

Markets

Department of Agriculture, Live
Stock Intelligence Division

Price Good Calves		
Same	Week	Week
Week	Ending	Ending
1919	Jan. 8	Jan. 8
\$18.00	\$22.50	
15.00	17.00	
15.00	17.00	
10.50	11.00	
	8.50	
	9.00	

Price Good Lambs		
Same	Week	Week
Week	Ending	Ending
1919	Jan. 8	Jan. 8
\$16.75	\$19.00	
14.00	16.50	
14.00	16.50	
15.25	15.00	
13.00		
	11.50	

Price Range		
Top	Price	
0.00-14.00	\$14.00	

0.00-13.00	14.00
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0.00-11.50	11.50
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0.50-12.50	12.50
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0.25-10.00	10.00
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0.00-9.00	9.00
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0.50-11.00	11.50
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0.00-8.50	9.25
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0.25-6.50	6.50
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0.00-11.00	11.00
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0.00-17.00	17.00
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0.50	7.50
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0.75	18.75
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0.75	18.75
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0.75	14.75
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0.50	17.00
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0.00-15.50	15.50
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0.00-10.00	10.00
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0.00-9.00	9.00
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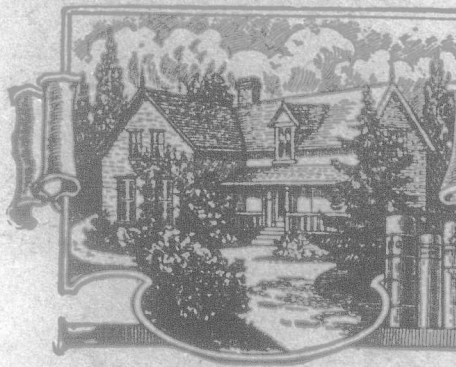
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HOME MAGAZINE

LIFE · LITERATURE & EDUCATION



Miss Caroline Cassels, of Toronto
Who has been appointed a member of the Moving
Picture Censor Board for Ontario, a body
heretofore composed of men.

Niagara.

(WRITTEN DURING THE WAR BY WILLIAM
VACHEL LINDSAY.)

Within the town of Buffalo
Are prosy men with leaden eyes.
Like ants they worry to and fro,
(Important men in Buffalo!)
But only twenty miles away
A deathless glory is at play—
Niagara, Niagara.

The women buy their lace and cry,
"Oh, such a delicate design!"
And over ostrich-feathers sigh,
By counters there in Buffalo.
The children haunt the trinket-shops;
They buy false-faces, bells and tops—
Forgetting great Niagara.

Within the town of Buffalo
Are stores with garnets, sapphires, pearls,
Rubies, emeralds aglow,
Opal chains in Buffalo—
Cherished symbols of success.
They value not your rainbow dress,
Niagara, Niagara.

The shaggy meaning of her name—
This Buffalo, this recreant town—
Sharps and lawyers prune and tame.
Few pioneers in Buffalo;
Except young lovers flushed and fleet;
And winds hallooing down the street,
"Niagara, Niagara."

The journalists are sick of ink,
Boy-prodigals burnt out with wine
By night where white and red lights blink
The eyes of Death, in Buffalo.
And only twenty miles away
Are starlight rocks and healing spray—
Niagara, Niagara.

Above the town a tiny bird,
A shining speck at sleepy dawn,
Forgets the ant-hill so absurd—
This self-important Buffalo.
Descending twenty miles away
He bathes his wings at break of day—
Niagara! Niagara!

What marching men of Buffalo
Flood the streets in rash crusades?
Fools-to-free-the-world, they go,
Primeval hearts from Buffalo.
Red cataracts of France to-day
Awake, three thousand miles away,
An echo of Niagara,
The cataract Niagara!

—In Poetry Magazine.

Among the Books

"Winter Studies and Summer Rambles."

BY MRS. JAMESON.

USUALLY, in our book department, such volumes are dealt with as our readers might wish to have and might easily procure for their bookshelves. To-day's review on the contrary, concerns a book which, greatly as one might wish to own it, must be like the cup of Tantalus, a little beyond his reach, for *Winter Studies and Summer Rambles* has been long out of print. So graphic are its descriptions, however, so deep its bits of philosophy, and so intimately does it concern this Canada of ours, that we have decided to quote largely from its pages, a copy of the book having been kindly loaned us by Dr. H. A. McCallum of this city, who is, no doubt, known to many of our readers, and who owns a library that contains many treasures.

Winter Studies and Summer Rambles is a closely printed book of 340 pages, yet when reading it or thinking about it one loses sight of the book altogether, or almost altogether, finding one's curiosity whetted and one's interest centered in the wonderful woman who wrote it.—wrote it, too, with such vividness of word-picturing, such intimacy of feeling that the reader must think of her, forever afterwards, as a friend whom he has known, whose travels he has shared. Possibly this rare fellowship is due to the fact that Mrs. Jameson wrote the account as a diary intended for the eyes only of a personal friend. It was not until a later day that its literary quality was recognized to an extent that made its publication almost imperative, although the writer had already been the author of several books.

The first word of the diary was written on Dec. 20th, 1836, in a house in the then "new" city of Toronto. Why Mrs. Jameson was there at that date in this book she has not told. We must be contented with knowing that she herself, an Irishwoman, married to an Englishman, had come quite alone from England—beautiful England—to the then wild, new, forest-covered wilderness now known as the Dominion of Canada, and was at that time settled, miserably homesick and disappointed with the whole aspect of the place, in the young city which has now become so proud a mistress of our great Lake Ontario. "What Toronto may be in summer," she says, "I cannot tell; they say it is a pretty place. At present its appearance to me, a stranger, is most strangely mean and melancholy. A little ill-built town on low land, at the bottom of a frozen bay, with one very ugly church, without tower or steeple; some government offices built of staring red brick, in the most tasteless, vulgar style imaginable; three feet of snow all around; and the gray, sullen, wintry lake, and the dark gloom of the pine forest bounding the prospect; such seems Toronto to me now."

Little wonder that, fresh from the ripe, mellow civilization, the fine cities and beautiful buildings of Europe, she saw little beauty in this raw, new, American town. The winter, moreover, appears to have been most unusually cold. Later she speaks of writing with a roaring fire in the fire-place at one side of her, and the ink freezing on the table at the other. Her house, too, must have been exposed to the full blast of wind from the bay, for she says, "Land is not distinguishable from water. I see nothing but snow heaped up against my windows, not only without but within; I hear no sound but the tinkling of sleigh-bells and the occasional lowing of a poor half-starved

cow, that, standing up to the knees in a snow-drift, presents herself at the door of a wretched little shanty opposite and supplicates for her small modicum of hay."

The fact that Mrs. Jameson had arrived husbandless, appears to have been, at first, a circumstance sufficient to arouse suspicion of her in the conventional little place, for she speaks of having the "cold shoulder" turned upon her, and of the extreme reticence of the women about calling upon her, although on New Year's Day—"colder than ever"—the gentlemen put in an appearance. "I received this morning," she says, "about thirty gentlemen, two-thirds of whom I had never seen nor heard of before, nor was there anyone to introduce them. Some of them, on being ushered into the room, bowed, sat down, and after the lapse of two minutes, rose and bowed themselves out of the room without uttering a syllable; all were too much in a hurry and apparently far too cold to converse. Those who did speak complained sensibly enough, of the unmeaning duty imposed on them, and the danger incurred by running in and out from the heated rooms into the fierce, biting air, and prophesied to themselves and others sore throats, and agues, and fevers, and every ill that flesh is heir to. I could but believe and condole. These strange faces appeared in succession so rapidly that I was almost giddy, but there were one or two among the number, whom even in five minutes' conversation I distinguished at once as superior to the rest, and original minded, thinking men."

The writing of the diary at such length was evidently undertaken in the first place as one of the devices to pass the long winter days. In it she tells of all the occurrences of the day, of the people she met (for "society" thawed out a little as the days went on), of the Government of the country, then hovering on the brink of the Rebellion of 1837, and, above all, of her "winter studies." A most highly educated woman, she had brought her books with her, and no small solace were they to her as the days went on, especially such books as required study, her favorites evidently being the poems of Shakespeare, Goethe, Schiller and Wordsworth, and the novels of Sir Walter Scott. To these she devotes many pages which may be passed over in these synopses, the object here being to follow her comments on early Canada.

Trip to Niagara.

Towards the end of January, because of an attack of the ague, the doctor, "Dr. R.," advised "change of air," and she decided upon a trip to Niagara, so long a bright dream in her imagination.

"Mr. Campbell, the clerk of the assize," runs the diary, "has politely offered to drive me over to Niagara in his sleigh. Good-natured Mr. Campbell! I never saw the man in my life; but in the excess of my gratitude, am ready to believe him everything that is delightful. My heart was dying within me, gasping and panting for change of some kind—any kind. I suppose from the same sort of instinct which sends the wounded animal into the forest to seek for the herb which shall heal him. . . So it is fixed that on Tuesday next, at 8 o'clock in the morning, I shall be ready to step into Mr Campbell's sleigh. Five days—five times 24 hours of frost and snow without, and monotonous solitude within—and my faculties, and my fingers, and my ink, all frozen up!

"So slow the unprofitable moments roll,
That lock up all the functions of my soul,
That keep me from myself."

Slow?—yes; but why unprofitable? that were surely my own fault."

The "five days" were a past eight Mr. Campbell was at the door in a very pretty, commodious sleigh, in form like a barouche, with the head up." Literally buried in furs—buffalo and bear skins—the two set off after the gray horses, and soon were quite outside of city limits. How pretty this description:

"I think that but for this journey I never could have imagined the sublime desolation of a northern winter, and it has impressed me strongly. In the first place, the whole atmosphere appeared as if converted into snow, which fell in thick, tiny, starry flakes, till the buffalo robes and furs about us appeared like swansdown, and the harness on the horses of the same delicate material. The whole earth was a white waste: the road, on which the sleigh-track was only just perceptible, ran for miles in a straight line; on each side rose the dark, melancholy pine forest, slumbering drearily in the hazy air. Between us and the edge of the forest were frequent spaces of cleared or half-cleared land, spotted over with the black-charred stumps and blasted trunks of once magnificent trees, projecting from the snowdrift. These, which are perpetually recurring objects in a Canadian landscape, have a most melancholy appearance. Sometimes wide openings occurred to the left, bringing us in sight of Lake Ontario, and even in some places down upon the edge of it; in this part of the lake the enormous body of the water and its incessant movement prevent it from freezing, and the dark waves rolled in, heavily plunging on the icy shore with a sullen booming sound. A few rods from the land, the cold gray waters, and the cold, gray snow-encumbered atmosphere, were mingled with each other, and each seemed either. The only living thing I saw in a space of about 20 miles was a magnificent bald-headed eagle, which, after sailing a few turns in advance of us, alighted on the top-most bough of a blasted pine, and slowly folding his great wide wings, looked down upon us as we glided beneath him."

—So much for the now populous way out of Toronto, towards Hamilton, 83 years ago.

The first village passed through was Springfield. Twenty miles further the travellers stopped to refresh themselves and the horses.

"Oakville," she notes, "presents the appearance of a straggling hamlet, containing a few frame and log-houses; one brick house (the grocery store, or general shop), a little Methodist church painted green and white; and an inn dignified by the name 'Oakville House Hotel'. . . I stood conversing in the porch, and looking about me, till I found it necessary to seek shelter in the house, before my nose was absolutely taken off by the ice-blast. The little parlor was solitary, and heated like an oven. Against the wall were stuck a few vile prints taken out of old American magazines; there was the Duchess de Berri in her wedding-dress, and as a pendant, the *Modes de Paris—Robe de tulle garnie de fleurs, coiffure nouvelle, inventée par Mons. Plaisir*. The incongruity was too laughable! I looked round me for some amusement or occupation, and at last spied a book open, and turned down upon its face. I pounced upon it as a prize; and what do you think it was? 'Devinez, madame! je vous le donne en trois, je vous le donne en quatre!' it was—Don Juan! And so, while looking from the window on a scene which realized all you can imagine of the desolation of savage life, I amused myself reading of the Lady Adeline Amundeville and her precious coterie."

"While I was reading," she continues, "the mail-coach between Hamilton and Toronto drove up to the door; and because you shall understand what sort of a thing a Canadian mail is, and thereupon