tional Review

Washington all the time and we have United States paying a visit to Ottawa and addressing public audinces in Canadian cities.

It is quite safe to leave open the question of whether a Canadian navy would have to fight in every British quarrel, for the double reason that the Foreign Minister and the Cabinet in London are Imperial statesmen and Canada is not a Crown colony. In dealing with foreign affairs generally the Imperial Cabinet inevitably considers the probable attitude of the over-seas dominions towards any impending crisis. Anything on such a find out, for the telegraph practiplaces the council chamber of

The question of agreement with or hostility to the Mother Country in any international quarrel could never be governed by any hard and fast compulsion to fight in the Mother Country's cause. If the Mother Country could not win the switches try could not win the sympathy of her kith and kin in her quarrel that kith and kin in her quarrel that would be a very strong presumption that her quarrel was not worth powder and shot. We are aware that sometimes war has to be risked secretly. But the risk is not so great as it seems, for no European Power will risk a serious war on some matter about which public feeling has not been roused. Wars are not made any more in the back parlors of irresponsible autocrats. sponsible autocrats.

With the recent experience of South-Eastern Europe before us—an experience which fifty years ago would have resulted in war first and discussion afterwards—we are quite willing to take our chances of agreement with the Mother Country without a formal contract being entered out a formal contract being entered beforehand. And as we should expect that the commanding officers would be selected because of their capacity to command, we should not capacity to command, we should not be afraid to take our fighting instructions from such chiefs. When the time came it would be seen that the loyalty of the French-Canadian, of the American, of the Galician, of all the one-time aliens, would be transfused into a loyalty to the Empire, which is greater than us all.

P. S.—The foregoing was written at the suggestion of friends after some

the suggestion of friends after son emarks of mine at a public gathering in Victoria and before the disclosure of the naval situation as between Great Britain and Germany had led to the remarkable outburst of patriotism throughout the Empire. The Dominion government, at the time of writing, is being urged to offer Dreadnoughts to the Mother Country, a method of showing our devotion to Im-Victoria and before the discle thod of showing our devotion to Im-perial interests which I heartly ap-prove. This development does not prove. This development does not change my views; it only accentuates them. The chief naval necessity for Canada is still training-schools for her youth and the provision of one, two, or three battleships would do much to stimulate the naval spirit of which I have written. But it should be expressly stipulated that any vessels so provided by Canada would be lent to the Admiralty until our own crews are ready to man them. The knowledge that ships were provided in this way would perhaps do more than anything else to achieve the creation of a Canadian navy. The chief naval necessity for of a Canadian navy.
D. D. MANN.
Toronto, March, 1909.

EARLGREY

developed "mining camp" (the phase is used in the technical sense), and, what is more, he is obviously interested in the matter, and, what is still more, he clearly understands it in all its bearings. In England the discussion of between the control of the cont fore- all its bearings. In England the dis-have cussion of business matters is reon served for particular times and But Lord Grey, as every Canadian itted knows, delights in collecting volunteered information, wants to know everything about his adopted country, and add to his store of collected and collated facts, and never forgets either his informant or the information he imparts. Other Governors-General of gree days in the facts of them have been good listeners, but none of them have listened with such comprehensive, yet detailed, understanding. New I remember a real estate dealer reremember a real estate dealer remarking after a conversation with im: "What a partner he'd make for him: "What a partner he'd make for a firm handling farm-lands!" Similar instances of nalve, unrehearsed compliments, the best of all, could easily be multiplied. No wonder that the people of the Far West are rejoicing that he will remain in Canada for the full term of six years, which will give him an opportunity of visiting Northern British Columbia and the Yukon Territory. He will get the warmest of welcomes in Prince the warmest of welcomes in Prince Rupert, the terminal port of the new transcontinental line, when he does transcontinental line, when he does arrive, since everybody in that Vancouver in the making remembers that he once said that, in days to come, the price of wheat would be fixed there. Since half of the Western wheat crop will go out via Prince Rupert, the sea voyage round Cape Horn being much cheaper than the long rail heal eastward to the Altanlong rail haul eastward to the Atlantic, the prophecy may find fulfilment. Many other examples of such long-range business forecasts on his part could be given, if it were really necessary to submit further reasons for the belief of nearly all Canadians that Lord Grey is the first of their Governors-General to comprehend the Governors-General to comprehend the significance of Canada's commercial growth to herself, to the Mother Country, and to the Empire,—London

> The Flower-Gatherers. left behind the ways of care, The crowded hurrying hours,

I plucked the woodland flowers Primroses pale and cool, nemones like stars that shake In a green twilight pool—

On these still lay the enchanted shade, The magic April sun; With my own child a child I strayed And thought the years were one.

My senses lost their truth; called her by the dear dead name. That sweetened all my youth.

ROOF GARDENING

remember where — that to some extent at least roof gardening is adopted and finds favor in certain districts, both in China and Japan; but in all the pictures I have seen of houses and buildings in both of these countries the roof is usually set at so acute an angle as to almost preclude the possibility of success in any degree or form. Thinking that posssibly a different type of roof prevailed in other localities than those represented by the pictures referred to, I sought out a traveling friend, who, for nearly a score of years, has traveled largely in both countries and who, as I write, is again on his way thither, to make enquiries, which resulted in a more or less negative reply. In short, he said, "If such things be, I have not seen them." Notwithstanding, in a conversation some years ago with the late Mr. F. W. Burbridge, that widely read and far-traveled gentleman informed me that in certain parts of both China and Japan roof gardening was However, upon more than one occasion

have been asked to give lists of plants suitable for the purpose indicated, and the memory is refreshed on the point by letters which have recently received on the same subject. In each of these instances the roof in question has been somewhat of an eyesore, and being within view of some of the windows of the dwelling, it was desired, by means of vegetable life, to shut it out from view. Curiously enough, too, a near neighbor of mine, having an ugly sheet-iron roof in his garden and much exposed to view, enquired a year or more ago as to the possibility of growing Sedums and other plants in boxes thereon to hide the bad effect of the roof, and the plants I then suggested he obtained and duly planted. In a large degree this attempt has been successful, and it might have been wholly so had a different method been adopted in the first instance. The original idea was that of planting in boxes, and these were not only too shallow in themselves, but raised on ledges or bearers so that they were subjected to continuous currents of air beneath, which, drying and parching the soil beyond expectations, modified what might otherwise have proved to be a complete success. Moreover, the boxes warped considerably under the influence of strong sun heat, so much so that after a year's experience the original method has been considerably modified, and greater success is now expected.

In the above instance I was only responsible for naming the most suitable plants, and my suggestions for covering the roof with soil could not be carried out in their entirely because the strength of the roof was a matter of doubt. The experience gained, however, was sufficient to prove unmistakably that quite a variety of plants could be grown in the way suggested; and in certain instances, and where the roof of an outhouse is open to view from a higher level, it is not merely a good but an interesting way of dealing with a

Just what plants may be introduced and be grown with success will depend upon a variety of circumstances, such as sun, shade or partial shade, and not a little, of course, on the character and strength of the roof. Strength of rafter is naturally an important matter, and with this ensured, the best class of roof is that composed of the ordinary red guttered tiles seen in many country places or Iceland Poppies and, experimentally, such lot of airs.

It has been stated somewhere - I do not those ever-enduring stone-tiled roofs so frequent on farmhouse, church or other buildings in Midland and other districts. This same style of roof often enough affords a good object-lesson for those interested in roof gardening, and the accumulation of moss and other vegetation on the northern side, and the usual absence of such things on the southern side, indicate where the work of establishing such plants could be most easily carried out. The sharply angled stone-tiled roofs over a lych-gate are often suggestive enough to the planter, and more than once when looking at the moss-covered roofs have I longed for a handful of Wallflower, Poppy or Snapdragon seeds to start a colony of these things in such positions, and later, possibly, also to create wonder or give rise to speculation as to how such things came there. Indeed, I am not going to deny having done such things, and look with interest on the now colonized subjects which, if dwarfer than usual, are certainly not without attraction. It is when we see such subjects as Arbor-vitae, Yew, Gorse and other plants of a woody nature growing on the face of a dry brick wall that we are apt to enquire what may not be grown in positions a little more favored than these. Where a roof is being constructed with some idea of subsequent planting it can be made of a sufficient strength; but where it is of long standing its strength must be first ascertained. If a choice can be made, the nearly flat roof would receive the greatest number of votes for many reasons which will be clear to all. Next in importance is the provision of a body of suitable soil, which may vary from 2 inches to 4 inches in thickness, and if composed of

> mortar freely interspersed, the mixture will be found to suit many plants. With such an assured depth of soil resting on a cool tiled bottom, many plants will be quite at home, and nothing more will be required beyond fixing a board at the sides to keep the soil in position. In certain instances small pieces of sandstone could be introduced to fix the plants against, and this may be done the more freely in those instances where it is decided to confine the work to the planting of such subjects as Sempervivums, Sedums, the hardy Opuntias and similar plants. As these may indeed constitute a very delightful gathering, I give at once the names of the more conspicuous or worthy kinds. Of Sempervivums, S. tectorum, the roof Houseleek, is excellent, and in no way inferior are such as arachnoideum in variety, the very fine calcaratum and calcareum, triste, Regina Amaliae and many more. The Cobweb Houseleek should be largely grown and, pricked out over a large area, will make a most effective mass. Such Sedums as albidum, glaucum, Ewersi and dasyphyllum should be seen among many sorts, while of Opuntias, O. humilis and O. rafinesquiana should be prominent. That fine hardy Mesembryanthe-

rather clayey loam with finely pulverised old

place, and will, moreover, show to advantage. Then in a general way, not only those mentioned, but such as Aubrietias, Wallflowers, Snapdragons, Thrift (a capital plant alone), various species of Dianthus, such as fimbriata, deltoidea and others, and which make fine patches of flower, Corydalis lutea, a selection of the encrusted Saxifragas, Erinus in variety, Campanula fragilis, C. muralis, any of the silvery-leaved Achilleas, Alpine and

mum, M. uncinatum, will delight in such a

plants as Androsace lanuginosa, Onosma taurica and Thymus lanuginosa may be used. There is also the so-called roof Iris of Japan (I. tectorum), and with it might be associated others of the pumila section or their near allies. Where these Irises are grown a modified growth only could be looked for, and the same remark would apply to Sedum spectabile and to the Poppies and Wallflowers previously named. The idea of gardening in such out-of-the-way positions has for its aim a purpose of its own, and there is not the smallest reason why, with a little care and intelligence. its purpose may not be fully realized.—E. H. Jenkins, in The Garden.

WAS ELIZABETH AS BAD AS MARY?

One of our free days we went a long drive up out of Sheffield to that manor where the brilliant, baddish Scotch queen was imprisoned by her brilliant, baddish English cousin. In any question of goodness there was little to choose between them. Mary is the more appealing to the fancy because she has suffered beyond her deserts, but Elizabeth was to be pitied because Mary had made it politically necessary for her to kill her. All this we had threshed out many times before, and had said that, cat for cat, Mary was the more dangerous because she was the more feminine, and Elizabeth the more detestable because she was the more masculine in her ferocity. We were, therefore, in the right mood to visit Mary's prison, to which our ascent was mostly through winding and climbing streets of little dirty houses, with frowsy gardens beside them, and the very dirtiest-faced children in England playing about them. All at once we came upon the sight of it on an open top, hard by what is left of the ruins of the real manor, where Wolsey stayed that little while from death. The relics are broken walls, higher here, lower there; with some Tudor fireplaces, showing through their hollow windows. What we saw in tolerable repair was the tower of themanor, or the lodge, and we drove to it across a field, on a track made by farm carts, and presently kept by a dog that showed his teeth in a grin not wholly of amusement at our temerity. While we debated whether we had not better let the driver get down and knock, a farmer-like man came to the door and called the dog off. Then, in a rich north country accent, he welcomed us to his kitchen-parlor. where his wife was peeling potatoes for their midday dinner, and so let us up the narrow stone stairs of the tower to the chamber where Mary miserably passed those many long years

her captivity. The place belongs now to the Duke of Norfolk, the great Catholic duke, and owes its restoration to his pity and his piety. Our farmer guide was himself a Protestant, but he spoke well of the Duker, with whom he reported himself in such colloquies as, "I says to Dook," and "Dook says to me." When he understood that we were Americans, he asked after a son of his who had gone out to our country twenty years before. He had only heard from him once, and that on the occasion of his being robbed of all his money by a roommate. It was in a place called Massatusy; we suggested Massachusetts, and he assented that such might be the place; and Mary's prisonhouse acquired an added pathos.-W. D. Howells, in Harper's Magazine.

Farming is lots of fun-unless you have do it in order to make a living.

The more a girl thinks of a young man the more her mother thinks she doesn't.

It sometimes happens that a music composer's wife thinks it is up to her to put on a

THE COW OF PLENTY

[The Gobhan Saor is a mythical person- men can do! age well known in Irish folk-lore. He is credited with building the Round Towers and raths. Balor of the Evil Eye is king of the Fomor, or powers of darkness. The Cow of Plenty belonged to the De Danaanans, or gods of light. She is said to have come down from heaven.]

The Gobhan Saor had the Cow of Plenty. She walked all over Ireland to get a day's grass for herself, and gave milk to everyone that came to her; and there was no one hungry or sorrowful that passed her. Balor of the Evil Eye set his heart on the cow. He had the grasping hand that is never filled, and there was nothing good in his country. He sent the best man he had to steal the Cow of Plenty from the Gobhan Saor. The man stole her, but as he was taking her away Gobhan saw him and give a battle-roar that shook stars out of the sky. The man saved himself and left the cow behind, but he had the halter with him. Now the luck of the world was on the halter, and wherever it was the cow would follow.

The Gobhan had no life of it after that. He had to follow the cow from morning to night. He knew if he took his eyes off her once she vould be away into Balor's country. Every day seemed long to the Gobhan Saor; he made no more swords and wonder-weapons. One day a young champion in a red cloak fringed with gold came to him and stood outside the door and saluted him.

"Every kind of good luck on your hand, O Gobhan Saor! Will you make me a champion

"Reach for the moon out of the sky if you want it, young champion, but don't ask me for a sword. From morning to night I follow the cow, and it's heart-sick I am of it.'

'Make a sword for me, Gobhan, and I'll folow the cow for you."

'Agreed!" said the Gobhan. "Take the cow, Cian, son of Dian-Cecht. Walk behind her. Do not strike her; do not harm her; do not take your eyes off her once till you bring her home in the evening."

Cian took the cow. He walked behind her. She walked all over Ireland, and he was not sorry when she came at night to Gobhan's There was light in the house and the sound of hammering. A red-headed boy stood

"Good luck to you, Cian," said he. "Go in and put your hands on the sword the Gobhan

"Where's the cow?" said the Gobhan. "She's outside," said Cian. "My head to ou if she is not." "She's with Balor!" said the Gobhan, and

he ran to the door. The cow was gone! "Take my head, O Gobhan Saor," said Cian.

"It's little use your head would be to me," said the Gobhan. "Keep it youffself and swear true you will travel and travel and travel till you reach Balor's country and that you will not leave it without the halter of the cow."

"I swear it," said Cian. "I will not come back to Ireland without the halter of the cow." Cian set out and traveled and traveled till he came to the dark waters. He crossed them, and traveled and traveled till he came to Balor's Court like a poor man looking for

'What brings you here?" said Balor. "The wish to get work," said Cian. "Why should I take a stranger," said Ba-"when I have plenty of men of my own

"What's that?" said Balor.

"Make trees and grass grow in your country that never had a green thing since first

the wind traveled over it. "You're the man I want," said Balor. "Make apple trees grow, and when I see apples on them I'll give you your own asking

of a reward "I'll name my asking now," said Cian. "Will you give me the halter of the Gobhan's

"I will give you that," said Balor, "without

Cian set to the making of the trees, and hard work he found it, for every leaf and twig that grew for him in the daytime was withered up by Balor's breath at night. At last he made a crystal wall round the garth of apple trees, and the breath of Balor could not touch them.

They grew then and blossomed, and when the news of that got out everyone in Balor's country came begging for a branch of blossoms. Cian denied it to them; he was every day denying it till a beggar woman came.

"What makes you think you will get the branch?" said Cian. "Lhen I would not break it for gold and jewels and the wealth of Balor's kingdom, why should I break it for you?"

"Because," said the woman, "I have dreamed of your country." She took the cloak from her face then and Cian saw she was as good to look at as any woman of Erin. He broke off a branch and gave it to her. "Like to like," he said. She took the branch and went away. and Cian saw the people staring as she passed "Who is that and bowing themselves. woman?" he asked, and the folk about said, 'It is Balor's one daughter. She has the face of a foreigner, and it is said she will bring ill-

Apples came on the trees after that, and Balor's crooked mind began to twist itself. He took the halter and hid it under seven knots of magic and cunning. No one but himself or his daughter could undo the knots. When the apples were ripe Cian came to ask for his reward.

"My Grief and my Trouble!" said Balor, 'the halter is gone from me, and there is not a hand or an eye belonging to me that is not searching for it this moment!" true enough, for everyone in Balor's house was hunting for the halter, while he stood outside wringing his hands.

Balor's daughter looked out of the window. She had the halter in her hand. "Make an end of your lamentations," said she, "for the halter is found!" "Throw it here to me!" said Balor. Now Balor stood to the left of her and Cian to her right. She made a crooked cast of her hand and threw the halter to Cian.

"It's a good daughter I have?" said Balor. "Sure," said the daughter, "if you were as wise as you think yourself you would know that a woman can never throw anything straight. If you told me to throw the halter to Cian, maybe it's yourself would have got

Well, that was the end. Cian had the halter, and he went back to Ireland. Balor put all his locks on the cow, but the minute Cian put the halter into the hands of the Gobhan Saor the cow made a bound and landed in Ireland. It was then Cian got a grip of his championsword and all t "Maybe I could do what none of your own came back again.-Ella Young.

Influence of Prevailing Winds on the Flight of Migrating Birds

THAS IS "THE CENTURY OF THE CHILD"

That first the whole of the child is recognized to the bodies are not became that the whole of the child is recognized to recognize the child is recognized to the child is recognized to recognize the child is recognized to recognize the child is recognized to recognize the child is recognized to recognized to recognize the child is recognized to recognized to recognized to recognize t

The speed at which birds on migration undoubtedly travel, especially and make progress in an absolute when crossing the sea, has always and a first sight it does seem stranged that a weak-winged bird, a small was every speed to the point to po