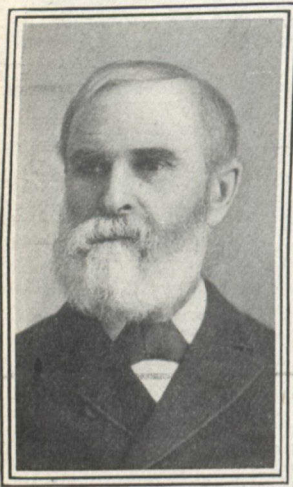


A CANADIAN CARNEGIE



Hon. J. K. Ward.

istry, has been director of the Montreal Cotton Company, and president of the Coaticook Cotton Company and the Magog Textile Print Company. For many years he was chairman of the Westmount School Commissioners and has taken a great interest in social work of a general nature. He twice contested Montreal West unsuccessfully, but was called to the Legislative Council in 1888 by Hon. Mr. Mercier.

The library which Mr. Ward presented to his

LAST year, the little town of Peel in the Isle of Man, was the recipient of a public library donated by the Hon. James Kewley Ward of Montreal. Mr. Ward is a native of Peel, having been born there in 1819. Despite his eighty-eight years, Mr. Ward is still able to move about and to take an interest in public affairs. He came to the States in 1842, and went into the lumber business, transferring to Canada eleven years later. He has taken a great interest in for-

native town is built upon the site of the house in which he was born. Mr. Ward supplied the site, the building, about 2,000 books and a small endowment. The walls are decorated with views of Canadian scenery and the building thus combines his love for native land and his admiration for his adopted country.

The Isle of Man has, through Mr. Hall Caine, become well known to all readers of the English language. It is said that an Irish giant lifted the Island out of Lough Neagh and planted it in its present position in the middle of the Irish Sea, about an equal distance from Great Britain and Ireland. Its extreme length is thirty miles, and its average width nine miles. It contains about 60,000 inhabitants, mostly of Celtic origin. It is very picturesque and is a great summer resort. In fact, its chief business is supplying amusement to people from Great Britain and elsewhere. Douglas, the chief town, has about 16,000 inhabitants and is noted for its quaint, narrow, crooked streets, its newer broad thoroughfares, its good hotels and lodging houses, its bay which is like to that at Naples, and its two-mile promenade along the shore.

The Island abounds in ruins and antiquities, such as the remains of Druidical temples and burial places, abbeys and castles. It seems to have been a favourite resort for all sorts of evil spirits such as bugganes, fairies and witches, who were capable of all sorts of mischief. These features and its curious history have always enveloped it in an atmosphere of romance.



The Public Library at Peel, Isle of Man, erected by Mr. J. K. Ward, of Montreal.

IN THE WHITE MONTHS

A Reminiscence of February, '07

By NAN MOULTON

TING-A-LING-A-LING!

"Number?"

"Forty-three."

"Hello?"

"How is that train from the East?"

"Been in a snow-drift the other side of Brandon since yesterday."

"Is she likely to be in to-day?"

"Sure! About five, we think."

"Thank you."

And so the tale went on. "Six o'clock" was the next report—seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve—and at last we went to bed worn out with hope deferred. The first inquiry Sunday morning elicited the information that No. 1 finally had gone through at six o'clock that morning. All day Sunday we hung again at the 'phone receiver playing progressive time-tables with the C. P. R. agent but finally got off at nine Sunday night. Better a sleeper in a coach that may get somewhere in the march of the ages than much dwelling in the cots of the Enquirer.

Monday morning revealed to us Moose Jaw, frosted and creaking under a temperature of fifty-five below. The few men who, for their sins, were beginning their day's work along the track, were aureoled and wreathed with their own frozen breath of protest. As for our own train, there was nothing doing, water frozen, gas frozen. The sizzle of the breakfast bacon was the one sound of cheer in a world congealed.

But we thawed out eventually and went on across Saskatchewan, a Great Lone Land indeed, rather than the Land of Promise conjured from the profligate imaginations of land-agents. Its world-without-end-amen prairie lay in uncommunicating muteness under the raw glare of the sun, buried and buried under snow, eternally wide, intensely still, achingly, dreadfully, luminously white. Then a little wind came like the sound of a long sigh, and the snow lifted softly and went drifting, drifting in the sun, like smoke-shadows over the snow-crust, so soft, so pretty, so almost imperceptible, over the curves in the hollows, creeping, floating. But that very drifting, soft and insidious, was the cause of the great snow-masses on either side of the track, piled high by the industrious snow-plough. And up from the railway for long miles stretched storm-fences of—guess what! Why, blocks of snow, triple walls sometimes, to keep back the cruel drifting.

At Swift Current we were balled up again, track blocked ahead. We played cribbage, read magazines

and nibbled at almonds and chocolates, but the train did not move. We looked out of the windows at a town, which, whatever it might be under more favouring skies, was that day the abomination of desolation. An odd unlucky had-to-be-out-er struggled blindly and swiftly along for shelter, a legend from a yellow eating-house stared in the air, and some marooned freight cars waited sullenly the will of whatever gods demoralise railway traffic, but the train did not move. The Sleeping-Car Conductor flirted intermittently with the Strawberry Blonde, the News-Agent settled down opposite the Girl-in-Brown, and the facetious Fat Man tried to amuse his prim-lipped wife. "Dear, dear!" she moaned, "if one were going to a dying friend, one would never get there in time." "Be in time for his resurrection, perhaps," irreverently chuckled her husband. But the train did not move. The porter came through and lit every second jet and the emergency candle, the sunset burned pallidly beyond the dimming white, a coyote wolf dancing on his toes for cold lifted up an unmusical protest against the infrequency of supper before travelling westward. And the train began to move. It lurched and crawled, went more swiftly, then bumped dreadfully. That was when we hit a drift, but conquered, we learned later. Then we stopped again. This was repeated ad lib. throughout the evening which we beguiled by a rubber at whist with the facetious man and his serious wife. She protested she couldn't play cards, but he reminded her that once she had won a silver thimble at a card-party and it behooved her to live up to that thimble. She resigned herself and won. The moral is found in George Ade.

We were to get off at Medicine Hat. Would the conductor waken us a half-hour before? Yes, but the conductor rather thought we could continue our game to-morrow night, the road was all drifted in, and we could only progress bit by bit as the snow-plough cleared it. So we went laughingly to our berths. It was a wonderful world at which one lay and looked out when awakened by the frequent jerks of the train, a world of a different quality from that of the morning, a world with all its colour softly perfect and subtly luminous under a low half-moon, little vague towns fading past through the star-stilled night, then the moon sinking and the little stars fading and one great dawn-star darting rainbow rays over magnificent spaces, then the canary and green of the first dawn-light, and the slow dawn itself widening across the ranges of the cattle-country.

Several times during the morning there were herds of antelope close to the track, pretty, startled things hunting for their breakfasts. Once there was a scrambled Indian encampment and once a great busy construction camp array with tents and waggons. Horses were pawing for their tucker too beneath the more yielding snow of Alberta, and later, under a sudden flurry of snow, cattle turned huddled protesting backs to the storm and gathered up their four feet into one spot exactly like a folding-table that's just going to collapse. A clanging of bells and scurrying of passengers and porters and we're at The Hat, after forty-one hours spent on a sixteen-hour journey, but a forty-one hours made very pleasant and comfortable by the courtesy and thoughtfulness of the C.P.R. officers.

A soft snow is falling at The Hat, veiling its funny environing hills that look as though they had been squashed while hot, and a blessed Chinook is on its way through the passes, and the white months "see their finish."

Not Born in Stratford

THAT Chairman Mabee of the Railway Commission was not born in Stratford, Ontario, as has been stated in the public press; that therefore he never went to school in Stratford, is the corrective statement recently made by the editor of the Listowel "Banner." According to that authority Mr. Mabee was born in Port Rowan, County of Norfolk; that he studied law in Toronto—which seems to be a common thing for Ontario lawyers to do; that he hung his first shingle in Listowel, which is not very far from Stratford on the Grand Trunk, and remained there five or six years before removing to Stratford at the age of twenty-eight or twenty-nine. This seems to be an adequate account of Chairman Mabee's earlier career. It was probably a good thing for Listowel that Mr. Mabee practised law in that town and was for five or six years one of its leading citizens. No doubt many of Judge Mabee's pleasant recollections of early struggles with the desire to sleep in the office chair belong natively to Listowel rather than to Stratford. Listowel is probably an ideal place for a young lawyer to begin a career, and Chairman Mabee's memories of the old town ought to make good telling for those who happen to know Listowel. And if you must shift one leg of the compass from Stratford to Listowel, the distance to the Chairmanship of the Commission is geometrically about the same. And as one of the poets truly says—which is more than some of us can do—"I remember, I remember the house where I was born."

A man is in a fair way to national fame when counties and towns dispute over the school where he gave or received his first "licking" and over the office which displayed his first shingle.