sister," which appears in this issue and will be concluded next week. It is a story of dramatic interest and trenches on that mysterious realm which lies beyond the knowledge of the senses. But it cannot fairly be called morbid.

THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER will appear next week. The chiefest feature will be an article on the "Postmen of the Wilderness," by Arthur Heming, with illustrations by the author. This will be found to be one of the most attractive articles published in Canada in 1907. Mr. Heming has made great progress in recent years with his art and now stands almost if not quite at the head of the list of Canadian illustrators. From his studio in New York comes work which finds a cordial welcome in any New York magazine office. One of the illustrations will be full-page in size and will in itself be worth the cost of the issue to every Canadian who loves "the North."

THE COVER DESIGN of the Christmas number is by Tom O. Marten and is one of the daintiest bits of colour work ever produced in Canada. The design for this issue is by a young Canadian whose work appears before the public for the first time.



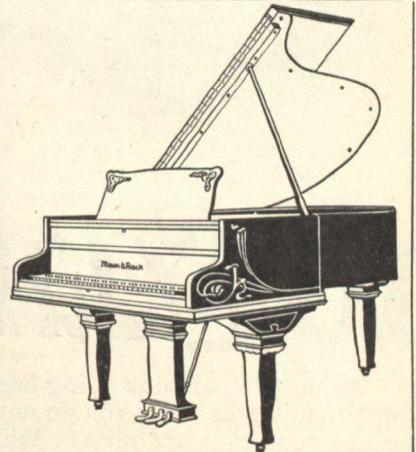
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# The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

Subscription: \$4.00 a Year.

Vol. III.

Toronto, December 7th, 1907.

No. 1

## Foreign Missions

**W**E have fallen upon trouble. In a recent issue, one of our staff commented in a rather unfriendly manner upon the proposal to raise a special \$500,000 for mission work. He took the view that home missions were all right, but Canadians had more important duties than worrying about foreign missions. Since then our mail has been crowded with protests.

Let us say as a beginning that we do not expect to have all our opinions approved by the public. Sometimes the members of the staff disagree—oftener than we would care to admit, perhaps. Our opinions are given for what they are worth, backed up by argument such as the writer can muster in support of his case. Why should we expect to be always right, or why should the public expect us to be always right? When the public disagrees with us, we shall be pleased to publish its opinion.

Two of these letters are selected for publication as indicative of the views of our correspondents. The first is from St. Mary's and runs as follows:

St. Marys, Nov. 27, 1907.

Editor CANADIAN COURIER:

Sir:—In your issue of November 23rd you take the position that it is inadvisable to ask for increased givings to foreign mission work, on the ground that the money is needed at home.

Your argument is practically the same as the one used to prevent Wm. Carey going to the foreign field in the eighteenth century, and if followed to its logical conclusion no foreign field would ever be opened.

On the face of it your argument appears reasonable, but a more close examination of the situation will lead to a different conclusion. The ability of the Christian laymen of this country to give to Christian missions must be counted in millions, not thousands. The natural result, then, of a spirit of missionary effort arising among us is, not that we will find our resources so depleted that we will not be able to increase our givings to home work, but that we will be led to a more careful consideration of our resources, and of our duty, resulting in a large increase of giving to the need at home. Witness the splendid response to the appeal of one Missionary Board this year for a forty per cent. increase in givings, a board of whose income eighty per cent. is devoted to home work. A close examination of givings to all causes of a truly Christian character will reveal the fact that the most liberal toward the missionary cause are also the most liberal to the home cause.

To cut off foreign missionary giving would not result in increased home giving, and though I appreciate that we need both men and money here, I find that a true feeling for the absolute need of the heathen will bring forth more money for our home work.

Sincerely yours,

E. W. WHITE.

The strong part of this letter is the closing paragraph. If the giving of money for foreign missions increases the amount given to home missions the whole question, viewed from a practical standpoint, is solved. We venture, however, to express our dissent. We have studied men and their givings and we believe that most men have a desire to give a certain portion of their income to charitable and religious work. That portion is decided less by a reference to the needs of the call, and more by their ability to give. There are a few people who have never learned to give, and these may be educated to make large gifts by getting them to make small donations. Yet these form but a limited portion of the public. The great body of the public give and give fairly generously. Canadian givings are increasing because the people have more to give rather than because they are being trained to give more.

If this reasoning and these observations are correct, then the more that is given to foreign missions the less will be given to home missions.

Here is the second letter selected for publication, from the principal of the Acadia Seminary, Wolfville, Nova Scotia:

Wolfville, November 24, 1907.

Editor CANADIAN COURIER:

Sir:—In the last issue of your paper, which is gaining in self-consciousness every week, and this is as it should be, you make the state-

ment anent a proposal to raise \$500,000 for spreading the Protestant Gospel among people who have already gospels of their own, implying that such a movement is unwise and unnecessary. Have I taken your thought aright?

With the completer means you have for obtaining information you will probably know of the nations which have a gospel of their own to whom this Gospel called Protestant is to be sent. Kindly inform us. I have made a somewhat careful study of modern religious conditions in so-called heathen lands and am more or less familiar with the religions there taught and practised; and I have been cudgelling my poor dull brains to think where the nation is that has a gospel of its own. It is not, so far as I know, in the Islands of the Sea; it is not in India, else my authorities are astray; it is not in China, nor is it in Japan. I am quite sure that the Indians of Hindustan have it not. Nor do any of the Mohammedan lands have it. Perhaps some astral shape in the country of the roof of the world has it but is preserving it until the dawn of a new millenium.

Is it not possible that you have made a mistake? There was a Man who had been crucified who stood on the slopes of a mountain in Palestine and said to His followers that they were to go into all the world and to preach His Gospel. If the accounts are correct He supposed that the nations did not have a gospel or a good-news of their own worth the name. You will, I am sure, with me do reverence to the name of Jesus Christ and acknowledge that He is the world's Greatest One; though we may agree no farther theologically. That is no matter for worryment. But I think you have slipped in an editorial which would be greatly strengthened without such a covert reference to Christian missions and the uselessness thereof, engaged as they are in sending the Gospel to people who have a gospel. He that measures his words is wise; he who does not do so scatters untruth and disaster. For the most part I like your paper with some exceptions, kindred to those I have just mentioned. But a CANADIAN COURIER should reflect and guide in right ways Canadian life. And Canadian people believe in Missions.

Very sincerely,

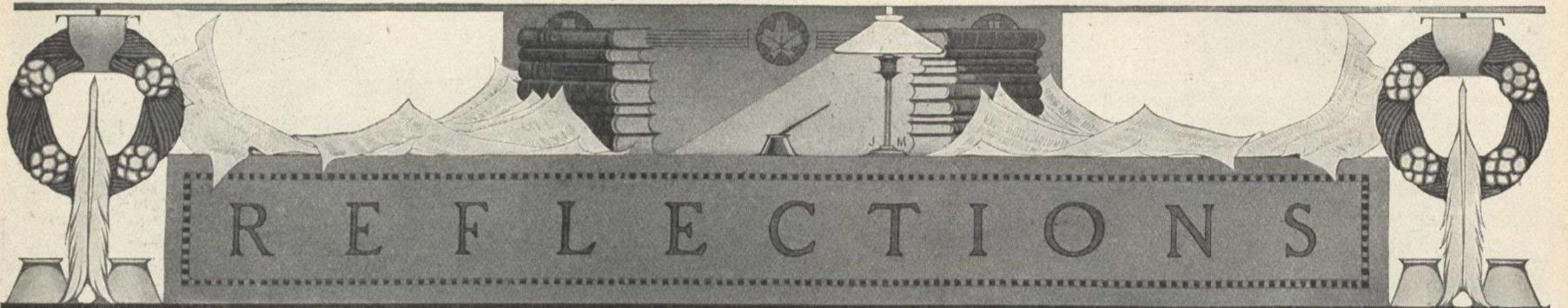
H. T. DEWOLFE.

Readers will note that the Reverend Principal tries to take advantage of us by arguing that there is no gospel but the Protestant Gospel. We have looked up our dictionary and we cannot find any justification for this narrow interpretation. Among Protestant people, the Gospel is a short form of expression for "the Protestant Gospel," but why not the Catholic Gospel or the Mohammedan Gospel? Gospel means glad tidings, and is not the Roman Catholic or the Mohammedan entitled to regard his Bible or Koran as a gospel, or as containing a gospel?

If the writer of the "Reflection" in question had used the word "religion" instead of "gospel," he would have come perhaps nearer to expressing his exact meaning, and the Reverend Principal would have been saved his two type-written pages. But is not this a small point to raise? Now that it is raised, would the Principal deny that the "Book of History" edited by Confucius is not a gospel to his followers? True, he did not claim direct revelations from heaven; he was recording only what the master minds before him had gained from experience or revelation. Nevertheless what he recorded has remained unto this day a gospel to the people who study it and believe in it. Do the sacred books of Buddhism, the three Pitakas and the Great Vehicle literature, not contain any gospel?

Principal Grant once wrote: "Hence He gave to His Message the name of Gospel or the Message of Joy to all the people." But "gospel" is an English word which Christ never heard—must we therefore quibble and say Principal Grant was wrong? It seems narrow to restrict the word "gospel" to Christ's message only, and we feel sure no English lexicographer of note would approve of such a narrow usage of this word.

Perhaps we cannot do better than close this brief contribution to a large subject by suggesting that all those who doubt whether the other religions of the world contain gospels should read "Religions of the World," that admirable little volume written by the lamented Principal Grant, or some other volume of a similar character. Of course, this advice is not tendered to the Reverend Principal of Wolfville, because he is already an expert in the study of comparative religion.



REFLECTIONS

IIII BY STAFF WRITERS IIII

**T**HE largest hotels in Toronto and Montreal are running with half their usual help; the stock markets are picking up and prices are steadily advancing; the prices of lumber and other staple articles are dropping. These are the outstanding features of the situation.

**THE SCARED FEELING**

The people have gone from extravagance to penuriousness. The stock market which tumbled beyond all reason has got over its nervousness and timidity; the bargain-hunters have only a few days left in which to make their purchases. The price of lumber was too high, in fact the prices of all commodities have been away too high, and a decline of about ten per cent. is already in sight. The miners in the Crow's Nest district have voluntarily reduced their wages; they have surrendered the advance about which they caused such a row last spring. Workmen are getting reasonable once more. Nearly every person has come to his senses except the banker, and in a few days he will join the ranks. As there has been no increase in mercantile failures as compared with last year, Canada may be said to have come through this doubtful period without the slightest mishap. True, we had a little scared feeling, but that will do us good.

**B**ETWEEN April and October, immigration from the United States fell off eight per cent. as compared with last year, while that from Europe increased 45 per cent. This means that much kindness to immigrants will be necessary during the coming winter. The

**KINDNESS REQUIRED**

European immigrants being less of the agricultural class and less acquainted with conditions on this continent, require a longer probationary period before they are self-supporting. Hence every Canadian municipality must do what it can to extend a helping hand to those who may be in need of work or assistance. In this matter, Canada's good name is in the hands of her citizens. If each one will do what he can, and each municipal and provincial government do what it can, many of these strangers within the gates will be helped through what promises to be a fairly trying period. It is a national work as well as a humanitarian duty. Out of the 211,562 people who entered Canadian ports between April 1st and October 31st, there will be many deserving persons who will fail to find a comfortable niche for themselves and their families. When they become self-supporting and have something to spare, they in turn will help those who follow after. In this way, the endless chain of good-will towards the new arrival may be maintained indefinitely.

**S**OME day, some newspaper will print an interesting story of Mr. Fielding's experience with the Canadian Bankers in connection with his attempt to provide the West with more money for grain-moving. Mr. Fielding and the Bankers are not any too friendly as a

**MR. FIELDING AND THE BANKS**

result of what has happened in the past few weeks. Some newspapers have made and repeated the statement that when Mr. Fielding called the Bankers into consultation, they asked him to pay over to them what the Government owed them. This statement is misleading because the Dominion Government does not owe any of the banks. It is guarantor of the Quebec Bridge Company for \$4,800,000 to one of the banks, but as this obligation has not been defaulted by the Bridge Company, the guarantor is not yet liable. It is surprising how such a false statement is harboured by prominent journals, even after Mr. Fielding has given the fullest explanation.

The real trouble between Mr. Fielding and the Bankers was quite different, if we are correctly informed. Mr. Fielding agreed to advance certain sums to the different "wheat" banks on the strength of securities to be deposited by them. So far, the proposition was satisfactory. Then Mr. Fielding stipulated that all the details of the situation should be handled by a committee of three reputable bankers

to be chosen by the Bankers themselves. Their duties would be to see that the money advanced by Mr. Fielding was not used for any purpose other than wheat-moving, and to supervise the distribution of it among the banks in proportion to their wheat business. At this point, petty jealousies arose and the Bankers were unable to agree on a committee. There are some human weaknesses in Bankers as in other classes of business men, and they unfortunately interfered with the harmony necessary to success on this occasion.

Then Mr. Fielding deposited all his money with the Bank of Montreal and informed the other banks that they could secure their funds through that Bank. In other words, he made the Bank of Montreal responsible for the proper distribution. Of course, when the presidents and managers of some of the other large banks received this notification, their noses went up in the air. They scorned to play second fiddle to the Bank of Montreal. They would sooner let the wheat stay in the West until next spring, than be humiliated in such a manner. And so the matter ended.

As we are not in the confidence of either the Government or the Bankers we are unable to give the details of the story. This rough outline is, we believe, approximately correct. If the Bankers have been misrepresented, we shall be pleased to set the matter right. We have no desire to place them in a false light, and if they can deny the story they would be wise to do so as it has already gained considerable publicity in political and club circles. Part of the blame may be due to Mr. Fielding's lack of tact in handling the problem, but the major portion must be laid at the doors of the banks which balked.

**T**HERE are two qualities which go to make a nation strong, united and vigorous; they are sanity and patriotism. When these

**SANITY AND PATRIOTISM**

qualities are united in a people, the results are excellent. If Canadians can develop the highest type of patriotism and still keep the body political sane, this will be a wonderful country some day. Great Britain is a model in this respect. The Union Jack is respected everywhere; it is the country's flag and the symbol of authority. Under its aegis, law and order obtain the highest form of development. Yet there is distinct respect for individual rights, individual liberty and for the rights and privileges of other nations.

In Canada, patriotism is becoming stronger and more definite. The national ideals are being more clearly defined. National unity is being perfected. Forty years of Confederation have wrought a marvellous change in the temper of the people. It is just at this point, that there is a slight danger of our going to extremes, and, like the United States at one period in its history, carrying the worship of the flag too far. Manitoba has ordered that the flag shall fly over every public school every school-day in the year. Ontario has enacted a similar regulation and flags are now being distributed to the schools of the Province. The other day, the Canadian Club of Victoria passed a resolution asking the British Columbia Legislature to follow these examples and provide flags for the public schools of that Province. The resolution was presented by Mr. A. S. Barton and Judge Lampman, and apparently finds general support in the Province, since the Government has signified its intention of supplying the flags asked for.

A correspondent writes to protest against the flaunting of the flag and says that the "Courier" is "a fool" to support such a movement and that our attitude is "silly." He declares that the narrow-minded provincialism of Canadians has caused us to be classed, in England, as the inferior of the Australians. He adds: "We want more Goldwin Smiths in our country and less Mullocks."

We regret that we cannot agree with our correspondent as to his estimate of ourselves or as to his estimate of Sir William Mulock. Sir William refused to hold court in the presence of the United States

flag, and he would have been a traitor to his judicial oath had he acted otherwise. Nor do we agree with him that the people of England think any the less of us because we are intensely national. Canada is just as high in public estimation there as Australia. In fact, it is a question if she does not consider us more broad-minded than that colony since our tariff treatment has been more generous and our legislation less socialistic.

Nevertheless, Canada must be careful not to mete out a measure which she is not prepared to have meted again to her. In the theatres of Montreal and Toronto it has become the custom to show disapproval of the United States flag when used on the stage by United States theatrical companies. This is clearly a breach of good taste and should be discountenanced. Our reverence and respect for our own flag should lead us to respect the flags of other people when in their possession. To object to a foreign flag when it is hung in our country without any reason for the act is quite proper nevertheless, though it may not always be advisable or in good taste to do so. Our patriotism should be tempered always with that sanity which distinguishes a moderate and broad-minded people.

**C**OMMON report has it that William Randolph Hearst stampeded the United States people into the Spanish-American War. With his several newspapers he lashed the public into a frenzy over the Spanish treatment of the Cubans. Now, every sane person recog-

#### STAMPEDING THE PUBLIC

nises that the war was unnecessary, expensive, and barren of results. The power of the press when properly used is a power for good; when improperly used it is a power for evil. Upon the main day-to-day questions which arise in a community the people must look to the press to enlighten them. This places upon the latter a grave responsibility to present the two sides of every question with distinct impartiality. Such conclusions as it comes to should be buttressed with fair and reasonable debate.

In Toronto just now there is a peculiar situation. Two newspapers are deliberately endeavouring to stampede the citizens of that city. Their reasons for doing so are mixed, but apparently personal animosity is the mainspring. Messrs. Robertson, of the "Telegram," and Maclean, of the "World," have conceived a dislike for Messrs. Nicholls and Pellatt, of the Electric Light Company, and are endeavouring to show that these two gentlemen are not good citizens. Cartoons, editorials, insinuations, and special pleading take the place of fair arguments. The municipal ownership idea is merely a cover for these sharp-shooters of the press. Perhaps Messrs. Pellatt and Nicholls deserve the abuse they are receiving, but if so the Attorney-General should take criminal action against them. He is the guardian of the public morality as well as law and order. Any evidence as to downright villainy on the part of these capitalists should be collected and placed in the hands of a sharp Crown Attorney.

The situation may be illustrated by showing what would happen supposing that Toronto's present water supply and sewage disposal were under the management of Messrs. Nicholls, Pellatt and their associates instead of being managed by the city. The faults of the Water and Sewage Ring would then receive the attention of the Press and quite properly so. We can imagine that attention would be called to the fact that some ten years ago when the City had 100,000 less population than it has now, the present system of water supply and sewage disposal had been condemned by experts such as Mr. Mansergh of England. A telling point would be made, we fancy, against the Ring because, notwithstanding the reports and advice of their own experts and the dangers to the lives of the citizens which those experts had shown to exist, practically nothing had been done. Neither one service nor the other had been improved. The citizens would be asked to consider the "vileness" of a Ring which would allow the sewage of 300,000 people to be dumped into the very Lake from which the Ring took the water for the self-same people to drink. We would be told of the wickedness of a Ring which would force the workingmen and the poor, unable to pay for other water, to drink the poison that means disease and death. There would be charges of cupidity, cruelty and criminal neglect. The present Reservoir would be called a Cess-pool and the cartoons would present the members of the Ring as the Ghosts of Death hovering over the victims destroyed by the use of such water.

However, the City itself controls the water and the sewage disposal systems and these newspapers have little to say about these evils. Such criticism might be just, if it were applied to the City, but

it would not be so popular. The newspapers recognise that the public can be lashed into fury only by making personal attacks on capitalists.

These Toronto newspapers know that pure water is more essential to the general welfare than cheap power, and yet they dragoon the City Council into not submitting a pure water by-law for fear the property-owners will not vote for the power and light by-law. Messrs. Robertson and Maclean are either trying to deceive the people or they have not confidence in their judgment. The City Council and these newspapers are keeping the necessity of a pure water supply in the background, until the power question is disposed of. Any board of directors that would so deceive its shareholders would be committing a criminal act.

The easiest way out of the difficulty is to adopt the method adopted by Canada and the United States in regard to railways, viz: regulation of rates. This requires only legislation and the appointment of a commission. It removes the necessity for the investment of millions of public money in doubtful enterprise. Neither the Government nor the people should allow themselves to be stampeded by a couple of enthusiastic journals which allow their personal feelings to run away with their better judgment.

**A**NOTHER Speech from the Throne has been read by a dutiful Governor-General, and the Fourth Session of the Tenth Parliament of the Dominion of Canada has begun. It recited that the results of "the last fiscal period" were so satisfactory that all ordinary and capital expenditures were met and three million dollars were applied to the reduction of the Public Debt. This information is almost out of date, but it had to be officially recorded. Then followed some general remarks about the increased number of immigrants, the continued prosperity, the London Conference, the French Treaty, the slow progress being made with the National Transcontinental Railway, the visit of Mr. Lemieux to Japan, the Quebec Bridge disaster and the increased Post Office revenue. Nothing new was said on these events.

Then came the pointers. Telegraph and telephone companies holding Federal charters are to be brought under Government control. This indicates that the policy of regulation which has already been applied to railway and express companies, has worked satisfactorily and is to be enlarged. The boundaries of Manitoba and other provinces are to be extended. This information is not new as a Manitoba member had already announced it, but it is pleasant to have official confirmation. Manitoba is to be congratulated; in a few months she will lose her right to be called the "postage stamp province" and she will lose it gladly. A bill is to be introduced to provide for the issue of government annuities for old age. This is a distinctly socialistic measure and marks the tendencies of the time. The Insurance Bill is promised, a heritage from last session. The Insurance Commission was quite an interesting body while it lasted, and the debate on the Bill is sure to be instructive. That it will be productive of any additional safeguards for those who invest in life insurance is a question to be settled by future arguments. The Election Act is to be amended; this is nothing new although the amendments may be sufficiently sweeping to mark some progress toward the elimination of loose election methods and immoral extinction of election protests. The Dominion Lands Act is to be amended and on this there will also be quite a fight since the two Parties are distinctly at variance as to the policy which should guide in the administration of the public domain.

On the whole, the Session promises to yield some useful, if not remarkable, legislation. There will be many barren days, much talking about petty patronage and other nonsensical things which are dear to the hearts of petty politicians, many speeches to empty benches but which will look well in print, much cross-firing as to which party has the real interests of the country at heart and other little foolishnesses which seem necessary to maintain parliamentary reputations. There will be other days when unexpected debates will arise which will really affect public opinion and perhaps Canadian history. There have always been barren and fruitful days in our parliamentary calendar, and this Session will probably be a duplicate of many predecessors. The first speeches by Messrs. Graham and Pugsley, the new Ministers, will be awaited with interest. The Halifax platform of the Opposition Leader must be placed on the records and it will be interesting to watch just how this is accomplished. In the meantime, the people who are not in Parliament will be busy looking after the less spectacular interests of the country.

# Through a Monocle

THE two Ministers who are facing Parliament for the first time this session are distinctly on their trial. No matter how successful a career a man may make for himself in the Provincial field, he enters a new atmosphere when he moves to Ottawa. Not all Provincial "successes" succeed there. Mr. Chapleau was a far greater success in the Province of Quebec than he ever was at the Federal Capital. Sir Henri Joly was another proof of the dangers of transplanting. Clifford Sifton was evidence the other way. Mr. Fielding has carried his Provincial powers to Ottawa; but Mr. Blair again was a comparative failure. Dr. Pugsley is in some measure a pupil of Mr. Blair; and it will be interesting to see how he gets on in the larger arena. Many predict great success for him. He is said to be capable, energetic and "smooth." Mr. Graham we all know so well in Toronto that it is hard to think of him doing other than he has always done in the Legislative Chamber here. But he will come in contact with men who "know not Joseph," and who care but little for his characteristic Ontario humour. We would like to see him succeed; but he must conquer success for himself.

\* \* \*

It is a long time since Sir Wilfrid Laurier has been lucky enough to choose a striking "success." They are not picked up on every bush. When Sir John Macdonald brought out ex-Judge Thompson on the Dominion stage, it was felt that his immediate success was nothing short of miraculous. How had Sir John happened to find him? Sir Wilfrid picked a number of "successes" to begin with—Fielding, Mulock, Sifton, Tarte. But he has not dazzled the eyes of the audience since. Mills was a safe choice; but then we all knew all about Mills. He was not a discovery. Aylesworth looked better on the Alaskan Commission than he ever has since. By the way, I had nearly forgotten Fitzpatrick. He was a success. It is a pity that he was lost to public life. In fact, it is nothing more than the simple truth that Sir Wilfrid's Ministry has lost enough good material to stock two Governments—Mulock, Fitzpatrick, Sifton, Davies, to say nothing of Tarte at his best.

\* \* \*

I know that a politician who has caught the scent of an appetising office is a pretty ferocious game-tracking animal to deal with. He makes Mr. Marten's picture of "a mountain lion," with which you, Mr. Editor, prefaced your last issue, look like a faded blueprint of a sleepy kitten. Old Joe Rymal used to say that to separate a Tory from office was like interfering between a she-bear and her

cubs; and if Joe lived to-day, he would notice that this trait is no monopoly of his old enemies, the Tories. I know all this, I repeat; and yet I feel sorry, every time the present Government names a few more Senators, that it lacks the courage to face down its hungry followers and show the country what sort of appointments it sincerely thinks should be made to a Reformed Senate. The Government no longer needs to add party friends to its overwhelming majority in the Upper House. It has a secure hold there now for years to come. It could afford to be patriotic, to live up to the ideals that some of its members must have entertained when—as Oppositionists—they were talking of Senate Reform.

\* \* \*

That the majority of the Ministers would like to do just this, I am confident. Give them security for their legislation in the Senate, and those who have a soul above personal patronage would enjoy making a name for themselves as statesmen who had treated the responsibility of filling an appointive chamber in a serious and public-spirited manner. A steady procession of partisan appointments to the Senate is a betrayal of public trust. That both parties have been equally guilty does not acquit either of the sinners. When the power to name the Senators was vested in the Federal Cabinet, it was certainly not the intention of the people—whatever the politicians might have anticipated—to maintain this costly chamber merely as a sweet bee-hive of honey from which successful politicians could reward their more faithful followers. It was intended for the benefit of the nation; and, if the party in power coolly takes it for its own benefit, it can only do so by stealing it. Every purely partisan appointment is a straight theft of an annuity of \$2,500 a year from the Dominion of Canada.

\* \* \*

The materials for a Senate of the right sort are to be found in plenty. The political world naturally supplies not a few. When the Government calls a man like G. W. Ross to the Senate, or David Mills, or Sir Richard Cartwright, it is giving the nation the sort of service it requires. When men like Robert Mackay of Montreal or the late Sir William Hingston or Senator O'Brien are summoned from the business community, or the professions, the spirit of the Constitution is being obeyed. Senator Cox would be a good Senator if he could afford to give the nation more of his time. Senator David was an excellent choice. It would be altogether unfair to pretend that the country has been sacrificed to party in every case, though in exceedingly few cases—if any—have the interests of party been disregarded. But the number of bad appointments is appalling; and the number of good men neglected equally so. Why should the universities be shunned? One Senator from each would be a capital idea. S. H. Blake would make a good Senator. J. W. Flavelle would make another. John Ross Robertson would make a third. Goldwin Smith would have been an ideal appointment. Sir William Macdonald of Montreal should never be allowed to escape; nor Sir William Van Horne. There are plenty to choose from; and yet men unfit to be Ministers and men whose neighbours judge them unfit to be Commoners are pitch-forked into the Red Chamber to keep them quiet. I should like to see a Labour leader or two there, and several representative farmers. In short, I would like to see the Senate composed of representative men who have never bowed the knee to the god partisanship, but who have patriotism enough to serve their country irrespective of party. I believe enough of them can be found to fill the old Red Chamber to overflowing.



Royal Shooting Party at Windsor

Back Row from Right—Count Paul Wolf Metternich, German Ambassador to England. Marchioness of Lansdowne. Baron von Dem Knesebeck. Mr. Halsey. Captain Campbell. Colonel Baron Marschall. Middle Row—Colonel Honble. H. C. Lezge. H. R. H. Princess Victoria. H. I. M. The Kaiser. H. M. The Queen. Countess Von Keller. Lady Alice Stanley. Prince Christian. Princess Patricia of Connaught. H. R. H. The Prince of Wales. Prince Arthur of Connaught. Front Row—Captain Welch. Duchess of Argyll. H. M. The King. H. I. M. The Kaiserin. H. R. H. The Princess of Wales. H. R. H. Duchess of Connaught.

Photograph by Topical Press.



Decorating the Brant Monument, Brantford, November 23rd.

Photograph by Park &amp; Co.

## Honouring a Great Chief

THE twenty-fourth of last month was the one hundredth anniversary of the death of Captain Joseph Brant (Thayendanegea) and the centenary was appropriately observed in the prosperous Ontario city which is named in honour of the great warrior. At Brantford that Sunday hundreds of Indians and white citizens visited the grave of Brant and after the usual services in the Mohawk church a wreath was placed on the stone slab covering the tomb. During the morning service, Rev. Dr. Ashton gave an interesting account of the life of Brant. The collection was taken up in a piece of silver plate sent to the Mohawks by Queen Anne in 1712. They were then in New York.

On the night of November 25th there was a unique gathering in Brantford when Chief William Smith acted as chairman while the chiefs of the Mohawks and Senecas, Oneidas, Cayugas, Tuscaroras, and Delawares also sat on the platform. Chief Echo of the Onondagas opened the council meeting. Under the auspices of the Canadian Club, Principal H. F. Gardiner of the Ontario Institute for the Blind, gave a comprehensive sketch of Brant's life and suggested that the Canadian Club might mark the place where Joseph Brant lived between the Mohawk church and the locks at the river by the erection of a stone monument.

According to Principal Gardiner's account, the Indian tribe to which Joseph Brant belonged dwelt, in the Eighteenth Century, in the valley of the Mohawk, a river which empties into the Hudson about ten miles north of Albany. Joseph, however, was born on the banks of the Ohio in 1742. He attended Dr. Wheelock's school at Lebanon, Connecticut, from 1759 to 1761. "The labours which he performed as a translator of the Scriptures, his letters and speeches and his intimate friendship with learned men indicate that Brant attained considerable literary culture. . . . An illiterate savage could not have been esteemed by men like Boswell, Sheridan, the Earl of Moira and the Duke of Northumberland, as Brant undoubtedly was."

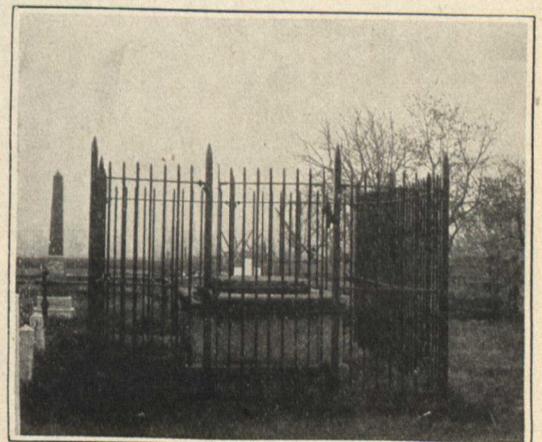
But Brant the soldier is the aspect under which the popular historian is most familiar with that picturesque figure. When he was only thirteen years of age, Brant fought under Sir William Johnson at Lake George in 1755 and in 1763 Brant engaged in warfare against the Ottawa chief, Pontiac. On the outbreak of the American Revolutionary War, Brant warmly supported the British cause. For years he carried on raids on the New York settlements but was defeated by General Sullivan at Newton in 1779. Colonel Stone writes regarding Brant:

"Whether in the conduct of a campaign or of a scouting party, in the pitched battle or the foray, this crafty and dauntless chieftain was sure to be one of the most efficient, as he was one of the bravest of those who were engaged. Combining with the native hardihood and sagacity of his race the advantages of education and of civilised life—in acquiring which he had lost nothing of his activity or his power of endurance—he became the most formidable border foe, with whom the Provincials had to contend and his name was a terror to the land."

As might have been expected, the United States historians and novelists have tried to represent Brant as a monster, but there is proof that more than once he spared foes whom he might have destroyed. In 1784, Sir Frederick Haldimand declared that the Six Nations and their posterity should possess and enjoy a tract of land six miles in depth on either side of the Grand River from its mouth to the Elora Falls, a distance of 100 miles, in compensation for the land in New York which they had forfeited. In 1796, owing to the encroachment of white settlers Brant was given by the chiefs a formal power of attorney in disposal of these lands, but until long after Brant's death, that is to say until 1830, the entire area of what is now Brantford township remained in possession of the Six Nations Indians. Brant devoted his best energies to serving his own race and, on his death in 1807, was mourned as a great chief. His body was buried in the graveyard near the old Mohawk church but in 1850 the

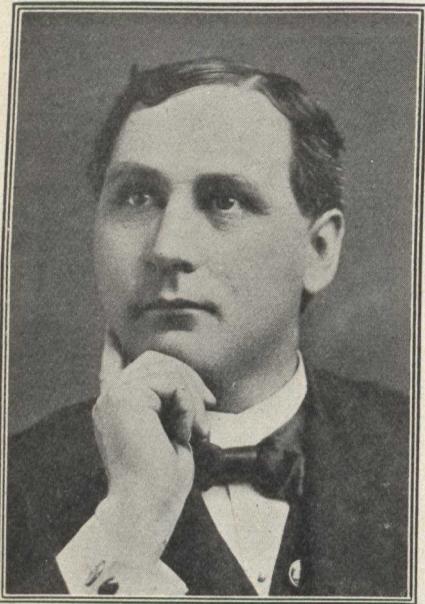
remains of the two chiefs, Joseph Brant and his son, John, were re-interred in one common vault, on which occasion Rev. A. Nelles, Rev. Peter Jones, Sir Allan Macnab and D. Thorburn, Esquire, were among the speakers. In proof of Brant's excellent qualities as citizen when the troubled years of warfare were over, we have the fact that one of his first stipulations with the commander-in-chief, on the acquisition of his new territory, was for the building of a church, a school-house and a flour mill and he soon made application for a resident clergyman. The first Church of England erected in Upper Canada is said to have been built by Brant from funds collected by him while in England in 1786. The communion service is of beaten silver, each piece bearing an inscription stating it to have been given to the Mohawks for the use of their chapel by Queen Anne—for the service had been carefully guarded through the years in which the Indians were being driven from the Mohawk valley. The church bell was made by John Warner, Fleet Street, London, 1786.

The Canadian Club of Brantford showed a commendable desire to honour the memory of a spirited and indomitable pioneer by engaging such a capable speaker as Principal Gardiner to present the salient facts in the life of Captain Joseph Brant, British officer and Indian Chief.

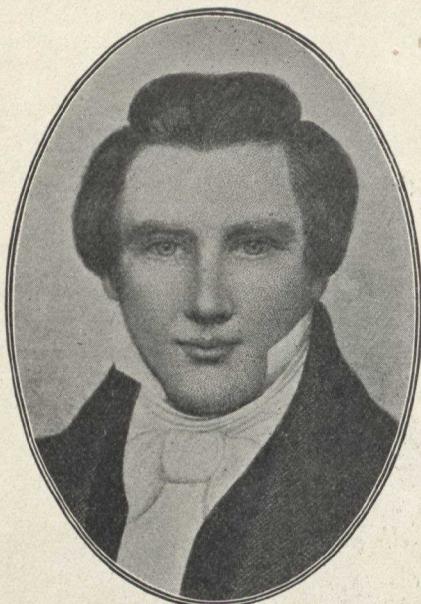


Brant's Tomb.

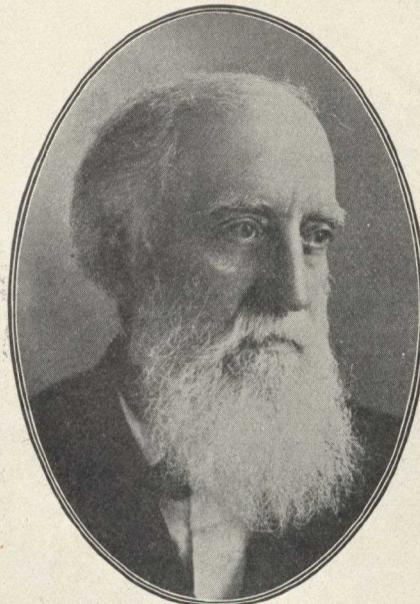
Photograph by Park &amp; Co.



Elder Evans, Head of the Church in Ontario.



Joseph Smith, the Seer, Assassinated in 1844.



Joseph Smith, present Head of the Reorganised Church.



J. W. Woolf, M.P.P., Cardston, Alberta.

# The Latter Day Saints

Ordinary Mormons and Others

By *NORMAN PATTERSON*

**M**ORMONS and Latter Day Saints are not quite synonymous. To put it in another way, the Mormons of Utah and Alberta are a different religious body from the "Reorganised Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints" which is strong in Ontario. The former believe in polygamy either theoretically or practically, while the latter do not; there are also other doctrinal differences. These divergencies were caused by Brigham Young, who appears to have had some revelations which certain of the Mormons or Latter Day Saints do not accept. Polygamy is one of these.

In one of his printed addresses, Elder Evans says: "It will be my effort to-night to show that Joseph Smith never did practise nor sanction polygamy, and in fact had no more to do with Salt Lake Mormonism than the Pope of Rome or the Archbishop of Canterbury." He asserts that he has never read a book which denounces polygamy in more forcible language than does the Book of Mormon—"the Bible excepted." He points out his disagreement with Brigham Young's biblical sanction for polygamy. Moreover, he points out that Joseph Smith, the founder of this new religion, was killed before plurality of wives was ever talked of or practised by the Mormons. Joseph Smith was killed in 1844; the Mormons did not reach Salt Lake City until 1847, and polygamy was not practised until 1852. Elder Evans would have us believe, and perhaps rightly, that plurality of wives was due to the evil desires and vile passions of Brigham Young and his associates.

The number of Latter Day Saints in Canada is steadily growing. Except in Alberta these are all members of the Reorganised Church which denounces polygamy and does not look to Utah for its leadership. The census of 1901 gives the following statement as to Mormons without distinction between the churches:

British Columbia .....	125
Manitoba .....	65
New Brunswick .....	11
Nova Scotia .....	73
Ontario .....	3,377
Quebec .....	3
Territories .....	3,237

Total .....

6,891  
There were more in 1901 than in 1891, and there are more to-day than there were six years ago. The following particulars concerning the Reorganised Saints have been gathered from the leaders in Toronto.

Joseph Smith, the founder of the Church, was born in Sharon, Windsor County, Vt., December 23, 1805. His parents moved to the State of New York when he was about fourteen years of age,

where he attended revival meetings, which made a great impression on him. While reading his Bible he found a paragraph wherein he was instructed to go to God direct for light and guidance. He tells us that he repaired to the rear of his father's farm, in a clump of woods, and while praying an angel from Heaven appeared to him, and told him that the church of Jesus Christ as instituted eighteen centuries before, had fallen from the true faith, that it had become corrupted, and that the time was near at hand when a church would be established, in keeping, both in doctrine and organisation, with that described in the New Testament. From that time on he continued to receive angelic communications.

In one of these communications he was informed that this continent was inhabited by civilised, God-fearing people 1,000 years before Columbus discovered it, and that the remains of the wonderful cities were to be found in the jungles of Central and Southern America. These inhabitants, by their Prophet Mormon, wrote a history of themselves all on golden plates. An angel led Joseph Smith to the spot, where he received these golden plates, and "by the power of God" translated it. This is what is known as the Book of Mormons, so called because of the Prophet's name, Mormon. This book does not take the place of the Bible with the Latter Day Saints, but is used as a supplement or confirmatory to the Bible, and teaches the same doctrines and ordinances.

Joseph Smith gathered about him a small following which spread until it had between two and three thousand communicants in fourteen years. He met with much persecution, and was finally cruelly murdered. Some time after his assassination, which occurred June 27, 1844, Brigham Young, who was at that time a member

of the Church, led a small band of followers of the Church to the wilds of the Mexican territory, among the Ute Indians, where he established a colony, with himself as the head. This has since developed in the State of Utah. Eight years later Brigham Young introduced the doctrine of polygamy, blood atonement, and other attending follies in connection with the wicked system known as Utah Mormonism. Brigham Young made the claim that the doctrine of polygamy was revealed to Joseph Smith by an angel, as were his other communications. This, however, is denied by Joseph Smith's adherents, or the Latter Day Saints, and it must be understood that Joseph Smith and the church over which he presided never endorsed this system.

In the year 1860 we find that the eldest son of Joseph Smith, Joseph Smith by name, has become a prophet, and is president or head of what is known and incorporated as the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. It seemingly found followers as at the present time it numbers about 70,000, having churches in all the States of the Union, nearly all the Provinces of the Dominion, and throughout the British Isles and other countries. The Church numbers in Canada upwards of 5,000 communicants, the majority being in Ontario.

The work in Toronto was started in 1876 under the leadership of Joseph Luff, who was originally a Methodist minister. The little band did not prosper, and they were compelled to sell their meeting-house, and there was no work publicly performed in several years. Some ten years ago under the guidance of President Evans and other elders, the work was renewed in Toronto, since which time they have built a church at Humber Bay, Davisville, and two in the city of Toronto, the largest church being erected on Soho Street at a cost of \$1,500.

Four winters ago, their church being too small for the congregation, Elder Evans was induced to hire the Majestic Theatre, since which time this young man has certainly accomplished wonders. Every Sunday evening he will probably preach to more people than the pastor of any church in the city of Toronto. In thirty-one years he has converted five thousand Canadians to his belief. Like all prophets, his path was not strewn with roses. Scoffs and jeers, and sometimes riots, were the order of the day. Words of commendation were few and far between. To have obtained thousands of believers in the Book of Mormon in the face of all the prejudice that existed against the Mormon Church in Utah, to be able to command in the city of Toronto, a stronghold of orthodoxy, an audience of a couple of thousand people (and turn hundreds from the doors), indicates that there must be something



The Church of the Latter Day Saints, Soho Street, Toronto

remarkable in either the man or his religious teachings. If it were not for the success of the church in lands beyond Mr. Evans' jurisdiction, we might be tempted to name him as a cause for a measure of the success which Mormonism has made in Canada.

Slight of stature, large black eyes bespeaking hypnotic power, language which betrays the lack of a school education, a command of vocal expression, a marvelous knowledge of the Bible, a sense of humour, and a wide acquaintance with human nature, he has held the undivided attention for hours of a cosmopolitan gathering of Toronto people. He impresses his personality upon his

audience, whether in the assembly hall or to a solitary interviewer.

Some twenty years ago the writer had an opportunity of studying Mr. Evans in a Western Ontario village. His advent was not heralded by press notices. Only small hand-bills served to tell the people that Elder Evans of the Reorganised Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints would preach on Sundays in a small, disused church. But somehow the village paper was not needed. A congregation of twenty grew until it fairly packed the little church, and the other ministers of the village began to wonder what had become of their flocks. They began to take

notice, then to denounce, and even a casual observer could then realise why Elder Evans had not expended his dollars in printers' ink. People flocked to the Mormon Church out of curiosity, and many stayed to become adherents. They were not the riff-raff of the village, but many of them men and women who were commonly supposed to have good ordinary judgment in most of the problems that life presents. The evangelisation of the village had been accomplished in a twelve-month, and Elder Evans left the church in charge of an assistant to pursue elsewhere his work of evangelisation.

AN ARTICLE ON THE ALBERTA MORMONS WILL APPEAR NEXT WEEK.

# Rugby Football

From the Past to the Present

By H. I. P. GOOD



Joe Wright.

**T**HERE is no game that in all its essentials is better adapted for the autumnal or fall season in Canada than Rugby football. It is by no means a warm weather game, and for that reason is not played until Dame Nature begins her dainty painting process in the woods and valleys. The love of manly sport and close and exciting contests is inherent in the Saxon nature, and any game which shows these qualities so well as the Rugby game is sure of appreciation in an English-speaking country, even if the

spectator does not understand or value the play from the point of an expert. I remember reading somewhere not long ago that a French writer describing his first football match got off the following: "The sides precipitated themselves upon each other; arms and legs were dislocated and collar bones broken. . . . Anon the game (?) was resumed amidst howls and execrations from both sides, and fragments of clothing, torn ruthlessly from the bodies of the rivals, strewed over the field. It was a spectacle terrible and affecting, and I turned away with tears in my eyes." This sort of thing would be delightful reading for a doting mother or solicitous father.

Authorities differ as to the exact age of football, but they all agree that it had a very early beginning. This agreement, it might be remarked in passing, is common with historical writers on all games of ball, and doubtless it is well grounded, for even play, like the human race, probably originated with the monkeys. Without going so far back as the days of ancient Greece, it is certain that there was a game among the Romans called harpastum, which, judging by its name and the description of it, was clearly a somewhat similar sport to the Rugby football of the present day. The Romans may not have introduced the game into Britain—there is no proof that they did so—but there is evidence that at the Roman occupation there was some such game as harpastum in vogue. It is also certain that for several centuries football games were rather sanguinary affairs, a match between two villages not infrequently ending in a riot. Football oftentimes incurred royal displeasure and had a ban put upon it, but it was the game of the people and thrived despite the fact that Edward II. contemptuously referred to it as "hustling over great balls," and James III. of Scotland decreed that four times in every year the game of football should be "utterly cried down." Sir Thomas Elyot, a worthy baronet who flourished in the time of the Tudors, described the game as nothing but beastly fury and extreme violence, whereof proceeded hurt, rancour and malice.

The Puritan Stubbes termed it a "bloody and murdering practice." The citizens of Manchester and other cities passed ordinances for the suppression of the game, but as has been said the game survived all vicissitudes and to-day has no rival as a game for the fall of the year not only in Britain but in all her colonies and in the United States.

The number of players at Rugby School, whence the modern game takes its name, as described by Tom Brown, appears to have varied from 50 to 120 a side, when one house contended against another. Organisation of the Rugby Union came in England as late as 1865 and the first game in Canada of which there is any account was played in the same year at Montreal between the officers stationed there and the civilians. The then seemingly new game met with favour and soon there was not a garrison town, including Quebec, Halifax, Toronto, and Kingston, that could not boast of football clubs.

From 1865 down to the present time the game, except for a few years, during which the association or "Socker" game boasted an ascendancy in public favour, Rugby has gone on and prospered. At first the English style, with its "pack," or rather "scrum," flourished, but something like a quarter of a century ago certain changes were introduced that, at least from a Canadian point of view, considerably improved the game. The scrimmage was changed to three men and only one quarter-back, instead of two, was used. Three halves and a full-back composed the rear division, while seven forwards made up the attack. This

somewhat radical departure from the old order of things was much deplored by the veterans of the day, but the younger generation grasped at the opportunity to play a game that promised to be more to their liking, besides possessing a degree of individuality that sort of individualised the game and gave it a Canadian character or complexion. It marked an epoch in the game of Rugby in Canada and undoubtedly greatly increased its popularity. At the same period, or in 1883, the Ontario Rugby Union was formed and three years later came the Quebec Union. Nine years later, or in 1892, the Canadian Union was formed and an umpire introduced to assist the referee. The initial honours of the newly organised football dominion rested with Osgoode Hall—a team of giants who beat Montreal in the snow at Rosedale by 45 to 5. The "Limbs of the Law" were undoubtedly a grand aggregation and there are many old followers of the game who declare even to this day that no better team ever stepped on a field, but it is a way in and out of football and in and out of politics that conservatives have of thinking their methods and their side the best. But the Senkler boys, E. C. and J. H., both of whom were ex-captains of 'Varsity, Parkyn, who could boot the ball from one end of the field to the other, and "Jim" Smellie were undoubtedly Trojans in the field. In passing and tackling the team were exceptionally strong. It is related of J. H. Senkler that in this game he picked up a Montreal player and threw him into a snow-bank at one side of the field.

Queen's, Ottawa College, of which aggrega-



Argonaut Rugby Football Team, 1901—Senior Ontario Champions.

F. H. Thompson, Manager. Wes. Wilson. Geo. Strange. S. G. Langton. C. W. Darling. W. P. D. Hardesty. P. E. Henderson. G. D. A. Chadwick. A. H. E. Kent, Captain. C. O. DeLisle. E. P. Reiffenstein. P. E. Boyd. I. J. Ardab. J. A. Wright. R. H. Britton. Fred. Russell. R. H. Parmenter. W. H. Grant. D. M. King. C. F. Hill.



Montreal (7) and Hamilton (9) Match, Montreal, October 26th. This was one of the hardest matches of the year. The quarter-back has just passed the ball to the full-back.

Photograph by R. F. Smith.

tion Eddie Gleason, then only 19 years of age, was captain and the bright particular star, 'Varsity, for which J. L. Counsell shone brightly out and Rev. A. Forsythe Barr, "Biddy" of the olden days, but now a much respected clergyman of Whitby, was captain, were champions of Canada in the next three years. Many were the memorable contests these three competed in. Curtis was the justly renowned captain of Queen's of the time, and they were hot times, too. In fact, I am inclined to think that just about this period and a trifle later, Rugby football in Canada reached its zenith in popularity if not also in play. No spectator of the great and glorious struggle at Rosedale in '96, when Ottawa College won the final for the championship from 'Varsity, will forget the kicking duel in which Gleason and Counsell were the principals. Ottawa had the weight and 'Varsity the speed, but the ice-covered field prevented the blue and white utilising their activity and rapidity on this particular occasion. Counsell saved the day, time and time again, once carrying the ball out from behind his own line when surrounded by half a dozen easterners and following it up with a kick into touch at midfield. Despite the heroic efforts of 'Varsity's great half-back Ottawa won by 12 to 8, the victory being primarily due to the head-work of Gleason, who managed his team in a masterly way and invariably punted into unoccupied territory. As a matter of fact the supremacy of Ottawa in the Rugby arena for some four or five years was attributable in a great measure to one man, and that man was "Eddie" Gleason. Of seemingly frail physique, weighing somewhere around 135 or 140 lbs., although 5 feet 9 inches or 5 feet 10 inches in height, he was utterly fearless and could always be depended upon to stand up under the most severe punishment. Gleason played in Toronto in after years, but his old-time brilliancy had evidently departed.

The two Ottawa teams divided the national honours in Rugby football for seven years, until 1903, but they were hard pushed for it in 1901 by the Argonauts of Toronto, champions that year of the Ontario Rugby Union. Ottawa College won the Quebec championship and qualified to meet the oarsmen; but before this the Argos won twice from the redoubtable Rough Riders, both at home and abroad. The last game was probably one of the most strenuous ever played. Ottawa had never been beaten on their own grounds and it was deemed an impossibility that they would be made to bite the dust on this occasion. A win would mean a tie for first place and a play-off on neutral grounds. Nothing dismayed by defeat at Rosedale, the supporters of Ottawa offered odds of 100 to 65 and in several cases 2 to 1 on their chances. At that time the Argonauts had Ardagh at full back, Henderson, Darling and Hardisty as half-backs and Britton at quarter. "Joe" Wright, the grand old man of the game, "Banty" Russell, the little giant, and Phil Boyd formed the scrum. Ottawa as usual excelled in weight but in no other particular. Unlike that of the present declining months of the year, the weather was inclement and snow was on the ground. At first Ottawa had the best of the fray but in the second half the play was all in Ottawa

territory. It was a hard-fought match and the victors long afterwards showed signs of wear and tear. A week later the Argos and Ottawa College met in Montreal for the Dominion championship and the result was a tie at 12 to 12, but the oarsmen bitterly complained that they had been unjustly treated. Hardisty for the Argos made a run which culminated in a try and an apparent win of the game, but the touch-line judge claimed that Hardisty in clearing had run into touch and the afore-mentioned tie was the result. In the play-off a week later Ottawa won by 18 to 3, but it was a battered-up team that the fleecers-hunters were represented by.

No matches were played for the Dominion championship in 1903 and 1904 and then 'Varsity again came out uppermost, beating Ottawa City by 11 to 9. Last year the peerless Hamilton Tigers showed up in old-time form and beat McGill, the Inter-Collegiate champions, by 29 to 3.

Many alterations in the rules have been introduced during the last five years. The O.R.F.U. took up the snap-back game, Hamilton going through without a defeat. Neither the Quebec nor College Unions were idle in the meantime, both organisations practically adopting the same rules. Team were reduced from 15 to 14 men, the 10 yard rule was adopted and the regulations regarding the scrum were made more drastic. All the changes were intended to make the

game cleaner and more open and they certainly have had the desired effect. The past season saw the formation and the first games played of the Inter-Provincial League, comprising teams from Montreal, Ottawa, Hamilton, and the Argonauts of Toronto. Montreal managed to beat out Hamilton for the first championship of the new organisation by a narrow margin. Despite the defection of the Argos and Hamilton the O.R.F.U. passed a successful season, Peterboro winning premier honours from Westmount by 25 to 8.

Many incidents worth noting have occurred on the football field. Varsity once lost a close contest by the ball striking the uprights and falling back into the field, putting all their forwards off-side when a sure try was imminent. At Hamilton Burns of Osgoode Hall kicked a wet soggy ball on a field deep in mud, and in a tropical down-pour, clean from centre on the kick-off to the opposing goal, the pigskin just clearing the posts. Under the circumstances it was a wonderful kick. Hardisty, the crack half-back, saved two games for the Argonauts by overhauling Powers of Ottawa, after a long chase, when the latter had 20 yards start and a clear field. As a sprinter-punter Hardisty had no equal in his day.

Last season the Argos lost the championship to Hamilton when they had the game within their grasp. There was only two minutes to score and the Argonauts were in possession 20 yards out on the third down. The signal for a kick was given but Flett at centre-half hesitated momentarily, thinking that a drop-kick was intended and was tackled in his tracks. Had he kicked, at least one point would have been scored, but he failed and Hamilton subsequently won.

This year's football was not of exceptional quality, but Montreal's team, which won the Senior Championship of Ontario and Quebec was a strong team. In their match with the Peterboro team, senior O.R.F.U. champions, last Saturday, they won by the remarkable score of 72 to 10, probably a record for Canadian Rugby. Chaucer Elliott, their manager, will be remembered as a Queen's rugby and hockey star.

On the same day, the Parkdale Canoe Club won what is called the Junior Championship of Canada by defeating the Varsity Juniors by 16 to 0. They had previously won Ontario honours by defeating Hamilton III.

In the Intercollegiate Union, Ottawa College showed superiority over other college teams and won easily.

Few changes in the rules are being talked of as a result of the season's play with one exception. All the Unions are likely to reduce the value of goals from the field, a considerable number of these having been secured this year in a somewhat hollow fashion. The Intercollegiate Union has already moved in this direction and the Ontario Rugby Union is expected to follow at their annual meeting which takes place next week.



Toronto Football Club—winners of the O.R.F.U. Challenge Cup, 1883.

T. W. Thomas	J. A. McAndrew	A. H. Collins (Umpire)	W. R. Currie	V. Harris	P. Barton
R. C. C. Long	Hume Blake	A. H. Campbell, Jr. (Captain)	C. H. Duggan	L. Aldwell	A. G. Boyd
Oliver Morphy	V. Armstrong	H. P. Torrance	A. H. S. VanKoughnet		

# Messiter's Sister

The Strange Experience of a London Editor with a Psychic Contributor.

By HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL, Author of "Her Son," "A Face of Clay," and "The Hill."

I.

"MISS MESSITER wishes to see you, sir."

"Miss—Messiter?"

"The sister of the late Mr. John Messiter, sir. She asked me to mention that."

"Oh! Show Miss Messiter in."

"Yes, sir."

The office boy vanished. Adrian Steele stared at the ceiling. In his mind's eye was John Messiter, that queer youth whose wares he, as literary purveyor, had offered to the British public. In more senses than one young Messiter had proved an unknown quantity. And now his sister was coming upstairs to ask, perhaps, for money, or help of some sort. Adrian wondered what Messiter's sister would be like.

When he looked down she was standing before him. So quietly had she entered, that he was unaware how long she had stood in front of his desk. He rose, offering a chair and an apology. "I beg your pardon for startling you," she said.

He flushed slightly, for she had startled him—an experience so novel as to be embarrassing. He withdrew his eyes from a face which remained vividly impressed upon his mind. As he had expected, Messiter's sister was no common type. She presented the always remarkable contrast of soft light hair surmounting dark eyes and brows and lashes. Adrian often boasted that he could read faces, but this face was undecipherable. One might hazard a guess that the owner of it had suffered either in mind or body, possibly in both. Serenity informed the mouth; the voice had soothing inflections; no trepidation betrayed the suppliant. At the same time, Messiter's sister wore shabby clothes, although they became her vastly well. Her gloves were darned; her veil had been carefully mended; her hat could not have cost more than a few shillings.

"What can I do for you?" said Adrian.

"I have brought a manuscript."

"Of your own?" Unconsciously he assumed the editorial tone.

"Of my brother's."

"I should like to see it very much. Your brother, Miss Messiter, did good work; it had quality. Had he lived, he would have made an enduring mark." She bowed quietly, holding out the manuscript, which Adrian took. Then, with a certain hesitation alien to him, he said:

"Have you offered this elsewhere?"

"No; he wished me to offer it to you first."

"But—pray pardon me!—Mr. Messiter died more than six months ago, and—"

"I could not bring it before."

Adrian turned over the first page. The title of the manuscript, a short story, arrested his attention. Messiter had the knack of finding arresting titles. He turned another page. Yes, yes; this was a piece of Messiter's work—he recognised the brand immediately.

"I'm sure to want this," he said pleasantly. "And in view of the fact that this is your brother's last piece of work—"

"There may be more," said Miss Messiter, displaying for the first time an unmistakable nervousness.

"Indeed! You have come upon a bundle of manuscripts—eh? I hope you will give us the first refusal of all of them." Again his tone became professional. "Would you let me see everything? I'm not prepared to say now what terms we could offer, but if you will trust me—"

"John said I could trust you."

Adrian's keen eyes softened.

"I'll read this at once and write to

you. Will you send me the other manuscripts?"

"I'll bring them—later. Could you—would you"—her voice for the first time quavered—"p—p—pay for this on acceptance? It's not customary, I know, but—"

"You shall have a cheque to-morrow if it proves available. It is almost sure to prove available."

Miss Messiter gave an address in Bloomsbury, and then took her leave. Adrian had a thousand matters clamouring for attention, but he fell into a reverie, staring at the manuscript on his desk. Presently, he picked it up and read it through with ever-increasing interest. He told himself it was the best thing poor Messiter had done—a sort of swan song. Yet the sister had spoken of others. He seized his pen, filled in a cheque, and despatched it by a special messenger.

"She might be in distress," he murmured. "If Messiter knew that—"

With an effort he dismissed from his mind such speculation. Men said that Adrian was hard-headed; hard-hearted also, added the women. Undeniably, he had proved himself a shrewd and able editor of a famous magazine. Life seemed to him a simple affair, because so far he had made no serious mistakes in it. He had worked; he made others work. He had educated a younger brother, who was doing well at the bar. His friends were workers; men with definite aims and ambitions, who measured success with the world's footrule. For the rest, he was generous, honourable, fearless, and an uncompromising enemy of humbug.

During the next twenty-four hours his thoughts turned with exasperating frequency to Messiter and Messiter's sister. He was sensible of an inordinate curiosity. He had talked with Messiter several times without getting below the surface. The man whom he had wished to know more intimately, revealed himself in his work as an Idealist. His stories, for instance, as Adrian had pointed out in a short obituary notice, were distinguished by an aerial delicacy of tint and texture. Messiter soared—that was the word—into an empyrean beyond the clouds. Adrian had never left the solid earth.

Miss Messiter acknowledged the receipt of the

cheque, but she made no mention of her brother's other MSS.—an omission which Adrian resented. When the proof was sent to her, the editor asked for an interview; the proof, carefully revised, reached him next day in an envelope which contained nothing else. Adrian told himself that he felt "cheap." None the less, in the interests of his magazine, he must try to secure Messiter's unpublished stuff. He called upon the sister at the address she gave him. Miss Messiter, as a slattern of a servant informed him, was "not at home." The hussy had her tongue in her cheek and an insolent grin on her face. Adrian walked away thoroughly out of temper, because hitherto he had run on no fools' errands.

The story, when published, challenged controversy. A famous divine wrote to "The Times." A man of science answered his letter; other letters followed. But, inevitably, interest in Messiter and in Messiter's ideas waned and vanished.

Six months passed. And then, one afternoon, Messiter's sister called again at the office. Adrian greeted her coldly. Indeed, he told himself that only a strong sense of duty to his employer justified him in seeing a woman who had treated him so cavalierly. Her appearance, however, thawed resentment. The poor lady looked thin and ill; the lines upon her face had perceptibly deepened.

"Why did you not come before?" said Adrian.

"I had nothing to bring," she faltered.

As Adrian was staring at her, she held out another manuscript about the same size as the first. Adrian took it with a smile, curiously compounded of derision, amusement, and sympathy.

"They kept it six months, did they—and then returned it?"

Miss Messiter raised a pair of large, perplexed eyes to his.

"Who kept it?" she demanded.

"Confess," he said, lightly, "that you sent this to some other editor. I dare say you thought our cheque was not quite large enough—eh? But it was larger than any your brother received in his lifetime—"

"The cheque was for a sum much larger than I expected," she interrupted. "I have not sent this anywhere. I brought it to you first."

Adrian tried—very unsuccessfully—to conceal his impatience.

"My dear Miss Messiter, I beg pardon, but, on my soul, your—your procrastination is no ha'penny matter. You must know that your brother's work excited a demand for more—a demand only sustained and increased by supply. That is the A B C of success in letters. Commercially speaking, this manuscript—which, mark you, I've not looked at yet—would have been worth just twice as much to us four months ago. Be frank with me. Why did you not answer my notes?"

"I had nothing to bring," she repeated, in the same faltering tone.

"This must have been in your possession then?"

She made no answer.

"I regret that I saw so little of your brother. What I did see interested me profoundly. He told you to trust me. Why do you not do so?"

"I—I couldn't. You musn't ask me questions."

Adrian bit his lip. The face opposite was piteous in its expression of entreaty; and yet who could doubt that this woman needed a friend? Who could resist the temptation to help a creature so young, so forlorn, so unfitted to withstand the buffets of the world? Adrian walked to the window. When he turned his voice



"I am sure to want this," he said pleasantly.

Drawn by C. W. Jefferys.

(Continued on page 20)

# LIFE'S CHEQUERBOARD

By Helen Wallace



## CHAPTER I.



**B**USINESS! That for your business!" snapping her withered fingers briskly. "I don't believe a word of it. You and Mr. Dalmahoy have been at it all day, Richard. No, no; you only want to get rid of Lesley and me, that you may have a better crack, and fancy yourselves Rick and

Dick together again. I don't altogether hold with the way women are setting themselves forward nowadays—"

"That is because you have had your own way all your life, Aunt Mary," put in the tall girl through whose round, young arm old Lady Marchmont had slipped one heavily-ringed hand, though the erect little figure seemed no more in need of the support of her grandniece than of the stout ebony cane on which she rested her other hand.

As they stood side by side, each was an admirable foil to the other, a study in black and white, in youth and age, though the two men were probably too familiar with the sight to note the piquant contrast. The old lady, with her high features and high-bred face, was worn indeed, but yet unconquered by the years which had passed in storm and sunshine over the white head, still bravely carried under the softening fall of lace which flowed down and mingled with her fluttering scarves and voluminous black draperies. The keen old eyes which had seen so many changes, youth and love and friends passing away, still looked out with zest upon life, well-nigh as ready to encounter and to relish fresh experiences as the girl beside her to whom all things were yet new.

The tall, youthful figure at her side seemed to gain in height from the straight, simple folds of her white gown, sharply accented against Lady Marchmont's floating laces and gauzes, and still more from the fine poise and carriage of her head and shoulders, which with every firm and shapely line of form and limb spoke of an open-air life and abundant exercise. A touch of colour was supplied by the ruddy gleam in the thick brown hair, which had its complement in the quick spark which roused anger or wakened humour could kindle in her eyes, while the white sheen of the single row of fine pearls, her only ornament, encircled a neck as white as they.

Best of all, none could be insensible to the frank sincerity of the brown eyes, or to the charm of her smile, when the young, red mouth relaxed to such bewitching curves. If anything were lacking to give complete harmony to feature and expression, it might be that touch of softness which womanhood brings when fully awakened, though in her twenty-third year Lesley considered that she was a woman indeed, and that she had left the things of youth behind. Was she not her uncle's right hand within doors and without, while she extended a kindly protection towards her old grand-aunt which caused Lady Marchmont an occasional sly, secret smile.

She smiled that smile now, as she said:

"I get as much of my own way now as you care to allow me,

my dear, but if once on a day I ever did get it, it was because I knew very well when and how to take it; but"—with a dry laugh—"I'll believe in the independence of women, and all the rest of it, when we can shut men's mouths with that one word 'buisness' as effectually as they do ours now. Eh, I know what you are thinking, Richard," with a twinkle in her keen, dark eyes, while her nephew, Mr. Richard Skene, advanced with old-fashioned courtesy to bow the two ladies out. "You're thinking that it hasn't shut one old woman's mouth over well. Maybe not—maybe not—" She paused.

The wide stream of light from the opened door poured into the dusk of the great hall without and fell upon a picture, barely seen by daylight in its obscure corner. It was a portrait of a young man, dark, gallant, winsome, a face which would easily awaken smiles, but which might leave tears behind when it was turned away. The hard brightness of the old woman's eyes suddenly dimmed as they rested upon it.

"Then there's one bit of business I wish you would reconsider, Richard," she exclaimed impetuously. "It's he you can't forgive, rather than his son," with a slight gesture towards the portrait. Then her eyes sought her nephew's face. "How much longer are you to visit the sins of the fathers upon the children? If it is Christian not to let the sun go down on your wrath, is it wise to let another year and another come to an end—?"

"Pardon me, my dear lady, that bit of business is finally settled," broke in Mr. Skene in a tone from which there was no appeal. He seemed in no way ruffled by Lady Marchmont's sudden attack. "Lesley, you are allowing your aunt to stand in the draught," he added.

The heavy door closed behind the two women with a click, which, like Mr. Skene's frigid tones, seemed to convey a sense of finality. The portrait sank back into the shadow again. Lady Marchmont leaned a little more heavily upon Lesley's arm as they crossed the hall, which, beyond the radius of the fire-glow and the lamp-light, lay in an amber dusk.

"Say it out, Lesley," she said bitterly. "Say

that I gave you a fine example just now of how and when to get your own way. Truly there is no fool like an old fool, and I was a fool to speak to Richard as I did, but somehow the sudden sight of the dear lad's face made me speak."

"Fill your glass, Dalmahoy," said Mr. Skene, coming back to the table. He had closed the door, as his friend and lawyer's quick perceptions had noted, with more haste than usually characterised his somewhat precise ways and movements, as if to shut out definitely the thoughts which Lady Marchmont's sudden appeal might have awakened. But when he had followed his guest's example, he let his wine stand untasted and gazed absently before him.

The dining-room at Strode was one of the show places of the county. It was panelled not with oak, but with fine old mahogany, the costly whim of a former laird in the days when Scotland was striving to open a trade with the West Indies. By day most people pronounced it a gloomy room, in spite of its long range of windows opening on the south terrace. But by night it was transformed. The flames racing up the wide chimney were reflected from the glossy, satin-smooth surface of the panelling in ruby gleams, the hue of rare old wine, while the whole room was steeped in a warm, crimson haze, which threw into high relief the white damask, the flowers, and silver upon the table, and the faces of the two men seated at it in luxurious ease to all seeming.

But there was little content in the look of the owner of all this warmth and comfort. His face was a type of one cast of Scottish countenance to which the high forehead and the high cheekbones give a look of unusual length, which is increased by a long upper lip and the firm set of the mouth. Just now Mr. Skene's lips were so tightly drawn that the closed mouth might have seemed little more than the gash of an old wound. From the few excellent portraits which were allowed to break the dusky splendour of the walls, faces not unlike that of their descendant looked down, but they were full of shrewd, kindly humour, of high courage, and abundant capacity. On the face of their successor, in this moment of forgetfulness and unconscious self-revelation, there was stamped only the abiding bitterness of life-long disappointment.

On Richard Skene the fates had lavished every gift, save that crowning one of the power to enjoy them. So Dalmahoy was perhaps thinking, as the silence grew, and the sight of his friend's face took the flavour from the wine which he had been supping with slow appreciation. The man was as white as parchment, the professional simile coming naturally to his mind, but it was not that which chiefly disturbed him. He set down his glass.

"Skene," he said, "I'm your lawyer, and in that capacity you can silence me when you like, but we were boys to gether, Rick and Dick to one another, as Lady Marchmont says, and I want you to let me speak to you as Dick, and not as the senior partner of Messrs. Sinclair, Dalmahoy, and Ferrier, W.S."

Mr. Skene started slightly, the thin, pallid lips parted in a sudden smile, which showed how happiness might have altered his face.

"I've stood a good deal from Dick," he said; "more than I would have taken from any other man. Say what you like, except upon one subject; but don't be sentimental."

(To be continued.)

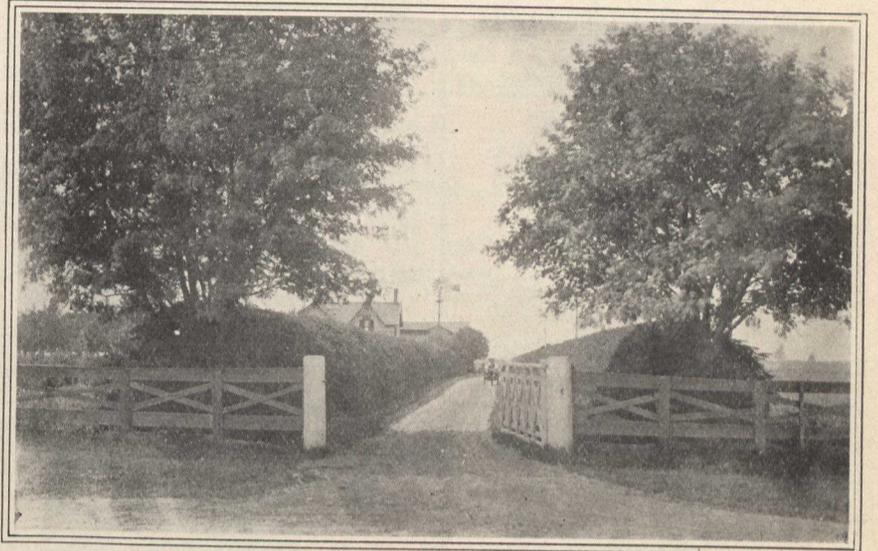


".....her nephew, Mr. Richard Skene, advanced with old-fashioned courtesy to bow the two ladies out....."

# COUNTRY LIFE IN CANADA



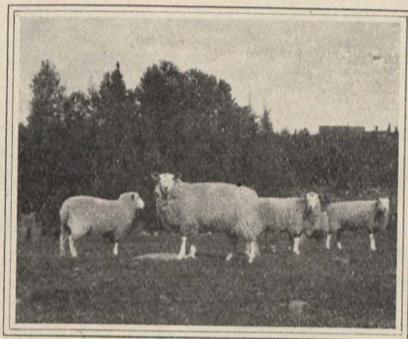
A Yardful of Jersey Cattle



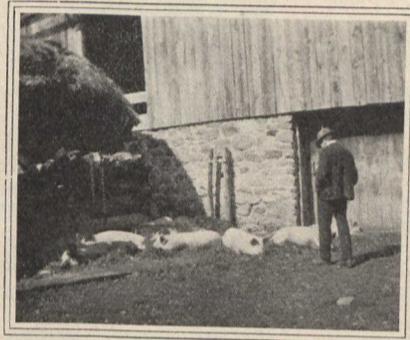
An Artistic Driveway.



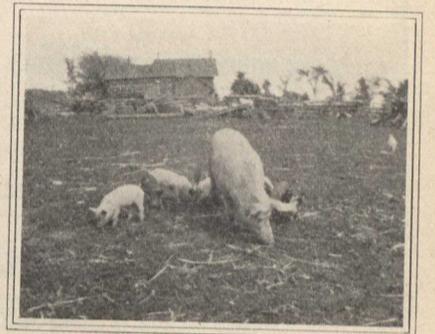
A Siesta.



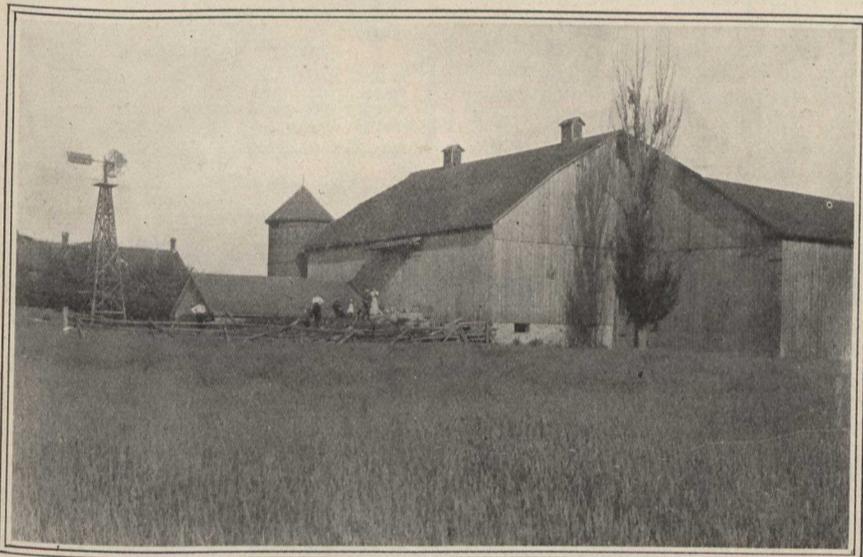
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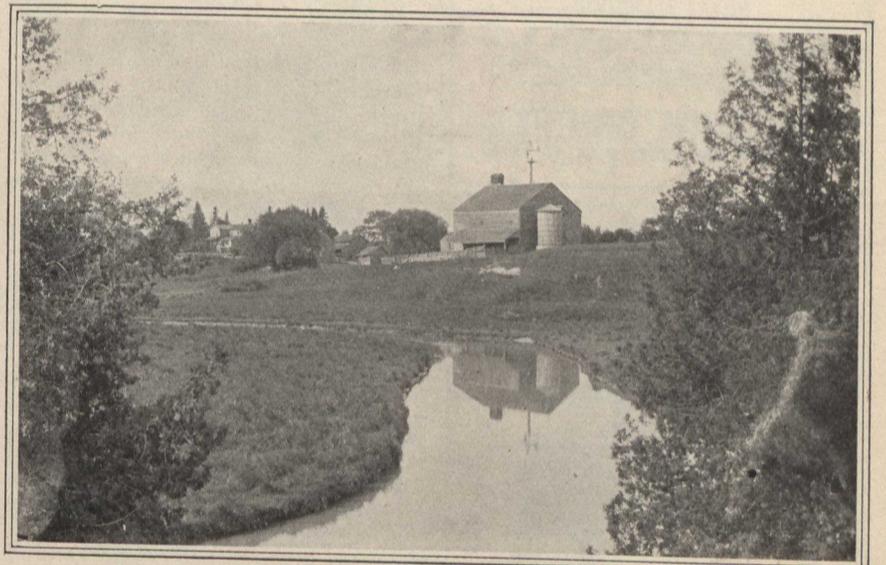
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## Storiettes

### A MISSING OFFICER.

PAT had a new job which necessitated his getting up an hour or so earlier every morning, so he borrowed his landlady's alarm clock. The first couple of mornings everything went fine, the clock doing its duty, but on the third morning it did not ring and Pat slept sweetly on till long past nine o'clock. Finally the sun shining in his eyes awakened him, and one glance at the clock confirmed his worst fears. He threw the clock with all his strength against the wall, smashing it to bits.

"Bad cess to you and your alarms," he said. "'Tis me that has alarms for me job."

Then instantly regretting his hasty action he stooped down to gather up the pieces, when among the dislodged springs and wheels he discovered a roach stiff and cold in death.

"Sure," he said, "it's unreasonable I am. How could I expect the thing to work when the engineer was dead?"

\* \* \*

### INFORMATION FOR FOOLS.

THESE are just a few of the things which inquiring readers send through the mails.

Katie: "Will you kindly tell me what kind of costume to wear when calling on the widow of a red-haired prize-fighter? Also tell me what is good for weak eye-brows. Would you think from my writing that I have the artistic temperament? Who is your favourite poet? What kind of home do you think I would make for the right man?"

In answer to last question, see Sherman's definition of war. Wear an iridescent foulard, trimmed with recherche touches of panne velvet in any of the new shades in making the alleged call. As much ink as you can put on a dollar-bill is excellent for infirm eye-brows. Yes, you have a perfect peach of a temperament judging from the way you curl your commas. Ella Heeler Woolsocks is my favourite poet. Her "Vapours in Vice" is a lovely thing to read to your maiden aunt on Sunday afternoons. Write again, any old time.

Dorothy: "It must be lovely to be a newspaper woman. Are you a man? I should like to know how many of my husband's cards I should leave in calling on the mother of an archdeacon? Do you know anything that is good for falling hair? Sometimes my husband pulls out a handful of my raven locks when he comes home a little late. Do you suppose this is bad for the roots? And will you kindly tell me how to make a daisy chain? I know this information has been in, half a hundred times, but I have mislaid my copy of the paper."

No, I am not a man. You may tell me your inmost thoughts. I think I should leave the ten of hearts and the two of spades. You might ask your husband not to drag you around by the hair. It is very bad for the scalp. I am sorry not to be able to give you information about the daisy chain but the specialist who used to write the directions has lately gone to the lunatic asylum. Do write soon again. I love to hear from people who have Beautiful Thoughts.

ANNABELLE.

\* \* \*

### A DESPERATE COURSE.

AN Orangeman tells this story of a district near St. Thomas where there were two parishes of the Roman Catholic Church which were to be made into one. It was finally

decided that a church was to be built in Parish B and Father O'Brien approached Michael Doherty of Parish A with a subscription list.

"Nivir a cint will I give," said Michael stubbornly. In vain did the worthy priest plead and exhort. Michael would have nothing to do with the hated location. At last, Father O'Brien's patience was exhausted and he hinted darkly that there might be a force applied to Michael's stubbornness which would lead to a loosening of purse-strings.

"Nivir!" repeated Michael firmly. "Before I'd give a cint to that church, I'd join the Methodists and go to hell with them."

\* \* \*

### NOT EXACTLY.

WILLIE MAYBURN has lately begun to take an interest in nature study and such diversions. His father, wishing to encourage his small son, asked him recently: "My boy, what is a biped?"

Willie looked thoughtful for a moment, then exclaimed: "It's a gentleman with two wives."

\* \* \*

### ONE TOO MANY.

A STREET-CAR in charge of a newly appointed Irish conductor had just left the car-barn for the down-town run. Before it had proceeded many blocks it was boarded by an inspector. This official, after a glance at the register and the occupants of the car, asked, in surprise: "Why, O'Flaherty, how's this? You have seven passengers, and the register shows but six fares rung up."

"Begorra, is that so?" puzzled the green conductor. Then instantly a happy solution of the difficulty struck him. "Git out o' here, wan o' yez!" he shouted. "There's wan too many o' yez on this car!"

\* \* \*

### A WISE EDITOR.

THE musician was visibly annoyed. "But, hang it all," he said, "I told your reporter three or four times over that the violin I used was a genuine Stradivarius, and here in his report this morning there's not a word, not a word."

With a scornful laugh the editor replied:

"That is as it should be, sir. When Mr. Stradivarius gets his fiddle advertised in this paper under two dollars a line, you come around and let me know."—Southwestern's Book.

\* \* \*

### ONLY ONE.

"AT the unveiling of Rodin's bust of Henley in Westminster Abbey," said a New York editor, "a number of good stories were told about the great poet."

"H. G. Wells praised Henley's conduct of the 'New Review.' Of course, this periodical failed, yet it was undoubtedly the best edited magazine of the last century. In it Henley introduced to the world new writers of such distinction as Joseph Conrad, Kenneth Grahame, W. B. Yeats, Mr. Wells himself and so on.

"One day as Mr. Wells and Henley stood in the office of the magazine, discussing rather sadly its gloomy prospects, a funeral went by with slow pace.

"Henley leaned out of the window and looked at the funeral anxiously. Then he turned to his companion and said with a worried frown:

"'Can that be our subscriber?'"—Washington Star.

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Trains run between Deseronto and Napanee as follows:—

Leave Deseronto at 1.00 a. m., 1.40 a. m., 5.55 a. m., 7.00 a. m., 7.20 a. m., 9.50 a. m., 11.30 a. m., 12.40 p. m., 12.55 p. m., 3.45 p. m., 6.10 p. m., 7.40 p. m.

Leave Napanee at 2.20 a. m., 3.30 a. m., 6.30 a. m., 6.35 p. m., 7.55 a. m., 10.30 a. m., 12.05 p. m., 1.20 p. m., 11.00 a. m., 4.30 p. m., 6.50 p. m., 8.15 p. m.

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# British Gossip



Miss Nancy Lycett Green, the fiancée of Mr. Adrian Rose, of the Blues.

THE discussion of feminine beauty is a matter which extends beyond the silly season. The latest remark on the subject is to the effect that a handsome Englishwoman in a French gown is a delightful object for contemplation. The vote which resulted in a popular decision for Lady Beatrice Pole-Carew as the most beautiful woman in the kingdom, placed two members of the theatrical profession among the chosen few. The ladies of the lime-light are securing several of the matrimonial prizes of the aristocracy, the latest rumour being that Miss Billie Burke, who is now playing in New York with Mr. John Drew, is to become the bride of a peer. Mr. Beerbohm Tree's daughter is another theatrical star to win the attention of the son of an earl. But there are other weddings into which the dramatic element does not actually enter. Miss Nancy Lycett Green, grand-daughter of Sir Edward Green, is one of the fair brides-elect in whom the London public is interested and in graceful charm she is said to be unsurpassed by any of the

more conspicuous "demoiselles" of the season. The coming-of-age of several young noblemen (among them, Lord Dundonald's heir) has rather obscured the importance of the autumn weddings.

\* \* \*

THOSE who regarded the House of Bourbon as a departed glory must have been rather startled by the lavish display which attended the marriage of Princess Louise of Orleans to Prince Charles of Bourbon at Wood Norton, on the hillside sloping down to the Avon. If a prophet had whispered to Louis XIV. that descendants of his race would find their happiest home in rural England, the Great Monarch would doubtless have laughed. The lover of pageants, or the student of French history, might have felt a thrill of dramatic pleasure as the royal flag of France, not the new tricolour, gleamed above the copper beeches near an old English home. The Mayor and Corporation of Evesham presented to the bride a painting by Alfred Parsons, A.R.A., of her English residence in its autumn setting.

\* \* \*

ONCE more has the voice of the suffragette been heard in the land. Now that the danger of a railway strike is over and Mr. Lloyd-George is the hero of the hour, the Government might take heart again, were it not for these fussy females who are a terror to the Cabinet Minister when he takes a drive abroad. The suffragettes have fallen out among themselves and pulled each other's hair with vicious intensity over the vexed question of who shall be leader while mocking man has stood afar and laughed loudly. But they have united once more to torment such politicians as Mr. McKenna and Hon. Augustine Birrell by interrupting meetings until the distinguished speakers retire from the fray. These noisy members of the gentle sex have so far relied on the unwillingness of the masculine hearers to eject them by main force.

\* \* \*

MR. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW has perpetrated his annual "shocker" in the form of a laudation of polygamy which he has sent to the "Times." The British Public, however, has refused to be horrified and hold up scandalised hands in protest. It holds its sides instead and assures the rash dramatist that he is a great humourist. In fact, the public utterly declines to take Mr. Shaw seriously and regards with mild amusement even the indecencies of "A Doctor's Dilemma" and "Mrs. Warren's Profession." It would be a duller world without this socialistic vegetarian with his diatribes against monogamy. In the meantime, let us hope that Mrs. George Bernard Shaw is possessed of a sense of humour and is disposed to regard her wayward "pardner" as an exceedingly clever mountebank whose tricks are seldom less than diverting.

\* \* \*

THE recent agitation against the dramatic Censor, Mr. Redford, has not been shared by the theatrical managers who have, indeed, favoured the much-discussed official whose hand must be weary of holding the blue pencil. It is said that the managers considered it would be infinitely better to have a man of some sensibility in such a position than to suffer from the forbidding decrees of the police or a County Councillor. Mr. Redford's chief offence, in the eyes of the literary coterie clamouring for his resignation in a charger, seems to be the refusal of "Ghosts" and "Monna Vanna," either of which is hardly necessary to the enjoyment of life.

\* \* \*

LORD LYVEDEN, whose "personally conducted" tours were the fashion several years ago, and who was fond of having colonial acquaintances in his party, was recently decorated by the Kaiser with the second-class Royal Prussian Order of the Crown. Lord Lyveden was plain Mr. Courtney Percy Vernon, and, twenty years ago, his attaining a title seemed very uncertain. But his uncle, the second baron, died childless, and in 1900 Mr. Vernon suddenly found himself counted among the peerage. He had led a variegated and picturesque existence abroad, having been a soldier, an actor, a ship's steward, a waiter and a nurseryman. In the last named calling, he invented a new brand of tomato called the P. V. (Percy Vernon) which proved a success. He has been in a shipwreck, has had yellow fever, and experienced an earthquake excitement. Lord Lyveden has been in Canada more than once and is enthusiastic about the Western sport.

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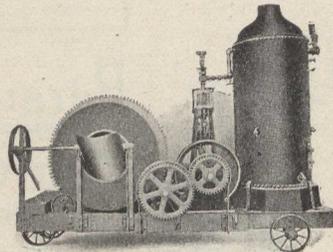
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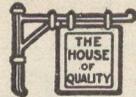
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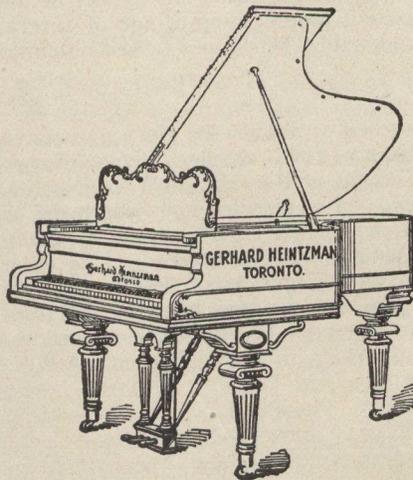
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**Music and Drama**

**A**T a meeting of the Executive Committee of His Excellency's Musical and Dramatic Trophy Competition, which will take place at Ottawa during the week commencing February 24th, 1908, it was decided to throw the competition open to the whole of Canada irrespective of the provinces. The committee reserves the right to reduce the number of entries from any one city or province in case the total number of entries exceeds the number which can be conveniently handled during the week of the competition in Ottawa. All entries, therefore, instead of being forwarded to the chairman of the province, may be sent in future to Mr. F. C. T. O'Hara, the Honorary Secretary at Ottawa. The two handsome trophies, at present held by Winnipeg and Quebec, are again to be offered to the two companies which, in the opinion of the judges, best fulfil the conditions of the competition. It is to be regretted that the season of the competition and the superb distances of our Dominion make it difficult for British Columbia to send companies. There is good dramatic and musical talent in Victoria and Vancouver.

**T**HE National Chorus concerts to be given at Massey Hall, Toronto, on December 16th and 17th promise to be events of unusual interest even for Dr. Ham's well-conducted organisation. The New York Symphony Orchestra of seventy-five pieces under Mr. Walter Damrosch will form the assisting attraction whose excellence Canada has proved by experience. Mr. Francis Rogers, baritone, and Mr. Kelly Cole, tenor, have artistic records which assure the public of excellent interpretation, while Miss Helen Davies, of Peterborough, soprano soloist, is vividly remembered by those who heard her sing in the National Chorus concerts of two years ago. Her solo work in Sir Frederick Bridge's setting of Mr. Kipling's "The Flag of England" was especially fine. Among the prominent numbers on the programme are "The Death of Minnehaha," by Coleridge-Taylor, Bishop's "Now Tramp O'er Moss and Fell," Sir Hubert Parry's "The Pied Piper of Hamelin," and Sir Villiers Stanford's "Sea Songs."

**"T**HE Two Crowns," a drama in five acts, was recently presented by the Dramatic Section of St. Anthony's Young Men's Club at the Monument National, Montreal. Rev. Father Thomas Heffernan and a large number of the city clergy were



Miss Stella Patrick, who acts as Stage Manager for her distinguished mother, Mrs. Patrick Campbell.

present. This sort of amateur theatricals is a form of entertainment which young men's clubs throughout the country might well indulge in.



Miss Helen Davies of Peterborough, assisting soloist at the National Chorus Concerts, December 16th and 17th.

**T**HE Walker Theatre, Winnipeg, has Miss Adelaide Thurston for the first four days of this week in the agreeable and enlivening play, "The Girl from Out Yonder," a drama quite suited to the piquant ability of the leading actress. On Friday and Saturday of this week the great Kubelik gives recitals in the Walker Theatre, when a large attendance from outside districts, as well as from the city, may be expected.

**A** PLAY is to be put on next term at Toronto University, probably about the end of March, under the auspices of the English Literature Club formed last year under the influence of Dr. Wallace. "At the King's Threshold," one of Mr. W. B. Yeats' Irish dramas, has been chosen. Mr. R. S. Pigott has undertaken the direction of the work and the training of the players. The work of preparation will begin before the Christmas vacation. The play is to be presented in Convocation Hall.

**T**HE recent appearance of Paderewski in Canadian cities was marked by scenes of enthusiasm such as even this Polish genius has not evoked before in Montreal or Toronto. His playing this year was not marked by the occasional frenzied pounding which made his programmes of 1905 over-strenuous. The magnetic power of Paderewski was felt more electrically than ever before and the audience, which filled Massey Music Hall, Toronto, on Wednesday of last week and would not be satisfied with less than four encores after the last programme number had been played, was fairly spell-bound with the ravishing beauty of his Chopin interpretation. It must be admitted that Paderewski's own composition, "Variations and Fugue, Op. 23" was cumbersome material, marvellous though its technical achievement may have been. Beethoven's "Sonata, Op. 27, No. 1, E flat," was a flawless piece of poetic execution, while of the Schubert-Liszt group the dramatic dynamics of "Erlking" was most tempestuously effective. The Chopin etudes were bits of gossamer, to whose fairy tissue went a lifetime of weaving, and as the last notes of wizardry died away, many a verdict went: "There is but one Paderewski."

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**MESSITER'S SISTER**

(Continued from page 13)

had lost its authority, and gained, instead, a persuasiveness infinitely more eloquent.

"I wish to be your friend. Let me help you, if I can. I'm not blind. You are in straits. You are alone—"

"What is it you wish to know?" she asked.

"That is better. We are beginning to understand each other. What do I want to know? Well, to begin with, the truth concerning these mysterious manuscripts. That last one, for instance—when was it written?"

Adrian sat down again at his desk. He leaned forward, as he spoke, gazing straight into the eyes of his visitor.

"If I tell you the truth you will not believe it."

His glance became compassionate, magnanimous, intensely sympathetic. Amongst what manner of people had she lived of late that she should thus answer him?

"I ask you to trust me, Miss Messiter. You must feel that I trust you. I am not putting these questions out of idle curiosity."

She looked positively hunted as she replied: "That last story was written the day before I brought it to you."

"Written out," he corrected. "But the rough copy—"

"There was none."

"I beg pardon—"

"It was dictated—communicated, if you prefer the word—by my brother."

Adrian stared at her, confounded. "Communicated by your brother John, who died a year ago?"

"Yes."

"And this," Adrian tapped the manuscript beneath his hand, "was also, I presume, communicated by him to you?"

"Yes; the day before yesterday."

Adrian withdrew his eyes from her face, which was delicately flushed. Two hypotheses occurred to him. Either this girl was crazy, or else she had written the stories signed John Messiter herself; the second seemed the likelier of the two.

"I'm going to have my tea, Miss Messiter. May I order some for you?"

"Thank you. You are very kind," she replied. Then, as he gave the order through the telephone, she added, quietly, "What an amazing discovery this wireless telegraphy is!"

"Yes," said Adrian, eyeing her intently.

"Telepathy, too—you believe in that, Mr. Steele?"

"Some of the experiments recorded have been remarkable," he admitted.

"But you *don't* believe what I told you just now," she said softly, meeting his somewhat confused glance with a smile. Adrian found himself trying to analyse the smile. Was it wistful, derisive, sad, or superior?"

"If you would tell me a little more. Come—begin at the beginning. Did you live with your brother? Did you share his ambitions?"

"Yes," she said quietly. "We were twins, orphans, and everything to each other."

Adrian stared at the pattern of the office carpet, because tears lay in the eyes of Messiter's sister. Sensible that she was struggling with a desire to speak, to give her sorrow words, he found himself strenuously willing that she should speak fully, without any reserves, to him, a stranger. More; he had a conviction that her hesitation, her modesty, were thrall to his will, that in an inexplicable fashion the barriers that must exist between them were crumbling. When she spoke again her voice had changed. It had become the voice of an automaton: articulate, but cold, measured, lacking in inflection and modulation.

(To be concluded next week)

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# Literary Notes

## THE LAST ROBIN.

THE publication of a volume of verse by Ethelwyn Wetherald is a pleasing event to all interested in Canadian letters. Miss Wetherald has a genuine lyric note which finds expression in songs, which, like the Irish poet's harp, have a wild sweetness all their own. In the prefatory note the author says: "Nearly one-half of the within poems appear in book form now for the first time; the rest are selected from previously published volumes."

The greater portion of this latest book is devoted to lyrics which are followed by a collection of twenty-nine sonnets. There is a lucid directness of expression in the former which finds its most valiant utterance in "My Orders," a poem which appeared in "Varsity" several years ago.

"My orders are to fight.  
Then if I bleed, or fail,  
Or strongly win, what matters it?  
God only doth prevail.

"The servant craveth naught  
Except to serve with might.  
I was not told to win or lose,—  
My orders are to fight."

The Canadian poet's love for the life of outdoors breathes in these brave songs. But Miss Wetherald is not content with mere sensuous enjoyment of the blue sky of spring or the acrid vigour of burning autumn glories. She finds in nature the strength and solace which only a strong nature can gather from mountains, streams or spreading elms, for Coleridge was right when he said:

"O Lady, we receive but what we give  
And in our life alone doth Nature live."

The quatrain is a jewel four lines long which requires dainty craftsmanship. Mr. William Watson, of all poets of this generation, has succeeded in bringing the most delicate skill to this verse of the lapidary. Miss Wetherald gives us several fine-faceted specimens of this carefully-wrought form.

"He failed in all he strove to do;  
Then, when his life was over,  
Out of his bitter heart there grew  
A lucky four-leaved clover."

The sonnet, that sweetness or subtlety packed in fourteen lines, is a form of poetry in which Miss Wetherald gives us some of her rarest work. "Tangled in Stars" has been selected by several critics as her most musical sonnet achievement. But "At Waking" is the one which you may find repeating itself most persistently with its haunting, wistful note of human regret:

"When I shall go to sleep and wake again  
At dawning in another world than this,  
What will atone to me for all I miss?  
The light melodious footsteps of the rain,  
The press of leaves against my window-pane,  
The sunset wistfulness and morning bliss,  
The moon's enchantment, and the twilight kiss  
Of winds that wander with me through the lane.

Will not my soul remember evermore  
The earthly winter's hunger for the spring,  
The wet sweet cheek of April, and the rush  
Of roses through the summer's open door;  
The feelings that the scented woodlands bring  
At evening with the singing of the thrush?"

"The Last Robin" is a volume containing much that is true poetry, the melodious utterance of a gifted nature which finds the Forest of Arden, even in the crude Canada which is in so great a hurry to build railways, work mines and become very, very rich. These lyrics and sonnets are such as will be read again by the light of a red winter fire or the lingering gleam of a June twilight. They may even go with you on an August holiday and be in harmony with the ripples of a northern lake. And what better fate could poet desire?  
Toronto: William Briggs.

## CHRISTMAS CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

THE year 1907 will hardly be celebrated in the literary history of the country. The number of books is large, but none of them stand out as striking literary achievements. Even the "Canadian Magazine" has published little that is striking, though much that has been entertaining. The Christmas number of that periodical is, however, quite literary in tone and contains contributions which reflect the literary life of this new people. The place of honour is assigned to Sir James Le Moine, the veteran French-Canadian author. Sir James writes better in French than in English, but it is through his writings that Canada has become familiar with the folk-lore and local history of the province in which he has lived since February 25th, 1825. Sir Gilbert Parker is represented by a short story, Wilfred Campbell by a poem, and Louis Frechette by an inadequate bit of folk-lore. The gem of the issue is a play by Charles Gordon Rogers, a writer with much art but a slightly earthy imagination. This is one of his best conceptions. Our good old friend, Judge Savary of Annapolis, tells of Col. Fanning again in the scholarly way which is characteristic of the Sage of Annapolis Royal. Dr. Colquhoun has an admirable review of Justin Smith's book on the campaign against Canada, done in that fresh, crisp, good-natured style which makes Dr. Colquhoun's articles seem all too brief. Mr. Acland's "Current Events," and Mr. MacTavish's "The Front Window" have that pleasant tone which is necessary for those who conduct regular departments in a magazine. And in closing this brief notice, one is reminded that the "Canadian Magazine" is now in its thirtieth volume. Mr. Best, the publisher, who has guided its destiny from the beginning, is to be congratulated on its steady and continued progress.

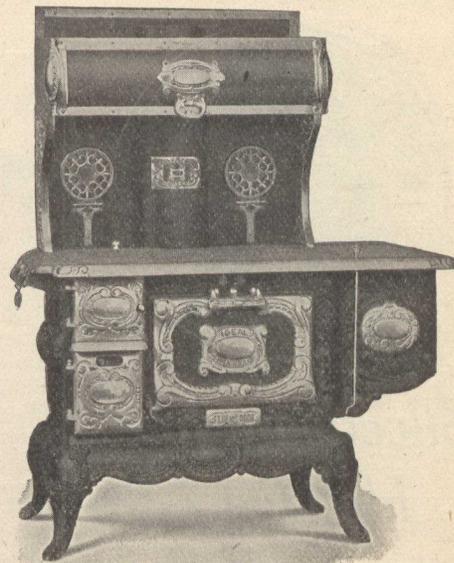
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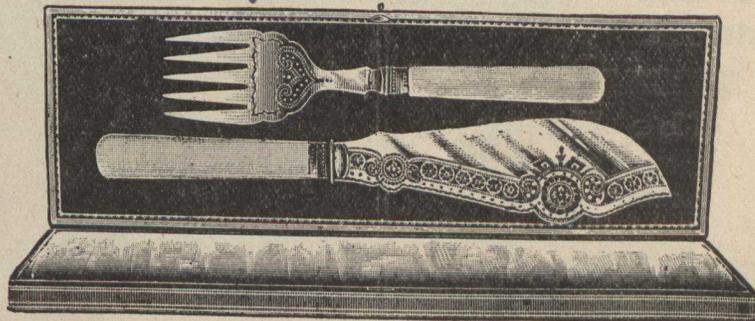


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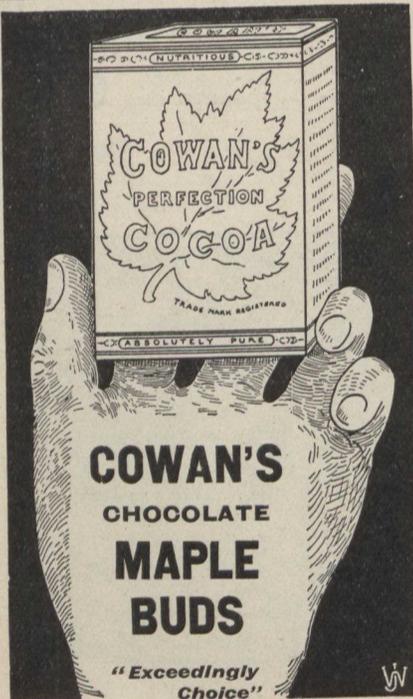
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## For the Children

### HOW TO GET HAIRY GOOSE-BERRIES.

MANY years ago the following unique communication was received by the secretary of an agricultural society:

Sir:—I partickly wish the sasiety to be called to consider the case what follows, as I think it mite be maid Transaxtionable in the next Reports. My Wif had a Tomb Cat that dyd. Being a torture shell and a Grate favirit, we had Him berried in the Guardian, and for the sake of inrichment of the mould I had the carkis deposited under the roots of a Gosberry Bush. (The frute being up till then of the smooth kind.)

But the next Sesons Frute after the cat was berried, the Gosberries was all hairy—and most remarkable, the cotpilers of the same bush was Al of the same hairy description.

I am, sir,

Your obedient servant,  
TOM FROST.

—Short Stories.

\* \* \*

### THE SONG OF THE WONDERFUL HOUSE.

By Louise Ayres Garnett.

'VE heard of such a wonderful house

I wish you'd help me find it!  
It's made of cake, with cooky walks,  
Before it and behind it.  
The fence is made of peppermint  
And trimmed with candied cherries,  
While butterflies float all the day  
Like happy little fairies.

A fountain's in the big back yard,  
A lovely soda fountain,  
And right behind, of chocolate,  
A most delicious mountain;  
And if you milk the cows you'll get  
Ice-cream in any flavour,  
And you may have a quart or more  
By showing good behaviour.

The nut trees all are full of nuts  
That beg that you will take them;  
Their shells are made of maple, so  
You will not have to break them;  
And ev'ry pretty bird that flies  
Is there, and sweetly singing,  
And all the bluebells—think of that!—  
Their little bells are ringing.

Now, if what I have heard is true,  
Some day, in pleasant weather,  
I'll take your hand, and you'll take mine,

And we'll start out together  
To find this lovely house and yard  
With all their goodies teeming,  
But don't you speak, for fear I'll wake  
And find that I've been dreaming!

\* \* \*

### ACCORDING TO SIZE.

Effie was giving a birthday party, and during the merry games the child's mother asked her if she was happy.

"Oh, I've never been so happy in all my life," replied Effie joyfully. "I really couldn't be any happier 'less I was bigger."—Perrine Lambert.

\* \* \*

### THE THIMBLE.

A vain and silly Thimble  
Unto a Finger said,  
"I'm very brisk and nimble  
With needle and with thread."

Said the Finger to the Thimble,  
"Your words I can't approve,  
For I'm the one that's nimble;  
It's I that make you move."

\* \* \*

—By Arthur Macey.

### A DREAM.

WISHING to learn what his nephew would say, Uncle Charles asked little Fred, "What would you do if you stood at the root of a tree with your foot on the head of a live rattlesnake, a tiger was crouching on a branch above ready to spring, and you saw a wild Indian running at you with uplifted tomahawk?"

"I should wake right up," was the unexpected reply.—Circle.

\* \* \*

### GOOD BOYS.

Two small brothers were invited—happy pair!—to take tea with a large-hearted and lonely spinster. On their return they were questioned.

"Were you good boys, Russell?"

"Yes, mother, we were."

"Were you polite?"

"Yes, we were, sure! We hugged her a good deal and kissed her a good deal, and ate all her supper!"



Billy (reflectively): "Would you like to change books with me, Patty?"  
Patty: "No!"  
Billy: "No what?"  
Patty: "No Fear!"—The Girl's Realm.

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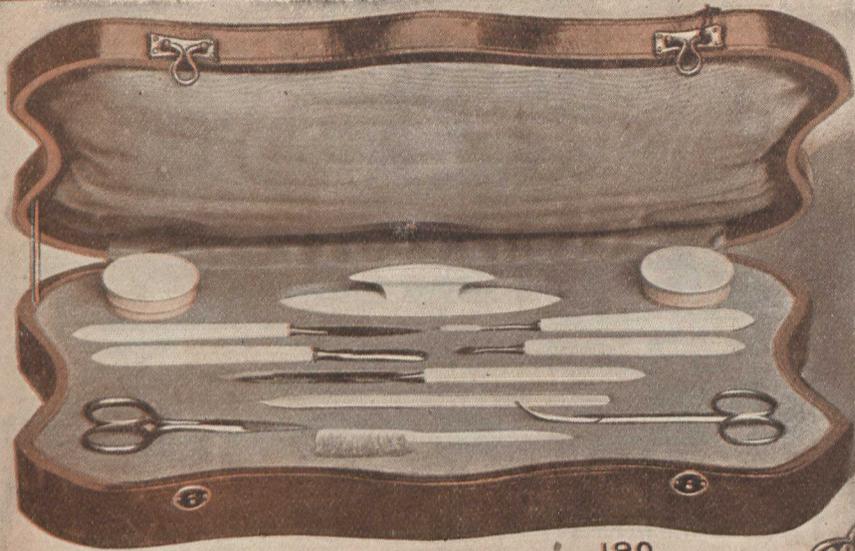
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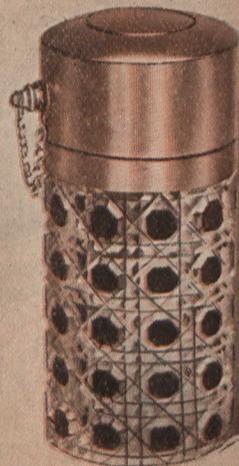
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