

# THE NATIONAL

## Monthly of Canada

### Leading Features This Month

THE NATION'S PROGRESS	-	-	-	-	-
WORLD AFFAIRS	-	-	-	-	-
FROM PASTURE TO FARM (Illustrated)	THOMAS GREGG				
FURTHER NORTH IN CANADA (Illustrated)	NEIL MACK				
THE SCHOOL AT CHALMER'S FARM	-	W. E. GRANT			
THE FATHER OF CONFEDERATION	-	-	-	-	-
(Illustrated)	J. MACDONALD OXLEY				
THE GALOOT	-	-	-	-	COLIN McKAY
FROM THE WORLD OF PRINT	-	-	-	-	-
THE WAY OF PROGRESS	-	-	-	-	-
HUMOR	-	-	-	-	-
INSURANCE	-	-	-	-	-

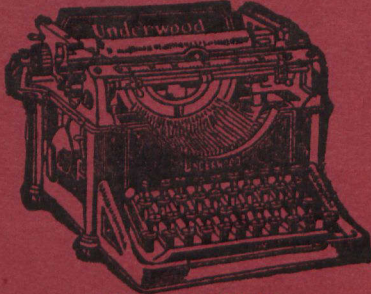
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# The NATIONAL MONTHLY OF CANADA

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# THE NATIONAL MONTHLY OF CANADA

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VOL. VI.

TORONTO, APRIL, 1905

No. 4

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## THE NATION'S PROGRESS

HERE is no cause for anxiety in the present condition of Canadian politics. The air is sharp with conflict, as it must always be where a party system is in vogue, but it is tolerably free from serious disturbances. Considerable has been said of late years about Canada's political decadence, and about the evils that have crept into our public life; and some of these charges, subject to qualification, have been only too well founded. Yet even the admitted wrongs have grown out of the development of the country, and our national expansion is evident politically as well as industrially.

Canadians are not, however, a people to be trifled with. They dislike humbug, and while they may for a time submit, for party's sake, to what their better judgment condemns, it will be found that sooner or later they will demand a reckoning. It has been said, for example, that Ontario, the political centre of the Dominion, was a hotbed of partyism, out of which reform was almost hopeless; a timely refutation of this charge was given by the recent provincial election, which had been preceded by one of the bitterest and sharpest campaigns on record. Without considering to what extent political reform was involved in the victory of one or the other party, the encouraging feature is that a large majority of the people expressed their convictions, irrespective of party. Otherwise, such a result would not have been possible. If

people can be brought to do this, not once, but always, there will be bright hope for future Canadian politics, and it matters comparatively little whether Conservative or Liberal be in power, for both will then find clean records a necessity.

In federal politics the situation is nationally hopeful. The present parliamentary session is, more than anything else, a business meeting of a business administration, and through the majority of the discussions one may easily see national progress. Provincially, Canada has had some questionable politics, but Canada as a whole has had, and is having, clean government. There is reason in this for gratulation, and the patriotic Canadian need have no present fear for his country's public affairs.

### North-West Autonomy

CONVINCING proof of Western progress will be the elevation of four territories into provincial rights, as provided for in a measure now before Parliament. North-West autonomy has for some years been a growing question; the time has now come, even in the opinion of our legislators, for it to materialize. The bill introduced by the Premier creates two new provinces, as follows: The area made up of the four territories of Alberta, Assiniboia, Saskatchewan, and Athabasca will be divided almost equally by the 110th meridian; west of this line will be the new





TWINS!

—Montreal Star

Province of Alberta, and east will be Saskatchewan. That portion of Saskatchewan north of Manitoba is reserved, and will probably be added eventually to that province which has been disappointed in not securing an extension westward.

The geographical apportionment has been the simplest part of the matter, the financial terms and the school question having been recognized from the first as more serious problems. The Dominion Government will retain control of the Crown lands and will pay therefor a compensation of \$37,500,000. Interest on \$8,000,000 debt will also be paid by the Dominion, and a subsidy of eighty cents per head of population, to be increased until the census shows 800,000 people. These and other details of the bill passed in the House unchallenged, but a storm of disapproval there and throughout the country at once arose over the educational clause.

The bill, as first introduced, provided for the maintenance of Separate Schools in the new provinces, Sir Wilfrid Laurier holding that only a continuance of existing rights was intended. Mr. Sifton, Minister of the Interior, took the ground, however, that the bill would virtually establish a dual sys-

tem of schools, and disapproving of such a course, he resigned his portfolio. It is an old controversy, as between sectarian and public schools, and the simplest way out of the difficulty would seem to have been to have left it with the new provinces to settle for themselves.

### The Two Provinces

ALBERTA and Saskatchewan will begin their provincehood with an estimated population of about 250,000 each. In area the former will have some 246,000 square miles and the latter 260,000, allowing for the section of the present territory that has been reserved. The resources of both provinces are magnificent. The southern part of Saskatchewan, or what is now the territory of Assiniboia, has finer wheat land than Manitoba, and is being rapidly settled. Alberta has not only wheat lands, but important ranching, forest, and mineral resources. Further north, as pointed out in an article elsewhere in this issue, are industrial possibilities that as yet can hardly be estimated.

As to the capitals of the new provinces, Regina will continue the political headquarters of Saskatchewan, and Edmonton has been named as the provisional capital of Alberta. Each province will have a legislature of twenty-five members, and in the Dominion House will be represented as at present until another election. Mr. Haultain will, in all likelihood, be premier of one of the provinces.

### The Spirit of the West

IT sounds well, but what does it mean? One often hears it or reads it, and perhaps without quite comprehending the expression, lays it away among his mental treasures as something worth thinking about: the chances are that he will *not* think about it again, but will repeat it, nevertheless, himself. There's a reason for it, too. Undoubtedly there is something about the West and Western life that gives it distinctiveness and that creates a certain peculiar temperament; and for lack of a more definite term we call that something the "spirit of the West."



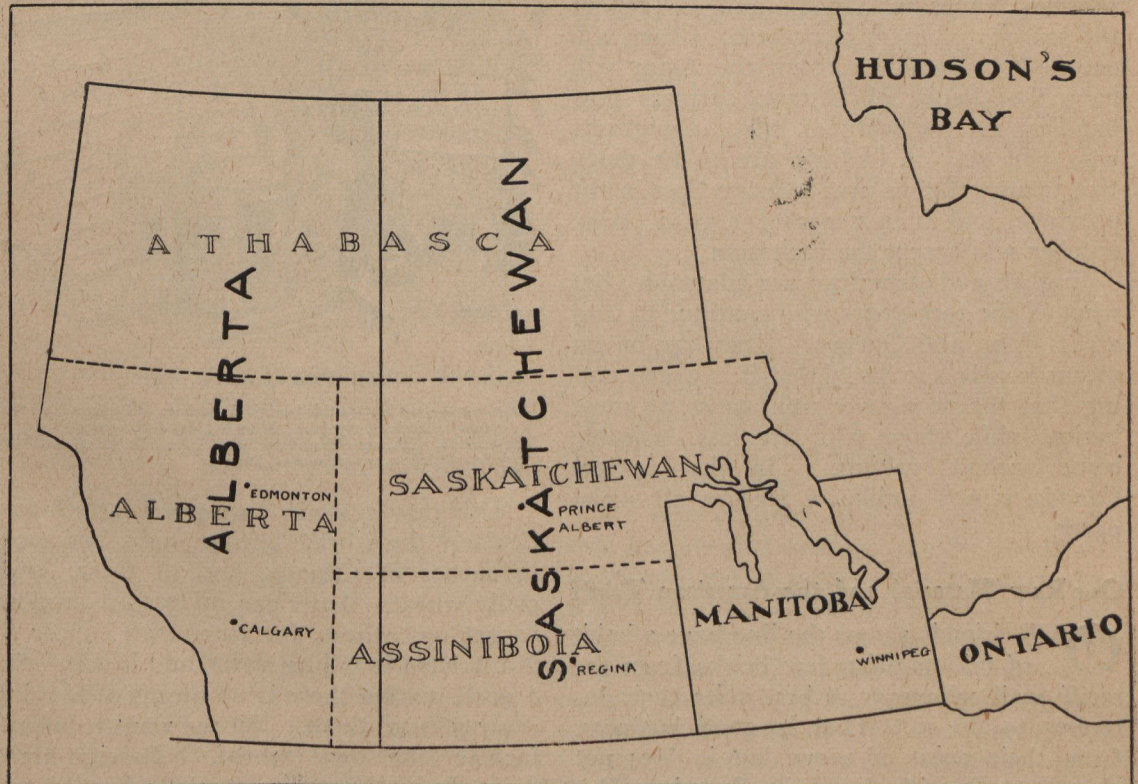
A recent writer makes an attempt to analyze the character of the Westerner as influenced by the country he lives in, his remarks applying as well to the Canadian West as to the American States. The Western spirit is a composite quality. Natural conditions of geography and climate are at the bottom of it and beget, in the first place, enthusiasm; energy and optimism are the outcome of enthusiasm; and these three are balanced with a healthy sincerity. The West is pre-eminently an industrial country, and the men who live its life battle not with other men but with the forces of nature. Therefore the Westerner does not concern himself with social problems, but with industrial achievement. That is what makes the West such an economic force in the world to-day, or, at least, in the American and Canadian world.

The West is strong and free; it has no vain traditions; it is rich in possibilities and even richer in hopefulness. The ozone of

the wide expanses has got into the ways and methods of business, and pioneer courage has developed courageous enterprises. Therein consists, as nearly as one can express it, the spirit of the West, which brings even the unenterprising under its sway and promises to change the whole complexion of our modern conditions.

**More People Coming**

A RECORD year in immigration is the outlook for 1905. We have grown accustomed to glowing reports, for every year is showing increases, yet the cry of "more people coming" is as welcome as ever. The country is ready for them, provided always that they are the right kind of people. So far as the arrivals to date and the reports from immigration agents indicate, there will be a heavy movement from the British Isles and a large influx from the United States. These are the two



THE TWO NEW WESTERN PROVINCES

The dotted lines show the present territorial limits, and the black lines the bounds of the two Provinces as proposed



sources of our best colonist stock, and the Government will do wisely to direct its canvassing efforts especially in those directions.

A new agency is at work in this year's immigration. An extensive and well-planned scheme is being carried out by the Salvation Army, which is showing as much energy in its immigration policy as in its usual religious work. The Army began to do something in immigration in a small way some years ago, but it has now launched forth upon an enterprise of considerable proportions. Arrangements have already been made for the first party, and during the latter part of April a steamer is to leave Liverpool with 1,200 emigrants for Canada. These will be escorted by the Army's officers, and on arrival here will be helped to find employment in Ontario and the West. The scheme is not such a one as the somewhat famous Barr colony, and no effort will be made to establish a separate settlement. The people are being brought from overcrowded cities in England to find roomier homes in Canada, and to relieve the scarcity of farm labor here; if they will accomplish the latter result the Army will have the thanks of Ontario farmers now handicapped for want of help. Emigrants who will stay in Ontario are to be given free transportation over railway lines in the province, and it is expected that a large number will accept the invitation.

English and American are adaptable; but what of the foreigners who continue to land at St. John and Quebec? They are by no means hopeless material, but it is worth noting that the people we want most we must invite, while those who are less desirable come without asking. In that respect Canada is not unlike a free-for-all social party.

### Our Raw Material and the American Tariff

OUR friends across the line have a habit of taking off a few bricks from the tariff wall whenever it best suits their interests to do so. That is good business, from their point of view, but it does not always meet with favor in Canada. For example, the Attorney-General of the United States recently gave a ruling that

raw material may be imported free of duty for use in manufacturing for the export trade. The logical outcome of this will be that the foreign trade will have the benefit of cheaper production, while for the people at home the old prices are to be maintained. This would seem to be a perversion of natural tendencies, but so long as Canada's anti-dumping law is in operation, we have in this country not so much to fear from the coming-in of the manufactured goods as from the going-out of the raw material.



OVER THE GARDEN WALL

Uncle Sam.—Just look at this beautiful specimen of *Reciprocus Americanus Canadensis*, my dear. How is yours getting along?  
Miss Canada.—Oh, mine died long ago! I am cultivating a different kind of plant now.—*Montreal Star*.

This new customs ruling will affect particularly the wheat, lumber, hide, and wool industries of Canada, and of these, especially wheat. American millers are anxious to get our wheat, for their own supply of No. 1 hard is falling short, and if they offer a good market there is no means of keeping it away from them. But we want to manufacture our own wheat. Foreign-made flour from Canadian-grown wheat represents, in every case—in what goes to England as well as to the United States—indus-



trial loss to Canada. Our great need is sufficient capital and enterprise to use up our raw material in our own country, and we would then be independent of another country's liberties with its tariff. Such a remedy would be greatly preferable to retaliation by an export duty, as has been suggested in some quarters.

### A Demand for Protection

ANOTHER tariff situation has been recently brought to the attention of the Government. The lumbermen of Canada have asked that a duty be imposed upon lumber coming into Canada equal to that imposed by the United States upon Canadian lumber. They have asked it, and with some reason, in self-protection, and they have asked it before; this time they hope for practical relief.

This is the situation: The Canadian lumber manufacturer who wishes to sell some of his product in the United States is confronted with a stiff tariff, but at the same time he is forced to meet the competition of American lumber, that enters this country duty-free. It is said that eighty per cent. of the lumber being used in the construction of the new buildings in the Toronto fire district is yellow pine from the United States; while in the West, American lumber comes over the line in such quantities that in some cases the Canadian mills have been temporarily driven out of business. More than that, the British Columbia manufacturers complain of dumping, the prices given by the American dealers being frequently away below the list prices in their home market. In the face of an unequal competition like this, the Canadian manufacturer is seriously handicapped, and the American manufacturer has a perpetual harvest at his expense.

It is urged in excuse for the present situation that the free entry of American lumber was granted some years ago for the benefit of the settlers in the North-West, who were then largely dependent upon the imported article. But now that the Western farming country has developed quite as

much as the lumber industry, it seems to be only fair that the latter be given an equal showing. The matter was laid before Sir Wilfrid Laurier in February, when he promised consideration.

### Progress in Wireless Telegraphy

CANADA has not always been quick to take up with new things. She has sometimes, indeed, hesitated so long that she has lost her opportunity. But with one new idea, at least, she has been up with the times and has taken a greater interest than any other country, namely, wireless telegraphy. When the discovery was first announced to the world, the world was skeptical, but Canada has from the first given marked assistance to the inventor's experiments and to-day is reaping the benefits, for wireless telegraphy is now an accomplished fact and an important agency in commerce.

The original stations in Cape Breton, from which Marconi conducted his experiments across the Atlantic, have been followed by four others along the St. Lawrence River and five on the Labrador coast. These have proved of the greatest importance to shipping, many serious delays, and possibly accidents, having been avoided by the communication between ship and shore, made possible by the new telegraphy. In storms and fogs the wireless is of inestimable value as an adjunct to the marine signal system already in use, and the past year's operations have been marked with great success. The St. Lawrence has always been unfortunate as a steamship route, and any such means of reducing its dangers is a national blessing.

The first purpose of the Marconi Company has been to establish the feasibility of its scheme and to furnish proofs thereof by its service to the shipping interests; but the commercial side will from now on be also in evidence. It is intended to build and equip a chain of stations from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and at a recent meeting the Company decided to reduce the rates, thus signifying their purpose to make a bid for the general telegraphic business of the country.



### The West's Defenders

IT was quite right that the Canadian militia should be given an increase of pay, and it is equally fitting that similar treatment be shown the Royal North-West Mounted Police, the defenders of law and order in the great West. They have been serving for thirty years for less than they are worth, for less than almost any one of them could command in the business world. It has been hard work, too, and that it has been successful is shown by the orderliness and prosperity of the country to-day. Therefore the recent action of Parliament in granting an increase of pay will commend itself to the public. The new pay-rate will give an advance of from twenty to twenty-five per cent.

We shall not be able to do without these soldier-police for some time yet. When the force was originally formed it was not with the idea that it should be permanent, but



A MOUNTED POLICEMAN

After a drawing by Arthur Heming.

clearly it cannot be disbanded yet awhile. The widening of settlement, the opening up of new towns, and particularly the development in the far north, necessitate police protection of the kind that these men and these alone can give. Their forces number at present about nine hundred men, of whom one-third are stationed in the Yukon. It is proposed to increase the total to one thousand, so that regular patrol service may be maintained between all the posts. The question of autonomy for the North-West Territories will not affect the Police, who have made themselves too essential a part of Western life to be needlessly interfered with.

### Canada as a Horse Market

CANADA has already attained a reputation as a source of food supplies, but another of her advantages was brought out in a recent meeting of army men in England. It is her importance as a future horse market for the Empire. The horse's day has by no means passed; the automobile has not yet put him out of business, and the prospect now is that horse values will within the next few years greatly increase, making an industry of this kind of as much profit at least as ranching.

It is estimated that the horse population of the world is about 80,000,000, of which Russia has the greatest number of any single country. The supply in all the British colonies is at present short, and in the emergency of war might prove a serious disadvantage. The Army Office has for some time been studying the sources of supply, and has come to the conclusion that the best market is Canada, or could be made such with the proper encouragement. There is no doubt as to the fitness of our eastern stock farms and western prairies for horse breeding, and large numbers are already being raised for the ordinary purposes of commerce, but so far as the proposition to undertake a more extensive industry is concerned, Canadian horse breeders will naturally first want to know the inducements. The only information as yet to hand is that the Army Office is considering the matter. Should the industry assume larger propor-



tions within the next few years, the British army would most likely prove our best customer.

### A Business, not Political, Visit

LORD STRATHCONA, who arrived in Canada a few weeks ago, is an ever-welcome visitor. To his present visit no political significance is to be attached, despite certain reports that the High Commissioner would take a part in settling the North-West school difficulty. As he points



LORD STRATHCONA

out himself, it is his business to represent Canada as a whole, and that can best be done by keeping aloof from party interests. Rather, his visit is for the purpose of keeping in touch with the country which he represents, and to do that successfully at least a biennial visit is necessary.

Speaking about the prospects for further immigration to Canada, Lord Strathcona says that the business depression in England is increasingly attracting the attention of a desirable class of people to this country. Yet, notwithstanding, "I cannot help remarking that we have encountered much difficulty in making the people of Great Britain understand the significance of a country such as this; even with all that we

have done to bring it to their attention, the people as a whole have very little idea of its advantages. But that is a condition of things that may be overcome in time."

### The Cost of Living

IT assuredly costs more to live than it did ten or fifteen years ago. There are many qualifications to be made to such a statement, but after they have all been made, the statement still stands. It is true that many things are to be had for less money to-day than ten years ago, and in some directions there is a tendency toward still further cheapening; but on the other hand, a very great many of the ordinary living expenses have enormously increased, while the cost of production is mounting up year by year. In nearly all our cities and towns the one matter of house rent has become a bugbear to the average family, having in many places increased from forty to fifty per cent. in five years. Commodities have shown a corresponding increase; sugar and flour are the latest advances, but farm produce in general, meat, canned goods, and numberless sundries have made varying rises. Increased cost of production, also, has brought up the price of many articles of clothing and household use, and there are threatened advances of others.

This being so—and there is no denying it—it would be interesting to know to what extent the advanced cost of living is offset by the advanced earnings which form a part of the reason for increased cost of production. Investigations by the United States Bureau of Labor show that in that country the cost of living is from fifteen to sixteen per cent. greater than it was ten years ago, but on the other hand that the average wage is something more than sixteen per cent. better than it was then, with shorter hours of labor. This is about equal compensation, and it must also be borne in mind that the increases in living expenses have included in many cases a great improvement in the standard of living. Sufficient data are not available for a similar comparison in our own country, but it is quite certain that the general wages in Canada have not increased anything like



sixteen per cent. in the last ten years, though in most trades there has been some advance. It is not, however, the man who works in the factory who feels the increased living expenses the most, for he has a means of demanding more pay to meet them; but it is upon the tradespeople, struggling, professional men, and the great mass of people of limited income that the new burden falls most heavily. It looks as if they, too, must, like the factory man, accept the situation and put a higher valuation on their services.

#### More Salary at the Top

THE men at the top of the ladder feel the pressure of the times, too. The margin between barely-enough and affluence is constantly lessening, and the men who are drawing salaries of a few thousands are, considering their position, very little better off than the earner of a mechanic's wage. This is particularly true of our public officials, of our provincial and Dominion Ministers, of our judges, and of the responsible employees of our cities.

The Premier of Canada has a salary of \$8,000, and other Ministers receive \$7,000; the premiership of Ontario carries with it a salary of \$7,000, and the provincial Ministers are allowed \$4,000. On the face of it, these are good salaries, and the man dependent upon his daily wage cannot understand why they are not ample, and more than ample, sufficiency. But the fact remains that when the holder of a portfolio retires from office he is not uncommonly a poorer man than when he took his seat, and that not through any indiscretion of his own. The same applies to nearly all our public servants; a man of sufficient ability to act in such capacity could easily command very much larger salaries in business or could earn a larger income in his private calling. Of this there have of late been several examples.

The proposal that Ministers and judges

should be allowed an increase in salary is, therefore, a very reasonable one. It has indeed met with nearly universal favor. It is not fair to call a man to the country's service and ask him to sacrifice his own interests. Increased dignity will not pay increased cost of living, nor will security of office compensate for smallness of salary. It is a day of greater money-earning and greater money-spending, and we might as well face the facts.

#### Women in Banks

WOMAN'S sphere is ever widening. Comparatively few interests remain that have not been appropriated by her, and it is safe to say that her entrance into the business world, so much feared twenty years ago, has neither robbed her of her womanliness nor deprived her brothers of their livelihood. One of the few callings that has not until now been touched by her is bank service. But even that has finally given way, and women bank clerks are no longer unheard of.

One or two banks in Canada have led the way with women clerks, in departments specially arranged for their women customers. A considerable portion of bank business to-day is done by women: why should they not have it made as convenient and agreeable as possible? And so the experiment of women's departments, with women clerks, is being tried, and promises to be successful. Aside from this, however, women clerks have in other countries proved themselves of value in general bank work. The famous Bank of England has in one of its most important departments a staff made up entirely of women; one of the leading banks in France has a thousand women clerks; and in the Western States a woman officer of a bank is not at all unusual. In all these cases they have proved as capable and as faithful as in the hundred other callings which women have entered of late years, here and in other countries.



## WORLD AFFAIRS

AND still Japan keeps winning. The war has now lasted more than a year, and during that year what seemed impossible has come to pass—little Japan has worsted big Russia, not once but many times, and is still at it. The first stage of the game was the practical destruction of the Russian navy. On land, the Japanese forces fought their way into Manchuria, and in a series of brilliant engagements pushed back their opponents from one post to another. In the Manchurian campaign the Russian losses for the year were 72,700 men, and the Japanese 54,000.

Then came the victory at Port Arthur. A desperate siege of eleven months meant an additional loss for the Japs of 50,000 men, but in the end they won. Next was the Battle of Hun River, in January, one of the most important in the war, and another defeat for the Russians. But the most brilliant of all the engagements, showing to best advantage the clever tactics and strategy of the little Jap fighters, was the recent Battle of Mukden, in which, after being gradually hemmed in, General Kuropatkin was compelled to yield and, with a loss of 200,000 men, to give up Mukden to the Japanese general, Oyama.

Victorious as they are, the Japanese are willing to make peace. The terms on which they offer to do so include the payment by Russia of a large indemnity, but their insistence upon this is regarded by Russia as a sign that their finances are nearly exhausted, and that a few months more of fighting will compel them to "come down." But Japan has already proved that she is of a temper and spirit not given to coming down.

### A Struggle for Freedom

IT was inevitable that internal troubles should come in Russia. The sores were there, and sooner or later they must have broken out; so the recent revolution caused no wonder in the rest of the world. The outbreak is virtually a struggle for

freedom, though it began under the guise of a labor strike. In a short time the arm of the law had succeeded in quelling the disturbances, and the Czar promised attention to the demands of the people. But such promises have been made before and not a



THE RUSSIAN CROWN—AFTER TARGET PRACTICE  
—Cleveland Plain Dealer

great deal of dependence is to be placed in them. So long as the Government, despotic as it is, has the support of the army, the people can, however, do little but to demand and wait.

Yet the rights of liberty must eventually triumph in Russia. The start has been made, and it is the more likely to go on to final success because it has been so long in beginning. The demands of the revolutionists, or more properly speaking, the reform leaders, are summarized as follows:

First.—The immediate cessation of the war.

Second.—The summoning of a constituent assembly of representatives of the people, elected by universal and equal franchise and direct secret ballot.

Third.—The removal of class and race privileges and restrictions.



Fourth.—The inviolability of the person and domicile.

Fifth.—The freedom of conscience, speech, the press, meetings, strikes, and political association.

With a platform of this kind, if upheld in reasonableness and orderliness, the Russian people must eventually gain their emancipation. The iron hand cannot always rule in place of the hand of justice; but the Russian autocracy stands to-day in the way of any great or speedy reform.

### The Affair in the North Sea

WHAT might in other days have brought about a bitter war has ended peacefully in the settlement by arbitration of the North Sea outrage. Russia has good reason to be thankful that arbitration is in favor nowadays; she would not otherwise have come off so easily. As it is, according to the finding of the commission, she is held responsible for the outrage and will be required to make money compensation to the relatives of the fishermen who were killed. The Russian Government had, indeed, promised to do this voluntarily, but the official verdict goes further and declares the firing upon the trawlers to have been unjustified. Thus the commission's finding is entirely in England's favor, with a flattering statement, by way of soothing to injured feelings, as to the general efficiency of the Russian navy.

### Justice for All—Perils at Home

ON the 4th of last month Theodore Roosevelt, for the second time, was inaugurated President of the United States. The occasion was marked with much ceremony, and of a kind unique in the history of America. The President's speech sounded a manly note, suggested in the following extracts:

"Toward all other nations, large and small, our attitude must be one of cordial and sincere friendship. . . . We wish peace, but we wish the peace of justice, the peace of righteousness. . . . No weak nation that acts manfully and justly should ever have cause to fear us, and no strong



INAUGURAL CONGRATULATIONS

King Edward: My dear Roosevelt! I wish I had your arbitrary powers!—*Toronto News.*

power should ever be able to single us out as a subject for insolent aggression.

"Our relations with the other powers of the world are important, but still more important are our relations among ourselves. . . . We now face perils the very existence of which it was impossible that our forefathers should foresee. Modern life is both complex and intense, and the tremendous changes wrought by the extraordinary industrial developments of the last half century are felt in every fibre of our social and political being."

### About "Frenzied Finance"

THINGS have been interesting of late in American financial circles—not so much because of any unusual activity in stocks, as because of various disclosures which have been made of the methods of certain commercial and financial concerns. Following the prominence that has been given the trusts for some months past, the notorious Beef Trust has been declared illegal as a combination to stifle competition and control prices; the publication of Ida Tarbell's history of the Standard Oil Company has drawn further attention to the methods and aims of the trust, and has furnished some eye-opening reading; and another series of articles has made the name



of Thomas Lawson famous, and has elicited a reply as spicy as his own revelations.

It is to Lawson that we owe this timely expression, "frenzied finance." Himself a wealthy broker and promoter, he announced his purpose to be to show up in their true light some of the recent financial operations across the line, in which innocent victims of corporations and banks had been heartlessly and systematically fleeced. He has succeeded in telling a tale that is certainly an effective exposure of financial frenzy, and that has too many ear-marks of truth to be a fabrication. It is daring writing, and exciting reading; but the reply to Lawson, while not attempting to deny the facts which he puts forward, claims that his

exposure is but a part of a deep-laid plan to serve his own ends, and that he is himself as systematic and persistent an exploiter of the public purse as the men whom he calls rogues. He is said to have become a millionaire by wrecking his clients. Yet that does not invalidate the other exposures: it only adds that much more force in proof of the existence of "frenzied finance." We are happily almost free of it in Canada; yet the advertisement of a surety company, doing business in Montreal, with a capital of ten million dollars, which proved on investigation to be a one-man company with neither charter nor money, shows that the spirit that makes "frenzy" is not entirely wanting even here.

## WILL THE GOOD TIMES LAST?

THERE are two distinct types of prophet abroad nowadays—those who claim that the present period of national prosperity will be followed by a time of leanness and depression, and those who, on the other hand, assert that there is every reason to believe that the present good times will be indefinitely prolonged. As in most cases, the actual truth probably lies between these two poles of prophecy. It would be very satisfactory to optimistic Canadians to know that the country should continue for even a term of years the remarkable development which has now got so well under way; and, whatever the future may bring forth, there are at least no very apparent signs of depression dimming the prospect at the present time. After some five or six years of steadily increasing prosperity, Canada's outlook is to-day better than ever. Nevertheless, the warning that this prosperity may be checked, is worth paying attention to; it is folly to deny that danger is possible.

Professor Adam Shortt, of Queen's University, one of the foremost economists in Canada, carefully studied the situation in Western Canada not long ago, and claimed, as a result, that there is no reason why Canada should be an exception to the rule that depression follows prosperity. The

two are in natural sequence, and have always been so; why should Canada especially escape? Present conditions, he says, can hardly be expected to continue uninterrupted; a bad harvest or a tightening of the money market in the United States, would act as a check to the prosperity in Canada, and this check, while only a temporary one, would perhaps have a beneficial effect in restraining "boom" tendencies. A Chicago banker, reviewing the situation in the States, says that the present is a time that calls for caution; good times will not last forever.

While in Canada there are no immediate signs of danger discernible, the safest and the wisest policy is to handle only sound business. During good times there is usually a marked tendency toward business inflation and speculation, and this it is which constitutes the greatest danger in Canada. There never was a better place or a better time for business investment than Canada to-day, and the industrial outlook is of the brightest; yet the warnings of the economists are worth heeding to this extent, that it will be unsafe to gamble upon the certainty of the future perpetuating the conditions of the present time. Conditions may temporarily change, and business should be in a position to meet the change.



# FROM PASTURE TO FARM

By THOMAS GREGG

TO make two blades of grass grow where one grew before is a work that must exact commendation anywhere; but to cause wheat and other staples of human sustenance to flourish where hitherto they could not be brought to maturity, is an achievement that is a distinct benefaction to mankind.

Men continue to take pleasure in battling with nature, and pride in surmounting the difficulties she throws in their way, because some unseen force impels them to it, though gratification may be based on the prospect of profits to accrue in fame or fortune, the prime incentives to all effort.

It was given to a people of old to occupy the waste places of the world and to make the wilderness blossom as a rose. If the Anglo-Saxon race be not the lineal descendants of that people, it has inherited this peculiar destiny, because it is making the wilderness and waste places blossom in India, in Egypt, in Australia, in South Africa, in the United States, and in Canada. The great Assouan dam on the Nile, the result of British capital and enterprise, by storing the waters of the historic river, brings millions of acres into the area of cultivation that but recently were looked upon as desert, and increases by millions the revenue of the country.

Irrigation has been practised since the earliest times, and has probably bestowed greater benefits upon man than any other method of public improvement. But while the enterprises of antiquity in this direction may prove interesting, there are present-day projects that are more attractive.

While irrigation has been widely employed in the United States in reclaiming the million and a quarter of miles of arid lands recorded there twenty years ago, this method of increasing the cultivable area is but of recent introduction into Canada. The first to engage in it on a large scale were the Mormons, a colony of whom secured land some years ago in Southern Alberta, near the boundary line, and established a settlement there. The land round about

was not what might be designated as arid land, because it comprised large tracts of excellent grazing land, but the absence of rainfall precluded the mixed farming operations which these settlers were accustomed to in their native state of Utah. There, by irrigation, the desert had been turned into a garden by their own exertions. It was a herculean task, compared with which the irrigation of the Alberta land would be simple. So, on their initiative, a system of irrigation was projected, which would ensure perfect humectation at proper seasons and permit them to utilize a large area for agricultural purposes that hitherto was not available for such uses. Ultimately, the Government, approving of the plans for these settlers, went to their assistance in completing their undertaking, which has since been elaborated into a system serving a large territory. This has been done by the Canadian Northwest Irrigation Company, of Lethbridge, and other companies.

When it is said that there are at present in operation one hundred and seventy-six canals, and lateral irrigation ditches of a total length of four hundred and ninety miles, the extent of the operations can be seen. These canals serve over six hundred thousand acres of pasture and farming lands, the value of which has increased over \$2,000,000 in consequence of the availability of water.

But far surpassing this in magnitude, or any irrigation scheme on the continent, is the projected work of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, the first section of which, near Calgary, is now well under way. Whether the far-seeing managers of that corporation were prompted to action by the success that attended irrigation operations on St. Mary's River, in Southern Alberta, is not known, but if so, they have vastly bettered the instruction. The scheme was carefully thought out and studied in all its bearings. It was found that the conformation of the country was favorable for irrigation to an unlimited extent. The declination of the land is from the Rocky





DITCHING ON THE PRAIRIE

Mountains on the west, and the international boundary on the south, so that the watershed from two directions would supply water in any quantity. The matter was then laid before the Government, and an arrangement was effected by which the Company secured three million acres of its land in block instead of in alternate sections, as had previously been the mode of allotment. This concession was made in consideration of the Company's proposal to supply irrigation, and fit for settlement by small farmers, land that had been regarded as being in the arid area.

At present the western limit of the wheat land is Moose Jaw, in the territorial district of Assiniboia. West of this lie the great grass plains, once the feeding ground of the buffalo, but now the range of innumerable cattle companies, where vast bunches of cattle feed out all winter. No grain is raised in any quantity west of Moose Jaw, until Northern Alberta is reached, when a country of mixed farming is again met with.

The Canadian Pacific Railway proposes

to alter these conditions between Medicine Hat and Calgary, at least, in turning a large acreage of grass land into grain-producing farms, and at the same time improve the grass land so that it will afford better provender than at present. The block of land upon which it is proposed to work this great change, an experiment that will be watched with great interest, extends east from Calgary one hundred and thirty miles, the eastern end being about fifty miles west of Medicine Hat, and lies on either side of the main line of the railway, which runs through the centre of it. At the present time it is sparsely settled. The ranchers, who have practically been in possession since the country was opened to locaters, and who have no fences to their fields of enterprise, look in hostile distrust on two classes of men, regarding them as rank intruders, and these are sheep herders and small farmers. The sheep man is particularly obnoxious to the cattle man as a destroyer of the grazing ground, and the small farmer, with his ploughed land and assortment of domestic animals, is little less



so; but the land being prepared for the agriculturist, it is better for all interests that it should be portioned off into small farms than that it should be reserved by a few as a paddock for their cattle.

It is estimated that the land reclaimed from aridity will be capable of maintaining a population of five hundred thousand persons. To have an industrial population of this magnitude flanking its tracks, in a region the inhabitants of which can be reckoned at the present time by hundreds, will mean much to the

When completed this section will comprise twenty miles of main canal, charged from the Bow River, which comes in great volume from the Rocky Mountains. This canal will carry ten feet of water and will be sixty feet wide at the bottom. It will be supplemented by fifteen miles of secondary canals and nine hundred miles of distributing ditches. These will water three hundred and fifty thousand acres of farming land and will be available to improve the herbage on six hundred thousand acres of grazing land.



A GROUP OF IRRIGATION WORKERS

railway company, which, in the traffic it will create, will fully justify the cost of the undertaking. That cost is estimated at \$5,000,000, but it is believed that that sum will be exceeded. It is expected that the first section of twenty miles of main canal east of Calgary will be completed next year. During the past season seven hundred men, three hundred teams, four steam shovels, two one hundred horse power steam scrapers, and ten elevating graders were employed, and work was vigorously pushed.

The engineer in charge is Mr. John S. Dennis, formerly in the service of the Territorial Government, at the head of the Public Works Department. He is an old resident of the Territories, and he has given the subject of irrigation much study. It was he who gathered the data upon which the Company acted, and he has had charge of the work since its inception. He is a thoroughly competent man, who stands high in his profession and in public estimation, and there is full confidence that when the



work is done it will be well done. He is satisfied that the first section will be a success. There is every reason to believe that it will be. Eminent American engineers who have been engaged in irrigation work in their own country, where the Federal Government maintains an irrigation department, have visited Alberta to gather information as to the undertaking, the greatest of the kind ever projected on this continent, and Mr. Dennis' plans have met with their highest commendation.

humidity that these hundreds of miles of ditches will supply. No land will be sold to speculators. The purchaser must become the settler.

One reason that so little has been heard in the East of this remarkable undertaking is that one-half of the Dominion does not know what the other half is doing. Had it been a government enterprise it would have probably been fully exploited in the press, but being a private or quasi-private project, it has gone along without exciting comment,



CONSTRUCTION CAMP, WHERE 700 MEN ARE CARED FOR

The land at present is worth \$5 an acre, but when water is available, at the completion of the work the price to the settler will be \$10 an acre, to cover the cost of irrigating. Unlike any other agricultural land in the West, this will not be affected by the dry seasons, so persistent in that part of the Dominion. The ditches will always be full, and water can be turned upon the land with ease. Each settler on irrigated land will be required to purchase a portion of the pasture land, which will not be watered, but which must be greatly improved by the

save among those who are aware of its magnitude and the labor and money it involves. Yet it is one fraught with much significance, not only to the Territories, but to the whole of the Dominion, and it must rank as the most important step this Company has taken in the making of the West. A couple of million acres added to the wheat-producing area of Canada is a matter of interest to all, and attests the fact that Canadians are becoming fully alive to the greatness of their country, destined to be, in fact, the "Granary of the Empire."



# CAREY'S KID

BY GORDON ROGERS

ENTERING the hotel, Carey met a lady closely veiled. She paused abruptly, raised her veil, and stared at him. Carey had a glimpse of a pale face and a pair of large eyes electrically blue. Then the veil was hastily drawn, the wearer turned hurriedly, and was gone. Carey reached the office, wondering, and humming a tune.

"Biz is booming in the Soo," said Gus Allen, the clerk. "An' we're full up. I can put you in 107, on third; but don't do any singing up there, Jim. There's a kid, asleep, I guess, in 109, and mommer's just gone out. Perhaps you met her. Good figger, and wearing a veil."

"Who is she?"

"Search me. She didn't register. Here, boy, go up with Mr. Carey, to 107."

Carey had just closed his door on the way to supper when a sound arrested him. With a pucker of the brows he paused, then stepped to 109.

"Mammy! O mammy!" came plaintively again. Carey found the door unlocked, and put his head into the room.

By the corridor's light, Carey saw a very small, white-robed figure sitting up in what appeared, by contrast, to be a very large bed. Carey's gaze was instantly held by that of a pair of large eyes, electrically blue, in the shaft of light.

"What's the matter, kid?" said Carey. To his hypercritical ear, his voice sounded criminally gruff.

"I want my mammy!" replied the kid; and forthwith scrambled swiftly from the bed. Carey picked the child up—a feather from the sky—and placed it gently back.

"Where mammy donn?" There was a retaining clasp upon Carey's biggest finger.

"Oh, just out for a minute, I guess," he replied; but reflected that he might possibly be in for it.

"Oo nice man. Oo tay till mammy tum." And Carey obeyed the persuasion of the small palm by sitting upon the bedside.

"Tell Tommy 'tory, nice man," Tommy said.

A story? Carey, bewildered, set to his astonished memory the impossible task of recollecting even a torn page of the fairy books of his own childhood.

"What sort of story?" he said, conscious of defeat, yet vaguely playing for time.

"Bears!" said Tommy.

Lucky Carey! At the end of the fourth bear story, out of Carey's experiences in Canadian woods, Tommy did not appear to be a degree nearer to sleep. He expressed, like little Oliver, a desire for "more," and clapped his small hands; not failing, though, to resume his hold upon Carey's big finger, and insisting that the story-teller should "lie down," so that the man's dark head lay upon the pillow very near to the small golden head.

"Want dink!" remarked Tommy, suddenly sitting up.

Carey found a water bottle, but the contents were not fresh enough for a cherub, he thought.

"How would Tommy like a drink of milk?" And Tommy clapped his hands.

A boy answered Carey's call, and departed with the order and a grin. He returned with the grin and the milk.

"Want tookie!" said Tommy, draining his glass.

Carey sent a line of inquiry to the clerk. The boy returned with a tray and a note. Each spoke for itself. The note said:

"Mr. Carey. Nurse, 109.

"Cook says kid wants cookie. Same herewith. Please accept slight offering for self, and sympathy."

Mr. Allen's offering was a bottle of ale and some sandwiches. So Carey and the cherub supped together upon the bed. And when the room was switched back into shadow, Carey resumed, at Tommy's prompting, the interrupted bear story. And at last little Tommy drifted into sleep. Very slowly the small fingers relaxed their hold upon Carey's; and Carey, patient, smiling at his position, lay there with his gaze upon the shadowy ceiling, thinking many things.

He awoke with a start. Tommy's hand



had dropped away from his own. The other had been thrown out, and lay against Carey's cheek, like the petal of a rose. In Carey's ear was the low, regular breathing of the child; but in the other was the muttering of men's voices at the door. Then came a sharp rap. Carey felt Tommy start. The door was thrown open. Three men stood there.

"Get out!" hissed Carey, turning quickly.

"You see," said a sneering voice, "it's just as I supposed. He came back to the kid." The three men stepped into the room.

Carey stood up, taller by inches than the tallest of the three. With a swift, sweeping movement he pushed them to the door. The hall light fell full on his face.

"Why, damme!" said one, "this ain't your man! It's big Jim Carey himself!"

Carey pushed the others into the corridor, and noiselessly closed the door.

"Now, Sheriff," he said, brusquely, "what's all this about? And don't talk too near that door." He took a stride or two down the hall.

"This gentleman," said the Sheriff, "is Mr. Broughton, of Broughton's Detective Bureau, of Duluth; and this is Detective Mason, of the Ontario Detective Force—"

"Well?"

"Well, Jim, there's been a mistake; but it's Gus Allen's little joke. He told us there was a big man, about Jim Carey's size, he said, up in 109 with a kid. You see, Andrew Barton's wanted in Sudbury by the Nickellette Company. Barton was their manager, and they are fifty thousand out. And Barton's about your size."

"Yes; well?"

"Well, Barton got out of Sudbury on the Soo Express. We thought we'd nab him here; but he was wise, and dropped off at Garden, ten miles out of here."

Carey made an impatient gesture toward 109.

"I'm coming to the kid. You see, the kid's mother came on here, to the American Soo, from the States, to meet Barton. It was all arranged. But she got uneasy, I guess, when he didn't step off the Express the other side of the river, and so she crossed into Canada, and left the kid in

here, and went out. And I guess Barton got over the line, and she located him all right, and by this time they are—"

"Do you mean to say," said Carey, "she's left her child here, deliberately?"

"What figure does a child cut with that kind of a mother, anyway, in a case like this?" Broughton chipped in.

Carey whirled on him. "You said, when you saw me in the room there, that you thought Barton had come back to the kid, didn't you?" he said, sharply.

"Well, seeing it was you and not Barton shows I was wrong, that's all. I thought the kid was Barton's own. Maybe it isn't even her's; just a sort of badge of respectability, like some of those women wear."

"I see," said Carey.

"Well, I feel dashed sorry for the kid," said the sheriff, rubbing his nose. "What's to be done with him? I suppose it's a boy."

"It's a boy, and don't you worry about what's to be done with him," Carey said. He stepped to the door of 109, but turned to fling a bouquet at the trio. "So you are detectives, eh?" he said, with a little nod. "Well, well! You ought to arrest the kid."

"Perhaps," said Broughton, with a sneer, "you'll explain what you were doing in the room—"

"How do we know," cut in Mason, "that there wasn't collusion—" The sheriff gripped his arm; and Carey, with a slight smile, stepped into the room.

"Don't stir him up!" whispered the sheriff. "He's got the biggest heart and the swiftest punch of any man in Algoma. Look at him, six foot two, two hundred and ten, all muscle, and quick as a flash; the strongest man and the worst in a scrap on the C.P.R. between here and Sudbury. What's he goin' to do now?"

Carey had stepped noiselessly to the bedside. The three men filled the doorway, watching him.

Tommy was still sleeping beautifully. One little half-open palm was thrown above his golden head. Carey very gently placed the tip of his biggest finger in the pink palm's centre. The baby fingers clasped tightly about it. Tommy smiled, and babbled in his sleep.

"Nice man!" he said.





A STREET IN DAWSON CITY ON MILITARY REVIEW DAY

## FURTHER NORTH IN CANADA

By NEIL MACK

“THREE thousand miles from ocean to ocean” was the answer we used to make when Canada’s proportions were asked for. It is no longer a sufficient answer. The Canada of to-day is measured not only outward but upward, and they who would know its size must now look north as well as west.

We have not been adding new territory: Canada has simply been stretching itself and filling up its clothes. For many years the border limits were marked by the St. Lawrence River and the transcontinental railway—only a fringe of the Canada that now is and is to be. These were comparatively narrow limits, within which, however, there has been remarkable progress; but beyond is a great Northland, where new surprises are nowadays being found.

Canada has never yet been fully measured, and many remote portions must be laid out more definitely on the map before its industrial greatness can be wholly appre-

ciated. Its total area of 3,620,000 square miles—only a fraction less than that of all Europe—includes immense tracts of land that are as yet unexplored. If Canada were divided into three equal parts, the provinces and the older territories would be found to form but one of those parts; the other two-thirds would be the territory north of the present line of settlement, some of which is as yet unsurveyed, and but very little of which has yet been permanently occupied. Geographically, this is Greater Canada. It may be summed up as all that country north of the 55th parallel on the west of Hudson’s Bay, thus including the territories of Keewatin, Athabasca, Mackenzie, Yukon, and Franklin; and, east of Hudson’s Bay, the territory of Ungava. Travel through these regions has been made possible in some directions, by the great northern river and lake systems, but an immense area still awaits the first explorer. In the Yukon district, in Athabasca, and even in northern



British Columbia, but especially in the Mackenzie territory, are unknown tracts as large as many of the states of Europe. These unexplored tracts form in all perhaps one-fifth of the whole. The general character of the remaining larger part is fairly well known, through the reports of travelers, traders, and government agents. Wide stretches of this northern territory must necessarily always remain, as now, barren wilderness, but other portions are of undoubted value, with possibilities and resources waiting only to be developed. They are very similar to that country in which settlement is now so rapidly going on—the Canadian West. What we more particularly know by that name to-day comprises Manitoba and the three territories of Assiniboia, Alberta, and Saskatchewan, soon to be divided into two new provinces. This block of land, lying wholly south of the 55th parallel, has an area of 228,000,000 acres, of which at least 50,000,000 acres are suitable for grain-growing. So far only 5,000,000 acres have been put under cultivation, but at the present rate of settlement the entire 50,000,000 acres, capable of an annual yield of 750,000,000 bushels of grain, will be taken up in twelve years' time. Out of this Canada could supply Great Britain's demand of 200,000,000 bushels and still have a surplus for the rest of the world.

The Canadian West, as thus defined, has of late been much in the public eye. Every year is seeing more and more of its prairie lands changed into farms and homesteads, and as the country thus fills up, the tide of settlement moves steadily northward. In less than twelve years it will quite probably have reached into the new areas of Athabasca. The secretary of the North-West Grain-dealers' Association is authority for the statement that the hard wheat belt is receding northward at the rate of fifteen miles every year.

In the Peace River Valley, west of Athabasca Lake, three settlements have already been made by the Hudson's Bay Company. At one of these posts, half way to the Arctic Circle, and two thousand miles northwest of Winnipeg, there is a saw-mill and a well-equipped, electric-lighted flour mill, from which the various trading-posts of the Company are supplied. Last season ten thousand bushels of the best wheat were grown along the Peace River, a prophecy of what future development may accomplish.

Still further north, the Mackenzie, greatest of American rivers but one, flows for fifteen hundred miles to the very end of Canada, draining the immense Mackenzie territory and providing a natural highway for northern trade. In this region arable land exists only in small patches, but grain



PRESENT CITIZENS OF THE FAR NORTH



and vegetables are grown even beyond the Arctic Circle. Much of the territory being still unexplored, its resources are not fully known, but both in Mackenzie and Athabasca there are known to be vast mineral deposits which some day, when they have been made more accessible, will certainly be opened up. There is unused wealth also in the fisheries and the forests of this region.

Away to the north, fifty miles within the Arctic Circle, is Canada's remotest settlement, Fort Macpherson. The Hudson's Bay Company's buildings, a mission station, two houses occupied by the Mounted Police, and some log huts comprise this settlement,

Dawson proudly points to to-day: Public schools, hospitals and churches; police and fire protection; two daily newspapers; electric light, telephone, and telegraph services; waterworks and well-paved streets, and a total assessable valuation of \$10,000,000. Improvement is still going on, and the boom of a few years ago has settled into a more permanent growth. Railway connection is now proposed with White Horse, the northern terminus of the White Pass Railway, which runs for 112 miles to Skagway, in Alaska. With this material progress, it speaks well for Canadian colonization methods that from the rampant evils of a mining camp, Dawson, and the Yukon in



A HOME ON THE SHORE OF LAKE ATHABASCA

which is to be connected with Dawson City by a police trail. Two hundred and fifty miles further north is the great Arctic Sea, and even there, on Herschell Island, a police post has been established to protect the whale fisheries. Thus does Canada maintain her hold upon the north, whose industrial importance is every year becoming more apparent.

In the Yukon, west of the Mackenzie, and in latitude 64, is the wonder-city of the world—Dawson, six years ago a frontier mining-camp, now a capital of eight thousand population. This is the progress that

general, have become as orderly and law-respecting as any settlement in Canada.

With unlimited natural resources in this new country, the one problem of vital concern is how to reach them, how to transport them to the outside markets. Future settlement depends very largely upon the several railway projects now on foot. The new transcontinental line, survey work on which has already begun, will cross the continent by a comparatively direct route, 3,500 miles long, and will open up immense new riches. A third line has been proposed, and quite probably will eventually materialize.



The farms and orchards of older Canada; the varied industries which have grown from small to great proportions; the cities and towns, with their New World progressiveness, their culture, and their applied comforts; the natural resources and the people's hopefulness: these are features which mark the Canada of to-day, the Canada known to the average traveller and the average resident. But great as is this

Canada, there is a Greater Canada, which the people have not yet gone up to possess. Those who have spied out portions of it are telling us that we have so far touched only the fringe of our inheritance, and that the great North-West has unknown wonders in store. Meanwhile the northward movement has begun, and the way of the settler has turned toward the great and fascinating Further-North.

## THE SCHOOL AT CHALMERS' FARM

BY M. E. GRANT

IT was called Chalmers' Schoolhouse because it was built on a corner of David Chalmers' farm. It stood on a spot where four roads met—one leading directly to Belleville, the county town of Hastings, another passing through Rosslyn, a village which owned a foundry and a small Presbyterian kirk. The other two roads led into the back townships, which were sparsely settled and depended on Belleville and Rosslyn for their inspiration and progress. The schoolhouse was constructed in the most primitive style and after the rudest form of architecture. Its furniture consisted of a desk and deal chair for the use of the teacher, and backless benches for the boys and girls, who as yet were unconscious of the labor and honor that awaited them. Under those shocks of tousled hair lay the brains that were to work out the destiny of our young country, and in those untried arms was the muscle which was to hew the way out of the wilderness into the open of Canada's young history. A large blackboard adorned the wall behind the desk, while on either side hung maps of England and Canada. The furniture of the desk consisted of the roll-book, an inkstand of plain design, and the all-powerful birch, which stung the derelicts into law and order.

Miss Janet Macgregor, a Scottish immigrant, and a teacher of the old school, knew

well how to wield the rod. She was a sworn foe to laziness and lies, and the urchin who had managed to run the gauntlet at home had to throw up his arms (and hold out his hands) before the sturdy woman who saw through subterfuges and brought to light his hidden besetments. When her clarion voice rang out clear and strong, "Coom to the desk, Roobert Seels, coom awa'," a tremor of fear coursed along our young spines, for we did not know on what day or at what hour we might be called. Bobby Sills, who was the imp of the school, always took his birching with placid fortitude, which won the admiration and pity of the girls and burdened him with the envy of the boys, causing him to fight many a battle to prove his courage.

If Janet Macgregor's treatment was heroic, it was also wholesome, and the ministers, lawyers and doctors who were taught by her during the thirty years of her professional work, and who are now among our empire-builders, owe their first spurring towards fame to the birch which lay so watchfully on the desk of the old schoolhouse. The attempt of Mrs. Partington to sweep back the ocean with her broom was as useless as for the scholars of Chalmers' Schoolhouse to hope to appease the wrath of Miss Macgregor or to stay her avenging hand when once she had convicted a boy or girl of "telling a lee."



Her dress also bore testimony to her force of character, for never, under any circumstances, on any occasion, however festive, was she known to wear an ornament or a fol-de-rol. No frills or laces or trinkets ever hung from her neck or arms. Her hair, which was abundant, was put back smoothly from her low, broad forehead and gathered into a comfortable knot at the back of her sensible head. Her plain linen collar was pinned on her dress with no bow or brooch to give it completeness. Her gown was invariably a brown calico with white dots, and her bonnet a black straw "poke" trimmed with ribbon which terminated in strings. She always wore stout shoes, which added force to her authority, for, when we stood up in class we fell on the luckless toes which strayed outside the chalk-mark drawn to define our position! Without warning she would plant her generous feet and heavy shoes firmly on the offending members, and a groan of distress followed which gave us an impulse towards obedience.

The dunce's cap, which was kept locked up in her desk, frequently adorned the empty head of Bobby Sills. On the first day of my experience as a pupil, the sight which greeted me was Bobby, seated on the platform on a three-legged stool, the dunce's cap perched on his red hair and his right hand held high over his head. This was an extra mode of punishment, which was resorted to when whipping failed, for the torture of aching muscles brought penitence when all else was of no avail.

Miss Macgregor's face strongly resembled that of our good Queen Victoria, and her bearing had much of the same dignity. Though she was not sought in marriage, and while she could not be called attractive in a feminine sense, Janet Macgregor was a "character" in the county, and her methods of instruction were studied and copied by the young men of the surrounding townships who were trying—sometimes vainly—to train the Canadian "Young Idea." The examinations, which were oral and not at all after the manner of the modern public school torture, were usually seasons of delight, as various games of skill

were held which sharpened the juvenile wits and memories as many modern methods hardly pretend to do.

There was the spelling-match, when the boy or the girl "who had spelled the school down" received all honor and a prize, which usually consisted of a book of poems with the name of the winner written on the fly-leaf by the inspector. There was the mental arithmetic competition, in which the fox-and-hare problem figured and which was nearly always won by Dick Addison or May Chalmers, both famous for their feats with figures. The parsing gave another exciting contest, when nouns and pronouns, verbs and adverbs, prepositions and conjunctions were allotted their lawful place and relations to each other.

I remember being called at one of these examinations when I was only a very small girl, to go to the map and bound Russia—it was as difficult a task to me then as it is to the more capacious brains of the modern statesman. Being seized with stage fright, I began to cry, and was condemned to defeat by the stern voice: "Go to your seat." But one of the young teachers who had come to sit at Miss Macgregor's large feet played the Good Samaritan and took me on his knee, dried my tears with a large red handkerchief and presented me with a huge "bull's-eye" and a copper. No modern bon-bons are so sweet as was that red-and-white treasure, and no bill, of however large a denomination, is half so valuable as that one "sou" was to the defeated and humiliated little girl who failed to bound Russia.

Our copy-books were displayed as specimens of penmanship, and, though not much could be said truthfully concerning them, there was one boy, Al Graham, who was acknowledged a genius. Such flourishes in his capitals, such long and graceful tails at the ends of his sentences, such wonderful figures of birds and reptiles were woven into the woof of his writing, that we all stood amazed at the greatness of his exploits. He invariably took the prize for writing, and we were proud to have it so, for he was the most popular boy in the school. He was the only one who had never been disciplined by



the birch-rod—the only one who had never answered the dread summons, “Coom to the desk, sir-r-r.”

The most important examination in the school, however, was the one in history. Our text-book was the synopsis found in the “Fifth Book of Lessons.” As my memory was considered remarkable for so small a person, I was called to the platform at the mature age of ten and asked to give the Roman emperors and their “characteristics,” also the chief events of each reign. No words in the English language can describe the inflated condition of my small personality as I rolled the huge names glibly from my tongue—Augustus, Tiberius, Caligula, Claudius—until, arriving at Nero, I was asked to give an account of his persecutions of the Christians and of his tragic end. The small illuminated cards of merit, daintily inscribed, were all we needed as rewards, and they seem to me more artistic than many of the daubs so common to-day.

Of course, the teacher “boarded round,” spending two weeks at each home. The parents looked for her coming as for one who would strengthen their hands, for there was no soft sentimentality about Janet Macgregor, no petting of the prettiest one, no favoring the brightest one, but a calm, clear judgment which dealt unfailing justice. During her temporary stay at the homes of the neighborhood, an air of tempered festivity filled the air, to the delight of the youngsters, although they kept far from the inner sanctuary called the best room, which was her sitting-room during her stay. At meal-time she talked with ease of Scotch affairs, both of church and state. Her creed consisted of two articles, to which we all might subscribe—“Fear God, and pay your debts.” She used to say that, if you owed no man, you had done your duty to your neighbors. She lived up

to her creed, for she was never known to fear any human creature, great or small, and she never made the smallest purchase, unless she had the necessary funds in her shabby brown purse.

Not long ago, after wandering in the wilderness for forty years, I returned to the Canaan of my youth, and one afternoon I put a sun-bonnet on and started for the ruins of the old schoolhouse, for it has been deserted for many years, a flourishing new public school having taken its place in the village of Plainville. I sat among the stones of the old school's foundation, and the soft glamor of the day and the droning of the locusts must have given me sleep. As I sat there, the boys and girls came flocking around me—Bobby Sills, with the same impish grin on his face that he wore when he made grimaces at me the first day I went to school; Fred Clarke's bright face and merry laugh; May Chalmers' sweet voice and brown eyes, and Sarah Storey's mischievous giggle were all around me.

“Why,” I cried, “Fred Clarke, I thought you were dead. You died, you know, with typhoid fever.”

He laughed and answered, “There is no death. It is only an illusion of mortals.”

“May Chalmers,” I exclaimed, “I thought you had married and—and died, leaving six children.” Her laugh was like the sweetest music as she looked at Fred Clarke. Then Miss Macgregor came from their midst, but she had no rod in her hand.

“We saw you coming,” she said, “and we thought we should meet you here, for we are never far from the old schoolhouse.”

The sound of wheels awoke me, and as I went back to the old homestead, carrying my sun-bonnet by the strings, as I did in the days that were gone, I felt a strange thrill, as though the burdens of forty years had been suddenly lifted.





A TYPICAL SUGAR HOUSE

## A MILLION DOLLARS IN MAPLE SUGAR

CANADA has good reason to be proud of the maple-tree. Its leaf is the national emblem, concerning which we have come to have a rooted feeling of patriotic sentiment. A more practical reason, however, is the fact that its sap produces each year nearly eighteen million pounds of syrup and sugar. Canada's maple sugar is one of its most famed products, and commands a higher price than that of any other country in the world. The industry is a long-established one, and is of especial importance in Ontario, Quebec and Nova Scotia.

At the St. Louis Fair, last summer, one

of the most striking exhibits in the Palace of Agriculture was a Canadian maple sugar pavilion, constructed of maple wood and decorated with jars of syrup and cakes of sugar. Samples were given to prospective settlers in Canada, and after the Fair two tons of maple sweets were distributed among the charitable institutions of St. Louis. The exhibit was suggestive not only of deliciousness, but it served as an excellent advertisement for Canada, attracting much attention from the exhibition visitors.

To the native-born the manufacture of maple sugar is a familiar story. In such



THE MAPLE WOODS AN EVER POPULAR RESORT





THE SAP COLLECTORS ON THEIR ROUNDS

communities as the Eastern Townships of Quebec, "sugar time," which comes between the middle of March and first of May, is the event of the year. It has always been a romantic time, in which fun and business have very satisfactorily combined.

Better methods explain the rise of the industry to its present standing. Up-to-date utensils and economy of labor have made larger profits possible. In pioneer days the tree was tapped with an axe, but an auger is now used, with less injury to the tree. A galvanized iron spile, with a pail at the end, takes the place of the old pine spile and wooden trough. Roads are cut through the "sugar bush" and a horse team makes the collecting tour at frequent intervals. Instead of the deep kettle, suspended over an open fire, a flat pan is now

employed for boiling down the sap. This is built in a covered furnace, and the sap can be reduced to syrup as fast as it is brought in.

By such changes as these the farmer has gained much hard cash. His sugar is recognized the world over as the very finest that is to be had, and he has a ready market for all he can produce. He has not always, however, been the most careful for his own reputation. Maple sugar, probably more than any other Canadian food product, has suffered from adulteration, and the article offered for sale at the shops is in many cases grossly inferior. So numerous have been the complaints that the matter has been taken up by the Minister of Inland Revenue, and an order issued this year to guard against further adulteration.



WHEN VISITORS COME TO THE SUGAR CAMP



# THE FATHER OF CONFEDERATION

By J. MACDONALD OXLEY

FOR nearly half-a-century a representative of the people in Parliament, for thirty-six years the beloved and trusted leader of the great Conservative party, and for thirty years the Premier of the Dominion of Canada, the career of the late Sir John A. Macdonald is in one respect at least unique in the history of parliamentary institutions.

Like so many others who have contributed to the development and prosperity of Canada, Sir John was a Scotchman, having first seen the light at Glasgow in the year 1815. Five years later the family came to Canada, and settled in Kingston.

His school days over, at the age of sixteen he secured a position in the chambers of a leading barrister, and spent five years in studying law. Once embarked in business on his own account, he soon acquired an excellent practice. In those comparatively primitive days the possession of any decided measure of talent, combined with a good education, was sufficient to mark a man out for public life and insure opportunities for attaining political distinction. Mr. Macdonald had not been many years in practice before his brilliant defence of one Von Shultz attracted general attention, and prepared the way for his entrance into political life. From that day the feeling grew and gathered force that this talented young lawyer must be sent to Parliament, and accordingly, in 1844, he was offered the nomination for Kingston in the Conservative interest. His triumphant election was the result of an exciting contest, in the course of which he gave unmistakable promise of very unusual ability as a debater.

In December, 1844, the Canadian Parliament assembled for the despatch of business, and Mr. Macdonald, who supported the party then in power, began his long executive career on the 12th of that month, being appointed a member of the Standing Orders Committee. Although he could hardly help realizing his marked superiority in intellect and attainments to the majority of his fellow members, Mr. Macdonald did not plunge into debate with premature impetu-

osity, as young members of promise are apt to do. Modestly as he bore himself, however, his merit went not unperceived, and in 1847 a request came from the then Premier, Mr. Draper, that he should accept the portfolio of Receiver-General. After a short continuance in this office, he exchanged it for the Crown Lands, a department which had then almost as bad a reputation for vexatious delay and masterly muddling as the English Court of Chancery in the Jarndyce days, but in which he instituted reforms of great and lasting benefit. A year later Parliament dissolved, and, although in the general election which followed Mr. Macdonald easily retained his own seat, so many of his party lost their that when Parliament re-assembled the Conservatives found themselves in a hopeless minority.

Thenceforward, during six years of stirring events, which must be passed over in silence, Mr. Macdonald's abilities were confined within the limited sphere available to even the most talented member of an Opposition which could only count nineteen supporters in a House of eighty-four representatives. They were years of precious experience to him, however. Numerically weak as the Opposition was, he made it a power to be respected by the occupants of the Treasury benches.

The year 1854 was one of intense political excitement in Canada. The Reform Ministry of Mr. Hincks had resigned, and three distinct parties now presented themselves before the people, asking their suffrages,—the Government party, led by Mr. Hincks, the "Grits," as they were nicknamed, under the despotism of Mr. Brown, and the Conservatives, owing allegiance to Sir Allan Macnab. Mr. Macdonald belonged to the last, and was its real, although not nominal, leader, Sir Allan being still of service as a figurehead. The elections decided nothing, for each party came out with a fair following. When the House met, it was evident that, unless some coalition could be formed, public business was at a dead-lock, as neither of the three parties could construct a stable government



alone. Anxious, exciting days of conference, caucus, and combination followed, with the final result that by a coalition of the more staid and solid Liberals with the liberalized and progressive Conservatives, a Government was formed with sufficient support to insure its effective existence. Mr.

Mr. Macdonald. A year later, Colonel Tache, finding the labors of leadership too onerous, made way for Mr. Cartier, one of the ablest statesmen the old Province of Quebec has ever produced, and between whom and Mr. Macdonald there henceforth existed an



SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD

Morin and Sir Allan Macnab were at first the joint Premiers of the new administration, but soon the former retired in favor of Colonel Tache, and the latter, who had pretty well outlived his usefulness, was by the unanimous wish of the party replaced by

intimate and cordial political partnership. Mr. Macdonald now became Premier in name as well as in fact, the Government bearing the title of Macdonald-Cartier, according to the fashion in those days of endowing governments with double-barrelled



titles, in order to indicate the leaders of the Upper and Lower Canada sections respectively.

Three great and critical questions, upon the satisfactory settlement of which it may safely be said the whole future of Canada as a nation depended, had for some time been clamoring for decisive action from successive administrations. These were: The choice of a permanent capital; Representation by population, and Government by double majority.

Ever since the two Provinces of Upper and Lower Canada had been united in constitutional wedlock, the country had been without a fixed capital, simply because no government had the courage to decide which of four jealous rivals for the honor should be preferred. Toronto and Kingston in Upper Canada, and Montreal and Quebec in the Lower Province, all vigorously asserted their claims. Mr. Macdonald suggested to his colleagues that the best way out of the difficulty would be to have the whole matter referred to the Queen for her arbitrament. This was accordingly done, much against the grain of the Opposition, and in 1858 Her Majesty decided that a quiet little country town in the Province of Ontario, having no other pretensions than the extraordinary beauty of its site, and the magnificence of its water-power, should be the capital of Canada.

Mr. Brown, who then led the Opposition, although an Ontario member, was especially loud and persistent in his protests against the Royal choice, and when the session of 1858 opened, he thought that in this question he held the lever which would lift the Government out of its place. Accordingly, among the amendments moved to the address was one disapproving of Ottawa as the capital. This amendment, having been carried by a vote of sixty-four to fifty, Mr. Brown believed that his time had come, and immediately upon the result of the vote being declared, sprang up and announced that to test the sense of the House, he would move an adjournment. Mr. Macdonald, with calm irony, accepted the challenge, quietly saying, "Let the vote on the adjournment test the question whether or not the

Ministry possesses the confidence of the House." The vote was taken amid much excitement, every one realizing that the fate of the Ministry depended upon its issue. The result showed sixty-one for the Government and fifty against it. The Ministry, despite the previous adverse vote, were therefore absolved from the constitutional necessity of resigning.

Notwithstanding this, the Premier counselled resignation. With that profound penetration which rendered him almost prophetic in the accuracy of his forecasts, he now descried an opportunity of dealing his relentless opponent, Mr. Brown, a blow from which he would be long in recovering. Next day the Macdonald-Cartier administration resigned, and Mr. Brown, being sent for by the Governor, undertook the task of forming a Government. Three days later the new Ministry was announced, and proposed to proceed with the public business; but the House had no sooner assembled than a want-of-confidence vote was moved by a leading Conservative, and, after an exciting and acrimonious discussion, the callow Ministry found themselves in a minority of forty. Under these circumstances they could do nothing but resign, which they accordingly did forthwith, after having been in office hardly forty-eight hours. His strategy thus crowned with complete success, Mr. Macdonald returned to power, supported by an even larger majority than before, and having around his council-board almost precisely the same faces as previous to his resignation.

His opponents, being utterly demoralized, Mr. Macdonald felt justified in adding two very significant items to the Ministerial programme. In view of the unsatisfactory state of the revenue, certain amendments to the tariff were proposed, wherein we may discern the germs of that protective system which thenceforth steadily developed until, under the title of "National Policy," it furnished the battle-cry wherewith Sir John in 1878 led his forces to victory, and which to-day constitutes the fiscal policy of the Dominion. A far more important announcement, however, was that the expediency of a federation of all the British North American provinces would be anxiously considered.



and communication presently entered into with the Home Government and the Maritime Provinces upon the subject.

Reference has been already made to the question of representation by population as one upon the harmonious settlement of which the future of Canada depended. When the two Canadas united in 1841, although the Lower Province had then the larger population, it was stipulated that both provinces should send an equal number of representatives to the joint Parliament, and with this arrangement Upper Canada was for the time well content. But, as years passed by, the English province outstripped in wealth and population her slower sister, and began to think that the representation should be changed, so as to bear a just proportion to the respective population, and the Liberals of that day, seeking for an effective party cry, seized upon Representation by Population and made it their Shibboleth.

The rejection of the double majority principle by Mr. Macdonald's Government, on account of its utter impracticability, served only to intensify the demand for representation by population, and, linked ominously with it, the cry of "French domination," made itself heard throughout Ontario. It was a very critical juncture, and only the sagest statesmanship could avert the coming peril. Any attempt to alter the representation in favor of Ontario would be simply to ring the death-knell of the union, while persistence in denying Ontario what she, with so much justice, claimed, must prove equally disastrous.

In this emergency the scheme for a confederation of all the provinces presented itself to Mr. Macdonald's mind as a possible solution of the difficulty. First mooted by the British-American League in 1849, it had made but little impression, and perhaps might never have been heard of again but for the circumstances just indicated. Having been formally adopted by the Conservatives as a principal plank in the party platform, the great scheme now fully entered the arena of political politics, and henceforward until its execution formed a subject of engrossing interest.

Meanwhile, matters were indeed at a strange pass. Four administrations had fallen within a little more than two years. All public business beyond a mere routine was at a stand-still. Mr. Brown, who still led the Opposition, realizing the need of decisive action if the union was to be preserved, made overtures to Mr. Macdonald, which ultimately resulted in the former consenting to enter the Cabinet with two of his followers, on the express understanding that, as a substitute for representation by population, for which he had so consistently fought, Parliament would, at its next session, introduce the federal principle into Canada. On this arrangement being perfected the deadlock came to an end; the Conservative lion and the Grit tiger took sweet counsel together, and through their united action, supplemented by the eloquent advocacy and exhaustless ardor of Mr. Cartier in Quebec, Mr. Tupper in Nova Scotia, and Mr. Tilley in New Brunswick, Confederation was, in the year 1867, given to Canada. Throughout all the difficult and intricate negotiations that were required to perfect the scheme, although the ablest public men in Canada cooperated, Mr. Macdonald was *facile princeps*. Unanimously chosen chairman of the final conference held in London in December, 1865, to which came delegates from all the provinces, his perfect knowledge of all details, marvellous tact, and irresistible persuasive powers, proved equal to the herculean task of reconciling the vast and varied interests which at times seemed so seriously conflicting as to menace the whole scheme. Confederation may indeed be justly regarded as Sir John Macdonald's *magnum opus*.

It was but right and fitting, therefore, that to him should be committed the task of forming the first administration under the new order of things. In fulfilling this commission, Mr. Macdonald wisely determined to bring together, irrespective of all party considerations, those gentlemen who represented majorities in the provinces to which they belonged. "I do not want it to be felt," said he, "by any section in the country that they have no representative in the Cabinet and no influence in the Government."



Confederation necessarily wiped out all those issues which had in the past formed subjects of contention in the Canadian Parliament, and the new Government enjoyed the singular good fortune of beginning their career with a clean slate and a massive majority. The seven years of their rule were like the seven good years in Egypt when Joseph was Prime Minister, and peace, prosperity, and progress reigned throughout the land. The Dominion, moreover, extended its boundaries beyond the four provinces of which it was originally composed. Prince Edward Island, which had at first hung back from Confederation, recognized its advantages and became a partner to the alliance. The great *terra incognita* of the Northwest Territories, toward which Sir John had cast longing eyes ever since 1857, when at his suggestion Chief Justice Draper went to England to treat with the Hudson's Bay Company for their acquisition, were, after considerable opposition from the half-breed population, transferred to the Dominion, and so another province, rejoicing in the mellifluous name of Manitoba, was merged in this growing legislative union, to be followed within a year by British Columbia, thus completing the chain of provinces from ocean to ocean.

With the year 1872, the first Parliament of the Dominion of Canada completed its allotted term, and was accordingly dissolved. The general election which followed proved somewhat of a surprise to the Conservatives, as, although the ministry still retained a good working majority, its former proportions were significantly reduced, especially in the pivotal Province of Ontario, and there were unmistakable signs on all sides of that craving for change which inevitably permeates the public mind when one administration has held a long monopoly of office. Other causes were at work also, and principally the apprehension with which many people regarded the gigantic scheme of a trans-continental railway, whose construction within ten years had been the chief argument wherewith British Columbia had been induced to enter the union a short time previously. The Opposition proved conclusively enough that the carrying out of so stupend-

ous an undertaking within the time appointed was simply impossible, and the spectre of national bankruptcy was successfully evoked to frighten the timid supporters of the Government from their allegiance, and give an impulse to the wavering in their leaning towards desertion. The crisis came sooner than even the most sanguine members of the Opposition could have hoped. During the session of 1873 the relations of the Government toward the Canadian Pacific Railway matter were made the base of a tremendous and unsparing attack all along the line. When the fight began, Sir John, trusting in the fidelity of his followers, went into it with cheerful courage and little doubt as to the ultimate result, but as each day witnessed fresh defections from his ranks,—defections which an eloquent appeal, displaying marvellous fertility of resource and all his peculiar persuasive powers in their very highest degree, failed to check,—he decided to resign without waiting for the final test, and accordingly, on the 5th of November, 1873, he placed his resignation in the hands of the Governor-General. Thus, after an unbroken reign of ten long and fruitful years, we see him once more consigned to the cold shades of opposition, while a Liberal administration, under the cautious, canny guidance of Mr. Mackenzie, became the guardian of the commonweal.

During the four years which followed, Sir John possessed his soul in patience, offering no factious opposition to the Government; but, on the contrary, cordially co-operating with them in perfecting any measure that was manifestly for the public good. Careful and prudent as was the Mackenzie rule, however, the country failed to prosper under it. Year by year the commercial situation grew worse, the revenue deficits graver, and the future prospects darker. The Ministry confessed themselves quite unable to mend matters, being, as their Finance Minister put it, "mere flies on the wheel." In this woful condition of affairs Sir John's keen eyes discerned the opening up of a route that would lead him back to power. Accordingly, in 1876, he came forward with a scheme for the financial rehabilitation of the country, which, under the title of the "Na-



tional Policy," was immediately adopted by his party, and the new protective gospel was so zealously preached that when, in 1878, the two parties met once more at the polls the Conservatives swept the country from Nova Scotia to British Columbia, and Mr. Mackenzie resigned without waiting for the assembling of Parliament.

Thus the year 1878 beheld Sir John restored to power, with a stronger following and a fairer future than at any time in his previous career, and from then until his death he guided the affairs of State with such consummate skill and unvarying success that his hold upon the suffrages of the people was never for a moment in question. The two chief events of these thirteen years, fruitful as they were of measures for the development and prosperity of the country, were undoubtedly the perfecting of the National Policy, whereby it became so vitally essential to the welfare of the country that it had perforce to be adopted and continued by his opponents when, after his death, they came into power, and the completion of that great work, the Canadian Pacific Railway, which may be said to have stood in Sir John's heart second only to the grand scheme of Confederation.

Under the administration of Sir John the progress of the country was rapid and solid. The alarming deficits which had preceded the introduction of the National Policy became only an unpleasant memory, being replaced by substantial surpluses. The influx of settlers into the Northwest revealed the incalculable value of the acquisition of that territory, and the whole country from ocean to ocean, in regard to her agriculture, commerce, manufactures, fisheries, and forests, enjoyed an ever-increasing prosperity.

Intensely devoted, as he was, to the interests of the country he so dearly loved, and which had honored him so highly, he was nevertheless a statesman of too broad a type to confine his attention to what was purely Canadian. Hence we find him strongly attracted by, and in hearty sympathy with the movement for Imperial Federation. On the occasion of the establishment of the Imperial Federation League in London in 1884 he made an eloquent speech,

setting forth the desirability of drawing more closely the bonds which united the colonies with the Mother Land, while at the same time he pointed out that the many and great difficulties standing in the way rendered any immediate attempt to lay down cast-iron rules manifestly inexpedient. The problem presented could only be solved after much interchange of opinion between the Imperial and Colonial statesmen, and for this purpose time was necessary. Any scheme for Parliamentary federation of the Empire, or for a uniform tariff throughout the Empire, he regarded as impracticable, but a union for purposes of defence and trade was in his judgment the true Imperial policy, and that we are steadily, if somewhat slowly, drawing towards such a union would seem to be the correct reading of the present course of events.

He continued in the full tide of his amazing activity up to the beginning of the year 1891. In February of that year Parliament was dissolved, and a general election rendered necessary. At first he took an active part in the direction of the campaign, but the exposure necessitated by his public appearances resulted in a severe cold, which ultimately developed into a serious illness that was the beginning of the end. In the month of May symptoms of paralysis manifested themselves, and thenceforth his strength declined until on Saturday, the 6th of June, he passed quietly away without any sign of suffering.

Such is a brief and all too imperfect outline of Sir John Macdonald's public career. It still remains for us to endeavor to present some picture of the man himself.

"Who is he?" inquired the renowned special, A. G. Sala, as he watched Sir John Macdonald at a public ball in Quebec in 1864, passing and repassing with that easy alertness which distinguished his movements. "How like Disraeli! and with a strong dash of Milner Gibson, too. Remarkable man, I should think. One would inquire his name anywhere." This remark of Sala's aptly and accurately phrased the impression Sir John created upon the observer. Tall and lithe in figure, slightly stooped as became a life-long student; with



rich, waving locks of well-silvered hair, smooth-shaven face, corrugated like a glacier-scarred rock by a net-work of seams and wrinkles, wherein the most opposite emotions played hide-and-seek with one another according to the mood of the moment, bright, bird-like eyes, observant of everything around, and a quick, gliding step, whose jaunty grace the fast-growing burden of years did not impair—such were the Premier's most striking physical characteristics. As one watched him through the weary months of a parliamentary session, scarcely ever absent from his post at the Speaker's right, always alert, active, and prepared for whatever might turn up, charming to his supporters and courteous to his opponents, speaking often, yet never unnecessarily or at too great length, guiding and controlling the legislative machine with the same masterful ease as the captain of an ocean steamer rules his marine microcosm, you cease to wonder that interest should develop into admiration, and admiration into adoration, as it did with so many of his followers.

He was not by any means the greatest orator in the House, but he was unquestionably the greatest debater. When in good form he was a delightful speaker, and the prospects of a speech from him crowded the galleries to suffocation. On beginning to speak his voice was frequently low, indistinct, and hesitating, the words came slowly and were apt to be repeated, but as his subject warmed upon him all this disappeared, he was soon well under way, and proceeded from point to point with rapidity, clearness, and most satisfying felicity of expression. He was never still for a moment while on his feet: now he had his back to the Speaker, and now looked him full in the face; this moment he hangs his eye-glasses jauntily astride his generously-proportioned nose, the next he shakes them menacingly toward the gentleman on the other side of the House. Lowering his voice to a thrilling whisper or raising it to a triumphant shout, ever and anon convulsing his listeners by some deliciously absurd joke or keenly effective allusion, the Premier, after more than two-score years of active service, showed himself as vigorous, as witty, as pugnacious, and as

vivacious as at any time in the past. He captivated, even though he might not convince, and rarely failed to carry his point, however weak might be his side of the argument.

The peculiar feature which distinguished him as a political leader was the amazing dexterity wherewith he managed to hold together a set of heterogeneous elements—national, religious, sectional, personal—actuated each of them, be it confessed, more by regard to their own individual interests than to the welfare of the united people. Both as regards the instability of the medium which supported him and the wondrous skill with which it was made to seem as reliable as the solid ground, Sir John might not inaptly have been compared to the circus athlete in his "grand challenge-act of riding six fiery steeds simultaneously." Between not merely two, but half a dozen, slippery tools, the Premier was of course liable at any time to fall to the ground; yet by means of that personal magnetism which he possessed in so rare a degree, and whereby he scored so many successes in placating disaffected followers or alluring recruits from the hostile camp, he maintained himself impregably entrenched in power.

No great statesman was ever more fervently loved or more loyally followed by his supporters, and this was not only because of his unique personal fascination, but because they knew that the memorable words wherewith he closed his impassioned speech in the critical debate on the so-called Pacific Scandal were true beyond cavil: "I can see past the decision of the House, either for or against me; but whether it be for or against me, I know—and it is no vain boast for me to say so, for even my enemies will admit that I am no boaster—that there does not exist in this country a man who has given more of his time, more of his heart, more of his wealth, or more of his intellect and power, such as they may be, for the good of this Dominion of Canada."

And because of this faith his memory will ever be warmly cherished and his name held in high honour by the people of Canada.



# THE GALOOT

By COLIN MCKAY

AT sundown, the *Micmac*, a schooner of about seventy tons burthen, hauled away from the wharf at Pictou and anchored in the stream. She was fully laden for a trading trip to the Labrador, and all ready to proceed to sea, except that she needed another hand to complete her crew.

After a peaceful pipe, the cook and I turned in our bunks in the fo'castle; but about midnight the young mate's voice, booming down the scuttle, roused us, and we went on deck to see what was in the wind. A boat had come alongside, and a burly boarding master, seated in the stern sheets, was lamenting the scarcity of sailormen. The skipper, leaning over the rail, broke in, impatiently:

"But couldn't you get me a man of some kind? I don't want to have to send to Halifax. A blooming mossback, or coal-digger, would do me."

"Well, I've a chap here—dead drunk," drawled the boarding master. "You can take him if you like. He's no sailorman, though."

"You're not shanghaiing him, Spud?"

"Not exactly. Anyway, it don't matter. The fellow has no friends here. And besides, he's a bit daft; quite harmless, though, and willing enough to work. If you want him, I'll take the responsibility, Cap, and ten dollars for my trouble."

"Well, I suppose I'll have to take him," said the old man; "pass him aboard, and then give us a hand to get under weigh."

The boarding master and his runner shook up a shadowy heap in the bottom of the boat, and we hauled a long, lanky young fellow, drunk or doped, over the rail, and laid him on the hatch.

At dawn the schooner was laying her course up the North Bay, and reeling the miles behind her merrily. After breakfast the skipper came on deck, saw the new hand still lying asleep on the hatch, and, drawing a bucket of water, dashed it over him.

The young fellow shivered, muttered incoherently, then slowly and painfully raised himself to a sitting posture, and blinked about him. The clean-cut face was void of expression and drawn with pain; the eyes vacant and bleared, like burnt holes in a blanket. Apparently about twenty years of age, the unfortunate lad presented, in his wet and ragged clothes, a forlorn and disreputable, a pitiable appearance.

"Where the hungry dickens have I got to now?" he asked at length, dazedly.

The skipper informed him succinctly, then advised him to get forward, get coffee, and get ready to stand his watch.

"Who are you, Mr. Man? And whom do you think you're talking to?" queried the lad.

The skipper plumed himself with profanity. Then he declared that the article he was talking to was a silly simpleton, a daft galoot. Spud Murphy had said so, and Spud, though a rogue, told the truth when there was nothing to lose by it.

A glimmer of intelligence flickered into the young fellow's face, but only to give place immediately to its former expression of raucous perplexity.

"Spud Murphy, hey? Well, I'll be jigged if I—"

"Come now, pull your wits together, what little you've got, and get to work," ordered the old man, angrily.

The lad stretched himself wearily on the hatch, muttering indifferently:

"Go to blazes!"

The skipper, with a curse, kicked him viciously in the ribs, and bade him get up and be quick about it. The youngster scrambled to his feet, hastily enough, and crying, "You'll kick a man when he's down, will you!" launched himself unsteadily at his tormentor.

The skipper stepped aside. Then, his big body shaking with rage, he swung quickly about, and struck out heavily from the



shoulder. The youngster promptly took the measure of his coffin on the deck.

"You'll raise your hand to me, will you?" roared the old man. "If you ever open your head to me again, I'll slaughter you. I'm a holy terror when I get riled, I can tell you. If you weren't half drunk, I'd knock daylight out of you."

Then, as the youngster made no effort to rise, he kicked him again, and turning away, walked aft and went below. The cook came along, helped the dazed and dismayed lad to his feet, took him to the fo'castle, and put him in a bunk. In a few minutes he dropped into restless slumber, or rather, painful unconsciousness.

At eight bells that afternoon the schooner was well up towards Cape North, but the breeze, which had served her steadily since leaving port, had at last died out, and left her, with sails hanging and booms creaking, stumbling idly over short, scuffling seas. After a little while, however, she got a breeze again—a head wind from the no'th-east, gusty and cold—and hauling her up to it we let her go, full-and-bye.

Ere long a heavy cloud-bank rose, like a monstrous bat, above the horizon to windward, and mounted zenithward with wings outspread, till it canopied half the sky with chaotic masses of inky cumulus. For a time it remained stationary, poised in ponderous menace over the darkening deep; then, as forked flashes of vivid lightning shot through its black belly, it broke up into detached fragments, which scurried in serried squadrons across the sky. The glass was falling swiftly, alarmingly. As the wind gathered weight the little schooner complained mournfully aloft and aloft, as though dreading the drubbing before her. Before long she began to bury herself a good deal in the lee-roll, and by four bells we were forced to snug her down to close-reefed foresail, and put her head under her wing. The mate turned out the new hand and got him on deck, but he was as weak as a cat and as stupid as a simpleton—of no earthly use at such a time.

The schooner, for some reason, didn't lay to comfortably, and the more we tried to humor her with the helm the worse she be-

haved. After a time we put a balance-reefed mainsail and a bit of the jumbo on her, and took in the foresail, but she yawed about even more erratically. So we put her under the foresail again.

"She's down by the head—that's what's the trouble with her," said the new hand, suddenly. "You'd better lift a hatch and try to trim her a bit before it hardens down, Captain."

The captain was not the man to consider advice from any source, much less from a half-witted galoot. "Mind your jaw tackle, Macpherson," he growled angrily. "She's in proper trim. I stowed her myself. When I want advice from a Simple Simon, I'll ask you."

Macpherson, as the captain called him, shrugged his shoulders, and leaning over the house, watched the craft struggling in the seas with his former dazed indifference.

As night drew on the gale gathered force and fury, and the seas rose up and raged riotously. Ere long the schooner was floundering fearfully in the infuriated seas—falling off suddenly and letting great white-crested combers cataract across her foredeck, coming up as suddenly, and putting her bows into toppling billows sheer to the foremast. The skipper stood in the cabin companion, fidgeting, ill at ease; and, noticing his trepidation, the mate, the cook, and I—all of us mere boys, with little sea experience—began to feel anxious, too.

"She's laborin' hard—makin' a terrible time of it," he cried at length in a scared voice. "Never saw her behave so. And the weather's getting worse. . . . My Lord, I'm afraid she won't live through it."

"Isn't there anything we can do for her?" yelled the mate, who was at the wheel.

The captain—he did not hold a certificate, and was only a captain by courtesy—shook his head distractedly; and we realized with bitterness that he owed his position more to his ability to drive hard bargains with the natives on the Labrador than to handle a ship in a gale of wind. Presently he fell into a blue funk, and, after making a sickening exhibition of himself, went below and shut himself in his stateroom.

In the dying light the mate's young face



paled perceptibly and filled with flaccid lines, as though his nerve was failing him; and the cook and I began to feel mighty uncomfortable—very much alarmed. Macpherson, apparently seasick, rose off the house, staggered aft, and leaning over the taffrail, vomited convulsively. But we weren't interested in his troubles.

Soon the night, dense with driving spume, settled upon the raging sea. The schooner wallowed in the seething tumult of luminous waters like a frantic thing; and as her straining fabric trembled to the shock of the charging combers, our hearts trembled too in bodeful sympathy. At length, as a stupendous roller hit her with unwonted viciousness, and nearly threw her on her beam-ends, the mate cried out in nerveless, alarmed tones:

"She'll drown herself this way. 'Spose she'd do better runnin', boys?"

"She won't ride it out this way," answered the cook with conviction.

"We'll run her, then," shouted the mate. "As soon as we get a smooth, I'll up helm; and as soon as she gets off before it, you jump forward, cook, and give her sheet."

In a few minutes three big seas rolled by, and the mate started to put the helm up. But suddenly a tall form, ghostlike in the driving darkness, leaped upon the wheel, tore it from the mate's hands, and whirled it hard a-lee again; and a strong, resonant voice rang athwart the fierce, menacing hum of the gale and the sinister, discordant diapason of the breaking surges:

"Keep your helm down, you fool—hard down. This packet wouldn't run ten minutes in her present trim, and if she would she'd pile up on Prince Edward Island before daylight."

The mate, too amazed, too bewildered, to remember what was due his dignity, stammered querulously:

"But she won't ride it out this way, man. What else is there to do?"

"Well, by thunder!" exclaimed Macpherson, in powerful, full-chested tones, as he relinquished the wheel. "If this isn't a queer packet, I don't know. The old man in a funk in his bunk, and the mate out of his wits." And while we wondered at the

masterful spirit that seemed suddenly to have possessed our giddy galoot, the vigorous voice went on: "Blow me! I've been up against some queer propositions in my time, but this beats me. Doped and shanghai'd! By the splinters of the mighty, Spud Murphy has a nerve. Say, didn't the skipper of this little bathing machine hit or kick me? Hang me, if I can remember things clearly. That rogue must have given me a great dose. But I'm feeling better already since I got it off my stomach." And the young man began, in three languages, to anathematize Spud Murphy, the schooner, the skipper, all hands, and his own eyes.

"You'd better be saying your prayers," remonstrated the mate. "She'll drown herself before morning, if it gets any worse."

"You couldn't blame her if she did," growled Macpherson, after a pause, "with such a crowd of galoots in charge of her. Why don't you put out a drogue to hold her head up to it? She's founcing about like a bathing machine adrift."

"We haven't a drogue aboard, and I don't know how to make one."

"Humph! Some of these coasting craft carry queer sailormen nowadays. But are there any spare booms, planks, or a gangway about decks?"

"Yes, there's a heavy staging and some planks lashed to the weather rail."

"Very good. We'll rig up some kind of a sea anchor. Give the cook the wheel and come with me, you and the other chap."

Macpherson, his tall form bending against the wind, staggered forward to the waist, and the mate and I followed at his heels. In a few minutes we cut the lashings which held the gangway—a staging of two-inch planks about ten feet long and three feet wide—to the bulwarks, lugged it aft, and laid it on the house. Then we lugged a strong piece of deal along.

Under the lad's direction, we lashed the plank and the gangway together in the shape of a cross, made a double bridle of stout rope fast to the four legs, and put a couple of spans about the middle to strengthen it. Then we got the kedje, which was lashed by the mainmast, and made it fast with a



tail rope of about five fathoms to the foot of the cross.

"Now, mate, whaat can you give us for a hawser?" demanded the lad.

"All our lines are down the fore-hatch, and we can't get at them now. The weather cable might do—it's a small hemp fishing hawser."

"The very thing. But we'll have to bring the end along aft. Get me an axe to cut it clear."

The schooner was taking heavy water over her forward almost continuously, but, holding on by the weather rail, we worked our way to the bows without other damage than a couple of good drenches.

"Now, sonny, fleet the cable round the windlass," shouted Macpherson. "Mate, get the outboard bight on the rail, and I'll cut it clear of the anchor. Give us slack—look alive now."

The schooner fell off into a deep trough, and suddenly a stupendous swell, its curling crest flashing with phosphorescent fire, its fore slope lividly luminous, rose high above the weather bow. Macpherson, raising his axe to cut, caught sight of it, and called out startingly:

"Look out—lay hold of something. Quick—for your lives!"

Macpherson dropped behind the bulwarks and wound an arm about the cavel; the mate followed his example, and I jumped on the windlass and doubled over the jumbo boom—only in time.

Above us the towering comber hung poised for a single breathless instant, then its fiery crest toppled over, and with crushing fury it thundered over the bows. It rolled right over me, crushing me against the boom till I felt my ribs give, and breaking against the lee rail, swept away about ten feet of it and as many feet of bulwarks.

The schooner swung up to the wind again, flung the flood off her decks, and meeting the following seas—a smaller series—bow on, lifted to them, buoyantly. Macpherson rose up, shouting cheerily, but the mate had got a scare.

"I'm not goin' to stop here. We'll be washed away," he cried fearfully, starting aft.

But Macpherson, axe in hand, barred the way. "Get hold of that hawser, or I'll split your silly head," he roared, furiously, imperatively. The masterful spirit, the truculent bucko, with the viking ring in his voice, who had taken charge of things, impressed the mate mightily—startled him out of his funk.

"All right, all right," he yelled, realizing that Macpherson would be as good as his word, "I'll obey you—I'll obey you."

"I'm darn sure you will," laughed the lad.

As the mate caught hold of the hawser again, Macpherson chopped the end away, and as I paid it out, he started aft with it, passing it outside the rigging. The schooner soused us under nearly every plunge; the driving spray flayed our faces like whips, blinding, and at times almost choking us; now and then a roller broke over us, knocking us down, and nearly battering the life out of us; but in the raging darkness, upon the reeling deck, we worked on with feverish haste, with a fierce and wrathful energy. In a few minutes we paid out enough cable to reach the taffrail, and going aft, bent the end to the bridle of the drogue.

Then, when the schooner swung up into the wind, we threw over the kedge, and launched the drogue into the sea. She made sternboard, checked on the sea-kite, and, getting it about a point and a half on her weather bow, hung there, breasting the charging combers bravely.

"Now, we'll have to give her cable, boys—enough to let the drogue sink below the seas," shouted the lad. "Bring some parceling along, sonny."

We made our way forward and started to pay out the hawser. She took it on the run, gathered sternboard, and fell off a bit; then she checked abruptly in the trough, and, ere she could recover, a heavy, high-walled swell walked over the bow, broke over us, and rolled aft like a tidal bore.

When she came out of the smother of foam, I found myself clinging for dear life to the windlass bitts, dazed, and smarting about the shoulders as if my arms had been wrenched from the sockets. As I gathered my wits together, the mate, who had been



driven under the fife-rail about the foremast, scrambled towards me, wound his arms about the bits, and cried out fearfully:

"The lad's gone—gone overboard! Oh, my God—I never saw such a night. We'll all be lost!"

A muffled shout in the darkness of the waist startled us, and in a moment or two Macpherson emerged like a ghost out of the gloom. "Whew! The blasted bathing machine nearly drowned me that time. Close call that. Just caught the rail by the skin of my teeth. You lads hurt?"

Undismayed by his narrow escape, Macpherson again started to give the prancing raft more cable—carefully now and without further mishap. When we had given her about fifty fathoms of cable and had put some parcelling on it where it rested in the hawse-pipe, we went aft.

The schooner rode to her anchor splendidly, lifting bravely to the seas and keeping the foresail just full enough to steady her a bit. "She's making better weather of it now, boys," shouted the lad, cheerfully. "But it's piping up like blue blazes. It can blow a bit in this bay when it wants to, and when it does it kicks up an ugly sea—as uncivilized a sea as you want to see. If we had some oil bags out now she'd do better—now that she's backing away from the seas."

"There's plenty of coal oil aboard," said the mate.

"Mineral oils are not much good."

"Well, there's some seal and cod oil, and four or five drums of paint oil in the lazarette, abaft the cabin."

"They'll do very well mixed together."

So, at Macpherson's direction, we hunted up a half dozen small canvas bags, filled them with oakum and oil and some scraps of iron, and hung them overboard by the fore and main channels on either side.

In a few minutes our lubricators began to get in their work, and it seemed to fine down considerably. As if by magic the giant combers for a cable's length to windward were shorn of their curling crests, though all round about the storm-scourged ocean was a white and luminous welter of

breaking surges and phosphorescent sprays. A big roller, charging down out of the smoky smother to windward, would leap towards us like a toppling wall, but just as it seemed on the point of breaking, it would strike the oil slick and become in a moment a smooth, round-barrelled swell, which swept easily under the keel of the leaping craft.

"She'll do," said Macpherson, at length. "But say, cook, I'm as hungry as a shark. Got anything to eat aboard?"

"Yes, but I don't care to open the fore-scuttle now. She might fill the fo'castle."

"Isn't there any grub in the cabin?"

"Yes, but the captain mightn't like it if I gave you his stuff."

"The captain be blowed. I'll help myself."

Macpherson dropped into the cabin, and, presently, looking through the scuttle, I saw him on a corner locker with a tin of meat, some cheese and crackers, and a bottle of stout. After making a hearty meal he glanced at the aneroid, and then went into the captain's room, where he remained for a minute or two. When he came out he carried a bundle of clothes in his arms, and seating himself on the locker, he proceeded with the utmost deliberation to divest himself of his wet rags and array himself in the old man's go-ashore togs.

"Well," said the mate, as he watched him, "that chap's certainly a cool customer. And he's a proper sailorman, too—maybe been a mate or something. Reckon the old man'll find he's got a tartar on his hands when he gets out of his funk. He doesn't act much like the galoot Spud Murphy said he was, hey?"

When he had donned dry clothes, Macpherson appropriated a sou-wester and long oil coat and came on deck.

"That skipper's a fine chap," he observed, amusedly. "He's filled himself with whiskey and is stretched off in his bunk with a blanket about his silly head."

"What are you, any way?" demanded the mate.

"Ask me no questions and I'll tell you no lies. I'm the best man aboard the ship,



and I don't want any truck with you galoots."

"The skipper's a handy man with his fists, if he is afraid of a breeze, and he won't be pleased to find you in his clothes," said the mate, maliciously.

"Blast the skipper and you, too!" shouted the lad, in a tone that made further conversation ridiculous.

All night the gallant little craft strained over the tumbling surges—now poised, precariously, on a dizzy crest, now plunging perilously into the black terrors of a yawning trough. And all night we kept the deck, replenishing the oil bags occasionally, and watching, as if fascinated, the dim and phantom-like shape laboring in the turbulent water, like some monster of the time when the earth was without form and void and darkness was upon the face of the waters, wallowing in the tumultuous chaos of the primeval deep. Overhead, just above the mastheads, apparently, black-bellied clouds and whirling wisps of smoky vapor rushed by at meteor speed; and all round about the tortured ocean boiled and smoked like a witch's caldron, and shot livid tongues of phosphorescent spray. Now and then Macpherson went forward to see that the cable wasn't chafing in the hawse; but mostly he stood by the wheel, shouting defiant snatches of wild doggerels of the deep sea. His cool and careless bearing, and his fierce, defiant songs, soothed our fears. The skipper never showed himself.

Awhile before daylight the storm gathered its forces for its flurry, and swooped down upon us in a black squall of terrific fury. The schooner's straining hull disappeared in a blinding smother of driving spray; the reefed foresail changed to ribbons in the rush of the blast; and three seas, one after the other, broke over the bows and rushed aft in an avalanche of foam, burying us to the neck. The schooner trembled like a stricken thing, but freed herself valiantly. In a moment the sea, the air, everything, was a white and seething welter, a flying lather of foam. The furious blast seemed to tear off the tops of the seas and hurl them bodily over us; seemed to blow one sea over on to the back of another, and

so beat them down. The schooner heeled over about forty-five degrees, and lay comparatively quiet, while the cascades of water rushed savagely over her decks. We could not face the rush of wind and water—could scarcely breathe. Anxious, appalled, at the fury of the tempest, we crouched behind the house, fearing she would part the hawser, fall off, be blown on her beam ends and swamped. But, thanks to the sea-anchor and the strength of the hawser, she kept her head up to it pluckily.

For fifteen minutes maybe, though it seemed an age, the gale raged with all the violence of a hurricane; then, having had its flurry, having spent its force, it died out suddenly.

As dawn broke, the schooner was lifting easily to the heave of rapidly subsiding seas, and broad on the larboard beam land appeared—East Cape, P.E.I. The skipper, bleary-eyed but sober, came on deck, told us he had been very sick, but felt better, and asked how we had weathered the gale. The mate informed him shortly.

"And who told you to use the oil?" the old man asked.

"Macpherson. 'Twas his idea. If it hadn't been for him, we'd be stowed in Davy Jones' locker now."

The skipper turned on the lad, who stood by the wheel, clear-eyed and cool, looking every inch a man. The old man, however, didn't notice the change, and started in to bullyrag him.

"What d'you mean, wasting my oil?" he blustered. "Even if I was too sick to stop on deck, you should have asked my leave. I'll make you pay for every gallon wasted, you giddy galoot."

"Oh, go chase yourself, old man," quoth the lad, coolly.

The skipper even then didn't notice, or at least didn't heed, the menace in the steady, bold eyes, the square shoulders, and erect head. With an angry oath he raised his fist and lunged at the lad; but he struck only air. On the instant, the youngster came out of his oil coat; then, with a quick, panther-like spring and a straight-from-the-shoulder swing, his fist came to the impact fair on the old man's forehead. The skip-



per was lifted from his feet and hurled in a heap on to the top of the house.

"You haven't got a doped galoot to deal with this morning, you white-livered bully," laughed the lad, genially.

The skipper got up and made another rush. Macpherson met him fair; and in another moment the skipper was stretched out on the deck with all the fight knocked out of him.

"Get up, and take your medicine," begged the lad.

The skipper spat out blood and teeth, looked around, and growled at us, sheepishly.

"Take hold of him, men. What's the matter with you? Don't let him hit me again! Can't you see I'm a sick man?"

"If any of you chaps interfere with me, you'll regret it," menaced the lad.

We didn't intend to interfere, and said so; in fact, we were pleased to see the tables turned on the big bully. We gloated over his discomfiture.

"It's mutiny," growled the old man.

"You can't assault a captain nowadays. I'll shove you up for seven years."

"Get up, and I'll assault you again," said the lad easily.

The old man begged to be let alone.

"All right," said the lad. "If you've had enough, I reckon I'll have to be satisfied. And now, skipper, I'll have to ask you to land me at Souris, provide me with a suit of clothes—this suit of yours don't fit

me very well—and pay my passage to Pictou."

"I'll see you further first. I'll send you to jail—"

"See here, old man, I don't want any guff," interrupted the lad, sternly. "And you needn't try to sneak below; I've got your shooting irons. If I cared to I could have both you and Murphy arrested, but I don't want everybody to know how I've been shanghaied. I'm mate of the *Bryn-hilda*, that St. John ship, lying just above the Pictou Iron Company's pier, and my name's Sunderland—Sandy Sunderland."

The skipper stared, we all stared, at the stalwart lad.

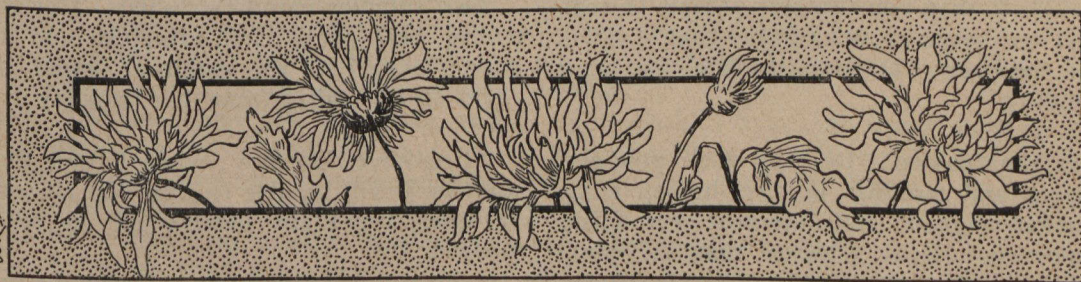
"Well, bless my eyes," exclaimed the old man. "Sandy Sunderland, the bucko mate—son to old Donald Sunderland!"

Old Donald Sunderland, master mariner, owned a score or so of tall ships, and had six tall sons following the sea. And Sandy was the best and wildest of the lot, a youth whose gallant exploits and heroic brutalities had made his name familiar to all down-Easters who follow the sea.

"Well, Mr. Sunderland, I'm very sorry, but I didn't know what kind of a bargain I was getting when I paid ten dollars for you. Spud Murphy told me you were a half-witted galoot."

"Spud has an exciting quarter of an hour coming to him."

"Well, I hope he has," said the old man. "I'll run into Souris as soon as we can make sail."





# A DABBLER IN SCIENCE

BY JEAN MURDOCK

"IT is all very well for you, Dorothy, to preach domestic happiness to me; you never were a student, nor interested in any of the questions of the day; but, as for me, with my training, I shall aim at something higher than the management of a man, an establishment, and children. You are of a domestic turn of mind; you love these things, and are at home among them, while I—I appeal to you, Dorothy—what should I do with a man, or a troupe of children to think about all day? I should be distracted."

It was a tall young woman with glasses who said this, and having said it she lay back in her easy chair with so helpless an air that the pretty little matron, Dorothy, burst into a peal of amused laughter.

"You are young yet, Marion," said she, at last, when she could subdue her merriment, "and you girls with university trainings do give yourselves such airs, with your severely dressed hair, your statuesque gowns, and your glasses. You make a mock at matrimony; but wait till you see your first gray hair, say, ten years hence. But," suddenly changing her tone, "what do you mean to go in for, anyway?"

"I am going to study law," said Marion, with her grandest air, "and I shall make you so proud and envious of me. Five years from now I shall be a famous woman. People shall come to me for counsel, and I shall teach them never again to scoff at a woman for trying to do a man's work."

"Well, may your highest dreams be realized, but never grow so grand that you will not condescend to come to me for your holidays."

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A year passed. Dorothy grew younger, gayer, and prettier in her home, while Marion sighed and yawned over misty tomes and legal phrases that she could never, despite all her boasted cleverness, keep ready for use when she wanted them. And she came gladly to Dorothy's home for

the summer petting she never failed to receive and to enjoy, though she affected for it a great disdain.

When Marion had been at her friend's house for about a week, and all the home matters had been discussed, Dorothy made opportunity to question Marion as to the progress she had made in her law studies. A faint flush stole into Marion's cheek, and she did not raise her eyes to Dorothy's as she answered:

"Well, you see, Dorothy, it takes so long to get through the law schools, and it is such tedious work besides, that I have decided to give it up and study medicine." Then, after a pause, and with a little sigh, "You see, I have found out that the study of law is not what I thought it."

"And do you think you will like medicine better?" inquired her anxious friend. "I do not want you to make a failure of your life, and unless you have made up your mind to take the bitter with the sweet, you had much better leave the study of medicine alone. Remember there are some very disagreeable and gruesome things in connection with this study, as well as a great deal of hard work to be done before you gain the experience necessary to a skilled physician, and if you cannot be eminent in your profession, I know you would much rather not be in it at all; so consider well before you undertake this new work. We will not speak of it again until it is time for your vacation to be over."

Two summer months soon pass. Marion's trunks were packed and strapped, and her good-bye said to the children, before she could at all realize that her holiday was over.

"Good-bye, Dorothy; when I come next summer I will be able to mix you all sorts of doses, for I am determined to study medicine."

A little sigh fluttered over Dorothy's lips, but she answered, "Good-bye, dear; all success to you, but do not be too easily dis-



couraged, and do not ruin your health for the sake of your books."

No danger of the indolent, would-be medical student ruining her health in pursuit of any knowledge! And Dorothy knew this: hence the sigh, for she was much more ambitious for Marion than Marion would ever be for herself.

\*

Each week brought to busy Dorothy tidings of her friend, who at last, so her letters affirmed, had found her vocation. Medicine was her *forte!* For the first six months her letters were long, interesting, and full of busy life; but after that the interest began to flag, so that when vacation time rolled round again Dorothy was not much surprised to hear her friend say, in answer to her question:

"Well, you know, Dorothy, there is no use of me, with my wealth, doing things that are distasteful to me; there are hundreds of girls who find it necessary to earn a living for themselves—let them study themselves gray-headed if they care to; let them toil in the dissecting-room till they are too sick and weary to stand up, if they must—but as for me, I give it up. I have found," with a little shame-faced glance at her friend, "that the glory of being a learned physician, and going about doing good, it too dearly bought. In fact," more boldly, "I have found that the study of medicine is not what I thought it."

Their eyes met, and then they broke into merry laughter at the failure, the disgraceful and utter failure, of Marion's grand schemes to make herself famous.

Nevertheless, though Dorothy did not say so, she held her friend in a little contempt—who had money and brains to enable her to carry her schemes out brilliantly, and who yet allowed a natural indolence to stand in her way and bring her only ignoble failure. But she wisely held her peace, and helped Marion in the same old pleasant way to spend a happy summer. The two months of vacation were drawing to a close, and still Dorothy asked no question concerning what Marion intended doing next, nor did Marion vouchsafe her any information.

It was the last day that the two friends

were to spend together, and as they trifled over their fancy-work Marion said: "I am going home to try to help Uncle spend a pleasant winter, Dot. Do you think I shall make a failure of that? And will you have me back next summer, though I have achieved nothing brilliant?"

"Now you are sensible, Marion, and I am sure poor Mr. Marche will appreciate your company more than he would a thousand brilliant achievements. Go home to him, by all means, and when you come next summer be sure and bring him with you."

\*

The next letter Dorothy received from her friend struck her dumb. It was post-marked India, and it informed her that Marion had gone out, in company with three other ladies, to teach the Gospel to the heathen in that far-off, burning clime. She could only exclaim, as she tossed the letter to her husband, "Read that!" before bursting into tears at her friend's folly.

Her husband laughingly said, "Do not grieve, Dot. You will have your friend back for the next summer holidays. Her missionary fever will have worn off by that time."

But it was not so. A few letters came, full of enthusiasm, and Dorothy at last began to gain back her pride in her friend that had been so rudely hurt. "God help her," was her daily prayer; "she is a grand woman, if only she allows herself to be."

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Nearly two years had gone, and for a long time Dorothy had received no Indian mail. Then, when her heart had grown sick with dread, there came one morning a familiar tap at her door, and before she had time to answer it, two soft arms were thrown around her neck and a face hidden on her shoulder; the owner of these—Marion.

Too glad to have her friend back alive and well to think of uttering any reproaches or feeling any contempt, Dorothy welcomed her with all the old-time fervor. And then she presented her brother, who had come to spend his holidays with her.

"You see," she explained to her friend, "I had to have someone; I could not spend



a summer alone, and poor Jack was only too glad to come. He is a doctor, Marion, and he has so much to do that he is really worn out and needs the holiday. But tell me about yourself. You look older, browner, thinner. Tell me, what is it?"

"It is this, Dorothy," and tears welled up in Marion's eyes, no longer hidden by the spectacles she had so much affected in the student days, "that I have learned a lesson that will last me my life-time: I went out to India and took up missionary work as carelessly as I took up here my law-books and my medicine. But I found that India was no place for an idler; there is no room for drones in that busy hive. There are women out there doing work so noble, so self-sacrificing, that I was not fit to be among them; and when I saw that their hearts were really in their work, I, too, took it up in earnest. But I could stand nothing; my health gave way, and I was giving a great deal more trouble than I was doing good, so I left them a sum of money to carry on the work and I came home. I tell you, Dorothy, I know whereof I speak when I say that missionary work is not what I thought it." And she looked so pale and distressed that gentle Dorothy could not find it in her heart to scold her.

"But if you have your brother here, I will not intrude; I will go back to my uncle."

"My dear, Jack's being here need make

no difference to us; he spends most of his time with Will and the children, so I shall be able to see nearly as much of you as I did in those other summers."

Dorothy spoke truly; Doctor Jack did not inflict his company on them quite as much as Marion, after she had become acquainted with him, would have liked. He was one of those quiet, intellectual men who do not think it necessary to pay court to every good-looking woman they may chance to meet. Besides, he took a sincere pleasure in the company of his sister's children. But he was, above all other things, a student of human nature, and when the children were safe in bed, he took time to study his sister's friend; and so interesting did this study become that, at the end of the two months they spent under one roof, Dorothy was not surprised to be asked to accept Marion as a sister, and Marion was so changed by her stay in India from a thoughtless, indolent woman, to a good and womanly one, that Dorothy was delighted.

They were married, and Doctor Jack proved so attentive a husband and made his wife so happy, that at the end of a year, in answer to Dorothy's query as to how she liked her new life, Marion answered in her old phrase:

"I did not know what I was talking about, Dot, when I scoffed at married life, for I have found out in this last happy year that matrimony is not what I thought it."





# FROM THE WORLD OF PRINT

READABLE  
PARAGRAPHS  
FROM MAGAZINE  
AND NEWSPAPER

## Spring Rapture

[EVERYBODY'S]

Once more the spring's exultant joy  
And flowery dream have come to pass ;  
Once more the birth of hawthorn white,  
The green revival of the grass.

Again the pageant of the leaves,  
The fragrance of the cherry-boughs ;  
Again the April glamour comes,  
Again the young spring's wild carouse !

O heart of mine, once more for you  
The world awakes with bloom and song ;  
Hushed are the voices of old Grief,  
And vanished is the face of wrong.

The April pæan rings again,  
Spring's flowery dream has come to pass,  
And who shall weep when Love has given  
The green revival of the grass ?

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## Letting a Man Alone

[COSMOPOLITAN]

THE MOST trying thing in women is that they can never understand this one need of man's nature—the need at times of being let alone. This is why the most tactful of hostesses, the most enjoyable of friends, the most tender of wives and lovers, so often fail from the very excellence of their intentions, the very strength and intensity of their affections. When a man begins to grow a little restless and to experience the need of other and less dainty companionship—if he wants to go shooting or off to a forest-camp, or just to smoke a pipe in the quiet of his own thoughts—those good women always fear that they have failed in their attentions to him. Then they beset him with new kindnesses and redoubled demonstrations, until at last he almost hates them, and breaks away from them roughly or with a burst of irritation of which he is thoroughly ashamed a short while after, and by which they are thoroughly astonished and deeply hurt, because this phase of a man's nature they never comprehend. But the man who does not

marry is one in whom this feeling is very strong. Just because he so thoroughly appreciates whatever is exquisite and perfect in woman's society, he is the more fully cloyed by it. And so he comes to think that this perpetual *tete-a-tete* of matrimony would in the end be as maddening as at the outset it might be enchanting.

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## Indian Hunting Grounds

[ARTHUR HEMING IN THE METROPOLITAN]

THE HUNTING grounds in possession of the various Indian tribes in "The Strong Wood" zone—that vast belt of timber which completely girdles Canada—have been for centuries sub-divided and allotted, either by bargain or battle, to the main families of each band. In many cases these hunting grounds have remained in the undisputed possession of the same families for generations. The hunting grounds belonging to the several families usually have natural boundaries, such as hills, valleys, rivers, or lakes; and the allotments of land are generally in the form of wedge-shaped tracts radiating from common centres. Thus from the intersection of the many converging boundary lines the common centres become the hubs of the various districts. The district centres, or hubs, mark convenient summer camping-grounds for the reunion of families after their arduous work during the long winter hunting season. Thus the tribal summer camping-grounds are not only situated on the natural highways of the country—the principal rivers and lakes—but also mark excellent fishing stations; and it is there, too, that the Indians have their burial grounds. Often these camping-grounds are the summer headquarters for from three to six or eight main families; and each main family may contain from five or six to fifty or sixty hunting men. Inter-marriage between families of two districts



gives the man the right to hunt on the land of his wife's family as long as he "sits on the brush with her"—is wedded to her—but the children do not inherit that right; it dies with the father. Generally, an Indian will live upon his own land, but will make frequent hunting excursions to the land of his wife's family. In the past, the side boundaries of hunting grounds have been the cause of many family feuds, and the outer boundaries the occasion for many tribal wars.

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### Song of the Automobile

[OUTING]

Lord of all moving things,  
Speeding on brazen wings,  
Gaily I dash through the highway's bright gleam.  
Sharply the iron rings,  
Vital its quiverings,  
As I go flashing past meadow and stream!

Loudly my heart doth sing,  
As to wheel I cling,  
Pulsing in time to the motor's swift beat.  
Joyous all care I fling,  
Bidding the rushing wind  
Bear it away to some distant retreat.

Madly the horn I sound,  
Daring, I dash around  
Curves that may end in the ditch and the grave.  
Coursing like fleetest hound,  
Hot on Time's fleeing trail,  
O could I catch him, the life-stealing knave!

Wildly the people stare,  
As I dash here and there,  
Shooting like comet with long tail of dust.  
Scarcely my joy they share,  
Judging from shouted prayer—  
"Hope your darned auto will dry up and bust!"

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### The Ties That Bind

[COLLIER'S WEEKLY]

AS YEARS go on it will matter less if the political map shows Canada in one color and the United States in another. The systems of government are quite similar, and the same language and identity of thought make these peoples one. Opportunity and optimism make for both nations a common cornerstone. Flag sentiment and political isms will be spasmodic rather than prevailing influences. Ambition to do and be will ever draw the wholesome, energetic youth over the border line. Canadians who

come into the States may not become American voters, and Americans who cross the line may not naturalize as British subjects, but wherever is found the best returns for their kinds of skill, there will their best talents be given. The loyalty of these peoples is already the loyalty of best endeavor. In every industrial and professional walk of American life proud sons of Canadian soil are found, and that almost without exception every great Canadian railway is directed by a genius of American birth, shows how well the good rule works both ways. We impose some injustices upon each other; we have differences and issues to solve, but happily the parallel forces of prosperity and progress lift us above the breach and make us one.

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### The Herring Fishermen at Sea and Ashore

[BOOKLOVER'S]

ONLY A cooking stove is allowed in the fore-castle or cabin, lest the heat injure the cargo, so the men exist in an arctic temperature. On deck the cold is so intense that nose, ears, and fingers are speedily frosted; under hatches it is like living in a refrigerator. The storms, too, send heavy ice masses careering down on the defenceless craft, often obliging them to cut and run to escape foundering and being driven ashore, a fate that sometimes overtakes them. Blizzards also smite them, and many a dorry is upset, her crew perishing or being frost-bitten on her bottom before rescue arrives.

The days pass amidst a whirl of chaffering coastfolk, prying tidewaiters, importunate traders, and uproarious comrades from other vessels who come to discuss cargo prospects and to sample different liquors. The nights are periods of trying toil and sleepless vigilance, for every man is keen to load and get away as soon as possible; and each boatful of herring that arrives is the subject of animated bargaining. When the fish are scarce, or the weather mild, local festivities, dances, raffles, and "sprees" are held—all the expenses, of course, being charged against the cargo. While love of enjoyment mainly



prompts these, self-interest is also a factor, for a skipper socially popular will find many eager to supply him with herring; and often prizes, such as stoves, mirrors and watches, are given as an additional stimulus to the same end, while every frolic goes free, and all sorts of horse-play are resorted to. In one case a schooner's crew who had been ignored in the invitation to a dance, revenged themselves by getting a hawser around the building and attaching it to the ship; then they made sail, pulling the house and all its occupants into the landwash. Another crew, under similar conditions, fastened every door and window, and then closed the chimney, until the suffocating victims had to batter out the front door with an axe. A third instance was when a crew dropped a flask of gunpowder down a chimney while a dance was in progress, and blew a stove to pieces, besides nearly demolishing the house. But this landed them in jail, and such pranks are fewer since.

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### Surgery and the Human Stomach

[McCLURE'S]

THE STOMACH proper has ceased to be a serious problem to the surgeon. He can invade and explore it with impunity. He can even, if circumstances demand, relieve the owner of it entirely, and so arrange the loose ends that the functions of nutrition are successfully maintained. To be sure, the patient can never thereafter derive much pleasure from his meals; he must restrict himself to a rigid diet; but for all the other affairs of life he may be as competent as before. There are, to-day, several stomachless men who are earning their daily predigested ration in occupations varying from clerk to expressman.

A common stomach ailment, and one which in the long run often proves fatal, is gastric ulcer. About ninety per cent. of these ulcers occur near the end of the stomach, where it opens into the smaller intestine. When healed, the sore leaves a scar which contracts the walls of the stomach, narrowing the exit and thus causing disturbances ranging from slight discomfort to poisoning and death. In serious

cases the method of treatment has been to cut out the ulcer or scar—a complicated and dangerous resource, because of the proximity to the solar plexus, which (as everyone knows) is a nerve centre highly susceptible to shock.

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### Song of the Plains

[LONDON SPECTATOR]

No harp have I for the singing, nor fingers fashioned  
for skill,  
Nor ever shall words express it, the song that is in  
my heart.  
A saga, swept from the distance, horizons beyond the  
hill,  
Singing of life and endurance and bidding me bear  
my part.  
For this is song, as I sing it, the song that I love  
the best,  
The steady tramp in the furrow, the grind of the  
gleaming steel,  
An anthem sung to the noonday, a chant of the open  
west,  
Echoing deep in my spirit, to gladden and help  
and heal.

And this is life, as I read it, and life in its fairest form,  
To breathe the wind on the ranges, the scent of the  
upturned sod.  
To strive and strive and be thankful, to weather the  
shine and storm,  
Penciling over the prairies the destiny planned by  
God.

And no reward do I ask for, save only to work and  
wait,  
To praise the God of my fathers, to labor beneath  
the sky,  
To dwell alone in his greatness, to strike and to follow  
straight,  
Silent and strong and contented—the limitless  
plains and I.

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### A Woman's Cheque

[AINSLIE'S]

MANY MARRIED women do not know how to indorse or sign a cheque, and I have noted, in many instances, where the husbands have given them bank accounts, that their cheques are given out signed, "Mrs. John Jones," or "Mrs. Samuel Brown." I asked one Mrs. Brown why she did this. "It is incorrect and ridiculous," I said. "Why don't you sign your cheque Mary Smith Brown?" Her reply was that her husband insisted that if she was going to have a bank account, he was bound his name should come in somewhere!



**Some Sayings of Golden-Rule Jones**

[THE CRAFTSMAN]

"THE IDEAL robber, the lowest bidder."

"Charity is twice cursed,—it curses him that gives and him that takes."

"What heresy can be more fallacious than the prevailing one that superior ability entitles one to the right to live at the expense of his fellows?"

"We tie a balloon to one man and a saw-log to another, and then declare that they have an equal chance to rise in the world."

"If millionaires were three miles high, if they were a class of higher beings upon whom we depended for our cleverest inventions . . . then the tremendous disparity in matters of wealth might be overlooked."

"The best way to secure your own rights is to be diligent in securing the rights of others."

"The rich man has no neighbors—only rivals and parasites."

"It is only a lower-natured man who can be dazzled by the bauble of gold. Men who have discovered the true wealth of mind and character care little for the wampum of commerce."

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**Why the Japs Win**

[TORONTO GLOBE]

IT UNDOUBTEDLY is true, as Russian despatches have often said, sometimes with unconsciously grim humor, that the Japanese have a habit of doing the unexpected, of refusing to fight according to the science of war—as the Russians understand it—with the result that just as the Russians were calculating on a brilliant victory they found themselves compelled to admit a defeat. But can it not be fairly claimed that the Japanese have a truer conception of the science of war than their opponents? Not only so, but do they not also possess the daring that, added to science, constitutes what men call genius? Napoleon in his day scattered the theories of the old school of warriors to the four winds, and won victories in the face of seemingly impossible conditions. The Japanese shocked the modern military world early in the cam-

paign by dividing their forces and undertaking the siege of Port Arthur while dealing also by Kuropatkin's armies. Oyama, according to the experts of more countries than Russia, disposed his forces in the fighting around Mukden over so wide an area that Kuropatkin, acting on the interior lines the experts talk so much of, should have been able to crumple up and utterly destroy one of the wings before it could receive aid from other sources. The Japanese general not only accepted but made opportunities that were against all the theories and practices of the Russian generals and the rules laid down in the military text-books, with what result the despatches clearly indicate.

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**Japanese Officer and Russian Spy**

[LESLIE'S MONTHLY]

UNDER THAT stainless sun-down sky, Captain Hamamo, of the staff, accompanied by an interpreter, made his quiet way to the prisoner. When he was face to face with the Russian spy, he said: "Would you let me ask you a few questions?" The tone of the captain was low, modest and full of respect. I saw from the expression of the prisoner that there was something about the captain's voice that went home to his heart. The Russian assented humbly.

"Have you a wife?"

"Yes."

"Any children?"

"Two."

The captain, with increasing respect in the tone of his voice, said:

"Permit me to say that I am facing this day one of the bravest men in any army; perhaps the bravest among the fighting men of Imperial Russia. . . . Is there anything that you would like to say to your wife, and to your children? At this last moment of your life, is there something in your heart that you would wish to be carried to the people who are waiting your return? As a fellow-soldier, and upon my honor, I shall take upon myself, no matter what it may cost, to see to it that your last messages will find the people to whom you wish to send them."



And I saw that in the eyes of the Russian soldier were a flood of tears that would not be stayed, even by his heroic determination. . . . The light of his eyes was trembling through the flood of tears, and he said:

"At the time I was captured, I was thoroughly aware that this moment would come to me; nevertheless, your words of sympathy, as you see, have touched me deeply. This life of mine I have offered to my master, and at this time I have nothing to say to my wife, to my children at home. I only thank you for your words of sympathy and tenderness."

And with that, he stretched out his hand toward the captain. You can believe that the hand of the captain came out promptly, and there they shook hands on the Manchurian field, a Russian soldier and a Nippon officer.

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### The Engine's Song

[FOUR-TRACK NEWS.]

Through city and forest and field and glen,  
I rush with the roaring train;  
My strength is the strength of a thousand men;  
My guide is my master's brain.

I borrow the senses of him within  
Who watches the gleaming line;  
His pulses I feel through my frame of steel;  
His courage and will are mine.

I hear, as I swerve on the upland curve,  
The echoing hills rejoice  
To answer the knell of my brazen bell,  
The laugh of my giant voice.

And, white in the glare of the golden ray,  
Or red in the furnace light,  
My smoke is a pillar of cloud by day,  
A pillar of flame by night.

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### Machines that do Arithmetic

[WORLD'S WORK]

OF THE many devices that perform brain work perhaps the one most widely used is the adding machine. All save the simplest computing machines not only add but subtract, multiply, and divide; and there are machines, devised for insurance companies and other concerns constantly working with immense figures, that do long problems in multiplication and division with a speed that makes one think of magic. Take some

such problem as this:  $65,678,425 \times 26,782,359$  equals? The ordinary man, working it the ordinary way, would put down more than a hundred figures and spend about five minutes before he could give the answer—and then he may have made a mistake. With a machine you move a few pegs, turn a little crank a few times, and within ten seconds there it is before you—1,759,023,156,904,575. And the machine makes no mistakes.

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### Accidents to Ocean Liners

[THE TECHNICAL WORLD]

BECAUSE OF Newfoundland's advantageous geographical position—equidistant, as it is, from Queenstown and New York, and likewise from Queenstown and Montreal—its chief port, St. John's, has become the half-way house of Atlantic commerce, the hospital wherein marine fabrics that meet mishap in traversing the great ocean lanes find shelter and effect repairs. Owing to the enormous tonnage annually crossing the Grand Banks, accidents and disasters are frequent; and this little harbor on the rim of the western hemisphere is rarely without some wounded or helpless steamer whose very appearance testifies to the gravity of her plight and the need for prompt remedial measures.

All the St. Lawrence traffic must pass within sight of the Newfoundland coast, whether *via* Belle Isle Strait or Cape Race; and therefore St. John's is the natural haven for its shipping when in distress; while steamboats bound to or from American ports, if ill-luck overtakes them east of the Grand Banks, also find this their most convenient landfall. Especially is this so if the vessel has many passengers or her injury is critical, for in such cases it might prove disastrous to attempt to reach another inlet, even if it afforded greater prospect of speedy curing of the wounds from which she suffers.

The chief causes of misfortune to shipping in the North Atlantic are ramming icebergs, striking derelicts, breaking shafts or propellers from the jars caused by heavy seas, colliding with other crafts, or meeting



wreck on the terrible Newfoundland sea-board. This last is usually fatal, for not one fabric in ten that strand there ever floats again or escapes a lodgment in the ocean graveyard—which it has proved to be—the worst in all the seas.

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### Carnegie's Libraries

[METROPOLITAN]

It is interesting to note that, according to figures recently made public by Mr. Carnegie's secretary, the millionaire ironmaster has up to the present time given, for libraries alone, nearly forty million dollars of his private fortune. This vast amount has been expended for the founding of 1,290 public libraries, of which 779 are in the United States. Three-fourths of the entire amount, or nearly thirty million dollars, has gone to these American institutions, while England, with 275 libraries, and less than six million dollars, ranks second, and Mr. Carnegie's native Scotland, with 71 libraries and less than two million dollars, comes third. A little figuring has adduced the fact that eighteen per cent. of the entire English-speaking population of the globe has been given immediate and unrestricted access to the best that the world of books can offer.

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### Ontario's Trout Waters

[FIELD AND STREAM]

THE WONDERFUL North shore of Lake Superior is the ideal ground for the camping party, not that there is an entire lack of accommodation, but because the enthusiast might better have all that's coming to him, and of a surety a snug, well-ordered camp gives the finishing touch to a care-free, sporting holiday, especially during the pleasant fishing season, which in the great American hives of industry, means the dreaded heated term. Again, owing to the lay of the land, the railway has actually to cross every famous stream of a country which stands alone. Here are a few of the live waters, truly an imposing list: Wahnapitaeing River, Onaping, Spanish River, Mississaga, Apishkaugama, Mishipicoten, Steel, Magpie, White, Little Pic, Mink,

Black, Maggot, Gravel, Cypress, Prairie, Jack Pine, Trout Creek, Wolfe, McKenzie and Current Rivers. Every one of these is a trout water, and by this is meant the real thing, such as untravelled sportsmen never saw. Of the bewildering lot I personally prefer Steel River, Prairie River and the Black, Gravel and Jack Pine. An additional advantage of these is that good trails lead directly to the cream of the fishing.

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### The Coming of Spring

[METROPOLITAN]

SPRING FILLS us with vague aspirations. We seem to be buried under a flood of external objects, pressing upon us with a thousand appeals to sensation. But these objects do not possess the solidity with which language invests them. They dissipate in the mind of the observer into a group of impressions of color, odor, texture—so unstable, flickering and inconstant that they burn and are extinguished with our consciousness of them. A primitive mind, satisfied with the sensuous conception of things, is calmed by the serenity of spring. For the modern mind the contemplation of spring is less significant, as it lacks the intellectual sadness with which we like to endow all conditions of life. Our forefathers had, apparently, a truer appreciation of spring, beginning the legal year with the twenty-fifth of March; but to us, distracted by so many preoccupations, spring has become somewhat of an alien.

Why always ponder on the vanity of things—why not rejoice in their eternal rehabilitation? The flowers and trees are satisfied in their task of producing life.

If we would take life in such a complacent mood, and regard its significance without metaphysical adjuncts; if we would work energetically toward one aim (presumably that of happiness) without losing the sense of freedom, the annual mystery play of spring, enacted all over the temperate zones, may become a growing revelation of the mind to itself, the awakening of ourselves to a serener contemplation of life and of nature.



### Premier Balfour on Peace

[METROPOLITAN]

WHAT IS the danger which now threatens the peace of the world and has for many years threatened it? The danger does not lie in a contest between one civilized European country and another with regard to its own territories: the danger always lies—and look over the map and you will see it is so—outside Europe in connection with those of great regions, either barbarous or under a less effective civilization than our own, with which the civilized nations are conterminous; where civilized nations fight as to which is to have predominance, and where there is, as it were, a kind of rift in civilization, a running sore—in the Near East, for instance—a cause for dispute, which does not exist as between the civilized nations themselves, and which, if the civilized nations themselves were alone concerned with each other, could never lead to a breach of peace. With regard to France we have settled almost all of the dangerous outstanding questions. If only a similar arrangement could be made among the European nations, I believe that the chance of two great powers coming to blows would be almost entirely removed, and the dreams of all those who looked for eternal peace would be realized.

\* \*

### The Next Great Fair

[THE PACIFIC MONTHLY]

THE LEWIS and Clark Exposition promises not only to be unique in its varied features, but the expectation now is that the Exposition authorities will accomplish the remarkable feat of having the Exposition completed on the appointed time. Four months from opening day finds all of the exhibit palaces, except the Liberal Arts Building, finished, and the installation of exhibits under way.

Not only are the buildings in a finished state, but the landscape is equally as far advanced. Green lawns, dotted with beds of budding roses, freshened by the winter rains, are awaiting the spring sunshine to bring forth a riot of color. The grass is green all the year round in Portland, and

thousands of beautiful roses hold up their proud heads every day in the year, which fact is responsible for the naming of the Oregon metropolis the "Rose City."

The beauty of the Exposition site and the superb view to be had from it, coupled with the artistic grace of the buildings, will be an agreeable surprise to all visitors. Nestling at the base of the foothills of the Cascade range, on the gentle slopes and terraces overlooking Guild's Lake and the Willamette River, with an unobstructed view of sixty-five miles, which embraces the snow-capped peaks of Mt. Hood and Mt. St. Helens, the site presents a picture entirely original in exposition building.

Of the gross area of the site, 180 acres are on the mainland and 60 acres form a peninsula extending out into Guild's Lake, a fresh water body 220 acres in extent.

\* \*

### England's Slums

[EVERYBODY'S]

AT THE close of 1903 there were 124,000 recognized paupers in London in receipt of Poor Law relief, and the number was steadily growing. Not fewer than 200,000 people there are without anything they can, by any stretch of the imagination, call home.

On the night of January 29th of last year, medical officers and inspectors of the London County Council took a kind of census of London outcasts. Between one o'clock and five o'clock in the morning, from Hyde Park to Whitechapel, and Holborn to the Thames, they counted 1,609 men and 188 women walking the streets without a place to sleep, or sleeping in doorways. On the basis of these figures, gathered in four hours' observations, the officers estimated that one person in every two thousand in London was a homeless outcast. And among the 1,797 wretched wanderers thus counted, fifty were little children!

When Mr. Jack London investigated these matters two years ago he found that twenty-one per cent. of the people of London were driven to the parish for relief; that there were in London 1,800,000 per-



sons that were destitute or lived on the imminent edge of destitution; that one person in every four in London died supported by public charity; that in the United Kingdom, with 47,000,000 inhabitants, there were 8,000,000 constantly in danger of starving, "and 20,000,000 more are not comfortable in the simple and clean sense of the word."

It is the same in all the cities. In York, with only 75,000 inhabitants, official investigation shows that six per cent. of the population live in most unsanitary conditions. The slums of Liverpool, Bristol, Edinburgh, are great breeding-places for disease, physical decay, and mental inanition. Investigation of the "board schools" (the public schools, which in England are used only by the children of the poor) shows frightful percentages of degeneracy and deformity.

\* \*

### Keeping the Heart Young

[PUBLIC OPINION]

IN THE same way that bodily movements may injure the heart, so excessive mental activity may do the same. In the latter case we find not only that the nerves of the heart are affected but also that the heart-muscles become involved, the ordinary condition of the blood-vessels is disturbed, and the result is the well-known arteriosclerosis. Every thought and emotion, in fact, has an effect on the heart and blood-vessels, and through frequent repetition a permanent change in the condition of these organs is created.

Not only drinking and smoking, but also eating, may affect the heart. Excessive eating leads to a fatty condition of the heart muscles by giving them more work than they can well do. Insufficient movement is also bad when a great deal has been eaten, as well as too much movement when little is eaten. Professor Goldschneider says that it is impossible to answer the question of what food and how much is the proper thing. The excessive consumption of meat, which is characteristic of large cities, fills the blood with chemical products which have an injurious effect on the heart and which also increase the process of harden-

ing in the blood-vessels. The author gives the general rule here of moderation, as well as the fundamental principle, of the more food the more exercise, the less food the less exercise.

\* \*

### The Importance of Technical Training

[SCRIBNER'S]

TECHNICAL TRAINING is becoming of vastly more importance than ever before, and those nations which are offering the best technical training to their youths are making the most rapid industrial progress. A study of the international field brings that fact out with perfect clearness. Where education is lacking, industry is lagging; where education is stereotyped, industry is without initiative. The necessity for thorough education and the best technical training has become almost as great in commercial affairs as it has in the industrial field. The methods of commerce to-day cannot be as easily compared with the methods of a generation ago as can the process of industry now and at that time, but I believe that the changes in the methods of commerce have, in many cases, been as radical and the improvement as great as in the field of industry. Two generations ago the trained engineer was looked on with disfavor by the practical industrial manager. The man who grew up in the business was thought far superior to the man who got his knowledge from books. The necessity for a technical engineering training is now universally recognized, and no important industrial operation would be undertaken without the aid of technical experts. I believe the same change is coming in commercial life. The commercial high schools of Germany, and the start in higher commercial education which we are making in this country, are the forerunners of great technical schools of commerce. These schools will turn out men with as superior qualifications for commercial life as have the graduates of the great technical institutions in their special field. I believe the great masters of commerce will come to recognize the necessity for, and the practical advantage of such commercial training, just as the captains of industry have long ago recognized the value of technical training for engineers.



## THE WAY OF PROGRESS

A LARGE number of settlers are moving into Northern Ontario, and the advance of the Temiskaming Railway promises to bring with it an important immigration. Already the traffic receipts on the road are far in excess of what was expected for the first year of operation.

Building operations in three leading Canadian cities last year were as follows: Winnipeg, \$9,651,750; Toronto, \$5,885,120; Montreal \$3,646,484.

The report of Nova Scotia's Department of Mines, brought down a few weeks ago, shows that the output of coal in that province increased during the last fiscal year by two thousand tons.

The Temiskaming country has advanced to the stage when it needs the telephone. A company is now being organized to put up a system, connecting all the towns and villages in the district.

Next season's wheat crop will be handled with considerably more dispatch by the increased facilities at Fort William, whose new elevator, just completed, has a capacity of 500,000 bushels. This is one of the finest elevators in the world.

It is expected that more than 4,000,000 trees will be planted in Manitoba and the North-West during the coming summer.

The applications for free seed grain at the Government Experimental Farm have been unusually many this spring, the North-West Territories ranking next on the list to Ontario and Quebec. Among the applicants for samples are many Galicians, Russians, Doukhobors and other settlers of foreign origin, who go to their English-speaking neighbors to write for them.

Northern Alberta is on the eve of an important development in the oil and gas industry. Prospecting has been going on for some months, and it is stated that the Canadian Northern Railway is arranging to develop both the oil and mineral resources of the country tributary to its lines. Recent discoveries point to great natural wealth in these northern districts.

Grand Falls, on the St. John River, New Brunswick, are to be developed for power and light. This announcement formed the chief matter of importance in the speech from the throne at the recent opening of the provincial legislature.

The James Bay Railway from Toronto to Parry Sound is to be completed by September. The total distance is 150 miles.

A project is on foot to tunnel the Detroit River. Three railways, the Grand Trunk, Pere Marquette, and Michigan Central, are interested, with the latter as prime mover. The Pere Marquette had expected to expend at least two million dollars for ferries, docks and yards, but this expenditure will now be unnecessary, and it is understood the sum or something like it will be that company's contribution towards the construction of the tunnel.

In the far West an important deal has been made by which the C.P.R. takes over the Esquimalt and Nanaimo Railway, on the first of this month. This is the only railway on Vancouver Island, and is to be extended to the north and west coast. Development of the iron fields will follow, and Vancouver Island promises to be as important an industrial centre as the Sydneys, at the other side of the continent.

"Ten million tons of coal in sight," is the encouraging report of the Mines Inspector in Alberta, on a new property near Macleod. The fuel deposits of the West are every year becoming more apparent.

The Canadian Northern Railway has now under construction five big steel bridges across the Saskatchewan River. They represent probably the greatest quintet of railway bridges built simultaneously by any railroad system on the continent. The enterprise involves an expenditure of \$1,500,000.

The Canadian Manufacturers' Association is urging municipal interest in the Niagara power enterprises. In one of its circulars it is pointed out that, while steam power costs from \$50 to \$50 per horsepower per annum, the same quantity of



electric power may be furnished, under municipal development, for \$15.

A million-dollar company has been organized to work the Atikokan iron ore deposits in Western Ontario. A kindred enterprise will be a great coal and ore dock at Port Arthur, with a capacity of three

hundred thousand tons. The contract for this has been awarded.

The beet sugar industry is growing apace. At one factory alone, at Berlin, over 7,000,000 pounds of sugar were manufactured last year. The acreage throughout the province will be greatly increased this season.

## IS THERE AN AGE LIMIT?

ONE of the things that has never been quite settled, and probably never will be, is at what point a man ceases to be eligible for work. We do not hear as much nowadays as formerly about the age limit, but the recent statement by Dr. Osler that a man is comparatively useless after forty, and the reported ruling of the Carnegie Steel Company that men over thirty-five years are not wanted in its business, bring up the matter again and raise the question whether the age limit is to have another term of office. The only conclusion is that some forms of work may possibly demand more arduous labor and stronger nerves than others, for all the records of the past few years go to show that instead of these theories being generally held, the age limit is being defied.

It is still the day of the young men, but there are more men staying young now at

sixty than there once were, and these older young men are doing and daring as actively as ever. In many branches it has been found that a sprightly step is not of so much importance as an accumulated store of experience, and this comes only after years in the harness. The dead line is not natural; some men are at their best at sixty, while others at thirty are strong, but inefficient. Or if there really be a dead-line there are a goodly number of dead ones on either side of it. Many of our largest industries and enterprises of all kinds are being managed to-day by men who have passed this imaginary line, and they were never better managed. This does not disprove the fact that this is a young people's age, but it does prove that men are staying young longer than they used to, and that the tyranny of a few extra years has been largely overcome.

## A SEASONING OF HUMOR

### A Real Cold Spell

They were exchanging stories about the cold weather. The Oldest Inhabitant had listened impatiently for a while and then rubbed his ears reflectively.

"No," he said, "dunno's I remember a colder snap or snappier cold than this spell, except one. Back in the '50's I recollect one mornin' when the steam froze to the spout of the tea-kettle as 'twuz sittin' on the red-hot kitchin stove. Yes, 'twuz pretty cold that day. Sally Boggs, our hired girl,

laughter while she wuz out feedin' the pigs a few cakes of ice, an' her mouth froze wide open, an' she couldn't get it shet until the February thaw set in!"

\*

### Choice Words for Sorø Throat

Doctor—"Madam, I can never cure you of this throat trouble if you don't stop talking."

Lady—"But, doctor, I'm awfully careful what I say, and I never use anything but the choicest language."



**The Rule Was Too Short**

Pat was busily engaged laying bricks one day when the foreman came to him and said:

"Pat, go back to the end of the building and measure the length of the foundation for me."

Pat vanished, and after a stay of some duration returned.

"Well, Pat," said the foreman, "did you measure it?"

"Oi did," answered Pat.

"How long was it?" was the question.

"Altogether," answered Pat, "'twas as long as me rule, me arm, an' two bricks."

—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

\*

**What Happened**

Mary had a little lamb

With fleece as white as snow;

The rest of all the tragedy

Perhaps you may not know.

It followed her to school one day,

According to the book;

Alas, the school where Mary went

They taught her how to cook!

—*Lippincott's.*

\*

**A Candid Explanation**

When the young mistress of the house entered the kitchen she carried herself with great dignity. She had come to call the cook to account.

"Mary," she said, "I must insist that you keep better hours and that you have less company in the kitchen at night. Last night I was kept awake because of the uproarious laughter of one of your young women friends."

"Yis, mum, I know," Mary replied cheerfully, "but she couldn't help it. I was telling her how you tried to make cake yesterday morning."

\*

**He Was Flustered**

A flustered young minister, on the occasion of his first service in his first pulpit, arose and said: "We will now sing Hymn No. 213, 'Little Drops of Water.' And I hope, my good friends, that you will put plenty of spirit into it."



INSTEAD OF CHLOROFORM

An American cartoonist's suggestion for treatment of sixty-year-old men as an alternative for Dr. Osler's proposition to chloroform them.

If Professor Osler really thinks a man is no good after he is sixty, he might try to beat Uncle Russell Sage on a stock deal.—*The New York World.*

\*

**Let Him Have His Own Way**

Eminent Specialist—"Yes, madam; your husband is suffering from temporary aberration, due to overwork. It's quite a common occurrence."

Wife—"Yes; he insists that he's a millionaire."

Eminent Specialist—"And wants to pay me a couple of hundred pounds for my advice. We'll have to humor him, you know."—*Pick-Me-Up.*

\*

**Another Puppy**

A certain lady had a custom of saying to a favorite little poodle dog when out walking, "Come along, sir!"

A would-be witty gentleman stepped up to her one day when she said this, and asked, "Did you call me, madam?"

"Oh, no, sir," she replied, with perfect composure, "it was another puppy I spoke to."



# Insurance

## Canada's Life Insurance

The total life assurance in force in the Dominion for 1903, including the foreign business of Canadian companies, footed up \$530,911,000. Of this the British companies carried about \$37,339,000, and American companies \$158,796,000. Thus it will be seen that Canada carries the great bulk of her own life insurance, the Canadian business being somewhat more than double that transacted here by United States (American) companies, and nearly nine-fold that of British companies. The last-named offices, save two or three, devote themselves almost exclusively to fire underwriting, a fortunate distinction, it is believed, for the country. The life business in Canada shows marked increases, as shown by the table:

	Canadian	British	American
1902.....	\$37,444,800	\$36,874,600	\$146,136,000
1903.....	334,776,000	37,339,000	158,796,000
1904.....	367,105,000 (a)	38,500,000 (a)	169,000,000

(a) Estimate.

—*The Journal of Commerce.*

## Insurance Profits

There are three chief sources of profits for life insurance companies. Every company allows a certain proportion of its premiums for expenses. Any economy in management which amounts to less than the allowance is a profit to the stockholders and policy-holders of the company.

The second source of profits is the difference between the percentage which it is assumed the company's investments will yield, and the actual earnings.

The third source is "light mortality." When the death-rate experienced by the company is lower than that of the mortality table used, there is an evident gain to the company.

## Successful Assurance

Some interesting light on successful modern business methods is given in the story of an insurance expert, as told a short time ago in *Everybody's Magazine*. After

recounting his earlier experiences as an agent, he says:

Among the big lumber operators of the northern region was one man, a German, who was the king lumberman. He was said to be worth \$30,000,000, and of unbounded influence. If I could get him I was sure of doing business with a good many of the others. But he was a stubbornly difficult case. Several brilliant agents had been sent on from New York, and all had failed to interest him.

My first step was to become acquainted with his closest friend, whom it was not difficult to assure for \$75,000, and our business acquaintance ripened into personal confidence and regard.

I soon told him it was my dearest ambition to assure his friend, Mr. W—, for \$100,000.

"It's absolutely no use for you to try," replied he; "he hates the idea so much that he won't even talk about it." Nevertheless, he gave me a letter of introduction, which, for simplicity and effectiveness, I have always kept as a model. I read:

"Dear W.,—This will introduce my friend, Mr. —, through whom I have just taken \$75,000 of assurance, and it gives me great pleasure to make you acquainted. Let me tell you in advance, you will be glad to have met Mr. —, whether you do business together or not."

I went three hundred miles into the lumber region to find my man. I knew he was so busy I could not see him until night. As he was leaving the dining-room after supper, I presented myself with the letter of introduction. He surveyed me grimly, and said, not unkindly: "I am pleased to meet you. What can I do for you?"

"At your convenience, I would like to make the subject of life assurance interesting to you."

"There is no better time than now, though I am not in the least interested in your subject. Let us go to my room. It is now a quarter to seven, I am due at my



office at seven. I will give you ten minutes."

I risked that ten minutes wholly in an attempt to get an appointment for the next day. To his asseveration that another interview would be as fruitless, I urged that, after I had travelled so far to see him, my people in New York would deeply appreciate his courtesy in giving me an uninterrupted chance to present the business.

"Very well," he said, hastily. "Come at ten o'clock. Come in no matter who is there, and I will give you fifteen minutes."

My first work was to see our medical examiner for that town, and his alternate, and to engage them both for 9.45 the next morning. Then I went to the lawyer whose office was next to Mr. W——'s, and engaged his room at 10 o'clock for half an hour for the medical men. I instructed my doctors that they must make the expected examination the most painstaking of their lives. At ten o'clock I walked boldly into Mr. W——'s inner room.

"I have come for my fifteen minutes, and I wish to use the time in my own way. I want you to step into the next office, and be examined by our doctors."

"Why, what rubbish! I want no assurance. It will do me no good to be pawed over by those doctors."

"Nevertheless, you said I might use the fifteen minutes as I chose, and this is the way I select."

With a bustle of impatience he went into the next office, where my doctors proceeded to put him through the most thorough examination I ever saw. I kept up a running fire as well as I could, but he was growing interested in the thumping and in the questions of the doctors, and he asked if every one was examined in that careful fashion. Before he got his coat on he had plenty of time to talk, and as he turned to go back to his office, I said:

"Before we part I want you to sign this application for \$100,000. It is entirely optional with you whether you take the policy or not. The society certainly does not want a man like you unless you heartily want a society like ours."

He readily gave his signature, and shook hands cordially as we separated. Before leaving town I made a fast agreement with his secretary that I should be promptly wired as to the train he would take when, a fortnight later, he was to make a trip to a different part of the State. The policy had arrived when the telegram came.

On a certain day, at a certain hour, accordingly, I was taking my seat at a railway lunch-room table at Spooner Junction just opposite to Mr. W—. We exchanged greetings, and fell into a pleasant conversation.

"Where are you bound?" said he, as he rose.

"To Chippewa Falls, by that train out there."

"Why, that is my train, too. Come into my car, and we'll ride together."

After some chat over our newspapers, he suddenly asked:

"By the way, have you got that policy yet?"

"Yes; it is in my pocket."

He read it through, asked questions, and we continued the discussion for two or three hours. As we were leaving the train he said:

"If you are going to be in town this evening. I wish you would call at my office at seven o'clock, and I will give you my decision. Here is the policy; you had better take it; I don't know that I shall want it."

I was not discomfited at this, however. I had become able to distinguish the final flurry. As I went into his office that night, his first question was: "Have you got that policy with you?" He looked at the amount of the premium subscribed on it, compared it with a cheque which he drew from a drawer, and handed me the cheque. In response to my congratulations, he looked me in the eye, and asked:

"How did you happen to be at the Spooner Junction lunch-room this noon?"

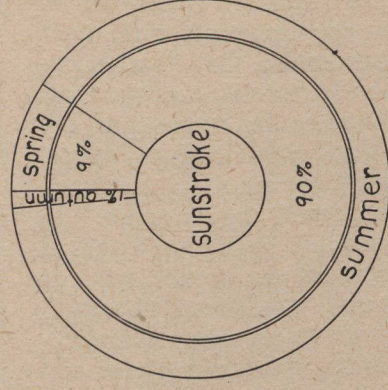
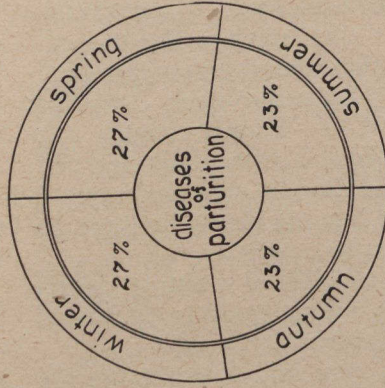
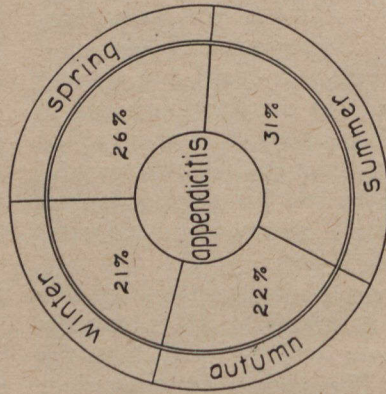
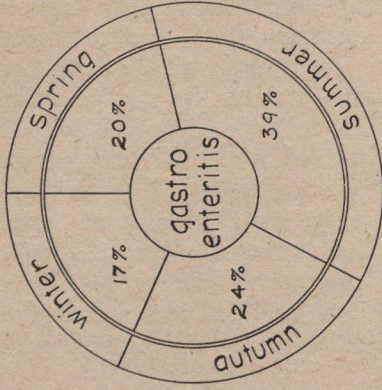
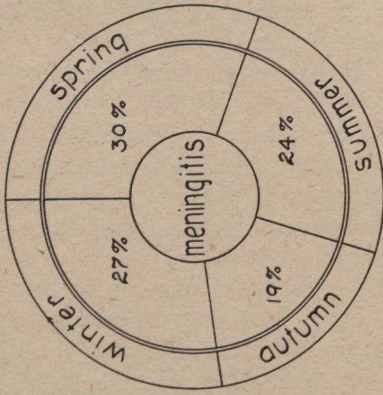
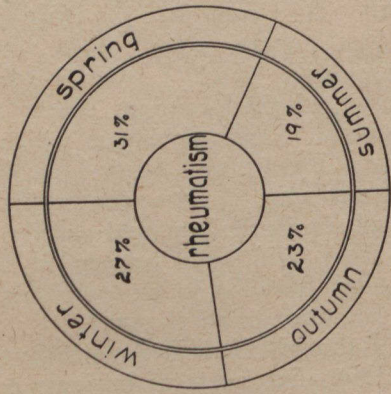
"In order to meet you."

"I thought so. Let me tell you that in my thirty-five years of business experience, your method with me has been the best business I ever saw."



# Seasons and Mortality. ages 15-44

Industrial Experience. 1891-1900.



NOTE - The 4 segments of each circle show the proportion of deaths from specified causes during the seasons of the year. For Illustration - The mortality from Rheumatism 31% of the deaths occurred during Spring and 19% during Summer.



# WHEN TO GO FISHING.

FOR a man who has been shut in all winter there is no enjoyment like an outing in spring, just after the snow has left the ground, when the birds have returned from their winter home, and all nature is awakening from its solitude. Then the water ripples in the sunlight with renewed vigor, joyous and free from winter's icy grasp. The fish have more life than at any other season of the year, and are hungry for the first fly and early worm. Go at such a time to where the buds are bursting, and the crows are cawing their noisy welcome, to the brook and river, where the water rushes fast and clear. Hear again the hum of the reel and feel the quick, sharp tug on the line as it cuts through the water.

Then will you forget all the cares and worries of your business as you match your skill against the cunning of a fish. After a game fight you land your prize, and then comes to you the pride of having accomplished the object of your outing. But this is by no means all the pleasure, for as you

return with a well-filled basket you feel that away from business is a world of nature, where walls and streets made by hands give place to forest and stream where one can forget the things that weary and oppress, the never-ending struggle that fags, jades, and clouds the life.

To breathe once again the free air of the country is indeed a wholesome relief. To take a holiday in the springtime is not ex-

travagance, but to all men and women an exceedingly profitable investment, paying big dividends in renewing body and mind.

It is prudent to select some place where the beauties of nature and the sport of fishing make a happy

combination. The month of May is one of the most delightful months of the year to fish for trout.

Ontario and Quebec, along the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, abound in many splendid fishing places, and a visit to the ticket offices, or a note to any of the Company's agents, will bring numerous suggestions.



DIAMOND FALLS

On line of the Canadian Pacific Railway



# Ranching and Mixed Farming Lands in the Great North-West.

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SO much has been put on record recently in connection with the wonderful possibilities of the great West, looking at the matter from a purely wheat-raising point of view, that opportunities along other lines, offering equal advantages, are apt to be overlooked. True, the West's greatest wealth depends upon its grain trade, yet there are vast sections of territory throughout the North-West which are much better adapted for ranching and mixed farming than for the simple production of wheat.

Stock raising has now become a most important feature in the growth of the western country. For years the lack of convenient markets and the limited railway facilities kept back the growth of this business, but through the remarkable influx of settlers, which has been closely followed by the still more remarkable progress in railway building, though the former may well be said to have followed the latter, the establishment of markets has resulted and a steady demand has been created for stock, so that now the man with sufficient capital to invest in a few brood cattle has the assurance of fortune in their increase.

The climate is a favorable condition which cannot be overestimated. In Saskatchewan cattle run at large the greater part of the year and only slight shelter is necessary, while horses winter out and come through in fine condition.

The extension of the main line of the Canadian Northern Railway northwestward from the western boundary of Manitoba into the Territories—soon to be raised to the dignity of Provinces—gives easy access to great areas of park land admirably suited for the raising of stock and the carrying on of mixed farming.

West of Grand View where the road passes between the Duck Mountains to the north and the Riding Mountains to the south an excellent stock country is served.

Further west the Whitesand District is traversed, where along the banks of the river bearing the same name stock raising has been in progress for years. To the ranchers the construction of the Canadian Northern Railway has been a great encouragement, and new interest attaches to operations under the improved conditions.

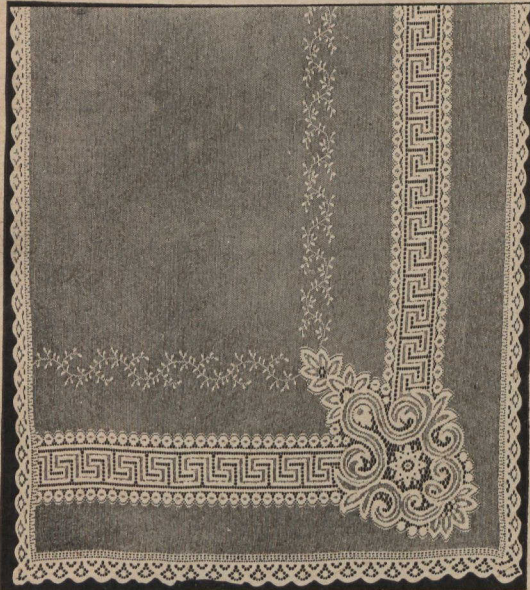
Further west again the Elbow District is tributary to the line, and westward still the famous Battleford section, and while grain shipments will predominate from these points for some time to come, yet a large stock traffic is expected, as a number of the settlers going to this region are turning their attention to mixed farming and cattle raising.

Perhaps, however, it is the region along the most northerly branch of the Canadian Northern which extends from the north-west corner of Manitoba through the famous Carrot River District to Prince Albert that is most attractive to the prospective rancher. This territory has long since been known to all interested in the question as a great cattle country, and its development will be greatly hastened by the completion of the branch this summer. Without doubt this district is one of the best in the West, and there is plenty of land available to supply all demands for some time to come.

Mixed farming operations are bound to be more valuable to those engaged therein as the development of the great West proceeds; the local demand cannot but increase very rapidly on account of the tremendous inflow of immigration. All the products of the farm will be required in large quantities to maintain the ever-growing population. Important market towns will grow out of what are now mere villages. All kinds of vegetables can be raised successfully and the yield per acre of grains is astonishingly large—a failure of crops has yet to be reported. Great advantages of selection can be had at the present time. These mixed farming and ranching lands present new fields for enterprise, and those in quest of favorable locations will do well to write A. D. Davidson at Winnipeg, President of the Saskatchewan Valley and Manitoba Land Company, the selling agents of the Canadian Northern Railway's lands. The Land Company will furnish full information on all matters relating to desirable locations in the West, and enquirers may feel assured of the best possible aid in securing the land desired.



# FOUR LEADERS IN CURTAINS



No. 242.—Nottingham Lace Curtains, 3½ yds long, Battenburg or Renaissance effect, insertion, with Colbert's patent overlapped stitched edge, white or ivory, per pair ..... **\$1.00**



No. 9212.—Extra fine Nottingham Lace Curtains, 3½ yds long, good wearing net, with Colbert's patent overlapped stitched edge, a splendid imitation of the real Brussels curtains, in white or ivory, per pair ..... **\$2.00**



No. 1884.—Egyptian or Fish Net Curtains, 3½ yds long, pretty open-worked border of Renaissance design, extra good wearing curtain, in white or ivory, per pair ..... **\$2.50**



No. 21339.—Fine Swiss Curtains, 3½ yds long, handsome embroidered patterns on plain net, a splendid drawing-room pattern and a serviceable curtain, white or ivory, per pair ..... **\$5.00**

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STYLE—A.

There is one characteristic of the LISZT PIANO which stands out prominently, that is tone ; it appeals with singular eloquence to the refined and musical. It admits of every possible shade of expression, and charms the ear with its delightfully rich, full quality.

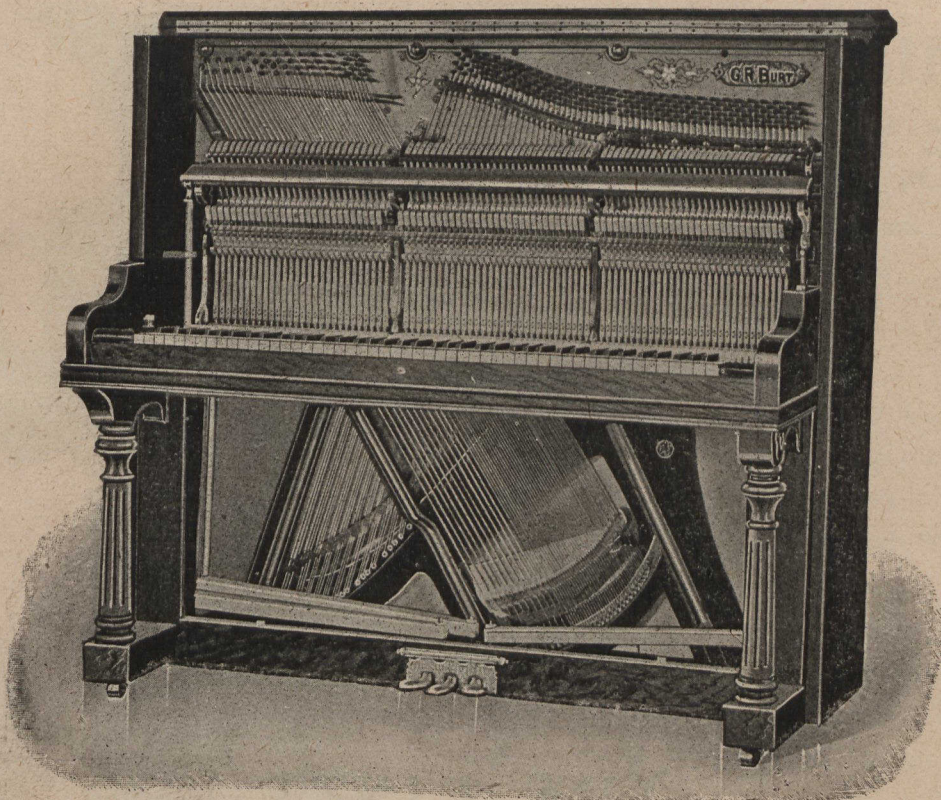
It is an instrument representing the embodiment of the latest modern thought in piano construction.

The case design, reflecting an artistic colonial spirit, delights the eye of the refined, and it is the ambition of the company to maintain a high degree of excellence in beauty of design.

In Mahogany or Walnut, overstrung scale, 7-1-3 octaves, three strings, repeating action with brass flange, three pedals, double fall-board, patent noiseless pedal action, full desk.

Length, 5 ft. 3 in. ; width, 2 ft. 2 1-2 in. ; height, 4 ft. 8 in.





## THE LISZT

SHOWING ACTION

Showing the action with hammers and keys in position. They are of the very best Canadian make, possessing all the latest modern improvements.

The action embodies the full brass flange.

The hammers are of the best German felt.

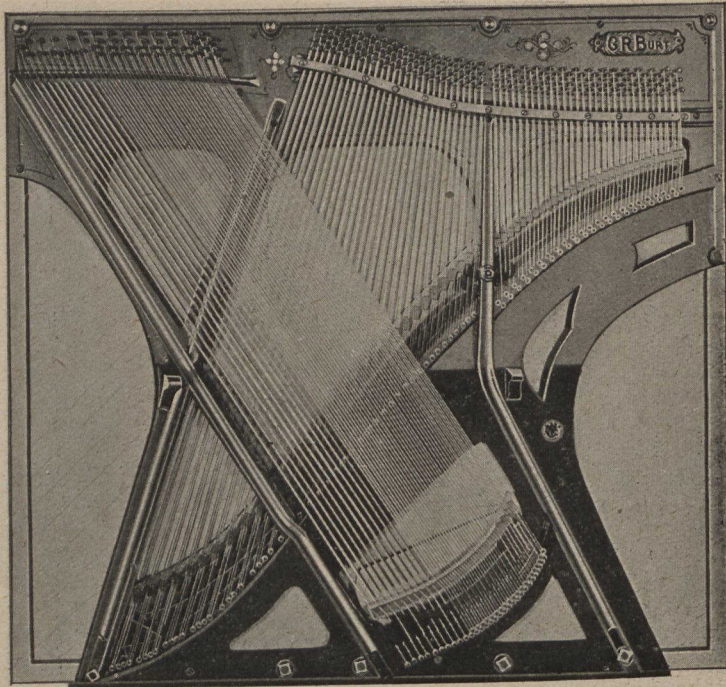
The keys are made of the best ivory and the sharps are of ebony.

The pedal action used in this piano is a patent, non-squeakable, spring action, which obviates that disagreeable noise so often found in pianos.

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**The Liszt Piano Co.**  
**190 Wright Ave. - - TORONTO, ONT.**





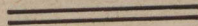
## THE LISZT

SHOWING FRAME

The frame, with heavy iron plate bolted to back, and with strings in position, also showing iron support for key bottom.

The metal plate used in our pianos is braced with a view to equal distribution of the immense strain of the strings, so that one part of the plate is not bearing more than its proportion. The improved scale ribs of iron cast on plate ensure a beautifully clear treble.

The strings are of the very best German music wire, and wound with copper in bass section.



**The Liszt Piano Co.**  
190 Wright Ave. - - TORONTO, ONT.





No. 212—\$7.50

## A Correct Shirt-Waist Suit, \$7.50

**W**E make a specialty of "correct" ready-to-wear garments for woman-kind, and feel sure that a closer acquaintance with our cloak store will unfold to you a world of unsuspected possibilities in the adaptation of beauty and style combined with the exceptional price advantage afforded by the ready-to-wear garment. This specially-made and specially-priced Shirt-waist Suit is offered as a basis by which you can measure our methods and policy. Our mail order system will be found eminently satisfactory.

212—This illustration shows one of the smartest styles in Shirt-waist Suits for Spring and Summer wear, made of bright lustre in navy, black, and cream, unlined, finished with deep tucks stitched on the edge, the tucks fall loose at

flare of skirt giving a graceful fulness, made in the following sizes, viz.: bust 32 to 40 inches, length of skirt 38 to 42 inches, waistbands 23 to 28 inches. A scarcity of this material is predicted and for this reason we would like you to order early. **\$7.50.**

H. H. FUDGER,  
President  
J. WOOD,  
Manager

**THE  
ROBERT**

# SIMPSON

**COMPANY,  
LIMITED**

TORONTO,  
CANADA  
Dept. N.M.



Since organization, thirteen years ago, this Company has paid in cash to members **\$4,553,775.67**. All **withdrawals** have been **paid promptly**. Every dollar paid in, with interest, being returned to the withdrawing member when the required period has been reached.

**13<sup>TH</sup> ANNUAL STATEMENT**  
OF THE  
**York County Loan and Savings Company**  
(INCORPORATED)

.... OF ....

**TORONTO, CANADA, DECEMBER 31<sup>ST</sup>, 1904**

TORONTO, March 13th, 1905.

To Members :

The management have much pleasure in presenting the Annual Statement for the year 1904.

It is gratifying to know that there has been a large increase in the volume of business transacted by the Company. The activity of the Company's business is demonstrated by the cash paid withdrawing members, which amounted to the large sum of \$1,519,053.16. All these withdrawals have been replaced with new money, at a lower rate of interest and more advantageous terms to the Company.

The Assets have been increased by \$149,933.10.

\$5,000.00 has been transferred to the Reserve Fund.

That the Company continues to grow in popularity is evidenced by the new business written, which was larger in amount than any previous year.

Our investment in land suitable for building purposes has proved very satisfactory. Lots are being sold at prices that will net large profits to the Company. Every evidence that can be given shows that the City of Toronto has entered upon an era of substantial and permanent progress. As the commercial and railway centre of a large and populous province, as the headquarters for higher education, as the seat of Provincial Government, and the home of many great industries, Toronto stands in an unrivalled position in Central Canada. The widespread recognition of the advantages of the City as a distributing, industrial, educational and residential centre, has resulted in the City making great strides in the matter of population. We believe that property in Toronto is at rock-bottom prices, and as the City develops the value of property will be enhanced.

The Real Estate stands in the Assets at its actual cost, and not at the real market value.

The management hope by the diligent exercise of carefulness, forethought and economy in conducting the business of the Company to realize for its great membership an enduring success.

Respectfully,

JOSEPH PHILLIPS, President.

<b>ASSETS</b>	<b>LIABILITIES</b>
Mortgage Loans on Real Estate - - - - \$1,001,125 81	Capital Stock Paid In - - - - \$1,760,474 34
Real Estate - - - - 910,909 78	Dividends Credited - - - - 42,504 34
Municipal Debentures and Stocks and Loans thereon - - - - 92,500 00	Amount Due on Uncompleted Loans - - - - 8,300 00
Loans on this Company's Stock - - - - 129,418 95	Borrowers' Sinking Fund - - - - 83,755 17
Accrued Interest - - - - 13,305 74	Mortgages Assumed for Members - - - - 9,100 00
Advances to Borrowers, Taxes, Insurance, etc. - - - - 4,381 84	Reserve Fund - - - - 70,000 00
Accounts Receivable - - - - 294 21	Contingent Account - - - - 263,796 28
Furniture and Fixtures - - - - 8,904 51	
The Molsons Bank - - - - 75,415 93	Total Liabilities - - - - \$2,237,960 13
Cash on Hand - - - - 1,703 36	
Total Assets - - - - \$2,237,960 13	

TORONTO, February 23th, 1905.

We hereby certify that we have carefully examined the books, accounts and vouchers of the **York County Loan and Savings Company**, and find the same correct and in accordance with the above Balance Sheet. We have also examined the mortgages and other securities of the Company, and find the same in good order.

THOMAS G. HAND, }  
G. A. HARPER, } Auditors.

JOSEPH PHILLIPS, President.

**HEAD OFFICES : 243 RONCESVALLES, TORONTO**



## Sanderson Percy & Co.



MANUFACTURERS OF

## PEARCY'S

Pure Prepared Paints

Fine Varnishes  
and Colors



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TORONTO

# THE MOLSONS BANK

INCORPORATED 1855

Head Office: MONTREAL

Capital paid up - \$3,000,000

Reserve Fund - 3,000,000

JAMES ELLIOT,  
General Manager.

A. D. DURNFORD,  
Chief Inspector and Supt. of Branches.

47 Branches throughout Canada

AGENTS IN ALL THE PRINCIPAL CITIES  
OF THE WORLD

TORONTO BRANCH:  
Corner King and Bay Streets

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OFFICE SUPPLIES

PAPER—Every Kind

New, Fresh, Up-to-Date Goods.  
Every article required—undoubted value.  
New Goods arriving every day.  
Call and see our new warehouse.  
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Complete Stationery and Paper Warehouse  
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**TAYLOR'S**  
DOUBLE TONGUE & GROOVE  
**SAFES**  
145  
&  
147 FRONT ST. EAST. TORONTO.

## Safety Deposit Vaults



# THE MARRIAGE OF WILLIAM ASHE

—BY MRS. HUMPHRY WARD—

THE publication of a new novel by MRS. HUMPHRY WARD, following her latest success—"Lady Rose's Daughter"—comes as an event of unusual interest and importance in the literary world. Mrs. Ward's new book is a masterly achievement—a novel of English upper-class life such as was dealt with in "Lady Rose's Daughter." For artistic perfection, dramatic interest, and vital character drawing it surpasses all her previous works. Her heroine, Lady Kitty Bristol, is even more engaging than was Julie Le Breton. In short, "The Marriage of William Ashe" promises to be the most popular of Mrs. Humphry Ward's novels, and the most notable work of fiction of the present year.

CLOTH, ILLUSTRATED - - - - \$1.50

## Some Other New Books Worth Reading:

**Sandy.** By the author of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch." Cloth, illustrated - - - - \$1.00

**The Rebel Wooing.** By J. A. Steuart, author of "The Minister of State." Cloth - - - - \$1.25

**His Island Princess.** By W. Clark Russell. Cloth - - - - \$1.25

**Sea Puritans.** By Frank T. Bullen. Cloth, illustrated - - - - \$1.25

**A Welsh Singer.** By Allen Raine. Paper, 75c. Cloth - - - - \$1.25

**The Political Annals of Canada.** By Alexander P. Cockburn. 500 pages. Cloth - - - - \$2.50

**The Castle of the Shadows.** By the author of "The Lightning Conductor." Cloth - - - - \$1.25

**Pathfinders of the West.** By Agnes C. Laut. Cloth, sixty illustrations - - - - \$2.00

**ON SALE AT ALL BOOK-STORES**

## WILLIAM BRIGGS, Publisher

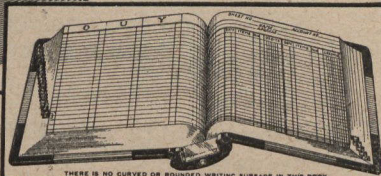
29-33 Richmond St. W., Toronto



# Grand & Toy's



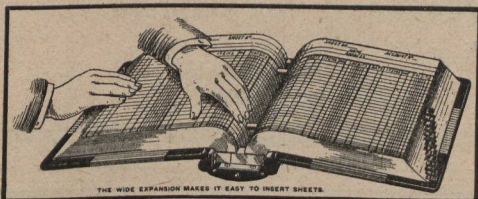
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 A Modern Binder  
 that will hold Single Sheets as securely  
 as Old Style Bound Books



THERE IS NO CURVED OR ROUNDED WRITING SURFACE IN THIS BOOK.  
**IT OPENS PERFECTLY FLAT AT SIDES**  
 as well as any other portion of the book.

Light in Weight  
 Strong in Construction  
 Powerful in Sheet Clamping Mechanism  
 No Metal Parts Exposed to Mar or Scratch the Desk

It rotates voluntarily on the round back, giving a level writing surface, and lies steady and firm in any position. Its new and concise mechanism affords the advantages of writing on either side of the book with ease, as it lies close to the desk when open.  
 We have them in stock for Immediate Delivery.  
 We have Ledger Leaves Ruled in Five Forms for Immediate Delivery.  
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*Latest Fashions*

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OF LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND

The Largest and Wealthiest Fire Insurance Company in the World

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C. McL. STINSON, LOCAL MANAGER

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... THE ...  
**EMPLOYERS' LIABILITY**

**ASSURANCE CORPORATION**  
 Limited  
 OF LONDON, ENGLAND

Capital - - - - - \$5,000,000.00  
 Reserves for Policy-Holders, \$836,805.00  
 (Independently of Capital.)

**Personal Accident—Health—Liability and Fidelity Insurance.**

STANDS FIRST in the Liberality of its Policy Contracts—In Financial Strength—In the Liberality of its Loss Settlements.

Total Available Resources, \$6,000,000.  
 Deposited with the Receiver-General in Canada for the Benefit of Canadian Policy-Holders, \$120,450.00.

**GRIFFIN & WOODLAND, Managers for Canada**

HEAD OFFICES:

BRITISH EMPIRE BUILDING - - - - MONTREAL  
 TEMPLE BUILDING - - - - TORONTO

**Roncesvalles Engineering and Construction Co.**

: : CONSULTING, EXPERT : :  
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POWER PLANTS : : : :  
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**Concrete Bridges, Dams and Other Structures a Specialty**

AI GOVERNMENT AND MUNICIPAL REFERENCES

ESTABLISHED 1851

**JOHN B. SMITH & SONS**

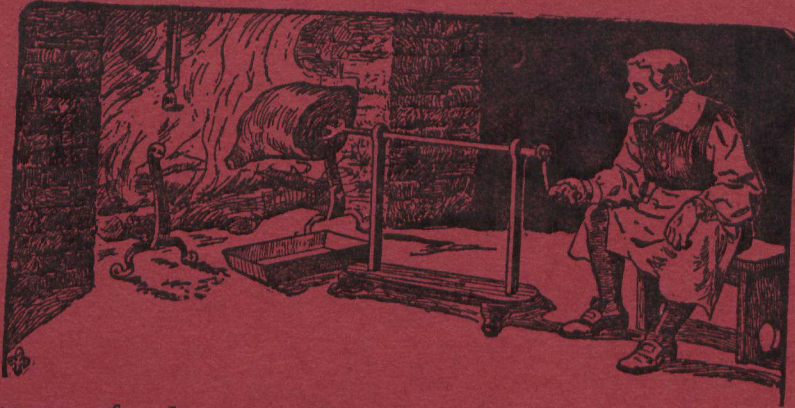
TORONTO

MANUFACTURERS OF

Lumber	Doors
Lath	Sash
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We carry a large and well-assorted stock of Pine and Oak Bill Stuff, Cypress (for boat and greenhouse building), Ash, Birch, Maple, Poplar, Quartered and Plain Oak, Mahogany, etc.





The oven of an Imperial Oxford Range and the old-fashioned spit before an open fire-place do better roasting than any other cooking apparatus invented.

In the olden days the spit had to be kept turning to get all sides of a roast cooked. It is much the same with the ordinary cook stove. The heat of the oven is greatest on the fireside. Roasts, bread, pies, cakes, etc., have to be turned and twisted to get them cooked at all. The result is uneven, unsatisfactory cooking—good food ruined. The diffusive flue construction of the

# Imperial Oxford Range

draws fresh air into the flue chamber, superheats it and diffuses it evenly over the oven, thus heating it quickly, thoroughly and uniformly—back, front and sides are at precisely the same temperature. The result is juicy, tender roasts, light, dainty pastry, evenly raised bread—successful cooking.

When you buy an Imperial Oxford Range you get the result of over sixty years' thought and experience in the scientific construction of cooking apparatus.

**The Gurney Foundry Co. Limited,**  
TORONTO, CANADA.

MONTREAL.

WINNIPEG.

VANCOUVER.



# Second Annual Statement

OF THE

# TORONTO LIFE

## INSURANCE COMPANY

(INCORPORATED)

*To the Shareholders and Policy-holders :*

Your Directors have pleasure in presenting to you their second annual report on the affairs of the Company, being the first one showing the work of the Company for a complete twelve months.

The Company secured applications for insurance amounting to \$3,002,010, and accepted risks covering \$2,689,400. The balance, not conforming to the rigid medical standard required by the Company, were rejected. This result cannot but be regarded as highly satisfactory, especially in view of the low rates of expense entailed in securing it.

Insurance in force on the Company's books at the close of the year amounted to \$3,350,675, and the cash premium income received was \$132,591.65, being an increase in the latter item of \$118,602.77 over 1903. Other receipts amounted to \$22,355.77.

The death claims for the year amounted to the small sum of \$3,013, a highly gratifying result of the policy of the Directors to admit of none but first-class risks. This item was more than paid for by our cash interest receipts.

Great care has been taken to invest the Company's assets, now amounting to \$187,707.16, in first-class securities only. We have over \$60,500 deposited with the various Provincial Governments, and \$85,384.44 invested in first-class municipal bonds and carefully selected mortgages and deposited at the bank.

A monthly audit has been maintained throughout the year, and the auditor's report, revenue account, and the balance sheet of the Company are herewith submitted.

JOSEPH PHILLIPS, President.

*Second Annual Statement of the Toronto Life Insurance Company, Dec. 31st, 1904.*

<b>Expenditure</b>	
Commissions, Salaries, Doctor's Fees, Printing, etc., License Fees, etc., etc.....	\$70,903 16
Death Claims .....	3,013 00
Sundries .....	2,502 37
Excess of Income over Expenditure .....	78,528 89
<b>Total.....</b>	<b><u>\$154,947 42</u></b>

<b>Liabilities</b>	
Reserves (Ontario Government Standard).....	\$118,276 51
Capital Stock (paid up) .....	48,350 00
Outstanding Commissions .....	15,078 71
Premiums Paid in Advance .....	2,540 74
Outstanding Medical Fees .....	1,074 80
Salary Contingent Fund .....	763 18
Sundries .....	650 00
Surplus over all Liabilities .....	973 23
<b>Total.....</b>	<b><u>\$187,707 16</u></b>

<b>Income</b>	
Premiums .....	\$132,591 65
Premium on Capital Stock .....	16,260 65
Interest on Investments .....	3,892 44
Capital Stock .....	300 00
Sundries .....	1,902 68
<b>Total.....</b>	<b><u>\$154,947 42</u></b>

<b>Assets</b>	
Government Deposits.....	\$60,536 92
Mortgages.....	31,176 41
Bonds and Debentures—	
City of Vancouver, B.C. ....	20,000 00
City of London, Ont.....	10,000 00
United Counties of Northumberland and Durham .....	10,000 00
Central Canada Loan and Savings Co.....	2,950 00
Cash on hand and in Bank .....	11,253 03
Deferred and Outstanding Premiums .....	34,993 79
Accrued Interests on Mortgages, Bonds and Debentures .....	2,061 68
Office Furniture .....	758 04
Sundries.....	3,969 29
<b>Total.....</b>	<b><u>\$187,707 16</u></b>

We have carefully examined the foregoing financial statement of the income and expenditure, and find them correct. Vouchers have been produced for all expenditure. The above statement of assets and liabilities is a fair and just statement of the Company's business. We have carefully examined all the mortgages, bonds, debentures and evidences of government deposits and other securities, and find them as here represented. We have conducted a running audit during the year, and certify that the books are well and systematically kept.

THOMAS G. HAND, }  
G. A. HARPER, } Auditors.

**JOSEPH PHILLIPS**  
President

HEAD OFFICES { 243 Roncesvalles  
Toronto, Canada