

CANADA'S MARVELOUS PROGRESS IN 38 YEARS SINCE CONFEDERATION

Mr. Archibald Blue, Dominion Census Officer, Tells the Story in Concise Form—Evidence of Wonderful Growth in Every Department.

In an article appearing in The Farmer's Advocate, Mr. A. Blue, chief census officer for the Dominion, gives in concise form the story of Canada's phenomenal growth.

"In 38 years, ending with June last, our revenue on consolidated fund account rose from \$13,887,928 to \$80,139,360, and our expenditure on the same account from \$13,486,093 to \$57,240,941. So buoyant has the revenue been that, in face of the growing requirements of public service in a new country, aggregating \$1,315,000,000 in 39 years, the last fiscal year shows a surplus of \$12,398,719. The yearly revenue has increased by 485 per cent, and the yearly expenditure by 400 per cent. In other words, the income of the Dominion is now about five times more than in the first year of Confederation, and the cost of all public services is four times more, which are fair indices of the progress made."

"Another evidence of growth is presented in the commerce of the country. Thirty-nine years ago the value of our foreign trade was \$129,553,194, and last year it was \$48,547,431, which is four times more for 1906 than for 1868. This is for exports of home and foreign produce and imports entered for consumption. Merchandise, the produce of Canada, exclusively, in coin and bullion, was exported in 1868 to the value of \$48,504,889, and in 1906 it grew to \$235,482,956, being in amount greater by nearly five times. From 1868 to 1906 our exports of agricultural produce, from \$12,871,055 to \$54,062,337; of animals and their produce, from \$6,893,167 to \$66,455,950; of fisheries produce, from \$3,357,510 to \$16,025,340; of forest produce, from \$13,712,655 to \$38,824,170; of manufactures, from \$2,109,411 to \$24,561,112; of mineral produce, from \$1,274,132 to \$35,469,431; and of miscellaneous produce, from \$202,230 to \$84,906—showing great increase in every class but the last."

"The statements of chartered banks show more emphatically perhaps than anything else the growth of the Dominion in wealth and business affairs. In 1868 the paid-up capital of banks was \$30,507,447, and in 1905 it was \$32,655,828. But this increase in capital constituted only a small share of the capacity of banks to carry on operations, for in the same period the amounts on deposit grew from \$33,553,594 to \$531,243,476, and the assets of banks also grew from \$79,860,376 to \$767,409,183. The rest or reserve fund of the banks, which in 1868 was \$25,526,622, was in 1906 \$56,474,124, and in 1884 (the first year in which this record was called for), it was only \$13,149,193. These figures show the growth of the clearing house, and the records of clearings are more striking. The business of the country is done chiefly through the banks, and practically every large transaction is settled by check. In 1901 the clearings of chartered banks in the Dominion showed a volume of \$1,871,061,725, and in 1905 \$3,335,530,600, being an increase of 78 per cent. The records of the clearing house are a safe gauge in measuring the strength and volume of the current business."

"Loan companies and building societies show a business which has increased from assets of \$3,235,985 in 1867 to \$176,885,012 in 1904. Life insurance companies show a net insurance in force of \$85,009,254 in 1875, and \$630,324,240 in 1905. Canadian companies show in the 30 years, 1875-1905, an increase of life insurance from \$21,957,296 to \$397,936,992; British companies an increase from \$19,455,607 to \$43,809,211; and American companies an increase from \$44,596,361 to \$183,678,127. The premium income of all life companies grew in the same period from \$2,882,387 to \$22,080,717, and of this total increase of \$19,198,330 the share of Canadian companies is \$13,240,571. And in the business of fire insurance the amount of risk in Canada in 1869 was \$188,359,809, which in 1905 was swelled to \$1,340,057,161, or more than 600 per cent of increase in 36 years."

"Progress in agriculture may be shown with a few figures. Taking the census records, the wheat crop of 1870 was 16,723,873 bushels, and of 1900 (which was a bad harvest) 55,572,368 bushels. For the same harvest years the barley crop was 11,496,038 and 22,242,366 bushels, while the oat crop was 42,489,453 and 151,497,407 bushels. For the present harvest year the wheat crop of the three Northwest provinces alone will much more than exceed the crop of 1871. In 1901 for the whole Dominion. In the same period 173 number of horses grew from 836,743 to 1,577,493, and the number of horned cattle from 2,624,290 to 5,576,451. And in the production of butter and cheese at factories, the value rose from \$1,601,738 in 1871 to \$28,482,402 in 1901. Comparison of growth in manufacturing industries is not so readily made, because for the census of 1871 all works were enumerated in the returns, and the cost of all public services is four times more, which are fair indices of the progress made."

"On points like these, we do not pretend to pronounce an authoritative verdict. We do welcome every sign that the generation to which simplified spelling and Esperanto have been offered in vain is anxious to know more about the words it does use."

ORIGIN OF THE SLANG WORD "23"

HAS BEEN ATTRIBUTED TO DICKENS AND OTHER SOURCES.

New York Post: We have been much edified by the learned symposium now going on regarding the history of that mystical number of dismissal, "23," which exactly two years ago could be uttered on the vaudeville stage without a laugh, and now convulses a continent. Every conductor of an inquiry column knows the answer as well as many private citizens; the trouble is that they do not all know the same answer. So far as we can ascertain, the phrase "twenty-three" originated in the following manner:

1.—Race tracks are so laid out as to accommodate not more than twenty-two horses at a time. The twenty-third horse entered, therefore, must be put out of the race.

2.—The psychopathic ward at Bellevue Hospital is ward No. 23, and, in the vernacular of the ambulance surgeon—"Twenty-three for him," is equivalent to "He's crazy."

3.—In numbering the rooms of a certain new hotel, the numeral "23" was inadvertently omitted. The clerks therefore used "Show the gentleman to room 23" as a signal to the "bouncer," when an undesirable applicant came for a room.

4.—The expression originated from the twenty-third verse of the third chapter of Genesis: "Therefore, the Lord sent him forth from the garden of Eden to till the ground from whence he was taken."

5.—The expression originated from a passage in "A Tale of Two Cities": "She kisses his lips; he kisses hers; they solemnly bless each other. The spare hand does not tremble as he releases it; nothing worse than a sweet, bright constancy is in the patient face. She goes next before him—is gone; the knitting women count twenty-two."

"The numbering of many voices, the upturning of many faces, the presiding of many footsteps in the outskirts of the crowd, so that it swells forward in a mass, like one great heave of water, all flashes away. Twenty-three."

6.—"Twenty-three" is used by telegraphers to signify "Keep off the wire," as they use "Thirty" for saying "Good-night."

All of these are plausible. Several of them are undoubtedly true. The reader is at liberty to reject or accept which ever he sees fit. And, after he has done so, he may freely speculate how the phrase was conveyed from the East Side Hospital, the anonymous hotel, the library, to enrich our heritage of English speech.

Nor is this the only linguistic problem of the day. The handling of a "lemon" has recently been traced back to Boswell and to "Love's Labors Lost." One of our Boston contemporaries, a conservator of pure fiction, resents almost hotly the idea that "skidoo" is "excessively vulgar." Nor, it contends, is that term a mere abbreviation of the civil war term, "skedaddle"—itself the alleged offspring of honorable Greek, Irish and Scandinavian verbs. "It is more likely," says our authority, "a portmanteau word, to quote the term of Lewis Carroll, the creator of the immortal Alice—a word that contains the meaning of 'skedaddle' and also of 'shoo.'"

On points like these, we do not pretend to pronounce an authoritative verdict. We do welcome every sign that the generation to which simplified spelling and Esperanto have been offered in vain is anxious to know more about the words it does use."

line and branches owned of 5,085 miles, and lines leased of 3,202 miles, being a total of 8,287 miles operated by one management. The Canadian Northern, another transcontinental line, own 788 miles of main line and 728 miles of branches and operates in addition 354 miles. During the present year its main line has reached Edmonton, and is pushing forward to the mountains and the coast. A third transcontinental line, the Grand Trunk Pacific, is also under way. It will traverse the hinterland of Quebec and Ontario, through a tract of rich clay land many millions of acres in extent, capable of sustaining 2,000,000 people, and possessing great resources of timber and waterpower, and probably of minerals also. To these provinces, the Dominion to give a depth of 500 miles back from the American frontier, and to the Dominion a solidly of settlement from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Being a railway, too, with a minimum grade eastward of only four-tenths of one per cent, and of only six-tenths of one per cent throughout the country east of the Rocky Mountains no other line on the continent can cut under it in the matter of traffic rates.

"Population is increasing well in nearly all the provinces of the Dominion but the only ones for which actual figures are available are Alberta, Manitoba and Saskatchewan. There a census taken last year shows population in round numbers of 588,000, being an increase of 58,000, or 92 per cent in five years."

BRIGHT BIRDS LEARN QUICKLY

CAN BE TAUGHT TRICKS AS EASILY AS PUPPY OR KITTEN.

Have To Be Handled Carefully—Kissing Master or Mistress—Clever Little Tiddlywinks.

The bright birds learn to perform simple tricks as readily as a puppy or a kitten, says a writer in St. Nicholas.

It is a common mistake to think that pets can be taught only when hungry, and to commence a bird's training by depriving it of breakfast, dinner or supper is a most unhappy beginning.

To take a bird in your hand don't open the cage and grab for it at random. This excites the tiny creature and teaches it to dread your arrival. First take out the top perch, slip one hand inside of the cage and follow the bird outside the cage with the other.

When caught, hold it very gently between the hands, and lightly for birds cannot endure squeezing or any kind of pressure. Allow it to settle its feet comfortably on one of your fingers, talking to it in a low, coaxing tone, and after a few minutes return it to its cage.

Some birds, especially the givers, as you put it back, such as a leaf of lettuce, a bit of apple or a fig. Fruits and green tidbits are the candy of the bird world. Repeat this every morning for a short time.

Next teach the little fellow to hop on your hands of its own free will. You can easily tempt him into doing this by placing a leaf of lettuce or some other dainty of which he is fond on your palm and holding your hand just outside the open door of the cage. The coveted morsel will help him to overcome any lingering fears he may have of you or of the room.

Another time he may be wheedled into mounting your shoulder. The trick is readily taught by pinning a lettuce leaf to the sleeve of coat or gown.

CLEVER LITTLE TIDDLYWINKS. A simple trick which most birds learn readily is that of kissing the master or mistress. Place between your lips a seed, the edible which the creature would immediately find and remove the morsel with its bill. It will learn after a little practice to come to your shoulder and to kiss you.

A clever little canary called Tiddlywinks was trained to seed for its master with hemp seed before beginning on his own breakfast. This is an interesting little stunt which other intelligent birds could readily pick up.

Two birds were placed in the hemlock for the master were placed in the seed cup with the canary food. When he placed the cup in the cage the owner would say, "Tiddlywinks, master wants his breakfast." The little creature would immediately find one of the hemp seeds and bring it to the door of the cage, which was opened.

Flying to the finger held for him to perch upon, Tiddlywinks would shell the seed and place the morsel in the owner's lips. This was repeated until the supply of hemp was exhausted, after which the clever pet returned to enjoy his own meal.

Some very pretty tricks of the more unusual order are performed by birds belonging to Miss Virginia Pope, the bird doctor. A charming one is climbing a ladder.

For this, coax the bird to hop first on one finger, then to hop from a finger on the left hand, and will say, to one on the right. Then raise the hands one above the other so that in hopping from the index finger of the left to that of the right hand, or vice versa, the suggestion of climbing a ladder will be given.

Lift one hand over the other several times. When the pet has learned to enjoy this frolic, as he will in a short time, try a real ladder of doll house size.

BALANCING ON A BALL. In the ladder trick a tiny ball can be fastened to the top round. Birds having a keen sense of fun love to play with the jingling bells. They will cheerfully mount the ladder for the amusement of ringing one, having once discovered what it is for.

There are many tricks which two, three or several birds can take part in together, for example: if the ladder is poised across the back of a tiny chair or something else of the same kind, the birds, when they see a new game, they learn naturally to balance and manage the see-saw.

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Romances of the British Law Courts Dramatic Figures in Great Trials

The Evil Life and Dignified Death of Lord Lovat—The Overbury Poisoning—The Sensational Trial of Madeline Smith.

Of all the remarkable trials contained in the collection made by Mr. R. Story Deans, under the title of "Notable Trials," none can compare in picturesque and dramatic interest with the impeachment of that valiant old Scottish rascal, Simon Fraser, Lord Lovat, for high treason. Never surely was there so witty, cheerful, and indomitable a prisoner as this aged rebel. Lord Lovat was in many respects a remarkable man. His life was full of adventures. One of his many extraordinary exploits was his forcible marriage of a lady whose cries of dissent during the ceremony were drowned by the playing of bagpipes. Born in the reign of Charles II, Lord Lovat trimmed his sails to the contrary winds of Jacobinism, Orangism, and Hanoverianism as they arose, with little conviction and less conscience. When George I. ascended the throne the shrewd clansman came forward with unbounded professions of loyalty. Moreover, he became actively engaged in the King's cause, and in the rebellion of 1715, he was of considerable service in quelling the rising. When Sir John Mackenzie out of Inverness, which he was holding for James, by threatening to blow him and his garrison up when he only had two pounds of gunpowder in his whole armory.

High Treason. George I. rewarded the witty Scotsman lavishly, and on his accession to the chieftainship of the clan and title of Lord Lovat, he became enormously powerful. Suspicion falling on his loyalty, he was mulcted of many of his recent good honors. He thought himself grossly ill-used, and began intriguing to restore the Stuarts. When the Bonnie Prince landed and was defeated at Culloden, Lord Lovat, just upon eighty years of age, was brought to London to answer to the charge of high treason.

The difference would try to realize the difference between the Stuarts. When then and now, he may do so by a consideration of this case. Here was an old man, who had arrayed against him the Attorney and Solicitor-Generals, compelled to make his own defence without the aid of counsel. Having been incarcerated in the Tower for a long time, and deprived, even before conviction, of all his means, he was unable to procure any witnesses from Scotland, where all the witnesses would naturally be.

His defence, however, was not unworthy of the occasion. He had acquired a man of ability, and was certainly a wonderful composition for a man of eighty. But it could not save him. He was found guilty, and sentence of death was passed.

Lord Lovat heard the condemnation unmoved. He may have been a double traitor, and was, without doubt, an unscrupulous old ruffian; but he was no coward. To the peers he said, as he was removed to the Tower: "God bless you all, and I bid you all, last farewell. We shall not all meet in the same place again; I am sure of that."

His execution was to take place on Thursday. The major of the guard came in on Monday morning with a "How do you do, my lord?" "Do!" he answered. "I am about doing very well; for I am preparing myself, sir, for a place where hardly any majors and few lieutenants go."

It will be remembered that Fraser held a lieutenant-general's commission. The next day he requested a pillow to be brought and placed on the ground, when he coolly practiced kneeling down and placing his head and neck on it, as a preparation for the blow. "I believe," he observed, after a few attempts, "that with this short rehearsal I shall be able to act my part in the tragedy well enough."

On Wednesday the warden came in, and found him singing a song. The warden, who had grown to like his prisoner, asked how he could be so merry when he was to die on the morrow. The old lord snipped his fingers. "I am as fit for an entertainment as ever in my life." A barber came to shave him, and talked, as barbers always have talked; but this time on serious subjects. He informed the noble prisoner that his (the barber's) father was a Muggletonian who

expected to enter heaven on the Judgment Day. "Give my service to your father," said the old Scotsman, "and tell him I shall go to heaven before him; for he does not expect to be there until the Judgment Day but I hope to be there in a few hours."

The morning of his execution he was exceedingly cheerful. He smoked, let him; sent his best wig out to be combed, and, when the barber returned it, scolded because it was not properly curled.

An enormous crowd gathered to see his execution. It did not in the least discompose him. A lady whose cries of dissent during the ceremony were drowned by the playing of bagpipes. Born in the reign of Charles II, Lord Lovat trimmed his sails to the contrary winds of Jacobinism, Orangism, and Hanoverianism as they arose, with little conviction and less conscience.

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"Do not bring down my father's wrath on me. It will kill my mother. Oh! will you not keep my secret from the world? Oh! you will, for Christ's sake denounce me, I shall be undone. I shall be ruined. Who will trust me? Shame will be my lot. Despair me, hate me, but make me not the public scandal. . . . Emille, will you not grant me one last favor?" So for page after page, entreaty, appeals to his remembrance of their former love, to his pity for her and her innocent mother. And, withal, not a single word of complaint.

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the poisoning of Sir Thomas Overbury at the instance of Lord Rochester and the Countess of Essex is an historical episode, familiar to most. But one curious particular in connection with it is worth recording. A man named Weston was the custodian of the hapless Sir Thomas, and was immediately responsible for his death. To the indictment the prisoner pleaded "Not guilty." Then the question was asked, "How wilt thou be tried?" Instead of answering, "By God and my country," the prisoner said, "By God."

Nor could the exhortation of Coke and the other judges induce him to speak the usual formula. Coke finally relented to the prisoner what would be his fate if he persisted in declining to speak. According to law, he would be liable to the peine forte et dure, which was the "penance" by weight, cold, and famine. The recalcitrant one was to be stretched on the ground, stark naked, in the open air, near the prison (that was penance by cold), and in him were to be placed weights, at first as much as he could bear, afterwards, increasing gradually, more (this was penance by weight). On alternate days he was to have a piece of coarse bread and a drink of water out of the sink or puddle nearest the spot where he lay; so that on the day when he had to eat he would not have to drink, and on the day he had to drink he should not have to eat.

Such was Common Law in the "good old times."

MADELINE SMITH. There must still be many people living who remember the furor created by the trial of Madeline Smith, at High Court of Justice, Edinburgh, in 1837. Such a remarkable figure as she presented is seldom seen in the dock of a criminal court.

A beautiful girl, in the bloom of young womanhood—not the beauty of the courtesan, but the beauty of the refined middle-class girl reared amid comfortable surroundings and with cultivated tastes—such was Madeline Smith, who stood charged with murder. Contemporary writers describe her in terms of rapture; her dazzling fair complexion, her bright eyes, her face of the perfect oval shape, her high, white forehead, and, above all, the grace of her carriage.

This young girl was charged with murder by poison, and her trial was, without doubt, the most romantic ever recorded.

For weeks before the trial Scotland had been buzzing with the story, and not only Scotland but England also. Everybody was a pro-Madeline Smithite. On the whole, Glasgow was in favor of the prisoner. The big-hearted long-pursed merchants of that city had taken the girl under their protection. Her father, a fellow-citizen, was not ill off. He was an architect in a fair way of practice. But the Glasgow merchants resolved not merely that Madeline should be defended, but that she should have the best skill to be had for money. A subscription was opened on "Change, and so much money was raised that there was over twice as much as could be spent. What was spent was well spent; for never was accused more brilliantly defended.

Ingis, the Dean of Faculty; Young (afterwards Lord Young), a man of the most penetrating intellect; and Moncrieff, whose brilliant career was cut untimely short—these formed a trio of defenders able to appeal at will to the emotions or to the reason.

Against this stalwart trio was arrayed Moncrieff (Lord Advocate), Maitland (Solicitor-General), and Donald Mackenzie (the latter afterward celebrated as Lord Mackenzie). So that the very pick and flower of the advocacy of Scotland was engaged in this tremendous struggle.

A SENSATIONAL STORY. They were to listen to a romantic story. It began with Madeline Smith's introduction in a most casual way to M. Pierre Emille L'Angelier. She was a lively, impulsive girl of nineteen. He was a vain, ambitious Frenchman; a clerk at 18, a week with an inordinate passion for clandestine intrigue. In his first encounter with the girl he left a note in her hand, containing expressions of his passion, and suggesting secret interviews. These Madeline Smith granted, and so a secret amour was begun. Letters of the most passionate kind from Madeline continued to pass between the lovers. Secret meetings took place, and all the shifts and contrivances resorted to under such circumstances were used to conceal their

conduct. At the end of two years of such intriguing Madeline Smith showed every sign of wishing to be rid of her vain, vehement lover, who did not improve on acquaintance. She wished to have done with him, and asked for her letters back. L'Angelier not only refused to give them up, but threatened to use them against her should he see fit to do so. This nearly drove the poor girl frantic, for the truth is she had consented to become the wife of a Glasgow merchant. Her letter to L'Angelier is extremely pathetic. She implores him to spare her.

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For weeks before the trial Scotland had been buzzing with the story, and not only Scotland but England also. Everybody was a pro-Madeline Smithite. On the whole, Glasgow was in favor of the prisoner. The big-hearted long-pursed merchants of that city had taken the girl under their protection. Her father, a fellow-citizen, was not ill off. He was an architect in a fair way of practice. But the Glasgow merchants resolved not merely that Madeline should be defended, but that she should have the best skill to be had for money. A subscription was opened on "Change, and so much money was raised that there was over twice as much as could be spent. What was spent was well spent; for never was accused more brilliantly defended.

Ingis, the Dean of Faculty; Young (afterwards Lord Young), a man of the most penetrating intellect; and Moncrieff, whose brilliant career was cut untimely short—these formed a trio of defenders able to appeal at will to the emotions or to the reason.

Against this stalwart trio was arrayed Moncrieff (Lord Advocate), Maitland (Solicitor-General), and Donald Mackenzie (the latter afterward celebrated as Lord Mackenzie). So that the very pick and flower of the advocacy of Scotland was engaged in this tremendous struggle.

A SENSATIONAL STORY. They were to listen to a romantic story. It began with Madeline Smith's introduction in a most casual way to M. Pierre Emille L'Angelier. She was a lively, impulsive girl of nineteen. He was a vain, ambitious Frenchman; a clerk at 18, a week with an inordinate passion for clandestine intrigue. In his first encounter with the girl he left a note in her hand, containing expressions of his passion, and suggesting secret interviews. These Madeline Smith granted, and so a secret amour was begun. Letters of the most passionate kind from Madeline continued to pass between the lovers. Secret meetings took place, and all the shifts and contrivances resorted to under such circumstances were used to conceal their

conduct. At the end of two years of such intriguing Madeline Smith showed every sign of wishing to be rid of her vain, vehement lover, who did not improve on acquaintance. She wished to have done with him, and asked for her letters back. L'Angelier not only refused to give them up, but threatened to use them against her should he see fit to do so. This nearly drove the poor girl frantic, for the truth is she had consented to become the wife of a Glasgow merchant. Her letter to L'Angelier is extremely pathetic. She implores him to spare her.

"Do not bring down my father's wrath on me. It will kill my mother. Oh! will you not keep my secret from the world? Oh! you will, for Christ's sake denounce me, I shall be