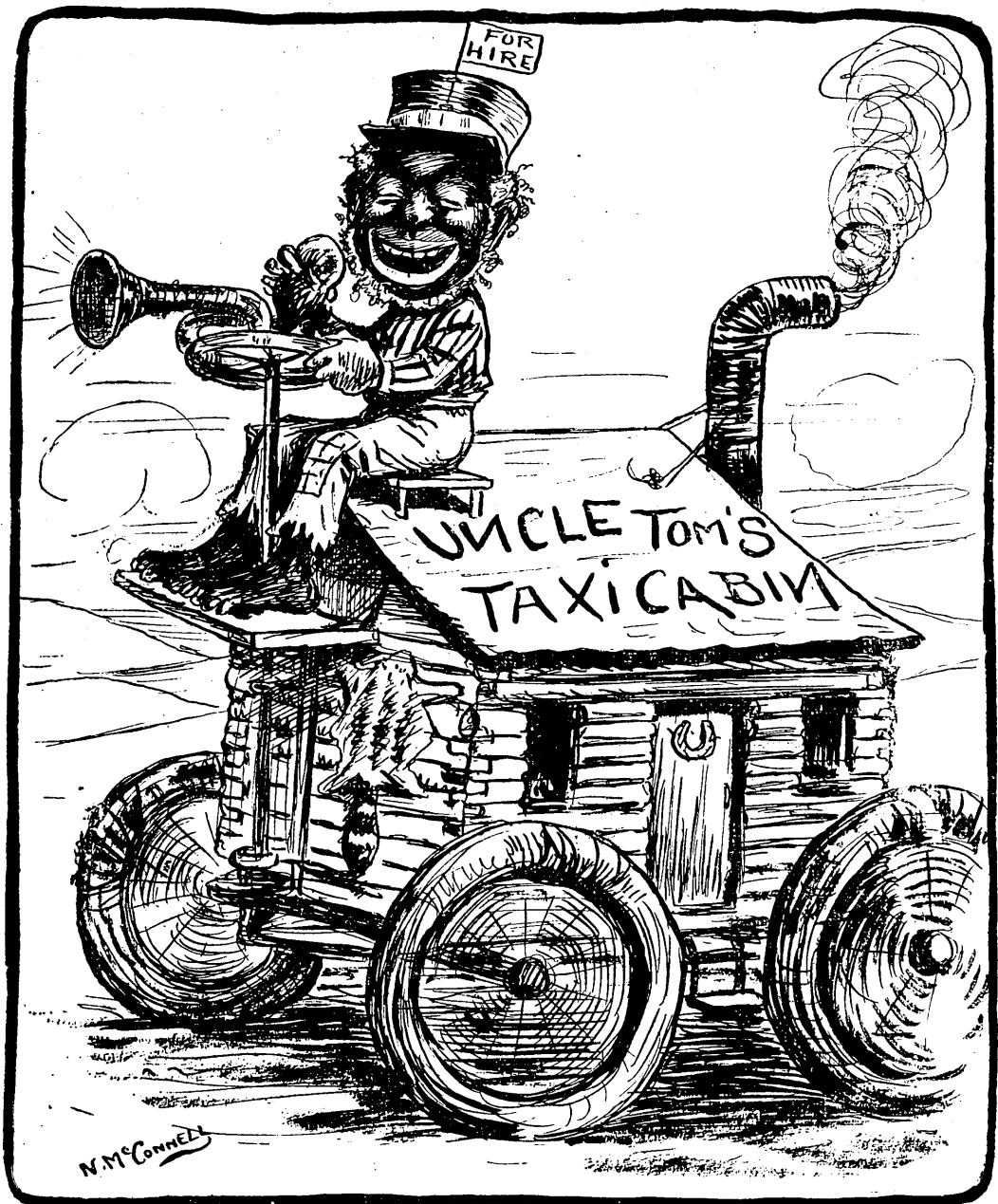


# Toronto Press Club

## Fifth Annual Theatre Nights



Royal Alexandra Theatre  
June 18, 19, 1909

**MUSKOKA IS THE  
BEST OF TORONTO'S  
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## **The Canadian Northern Ontario Lake Shore Route**

**IS THE BEST WAY INTO MUSKOKA**



THE best service in train equipment, boat connections, and in lunches, dinners, and teas, on the parlor-dining cars. Afternoon teas will be a feature of the service this summer.

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The Canadian Northern Ontario summer service includes trains from the Union Station at 8 a.m., 10 a.m. and 5.15 p.m., daily except Sunday. Write to C. PRICE GREEN, Passenger Agent, corner King and Toronto Sts., Toronto, for "THE LAKE SHORE LINE OF MUSKOKA," and all information as to rates, excursions, etc.

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Traverse the best summer country in *Six Provinces*, including the shore of the St. Lawrence, the Atlantic Coast, from Halifax to Yarmouth, in Nova Scotia, the western shore of Cape Breton, and the great region of the Manitoban Lakes, the Saskatchewan River, and the real Northwest, beyond Edmonton.

*Enquiries answered by the Information Bureau, Canadian Northern Building, Toronto.*

# Toronto Press Club

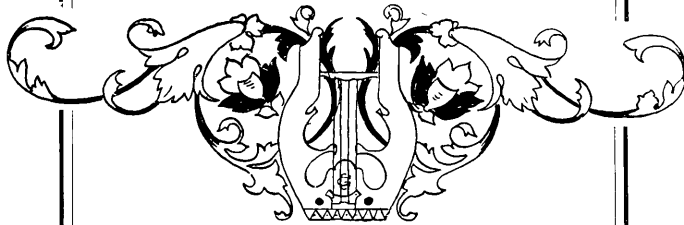
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## Fifth Annual Theatre Nights

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Royal Alexandra Theatre

Friday and Saturday  
June 18 and 19  
1909

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Uncle Tom's Taxi-Cabin

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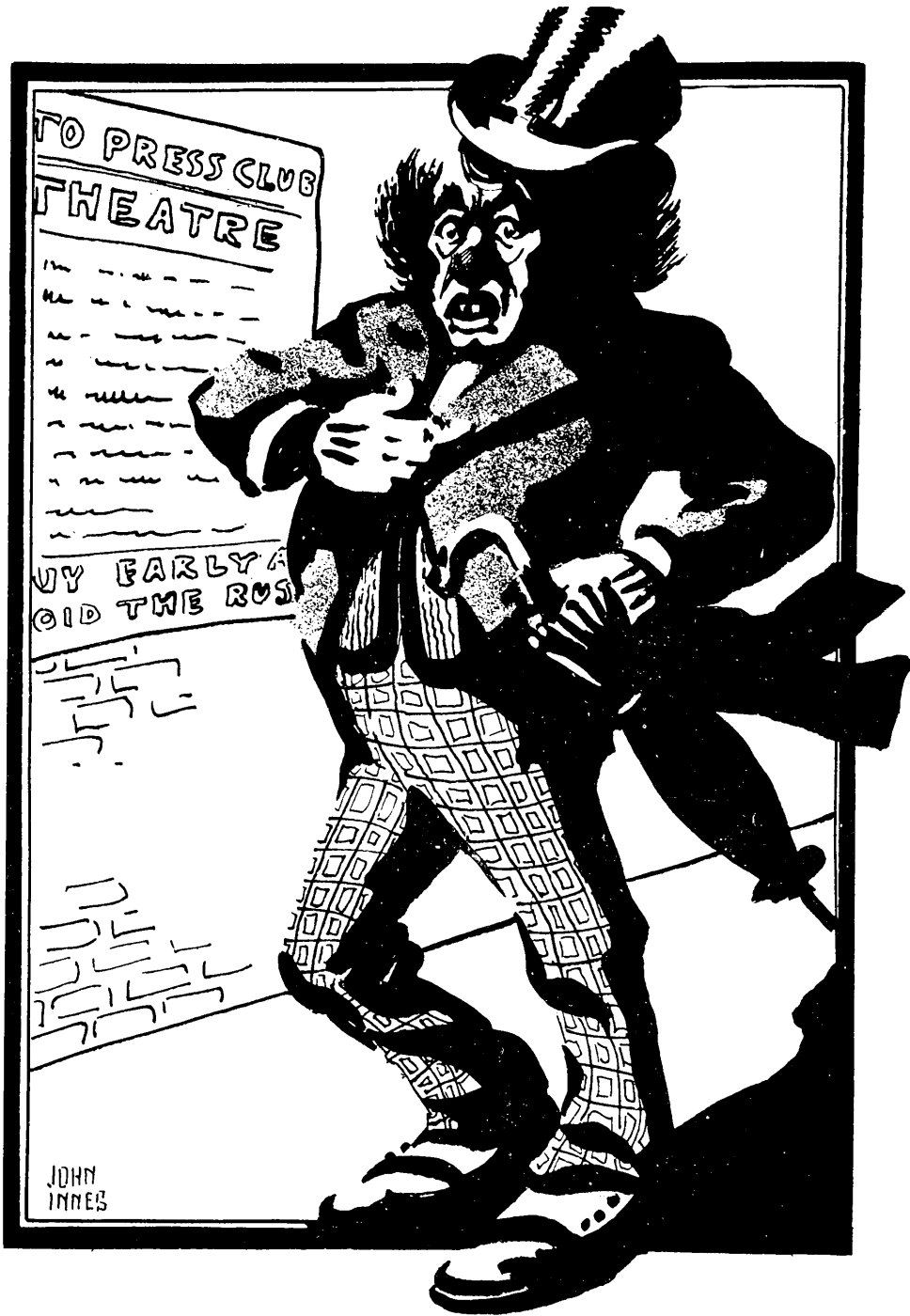
## Union Life Assurance Company

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A FALLEN STAR

By JOHN INNES (*The New York American*)

"And real genius must munch a musty meal  
Whilst these press puppets play their puny parts!"

## “Uncle Tom’s Taxi-Cabin”

A Twentieth Century Version of Mrs. Stowe’s Immortal Work, Perpetrated  
 In Cold Blood by Douglas Hallam, James P. Haverson,  
 Hector Charlesworth, J. A. McNeil, and others.  
 Produced under the direction of Mr. Albert Hemingway.

### THE CAST

George Harris.....	ALLAN GREEN
Eliza.....	DOUGLAS HALLAM
Haley.....	} EGBERT DURAND
Legree.....	
Shelby.....	J. R. O’CONNOR
Little Harry.....	JAMES SCROGGIE
Uncle Tom.....	J. HOGAN
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St. Clare.....	JOHN STIRRETT
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Mann.....	J. D. CRAIG
Skeggs—(The Auctioneer).....	WM. MCKNIGHT
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Bargain Hunter.....	G. ALLAN MCGIFFIN
Clerk.....	A. N. KIRSCHMANN
Stage Hand.....	ERNIE BARNES (of Shea’s)
Bloodhound Chorus—The Six Reporters	} JAMES MUIR G. ALLAN MCGIFFIN WM. CLARK M. W. BAYLEY J. D. CRAIG A. N. KIRSCHMANN

### WHERE THE PLOT THICKENS

ACT I.—Harris’ Plantation and Uncle Tom’s Cabin on the Banks of the Don River.

ACT II.—Garden of St. Clare’s Residence, in the Classic Purlieu of St. John’s Ward.

ACT III.—King Edward Tavern near Wild and Rocky Pass in Maple Leaf Park.

ACT IV.—Dying Establishment in St. Clare’s House.

ACT V.—January Black Goods Sale at Shekel-Scooper’s Big Store.

ACT VI.—Moses Erlanger Legree’s Temple of Dramatic Art and Near-Vodeville.

ACT VII.—The same, looking toward Heaven, where Eva is. Grand Transformation Scene.

THE PLACE—Right here.

THE TIME—This very night.

NOTE—Between Acts VI. and VII. intermission of two minutes only.

Bell Piano used. Furniture supplied by F. C. Burroughes Co.

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## WEEKLIES AND MONTHLIES

COLGATE, W. G.	- - - - -	- Bookseller and Stationer.
COWAN, JOHN	- - - - -	- Canadian Scotsman.
CRAICK, W. A.	- - - - -	- Bookseller and Stationer.
DINGMAN, R. G.	- - - - -	- Financial Post.
DONOVAN, PETER	- - - - -	- Saturday Night.
DUNHAM, M. F.	- - - - -	- Weekly Sun.
EDMONDS, W. S.	- - - - -	- Maclean's.
FIELD, F. W.	- - - - -	- Monetary Times.
GADSBY, H. F.	- - - - -	- Collier's Weekly.
GOOD, H. J. P.	- - - - -	- Sportsman.
GREEN, ALLAN	- - - - -	- Bradstreet's.
JAKEWAY, H. W.	- - - - -	- Saturday Night.
JAMES, E. A.	- - - - -	- Canadian Engineer.
HOGAN, J.	- - - - -	- Monetary Times.
HOCKEN, H. C.	- - - - -	- The Sentinel.
HUTCHINSON, M. J.	- - - - -	- Maclean's.
HUTSON, B. T.	- - - - -	- Grocer.
KIRSCHMANN, A. N.	- - - - -	- Monetary Times.
KYLE, FERGUS	- - - - -	- Saturday Night.
LIGERTWOOD, E.	- - - - -	- Wine and Spirit Journal.
MCTAVISH, NEWTON	- - - - -	- Canadian Magazine.
MITCHELL, R. M.	- - - - -	- Central Press.
MOORE, S. S.	- - - - -	- Maclean's
MEGAN, P.	- - - - -	- Industrial Canada.
MOSDELL, H. M.	- - - - -	- Can. Engineer's Journal.
PAUL, C. F.	- - - - -	- Saturday Night.
SMITH, H. T.	- - - - -	- Masonic Sun.
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## In Memoriam

W. ERICSON JAMES

Died at Woodstock, Nov. 25th, 1908

Extract From Minutes of the Toronto Press Club Meeting at the  
St Charles Cafe, Wednesday, Dec. 2nd, 1908.

Moved by Mr. J. A. Macdonald, editor of the Globe,  
seconded by Dr. A. H. U. Colquhoun, Deputy Minister of  
Education :

“ That the members of the Toronto Press Club desire to place on record their sense of the loss sustained by the Club, and by journalism in this part of Canada, in the death of Mr. W. Ericson James, of the News staff. In the comparatively short period between his first assignment on the staff of the Omaha Bee, until his all too early death at the age of thirty, Mr. James' advance in every respect was rapid. Possessed of a singularly striking and attractive style and of a sound judgment, his career, humanly speaking, seemed to close just when his powers were beginning to win the recognition they merited. But high as his attainments were, he will be chiefly remembered by his comrades of this Club for his uprightness of character, his good fellowship and his desire to advance in every way the interests of the newspaper fraternity.

“ The Club extends its heartfelt sympathy to his family who watched with him in his long and courageous fight against disease.

“ It is therefore resolved that this resolution be engrossed in the Club minutes and a copy sent to the family of the deceased member.”

## A Tale of a Cub

BY PETER DONOVAN (*Saturday Night*)

Once upon a time there was a "cub," and he was of the cubs that are unlicked. For he thought thoughts of the high and mighty mission of the Press, and he dreamt dreams of his self as shouting unto darkling thousands the tidings of the breaking of the dawn. And this is the unfailing sign of the cub, as is writ in the books of the Gatherers of News, who know that their mission is but to "cover the assignment" and give reasons unto the Editor surnamed of the City. Whence it was that the "copy" of the Cub was full of passages that were purple, and thoughts that rose far above the chronicling of Police Courts to where the Gods sit in silence at the feet of All Wisdom. Wherefore the City Editor would suggest, as he handed back a column and a half:

"What the —— are you givin' us? G'wan, an' boil it down to a stick!"

And the Cub did it in sorrow and heavy travail, for was not the other strong in the strength of crass, practical things? And did he not hold in the hollow of his hand the envelope that comes on Saturday? But the Cub still hearkened to the Voices, for he knew that they were true. And one day the Editor Person spoke to him between puffs of a cob-pipe.

"Your dope is rather too high-brow for this joint," said he. "I'm sorry, son, but it's the hook for yours."

And the Cub went out into the world with a board-bill. But he still had his dreams. Manfully did he wrestle with the demons of Doubt and Despair that they might come true, fiercely did he toil in the night. And at last "the dawn came up like thunder." Now fame and wealth are his, and the car which has six cylinders. He betteth carelessly on race horses, not in feverish anxiety, as Reporters who report; and he speaks knowingly of wines that are ancient. The City Editor at mention of his name bites hard on a mangled pipe-stem and laughs mockingly, but there is envy in his heart. For the Cub, whose young dreams of the Uplift he did seek to nip with a blue pencil and many swears, is now a famous writer of Ads and calls unto wondering nations glad tidings of Soap, and Footwear, and Beer.

And his is the Honor and the Loot.

## A Forgotten Dundonald Ballad

BY WM. BANKS, SR. (*The Globe*)

T'was his last farewell, before he went  
 He said he loo'ed us dearly,  
 He waved aloft a Union Jack  
 An' things were hummin' rarely.  
 "Keep both hands on the Union Jack,"  
 Dundonald shouted clearly;  
 "There's naethin', mon, we get oor hans on  
 Bit we can keep it fairly."  
 What mair was said we dinna ken,  
 For things got mixed up queerly;  
 An' we rose neist morn wi' aching heids,  
 An' needed a wee drap sairly.

## As The Evening Terror Would Tell It

W. A. CLARKE (*The Telegram*)

### SPORTING EDITION

### CARNIVOROUS CUR MINUS OSSEOUS REPAST

Mysterious Disappearance of Bone  
from Cupboard of Very  
Worthy Citizeness

### POLICE PUZZLED BY PROBLEM

To have his mouth open to get a nice tasty bone, for which his mistress had gone to the cupboard, and to be forced to go without the expected basis for a meal—this was the vexing experience this morning of Sport, a big black dog owned by Mrs. Hubbard, 1313 Razzle Dazzle Street. The story of the episode, as learned by a reporter of *The Evening Terror*, forms one of the most interesting chapters in canine history.

Passing through the gate to Mrs. Hubbard's home this morning, the reporter was startled by a vicious bark. Turning instantly, he found himself confronted by a big, loosely-jointed but strong-looking member of the dog family.

Armed only with his pencil, the reporter had visions of torn clothing and flesh, but, just as the big brute was about to spring, it was checked by a cry of "Sport, Sport, you naughty dog, come here!"

The dog obeyed reluctantly. The reporter turned in the direction of the voice and saw a pleasant-faced, somewhat stout woman of about sixty years.

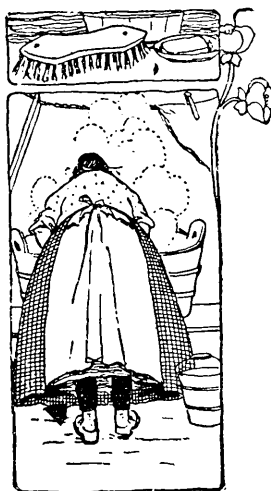
"That's only his playful way," said the old woman, "but he's a

little hungry and cross this morning."

"On account of going without the bone?" ventured the reporter.

"Yes," she answered. "You heard about that?"

Then, learning the reporter's mission, she added: "Will you come in."



MRS. HUBBARD

From Snapshot Taken by Her Niece

The reporter promptly availed himself of this opportunity to reach a place of safety, but the dog was even quicker and bolted in as soon as the door was opened. However, the brute slunk away to a corner at command of his mistress.

Seated in a noisy rocker, Mrs. Hubbard—or "old Mother Hubbard," as she is familiarly known in the neighborhood—looked more aged than when standing in her front yard. "Mother" is, so to speak, only a nickname. Her husband died many years ago and she never had any children, but her kind ways long ago earned her that title.

The comparatively large room into which the front door opened seemed to be both parlor and dining-room. At the wall opposite the front door stood the Hubbard cupboard, a high, wide piece of

furniture which would delight the heart of a lover of things antique.

"My grandmother had that made just after her marriage," said Mrs. Hubbard proudly, on noticing the reporter looking at it.

"Yes, that's the cupboard I went to this morning," she continued.

"You walked to the cupboard?" queried the reporter.

"I did," answered the old woman emphatically.



MRS. HUBBARD'S HOME

House at 1313 Razzle Dazzle Street  
The Scene of the Mysterious Affair

"And perhaps you would tell me just the course you took. Where did you start from?"

Mrs. Hubbard looked puzzled for a moment or two, but soon the events of the morning seemed to come back to her memory.



SPORT

Mrs Hubbard's Sorely Disappointed  
Canine, for Whom Great  
Sympathy is Felt.

"I started from just in front of the window. I was looking out and saw the baker pass. That reminded me that I had not fed Sport, so I hurried over to the cupboard and opened it."

"Pardon me," said the reporter, "but before we come to the cupboard, just tell me the exact course you took in going there."

"Let me see—yes, I went past this rocker and—"

"On which side?"

"On the north. And I went along the north side of the table."

"And your object in going to the cupboard?" asked the reporter.

At once "Mother Hubbard" answered: "To get my poor dog a bone."

The reporter questioned Mrs. Hubbard closely on this point, but she held to her story that her going to the cupboard was for the purpose of feeding the dog, which even then seemed to wish to do the visitor bodily harm.

"I went over just like this," said the old woman, rising and walking at a moderate pace to the big cupboard. "I opened the doors just like I've done all these years, but there wasn't anything at all to eat."

"Not even sirloin steak or oysters?" interjected the reporter.



MISSING BONE MARKED BY X

This is the only authentic picture  
of the bone ever taken.

"No," answered Mrs. Hubbard, "and there wasn't the bone I was sure I had put there."

"Was there, Sport?" continued the old woman, calling the dog to her.

The big brute jumped up and ran to his mistress, the reporter meanwhile discreetly getting out of the way.

"What was the result of your finding the cupboard bare?" asked the reporter when the dog had quieted down.

"The poor dog had to go hungry," said the old woman.

"What breed is he?" asked the reporter.

"He's partly water-spaniel and partly bull-terrier, but mostly Great Dane."

Then the reporter questioned Mrs. Hubbard as to any theory she might have concerning the reason for the cupboard being bare. The old woman looked puzzled, and so the reporter put, his question thus:

"What do you think made the cupboard bare?"

For a while Mrs. Hubbard was silent, and the reporter feared that she might think that he was hinting at poverty on her part.

At last, however, the old woman said: "I feel sure I left a bone there last night and it must have been taken out."

The reporter started to ask: "Could the dog—"

"No, no," said Mrs. Hubbard quickly, "Sport may have some little faults, but I'm sure he wouldn't steal anything."

The reporter thought how "Sport" had nearly stolen a bit of trouser

was joking on the scribe's narrow escape on arriving at her home. A glance at the kindly face of Mrs. Hubbard, however, convinced him that his suspicions were groundless. Nevertheless, he kept a careful lookout as he made his way from the door to the gate, and he did not feel absolutely safe until he was some little distance from the cross canine which fate had disappointed in the matter of breakfast.

Still carefully watching for this dog, the reporter called on several of Mrs. Hubbards' neighbors. From them he learned in what high esteem Mrs. Hubbard was held, but he was

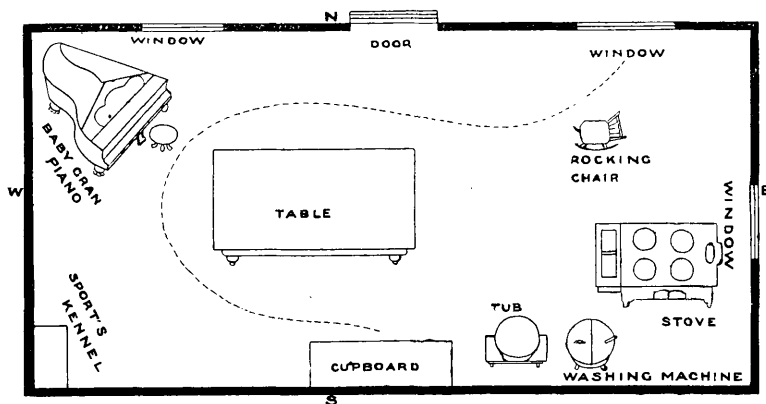


DIAGRAM OF MRS. HUBBARD'S SITTING ROOM.

Dotted line showing course taken by unfortunate woman. Sport was lying under the stove at the time.

leg and human leg, but he made no more insinuations concerning the brute's character, and Mrs Hubbard continued: "I believe that some children must have taken the bone to play with. They are in and out almost all the time."

"Do you expect the same ill-luck for the dog to-morrow morning?" asked the reporter.

Again it seemed as though Mrs. Hubbard might think that the reporter was hinting at poverty, but soon she answered cheerfully: "It's too soon to say that, but he's a good dog; he'll find something to eat."

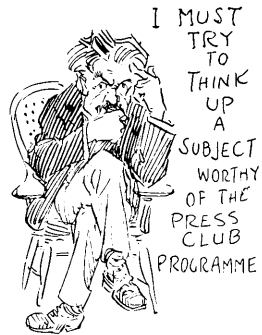
The reporter's first thought on hearing this was that the old woman

surprised to find that the neighbors did not consider the dog at all vicious.

That the disappearance of the bone was caused by spirits was one woman's theory.

"I don't mean by ghosts of people" she said, "but it's my firm conviction that spirits of dogs which Sport licked before their death have come in the night and stolen poor Sport's bone."

Up to the hour of going to press, no trace had been obtained of the missing bone. The police are reticent, but hint that they have a clue which may lead to one or more arrests inside of a week.



HOW THIS DRAWING WAS MADE — A PICTORIAL CONFESSION

By C. W. JEFFERYS



## Letter of a Self-Made Journalist to His Son

BY H. W. JAKEWAY (*Saturday Night*)

Toronto, June 15, 1909.

TO JOHN BROWN,  
Lake-of-Bays, Muskoka.

DEAR JACK :—I scarcely know how to reply to your letter, which I have just read. You tell me that your decision to break into newspaper work—journalism, as you call it—is not a mere holiday fancy; but that when you return to town you will, if I approve, enter on the work with enthusiasm, if I can get you a start. Of course, in the talks we have had together about your future, you have often shown an inclination to follow in your dad's footsteps. But you will recollect that I never gave you encouragement in that direction. I was glad to see you develop the literary taste, but as to your taking up my work, honestly, I do not know whether I want you to go in for it or not. There have been times, when I was struggling hard to make a decent living, when I vowed to myself that you should be anything but a newspaper man. And there have been times, I must admit, when I secretly cherished the hope that you might become a great, influential writer, doing the things that I once dreamed of doing, but will never do. And now that you are through with the University and want to begin work—the work I love myself and never regret having taken up—I don't know whether to warn you off or to welcome you to the ranks of the finest, most exacting profession in the world.

As I have told you, my first knowledge of newspaper work was gained in my father's little village "printin'" office. I pottered around the shop, doing a little of everything, and presently, in spare moments, I began writing heavy "editorials" on questions of psychology and world-politics—and of course scraps of "poetry." From the first my imagination and ambition played the deuce with me. Pretty soon I produced a piece of verse which struck me as being at once cosmic in flavor and moving as to sentiment, and I itched to send it to *The Century*. But I was troubled as to how to sign it. "Gus Brown," the name by which I was known to everybody in our neighborhood, would not do. I knew that "Augustus Wilson Brown" was the proper thing, but I pictured seeing this signature on my poem on a page of *The Century*, and I felt that it wouldn't give me any satisfaction to see that name tacked to my production; it wouldn't seem like my own. I thought of "Augustus W. Brown," "Gus W. Brown," and "A. Wilson Brown," and even set them in type to see what they looked like. But I rejected them all, because the only one that seemed to mean me was too common, and the others seemed either inappropriate or smacking of affectation. I recall this last reflection of my poor, green youth with no little satisfaction. However, I couldn't long resist the temptation to send the poem to *The Century*. After much pondering I signed it with my full name, and posted it. The shock of its prompt return, however, was

forgotten, because just then I sustained a shock much greater. My father died, leaving many debts and little money, and I had to hustle for a job. These memories will show you that I was once as young as you are now—younger, and with, perhaps, more foolish dreams and aspirations.

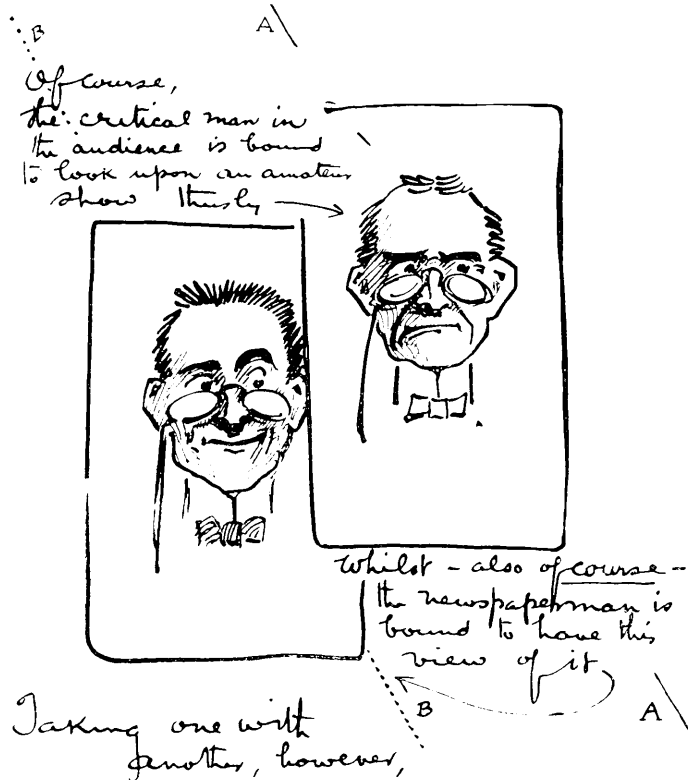
I shall never forget my first appearance in a real newspaper office. The city editor was not like the city editors I had read about in magazine stories. He didn't yell at anybody. His voice wasn't either "strident" or "raucous." But he had a cold, speculative eye and a pleasantly sneering smile that drove a reporter harder than the finest vocabulary of oaths. The news room was not what I expected. The self-confident young men there seemed to my serious young mind to lack earnestness of purpose. The responsibility of the press appeared to weigh on them not at all. I thought them flippant. And certainly if they cherished any illusion as to the altruistic character of their work, they did not parade it. I revised my opinion of them later on, however. But right at the outset I was painfully astonished to find that the only man on the news staff that exuded the atmosphere which I had thought to find in the office of a big newspaper—the only reporter who looked to me like the real thing, was a failure. He was a college man too. He had education, but no gumption. He could discourse learnedly on literature, but he couldn't write a three line item that didn't remind one of a sophomore's gilded essay.

Well, for quite a while my work didn't, on the whole, help to develop my self-respect. I was like an army recruit who finds that actual service is very different to a dress parade. I had "entered journalism," only to find myself hunting the gossip of the town. My assignments, I told myself, demanded the exercise of my cunning, rather than of my brains. And yet I stuck to the job, and later I revised my opinion of the work, as I had revised my opinion of my associates. The apprenticeship was excellent discipline, but you must recognize that it is a hard one. And you must realize, too, that a writer for the press, as a rule, serves a longer apprenticeship than is served in almost any other vocation. I have known good newspaper men who have gone sour because they have passed middle age without having won recognition, salary, or position that marked them as having passed the apprentice stage. And yet—what a charm the work has!

I have rambled on here, Jack, trying to do the impossible—trying to "put you wise," while I know, and I hope you recognize, that wisdom only comes with years and experience. When you were christened you were called plain John at my suggestion. I thought the name would be enough to make a business man of you, and that it wouldn't bother you as mine did if you took to verse-writing in your youth. Think the thing all over again, and I will stand by your final decision. I don't believe you have education and no gumption, by any means. I have no doubt you will do very well at any work you may undertake. But as to journalism, I would rather you would be governed by your own feelings than by my advice.

### A Little Diversion

BY FERGUS KYLE (*Saturday Night*).



that is to say, folding back the corner of the page on the lines marked A, and dragging across to meet the dotted lines marked B, it will be found that

the effect is not half bad;  
(by actual measurement)

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## The City Editor

BY R. K. MEARNS (*The Star*)

The poet is said to be born, not made. The city editor is a rarer bird. The city editor is born, and then made. The world is full of poets. Real city editors are few.

The city editor has an individuality. One city editor may have a collection of individualities.

The city editor is a roaring lion—in office hours.

The city editor carries his territory in his head. He can direct his staff to any particular point, if but the size of a pin-head. If the city editor were to try to locate that point, he might lose himself.

The city editor can tell you the history of anybody worth telling about. He can tell you more than he ever uses in his business. If the city editor has been what he is for any length of time, he can electrify you with his knowledge of men, and then meet the personages on the street and not know them, unless his photograph and cut cabinet should help him.

If the city editor remembers his reportorial days, he kicks himself. The wise city editor forgets that he has been a reporter. To sympathize with a reporter, because of one's own checkered past in the same capacity, handicaps the city editor when he sees fit to rebuke his reporters for failing to achieve the impossible.

To inform the city editor that what he expected hasn't happened, will not happen and cannot happen, is squandered effort. To explain that another paper has had inside information doesn't satisfy the city editor. If such paltry excuses were accepted, the city editor would be simply an imitation, and not the real thing.

If in a moment of weakness, the city editor were to commend his staff for some fleeting, if alleged, advantage over another paper, he would hate himself with much bitterness.

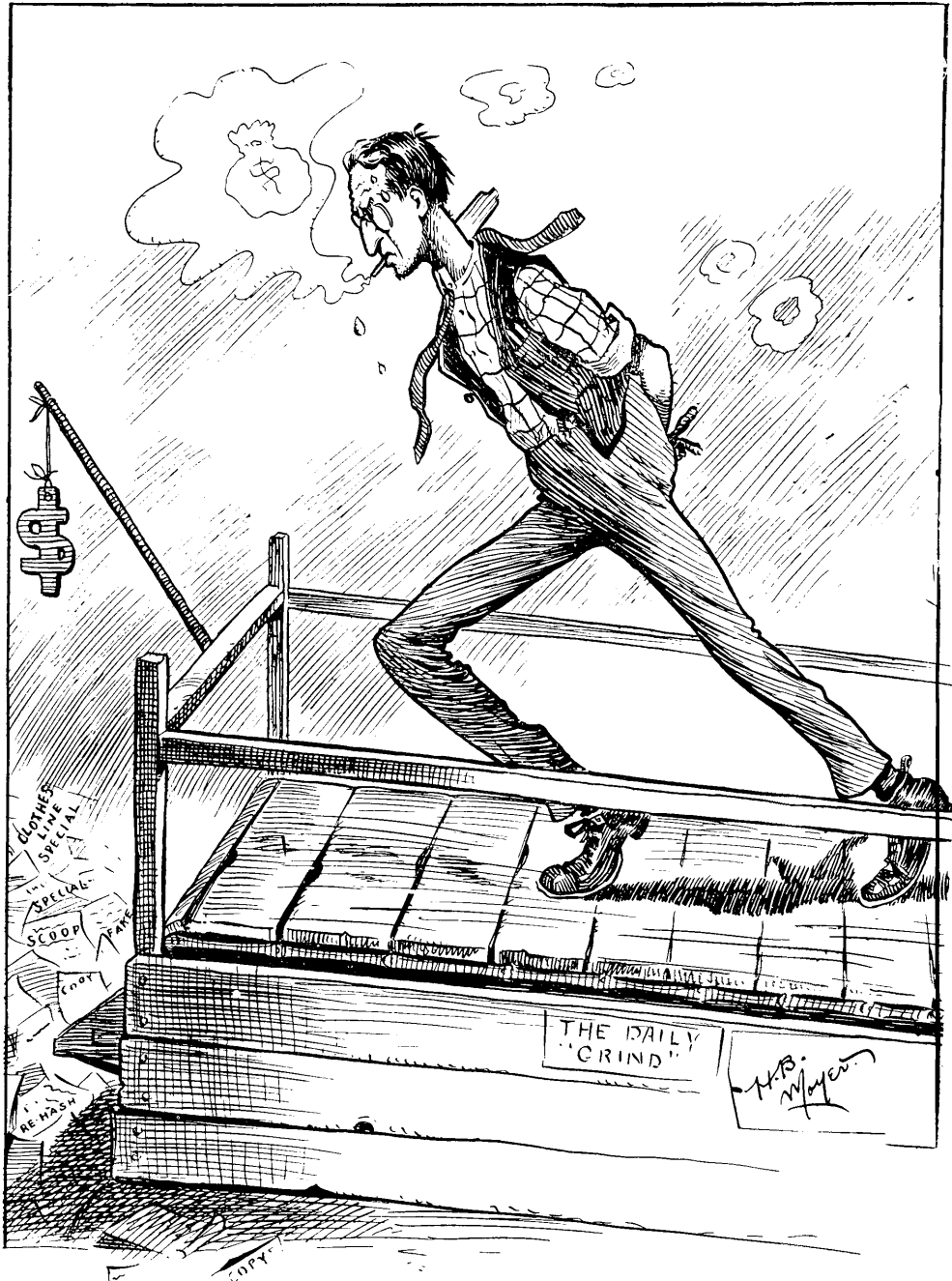
The city editor is not bound to-day by his opinions and instructions of yesterday. The city editor has little respect for history, even of his own making. He's a creature of the ever-changing present.

But do not be deluded by the idea that the city editor's staff is at the mercy of critics in general. The staff isn't. The city editor recognizes his own right to flay, but he monopolizes that right. Even the tribunal known as the management respects the city editor's prerogative, and were a rank outsider, however exalted his rank, to pick flaws, even small ones, something might drop on the presumptuous one.

The city editor would be an imperfect city editor if the wounds he inflicted were deadly ones. One writer, once a cub reporter, has written of a former chief of his: "He fell into a scalding rage each day in the busy hours, and came out of it without turning a hair."

By the way, if you are thinking of killing the city editor, wait until his staff is out.

The next city editor might be worse.



THE SCRIBE  
By H. B. MOYER (*The Star*)

## The Book of Years

BY JAMES P. HAVERSON (*The World*)

In the tale that in living we're writing  
There are pages of laughter and tears.  
Not a word that we place can we ever erase  
From the pitiless scroll of the years.

Every year we must publish a volume,  
We must pen Him a page every day.  
Thus the record is kept—"Here I laughed though she wept."—  
Someone patiently puts them away.

At the first, all engrossed in the writing,  
It is little we care for the plot ;  
Being pleased with the play, we just scribble away,  
But we usually stop at a blot.

And it's then we look back at the pages,  
We consider the work of our hands  
When the pride of our youth meets the terrible truth  
That the story must run as it stands.

Well I know I'm a fool for perusing  
These leaves of The Book of the Years  
For, in reading the scrip, it were wiser to skip  
The pages I've written in tears.

Still we've read and re-read, are re-reading  
And shall read and re-read them again,  
Though it's breaking our hearts, for the int'resting parts  
Are the pages we've penned in our pain.

There are chapters on loving and loafing,  
There are volumes marked "Fortune" and "Fame,"  
Every page has been writ as the writer saw fit  
From his own little view of the game.

There are pages and pages and pages  
That are blotted, disfigured and torn,  
But 'twere better to work than to whimper and shirk—  
Let us finish the book with a song.

## Honest Injun

BY JAMES P. HAVERSON (*The World*)

If haply in the years to come  
When I am so much silent dust,  
Some toiler, halting 'mid the hum  
His mental ballast to adjust,  
Some husky youngster in his teens  
Rooting among old magazines,  
Shall come upon a verse of mine  
And, reading through unto the end,  
Shall laugh a bit and say, "That's fine,"  
Should he repeat it to a friend  
And should he ask the author's name—  
To prove I am not seeking fame  
I would not care a single cuss  
If he replied "Anonymous."  
You hear the boast?—but just the same  
I don't forget to sign my name.

## From a Reporter's Scrap Book

BY WM. BANKS, JR. (*The Globe*)

If Sir James Whitney is still in the dark as to the origin of the suggestion that the various provinces might offer Dreadnoughts, or their equivalent in cash, to the British Government, he should consult some of the members of the Ottawa Press Gallery. The suggestion originated with them, and not in the brains of some astute politicians, as many people have supposed. Following the announcement in the House of Commons by Sir Wilfrid Laurier as to the Government's attitude on the naval question, the gallery men discussed the matter, over their pipes and lemonade, at the close of the day's work. One of them, representing a Government organ, expressed the opinion that some of the provincial Conservative Premiers might take advantage of the opportunity to offer Dreadnoughts for their respective Provinces, or combine with others in doing so. Whereupon the representatives of the Conservative papers, scenting a chance to do the party in general a good turn, sent out despatches reporting that the Conservative Premiers were seriously considering the idea. It made a good story, though it puzzled the Premiers, and lest it should go down the ages with other great unsolved problems, as "Who struck Billy Patterson?" and "Why was the Toronto ball team massacred in five straight games by Dr. Jimmy Casey's Montreal Beavers?" it is here told truthfully, and without prejudice.

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Some two years ago, Mr. R. L. Borden was making a tour of the province, accompanied by several members of Parliament and the representatives of the three Toronto morning newspapers. In the telegraph office at Dunnville, following a night meeting, the reporter of the Mail and Empire said to his colleagues: "Give me a new phrase to work in my introduction, fellows, I'm sick of writing such terms as 'the appearance of the Opposition leader on the platform was the signal for a great outburst of cheering.'"

"I'll fix it for you. Hand me your copy," said Tom King, then with the World, now the Mail and Empire's resident correspondent at Ottawa.

His request being complied with, Tom wrote: "When the assembled crowds caught sight of the genial R. L., they gave vent to a perfect howl of delight."

The Mail and Empire man read it over—"That won't do, you Nihilist!" he exclaimed, and after some minutes worrying, he wrote the phrase that he declared made him sick.

Some nights later Mr. Borden, a few political friends, and the newspapermen, gathered in a Canadian Northern Railway smoker, on the way from Jackson's Point to Toronto, after an afternoon meeting at the former place. Among the many good stories told on the way down was that of "the howl of delight."



Mr. Borden laughed heartily. Then to the Mail and Empire man he said quietly : " Well, you might have put it this way: ' Mr. Borden was received with yelps of ecstasy. ' "

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Because, with one exception (and he represented an evening paper), the " dramatic critics " of Toronto failed to appreciate the motives and the truths of " An Englishman's Home," it does not follow that the public, who gave the play generous patronage, were equally at sea. On the contrary, as for instance :—A Carlton street barber, born in Toronto, is proud of a good German name and the fact that his " Dad " fought with distinction in the Franco-Prussian war. On the Saturday night that the play was being last presented in the city, the barber shop was the scene of a hot controversy in regard to it. Of the ten patrons present, including a militia officer, six had seen it, the barber " (Willy," to his steady customers) being among the number. He was the only anti ; the others were enthusiastic in praise of the play. " It's true," was the militia officer's curt comment.

The barber protested vigorously, basing his opposition chiefly on the ground that the soldiers of a civilized country would not make war on non-combatants to the extent of shooting a civilian who, driven to the verge of desperation by seeing his house shelled into ruins, fired at and killed one of them.

And just then in walked " Dad." One of the men who knew his record appealed to him.

The old gentleman turned to his son. " Will-am," he said in his delightful, slow and broken accent, " he notting efer knew about real war making. Four times haf I seen the play. It tells some tru-th-fulness for Johnnie's Bull—and Can-uck. We had to shoot many like that old stubborn-ness of the Englishman his home. Anybody who reads of the records of that war knows it."

" But," said Willy, when the " ha, ha " chorus of the customers subsided, " see what the papers say about it."

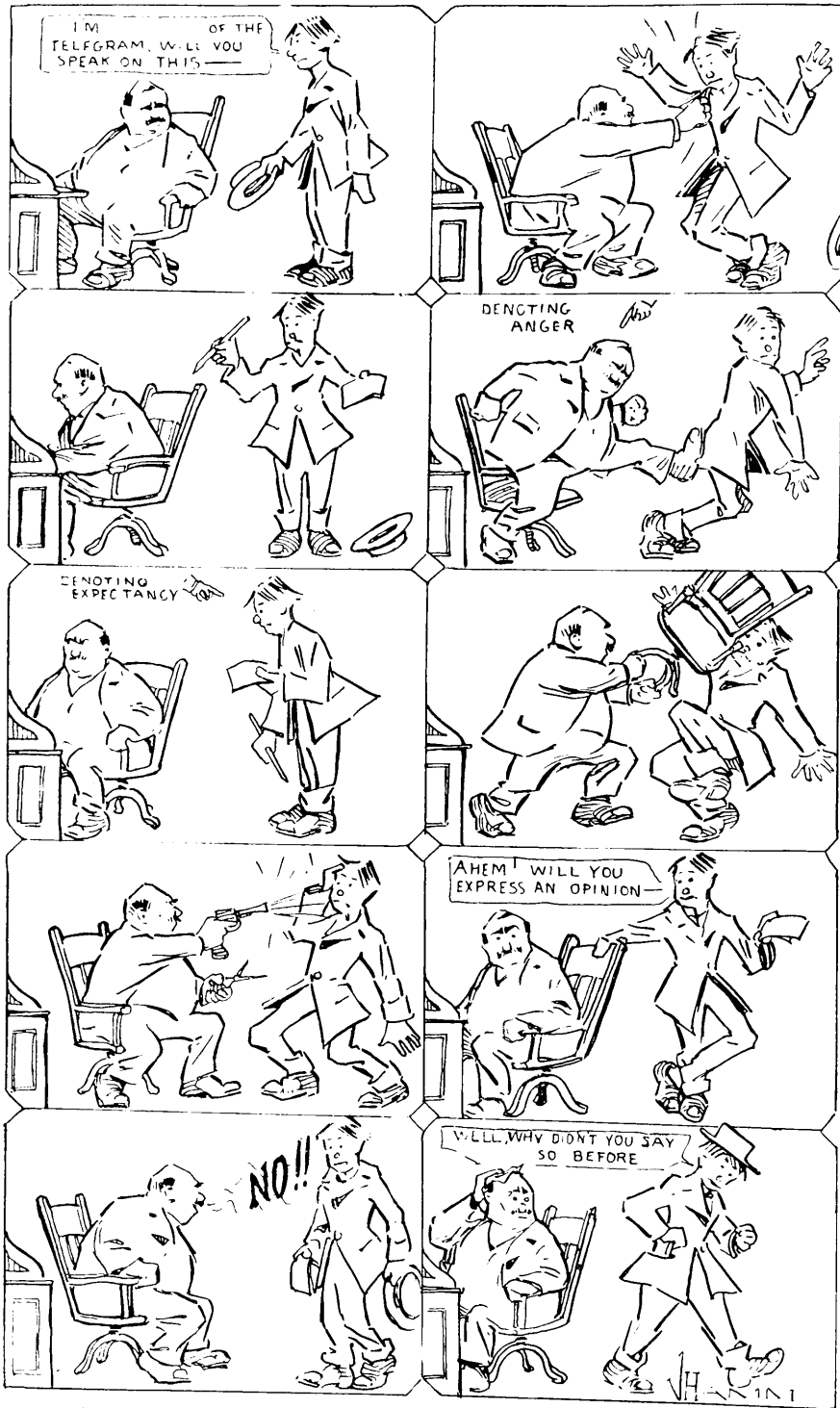
" Quite so," answered the old man, calmly—" but you see there was no su-brette, no songs of the moon-light—no ballets of the ponies, no Amer-i-can millionaire, no scenery of the sublime—therefore the writers understood it not." And Willy subsided.

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## My Nightmare

BY JAMES P. HAVERSON (*The World*)

Of all the dreams that I have ever dreamed,  
The Worst of all, it seems to seem to me,  
Is when I dream I've dreamed I was asleep—  
But wake to find it all a dream, you see.



HE WANTED TO KNOW—THE FATE OF A PATIENT REPORTER.  
 By JACK HAMM (*The Globe*).

## Ants and Skeeters—The Kid's Prize Essay

BY FRED W. FIELD (*The Monetary Times*)

There are too deesided speshes of ants. Won is the woman wot has married yer unkle, an the uther is an insekt. I wil dele with the insekt geni. My unkle trys ter dele with the uther kind.

If yer was too get kwite nakid (only yer wood have ter get the permission of Inspector Stephen) and then take yer boots orf and walk from Toronto to Saskatoon and back again, without food ore drink of no kind, an wen yer got back, do it orl over agen, well, that wood repersent the pashence of an ant.

You ken go into the country if yer possess a few sents, and see wot the kids corl anthills. They looks like yung graves. To studdy ants habbits, yer mus kick one of there homstedes inter smorl bits, then yer kan see em improovin the shiny hour. Doant let nun of the little insekts get rite up yer leg or yer will sware mitily, and if yer farther stops bad langwidge in the familee, then yer will darnse insted like a mad kow.

Ants are held up ter mortels like as a moddle of good living. They never gets to much ter drink, they never smacks wun annuvers fases, and they luvs wun and orl derely. That is wot I corl a rychus life. They works all day and slepes at nite and thats more than sum humans do anyway.

How they bilds little collonies is wun of there anticks. Tork about Swiss Familee Robberson. They aint in the same strete with the ants. The ole man of that lot ort to have had an ant on his hed to tell him how ter do things in genrul. Then he woodent have gawn and bilt a howse away up in sum treese, like the darned coon he was.

Ter see a familee of ants orl alive, nocks performin flees inter a kocked hat. Wot ever fokes want ter kepe flees under glarse kases for, i carnt understan. If i ever gets hold of enny of them, they'll have a short, sharpe, and horrible end. Theres sum sens in wotching ants though. Even if they do charnce to ackost yer persun, they doant go and bite spitefull holes in yer, just as if they wanted ter have the weakes rent in unholy gore. Orl they doz is ter tickkle yer.

One day I want to take a big flee and a big ant and put both of them inter an enklosher, wave a red hankercheef, and then let em have a bully fite. Even if the harmless ant was ter get a licking, yer cood square that if yer was the referee.

Then theres the moskeeters. Sho me an angree moskeeter and I'll tell yer that sum frale mortel has been bit on sum part of his anatermee. Its no good thinkin yer goin ter play the luvving dodge wiv the skeeter, cos he woant take anny notis of yer kerresses. He cums on bizness intent. He cums with the lust of blud. Wots more, he'll have a good pownd of yer humen flesh unless yer promptly takes steps ter hide yerseli neath a kewkumber frame.

Sum fokes tells yer that wen a skeeter settles on enny sorft part, just hold yer breth and it woant bite. But yer kan

take my solem wurd that its rong. I wunce had the misforchen to sit near a bunch of skeeters. I held my breth as tite as a skunk trap. But I soon felt there little nippers a stickin inter me till i was like a church pin kushin. Wen i got up, oh, gee whiz! An mind yer, cole oil aint no good for gaping woonds wot a hole familee of skeeters gives yer.

When yer has tee out in yer back garden, orl the skeeters in the naberhood seems to no orl about it and kongregates in bunches around the festiv bord. If yer happen ter have a big plate of bred kuvvered over with best stroreberry presurve they buzz around as if it was theres. The best thing is ter take a pot with a little of the presurv clingin affeckshunitly to the side, and karry it out to sum spot ajacent, where the skeeter tribe kan feest to there harts content. But you has ter be kareful less they catches yer making the exkurshun. If they cums across yer on root (This is French) they'll hang around. I guess yer'll drop that pot.

Never kill a skeeter. Cokes him, humer him, sware at him, but sleigh him not. Fokes get hold of a grate nife and stork the insekt around the tabel. Then sudden when they thinks they have meshered his hed ter the length of there nife, they strike with a hiss in stroke of the weppon. Thats wen the skeeter deeseeves yer. Yer think he is ded but he only sleepeth. He will drop, as wun struck, onto the lorn, and when you are trying ter make the gals around larf at sum atrocus joke or uther, heel crol along in his dying aggonny rite up yer leg, give yer a nip on the karf that yer'll remember fer weeks and then he will droop and xpire.

A skeeter always gets the larst blo and doant yer forget that. You kan have the plesher of finally sqoshing him flat with the soul of yer shoe, but it doant hert him, cos hes ded. Like humen beings, yer must giv him graft if yer want him ter obey yer.

## A Horticultural Hallucination

BY JAMES P. HAVERSON (*The World*)

Suppose, I only say suppose,  
A green young onion were your nose.  
If two blue grapes should be your eyes,  
(I'm not surprised at your surprise)  
The onion tops, in point of fact,  
Would do for brows if left intact.

Then if a pumpkin were your head  
And half a pear were used instead  
Of what is usually an ear,  
You must admit you would look queer.  
Now, say a lemon were your mouth,  
Cut east and west by north and south.

I'm coming to the point at last—  
If, as you've often in the past,  
Through sudden fear or over haste,  
You bit your lip—ah, what a taste!  
For goodness gracious mercy's sake,  
I'd like to see the face you'd make!

## Connor, the Man Killer

BY E. J. ARCHIBALD (*The Star*)

He was the latest addition to the staff and his zeal was boundless. He had been with the paper almost a week, but somehow the crack assignments hadn't come his way. Nothing came his way but half a dozen offices to call at in the afternoon, and a chance to hear the police reporter and the City Hall man swap fish stories on an off evening.

So the clang of the fire engines' gong and the roar of hoofs opened before him the paths of glory, as the city editor's voice called :

" Fire somewhere, Connor. See about it ?"

Now, it was half-past eleven at night, and raining heavily ; a less zealous or more experienced man would have telephoned headquarters and covered it in that way ; but not so Connor.

" Sure, sir," he gasped, grabbing his hat.

Along the street, blocks away, the warning gong was growing fainter, but Connor was game.

" Where's the fire ?" he panted at a policeman, after a five-block run.

" Way down East. Get a car " replied the impassive one.

Brilliant thought ! Connor got a car.

" Where's the fire ?" he eagerly demanded of the conductor.

" Didn't know there was one," came the crushing reply.

" You interested in fires this time o' night ?"

" I represent the Signal," said Connor, trying to look as unconscious as possible.

Ten, fifteen minutes, and no sign of a fire.

" Say, does it catch you often that way, when you work on a newspaper ?" queried the conductor, watching Connor's war-jig of impatience on the back platform. " Guess the fire department was just puttin' up a josh on you,—What ?"

Connor scorned to reply. Five minutes more of a run.

" There's the fire !" triumphantly from Connor, his neck craned far ahead, his eyes searching the darkness for the glare of fire. Incidentally there wasn't any glare.

Backed up against the kerb a hose-wagon stood, its horses with drooping heads and bodies sleek with the rain.

" Where's the fire ?" Connor yelped, almost inarticulate with excitement.

" Down in Billings' lumber yard," responded a rubber-coated fireman, busily searching for an axe.

" Bad one ?"

" Terrible," said he of the rubber coat, taking in the situation.

" Any lives lost ?"

" Sure, six," came the reply. The fireman was beginning to enjoy it.

" My God ! and I'm alone on the job. Where—where—"

But the fireman had vanished—his powers were limited.

Down the street went Connor, mud squirting up his trouser legs, rain squirting down his neck. It struck him for an uneasy second or two that there didn't seem to be as much excitement as one might expect when six lives had been lost, but just then he smelled smoke and fell over a line of hose.

The fire was in a lumber yard, and there was smoke enough to satisfy even Connor.

"Bet it's six firemen. Choked to death," he stuttered as he plunged into a black pool knee deep.

The smoke was driving in thick yellow clouds down lanes between fifteen foot lumber piles, and a line of hose lay submerged in the bottom of a very respectable little river that was pouring rapidly towards the street. It was very dark in there, but Connor could hear men shouting in the distance and he waded in.

After a while he found them, a dozen misty figures gathered around a white-coated chief, squirting water on a smouldering lumber heap.

"Where's the six firemen?" Connor's speech was rapidly leaving him.

"What six firemen?" grunted a preoccupied man.

"Dead ones. Six dead ones," was the reply.

"Now, we don't want none of your lip, young fellow. 'F you think you can come in here and come any smart aleck business on us, you're mistook. See? Beat it out o' here! G'wan!"

And Connor beat it. "Just like them," he murmured, thinking of what the Union Station reporter had told him of official reticence. "Bet you they're tryin' to keep it dark."

It was as fuel to fire, and Connor decided he'd produce those six corpses if he had to make them himself.

For half an hour he splashed and blundered in stygian darkness, soaked to the skin, negro-black with sooty water, choked with smoke. Once he turned the corner of a pile and ran into a stream of water from a hose which sat him down suddenly.

But there were no corpses, and the smoke thinned gradually.

Lighting a match he looked at his watch.

"My Lord, it's two o'clock and we go to press at three!" he groaned. "How'll I ever make it? This is a big story, too."

Out on the street the firemen were leaving. "Find your corpses?" came a sympathetic query as the last hose-wagon jolted off.

The walk back to the office was one Connor didn't enjoy. His boots squelched and his trousers stuck to his legs. Besides which, a policeman wanted to arrest him.

"Newspaper man? The divvle ye say? Ye look like a tramp. Been to a fire, eh? An' ye look it! G'wan home."

A bedraggled figure crawled into the office at 2.45 exactly.

"Where in --?" began the city editor. Then words failed.

"The fire, sir," faltered Connor.

"Well, you didn't have to put it out yourself, you know," said the great man more kindly. "Anything in it?"

"Yes, sir, big story."

"Well, what in blazes do you mean coming in here at this time of the morning with a big story, eh?" roared the chief, suddenly up in the air again. "Why in Tophet didn't you telephone for somebody to go down with you? Haven't you any sense? D'you think this is the War Cry, eh? What's the damage?"

"I—I—I'm not just sure, sir. You see there was lumber ———"

"O, blast it! What was the insurance?"

"I just forget——"

"Do you mean to tell me you came back here from a fire and didn't find out the damage or the insurance, or ——. Mr. Connor, you've missed your vocation," said the city editor, with icy calmness. "You should have been a poet—or something."

"What's this about a fire?" asked the night "police" man, strolling up leisurely. "That one down in Billings' lumber yard? Oh, I got that over the 'phone. One hundred and seventy-five dollars damage,—five thousand insurance. Gave it half a stick some time ago. By-the-way the telephone operator at headquarters was telling me something about a reporter who went around all night looking for six dead firemen. Where are you going, Connor?"

And that's why Connor still gets irritated when you call him the "man killer."

### Lament Lacrymosal

(In Tennysonian Quatrains—Vid. Loc. Class., In Mem., Canto LV.)

By JOHN D. LOGAN, PH.D. (*The World*)

I wish that I could find a hole  
Wherein to crawl as in a grave,  
Whene'er I read the "stuff" I gave  
To woozy "comps." without a soul.

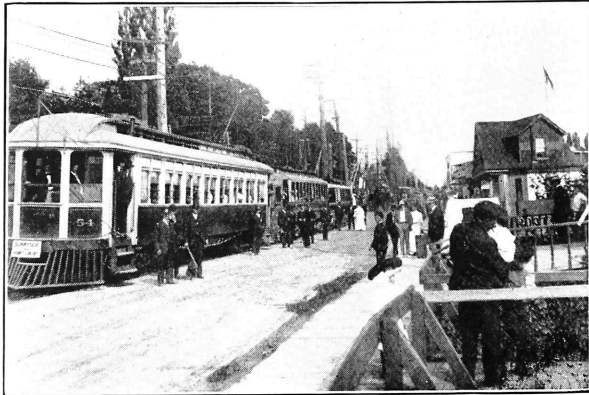
Are "comps." and "readers" in combine  
To wreck my mind with evil dreams?  
So careless of the type, it seems  
They "ball up" every blawsted line.

I wonder if they never hear  
My curses on their wild misdeeds:  
They scorn me while my sad heart bleeds  
And drive me to the sousty beer.

That's why I faltered when I trod  
Up, up *The World's* dread office stair,  
Burdened with more than I could bear  
Or carry in one "bun," b'gawd!

Whate'er I write I might as well  
Let "comps." and "readers" take their way:  
To all my "kicks" they shout, Nay, Nay,  
And swiftly bid me GELLHOTO. \*

\*This word is not as the author wrote it in his copy, but it is a fair specimen of the cause of the poet's lament. No prize is offered for the correct transposition and spacing of the letters; their meaning may be supplied from imagining the appropriate rhyme to the last word of the first line in the last quatrain.—Ed.



Sunnyside Terminal

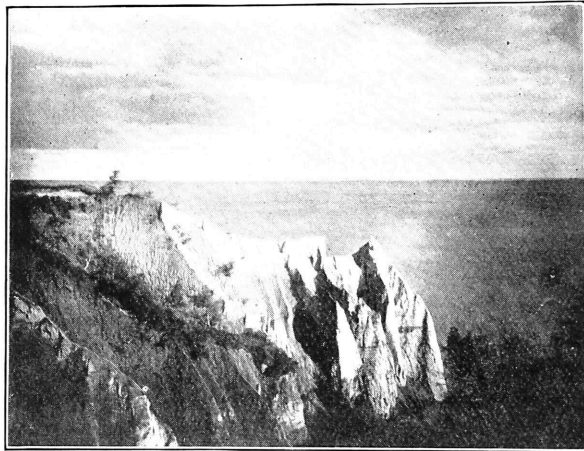
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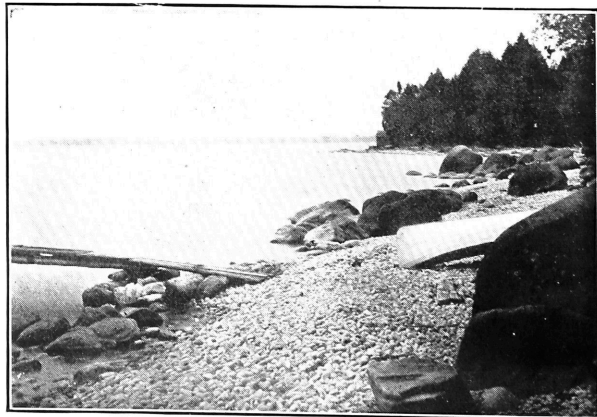
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## Typographical Nature-Faking

BY JAMES N. M. BROWN (*The World*)

"Say, have you ever seen a Type-Louse?" asked one of the compositors of a green reporter, who was watching with an interested air the process of turning out a large morning paper.

"No," replied the reporter, with a suspicious glance at the comp. Never having heard of such a bug, and thinking his knowledge of science beyond reproach, he was skeptical.

"What, you've never seen or heard of a Type-Louse?" said the comp., and an expression of wonder, mixed with contempt, drifted over his innocent and child-like countenance at the disclosure of such ignorance. Picking up a type-metal line of type which had been thrown on the floor, he pointed to the numberless holes, some quite large and some smaller than the head of a pin, scooped in the side of the leaden strip.

"That is what they do," he said. "They make those holes in the metal."

The would-be knight of the pencil examined the metal attentively, but as he could discover no inhabitants, he looked searchingly in the face of the comp., fearing he was being made the victim of a joke. The look of seraphic and cherubic innocence on that worthy's face, however, reassured him. As he could see no reason why he should be victimized, he listened to his tutor's words of wisdom.

"These animals are the most interesting creatures alive," went on the comp. "We have lots of them. Some of them are captives, and are kept in training for the Type-Lousing mains which we hold at the home of one of the boys every time there is any money to be put up. They are wonderful fighters. Mine hasn't been licked yet."

"Why is it I have never heard of them?" questioned the reporter. "I have studied many peculiar insects, but have never heard of one with such habits."

"That's easy. They have been the comps.' friends ever since the days of Caxton. Why, as a matter of fact, Caxton trained the first one to stay in his shop and ever since then they have been taken care of by the printers. They were not originally denizens of print shops. They have just become what they are. The reason they have not become known to science is because the printers kept the secret, and whenever anybody tried to print something about them, the typos cut that part out. They have guarded the secret jealously. If the authorities found out about their holding Type-Lousing mains, they would be foolishly forbidden and would suffer the fate of the cocking main."

By this time the reporter was deeply interested. Visions of becoming famous as the captor of the first Type-Louse known to science floated before him.

"Have you one here?" he asked.

"Sure," said the comp. "If you wait here till I come for you, I'll show you mine. By the way, they look better when in the water. Water shows off their beautiful markings. I'll put him in the water for you."

Soon the comp. called our friend, who in the meantime had been trying to imagine what kind of an insect it would be.

The compositor walked down the room to where stood a perfectly level steel table, mounted on small wheels. On top of the table was a "form"; a rectangular affair in which all the type is put when a page of the paper is made up. This page had hardly been completed. There was a cavity in the centre of one of the columns, bounded on both ends by the strips of linotype, the width of the column. The hole was filled with water.

"There is the Type-Louse, in there," said the comp., pointing to the cavity and laying his hand on the lines of type at the end.

The reporter eagerly approached and stooped over to examine the Type-Louse.

"Get down closer, this is a small one," remarked his friend.

Stooping down over the water, the reporter earnestly stared into its depths.

"Guess he has gone into a corner," he said. "I can't—"

He did not finish the sentence, as all the water (and it was none too clean) jumped up into his face. Instead, he gasped and jumped backward, and all present seemed to think of something funny they had seen. As he stood spitting out water and attempting to dig it out of his eyes, he saw through the vile plot. The comp. had pushed the lines of type, upon which his hand had rested, up to the other end, deluging the reporter.

With a mighty rage welling up in his heart, and seeing blood through the dirty water in his eyes, the victim decided on murder. Making a dive for his enemy, whom he saw but dimly, he stumbled on a box full of metal and went to the floor, striking his head against a table.

When he recovered consciousness his now anxious enemy was kneeling above, bathing his head with the sponge that had been used in putting the water in the form. His mind was soon working again but instead of thirsting for blood—he laughed.

---

## The Smallest

BY JAMES P. HAVERSON (*The World*)

The world is very large and wide,  
 A child is such a tiny thing;  
 Yet there is nothing will abide  
 Beyond the songs the children sing.

## Art is Long

BY W. N. ROBERTSON (*Mail and Empire*)

My friend Antonio Cavaterro was a showman, not of the Barnum-Bailey or Coles Bros. order, but of lesser calibre, to correspond with his average audiences. His aggregation consisted of trained monkeys, dogs, and parrots, venomous snakes, and a wrestling kangaroo, while the feats of skill and mysticism were entirely executed by himself.

I became acquainted with Antonio while travelling through Australia. Finding ourselves incidentally in the same small towns so often, we naturally were attracted to each other by that occult sympathy which makes all Bohemians brothers and causes them to regard the world around them as a world from them apart.

I had an unwritten perpetual pass to Antonio's show, and used to walk in, at any old time and place, mainly for the pleasure of a chat after the performance was over, for Antonio was no common Italian. He was well educated in his own language, and could recite at will almost any passage from Dante, whose sublime poetry he declared lost much of its beauty in translation to Anglo-Saxon syntax.

In discussing with me one evening the peculiar and unproductive love every true artist has for his own creatures, he exemplified his argument by relating how two of his compatriots, who were noted sculptors then in Sydney, had years before been brought out from Genoa by Bishop Quinn of Brisbane, Queensland, to execute some fine statuary for a church then in course of erection in that city. Neither of the two could speak a word of English, and some advantage was taken of their ignorance of the language to get them to enter into a contract extending over a considerable period, at a rate of remuneration received by ordinary well-paid labor, instead of that which should properly be the reward of rare and highly skilled art.

Antonio considered it a patriotic duty to enlighten his countrymen, that they might be prevented from becoming further committed on inequable terms.

When the two artists realized how cruelly they had been imposed upon, their first thought was to find the Bishop at once and assassinate him.

Antonio with difficulty explained to them that such an act of vengeance was impossible in a British country without it becoming a hanging matter for themselves.

"But I will tell you what I should do in your place," said he to them. "You have there a beautifully chiselled bust of the Bishop which I believe his admirers intend to present to him. If I were you I should take the hammer and knock off his nose."

"But no," said Antonio, when describing the incident to me, "although those two men were ready to go forth and commit a murder, I could not prevail on them to mutilate or destroy their own work."



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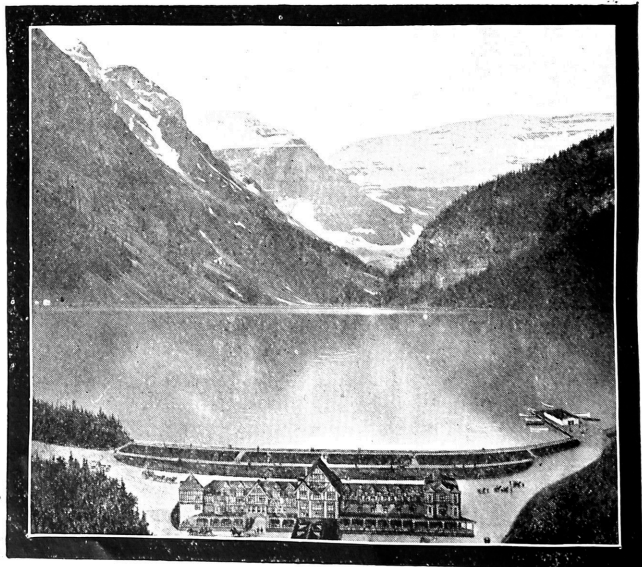
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## Mephisto at Church

BY HECTOR CHARLESWORTH (*The Mail and Empire*)

A picture hangs on my westward wall,  
 One's eyes on it ever linger ;  
 Its colors caress them,—but that's not all.  
 Like the Mariner's skinny finger,  
 It holds one's mind with a gauzy spell ;  
 For there in the alcove shady  
 Of a brown old church, where the saints should dwell,  
 The Devil looks up at a lady.

Such a yearning, leering, cynical face  
 Has the jaunty scarlet fellow ;  
 And she is a bubble of youth and grace,  
 Her waving hair the yellow  
 Of ripened maize, and her gown is blue—  
 A blossoming modish Haidee !  
 Is it passing strange, my friend, to you,  
 That the Devil looks up at the lady ?

She peeps at the fiend, with vague alarms  
 In her side-long wavering glances ;  
 At his lissome form and his outstretched arms,  
 While his darkling face entrances.  
 Will she yield ? this flower-like, wondering girl !  
 What phrases alluring said he ?  
 Does the light heart flutter, the young brain whirl,  
 As the Devil looks up at the lady ?

He is the Devil and she is the Flesh,  
 And the World is all around them ;  
 He lures, she lingers ; in many a mesh  
 The weaver Fate has wound them ;  
 Life's puzzle—and answer, no doubt, if you search—  
 Is there in the alcove shady,  
 With the World, the Flesh and the Fiend at Church  
 Where the Devil looks up at the lady.

## The Prologue

BY J. G. MUIR (*The Telegram*)

Ladies and gentlemen—and those who got free tickets:  
 I am the prologue.  
 This our play's without excuses,  
 We all are actors, with but one exception,  
 He's an ex-stage hand (fired out by the union).  
 At this final funeral of aged gags and chestnuts  
 Restrain not your emotions.  
 A medal will be given to him who laughs the loudest.  
 To fractured jawbones doctors will give attention.  
 Also your tears (of joy that it is over) keep off the carpet.  
 The accidental music is for home consumption.  
 Take it with you and enjoy it at your leisure.  
 Now, with these words of kindly admonition  
 I take my leave:—

RING UP THE CURTAIN!

## What Do You Read?

By G. B. VAN BLARICOM (*Maclean Trade Journal*)

"Nothing in it but froth and gossip, personals, sporting comment, stock quotations, all sorts of silly rumors, domestic troubles and crimes," and he flung the paper on the floor in disgust. "I tell you," he added, "that the man who has anything else to do, and spends more than a quarter of an hour reading his daily, is absolutely wasting his time and ruining his mind."

"What? Say that again, please."

"You heard what I said," he declared with vehemence, "and you know that Shakespeare never repeats, in which respect he differs markedly from the modern newspaper."

He was a professional man living on College street, and the observation was offered in objurgatory tones as I walked into his office about nine o'clock the other morning. I told him that the newspaper was a mirror of every day life, that its mission was to cater to all tastes and provide something to interest every class of readers.

"Bah! that is mere twaddle. I have listened to that sort of guff scores of times. You cannot shove any such sophistry down my throat."

You find men every day of his class. Happily they are not numerous. They have hypnotized themselves into a belief something like that of my College street friend. If they want to confine their reading to what alone interests them, they should subscribe for technical publications or get out a house organ patterned along the line of their own idiosyncratic ideas.

Men who read the daily papers profitably, intelligently and regularly, entertain no freakish notions about the press. They get out of any progressive, well-conducted and ably-edited publication as much if not more than they do out of the average library, and it matters not whether they are concerned in art, science, literature, theology, trade, law, medicine, farming or chicken raising. Apply the problem personally. Do you read the editorials? It is said that only about ten per cent. of the people do, unless a hot political campaign is being waged, when the proportion is, of course, very much larger. Do you peruse the "heavier stuff" or surreptitiously skip it? Do you read the parliamentary debates and legislative doings, the foreign despatches, tariff topics, the reports of the city council, the board of education, the proceedings of the various religious assemblies, and all about the work of the different charitable, benevolent and fraternal organizations, the addresses on industrial, labor and Imperial subjects, the financial reviews, literary contributions, biographical references, the columns of sane, serious intelligence? Of the hourly drama of theft and violence, of human weakness and depravity, of accidents and losses of life, of criminal trials and exposures of corruption and speculation, you need not read.

Exclusive of advertising, the average issue of a Toronto daily paper contains from 60 to 100 columns—and on special

occasions more—of editorial and news matter, portraying the progress, development and expansion of things in all corners of the earth—matter that is instructive, elevating, educative and entertaining. Supposing you find only ten or twelve columns of such material, that is more than you can obtain in any other printed medium for a paltry penny. Don't be a grouch or a churl. In your associations throughout life, in your intercourse with your fellow men, you get largely what you give, and in scanning your morning or evening paper, you can generally discover what you are looking for. There is solid, substantial stuff aplenty. You are living in the present, not in a remote or archaic past, and, if you would realize all that is brightest and best, truest and noblest, you cannot afford to ignore or deride one of the greatest blessings and conveniences of the century—the daily newspaper. It may have its faults, as all human institutions have, but no man can cast it aside with only a fifteen or twenty minute perusal and call himself enlightened or well informed in all that the term “a liberal education” implies.

### Anastasis

BY ALBERT E. S. SMYTHE (*The World*)

What shall it profit a man  
To gain the world—if he can—  
And lose his soul, as they say  
In their uninstructed way?

The whole of the world in gain ;  
The whole of your soul ! Too vain  
You judge yourself in the cost.  
'Tis you—not your soul—is lost.

Your soul ! If you only knew  
You would reach to the heavens blue,  
To the heartmost centre sink,  
Ere you severed the silver link,

To be lost in your petty lust  
And scattered in cosmic dust.  
For your soul is a Shining Star  
Where the Throne and the Angels are.

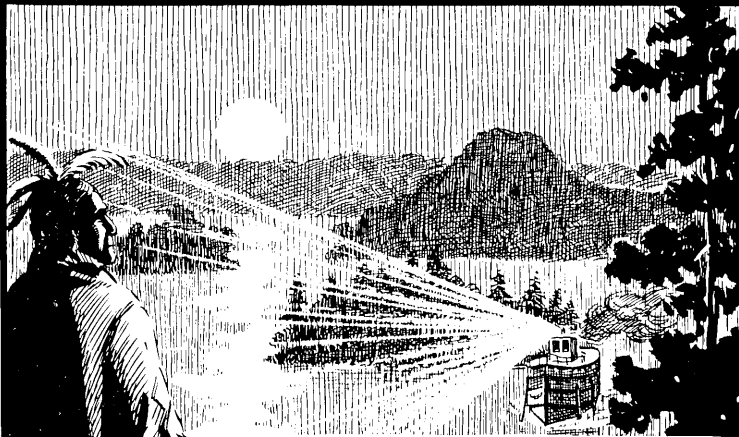
And after a thousand years  
With the salve of his bottled tears  
Your soul shall gather again  
From the dust of a world of pain

The frame of a slave set free—  
The man that you ought to be,  
The man you may be to-night  
If you turn to the Valley of Light.

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## Little Amenities of Newspaper Life

BY SARAH C. THOMAS (*The Telegram*)

We love peace in our office. In fact we fairly dote upon peace, and if there is one thing more than another upon which we pride ourselves, it is our punctilious observance of the little amenities of life.

Of course we fail sometimes in our aim, but our constant yearnings towards the highest forms of gentleness and brotherly love have led us, as is only natural, far towards the goal.

For instance :—We are contentedly wading through scalps—the most peaceful kind of scalps—our hearts being full of the brightest, most summery kind of contentment, the “Flow Gently, Sweet Afton” spirit, while typewriters click and genius soars.

Suddenly there is the twist and turn of a chair, and the young man who has hitherto blissfully and peacefully occupied said chair, strides over to another reporter’s desk.

“You thief! You—you—liar!” he begins in stentorian tones, “you bifurcated Hamburg steak, you scum of the universe,—why there aren’t words enough in Webster’s Unabridged to tell what I think of you. You said you’d be there at 9.30 last night and it was exactly 9.45 when you showed up, you scoundrel!”

The newspaper man who has been thus mildly objurgated, springs to his feet. “You spineless jelly fish,” he gasps, “you sewer-pipe rat, you unmitigated atom of a pin-headed mutt, when there’s anything or anybody of importance to meet I’ll probably do so, but for a mindless vacuum like you to attempt to tell me what to do——! And, besides, no man shall call me those names and live!”

The man sitting next begins to wake up. He says, in low but blood-curdling tones :—“My friend, you need some help to utterly demolish and wipe out of existence yon dog-eared caitiff,” and proceeds to take off his coat.

A glint of steel-like determination comes into the eyes of the reporter across the aisle, and he also rises, muttering with awful significance :—“This cumberer of the ground has lived far too long as it is.”

The erstwhile cerulean hue of our summer sky turns to murky blackness. A rain of adjectives, blue books, folded newspapers and waste paper baskets begins to fall, and increases in intensity, while through the gloom, heads, arms and legs, may be seen writhing in wild contortions upon the floor.

When things have got to their most exciting and strenuous pitch, the aggressor suddenly rises from the neck of the man he has been viciously pummelling, and says, in the most matter-of-fact tones :—“All right, old man, Have lunch with me to-day.”

There is a gasp of relief, and the newspaper women emerge from one corner of the room, where they have been hidden behind the Chicago papers, and one asks half fearfully, while her eyes begin to resume their normal size and a gleam of hope struggles into her wan face :—“Do you think they meant it?”

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## My Ship

By J. EDGAR MIDDLETON (*The News*).

Ah, the day when My Ship comes in,  
 Royals and stuns'ls set,  
 Foam upcurled from her gilded prow,  
 Rail on the lee side wet,  
 Brass work shining and decks all white,  
 Glistening in the noonday light.

Ah, the joy when My Ship comes in.  
 There will be sorrows too,  
 When I sail from the tried old home  
 Girt by a stranger crew,  
 Leaving the friends of younger years  
 Standing there in a mist of tears.

Ah, the joy when My Ship comes in.  
 Will it be joy, or woe?  
 What are doubloons and stuffs of Inde,  
 Laces like wraiths of snow,  
 When compared to the gladsome eye  
 Of a brother as poor as I?

Better to let the good ship pass,  
 Better to see the sail  
 Gleaming white on the distant sky,  
 Bending before the gale,  
 For My Vessel, so brave and bold  
 May have Grief in her generous hold.

## Holiday Dreams

By J. D. CRAIG (*The Star*).

O, my retreat is wondrous fair ;  
 It is a fairy dell. And there  
 Soft slanting through the shelt'ring leaves  
 The sun a web of magic weaves.  
 There light and shade each intermixt  
 Are to the grassy carpet fixed  
 With daisies pied and cow-slips gay,  
 That steal with stealth the light of day.  
 There oft the wanton wind that plays  
 Among the maiden fern displays  
 Sweet violet robed in deepest blue,  
 And briar rose, with tears of dew  
 Still glistening on her blushing cheek,  
 For late, while playing hide-and-seek  
 A saucy sunbeam stole a kiss,  
 Then, laughing, left the ravished miss.  
 'Tis there, beneath the murm'ring trees,  
 While listening to the whispering breeze,  
 The woodland songster's tuneful trill,  
 The babbling brook and laughing rill,  
 I dream. I dream of Courts and kings ;  
 Of magic wands and fairy rings ;  
 Of thrilling tales of derring do ;  
 And rustic scenes where lovers woo.

But when my holidays are over  
 I return,  
 For fifty weeks—'tis short—my wage  
 To earn.

## The Spinster Lady

BY MARIE NUNAN (*The Telegram*)

A bright fire burned in the grate. Mauve silk curtains were drawn at the windows to shut out the sight of the street swept clean by the wind. On a small table, drawn luxuriously near the fire, the silver and crystal of the tea things glistened. Vases of quaint rare workmanship, such as the traveller gathers in his wanderings, stood about on mantel and cabinets. And everywhere were chrysanthemums in palest mauve tints. A rare "comfy place," this low-browed room with its many-paned sleepy windows and its softly shadowed half-tone of light.

The Spinster Mistress sat in a high backed chair, a slender, graceful figure in her mauve gown. The firelight, falling on the wavy masses of her hair, brought out the warm chestnut tints in it, while it played softly over her features,—the clear, kind eyes and wide, sweet, generous mouth. The Spinster Lady was listening and dreaming of the might-have-been, her face cupped in her hands.

From the room above she could hear her married sister, Dolly, crooning to her baby :—

" Rock-a-bye, Baby, on the tree top,  
When the wind blows, the cradle will rock,  
When the bough bends, the cradle will fall,  
Then down will come baby, cradle and all."

So sang the Mother-Woman upstairs over and over again. Sometimes the baby with a tired, nestling-down complaint, interrupted the song.

Downstairs, the Spinster at the grate, leaning forward in her chair, smiled a sad little smile, while to her eyes came a look born of heart hunger.

In the room above the rocker went creak, creak, creaking slower and slower until it stopped altogether.

Baby was asleep. Now Dolly was putting him down among the soft squashy cushions of his cot. Once, when Dolly had gone to town with her big boy-husband, the Spinster had crooned the baby to sleep, and she remembered how small and pink and wholly lovable he had looked cuddled in among the frilly things. And she had kissed him where the curls damply clung back of each tiny ear. She, the Spinster Lady, the travelled Spinster Lady, the maker of books, to whom success had meant this delightful home, had knelt down by the crib and stretched her arms across it, and fairly gloated over the sleeping cherub therein.

She remembered the play-hour before. What a rough little bear he was. He had dug his pink toes into her bosom, and burrowed his curly head into her shoulder, playing peek-a-boo, and she had caught him to her with a kind of fierce tenderness, while his warm nearness sent the blood pounding at her temples.

She had kept her steps on the high, straight road of spinsterhood, and the road had led to success.

Suddenly, there in the firelight, she felt afraid of the loneliness of the years stretched out before her. A lump forced its way up into her throat, and swelled and swelled until the warm tears blotted out the light from her grey eyes.

She crouched down in her chair, a crumpled, miserable, lonely little heap.

"The better part, the better part," she sobbed softly as she slipped to her knees, stretching empty arms before her.

The burnt logs tumbled into the grate with a cloud of golden sparks. Then the flames leaped together, lapping feebly at the darkness flowing in.

Big shadows, massed in the corners, crept softly out of their hiding places, closer and closer to the grate, until only a faint blur of white showed where the Spinster Lady crouched.

### A Society Fable

BY FRED JACOB (*The Mail and Empire*).

When Mrs. Joughnes decided she would have to entertain  
In order that her many friends would ask her out again,  
Her husband swore, but gave a cheque to finance her campaign.

And on her "Day" her rooms were all transformed to orchid bowers,—  
To get the proper light effects had taken many hours ;  
A dago band made music from behind a screen of flowers.

Such swarms of ladies crowded in, all decked in silk and lace,  
They could not get a chance to see the beauty of the place ;  
A tossing sea of heads and hats filled up the vacant space.

But Mrs. Joughnes shook hands with all and never ceased to smile ;  
Her high soprano welcome kept on ringing all the while,—  
She made remarks on subjects that were just then in the style.

'A bevy of chic debutants," as said next day's "On Dit,"  
Dispensed some strange confections and tiny cups of tea ;  
The guests who took the dainties wondered what each one could be.

The little groups of ladies seemed to find enough to say,  
But oh, how many characters were mauled about that day  
Till just a bruised and battered heap was left to take away

When the whole affair was over, the ladies went in haste  
To tell their husbands of the things they thought were in bad taste ;  
Yet how to go one better was a problem to be faced.

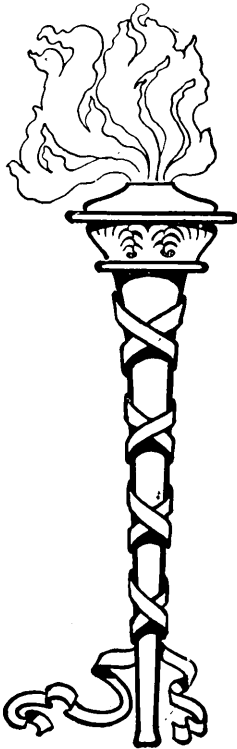
Those who were not invited chatted o'er their telephones ;  
They talked about her parents and her husband's shaky loans,  
And recalled that once the hostess had been known as "Mrs. Jones."

The gossip spread to Mrs. Joughnes, but caused her no distress ;  
She told it to her husband, and declared, "I must confess  
I was not sure till now that I had made a great success."

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## An Interview With Disraeli

BY WM. BANKS, SENIOR (*The Globe*)

The Bow Bells Bugle was the greatest of all the great London dailies, and as I was on its staff, I expected my share of great things. A general election was on, and Disraeli was making his last fight in the County of Buckingham, for ere next election came round he was Lord Beaconsfield.

He set 10 a.m. one fair summer day for an interview with the "press gang," and the Bull in Aylesbury was the place. I was there and so were others. The note I had making the appointment led me to believe I was the only interviewer, but to my disgust, on reaching the Bull full one hour ahead of time, I found that the reporters of the Times, The Standard, The Morning Post and other mere London dailies had arrived the night before, and arranged the manner of the interview. As usual The Times reporter was to lead in the questions to be asked, and the other reporters were just to offer such inquiries as they were specially instructed to make.

With the cheek and freshness of youth I protested, but the cold douche I got, as the reporters of these other papers put up their monocles and stared at the youth who had dared question their right to make any arrangements without his being consulted, effectually squelched me. At the hour appointed we met Disraeli.

To my delight, he was reading the Bow Bells Bugle, the extreme Radical paper, and as soon as I had a chance I expressed my pleasure that the Premier should read "my paper."

He looked at me with that curious, quizzical stare which so often disconcerted interviewers, he noted my youth and my freshness, and no doubt decided to "let me down easy."

"Oh, yes," he said, with a smile, "I know what my friends are saying, but I want to know what the other chap is saying also."

The little curl on his brow seemed to shake at me, and I there and then learned that there were two sides to every question. The Prime Minister of Great Britain took time from his many duties in the height of an election campaign to see the other side of all great questions. Surely other politicians might learn to do the same.

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## The Mascot

BY JOHN R. O'CONNOR, B.A.

I am long accustomed to the child-merchants of the city thoroughfares: their manners and customs, likewise their wiles and hypocrisies. The tear-stained, sleeping youngster in the doorway is a bluff; so is the crying kid who has lost his only nickel down the grating; and there are many others. They are all a part of pavement life, and would be noticeable only if eliminated. The inexperienced stranger alone would give them heed. But I confess that on the Winter's night when I first encountered the hero—I had almost said zero—of this tale (he was so small), I was compelled to halt and observe.

The snow was crunching under my feet, and the frost nipping my ears, as I walked briskly along the almost deserted street towards my hotel. With head bent against the whistling wind I hurried on, anxious for the indoor warmth. The light blazing from out the plate-glass front of a department store splashed across the sidewalk. My eyes, bent downward, led me to note in the path of the glare a child of about six years, running along beside me and whispering hoarsely as he held towards me something in his hand. The plea in the dark, round eyes was irresistible, and gave me pause.

"Buy a p'r o' shoe-laces, Mister, on'y fi' cents?" he panted, and his teeth chattered as he spoke.

A little, tattered overcoat was buttoned tight up under his chin, a rough cloth cap pulled over the tops of his ears, while his peaked, white face filled the space between cap and collar. By looking closely I discerned that his feet, encased in broken boots, were connected with the upper portion of his anatomy by threads of limbs clad in shreds of stockings. One tiny hand at a time occupied a pocket of the coat, while the other, devoid of covering, was on duty with the shoe-strings.

I felt his hands: they were cold. His cheeks were like ice. I lifted the midget in my arms, intending to carry him into the hotel to warm him. But he kicked to be set down, and cried: "I ain't cold, Mister; I'm always shiverin' in de Winter. Gi' me a nickel, an' I'll go home." This had a familiar ring, so I put him on his feet, stuffed some change in his coat pocket, and he ran away across the light patch into the dark, beyond. "Well," I soliloquized, as I resumed my way, "poor little beggar! I wonder what's in store for him. I suppose he'll either grow to be a news-vendor with a voice like a raven, or else he'll wake up some bright morning in a far country, a silver-throated cherub."

But though I dismissed him from my mind, his image found lodgment in my memory. And I would often thereafter go out of my way to pass through that street on my journey homeward just to see if he was "on the job" all right. And he was always sure-enough there. The rain would soak him through, but there he would be, drawn against the corner of the gaily-dressed show-window. The frost would chill him, but it could not drive him



away. He was a part of the scenery ; and a part of the season, whatever it was. I concluded that the secret of his escape from some deadly disease must be that the microbes looked upon him as one of themselves, he was so small, and treated him as a brother accordingly.

The burly policeman on the beat knew him ; so did the Greek peanut-vendor, and the girl from sunny Italy with the street-piano ; likewise the King of the Newsboys (he of the raucous voice), and the porter of military bearing standing outside the big store. To all of these, the denizens of the busy corner, he was a familiar figure.

Came the balmy days of Spring, and in their midst, race-week,—which is two. Mornings and evenings the street in front of the big store and the bigger hotel near-by was gay with groups of handsomely-gowned and bejewelled women, and flashily-attired and prosperous-looking race men. The latter spoke with a twang, smoked black cigars, and lived in an atmosphere of excited argumentation.

The shivers had disappeared from my little friend, but he was still clad in the same old Winter rags, and he greeted me with his wonted grin whenever I pressed a coin into his black little paw.

As I passed him on the first day of the races I said to him : “How’s trade ? Are the strangers good buyers ?”

“Gee, dem race-fellers is fine,” piped he. “One big guy trew me up in de air t’-day, an’ said I’d be his Mascot fer de races, an’ ’e gi’ me a dollar.”

A couple of sporty “fellers” with diamond headlights passed by and threw the youngster some change, with a laugh and a joke. Then a sanctimonious “guy” refused to even purchase. But he probably gave his charity systematically, and not at random, you know.

Then the kid said, looking up at me, “Gee, Mister, me troat is sore t’-day. Me fer home. S’long.” And he disappeared.

The next day I looked in vain in his accustomed place for the little lad. He was not there. After searching diligently without result, I continued on my way, but with a strange sadness weighing on my spirit. I opined that he had withstood the chills of Winter only to be saved for Death’s Spring harvest, and that I had seen him for the last time, with his cute little grin. So I promised myself to take another route home in future. And I did avoid that part of the street for several days.

However, on the last race-day I was obliged to pass that way once more, and again I saw nothing of my little friend. As I quickened my pace to get by the spot where he was wont to be, I heard a familiar voice huskily call : “Mister,—say,—Mister !” Turning, I saw a sight that held me suspended between laughter and tears. There was the kid right enough. But what a transformation ! Gone was the scrimpy coat, gone the shabby cap, the worn-out shoes, the threadbare hose. In their place were velvet and patent leather and silk. He was a

vision of crimson plush from head to foot:—Little Lord Fauntleroy re-incarnated, save for the flaxen curls. Curls did not run in the kid's family.

"I t'ought you wuz gone away or sumpin," he cried. "I wuz lookin' fer y' t' show y' me clocs."

"You look like a Christmas tree," I said. "Where did you get all the finery?"

"Dese is me Mascot clocs. Y' know de guy wot I'm his Mascot. Well, he gi' me dem. Say, he's a prince. He's a bookmaker, an' he says ever sence he gi' me de dollar an' made me his Mascot, all de horses wot he bet on wins. So de oder day he tooked me in de big store an' buyed me dese togs, an' made me wear dem. Gee, dey felt funny at first. But people wot used to growl at me like I wuz a dog, says now, 'No, me little man, I don't want any laces t'-day. Now run away home.' An' me own customers buys jus' a same, an' brings people to look at me. De man wot I'm his Mascot tooked me fer a ride in his car, an' he's goin' to gi' me Mudder a lot o' money to keep fer me wen de races is over. Gee, I hope I grows up quick so's I kin be a bookmaker at de races. Dere's some class to dem guys—Gee, dere he is now. S'long, Mister."

And the little red figure pattered across the walk to the curb, where a big, fat, jolly-looking man with a sparkler the size of a walnut in his scarf, was sitting in an automobile, into which the kid was lifted like a feather and whisked away.

### "Run of Mine"

By J. A. McNEIL (*The Mail and Empire*).

Gowganda much resembles  
Good Bishop Heber's isle,  
For every prospect pleases  
But O, the Whiskey's vile.

The records of a placer camp  
Disprove an ancient lay :  
There's often luck about the place  
Upon a washing day.

The man who salts a silver mine  
Is overly-officious ;  
He's always sticking in his ore  
'Gainst other people's wishes.

The poet tells us somewhere :  
"Death loves a shining mark."  
But even the Grim Reaper  
Avoids the mining shark.

The faithful miner's daily life  
Fulfills the Laureate's line :  
"But mine, but mine," he swore to the rose,  
'Forever and ever mine.'

Be sure to choose your men with care  
When digging after siller,  
A man may be an awful bore  
Yet not an able driller.

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