

FEBRUARY, 1914

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THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

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By Duncan Armbrust.

St. John's: The
Impossible Possible
By W. Lacy Amy.

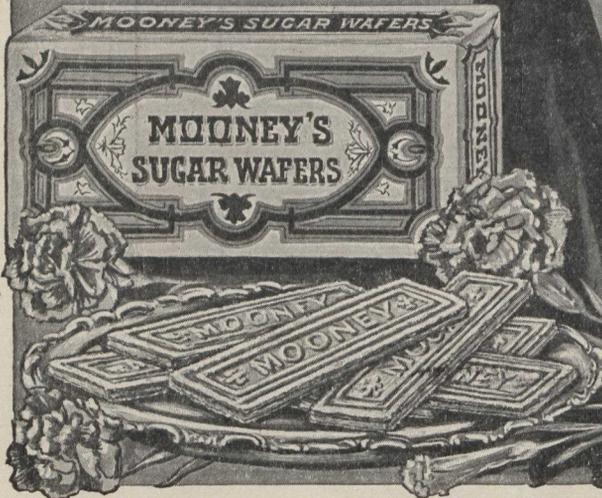
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VOLUME XXXVIII.

No. 3

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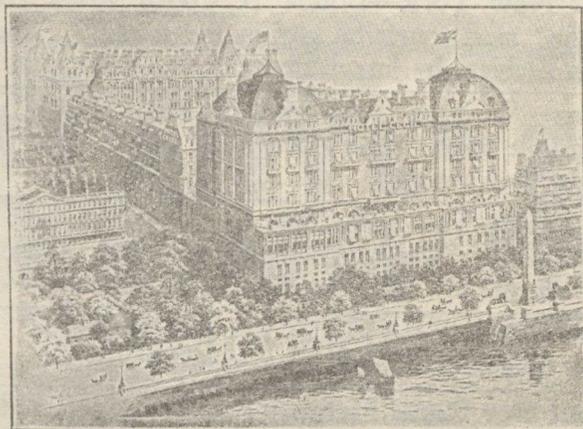
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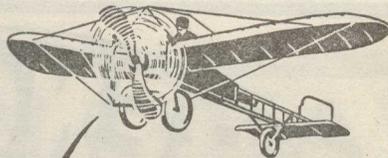
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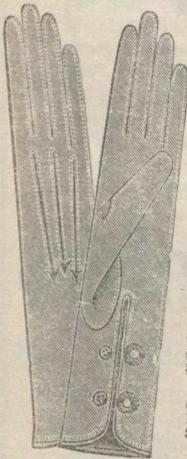
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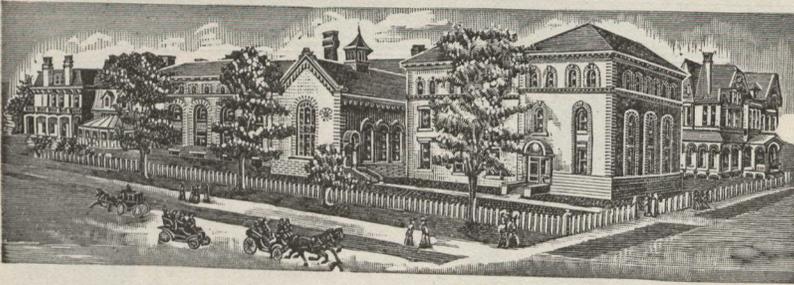
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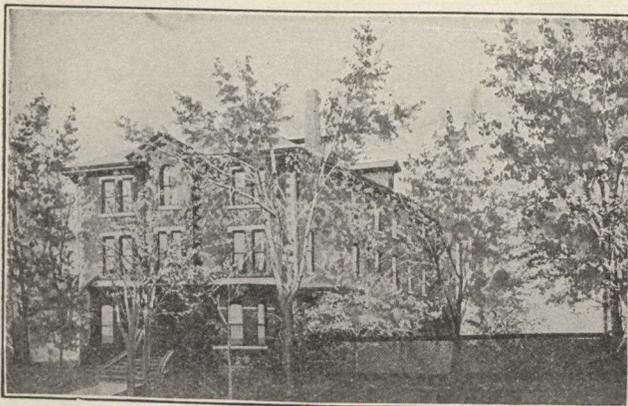
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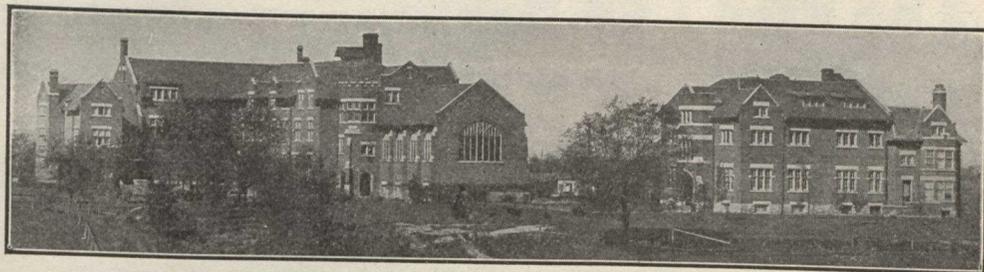
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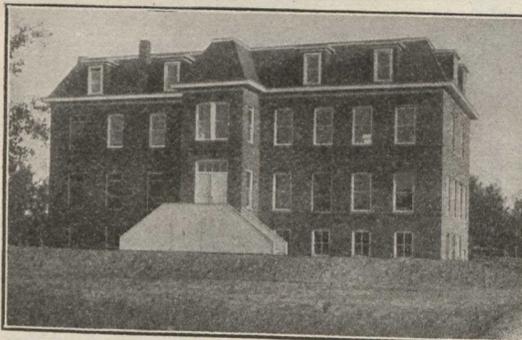


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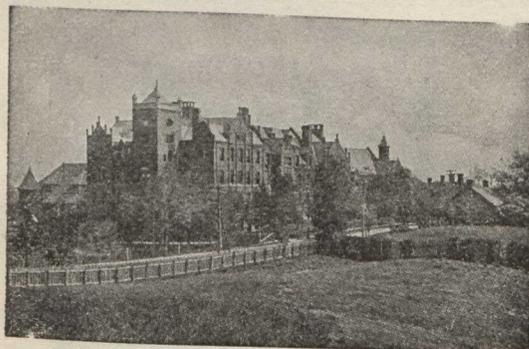
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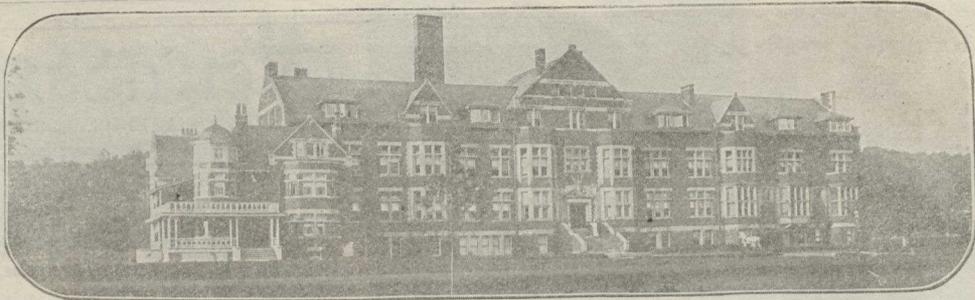
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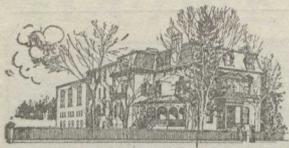
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A Residential and Day School for Girls.

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Principal, Miss Edith M. Read, M. A.

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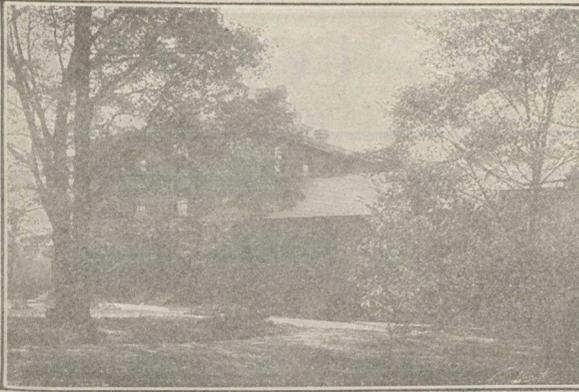
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Affiliated with the Toronto Conservatory of Music.
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The College is a Government institution, designed primarily for the purpose of giving instruction in all branches of military science to cadets and officers of the Canadian Militia. In fact it corresponds to Woolwich and Sandhurst.

The Commandant and military instructors are all officers on the active list of the Imperial army, lent for the purpose, and there is in addition a complete staff of professors for the civil subjects which form such an important part of the College course. Medical attendance is also provided.

Whilst the College is organised on a strictly military basis the cadets receive a practical and scientific training in subjects essential to a sound modern education.

The course includes a thorough grounding in Mathematics, Civil Engineering, Surveying, Physics, Chemistry, French and English.

The strict discipline maintained at the College is one of the most valuable features of the course and, in addition, the constant practise of gymnastics, drill and outdoor exercises of all kinds, ensures health and excellent physical condition.

Commissions in all branches of the Imperial service and Canadian Permanent Force are offered annually.

The diploma of graduation, is considered by the authorities conducting the examination for Dominion Land Surveyor to be equivalent to a university degree, and by the Regulations of the Law Society of Ontario, it obtains the same exemptions as a B.A. degree.

The length of the course is three years, in three terms of 9½ months' each.

The total cost of the course, including board, uniforms, instructional material, and all extras, is about \$800.

The annual competitive examination for admission to the College takes place in May of each year at the headquarters of the several military districts.

For full particulars regarding this examination and for any other information, application should be made to the Secretary of the Militia Council Ottawa, Ont. : or to the Commandant, Royal Military College, Kingston, Ont.

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English Literature, French and German, Physical Culture, Voice Culture, Interpretation, Oratory and Public Speaking, and Dramatic Art.

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REST \$9,000,000

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This Bank issues Drafts on the principal cities in foreign countries drawn in the currency of the country in which the drafts are payable. These arrangements cover over 500 of the principal cities and towns throughout the world.

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These money orders are a safe and convenient method of remitting small sums of money to foreign countries and can be obtained at any branch of the bank.

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DIVIDED PROFITS . . \$3,250,000

\$6,000,000

TOTAL ASSETS OVER \$40,000,000

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"In your prosperity to-day, remember that lean years must come."

—Monetary Times.

The prudent man prepares for the lean years by husbanding his resources during the years of plenty. The easiest, simplest and safest way to do this is to deposit regularly such portion of your income as is not immediately required, in a strong and stable institution like the Canada Permanent, where it will be available when wanted, and in the mean time will be earning interest. Or, all your receipts may be deposited and your payments made by cheque.

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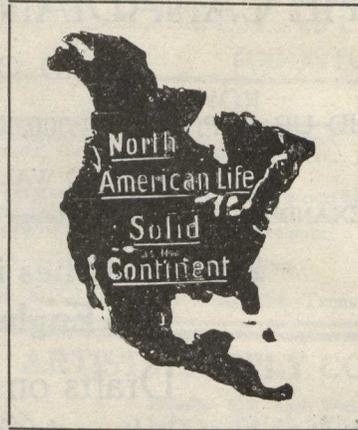
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ESTABLISHED 1855.



1912

May the New Year
be one of
Happiness and
Prosperity
for all.

NORTH AMERICAN LIFE Assurance Company

"Solid as the Continent"

Home Office - Toronto

THE BANK OF TORONTO

HEAD OFFICE: TORONTO, CANADA

INCORPORATED

1855

RECORD OF PROGRESS FOR FIVE YEARS 1906 - 1911

	1906	1911
Capital	\$3,943,530	\$4,608,050
Increase	\$664,520	
Reserved Funds	\$4,516,578	\$5,660,070
Increase	\$1,143,492	
Deposits	\$24,737,123	\$41,126,664
Increase	\$16,389,541	
Loans & Investments	\$31,007,366	\$45,609,222
Increase	\$14,601,856	
Total Assets	\$37,221,908	\$57,067,664
Increase	\$19,845,756	

YOUR BANKING BUSINESS INVITED

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT at all Branches, Interest is added to balances half-yearly.

BUSINESS ACCOUNTS receive careful attention.

The Bank has complete equipment and facilities for the transaction of banking for all classes of business accounts both large and small.

MONEY ORDERS and DRAFTS SOLD, CHEQUES CASHED.

TRAVELLERS' CHEQUES and LETTERS OF CREDIT ISSUED.

The Year Nearing its Close

promises to be a banner year for the

Mutual Life of Canada

in every branch of its extensive business.

¶ Its operations are confined to Canada, whose climate is the most *HEALTHY AND INVIGORATING* in the world. This fact supplemented by a judicious selection of lives, accounts for the

Very Low Mortality

experienced by the Company, being for many years past only 40 per cent. of the amount "expected" and provided for.

Now-a days people need not be told that LIFE INSURANCE is a good thing—as no one denies it—or that every man should carry as much as he can afford—every prudent man does so—but we would remind, especially all heads of families that the holidays are

An Opportune Time

to take out a policy in this company in favor of wife or wife and children, as a remedy against dependency, if not galling poverty, should their natural protector die before accumulating enough to keep the *WOLF FROM THE DOOR* after the symbol of mourning has been removed from it.

Head Office = Waterloo, Ont.

E. P. CLEMENT, K.C., Pres't.

W. H. RIDDELL, Assistant Manager

GEO. WEGENAST, Managing Director

CHAS. RUBY, Secretary

7%

INVESTMENT**AND SHARE IN PROFITS**

7%

SPECIAL FEATURES

Safety, large earning capacity, long established trade connection, privilege to withdraw investment at end of one year, with not less than 7 per cent., on 60 days' notice.

This security is backed up by a long established and substantial manufacturing business that has always paid dividends, and the investor shares in all the profits, and dividends are paid twice a year, on 1st June and December.

At the end of one year, or at the end of any subsequent year we agree to resell or repurchase these securities on 60 days' notice in writing. Send at once for full particulars.

NATIONAL SECURITIES CORPORATION, Limited

CONFEDERATION LIFE BUILDING, - -

TORONTO, ONT."

THE
WESTERN
ASSURANCE COMPANY

Incorporated In 1851

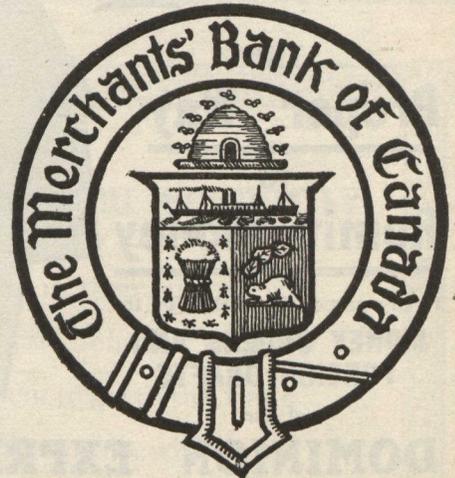
ASSETS,	\$3,213,438.28
LIABILITIES,	469,254.36
SECURITY TO POLICY- HOLDERS	2,744,183.92

LOSSES paid since organization of Company
\$54,069,727.16

DIRECTORS:

Hon. GEO. A. COX, President
W. R. BROCK, Vice-President
W. B. MEIKLE, Managing Director

Head Office: - Toronto



Paid-up Capital - - \$6,000,000
Reserve Funds - - 5,458,878

167 Branches in Canada.

Extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Savings Department at all Branches.

Deposits received of \$1.00 and upward, and interest allowed at best current rates

General Banking Business.

THE METROPOLITAN BANK

Capital Paid Up	:- -	\$1,000,000.00
Reserve Fund	- - -	1,250,000.00
Undivided Profits	- -	138,046.68

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S. J. Moore, President.

W. D. Ross, General Manager.

A General Banking Business Transacted.

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**MONEY ORDERS AND
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They are issued in the currency of the country on which drawn, and are payable in all parts of the world. If lost or delayed in the mails, a prompt refund is arranged or a new order issued without further charge.

WHEN TRAVELLING carry your funds in
TRAVELLERS' CHEQUES

These cheques are issued in denominations of \$10, \$20, \$50, \$100, \$200, and are conceded by all who have ever used them to be superior in every way to Letters of Credit.

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Agencies throughout Canada

ABSOLUTELY SAFE

AND MOST

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"PROFITS 1912"

—a new Great-West Life booklet—
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Twenty-year Deferred Dividend
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Ask for a copy—and observe tan-
gible evidence of the causes that
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in force of over \$67,500,000.

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Assurance Company
Head Office - Winnipeg.

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250 Styles

There's
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Esterbrook's

are not only the
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Parents, teach your children economy

This is one of the greatest factors in their education. Have them put away their five and ten-cent pieces, even coppers. Arrange with them to go to the Bank and start a savings account. Afterwards, with them, watch the balance grow. Then not only do you teach them economy, but you get into closer touch with them.

THE TRADERS BANK
OF CANADA

THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA

Incorporated 1869

Capital Paid Up	-	\$ 6,250,000
Reserve Funds	-	7,450,000
Total Assets over	-	110,000,000

HEAD OFFICE - MONTREAL

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C. E. Neill and F. J. Sherman, Asst. Gen.-Managers

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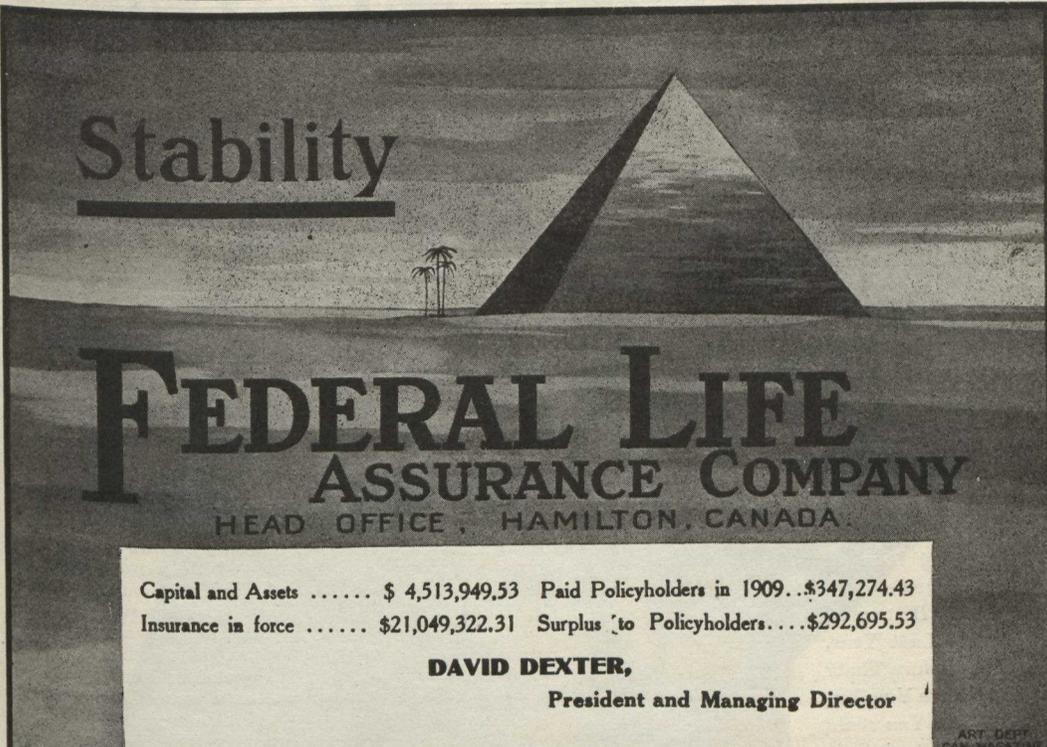
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Stability



FEDERAL LIFE

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HEAD OFFICE, HAMILTON, CANADA.

Capital and Assets \$ 4,513,949.53 Paid Policyholders in 1909...\$347,274.43
 Insurance in force \$21,049,322.31 Surplus to Policyholders....\$292,695.53

DAVID DEXTER,

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Government — Municipal Corporation and Proven Industrial Bonds.

Yield 4% to 6%

We shall be pleased to aid you in the selection of a desirable investment.

DOMINION SECURITIES CORPORATION-LIMITED
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1912

THE
NORTHERN

Life Assurance Co. of Canada

HEAD OFFICE
 London, Ont.

JOHN MILNE
 Managing-Director

The Company has closed the past year with an increase of over 25% in business written, and an increase of 12% of business in force.

Corresponding gains in every department.

Conservative methods and steady progress have arrived at the goal—SUCCESS.

Raising a Roof for a Rainy Day

By FRANKLIN O. KING

"Into Each Life Some Rain Must Fall," said Long-fellow, and I believe You will agree with Me, Mr. Reader, that it is a Wise Man who Knows enough to Come in out of the Wet. If You haven't the Prudence and Foresight to take advantage of Good Weather and Raise a Roof for Your Family that will Protect them when the Storms come, it will be Up to Them to Find Shelter where Best They may. The wisdom of "Laying By Something for a Rainy Day," was never Better Exemplified than it is at Present, and if that *Something* is properly Invested in an Income-Producing Farm Home in Gulf Coast Texas, Your Children some Day Will Rise up and Call you Blessed.

How much Better off are You than Last Year, or the Year before That? How Much have You Actually Got that You could call Your Own? A little Furniture? A Piano, perhaps? A Few Dollars in the Bank? And how many Weary Years has it taken You to get Together that little Mite? Don't You see how Hopeless It is? You come Home each Night a little more Tired, and Your good Wife, can see the gray coming into Your Hair—if It isn't already There. Chances for Promotion grow Less and Less, as each Year is added, but Ever and Always Your Expenses seem to Grow.

The Systematic Saver Accumulates slowly, unless His Savings are Put to Work where They can Earn Something Worth While. Fifteen Hundred Dollars put into the Savings Bank will, in one Year, at 3 per cent earn You less than Fifty Dollars. Half of Fifteen Hundred Dollars invested in One of our Ten-Acre Danbury Colony Farms, in convenient Monthly Payments (Protected by Sickness and Insurance Clauses) will Earn Freedom from Care, and that Comfort which comes from the Ability to Sit under One's "Own Vine and Fig Tree," with a certain Income Insured.

The Best Incentive to Persistent and Systematic Saving is the Desire to Get a Home. The Best Place I Know of to Get a Home is in the Rain Belt of Gulf Coast Texas, where You can Grow Three Big Money-Making Crops a Year, on the Same Soil, and where Irrigation and Fertilization do not Eat up the Profits Your Hands Create.

If every Man who reads this Article would Take the Time to THINK, and the Trouble to INVESTIGATE, every Acre of our Danbury Colony Land Would be Sold Within the Next Three Months. If Every Woman who glances through this Advertisement but Knew the Plain Truth about our Part of Texas, You could'nt Keep Her away from There with a Shot Gun, because the Woman is Primarily a Home Seeker and a Home-Maker, and the Future of Her Children is the Great Proposition that is Uppermost in Her Mind and Heart.

Do you Know that Growers of Figs, Strawberries and Early Vegetables clear a Net Profit of \$300 to \$500 an Acre in Gulf Coast Texas? Do You Know men have realized more than \$1,000 an acre Growing Oranges in our Country? If You Do Not Know these things, you should read up on the subject, and you must not fail to get our Free Book, which contains nearly 100 photographs of growing Crops, etc.

What would You think of a little Town of about 1,200 People situated near our Lands, where they ship on an average of \$400,000 worth of Fruit, Vegetables, Poultry, Eggs, etc., a year? During 1910 this Community shipped nearly \$100,000 worth of Strawberries alone.

We are situated within convenient shipping distance of Three Good Railroads, and in addition to this have the inestimable Advantages of Water Transportation through the Splendid Harbors of Galveston and Velasco, so that our Freight Rates are Cut Practically in Half. The Climate is Extremely Healthful and Superior to that of California or Florida—Winter and Summer—owing to the constant Gulf Breeze.

Our Contract Embodies Life and Accident Insurance, and should You die, or become totally disabled, Your Family, or anyone else You name, will get the Farm without the payment of another Penny. If You should be Dissatisfied, we will Absolutely Refund Your Money, as per the Terms of our Guarantee.

Write for our Free Book. Fill Out the Blank Space below with Your Name and Address, plainly written, and mail it to the Texas-Gulf Realty Company, 1357 Peoples Gas Building, Chicago, Illinois. Read it carefully then use Your Own Good Judgment.

* * *

Please send me your book, "Independence With Ten Acres."



The Man with the Hoe—and the Bank Account

"HAVE YOU A LITTLE 'FAIRY' IN YOUR HOME?"



Fairy Soap has a Dainty,
Refreshing Odor

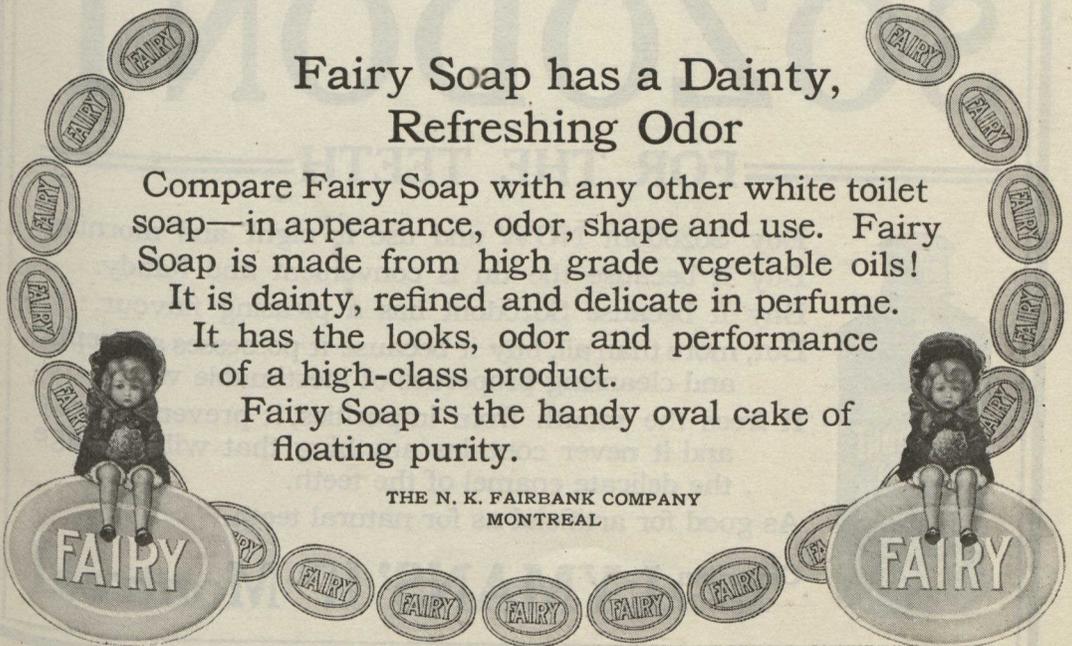
Compare Fairy Soap with any other white toilet soap—in appearance, odor, shape and use. Fairy Soap is made from high grade vegetable oils!

It is dainty, refined and delicate in perfume.

It has the looks, odor and performance of a high-class product.

Fairy Soap is the handy oval cake of floating purity.

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY
MONTREAL



100% PURE

It is our proudest boast that every article carrying the well-known "E.D.S." Trade Mark is absolutely pure, no coloring matter or preservatives of any kind being used. But don't accept our unsupported statement. Send to the Department of Inland Revenue for Bulletin 194 which tells how

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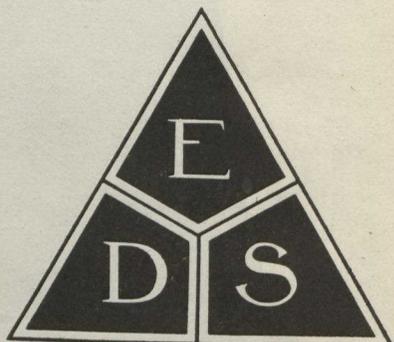
under the most exhaustive tests, have proved to be of unvarying purity.

Here are a few "E.D.S." leading lines which all good grocers handle:

"E.D.S." BRAND JAMS, JELLIES, MARMALADE,
CATSUP AND GRAPE JUICE.

INSIST ON GETTING "E.D.S." GOODS

E. D. SMITH, Winona, Ont.



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FOR THE TEETH

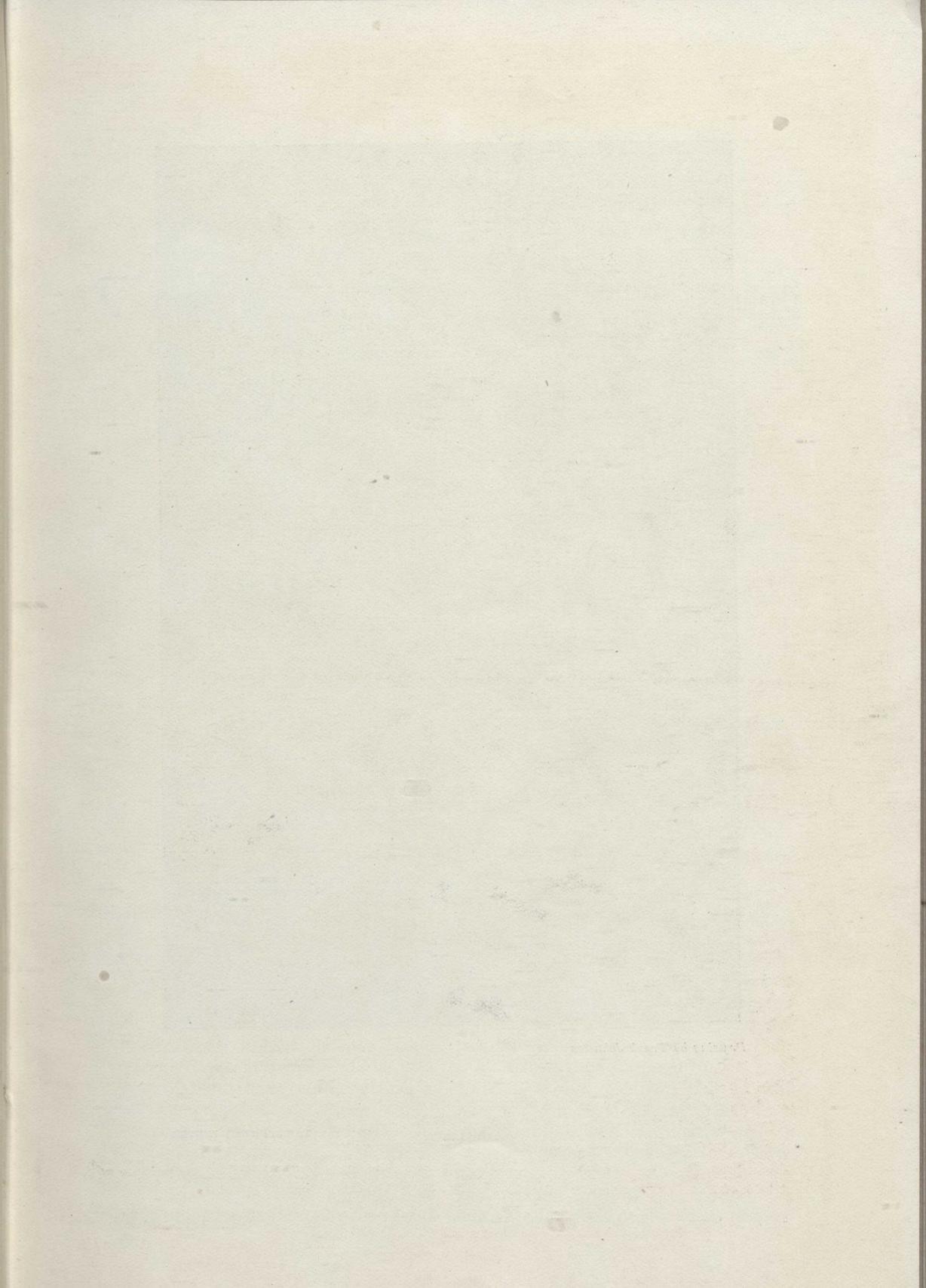


Buy Sozodont NOW and use it night and morning.
Buy it because the tin is convenient and handy.
Buy it because Sozodont has a pleasing flavour.
But, more than all, buy it because it possesses antiseptic and cleansing properties of inestimable worth.

It frees the mouth from impurities, it prevents decay and it never contains anything that will damage the delicate enamel of the teeth.

As good for artificial as for natural teeth.

Canadian Agents **LYMANS' LTD Montreal**





Drawing by Frank Johnston

THE SPIRIT OF WINTER

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XXXVIII

TORONTO, FEBRUARY, 1912

No 4.

THE TRAIL BEYOND COBALT

BY DUNCAN ARMBRUST

"MOOS-WAH!" (moose) whispered Jim, as there came a splash from across the lake, followed by a crunching sound. "See lots of them in a few days," he further suggested as I rose to peer into the semi-darkness.

We were sitting around the camp-fire after our evening meal, talking over our proposed trip to the hills. We had been prospecting south of Gowganda in the Ontario silver fields most of the summer, each day searching the rock-faces for veins without any startling success, and hoping every morning that our lucky day had dawned at last. But *Dame Fortune* was still to lead us on many a wild-goose chase.

The mad rush to Gowganda in the winter of 1908 had thoroughly awakened the prospecting fever in our blood, and the late spring found us in the thick woods of that region. The history of Cobalt, Larder Lake, Montreal River and Miller Lake was here repeated. Everything within a radius of ten miles was staked solid. We arrived on the scene to find nothing left but a few choice claims of swamp and muskeg. Not caring to invest in water lots, we moved back of Hanging Stone Lake, prospected

there awhile, and found numerous and beautiful varieties of slate which never yielded anything except slate, and poor slate at that. Returning to Flannigan Lake, the site of our present camp, we found the few scattering hills of diabase rock staked with a vengeance, having been "jumped" several times.

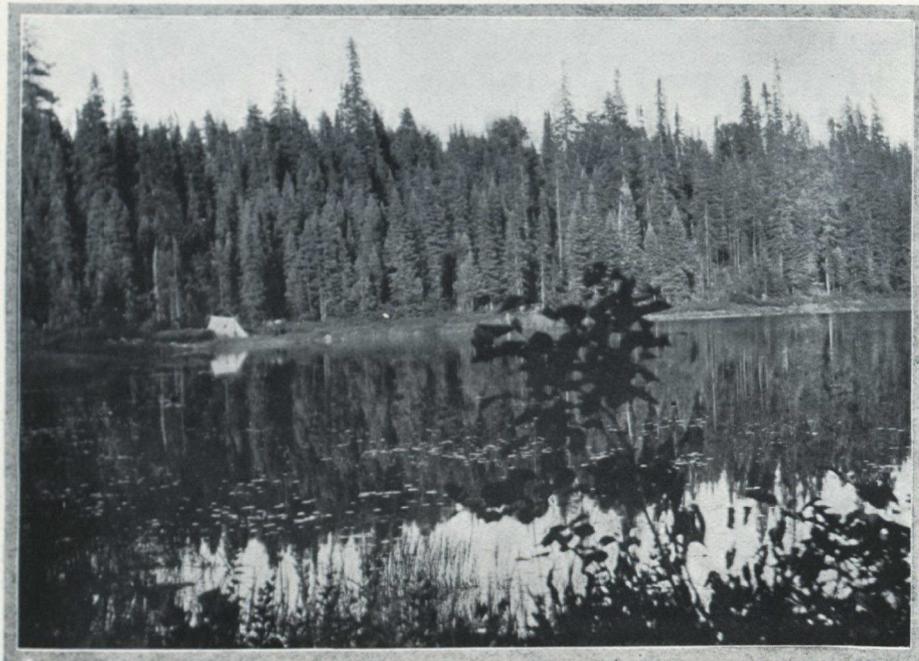
Curiosity to see what lay beyond that blue ridge to the south was strengthening upon us, so, as the summer was getting on, we held a council of war and decided that my partner should hit the trail next morning for the heart of the moose country, while I, after finishing some work about camp, was to follow two days later. Many times in those two days I speculated on just how far into that wilderness of primeval forest my partner would lead me. In filling the pack-sack I allowed for any contingencies which might arise from his inordinate bump of travel.

The last day dragged to a close. Next morning, accompanied by the pale glow in the east and the birds whose songs had awakened me, I snatched a hasty breakfast and was soon on the trail. All summer my camera had lain in the tent among our supplies and never been used, so

I decided to take it along and get some of the scenery if I shouldn't get any of the silver.

Leaving the lonesome red pine beside the camp, I took the trail which

ing ahead in the dim light, a line of white blazes showed where Jim had forced his way through. After travelling for some time I came to an open muskeg, which was quite a re-



FLANNIGAN LAKE

NORTHERN ONTARIO

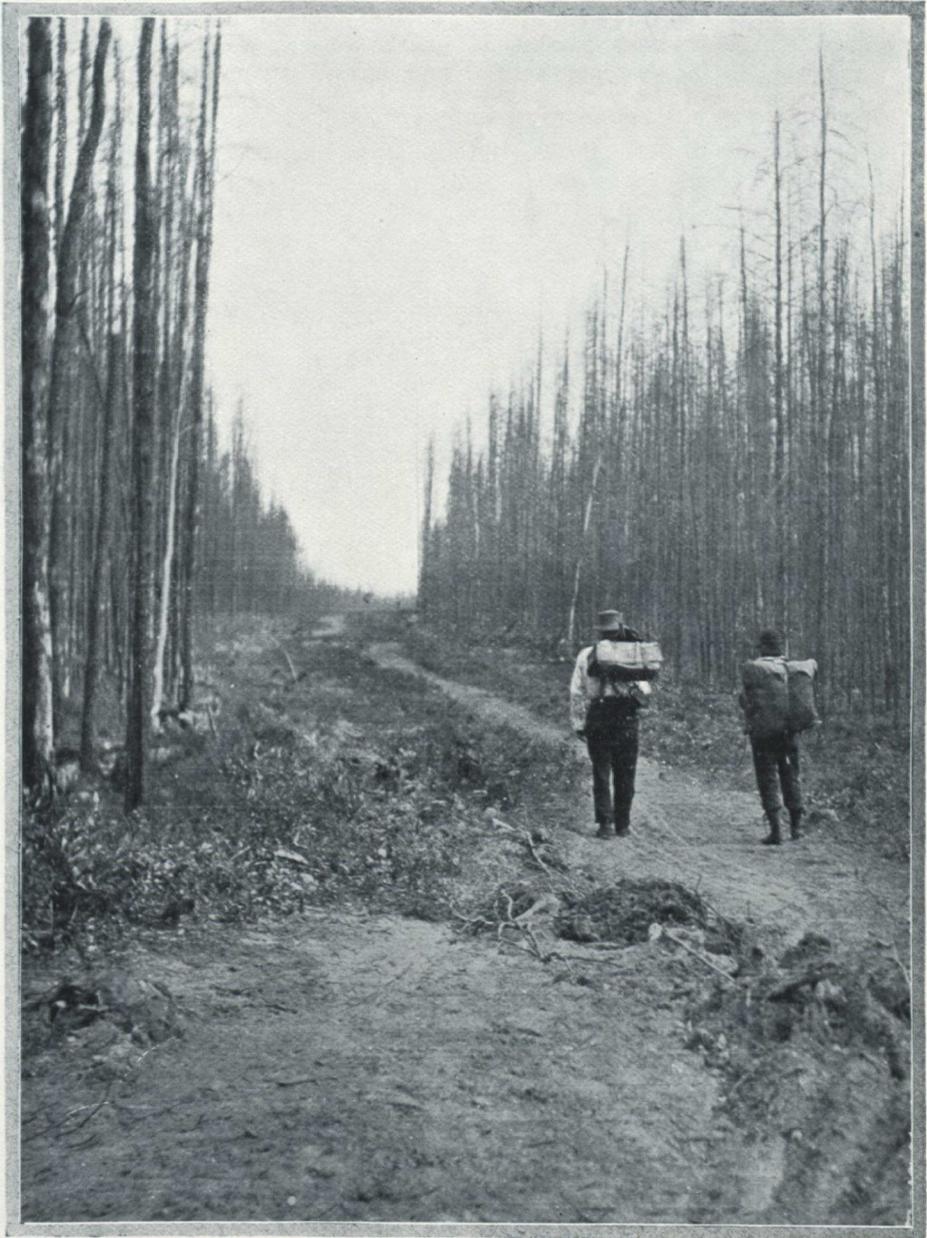
rounded the lake and suddenly plunged into the dense forest at the southern end. Although the country was thickly wooded it was rugged in the extreme and alternately led me through rocky canyons, bestrewn with windfalls, and then through thickets of balsam and spruce. Often I would emerge from one of these and enter a beautiful grove of birch and poplar, where blueberries grew and wild currants and partridge-berries hung in gaudy clusters. Here I met old Mrs. Partridge with her brood. Mild-eyed and unafraid, she clucked about, quite undisturbed at my approach.

After a couple of miles the trail grew less distinct, it having been an old and well-worn moose run-way leading to the lake. However, glow-

ing after fighting the thickets, and I was glad to throw off my pack and breathe the free air of the open spaces.

Looming large before me were the mighty hills, and the sight of them quickened my pulses. After painting my face and hands with "dope" to keep off the blood-thirsty flies, which were as thick as briars in the open, I made my way across the steaming moss of the muskeg. A small lake nestled in the spruces at the foot of the slope. The trail here led abruptly up the hill, but the hard hoofs of many moose had made a path broad and smooth, leading upward until it finally lost itself in a maze of branches.

Carrying a fifty-pound pack up a



ON THE TRAIL TO GOWGANDA

mountain isn't as easy as going up in an elevator, a fact that impressed itself pretty thoroughly upon my mind as the day wore on. All about me were signs of moose. The whole mountain top (with new respect I now regarded it as a mountain)

where a spring crossed the trail. I knelt to strip off my pack, and just succeeded in getting the shoulder straps caught around my shoulders when a fine bull moose stepped out of the bushes. He sniffed the air and circled about in my direction,



THE FOREST SOUTH OF GOWGANDA

seemed to be one huge moose-yard. More than once during the afternoon I had heard them scampering through the bush at the side of the trail, but the thick undergrowth obscured them from sight. Later in the afternoon the climb was more gradual, the country quite open, with many little knolls between which the trail zig-zagged back and forth. On rounding one of these knolls I saw the bushes move thirty paces ahead,

while I remained in my humble attitude, trying to free myself from the pack straps. Once he stopped behind a large rock, and I managed to free myself, but he came on again, trying to get my scent, and when he faced me ten paces away I had my gun pulled and my tree picked. I could see the blue of his eye and the tawny patches on his sides where some of the old hair still remained. He was a noble looking creature and

peaceably disposed, thank heaven! My high opinion of him was evidently not reciprocated, for, after a most searching look, he swung his great head around and hastily took a south-easterly course for the thick timber.

would be as dry as if protected by the finest tarpaulin. After I had made some tea I still kept the fire going, as the night was chilly and the fuel plentiful.

Only once during the night did I awaken from my delicious slumber



THE BALSAM SHELTER

While the afternoon sun was still well above the horizon, I came to a spring of pure mountain water gurgling over its mossy rocks, and I decided to camp there for the night. Here I found some fine canoe birch, fully two feet thick at the base, and as straight and smooth as a young pine. In case of rain all that was necessary was to strip off a piece large enough to cover me, and I

on my sweet-scented bed. Down at the spring some twigs were crackling, which I supposed to be caused by a moose after a drink. I took occasion to pile some more logs on the fire before rolling up in my blankets again.

I was up and away by daybreak, following the blazes from tree to tree, and occasionally stopping to examine the rock to see if the formation

had changed. But it was still that sickening white quartzite, with here and there in the hollows some float of various species. It began to look like, a long, weary trail and a fruitless one.

Thick undergrowth of tangled

line ahead was persistent and real.

So many story books written nowadays of the back-woods life tell of the hero "swinging" down the trail in the early morning sunlight, etc., etc. Up here in the Canadian north woods it is slightly different—you



A STREET SCENE IN GOWGANDA

brier, wild hazel bushes, and maple scrub on the rising ground, with tag alders and young cedars in the hollows, made progress more and more of a struggle. The axe had been brought into play, and a path literally cut through in some places. Here little roots often caught my toes and tripped me. Flies and mosquitoes irritated me, while the tump-line burned into my forehead. It was a strenuous battle, a battle of grit, strength and woodcraft against the forces of nature. But that glowing

may be a hero, but you do not swing. Your progress is a combination of the hop-step-and-jump, catch-as-catch-can, cold plunge and the crawl stroke. You "shuffle" down the trail, come to a log, tackle him high, leap to the ground, hop over a deadfall, side-step a tree, hitch up your breeches, take the cold plunge under a leaning stub, and swim ashore through the underbrush. There you straighten up and adjust your pack for a fresh start. Just then catch your toe in a root and land on your

eyebrow in a muskeg ten feet away! There you are, not singing "The Maple Leaf Forever," nor admiring the beauties of nature, but silently repeating between puffs the known and unknown words in the category of provokable cusses. But even the worst of trails must end.

In the afternoon the country began to open up, and I found myself travelling along a ridge, which ended rather abruptly, and I could catch glimpses through the trees of the country about me. It had been our custom, while travelling through unknown country, to climb trees for the purpose of getting a view of our surroundings. Indeed, we found this necessary if we wanted to see beyond a few yards ahead, so thick were the forests. I now selected one taller than its neighbours and, from much practice, shinned up with the ease, if not the grace, of the original Adam.

Suddenly to emerge from the dim light of the woods to the open height above the surrounding country was a transformation of scenery welcome and wonderful. After travelling for nearly two days I had reached the highest spot in the country. From this vantage point I was able to get a conception of Canada's great forest wealth. Far below me in three directions stretched away a magnificent panorama of blue, rolling hills and valleys. To the east, to the west, and to the south, stretched a great sea of forest, ever changing from sunshine to shadow and fading away into the dim, ethereal blue. From a series of rolling hills to the westward, near Shining Tree Lake, to Maple Mountain, on the Montreal River, in the east, lay a hundred miles of forest. In the immediate foreground was a wide valley, with here and there open spaces of muskeg of lighter green, showing in contrast to the sombre green surroundings. From the centre of the lighter verdure, gleaming and sparkling like a silver

ribbon, a tiny stream pursued its sinuous way, destined soon to lose itself in one of the small lakes which showed its mirrored surface far below. In all the vast perspective there was no visible sign of human life, unless the bush fire that was sending up dense columns of smoke over in the land of little sticks beyond the valley, told of a prospector's carelessness.

For perhaps an hour I sat there in the tree-top, lost in wonder as I looked down upon the legion of spear-pointed trees, under the spell of the vastness and the loneliness of it all. While gazing down the valley I saw something which suddenly brought me to myself. From an open space on the summit of one of the lower hills about three miles distant, a thin wreath of smoke started curling up among the trees. I watched it for a short time and concluded that where there was smoke there was a camp-fire, and that it likely belonged to my partner. The direction I noted by my compass, and, without further delay, I bade good-bye to the blue sky and descended to the piny shade of the woods. The descent was made over jumbled rocks, and very often by dropping from ledge to ledge.

It was nearly half an hour afterward that I reached the first gully. The trail followed a moose run way for some distance, then turned off at right angles, straight for a hill which rose out of the muskeg like a giant loaf of bread. At the base of the hill the moss and roots had been stripped back for yards and yards, leaving the naked, gray-blue diabase exposed to view. Here was the mineral-bearing rock, a young mountain of it, rising straight out of the muskeg. Its rough sides showed signs of a prospector's work. Many cracks and crevices had been cleaned out, and there were great reddish-yellow stains on much of the rock.

As I scrambled up the precipitous rock, the musical clink! clink! of a prospector's pick sounded on the air. It was with greatly accelerated speed that I bore down on the music. In the centre of an open space, on the very summit of a hill, I found the camp. A shelter stood in the open space and near by a fire was burning, while Jim was plugging away at a rock near the fire. As I threw off my pack, he turned about and looked me over for a moment.

"Well, got here, did you?"

"Yes," I said, "mostly; what hide and clothes I still have left you can see for yourself."

He laughed. "You ain't got an awful pile of duds on at that, but hide is cheap."

"Yes, almost as cheap as birch-bark," I said, as I noticed a large patch of that material on each of his knees.

With this his eye fell on the grub bag, and in a short time we were mowing away the bannocks in true lumber-jack style. Bannocks, "dislocated potatoes," sowbelly, and coffee—have you ever tasted a meal like this? Were you ever there? Some might laugh, but there are those whose mouths will water and they will say, "By Golly, yes!"

After supper I asked Jim to gently break the news whether we were millionaires or not. He meditated, with many puffs of his pipe.

"This is the queerest formation I ever struck in my life," he said. "Have you looked it over?"

"No; just glanced at it."

"Well, take a look at your compass."

I did accordingly, and was surprised to see the needle spin round, stop, spin round the other way and then stop—pointing south.

"It's gone bugs!"

He smiled at my astonishment and told me quite calmly that I was sitting on the biggest corner in iron

that nature had pulled off for some time. He fetched me some pieces he had just broken from a projecting ledge, and its evidence fully bore out what he had said.

"No wonder the compass is dizzy," I exclaimed.

The rock appeared shot with iron—"white iron"—from particles the size of a pin head to lumps as large as your thumb. Indeed, it was iron first, with the rock just incidental.

"I've been pretty much all over this blamed country and found nothing but this iron pill," ejaculated Jim in disgust. "There ain't a likely looking wrinkle even on it that's got anything except rust in it."

He then related his two days' travels and how he had only found this isolated variation from the quart-site of the big hills. Even this indication of the possible presence of other mineral seemed an illusion and one of nature's freaks. We determined to make one final search of this iron hill and this far country before we turned our faces for the long homeward trail.

For ten days we worked hard, and the days passed quickly by without our being any nearer the goal of success. The iron hill was still iron beyond all doubt. From a tree-top near our camp we had sighted some white-crowned hills, away across the muskeg, and on that last desperate day we cut our way through a tangled hell to reach them. They turned out to be sand—white sand. This was the last straw. The indomitable hope which sent us prospecting through the hardships and privations of the past summer we left in that sand bank.

"This would make great building sand for the new house, wouldn't it?"

There was a long, ominous silence; then the magic of that word *home* suddenly stirred Jim to the point of eruption.

"Home, did you say? Great Guns! let's get started now," and with this he sprang to his feet and made off down the trail.

Late that afternoon, as we rested in camp, when old Sol was hanging on the horizon by his finger tips and painting the opposite hills all golden-green, with the purple hills in the distance, I felt that, after all, this was worthy of the struggle of the blazed trail. At this hour of day the great quiet of the North comes down full of mystery and awe. Behind the great silence is the furry life of the wilderness. The little people of the padded feet come abroad to prowl the thicket and haunt the gloomy trails—shadows within shadows. Here the days had passed quickly by, the nights were made cheery by a huge fire at the very door of the balsam shelter, which threatened at times to turn it into an ash heap. The shelter itself was a simple affair, constructed of poles, covered with birch-bark and hung about with balsam. It faced the sunrise, and the last rays of the setting sun warmed its rough sides with dull red fire. Not far below a spring of water supplied our camp, guarded and tended by *pes-he-wah*, the lynx, whose wet, round foot-prints we often saw on the log that lay across the pool.

The feeling that the game was up and we had missed the pot at the foot of the rainbow soon disappeared. It was displaced by the thought of green fields and orchards, of a little farm near Niagara, five hundred miles straight south.

Jim whistled and piled more logs on the fire, which sent a shower of sparks skyward and deepened the growing shade of evening. Bang! The heat of the fire had split the

rock and sent fire-brands in every direction. The hills echoed the sound until it died, far away up the valley. A moment later Jim put his hands to his lips and gave a most unearthly howl. The death-like stillness was immediately filled with wild howls, echoing and re-echoing from hill to hill, while we laughed until we could laugh no more.

"We'll bust this darn quiet for once," said Jim, and with that he let out another volley of wild howls, screeches, groans, and barks, until the air was filled with a chaos of hysterical echoes.

The next few minutes we were prostrate with laughter and lay groaning for breath. A pebble rolled down the hillside. As soon as we were able, we adopted this new suggestion and rolled rocks down the steep slope. We united our efforts on the large ones and worked them to the place where they would help themselves, then gave them the final heave. A rock weighing half a ton and partly composed of iron, with a fair start—well! The way it covered ground and tore up the underbrush was appalling. Thud! Bang! Crash! And then when we thought it had finished its mad career, a moment later we would hear it go "kerplunk" into the muskeg far below. This would send us off into fresh spasms.

Late that night when we crawled into the shelter with aching bodies, it was to sleep like a pair of kids. In the morning Jim was out early, and during breakfast he told me of a dream he had had.

He thought where the rock had split the night before it had disclosed untold riches.

"Did you find anything?"

"Yes," he answered, while I held my breath, "more iron!"

CYNEWULF THE SAXON

BY WARWICK DEEPING

THERE was a hurrying of people towards the southern gate of Caer Segont.

"Ursus and his men have taken a barbarian!"

"A giant!"

"Hairy as a goat!"

A bank of red clouds cut the evening sky into two sheets of blue and of gold, and the tall cypresses and elm trees in the gardens were still bathed in yellow light. Tossing these words from mouth to mouth, the townsfolk made haste to see this wild sea-wolf from Ursus and his hunters had taken in the woods. The idle groups melted from the sunny places about the forum. Men and women ran out from the narrow ways between the crowded houses. Old fellows left their little gardens under the city walls. Girls in bright-coloured tunics hurried along together, chattering and holding hands.

Those who had reached the southern gate saw Ursus swaggering there and showing his white teeth. A gigantic negro, his blackness wrapped up in a scarlet cloak, he stood with the butt of his boar spear resting on the ground, his chest expanded, his head thrown back. The nostrils of his flat nose seemed swollen with arrogance, and gold bracelets glistened on his arms.

The people did not look so eagerly at Ursus as they did at the man who stood alone in the open space within the gate, held like a bear at the end of a rope. He was naked, but for a sheepskin about his loins. Some-

one had smitten him through the thigh with a spear, and from the wound blood still oozed. His arms were lashed behind his back so tightly that the thongs were almost hidden, and there was a red mark round his neck where the rope had chafed the skin.

He stared at the people of Caer Segont with a kind of fierce timidity, and they stared back at him as though he were a strange, wild beast. The man was young, tall, and strongly built, with a fleece of fairish hair, and a boyish beard spreading in gold flakes over his chin. The people could see his ribs moving as he breathed. The muscles stood out strongly under the skin, twitching from time to time like the muscles of a nervous horse.

The negro stretched out his spear, and looked boastingly at the crowd.

"A fine beast, citizens, a fine beast! I had a tussle to take him."

He grinned, and showed off his huge arm.

"See here. I crushed him. I hugged the breath out of him till he was quiet."

This tawny headed, blue-eyed savage was the first sea-wolf whom the people of Caer Segont had seen. Though ruin and death had been spread along the southern coast, though Anderida had fallen and the barbarians had made a great silence there, the great forest had hidden the violence of these happenings from the people of Caer Segont. True, they had built city walls after the Legions

had sailed many years ago, but the barbarians had never touched the town. They were like the rumour of a pestilence that would exhaust itself and pass. The great forest, grim and impenetrable, had shut off the gray blue sea and the white sails of the plundering ships. The fields and gardens about the town continued to bring forth corn and fruit.

The people crowded about Ursus and his captive. Some of them put out their hands and touched the barbarian. A young black-haired girl pricked his arm with the pin of a fibula, and laughed. Another stroked his beard with a bronze strigil.

Ursus showed his teeth.

"The beast is quiet now, neighbours. He is tamed. But you should have seen him before I crushed the breath out of his body. He fought the five of us more fiercely than any boar."

A cobbler wearing a leather apron felt the Saxon's muscles.

"It is a strong beast. What will be done with him?"

A hard-faced old woman who had lost all her teeth spoke up in a shrill, cracked voice.

"Set him to grind corn."

The crowd laughed.

"Old Mother Mors has lost her grinders. She has an eye to the mill-stones."

Ursus shrugged with scorn.

"Corn-grinding is for old women. I am the lord of the beasts. This sea-wolf goes to my cages. He will make sport at the games."

The people applauded, even the girls clapping their hands.

"Let him fight with the brown bear."

"No; the dogs would be better."

"Yes; but Father Gildas has forbidden us to let men fight in the amphitheatre."

"Christians, true! But a heathen beast——"

"That is different."

"Let Ursus have him. The præfect will not say him nay."

The negro swaggered, turning his great head this way and that.

"Leave him to me, neighbours. I know how to make good sport. Make way—now! Men who have hunted come by a holy hunger. I will cage up the sea-wolf in one of my dens."

He struck the barbarian with the shaft of his spear. The man stumbled, turned a fierce face, and then went forward through the crowd, Ursus holding the rope that was fastened about his neck. The people gave way, but followed on with chattering eagerness, flushed with the blood-lust that Father Gildas and his priests had not been able to wipe away. Even the young girls were noisily elated. Though here and there some softer soul felt it a pity that the young man should be torn by the claws of the bear, or have his throat bitten out by the negro's dogs.

It happened that when Ursus and the people came crowding along the stone-paved street, Flamma, the præfect's daughter, stood on the porch steps of her father's house. Two slaves waited below her on the steps, with collars of lead about their throats. As for Flamma herself, daughter of Probus the Roman, she was the despair of the petty lords of those parts who had not the valour to conquer such a mate. Her brown-black eyes melted the hearts of men; her red mouth tempted and scorned them. There was the aloofness of pride about her. She looked too fiercely beautiful to be touched. Her rust-red hair seemed to light up her smooth brown cheeks, her deep, burning eyes, her little, scornful nose, and the scarlet thread of her mouth. She was a Roman girl, with the blood of the old Romans in her.

Flamma stretched out an arm, and Ursus the negro stood like a figure in black marble. His eyes glistened, and looked evil and hungry.

"What is this? Who can this be?"

Ursus told her.

"A dog of a Saxon."

"Show me the man."

The people who had crowded even up to Ursus's elbows fell back, the women sneering a little, the men content to gaze. The cobblers, silver-smiths, and carpenters stopped their work, and poked their heads out of the doorways of their shops when Flamma, the daughter of Probus, passed. As for Ursus, he bowed himself, gathered his scarlet cloak more tightly over his black chest, and tugged roughly at the rope.

"Down, dog of a heathen!"

The young man, straining instinctively against the rope, stared up at Flamma as though some goddess had thrown open the brazen doors of her temple and appeared in her splendour before men.

Ursus smote him on the mouth, and then pointed to the ground.

"Ox-eyed fool, down on your knees!"

The young man continued to stare at the Roman woman, steadily, yet with wide-eyed awe. The crowd laughed. Flamma looked them over as a great lady might look at a drove of swine.

"Hold your rough ways, Ursus. How came you by the man?"

The negro cringed before her, and when a boastful man cringes he becomes ugly and contemptible. Ursus spoke with a quick, chattering grandiloquence, parading his own prowess, and showing off the muscles of his arms. Ever and again his eyes shot an upward glance at Flamma's face—a glance that gloated, and was afraid to abide. As Flamma listened she seemed to grow taller, and to look down on Ursus from an increasing height. Her mouth hardened, her nostrils became scornful. She desired to spurn the negro with one of her sandaled feet.

Ursus folded his bare arms, making

the huge muscles stand out, and inflating his chest.

"Lady, I am the beast-master and your servant. I will make a fight for you between the sea-wolf here and the brown bear, or with dogs, or a wild boar, as it may please you. Or I will fight the barbarian myself, and break his back with my hands."

Flamma looked from Ursus to the Saxon. He did not cringe or shiver, and something in his eyes touched her—a fierce and half-wondering appeal, the dumb look of a thing that had been hunted. Blood from his wounded thigh marked the gray stones of the street.

She spoke to one of her slaves, and the fellow disappeared through the porch into the great corridor of the house.

"I will buy this man for a slave."

Ursus stared at her, and grinned.

"God forbid that you should take a wild beast into your house."

"God forbid that he should be treated like a beast! I say that he shall be my slave. The full price shall be paid to those who took him."

Flamma's man returned with a little iron box. He knelt on the steps and held it before his mistress, who took a key from the silk bag at her girdle.

But the people of Caer Segont were not well pleased. They began to shuffle their feet and murmur.

"She carries things with a high hand!"

"The præfect. We will see the præfect."

"This heathen dog deserves to make sport for us."

"It is easy for the rich to rob the poor."

Flamma had been counting money from the box. She raised her head and looked down upon the people. Her scorn was like fire thrown from the steps of a temple.

"What say you, people of Caer Segont? Do you murmur because I

have pity? Get you to your homes, and ask Christ's mercy."

They looked at her sullenly, holding together in restless, grudging groups.

"Are you beasts that you would tear and torture? Go to Father Gildas and boast of this to him."

She turned to the barbarian and to Ursus. The young man had been watching her with intent and listening eyes.

"Cut the rope—and those bands."

The negro shrugged, drew his girdle knife, and obeyed her, while the crowd recoiled as though Ursus were letting loose some wild beast. Flamma kept her eyes upon the young man's face. When Ursus had freed him she beckoned with her hand.

"Come."

He understood the gesture, and the mercy in her eyes, and falling on the steps before her, kissed the hem of her tunic and her feet. Then he knelt up, took one of her hands, and laid it upon his bowed head. The people were silent, though a few of the women laughed.

The young man sprang up, and standing on the lowermost step, he looked threateningly and haughtily at the crowd. Though he uttered no word, and would not have been understood by them had he spoken, the people of *Caer Segont* knew that he defied them, even though he had knelt willingly at Flamma's feet.

When Cynewulf the Saxon was taken into the præfect's house the people of *Caer Segont* prophesied against the madness of the thing, saying that the man was a wild beast whom no one could tame. He would frighten his fellow-slaves, break out into violence, and escape by night out of the city. Such a wolf was bound to turn upon strangers and tear them, and Probus would rue the fact that he was ruled by his daughter.

Yet all these prophecies were falsified, for the barbarian was as quiet

and as even-tempered as some big dog. The little world of *Caer Segont* was new and amazing to him, the streets and houses, the great basilica, the mosaic floors, the paintings on the walls, the furniture in Probus's house. The men of his race were strangers to towns and cities, hating and mistrusting them; but Cynewulf seemed made of different stuff. The place was full of wonder and enchantment. Moreover, he was near to the woman who had saved him from Ursus and the crowd.

Titus the slave-master was set to teach Cynewulf the Roman tongue, and Cynewulf showed a grim hunger for the strange new words. So eager was he that he would pester his fellow-slaves by eternally pointing at things and asking their names. He would say words over to himself as he worked at some task that had been given him, knitting up his forehead and staring hard as though he were following the tracks of new and unknown beasts. For Cynewulf had had a full heart in him ever since Flamma had made Ursus cut his bonds. His gratitude to her was dumb. He hungered to pour out words, to understand her when he heard her speak. Her voice had a wonderful power over him, and made the unknown words that she uttered seem full of some noble meaning.

His fellow-slaves had made him understand that he had been saved from a dog's death, and Cynewulf brooded over it as though he had incurred a debt. Lying awake in his little sleeping-cell at night, he would think of Flamma as a glowing figure, saffron robed, with eyes that were very merciful. He was one of the slaves who were chosen to walk before her when she went through the streets. Cynewulf took a pride in marching along with his staff, and thrusting the lag-gards out of her way; but he was always left in the court before the northern porch of the church, even

when his fellow-slaves were suffered to enter. Then a sudden loneliness would come over him, and he would feel like a dog left out in the cold, while he listened to the voices of those who were singing. Cynewulf began to hunger to speak to the God whom his lady worshipped. His own gods, and the wild, storm-voiced spirits of the north, seemed to have fled away from before the presence of this woman.

Two months passed, and Cynewulf had learnt a great number of words. Titus the slave-master had spoken to Flamma concerning him, and it seemed to Cynewulf that she looked at him more kindly and smiled her praise. Sometimes he had a curious conviction that his lady had him in her thoughts, that she desired some great service from him, that she was watching to see what manner of man he was.

One day Titus called him as he was drawing water at the well.

"Come," said he, looking solemn.

Cynewulf wondered. He was taken through the gallery into the præfect's garden, where roses trailed over stone arcades and sleek grass stretched between hedges of clipped yew. Peacocks spread their tails in the sunlight, and in the centre of the garden there was a stone fish-pond with steps going down to the water. The place was very beautiful. Cynewulf felt a yearning in his breast because of its beauty.

In a stone chair by the fish-pond sat his lady on cushions of rose and gold. She had a white veil over her head to shade her from the sunlight, and her hair shone through the white stuff like red beech leaves through silver mist. Cynewulf felt great awe of her. Titus withdrew, and left him alone before the stone seat by the fish-pond.

Flamma beckoned him to come nearer. Her eyes were big, solemn, and searching, but as they looked at

Cynewulf they smiled. And Cynewulf could have fallen flat before her and offered her his life.

"Cynewulf, you are learning our Roman tongue?"

He stammered out: "Yes, lady."

"You are content—here?"

"Yes, lady."

"You do not wish to run away?"

"To run away?"

"To your own people?"

"No; I be your man."

She seemed to muse for a moment, and Cynewulf thought that she looked troubled and sad. She glanced up suddenly, and their eyes met.

"Cynewulf, you are free. You can go back to your own people."

He did not understand her immediately. She spoke the words again, and Cynewulf flushed, and looked troubled.

"Have I not served well?"

"It is not that."

"Am I—bad man?"

She smiled at him, and Cynewulf trembled.

"I not leave you," he said.

"Then you are no longer a slave. I give you freedom."

"Tell me—stay."

"Is it your desire?"

"I am my lady's," and his eyes appealed to her.

Flamma turned her head and watched the gold-fish swimming in the water. She sighed, and her hands felt under the folds of her robe. She drew out something that shone—a Roman sword.

"What is this, Cynewulf?"

He was prompt with the word.

"A sword."

She held it so that the point was turned towards her throat.

"To kill with?"

He nodded.

"In the hand of a bad man—to kill Probus, my father. To bring sorrow and shame—to me!"

Cynewulf trembled, but not with fear. Lines crossed his forehead. His

mouth looked fierce and desperate.

"Show me that evil man!"

"You would fight for us?"

He opened his arms, and his face blazed.

"Give me the sword. I—kill."

Flamma leant forward and looked at him as though searching his heart.

"Cynewulf, listen to me. Evil men would kill my father, and our slaves are not to be trusted. Valens, who sleeps at the door, is a false man. He has taken money, and I have sent him away. I give you this sword, and make you watchman, to lie across the door at night."

Cynewulf's face was transfigured.

"If needs be, I will die there," he said.

Flamma gave him the sword, and he kissed its blade, and thrust it into his girdle. For the moment he stood irresolute, looking at her with the eyes of a dog.

"Speak, Cynewulf."

"Lady, I would pray to your God, Him they call Christ."

"You would be a Christian?"

"I would send my prayer after my lady's prayer."

She smiled, as one smiles at a child.

"It shall be so, Cynewulf," she said, "the holy men shall teach you."

These were wonderful days for Cynewulf the Saxon. He was given a shield and a coat of mail, and suffered to take to himself a short-handled axe that he found in the woodman's lodge. At night he spread his mats across the street door at the end of the great corridor, and lay down, hugging an immense pride. By day Sanctus the priest came and taught him in the vine-covered loggia opening upon the main court. Cynewulf would sit and listen, and learn to utter simple prayers. The strange beauty of the Christ's life entered into his soul. And sometimes, towards evening, Flamma would send for him into the garden, and would teach him from her own lips, telling

of the mighty and just wrath of God, and the merciful love of Christ the Son. She taught Cynewulf the simple tales of Bethlehem and Galilee, of the Garden of Gethsemane, of Calvary, and of the rising from the tomb. She told him, too, of the saints and martyrs, of Joseph of Arimathea, and the great church at Glastonbury. Yet even through the soft murmur of the holy words ran sounds of fierceness and of valour that stirred Cynewulf's soul. He longed to leap and to use his sword for the White Christ, and for Flamma his lady.

It was a July night, and a full moon was shining, when Red Morgan's men climbed over the city wall and crept through *Caer Segont* under the shadows of the houses. There were five of them, three Britons, a Greek, and a Spaniard, ruffians who lived by brigandage and violence. The Spaniard, who was a very big man, and the leader, carried a heavy iron bar. Red Morgan had given them his orders and a sum of money, for he wished Probus the Roman dead.

Cynewulf was sleeping, but he woke to the sound of men whispering in the porch. Then something was thrust between the door and the door-post, and the wood cracked and the hinges groaned. Cynewulf leapt to his feet and drew back three paces, shield on arm and axe in his right hand. The corridor was in utter darkness, though faint streaks of moonlight showed about the door.

Morgan's men were straining at the iron bar. One hinge snapped, the other followed it, bolts and lock gave, and the door fell in with a crash. Cynewulf did not wait to parley. He was on the men like a leopard out of a cave, and striking with the axe before they could guard their heads. The Spaniard went down with a split skull. A Briton stumbled, blood-blinded, out into the moonlight. The other three took to their heels and ran.

Then Probus's slaves awoke. Torches were lit and came flaming down the corridor. Probus's white head towered above the heads of his slaves. A woman wrapped in a black cloak, her red hair loose upon her shoulders, hastened down the stairway that led to the upper rooms. Cynewulf stood there, holding the wounded Briton by the throat.

"I fight," he said; "they run away. But here are two."

The slaves took the Briton from him, uttering shrill cries. Probus, sword on thigh, stood and stroked his beard. Cynewulf looked towards Flamma wrapped in her black cloak.

"Cynewulf keeps faith," he said; "he is Christ's man."

Probus took a ring from his finger.

"Christ's man—and mine. Let him be baptised."

And baptised he was next morning in the church of St. Joseph, where Father Gildas served the altar. Probus the præfect and Flamma stood as witnesses. They gave him the name of Gerontius, though he was known afterwards to the Britons as Geraint.

Summer went and autumn came, and vague rumours of evil began to breathe about Caer Segont. It was said that the barbarians had landed near Vectis, that they were plundering and slaying, and that Winchester had fallen. Then white-faced, way-worn people came straggling to Caer Segont, people who spoke in hoarse whispers of anguish and horror and death. The reds and golds of the autumn woods were sad and distressed. The wind moaned. Men were afraid to go out and gather the apples in the outlying orchards.

Probus and the Fathers gathered together the old soldiers, called on the young men, and brought forth a bronze eagle out of the treasury. Guards were set at the gates, sentinels along the walls, and men were drilled in the forum. As for Cyne-

wulf, he looked grave and troubled. Some of the people mistrusted him, but Cynewulf trusted his own heart.

The hour of its death agony came suddenly and by night to Caer Segont. There was the screaming of a trumpet at the southern gate, wild cries, the glare of torches, a running to and fro of men in the streets and lanes.

"The barbarians—the barbarians!"

Women huddled their children together and fled to the great basilica and the churches. Probus had gone forth with his slaves to rally the men of Caer Segont, but he left Cynewulf in the house.

"Guard thy lady," he had said.

And Cynewulf had kissed the old man's hand.

Men fought that night at the gates and in the streets, in the gardens, and in the houses. The barbarians were everywhere. They leapt like madmen, striking with axe and sword, bellowing when wounded or when burning brands were hurled into their faces. The men of Caer Segont were slain in their own streets, nor was mercy shown even to the women and children. Probus the præfect fell very early by the southern gate. The people were taking refuge in the churches, and in the basilica, defending themselves desperately and barricading the doors and windows.

Crowds fled past Probus's house, shouting, "To the basilica—to the basilica!"

Cynewulf and Flamma were standing in the darkened porch. She was very silent, full of a mute anguish, fearing the worst.

"My father?"

Cynewulf sprang out and seized a man who was flying by.

"Where is Probus the præfect?"

The man squealed and tried to escape, but Cynewulf held him fast.

"Speak! What news?"

"Probus is dead."

"Swear to it."

"I saw him slain. Is that enough?"

Cynewulf let the man go and went back to the porch. The fellow had uttered the words so loudly that Flamma had caught the truth of her father's death. Nor did it come upon her as a blow out of the darkness. Death had looked at her out of her father's eyes when he said farewell.

She stood there, looking out into the night.

"Cynewulf, save yourself."

"Lady, I still serve you."

"No, no. Probus my father is dead. It is sufficient that I follow him. Join yourself to your own people."

Cynewulf sprang up the steps suddenly and thrust her back into the porch. A stream of fierce, panting men went by in the darkness, shouting barbaric words. Flamma shuddered, despite her courage. As for Cynewulf he was trembling, but not with fear.

"You shall not have death!"

"Cynewulf!"

"I fight death—I beat him off. Come! I am mad for the Lord Christ."

He caught her up before she could so much as put out a hand to stay him, and descending the steps, he began to run through the darkened streets.

Flamma struggled in his arms.

"I charge you, let me go."

From the mouth of an alley a man sprang at them with threatening sword. Flames had shot up from the roof of a neighbouring house, and the glare showed the man's barbaric beard and hair.

Cynewulf roared at him in the Saxon tongue.

"Keep off—the spoil is mine!"

The man laughed, peered into Flamma's face, and clapped Cynewulf on the back and laughed again.

"Well chosen, brother; there is good plunder here."

From that moment Flamma lay very still in Cynewulf's arms. Now

and again he felt a great shudder go through her, but she remained silent and resisted him no longer. Cynewulf threaded his way through the side streets towards the western gate. The town seemed empty and silent here, stricken with dumb horror. Away towards the forum flames were waving above the housetops and about the black pinnacles of the cypresses. Uproar filled the night.

Cynewulf gained the western gate. It was closed, and the bar was up, but the guards had fled from the guard-room. He stood his axe against the wall, threw down the bar with one hand, shot back the bolts, and swung the door open. A fresh breeze blew through the tunnel of the gateway. Cynewulf took his axe again, and carried Flamma out into the night.

An hour passed before Cynewulf paused, and turned to look back at Caer Segont. He had stumbled along field-paths and through orchards, and had gained the edge of the western woods. Caer Segont showed as a red mound, a little heap of flames. Cynewulf was hot and weary, and his heart laboured under his ribs. He set Flamma upon her feet, under the boughs of a great beech tree.

She leaned against the tree trunk and covered her face with her hands. The agony of the night seemed more bitter under the shadows of the silent woodlands. The darkness felt big and swollen with despair.

When she uncovered her face, Cynewulf was kneeling at her feet.

"Have no fear," he was saying. "See—I am your man and your servant. No evil thing shall come near so long as I live and am able to strike."

Flamma's heart went out to him in a sudden rush of tears. She bowed herself, and her tears fell down upon Cynewulf's face.

"Cynewulf, stay with me."

And from that moment Flamma loved him.

THE HAND LAUNDRY

BY HILDA RIDLEY

CALEB HIGGINS looked round him with pride. To him the little place seemed indeed the doorway into that larger land of which he had so often dreamed. Again he could see in his mind's eye, far away from the noisy city, a farm set in green orchards, fed by cool streams. It was only a bare little room which he surveyed, standing in the busy thoroughfare of a large city. Outside in large black letters were the words "Hand Laundry."

"And to think, Mother," he said, addressing one of the women who stood beside him, "how often we joked you about your being such a fine laundress, and you saying you wished you was one and never dreaming it would come true!"

"It was your enterprise, Caleb," replied his wife humbly.

"Yes, I guess I have an eye to business," admitted Caleb, smiling at the other woman who was with them and who was his sister. "You see, I knew laundry work was a paying proposition, 'cause there was never a laundry that I went into as wasn't rushed for business, and then when I was looking round, thinking and thinking how I was to make enough money to buy a farm, it come to me like an inspiration that laundry work would do it, seeing how handy you and Martha was with that kind of work."

"And you're handy, too, Caleb," said Martha. "Why I never knew anyone get to ironing blouses so quick as you."

"I guess it was the packing that kept my hands nimble," said Caleb, "so there's good in everything, even in packing."

Hardly had he spoken when the door opened.

"Can't be a customer already!" exclaimed Mrs. Higgins breathlessly.

The newcomer was a young man. He flung a package down on the counter.

"Want it Saturday night, sure thing," he said.

"Yes, sir," replied Mrs. Higgins, with ill-concealed agitation, for as she afterwards confessed she felt "all of a tremble."

"The name, please, sir," said Martha bravely, as she hastily produced a book.

He flung it at her as he had flung down the package and went out banging the door.

"And this only Wednesday night, mother!" said Caleb, while Martha made a list of the contents of the package.

"Say," continued Caleb, with his arms akimbo and his legs well apart, "ain't I glad I give up that packing and that pittance of \$12 a week! Oh, it's good to be independent!"

His face was aglow. He was a little man, slight and wiry, quick in his movements and with his hands. His brown hair stood up stub-like from his fair, rather lined face, which was ordinary, save for the blue eyes into which there sometimes crept that light which betrays the presence of a vision longer than is necessary for

the common tasks of the day. Mrs. Higgins was taller and stronger than her husband, but she had the calm, resigned face of one who held herself in subjection.

"What I wish is that there was more of us," said Martha.

But it was useless to wish this. A child had come to bless the union of the Higgins, but he had died when only a few years old, and then Mrs. Higgins had opened her arms to her husband's sister, who had no one in the world but her brother. These three were bound together by the strong bond of affection and faith.

"Oh, we'll hire help by and by," returned Caleb grandiloquently.

On the following day the door of the little laundry opened and shut quite frequently. People seemed to find it convenient. Caleb and "mother" and Martha spoke never a word, as they doggedly set to work. It was still early spring, and the heat of the laundry did not unduly try them. Caleb was in excellent spirits. It was true that he was working for longer hours than he had ever worked before, but every additional customer seemed to him to make more and more possible the realisation of the dream of his life. A little more of this hard work, and then—the laundry faded away in mist and he saw once again that peaceful country where the sun always shone and the trees gave shelter from the noonday heat. He drew a long breath as the mist dissolved and he could no longer see through it.

They were too exhilarated, too excited over the novelty of the work that first week to realise how tired they were. It was only at the end of the second week that they confessed that they were "all in" and thanked God for the Sabbath. They were simple Bible Christians and nothing would have induced them to work on Sunday.

It was late on Saturday night that

Caleb Higgins went away by himself to "count the profits," as he told his wife and his sister, with a twinkle in his eye. He was shut up by himself for a long time. Ruth and Martha went to bed and were soon in the heavy sleep of utter weariness. Caleb was very pale when he came from his retreat. His fingers and lips kept moving.

"Not ten dollars clear," he murmured, "it can't be right, it can't be right with all them people!"

Perhaps it was because they were slow, he thought, being new at the work, and yet he remembered how hard they had worked, scarcely taking time to eat, curtailing their hours of sleep.

He said nothing to his wife and sister about the "profits," and they, looking at him, did not refer to them. They went to church and there the quiet words of the Gospel fell on their tired ears like David's music, soothing and curative.

It was in the middle of the week when more people continued to come that Martha said resolutely:

"Caleb, don't you think we ought to have some help."

Help on a profit of less than \$10 a week seemed farcical to Caleb, but they must have it, for he could not bear to see the tired faces of the women he loved.

"Go ahead," was all he said.

Martha put out a sign with "Girls Wanted," and it soon brought responses. Then more trouble began. The girls were either inexperienced or too experienced to want to work in a hand laundry. When the property of a few of their customers had been ruined and they had listened patiently to the "piece of mind" of a woman who called them "slow," "out-of-date," and "old-fashioned," they decided that they must fall back upon themselves.

"I think, Caleb, we ought to turn away some of the customers and limit

ourselves some," suggested Martha.

Caleb turned pale.

"Well, one thing I'm sure of," he said, "I ain't going to have you women folk do so much hard work. I'll do the extra.

"Oh, Caleb, you ain't strong," expostulated his wife.

"A man's stronger than any woman," declared Caleb, with the conviction born of an honest study of St. Paul's epistles.

His one object in these days seemed to resolve itself into the nightmare effort to make a weekly profit nearly equivalent, at least, to what he had earned as a packer. When he had insisted upon his wife and sister withdrawing, he himself would stay on in the laundry, with his hands deep in hot starch or ironing far into the night. Summer had come upon them suddenly, with its long, hot days. Caleb saw no more visions: it is true that the laundry sometimes dissolved before his tired eyes in mist, but he never saw through it.

In the meantime Martha, who had the business head of the three, had ascertained the real state of affairs, but with instinctive sympathy for Caleb's pride she had not divulged her knowledge to him. She did, however, gradually disclose the matter to Ruth. When Ruth grasped it she turned very pale.

"Oh, Martha," she said, "why can't we persuade him to give it up and go back to the packing? He was happy with the packing, although he didn't know it."

"Ruth, that's what I would do," said Martha earnestly. "A wife should counsel her husband—Paul says that. You say the work it too much for all of us—not especially for him—that you must have a rest or you'll break down. You know how to manage it, dear."

So that evening when it was growing late, and Caleb had looked up once or twice from his ironing to

say somewhat querulously, "Well, mother, why don't you quit?" his wife still lingered.

She was looking at him, and as she looked at him and observed his attenuated little figure, and the weary, vague look in his blue eyes, a sudden passion came upon her. She went up to him and put her arms round him.

"Oh, my man, my man!" she sobbed.

She lifted him in her arms.

"Why, mother, what is it?" he said, as he mopped the sweat from his brow and looked up at her with apathetic blue eyes, unconscious for the moment of his undignified position.

"Can't you see that I'm breaking down—that I can't stand all of this work?"

"Why, mother, you seem powerful strong for a woman," he said suddenly, realising his position and struggling from her arms to the floor.

"Well, I ain't," she said defiantly. "I must have a rest. Martha and me are both fair tired out. Let's give up the work, Caleb, it's too much of a strain on all of us. It's nothing but work, work, work from the moment we get up till bedtime. Caleb, can't you get back your old job—you was happy there, though you didn't know it."

"Yes, I was happy there, though I didn't know it," repeated Caleb mechanically. Then he considered a moment and added, "but I was too much given to dreaming—that's why they wouldn't have me back—leastways, that's what the boss says, and I guess he knows."

Martha and Ruth exchanged startled looks.

"Did you ask for your old job back, Caleb?" asked Martha breathlessly.

"Why, yes, going on three weeks ago now, and he laughed and says, 'Not on your life, he says—you lost

us a big job before you left through your—here he uses an awful swear-word—of dreaming.’ And then he says: ‘What are you doing now?’ and I says ‘hand laundry,’ and at that he laughs out hearty.”

There was a silence. It was broken by Ruth.

“The brute!” she said.

“No, mother,” said Caleb, “you mustn’t say that. It’s my own fault, I guess—my own fault. I used to be always thinking of the farm.”

“And why shouldn’t you?” said Martha. “A man’s a right to his thoughts.”

“And in the sweat of thy brow shalt thou labour,” murmured Caleb. “I like them words.”

The women left him weeping.

The long, hot summer wore away. Once Caleb fainted at his work, and then Ruth called in a doctor.

The doctor ordered a complete rest and hinted at heart trouble. Caleb was obliged to go to bed. Then Ruth and Martha bravely took up the work and Caleb certainly never knew how

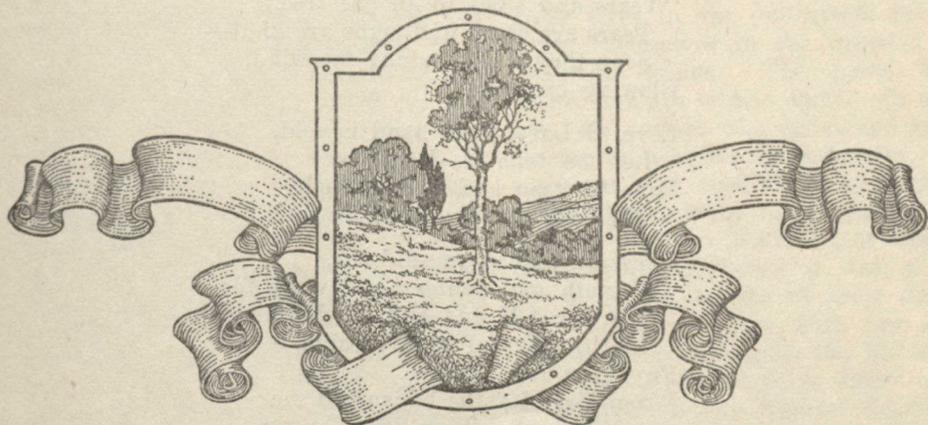
they denied themselves to give him the comforts that he needed. His mind wandered in those days. He seemed to live in a world of his own and to be oblivious of their real presence, although they often figured in some imaginary scene.

One day they found him sitting up in bed, gazing with wide blue eyes, which saw far, far beyond them, and his face was transfigured with a fearful joy.

“There’s Ruth milking the cows,” he cried. “Don’t she look cunning in that sunbonnet, and there’s Martha and little Willie, sitting by the duck pond—and little Willie has such red cheeks!”

He ceased—the light faded from his face, the radiance from his eyes. He put his hand to his heart, as he sank back on the pillow.

Ruth and Martha sprang forward, but it was too late. Death had at last claimed him. And so babbling of green pastures and still waters the plucky little laundryman passed away.



THE LEGACY

By ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

S AID One, must you weep alway?
Tears are not for one so fair,
Ringless hand and robe of gray
Mock the charms which they declare—
Hear the singing in the street!
Youth and joy salute the day,
Life and love caress your feet—
Will you turn away?

Sad and sweetly answered she,
"What are jeweled robes to me?
Soon I'll wear a grass-green dress,
Dew-pearls for my gems, no less,
Now, can comfort me."

Nay, Love, let me lift your hair,
Heavy with its weight of gold,
With rough hand, but tender care,
Let me plait it as of old.

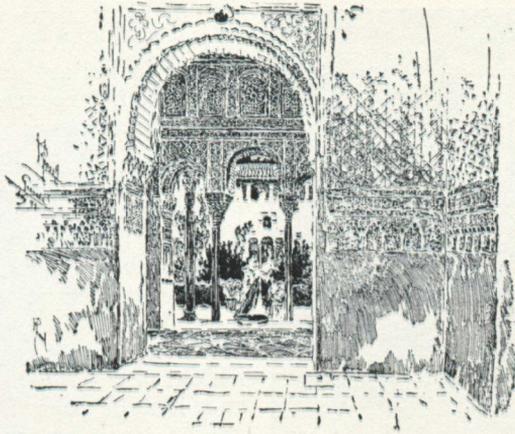
Very sad and low said she,
"What is hair of gold to me?
When 'tis turned to daisy gold,
Starring all the rain-wet mold,
Sweet and sweet 'twill be!"

Ah, most Dear, speak not in sighs!
Has my love no healing art?
Every teardrop from your eyes
Falls like fire upon my heart.

Sad and gently answered she,
"Tears and sighs to all are free.
Tears are sweet and sighs are kind—
Soon they'll drift along the wind,
Blowing over me."

Love, O Love, your hand is cold,
Let me take it—let it be
Mine to keep and warmly hold
Till your sad lips smile on me!

Very sad and sweet said she,
"Warmth and smiles are lover's fee—
Warmth I'll find and maybe mirth
In the arms of kindly earth—
Pray you let it be! . . .
When Love left he whispered me
One low word—'twas like a breath—
And I think the word was 'Death,'
Love's own legacy!"



JOSEPH PENNELL: ETCHER AND ILLUSTRATOR

BY BRITTON B. COOKE

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM ETCHINGS BY MR. PENNELL

It has been said that the sum of a creator's work is the representation of himself: that in the end, the greatest thing a great composer, an inspired painter, a master sculptor or a literary genius leaves behind is the record of himself. Men have argued from this, that it would not matter how Carlyle had written, what sides he had taken, nor how he had expressed himself: provided he had found expression through one medium or another the treasure of his own personality would have been given to the world. Going even further, men have said that the mere creation of beautiful objects, however superb the conception and excellent the workmanship, does not make the man who created them a great man, even though separate items in his work may have measured up to items in the work of masters: for the artist is great, say the wise, only when each piece of work is con-

sistent with some underlying quality in the man and each a further revelation and record of that man's outstanding individuality.

This is a rigorous standard by which to measure the thousands of earnest men and women who spend their lives in the endeavour to express themselves in the creation of beautiful things. The poets who starve—or are said to starve—in garrets, the workers who thrive and grow vulgar in complacent mediocrity, the men who wax wealthy by gratifying some passing whim of the public for Gibson heads, or Billikens, or Fisher girls have contributed at least a little to the enjoyment of their times, even though history with her pen and tablet following in the footsteps of time, utterly ignores them and gives preference to Michael Angeloes, Rembrandts, Corots, Miltons, Brownings, Herbert Spencers, and Wagners. One man achieves wonderful



LE PUY

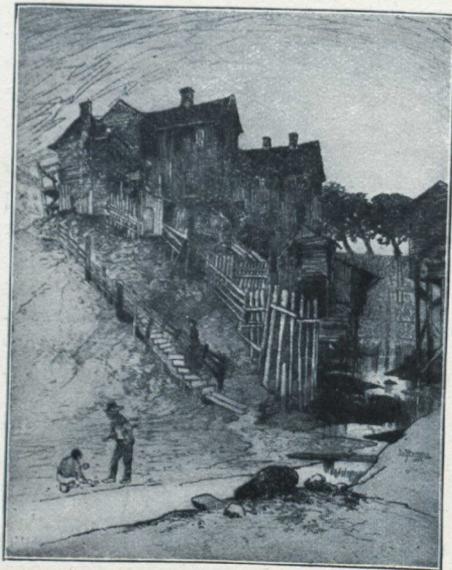
tones in his pictures, exquisite grace in his music, nobility in his sculptures, or power in his writings. He may serve to stimulate our sense of the beautiful, to touch some string of sentiment, to show us beauties in things in which we had not seen the beauty before, and yet he lacks those other qualities which go to make a truly great creator: his inspirations are sporadic, his fine conceptions are accidental, they do not spring from the underlying gift of great genius.

Among modern etchers there are few whose work so consistently shows the characteristic touch of a master etcher as does the work of Joseph Pennell. It has been said that he is the greatest of contemporary etchers. Hans Singer, writing in *The International Studio* has said that he, personally, places Pennell's architectural etchings even above Whistler's. In his sense of the beautiful, in his sense for "atmosphere," in the spontaneity of his work and what Whistler called the "gayety" of his plates Pennell manifests the remarkable gifts with which he is endowed,

and in his various works has unwittingly recorded the fact that he is a master in his art and one whom history will not ignore.

Everyone knows what Ruskin said when he declined to visit America—that he could not exist in a country which contained no ancient castles. Although Ruskin was himself a seer, a man who introduced the world to beauties which it would not have seen but for his eye and his pen, he had not, in some regards at least, the insight of a Pennell, for had he lived, and had he seen Pennell's etchings of the sky-scrappers of "The Unbelievable City," or of "Coal," "Oil," and "Steel," he would have had reason to alter his decision and say that, although there were no castles in America, there were other things indigenous to that country which would more than compensate for the absence of aristocratic land-marks.

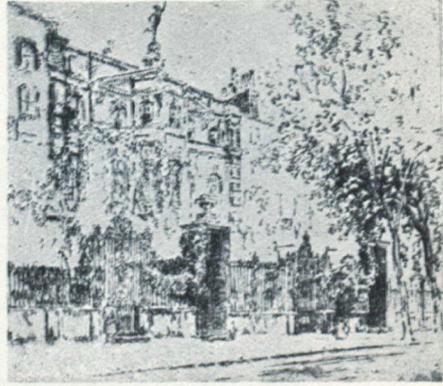
And even those of us who have seen the sky-scrappers of New York, and breathed the fetid atmosphere of the great industries of which Pennell has made etchings, must feel indebt-



AT LYNCHBURG, VIRGINIA

ed to the etcher for new light which he throws upon these subjects. The buildings which we may have thought were hideous, or at the mere dimensions of which we marvelled, have another side which one is apt to miss and which is brought out in the Pennell etchings. He discovers the romance and the beauty in the skyscraper of New York, or in a row of dirty houses in London, or in a view of a smoke-reeking steel manufactory, which people are apt to accord only to objects in which the element of romance is more obvious, such as the castles which meant so much to Ruskin and the beauty points of Venice as listed on the folder of a Cook's tour.

Pennell and his wife have produced a great amount of work: Pennell as an artist and writer, and Mrs. Pennell as writer. They have written charming little histories of their joint journeyings into new and old parts of the world. Pennell, with his etching materials and his sketch book, and Mrs. Pennell, with pencils and

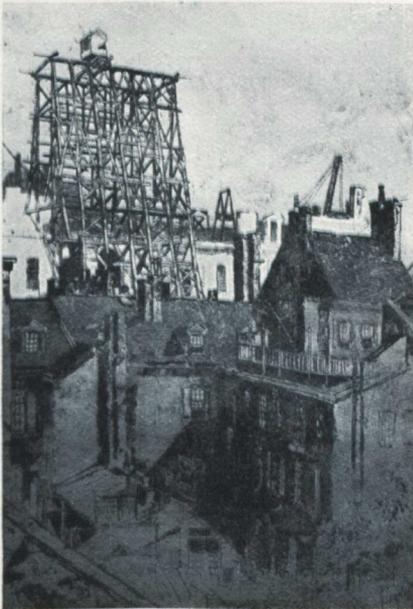


ROSSETTI'S HOUSE

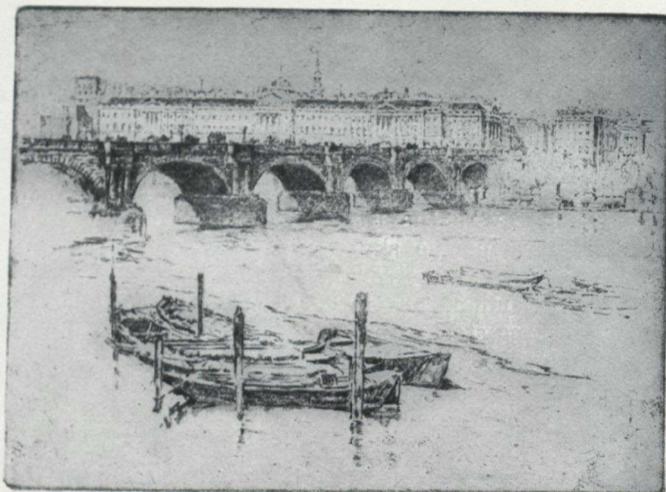
scribbling paper, have discovered and laid before the stay-at-home public in the form of magazine article and bound volume, new beauties in old places and old beauty—for all beauty is old—in the most recent works of the architect. Pennell contributes to the histories of their excursions the record of the things that his quick artistic eye beheld: a record done with life and sparkle and freshness so that you and I, looking at the work as produced in the periodical or the volume, are given the privilege of seeing, for the moment, as he saw—we possess his faculties of observation while we look at his work. On the other hand, Mrs. Pennell furnishes a story for the ear, a drawing done in vowels and consonants. The vivacity of her style, enriched as it is with well-placed moments of reserve, makes a perfect counter-part for her husband's work.

As pictures alone, however, Pennell's treatment of New York skyscrapers, of London scenes, and his portrayal of some of the great industries of the United States are outstanding from the rest of his work. He is not a mere topographer, he does not merely record elevations and angles; and yet he does what few men can do with real success: he paints "portraits of places."

To make a portrait of a man means



LAST OF THE SCAFFOLDING



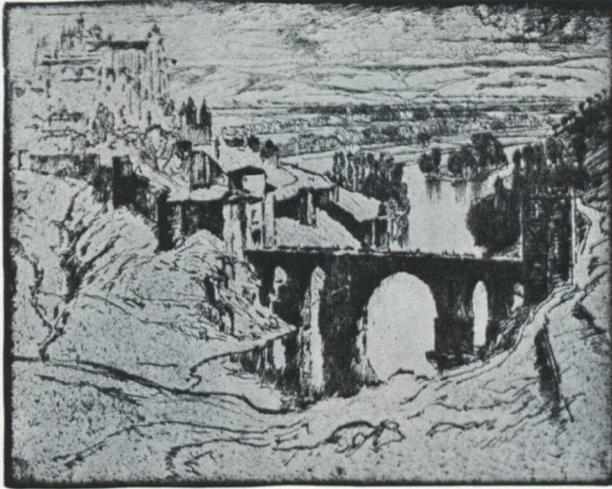
WATERLOO BRIDGE AND SOMERSET HOUSE

one of two things—assuming a degree of skill on the part of the artist: he either makes a likeness, or a likeness with an interpretation. The “Portrait of a Place” is apt to be made either a mere likeness, a mere perspective like an architect’s drawing, or else the place is forgotten by the artist except in so far as it serves as a model, or as a groundwork for the real picture which the artist has in mind. Whistler made pictures

from what he saw, not of it. Pennell, studying a probable subject, finds the beauties it contains and records them as the paramount quality of the final likeness of the place as he produces it. Friendly critics have pointed out that he succeeds in representing not only the beauties of the scene before him, but also the atmosphere in which it lies: a London scene in a Pennell etching contains London atmosphere; a Spanish etching carries with it the



CHELSEA



SAINT MARTIN'S BRIDGE, SPAIN

PLATE I

air of that languid country, and the same is true of any etching by this artist.

Pennell was born in Philadelphia, of Quaker stock. He first studied at the Philadelphia Industrial School of Art and later at the Academy of Fine Arts in that city. The president of the academy was James L. Claghorn. Before Pennell was twenty years of age—he is now forty-five—Claghorn had observed unusual talent in the

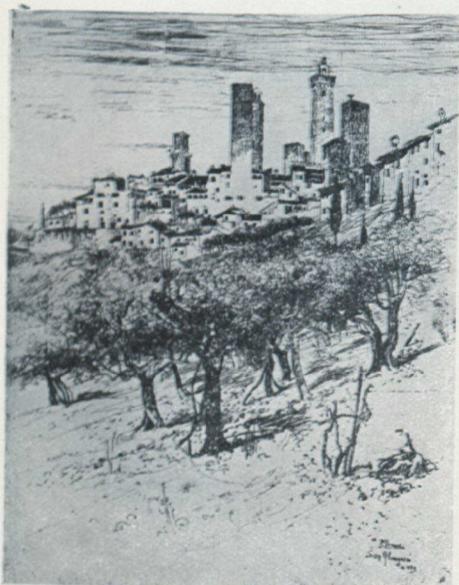
student and encouraged him in every way. In a year or two he was showing Pennell's work to his friends and declaring he had discovered a prodigy. These early works were very good in their way: they were auguries of the better work which Pennell was to do.

One day, when first Pennell had conceived the idea of etching his New York series, the crowds that passed up and down Broadway were



IN THE TWILIGHT

amused to see a lanky-looking artist standing on the curb, an etching tool in one hand and copper-plate in the other, "sketching" one of the groups of great buildings in lower Broadway. As a matter of fact, Pennell was working on what was to be a finished etching. He did not, and does not now, do as do so many ar-



TOWERS OF SAN GHIMIGNANO

tists: make a sketch of the subject and work it up afterward in a studio. Pennell has made his most beautiful etchings standing on street corners, with beggars and street urchins peering over his shoulders, policemen debating in their minds whether he was crazy enough to be "run in" or safe enough to be let alone; demi-monde casting eyes at him, business men scowling at this impractical artist, and wise young men speculating that he was the agent for a sign company spying out the land for some new electric marvel. They did not guess that a jar to the elbow of the worker, a tremour in his hand, one false stroke or misplaced dot in the wax-covered copper-plate, would ruin the whole work.

Probably this method of work has contributed to Pennell's success as an etcher. A Frenchman, touching upon the subject of art, once wrote that, while artists work daily on paintings, it is only on good days that they etch. Another French authority has said that no one can do a thing thoroughly well unless he can do it with ease. Sir Seymour Hayden, the great landscape etcher, once said to Frederick Keppel, the famous collector of etchings in New York city: "An etching that occupies an artist for three days is, in fact, the work of three different men; the artist's mood is one thing on Monday, another on Tuesday, and still another on Wednesday; but the freshness and unity of an etching cannot be maintained unless the artist knows exactly what to do and then does it at once." The same great etcher wrote at another time, "The painter, by overlaying his work, may modify and correct it as he goes on. Not so with the etcher. Every stroke he makes must tell strongly against him if it be bad or prove him a master if it be good. In no branch of art does a touch go for so much. If one stroke in the right place tells more for him than ten in the wrong it would seem to follow that that single stroke is a more learned stroke than the ten by which he would have arrived at his end."

This spontaneity of which Sir Seymour Hayden speaks is always present in Pennell's work. He does not pore over his plate in a studio ten blocks from the scene he has just etched, to perfect what he remembers of what he saw. He completes it at once.

Vigour is the key-note to Pennell and his work. This has been characteristic of him in all things. When he had been in London a certain length of time he fell into controversies on a great many questions with the art critics of that city. His

earlier years were stormy ones, for he could not resist the impulses of the insatiable controversialist. His audacity made not a few of the sleepy critical dignitaries of London gasp. They waxed indignant. They tried to snub him and found that they could not afford to do it. They thought to "squelch" him by sheer weight, and found that he was irrepressible. They attempted to answer his arguments, and in many cases failed lamentably, to the benefit of art and art criticism in the old country. One of them, as Mr. Frederick Keppel tells, came to the etching-collector in high dudgeon (he was an eminent critic) and demanded to know "How dare this rash young American upset our accepted theories, and attack men of established reputation!" There could be no answer but time, and as time passed these old Tories of Art found that the Radical, Pennell, was not infrequently borne out in his criticisms and condemnations. His activities as a controversialist were not, however, confined to destructive criticisms: it was he who discovered and proclaimed the extraordinary talent of Aubrey Beardsley, and it was he who recalled from partial neglect the merit of the illustrations of such great artists as Charles Keene and Daniel Viérge.

Whistler and Pennell were intimate friends. Whistler was a sort of Divinity to Pennell. But the great eccentricist lacked in his quarrellings an advantage which Pennell held. Whistler resented not only artistic sin, but the sinner. Pennell waged furious war against the sin, but was wont to vote the sinner "a very decent fellow."

New York has always been a source of delight to Pennell. While he has more often expressed his conceptions of New York with copper-plate and etching stool, at the same time he has recorded his love for that city in writing—an art in which he, like his

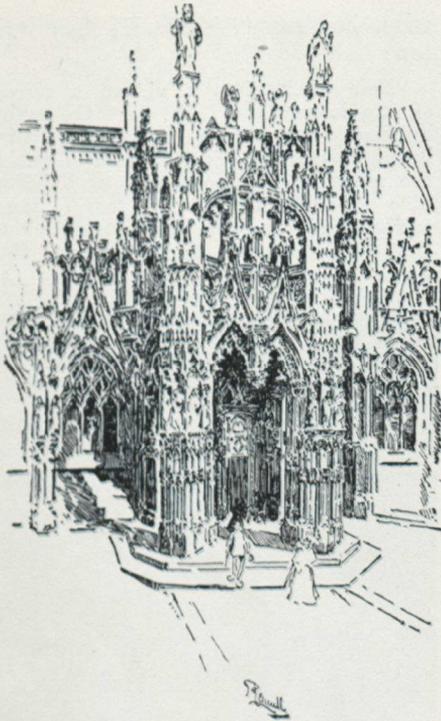
wife, has some skill. He has written:

"New York rises a vision, a mirage of the lower bay . . . the colour by day more shimmering than Venice, by night more magical than London. In the morning the mountains of buildings hide themselves now to reveal themselves again in the rosy steam clouds that chase each other across their heights. In the evening—they are



AT RICHMOND

mighty cliffs glittering with golden stars in the magic and mystery of the night. As the steamer moves up the bay, on one side the great Goddess greets you, a composition in colour and in form, with the city beyond, finer than any in any world that ever existed, finer than Claude ever imagined or Turner ever dreamed. Why did not Whistler see it? Piling up higher and higher right before you is the city; and of what does it suddenly remind you? San Ghimignano of the Beautiful Towers away off in Tuscany, only here are not eleven, but eleven times eleven, not low, mean brick piles, but noble palaces crowned with gold, with green and with rose; and over them the wavering, fluttering plume of steam, the emblem of New York. To the right, filmy delicate and lace-like by day are the great bridges, by night, a pattern of stars that Hiroshige never knew. You



THE PORCH, LOUVIERS

land and are swallowed in the streets that are Florence glorified—to emerge in squares that are more noble than those of Seville. Golden statues are about you, triumphal arches make splendid frames for marvellous vistas, and it is all new and all untouched, all to be done. The Unbelievable City—the city that has been built since I grew up; the city beautiful, built by men I know; built for people I know. The city that inspires me—that I love.”

This is Pennell's account of New York. For prose it is perhaps a little overdone to please the practical ear. Other men would remind Pennell of the unbeautiful side of New York, forgetting that in the province of the artist beauty is first. But when Pennell comes to express his admiration of New York in an etching there is then no qualifying comment to be made. The thing is completely beautiful. Marion Crawford, for

whose books Pennell has done many illustrations, remarked to Pennell when first he saw the etchings of New York sky-scrapers: “Oh; I see, Pennell, that you have made architecture of the New York buildings!”

It is one of the privileges of sojourn in London to meet Mr. and Mrs. Pennell in their home there. The hospitality of these remarkable people is proverbial, and the quality of their conversation, whether it be upon art or olives, is charming. Pennell loves to “dump” himself into a deep chair in his library—a low-seated wicker chair—and there talk and be talked with. Whistler once made his portrait in this very pose. Knees and elbows were well in evidence.

Three hundred years ago Rembrandt became the printer of his own work. He would trust no one else, and when he worked with his presses, worked secretly, he allowed no one to witness the process. The fastidious Whistler did likewise, and now Mr. Pennell, carrying on the tradition, does the same. It requires skill for an artist to print his own plates. He must be something of a handicraftsman. Printers' proofs, as Mr. Keppel says, in writing on the subject of printing etchings, are never equal in originality to the proof issued by the original artist, provided he knows how to print. Mr. Keppel also adds that no modern paper yields so good a proof as does fine hand-made paper which has been mellowed in tone and texture by one or two centuries of age. Mr. Pennell, in his many travels through Europe, was careful to be on the look-out at all times for good paper. In this way he collected a considerable supply. The proofs of his etchings show the important part which such paper plays in the reproduction of good work.

THE HOUSE OF OEDIPUS

ADAPTED AND PUT INTO ENGLISH BLANK VERSE BY ARTHUR STRINGER
FROM THE ITALIAN OF FERDINANDO FONTANA

PREFATORY NOTE TO "THE HOUSE OF OEDIPUS."

THE plays of Æschylus and Sophocles, those supreme masterpieces of Greek civilisation, are little more than a tradition to our drama. They stand practically unknown to the modern playgoer. When, through some purely academic effort, "Oedipus King," or "Oedipus at Colonus," or "Antigone," is performed on the twentieth century stage, it is more as an exposition of a long-obsolete stage-craft than a presentation of an immensely moving and human story. So it has been the student of literature alone who has found delight in these greatest of all dramatic compositions. Many poets, among them Alfieri, Monti, Foscolo, Nicolini, Racine, Crebillon, Voltaire and Goethe, have made efforts to re-establish the great Greek tragedies. In many cases the effort was failure, although magnificent failure. These adaptations are to be found to-day only between the covers of library volumes. The reason for this over-polite interment is obvious: The modern poet attempted to revive the antique form, adhering to the complex five acts of the Athenian stage and the further exotic artificiality of the "Chorus" The claim of "The House of Oedipus" is that, while its action faithfully embraces the movement and characters of the three greatest Greek tragedies ever written, it has touched these hallowed

masterpieces with a spirit of modernity, keeping them vivid and vital. In other words, everything has been made subservient to the human, the dramatic interest, without departing from the spirit of the "Oedipus" revealed to us by Æschylus, Sophocles, Homer, and the other authorities. Every effort has been made, in marshalling the incident and translating the form into modern three-act drama, to preserve the beauty and vigour and pathos of those deathless tragedies before which the world has bowed for twenty-five hundred years.

CHARACTERS

OEDIPUS (King of Thebes).
POLYNICES } (Sons of Oedipus).
ETEOCLES }
JOCASTA (Oedipus's wife).
ANTIGONE
ISMENE (Daughter of Oedipus).
CREON (Brother of Jocasta).
HAEMON (Son of Creon).
THESEUS (King of Attica).
TIRESIAS (Prophet).
MANTO (His Daughter).
OLD LYSIAS.
YOUNG GORGAS.
FORBAS (A Herdsman).
A MESSENGER.
MENECLAS.
TIONICO. } (Shepherds).
MENIPPUS }
BATTO. }
SIMETA (A Young Girl).
A WOMAN.
AN OLD WOMAN.
A VERY OLD MAN.

ANOTHER OLD MAN.

A CAPTAIN OF THE FOOT-SOLDIERS.

THE SPIRIT OF LAIUS.

TISIPHONE.

ALECTO

MEGAERA

{ (Leaders of the Furies
or Eumenides).

The Furies—The People of Thebes—
Herdsman of Colonus—Courtiers—
Matrons — Priests — Foot-soldiers
—Thebans — Athenians — Phoeni-
cian Virgins—Cithaerons.

FIRST PERIOD.

SCENE I.

THE SPIRIT OF LAIUS. (*Spirit of an aged man, white-haired, wrapped in a royal mantle of purple, and wearing a crown. There is lightning and thunder as he comes out from the mouth of the Cavern.*)

O sleeping Furies of black Hell and Earth,
Five years drag by since I was put to death,
And still I, Laius, King of Thebes, await
My vengeance!

(*The Furies mutter in their sleep.*)

Ædipus my son it was

Did slay me. He still with his mother shares
My throne, and with her knows incestuous sleep!

THE FURIES. (*Dozing.*)

Beware!

Seize—seize!

THE SPIRIT OF LAIUS.

Action I ask, not dreams.

(*He opens his mantle, and shows his white robe stained with blood.*)

This is the wound he dealt. Rise up and smite
This killer of his father, deep in lust!

Aye, stab him with your breath as with a sword;
Bruise him and make him suffer; let him stand
Bereft and naked of all earthly things,
Of crown, and home and country, light by day,
And rest by night, and mercy at all time!
Let him become a wanderer held up
To shame! Drag, drag him unforgiven down
To Hell, where he shall pant and writhe, the prey,
The everlasting prey, of your fierce claws!

(*More lightning and thunder. The Spirit disappears.*)

TISIPHONE. (*Awakes, and quickly rises up.*)

Hallo! Up! Up!

MEGAERA. (*Rising.*)

ALECTO.

The others let us wake!

Up! Up!

(*They go to waken their companions. Tisiphone remains near the mouth of the Cave.*)

Beware! Seize! Seize!

(*They seem strangely disturbed, and move about the stage questioning among themselves, and helping one another light their torches.*)

CERTAIN OF THE FURIES.

The Spirit dark

Of Laius also in our sleep appeared!

OTHER FURIES. On his son Ædipus he asked revenge—

ALECTO. Imploring that in life he might be lashed
Unmercifully——

MEGAERA. And dead, to Hell unpardoned go!

ALL TOGETHER. On this black sin then let us strike!

TISIPHONE. Listen!

(The Furies stop to listen, then all approach Tisiphone, who stands near the cavern-mouth. Through the glimmer of the torchlight and the lightning, they stand out in all their repulsiveness of aspect, half-nude, wearing only short tunics and girdles of red. Their faces are bitter and malignant, as though thirsting for blood. They wear serpents twisted in their hair. Their finger-nails are long and pointed and blood drips from their brows.)

TISIPHONE. But Œdipus unknowingly did err!

MEGAERA. 'Tis true!

TISIPHONE. His *hand* was guilty, not his *heart*!

MEGAERA. 'Tis true!

TISIPHONE. But sinning even more than Œdipus
Is Creon, who pretends to bow before
The other's will, yet thirsting after power
And plotting for his death, all justice flaunts.

THE FURIES. The blackest sinner stands in Creon then!

(After a pause.)

Since we are just, we Laius must avenge,
Yet Œdipus may still find peace in death
If to our Temple he turns penitent!
Creon alone shall be our timeless prey!

(They take a step forward, brandishing their daggers and flaunting the snakes twisted in their hair.)

TISIPHONE. Like howling dogs the Furies rush on him!

MEGAERA. He hears the far-off voice! He quakes and turns
And flies in terror, reeling as he goes!

ALL TOGETHER. In vain!

MEGAERA. Inexorably is he their prey—
E'en though the sacred breath of Jupiter
Came to his help!

TISIPHONE. For where the Furies' claws
Reach not, their hissing asps still find him out!

(Taking a serpent from her head.)

Here from my head I tear this, flinging it
Upon the culprit, crying "Seize him! Seize!"

ALL TOGETHER. Seize! Seize!

TISIPHONE. Its sharp hiss splits the air!
It strikes white-toothed into the victim's flesh,
Until he writhes in agony and screams,
And sinks upon the ground and faints away!

ALL TOGETHER. His blood, like crimson liquor, then we suck!

TISIPHONE. A thing of bones, he drops among the dead!

MEGAERA. Nor shall he solace find by altars white,
Nor hide away in templed silences!

ALECTO. For we, from these, shall tear him piece by piece
With our sharp nails!

TISIPHONE. Some Gods indeed there are
Can be appeased, some sins unpunished go!

But never with the Furies! Here we nurse
Eternally the vipers of remorse!

ALECTO, MEGAERA. Yea, nothing can our fury quite appease
When once the madness takes us—past the grave
Our anger reaches!

TISIPHONE, ALECTO, MEGAERA. Our nostrils even now
Can sniff the pleasant odour of red blood
From human veins!

ALL TOGETHER. Beware! Beware! And seize!
(*They fling themselves into the cave. The lightning ceases. The
gleam from the cave-mouth goes out. The stage remains in dark-
ness while the scene changes.*)

SCENE II.

(*The court before the Palace of the King of Thebes, the back of
the stage opening upon one of the principal squares of the city, with
the view of a chain of mountains in the distance. To the left is the
entrance to the Acropolis Cadmea. To the right is the royal palace itself.
Near the entrance to this, on the right, are set the thrones of Œdipus
and Jocasta, on a raised platform. The throne of Jocasta stands empty.
On the other throne sits Œdipus, surrounded by noblemen and foot-
soldiers. His face is sad and thoughtful.*)

(*Towards the proscenium, near the throne, stands a pagan altar,
surrounded by the priests. They are engaged in reviving the fire about
the carcass of a sacrificial bull.*)

THE PEOPLE. (*Their hands outstretched to Œdipus.*)

O, save us, thou, who overcame the Sphinx!
From this new terror that is come to Thebes,
From this foul plague that poisons all the air,
O save us!

OLD LYSIAS. Creeping through the limbs at first

Comes weariness, then with unsightly sores
The flesh is covered; then there comes a thirst,
As fierce as Hell's own fires, and nothing then
But Death's cool waters can the torture heal!

YOUNG GORGIAS. Fear born of this contagion breaks old bonds,
Once sacred . . . dead my wife now lies . . . in vain
The mother at some last breath wails aloud!

A WOMAN. We saw the well of Dirce boiling black
With poisonous smoke, with fumes so foul of smell
They withered up the trees and herbs nearby!

YOUNG GORGIAS. The sun is lost in livid clouds, and seems
Forever setting in a sea of blood!

OLD LYSIAS. And night has not a glint of moon or star!

A WOMAN. And thro' the dusk pace ghosts that groan aloud,
And we the baying of Apollo's hounds can hear!

THE PEOPLE. Save us, O Œdipus!

ŒDIPUS. 'Twould be in vain!

I with this monster might in truth contend,
But 'tis a Sphinx unseen. . . . That earlier Sphinx
Nursed mysteries between its hands alone—
This newer one is all a mystery!
Only the Gods can save us! I have sent

To Delphi—as by Creon 'twas advised—
To ask some word that might by all be read,
Though first I summoned here Tiresias,
The prophet, to explain the sacrifice.

(Meanwhile Tiresias and Manto enter from the square; Tiresias, old and blind, and leaning on his cane; his daughter, Manto, a girl of twenty, playing a cithara or Greek lyre. Both declaim.)

TIRESIAS, MANTO. As lightning-flashes through a clouded sky
As birds, the falling souls to Ostium come
Incessantly. O fate so like man's fate—

Thebes flourished yesterday, but even now
Is withered by the blighting lip of Death!
Pallades, help our people . . . help the ones
Who knelt and honoured thee so long ago!

ŒDIPUS. *(To Tiresias.)* Soothsayer, here, see, is the smoking flesh
Of one white bull, that with due ritual
Was slaughtered by the priests, that you might learn
In your deep cunning, what this omen is.

TIRESIAS. *(To Manto, giving her a handful of incense.)*

Then cast this incense!

MANTO. *(Goes to the altar, and casts the incense.)*

I have cast it, see!

TIRESIAS. *(Surrounded by the anxious crowd.)*

Rose then the flame?

MANTO. *(After a moment.)*

Now, now it rises slow!

THE PEOPLE. *(Joyfully.)*

It rises, yes!

TIRESIAS. *(Anxiously.)*

And tell me, is it bright?

MANTO. No; sometimes it is saffron, sometimes blue,

TIRESIAS. And rises like a tongue.

MANTO.

'Tis split in two—

Alas . . . it dies!

THE PEOPLE. *(Terrified.)*

It dies . . . it dies away!

MANTO. A-crackle with low flashes . . . ah, 'tis dead!

(Then frightened and surprised.)

O Father, Father . . . from the ashes rise

Smoke-coils that on the King's head seem to fall!

(Trembling she approaches Tiresias, who stands pale and motionless, held by some terrible vision. Meanwhile the smoke rising from the altar in thick coils, hangs over the head of Œdipus.)

OLD LYSIAS. *(To Tiresias.)*

What is the meaning of such signs as these?

TIRESIAS. *(Starting, but still absorbed in his vision.)*

Atrocious! In the thickened murk I see

Mad spirits in a dance. Here brothers born

Once of the Dragon's Teeth are howling "Death!"

Here livid, swathed in slime and weeds, the Sphinx,

With glassy eyes along the sea-floor prowls,

Here are the Furies, with the hissing snakes

Upon their heads, with mouths agape for filth!

Œdipus. (*Bluntly interrupting him.*)

But why, O aged one, this wrath from Heaven?

TIRESIAS. Explain . . . I cannot . . . the Oracle must speak!

ŒDIPUS. (*Beholding Creon approach.*)

Lo, Creon, with a crown of fruit and flowers,
Draws near, and goodly news then he must bring.

CREON. (*Advancing.*)

Clear comes the answer from the Oracle,
O citizens—Save we obey the Gods
We shall not live! For it has spoken thus:
Purge thou from Theban soil this monstrous thing
Still nourished there! Give thou due banishment,
And render up still death for death!

ŒDIPUS. Whose death?

CREON. He who killed Laius, that a year did reign
Before this triumph from the Sphinx was wrung.

ŒDIPUS. (*Rising proudly.*)

. . . And from the Fate that can not make me cringe,
That hour most glorious of all my life,
And yet most sweet, that day I tore from her
The throne of Laius and Jocasta's hand,
Who was his widow, as was promised me!
But not the splendour of that throne had fired
My soul to challenge death! 'Twas but the face
Of her . . . Jocasta! 'Twas the face that bowed
So sweet, so wrapt in mystery, that life
Seemed given me alone that I might gaze
Upon such loveliness, as when her eyes
Into my soul seemed melting! Thus I fought,
And overcame the monster, knowing well
I could not fail . . . for no fear can undo
Him who accepts his destiny, and views
The sledge fall on the anvil, stern at times,
And still again most gently, as it molds!

TIRESIAS. (*Bitterly—aside.*)

This is the wisdom of the world that still
Has eyes, and yet has never learned to see!

ŒDIPUS. (*More proudly.*)

The son of Polybus and Merope
I am, and likewise heir to Corinth's throne.
Yet once at Delphi did the oracle
Foretell that I should take my father's life
And mating with my mother, thus should bring
Thrice-tainted sons and daughters to the world.
Forsaking crown and home, I Corinth fled,
Nor shall these feet return, while still I know
My parents live. I crossed the Hellade;
And so have worsted Fate, since happily
Still reign there Merope and Polybus,
And all my enemies are crushed!

TIRESIAS.

Be still!

They who affront that law beyond all law,

To which earth, men, the gods themselves must kneel,
Bring down but wrath on their most foolish heads!

ŒDIPUS. (*Proudly.*)

The Theban people put their faith in me,
And still waits Delphi to avenge the death
Of Laius, and to smite the unknown one
Who struck him down, and dwells here in our midst.
I . . . I that man will find, and if he proves
A stranger he shall die. If one of Thebes,
Or made a citizen by you, he goes
Forth into exile. . . . Every man shall know
His name, and who he is, so he may find
No refuge and no comfort, so that sapped
And stung to desperation he shall pray
For that most ultimate of gifts . . . to die!
Yea, if I knew he in this court abode
And I should stoop to save him . . . then on me
I ask each torment that I prayed for him!

(*Seating himself after a pause.*)

But where was Laius killed?

CREON.

'Twas on the road

To Phocis!

ŒDIPUS. (*Trying to control himself.*)

. . . Road to Phocis! Who said this?

CREON. A slave, the only one surviving of his band!

ŒDIPUS. What said he?

CREON.

That a band of murderers

There struck him down.

ŒDIPUS. (*After a pause.*)

So bold an act, I think

Might be accomplished by some hand

That hated Laius!

OLD LYSIAS.

Such was our belief

In earlier days, but since the Sphinx's plague

Descended on us, we forgot the thing!

ŒDIPUS. (*Stepping from the throne, to Tiresias.*)

Then, you who know the very innermost

Dark secrets of the earth and heaven tell

Me with your mystic art what man it was

Thus murdered Laius!

TIRESIAS. (*After a silence.*)

Better it would be

To know it not!

ŒDIPUS AND THE PEOPLE.

No . . . No!

TIRESIAS. (*About to go.*)

Let me depart!

ŒDIPUS. Speak—you could save this city, yet you stand

Against us in your guilty silence!—speak!

TIRESIAS. On what I once have spoken I shall speak

No more. . . . Yet each thing left untold by me

Shall come to pass!

ŒDIPUS. (*Angrily.*)

The rage of Œdipus,

Blind man, you would defy?

ŒDIPUS. (*Angrily.*)

No more of this! Go! Go!

TIRESIAS. I go; hear only this: This day you shall
Become stone blind . . . and blind, thus, you shall die!
Exiled from Thebes ere sunrise you shall go,
As I have gone; and no one unto you
Shall refuge give, for dread of your dark stain!
I go, but see, along with me there goes
This girl of mine own blood . . . but you shall fare
With no such guide! This staff I scarcely need
Upon my journey . . . so I give it you!

(*To Manto.*)

Aye, leave it on the throne, and let no hand
Disturb it! He himself shall ask for it,
And it shall be his sceptre till that day
A daughter, like to mine, shall lead him on!

(*He starts away, leaning on Manto. Then he suddenly stops, and turning back to Œdipus, says:*)

Weigh well each word I said! If but one lie
Fall from my tongue, you rightly call me mad!

(*Exit with Manto.*)

ŒDIPUS. Was he, Tiresias, a prophet known,
A seer accepted, ere the death of Laius?

OLD LYSIAS. Thebes even then did honour him as such!

ŒDIPUS. And yet he spoke not of this crime before?

THE PEOPLE. No; never.

ŒDIPUS. (*Suspiciously to Creon.*)

Why did he keep silent then?

CREON. I know not!

ŒDIPUS. (*Still looking at Creon.*)

Yet puzzling, is it not,
That after five long years he speaks to-day,
Accusing him who is the King of Thebes?

CREON. You know what he has spoken: Now let me
Defend my name. You with my sister reign,
And yet in Thebes and Greece 'tis whispered round
That I your equal and advisor stand.
Would I not be a fool, then, to prefer
A throne, with all the fears that 'compass it?
Would I not be a fool, to ask a throne
Where glory never sat? To Delphi go,
And if my answer has not been the truth,
The right to punish me indeed is yours!

ŒDIPUS. (*Aside.*)

If I am slow to crush this dangerous man
Some plot mysterious he yet may hatch!

(*Fiercely to Creon.*)

Exiled Tiresias was! You go to Death!

CREON. Defend me, citizens!

ŒDIPUS.

Death!

THE PEOPLE.

Œdipus!

(*Enter Jocasta, hastening from the Palace.*)

JOCASTA. What do you, Princes?

CREON. Sister, with your voice

Hold back and break the anger of the King!

Make him still think me loyal, as I am!

(He enters into the Palace, followed by a cluster of the Courtiers, only a few of the people remaining at the back of the stage. Among them are Lysias and Gorgias, both seated under the arch of the peribolus, talking. The scene grows dark, as at sunset.)

JOCASTA. *(To Œdipus.)*

What fault was his, then?

ŒDIPUS. Sins unspeakable,

He plotted, drunken with his fiery thirst,

To sit upon this throne long coveted,

Here at your side! For Delphi's answer came

That only when King Laius's murderer

Stands punished will our Thebes be safe again

And with Tiresias's help he dares to charge

Me with this crime.

JOCASTA. He ne'er accused you . . . you!

And in your anger you may be unjust.

And who is there believes this prophet now?

Hear, Œdipus: When I with Laius wed,

From Delphi came some word, some prophecy,

Retold by Merope and Polybus,

That Laius by his son's hand should be slain—

Yet by a country robber he was killed!

ŒDIPUS. Of sons he had none, so the words were false!

JOCASTA. Stop! Laius had a son!

ŒDIPUS. *(Startled.)* He had a son?

JOCASTA. That is a secret I must tell at last!

By me he had a son, but so afraid

Of that son's death, and of the prophecy

ŒDIPUS. Oh, misery!

JOCASTA. . . . He to a shepherd gave

The child, and he in turn tied up his feet

With willow cords, and on a mountain-side,

Most lonely, left him hanging from a tree!

ŒDIPUS. *(Sorrowfully.)*

In what an age of horrors still we live!

Ah, worse than beasts we are, and day by day,

In hundreds, human beings their offspring leave

To deaths most terrible, and in dark groves

And on the mountains and the lonely hills

How many little bones I stumbled on

In one brief journey! Then, as now, I felt

A slowly-waking horror. This shall be

No more! I shall blot out this hideous thing,

And those, aye, citizens or slaves, condemned

Of such a crime hereafter, shall in turn

Be held and tortured most relentlessly!

This Laius never in the Hellade

Was thought a man of mercy. But still you,

A mother, should ne'er once have let an act
Like this be done by him!

JOCASTA. I could do naught!

For falsely it was told me that the child
Of some swift sickness died, and I knew not
The cruel truth! The Gods' own will it was!
But still, behold, the prophecies are vain!

(A pause: Œdipus looks at Jocasta, alarmed. The sunset lights up the whole stage with ruddy light.)

ŒDIPUS. (Suddenly.)

How looked King Laius?

JOCASTA. Tall, and fearless-eyed!

Thick waved his hair, and white, for he was old
E'en when he first approached my marriage-bed,
And I was but a girl of fifteen years!

ŒDIPUS. A numerous escort marched with him?

JOCASTA. Five men,

One herald, and one chariot there was!

(Looking at Œdipus.)

But why are you so white? What makes so glazed
Your eyes? And why do your lips quiver thus?

ŒDIPUS. He lives, that servant who survived the fight?

JOCASTA. He does!

ŒDIPUS. You know him?

JOCASTA. Yes!

ŒDIPUS. I must see him!

JOCASTA. He shall at once be here!

(She beckons to Gorgias, who at once approaches. The scene grows darker, minute by minute.)

JOCASTA. Hark unto me:

Old Forbas in a hovel makes his home
A step or two outside the Electra Gate;
Back unto Court bring him, with you—at once!

(Exit Gorgias.)

ŒDIPUS. (Strangely agitated, he paces up and down under the arch. Then, struggling to control his feeling, he goes back to Jocasta.)

I can no longer stem the raging fires
Of anguish. . . . I could tear my heart in two!
When I fled Corinth, I arrived at dusk
Upon the road to Phocis. 'Twas the hour
When Light and Darkness wrestle intertwined,
And Light reluctant is to fall away!
Alone I hurried on, to leave behind
The mountain gorge, when face to face I met
A herald; close behind came following
A chariot. 'Twas guided by a man,
Tall, fearless-eyed, his white hair on the wind—
He looked as you have said this Laius was!
I wished to keep still on my way. But this
The herald would not. So I drew my sword,
In rage, and killed the man, and started on.
But when I passed the waiting chariot,

The white-haired man upon it, with his staff
 Belaboured me. I turned, in mad attack,
 On him . . . and he fell dead beneath the wheels!
 Then thick upon me came the other men,
 And fierce and terrible that struggle was—
 But I, at last, escaped!

(*Œdipus, deeply moved, seats himself. The scene is now quite dark.*)

If that old man
 Was Laius, then I am the foulest beast
 That blackens earth, though tricked I was to this
 Incestuous love and murder of my sire!
 Aye, Fate, blind Fate leaves me the murderer
 Of Laius, the usurper of his bed!

(*Very agitated.*)

O High and Sacred Gods, keep from my soul
 Such blighting infamy!

JOCASTA.

What fears are these?

'Twas not by one, but many, Laius died!

So said the servant!

ŒDIPUS.

But if he spake not the truth?

JOCASTA. Soon, soon from his own lips it shall be heard!

(*The sound of voices outside. A messenger arrives. The crowd enters, carrying lighted torches, surrounding an old man, his clothes travel-stained. From the Palace enter servants, bringing lights, noblemen, matrons and foot-soldiers.*)

LYSIAS. (*To the messenger.*)

The King is here!

ŒDIPUS.

Who now?

MESSSENGER.

O Œdipus,

I bring you news from Corinth, news both glad
 And sorrowful. While Polybus the King
 In soft sleep lay, his eyes for all time closed!

JOCASTA. And he it was a son's hand was to kill!—

Who now believes in Delphi's oracles?

MESSSENGER. And Merope now waits to reign with you!

ŒDIPUS. No, not while still among the living walks

My mother . . . that might still leave possible
 This loathsome prophecy that Delphi spake!

MESSSENGER. Fear not . . . she is no mother unto you!

For I to Polybus, who had no sons,
 Once brought you in long swaddling clothes—myself!

ŒDIPUS. Dare you pretend I am your offspring?

MESSSENGER.

No!

ŒDIPUS. Ah, then you purchased me?

MESSSENGER.

Nay, it was on

Mount Cithaeron I found you!

ŒDIPUS. (*Astonished.*)

Cithaeron?

MESSSENGER. I was a herdsman . . . strange the story is
 To me . . . a herdsman of the hills, you owe
 Your life, O King! For you were dying when
 I found you there, your feet inflamed, as though

They had been bound with thongs—so Œdipus
I called you then!

ŒDIPUS. But who had tortured me?

MESSENGER. I cannot say . . . perchance he knows, who gave
You to me!

ŒDIPUS. Someone else then found me there?

MESSENGER. I had you from another.

ŒDIPUS. Then from whom?

MESSENGER. A shepherd, 'twas of Laius!

ŒDIPUS. But his name?

MESSENGER. That he told not. But after many years

I came here to the Feast of Pallades,
And all unnoticed in the crowd beheld
Him on his way into the temple there!
I asked then who he was, and I was told
That he had served with Laius, and his name
Was Forbas!

JOCASTA. (*Very pale, aside to Œdipus.*)

Why these old things dig up?

ŒDIPUS. I wish to know where I was born . . . For me
Twice glorious 'twould seem, if once a slave,
To climb unto a throne!

JOCASTA. (*Imploring.*) Stop, I implore you!

ŒDIPUS. And would you blush, had I been born a slave?

JOCASTA. O Œdipus, now listen unto one

Who loves you . . . and ne'er loved you in the past
As at this hour!

ŒDIPUS. (*With pride.*) True, I should peer not past
The face of Destiny!

MESSENGER. (*To Œdipus, noticing Gorgias and Forbas enter.*)

Here is the man

That I have spoken of.

JOCASTA. (*In terrible anguish. She turns, staring at Œdipus.*)

Ah, who are you?

That you shall never know, O Wretched One—

Yes, Wretched One, now I must call you that!

(*Exit in the Palace.*)

(*Enter Forbas and Gorgias.*)

ŒDIPUS. (*To Forbas.*)

Is your name Forbas?

FORBAS. Yes.

ŒDIPUS. A herdsman once

And later still a servant unto Laius?

FORBAS. I was.

ŒDIPUS. Then hear me:

Still ordained it is,

By Delphi, that this plague shall never lift

Until the killer of the murdered King

Has met his punishment! That King you served—

So tell me, was he set upon by many?

FORBAS. (*Hesitatingly.*)

By many! That I have already told!

ŒDIPUS. But was it truth you spoke? To-day, on you,
 Deliverance of our stricken country hangs,
 And you shall go unharmed if you but speak
 The naked truth!

FORBAS. (*Still hesitatingly.*)

Well . . . it was one alone!

ŒDIPUS. But one?

THE PEOPLE.

But one alone?

FORBAS.

Yes, only one!

The fire of all the Furies burned in him,
 And I was sore ashamed to say one man
 Could overcome so many!

ŒDIPUS. (*Controlling himself.*)

Would you know

This man?

FORBAS.

No, thick the twilight grew, and I

Saw not his face!

ŒDIPUS. (*After a pause, still controlling himself.*)

Did you once drive the flocks

Of Laius up the slopes of Cithaeron?

FORBAS. (*He hesitates, trembling.*)

I think . . .

ŒDIPUS. (*Pointing to the messenger.*)

And did you meet this stranger there?

FORBAS. (*Attempting to evade the issue.*)

Meet whom?

ŒDIPUS.

This one before you? Answer me!

FORBAS. My mind, forgive me, is not what it was

In younger days!

MESSSENGER.

Then let me help it out.

One day, some twenty years ago, we two
 Together met. It was the autumn-end,
 And you were passing with your flocks toward Thebes,
 And I toward Megaera travelled. Mind you that?

FORBAS. It seems to me . . .

MESSSENGER.

But surely you recall

How you there left a little child with me
 And said: "I should have hung this little one
 High on some tree by these small feet of his,
 But twice my heart has failed me!"

FORBAS. (*Pretending not to comprehend.*)

I do not

Quite . . . understand all this!

MESSSENGER. (*As though about to reveal a secret, pointing to Œdipus.*)

That child stands there!

FORBAS. You foolish liar!

ŒDIPUS.

No such violent words!—

I want from you clear answers . . . that alone!

FORBAS. He talks so like a fool . . . and . . .

ŒDIPUS. (*Angrily.*)

You must speak!

FORBAS. I am a poor old man!

ŒDIPUS. (*To the foot-soldiers, pointing to the altar.*)
 Have ready there
 Some fire-brand. . . . Now, the truth!

FORBAS. (*Feverishly.*) O Sacred Gods!
 He speaks of torture for this hand that he
 Should stoop and kiss!

ŒDIPUS. (*With a cry.*) Ah!

FORBAS. Yes, that child was YOU!

ŒDIPUS. Who gave him to your hands?

FORBAS. (*Trying to escape.*) O leave me be!

ŒDIPUS. Speak out . . . the torture!

FORBAS. Ah, you wish it, then . . .
 In this Court he was born!
 The son of whom?

ŒDIPUS. My heart is breaking!

ŒDIPUS AND THE PEOPLE. Speak!

FORBAS. The son of Laius!

ŒDIPUS. Oh, on my foolish head then falls this fate
 That I had scoffed upon as empty words,
 That I had dreamed defeated and untoothed!
 Cursed from the cradle . . . cursed upon the bed
 Of marriage . . . parricide . . . adulterer . . .
 These eyes must look not on the light of day!
 (*Flinging himself on the altar, he catches up the burning coals, and
 applies them to his eyes. The crowd runs towards him, screaming.*)

THE PEOPLE. Oh!

ŒDIPUS. (*Falling between the two thrones.*)
 Oh, this torment. . . . Leave me! Draw away,
 And leave me, all of you! Quick, to the Queen!
 She must not come upon me . . . I . . . the King
 Have so commanded! Keep her back!
 (*All draw back with horror. The courtyard remains perfectly dark.
 Voices are heard from the Palace, then a terrible scream rings out.
 It is the voice of Jocasta, who has been told of what has happened.
 Then follows a second or two of unbroken silence.*)

ŒDIPUS. (*Rising slowly, little by little, again approaching on the stage,
 groping and feeling his way.*)
 Oh, gulf of midnight, blackness into which
 I fling myself, until the end of life
 I shall grope on through this, and at my heels
 Shall crowd the thought of Spirits merciless!
 (*He pauses.*)
 Yet what gift from this world, or from the Gods
 Would after this be pleasant to my eyes?
 The soft child-faces, and the mother's brow
 Would not be sweet, but horrible to me!
 So cruel is this blow that Fate has struck,
 My weeping eyes, instead of tears, shed blood!
 (*Jocasta kneels, weeping. Enter the foot-soldiers, with lighted torches.
 They are followed by Creon and the noblemen. Then come servants,
 carrying torches, and the crowd from different parts of the stage.*)

OLD LYSIAS AND SOME OF CITIZENS. O terrible this thing!

YOUNG GORGIAS. (*To others about him.*)

He wakes in us

Both sympathy and horror!

ŒDIPUS. (*Aside, rising.*)

Could I creep

Out through the streets, a shadow unobserved,
Before the sun has risen?

CREON. (*And some citizens, approaching him.*) Œdipus!

ŒDIPUS. (*Starting at the voice of Creon, controlling himself.*)

Ah, you! . . . Already yours the throne of Thebes!

O Citizens, now hear me: Free shall be

Your city from the plague, and strong again!

But I am King until I pass its gates—

'Tis my voice must still sound the voice of law!

Protect then her who was my mother once.

She, for my children, still must rule the State

Until Polynices has come of age

And to the throne ascended. For a year

He holds that throne; and for a year again

It goes unto his brother, then to him!

They will be men, to face life's battle-dust—

Their future frets us not! But through my heart

There creeps a nameless terror when I think

Of my two daughters, soft and delicate. . . .

Remembering them, these hands seem groping round

Fair innocent heads!

(*Deep emotion makes it impossible for him to speak on. Enter a matron, with two young girls, Antigone and Ismene.*)

THE MATRON.

They are now close

Beside you!

ŒDIPUS. (*Kneeling in front of the two young girls, and fondling and caressing them.*)

O unhappy little ones!

No longer now you can be helpers at

The Feasts where laugh young girls so merry-eyed

No, all men now, beholding you, shall think

Of me, and Misery! And all the songs

And marriage dances and strange woman-joys

And mother-cares (so sweet beyond the pain

That comes to brooding hearts) will be unknown

To you, because the haunting sin of this

Unholy union e'er will blight your name!

All, all that's left now is a blind man's stick!

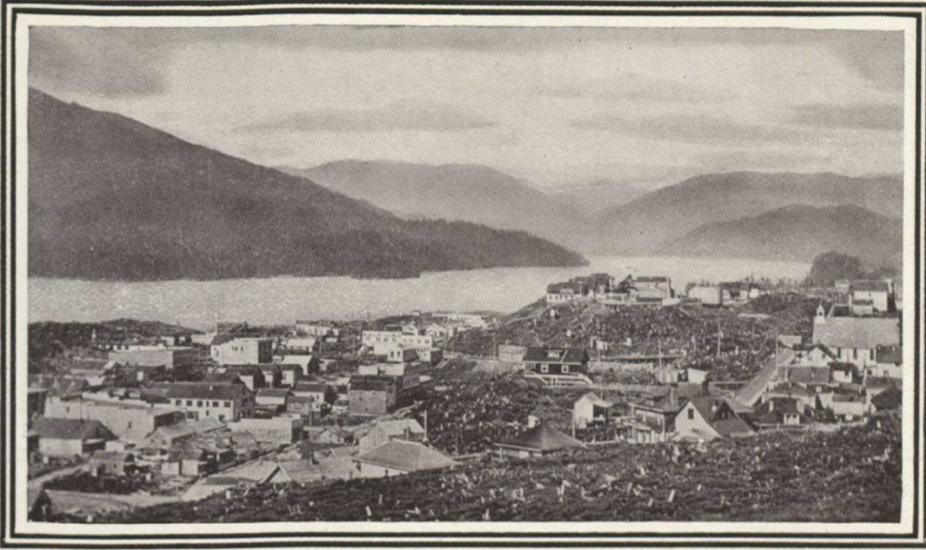
(*Groping forward he tries to draw near the spot where Manto had placed the stick of Tiresias. Unable to do so, he turns.*)

Some one of you, pray be so merciful

To put it in my hand. Ah, that is good!

(*In the midst of the silenced crowd, Creon steps to the throne, takes up the stick, and gives it to Œdipus. The sky is bright moonlight. The crowd watches in silence.*)

CURTAIN.



PRINCE RUPERT

FROM THE MOUNTAINSIDE BACK OF THE TOWN

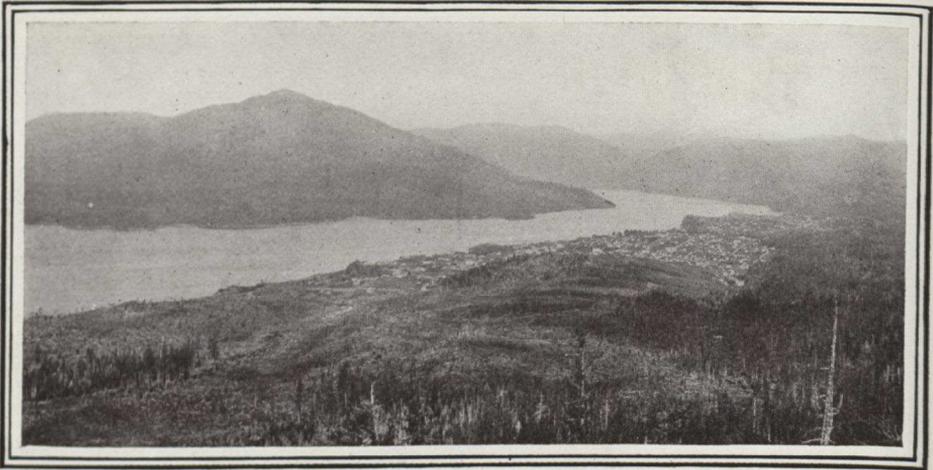
KEEPING UP WITH PRINCE RUPERT

BY EMILY P. WEAVER

IN March, 1908, there appeared in the pages of *The Canadian Magazine* a very interesting article on the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway and its Western terminal. When this was written, work on the site of the new city was just beginning, but even today, though much has been accomplished, it is almost impossible to speak of Prince Rupert without falling into the prophetic vein, for what it is is largely conditioned by what it is to be. The present state of things would be impossible were it not for the anticipated future. But its projectors and inhabitants, dreaming dreams and seeing visions of wonderful things to come, are spending money and labour to an amazing extent to prepare the city for her destiny as a great ocean port.

Of course, the little town can have but a cramped, undeveloped kind of existence until the new transcontinental railway crosses the mountains and connects with the hundred miles of line already laid beside the Skeena River, but even now it is an easy matter to reach Prince Rupert by water from the older ports of the Pacific coast. Several companies run regular boats to the new city, some of them also serving the little hamlets tucked away in the hollows between the mountains and in sheltered nooks on many an island in the archipelago which forms a vast breakwater along the five hundred miles of coastline between Vancouver and Prince Rupert.

Necessarily the boats that call at these little ports take some hours



TOWNSITE AND HARBOUR

PRINCE RUPERT

longer to make the trip than those that make no stops; but the Grand Trunk Pacific Steamship Company gives an excellent express service to Prince Rupert by means of the large and luxuriously-planned steamships *Prince Rupert* and *Prince George*. They make the voyage in thirty-three hours, and are as well appointed for the comfort of their passengers as an excellent hotel. High up, on what is called the shade deck, there is a large "observation room," where those who do not prefer to get the benefit of the crisp fresh air on the outer deck may sit at their ease in softly-cushioned elbow chairs, to divide their attention between the changing, always delightful, views through the ample windows and the conversation of their fellow-passengers. This, indeed, may chance to be instructive as well as amusing, if the passengers are not mere transient visitors, but belong to the class called on the coast of Labrador "liveryes." Then it is much better if the traveller does not hear to his sorrow, all too late, of many things he might have done and seen had he only known in time or been on the ground.

But the great ship throbs steadily on its way, without hurry, without

losing a moment, and as unregarding of the hopes and fears, the vain regrets, the little disquietudes of its human freight as the stars in Matthew Arnold's poem,

"Unaffrighted by the silence round them,
Undistracted by the sights they see."

At least so steadily, easily, seemingly without effort, sped the vessel on which the writer sailed northward on a calm, clear day of late September. Except for a few minutes, when clutched by the swirling eddies of Seymour Narrows, where the tide waters, parted by a small island, rush together with fierce turmoil in a contracted channel no more than a quarter of a mile wide, the vessel never lost her stately calm; and, even at the Narrows, which are not without their tragic stories of disaster to the foolhardy or inexperienced who have dared their turbulence, it was but for a moment that the *Prince George* showed that she felt the wild rush of the waters. On that brief voyage even the crossing of Queen Charlotte Sound, where for two or three hours the vessel is exposed to the full swell of the ocean, was accomplished pleasantly to the veriest landlubber on board. The Pacific, true to its alluring name, was in gentle mood, and

neither fog nor wind nor wave marred the beauty of that summerlike passage.

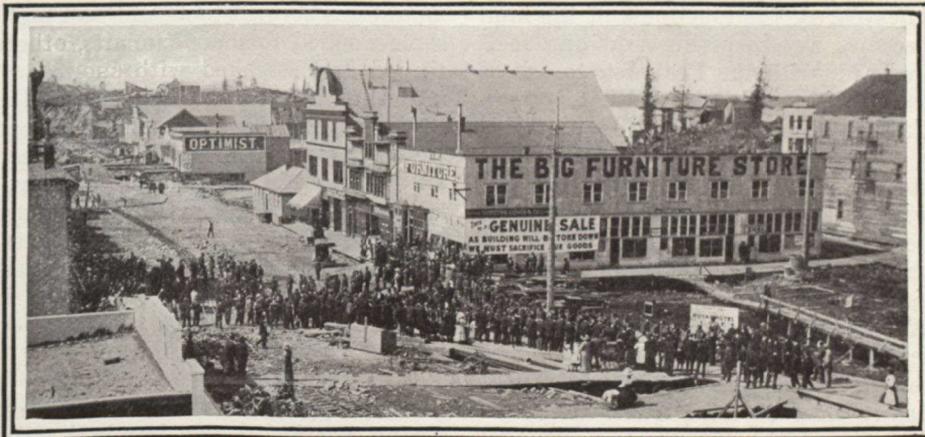
At first, on leaving the lovely mountain-watched harbour of Vancouver, the route northward lies up the wide Strait of Georgia, but draws gradually nearer to the great, mountainous, partly-unexplored island that guards the western coast of the Dominion. Then the way narrows till in places it is not so wide as many a river, but each curve and turn of this "inland passage" discloses new beauties to enchant the traveller. Mountains, clothed with noble trees, tower up on either hand thousands of feet above the narrow channels, or "canals," as they are often called. Sometimes they spring abruptly from the water's edge, sometimes they peep over the shoulders of lower hills, or draw back a little to give place for a small strip of level land, which in the years to come may be the site of some busy city. Often they rise up—up—till their heads soar above the line where vegetation vanishes and the mountains take on the hoary majesty of eternal snow.

On that soft, bright September day the colour of it all was wonderful—a strange ethereal harmony in blue

that seemed to link this workaday world of ours with the azure heavens. The woods of the nearer heights were deeply green, the floating mist-wreaths clinging to the mountainsides were whiter even than the high peaks of silvery snow, but the still waters mirrored the unclouded sky, and woods and mountains of the middle distance and far-away were wrapped in transparent veils of soft blue-gray, here drawn lightly across the face of some gentle hill, there hanging, fold on fold, deepening to purple, about some mighty monarch of a distant range.

At first it was on Vancouver Island that the peaks rose highest, later it was on the mainland to the east, and for hours a great peak forty or fifty miles away seemed to travel with us, while the lesser mountains in the foreground changed position, with regard to it, looming up for a while and then sinking out of sight, to be forgotten in the delight of new wonders. Once, and for long, a vast range of snow-capped peaks shone, to the left, far inland, but not so far that they failed to reflect themselves in the glassy waters parted by our prow.

In all time, woods and waters, rocky isles and mighty mountains must bear much the same aspect, and



A CROWD ON SECOND AVENUE

these scenes can have changed little since the first daring adventurers felt their way amongst the narrow straits and inlets, not always escaping disaster, if one may judge by the significant names—Tide-rip Islands, Grief

and one realises that even in these wildernesses man is beginning in a small way to subdue the earth and to claim his tribute of the lavish gifts of Mother Nature.

When one actually reaches Prince



LOOKING DOWN SECOND AVENUE

PRINCE RUPERT

Point, Calamity Bay, and so forth—strewn along the western coasts of the protecting islands. As one pushes northward, league after league, catching glimpses of uncounted peaks which no mountaineer has yet essayed to conquer, of vast solitudes, not only unpeopled but still unexplored, the loneliness of the land becomes awe-inspiring and one feels inclined, with the Psalmist, to ask of the Maker of it all, "What is man that Thou art mindful of him?"

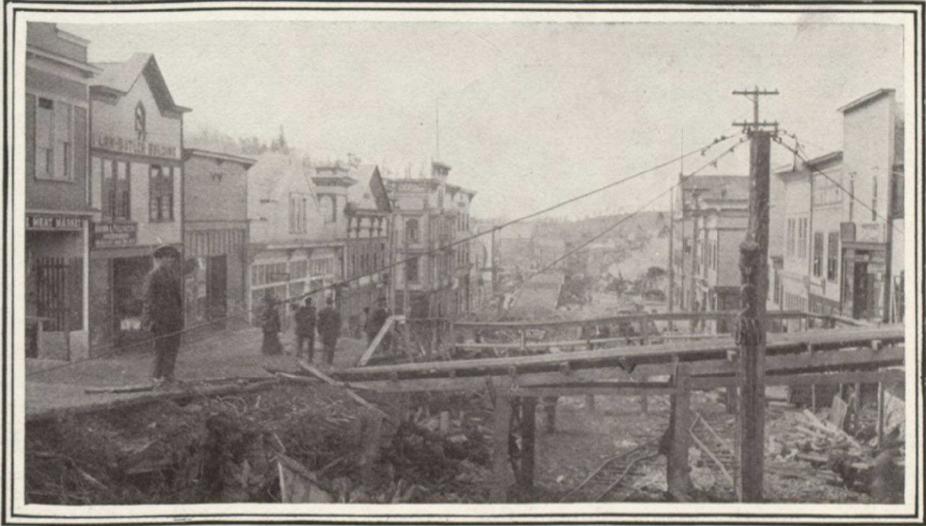
Then it may be that a busy little steam-tug, puffing cheerfully along, with a huge barge of lumber in tow, heaves into sight from behind a shadowy headland; or one catches sight, high on the mountain of a camp of lumbermen, who have made a great scar in the shaggy green covering of the giant's side; or perhaps the boat passes close to some little cluster of cottages, factory buildings and wharves, which mean a fish cannery.

Rupert, man and his works and ways seem very much in evidence, though at present the town looks somewhat insignificant beside the great harbour, which is fourteen miles long from its entrance to its upper end. This harbour is indeed most spacious and beautiful. It is sheltered by mountains several thousand feet high, some wooded to their summits, others tipped and streaked with snow; and it is shut in from the violence of the ocean storms by islands and deep which lie passages wide and deep enough for the entrance of the largest sea monsters afloat. Within, there is safe anchorage for a fleet of vessels even more numerous than that which, within a few years' time, is practically certain to be needed to do the business of the port.

That Prince Rupert must be a great shipping centre goes without saying, for it lies five hundred miles nearer the ports of Japan and the

East than any of its rivals on the Pacific coast, and, though it is hundreds of miles farther north than any other Canadian port, its climate

(no doubt for some good reason) what one lady described as a wholesale slaughter of the trees, and amongst the buildings of the present



LOOKING DOWN THIRD AVENUE

PRINCE RUPERT

is so tempered by the warm Japan current that there is good and easy access to it all the year round, with no possible danger from ice. On the other hand, it is very little farther north than Liverpool.

The harbour is of great depth to the very shore; at the Grand Trunk wharves, for instance, even at the lowest of ebbtides, the water is never shallower than twenty-six feet. Huge vessels can therefore tie up close alongside the shore, a great advantage on the whole, though I was told that the sudden depth makes the construction of wharves difficult.

Prince Rupert is situated on Kaien Island, which is seven miles long and contains about twenty-eight square miles. The townsite was originally well-wooded, though not, I understand, with very valuable timber, and the first work undertaken was to clear a spot for the engineers' camp, in May, 1906. Since then there has been

town scarcely a tree remains standing, except one gnarled and weather-beaten old specimen on the summit of a little knoll overlooking the business section of the town.

An excellent water supply is derived from lakes on the mountains a few miles from the city, and it is said that there is no danger of a dearth in the supply even when Prince Rupert has attained to being the great hive of humanity which her promoters intend.

It is claimed that, like Rome, Prince Rupert is a city of seven hills and, though I did not verify the number, I should hardly think it can have been overstated for the place appears to be all hills, either in their natural condition or undergoing a severe process of levelling. From the wharf where the boats come in, a sloping plank road, Centre Street by name, leads the newcomer to the heart of the city, and before he has



CENTRE STREET

PRINCE RUPERT

made any lengthy exploration of the place, he will probably be glad to take advantage of one of the long flights of wooden steps leading, as in Quebec, to an "upper town." The future streets have been carefully planned both as to grading and direction, and the work of getting them into shape is going on apace. So much preliminary labour on the site is and has been necessary that one can but wonder at the courage that decreed that here the city should stand. The seven hills are composed of rock set in muskeg, and the older inhabitants tell of comic or doleful misadventures in the mud before the era of plank roads. It is, by the way, a treacherous mud, putting on an appearance of solidity that it does not possess and pitiful is the case of man or beast who loses his footing in it. But in one important respect it is not after all an unkindly soil. for the frequent rains keep it sweet and healthy and the people seem to suffer no ill effects, even when they plant their houses on posts in very marshy-looking spots. At the present

rate of improvement the muskeg will soon be drained and will give way to lots firm enough for the erection of solid, handsome buildings; also of skyscrapers, which, judging by the prices asked for real estate, must soon be plentiful in Prince Rupert. Even now, when the completion of the railway is still some distance in the future, no one wonders when a sum of many thousand dollars is paid for a lot buried under twenty or thirty feet of superfluous rock, which will cost a small fortune to clear away.

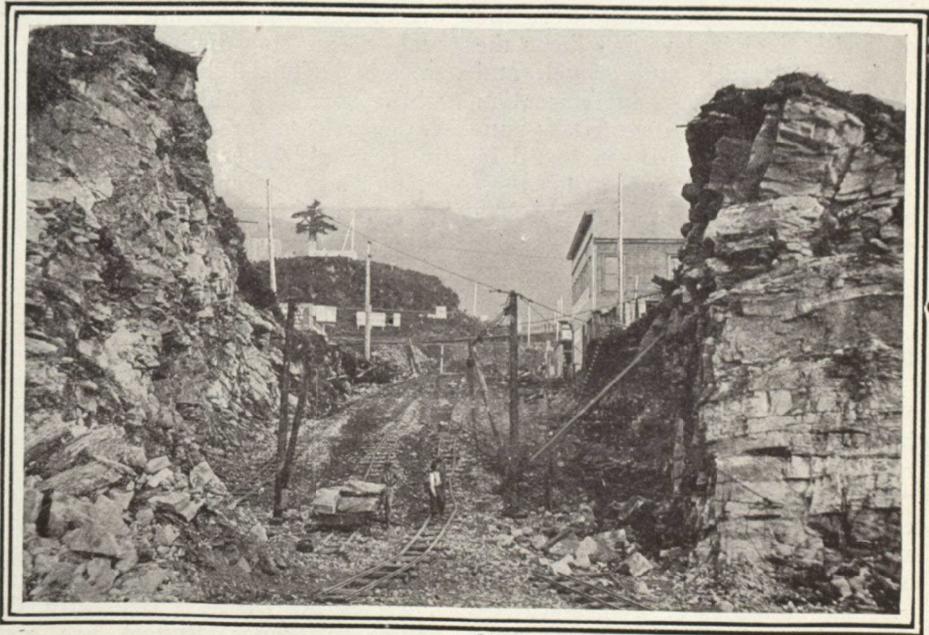
But in respect of extraordinary doings in the real estate market Prince Rupert does not differ greatly from many other Western cities. Her distinction lies in the fact that her beginnings have been different. She was born, like the proverbially lucky baby, with a silver spoon in her mouth, for mighty preparations antedated her appearance on the scene. Before a single lot was sold to those eager to exploit the new seaport or to begin business there the place was prepared for a great inrush of peo-

ple. The Government of British Columbia (which claims a fourth share of the site and a fourth share of the waterfront) appropriated a sum of \$200,000 to be expended towards making the town healthy and habitable for a population of ten thousand folk. This was used for the construction of sewers and water mains and plank roads and sidewalks, and very strange the appearance of the town must have been when at last it was thrown open to the waiting people. It had miles of plank roads and scarcely a house; and still to a stranger, Prince Rupert seems the oddest mixture of things, with its telephones and electric lights, its neatly-painted street names set on sign-posts in the muskeg, and its general appearance, due to much blasting, of having suffered from some vast explosion.

Of course, Prince Rupert is still young, and in itself, apart from its lovely surrounding scenery, it is no more beautiful than an unfledged

bird with its little naked head and grotesque yellow beak rising from a mossy nest of amazing daintiness. But under favourable conditions the ugly nestling soon develops into a creature of light and airy grace, and for Prince Rupert, too, this is the time of promise. The actual city, if lacking beauty, is full of interest. Were there nothing to be seen except its streets and the work going on in them, and the people, for the most part young and eager, who throng them, it would, I think, be worth a visit.

These plank streets which run over the low hills and intervening hollows with very gradual change of level have an extraordinary effect both to eye and ear. They are not corduroy roads of round logs laid on the earth. They more nearly resemble rude bridges mounted on posts, and where the traffic is heavy they are worn and frayed into shaggy splinters. There are twenty miles of these streets, but they are, of course, only a tempor-



A STREET CUT THROUGH ROCK

ary expedient. Already they are being replaced by macadamised thoroughfares, and a troop of men is constantly employed blasting where the rocks crop up too high, building the

churches are at present housed in little temporary structures. It is the same with the Government offices; they are represented at present by one or two very modest frame buildings



OUT FROM PRINCE RUPERT

FIRST G. T. P. PASSENGER TRAIN

fragments into causeways where the roadbed is too low, levelling down the muskeg with pick and shovel, and carrying off the black conglomeration of roots and soil in little trucks running on miniature railways to fill in depressions. By the end of last September two blocks of roadway in the present business section of the town were finished, and other streets were under construction.

Blasting has been going on vigorously for months. It is managed as a rule with care, the rock to be removed being "blanketed" with a strong network of rope to prevent the fragments flying. There have been few serious accidents, though on one occasion a charge exploded in an unexpected direction and wrecked a shop-front.

Of the buildings of Prince Rupert not much can be said, for the time of handsome buildings is not yet. The

overlooking the harbour, but have a real claim to distinction in the smoothly-trimmed little green lawns which surround them. Lawns and flower gardens are not yet numerous in Prince Rupert, but there are enough gay flowerbeds to show what may be done in the future. No doubt many citizens find it impossible to improve their lots till the grading of the streets is further advanced. In fact, not a few householders have thought it expedient to erect their dwellings on high posts, often roughly boarded in, so that they will not need to change their position when the promised street is levelled up. In such cases the front doors are often approached by little wooden bridges suggestive of ancient drawbridges and the old adage that the Englishman's house is his castle. Generally the houses in Prince Rupert are real houses, not tents nor tarpaper shacks,

and some of them are of very pretty and pleasing design, though the square packing-box type of architecture is still too much in evidence. Prince Rupert has already a fine school, in addition to an older building, where a kindergarten class is held for the very little people. With the single exception of a bank, all the buildings hitherto erected are of wood, though there are some cement buildings under construction.

It is expected that Prince Rupert will become a great centre for the lumbering, mining and fishing industries, and for the benefit of the latter industry a huge refrigerator plant has been erected, at a cost of a million and a half dollars, about a mile and a half from the centre of the town. Enormous quantities of halibut, salmon and other fish are caught annually within a few miles of Prince Rupert. Hitherto much of the catch has been canned, but of late many cold storage plants have been installed, and a trade in fresh fish is being built up, which is likely to reach enormous proportions when the Grand Trunk Railway is actually in operation, as this railway with its shorter route and unusually low grades in crossing the mountains expects to reduce the time of transit across the continent by many hours. Indeed, it is promised that refrigerator cars will be rushed through from Prince Rupert to Chicago in four days.

Notwithstanding its lower grades, it is said that the new route will be a wholesome rival of our famous Canadian Pacific Railway for beauty of scenery; and it is anticipated that Prince Rupert will become in a few years a city worthy of its magnificent approaches by land and sea. In itself the picturesque site, rising more or less abruptly from the waterfront to the foot of the green mountains behind, is a most advantageous point of de-

parture for the planning of the city. It is, moreover, a joy to think that for once the advocates of "a city beautiful" will not have to begin their work with erasing and obliterating the errors of the past. In this case the plan is, as it ought to be, older than the town, and Prince Rupert is to be a city of ample parks and playgrounds, of green boulevards and pleasant little grassy squares. In place of the long unlovely streets and monotonous rectangles of the simply utilitarian townplanning of a few years ago, it is to have streets winding as well as streets straight, streets in circles, half-circles and loops, avenues diagonal and avenues of freely-flowing bends and curves; and, best of all, the Government is to hold a share of wharves and building sites and open spaces for the benefit of all. In short, it is intended that Prince Rupert shall be at once a busy port, a vast distributing centre, and a city healthful, beautiful and delightful to live in. If the plans can be carried out—and they have behind them the wealth and power not only of a great railway company, but of the Provincial Government, Prince Rupert stands fair to become a Mecca for those sociologists who have taken for their special task the solving of the difficult problem of making "the city" a clean and fair and healthful environment for the multitudes who must work and dwell within it, and not only for the privileged few, who, while they have the choice of all that a great centre of population can give, may escape at will to the healing quiet of the mountains, the invigorating changefulness of the sea.

From this point of view, happy is the city that has no history, that is unhampered by a dubious past in its efforts to attain a noble civic life. Such a city is Prince Rupert, and if she fails to realise the intentions of her founders, it will not be because she has lacked a fair chance.

THE LEAGUE OF SEVEN

BY MORTON J. LEWIS

IT was during the second year after my marriage. My wife had gone away to spend a few days with some relations, while I stayed at Browning's flat.

My old friend was the same, little changed by the success which his great ability had gained. In five years he had sprung from obscurity in Europe, yet he still remained the quiet, unsophisticated man I had first known, with his simple ways, and passion for music.

He was out when I arrived, but a note awaited me on the table saying he had been called to a case, and telling me to make myself comfortable.

A little after nine he appeared, dusty and tired.

"You have not waited dinner for me?" he said.

His hand was resting on the desk, where laid the trophies of his career—his museum. "I have been searching for a trophy, one I have been trying to obtain for months. I am glad you are here, I may want your help."

He rang the bell for dinner. "I will tell you when we have fed. You must be famished. I told the girl to bring you in something."

"She did, and I refused it," I replied.

When dinner was over, he drew a couple of chairs before the open window; the night was hot, and a sultry breeze blew in upon us.

"It is a most extraordinary case,"

he said. "You may have noticed that for the past six months there have been several murders which have never been solved. Sir Charles Antrim, for instance, and Mr. Digby Grant."

He paused to light a cigarette. "You have heard of Sir Anthony Tredegar?"

"Yes," I replied.

"I have been called in to investigate his death. It is an interesting case, inasmuch as it possesses all the essentials of a melodrama. Sir Anthony was a widower with an only son. This son became engaged a few months ago to a leading actress, much against his father's wish. Since then they have been estranged. On the day of the murder, yesterday, his son went to see him, and a quarrel ensued—a very bad one. Within an hour of the son's leaving, Sir Anthony was found—dead."

"The son has been arrested?"

"This afternoon. I am taking the case up on his behalf."

"You think he is innocent?"

"I know nothing, but I have my suspicions. To-morrow I am going to Sir Anthony's house, and I want you to come with me. It is at Dorking."

At one o'clock the next day we arrived at Dorking. At the station we were met by a dogcart which had been sent from Sir Anthony's house.

It was a typical Elizabethan mansion standing in its own grounds a couple of miles from the station.

In the hall, when we entered, stood

a Mr. Leverson, the family solicitor, who had undertaken the defence of Sir Anthony's son.

He drew us into the study. "It is a sad affair, Mr. Browning," he said, "and I want you to do all you can to get the boy off. I have known him ever since he was born. He's as innocent as you or I."

"You know of no one else?" asked my friend. "Anyone who would be likely to kill Sir Anthony?"

"No one."

"I suppose it was not a case of suicide? He had no worries?"

"No. He came to me a few days ago to make a fresh will. He was so angry at his son's engagement, you know. He has willed half his money to a cousin, his only other relation, and he told me at the time that his son's marriage would cost him £200,000—and I believe it. Sir Anthony was a wealthy man."

"He has left half to a cousin. What is his name?"

"Charles Tredegar. He lives somewhere in Kensington. I can let you have his address during the afternoon."

"I should be glad if you would," said Browning. Then he went upstairs to see the body. It lay stretched out on the bed. There was a look of peace on the old man's face. Though all vestige of colour had left his cheeks, the flesh had not sunk. On the lips was a slight blue tinge, which my friend examined closely. "This was not here yesterday," he said.

"No," replied the lawyer; "it first became apparent this morning."

"Twenty-four hours after Sir Anthony died," said Browning sharply. "I expected that."

Early in the afternoon we left Dorking and came straight to Browning's flat. There he spent some hours pouring over a book on Toxicology.

"There is no doubt," he said, "that Sir Anthony has been poisoned." He put the book back in the bookcase.

"What a blessing it is to have a retentive memory."

Going to the telephone, he called up a couple of his assistants, and gave them instructions regarding certain inquiries he wished made.

He hung up the receiver. "Now," he said, "I have done all I can for the present. There is an exceptionally fine concert at the Albert Hall. I have taken a couple of tickets. We may as well go."

Throughout the performance he was extremely quiet, and the frown on his brow told me his brain was busy, not with the concert, but with the case he had in hand.

"We will go down to Dorking again to-morrow," he said as we were driving home.

The next day the new Sir Anthony was brought before the magistrates. A superficially skilful case had been prepared by Scotland Yard, and there could only be one result—a verdict of guilty. The news was telegraphed to us while we were at Dorking.

"A disgraceful thing!" said Mr. Leverson.

"The best thing that could have happened," observed my friend. "For three weeks we can work without arousing suspicion, and long before that time is up I shall have laid hands on the real murderer."

"You will?" asked Mr. Leverson eagerly.

"I think so," replied my friend. He was looking through the murdered man's papers. "Did Sir Anthony's cousin know he benefited by the new will?" he asked suddenly.

"I believe Sir Anthony told him," replied Mr. Leverson.

"Ah!" said my friend.

The lawyer looked at him in astonishment. "Surely you do not suspect him?"

"I suspect no one until I have definite proof of guilt."

His gaze suddenly became fixed on a slip of paper. "Was Sir Anthony

in the habit of taking drugs?" he asked.

"He took quinine in small quantities," replied Mr. Levenson.

"In tabloids?"

"Yes."

My friend rose. "I should like to go to Sir Anthony's bedroom," he said. We followed the lawyer upstairs. Browning went straight to Sir Anthony's dressing-chest and examined the drawers. In one he found an empty phial marked "Quinine tabloids."

"Empty," he said. Then his face lighted up. In a corner of the drawer he had discovered one of the tabloids which had been dropped out of the phial. It was covered in dust, which he carefully wiped off with his handkerchief, then, wrapping it up in a piece of paper, he put it in his letter-case.

"To-morrow," he said, "we shall have the report of the analyst. I will get him to analyse this tabloid as well."

The next day the reports came in from the two assistants Browning had employed on the case. He read them through carefully. "The net is gradually closing round," he said.

"You know who the murderer is?" I said.

When he had finished he put on his hat. "I am going to the Great Western Bank, South Kensington," he said. "That is where Mr. Charles Tredegar banks. If a certain cheque has been paid through his bank I shall know who murdered Sir Anthony. In the meantime you can study this." He handed me the slip of paper I had seen him take from Anthony's desk on the previous day.

It was a bill dated from an address in Bayswater, headed G. Lamos, Chemist, and was for two gross of Quinine tabloids at 4s 9d a gross.

When he returned I was still puzzling over it. "What does it mean?" I asked.

"Mr. Lamos took a shop in Bayswater for three months and stayed a little over five weeks. Then he shut it up suddenly, and as far as I can discover he only had one customer—Sir Anthony."

"Then the shop was opened for the purpose of supplying those quinine tabloids?"

"Precisely."

"And the cheque you went about?"

"Six weeks ago Mr. Tredegar paid a Mr. Richard Irwin the sum of £10,000. The cheque has been traced, and I have a man watching this Irwin now."

"I am unable to make heads or tails of the whole affair," I said.

Browning smiled. "In a few hours now I shall be able to tell you everything, and I promise you it will be one of the biggest exposures of the century."

"Who is Mr. Irwin?" I asked.

"An exceedingly clever doctor, who lost his connection through a malpractice."

As he spoke the maid entered. "Inspector Lamorne wishes to speak to you, sir."

Browning rubbed his hands together with a smile. "You can show him in."

The inspector entered; he looked more like a north country farmer than a member of Scotland Yard. We had met before, and I noticed as on previous occasions that there was a nervousness about his manner as his eye rested on my friend.

Browning held out his hand. "How do you do, Inspector," he said. "Sit down—you got my letter?"

"I did, sir," replied the detective.

"Good. I want to have a chat with you about this murder case."

The detective became interested. "Yes," he said hesitatingly.

"You know, Lamorne, you've made a terrible mistake. Young Tredegar no more murdered his father than you did."

"Evidence looks very black against him."

My friend snapped his fingers. "On the face of it—you want to go deeper than that."

The detective flushed. Beneath his friendliness he was extremely jealous of my friend. "Perhaps you can tell me who murdered Sir Anthony then?"

"I can," responded my friend, with a quiet little smile. "Sir Anthony was killed by The League of Seven."

"The League of Seven? Who the devil are they?" asked Lamorne, dumbfounded.

"They are the greatest criminal society of the century," replied my friend. "And they have given Scotland Yard more trouble than all the other criminals of the last ten years combined. By the way, you never discovered who murdered Sir Charles Antrim?"

"No."

"Or Mr. Digby Grant, to mention another?"

The detective leapt to his feet. "What are you driving at, Mr. Browning?" he asked.

"I am asking you a couple of plain questions. You have not. To-morrow, if you place yourself unreservedly in my hands, I will show you the murderers of both those men."

Lamorne looked at my friend in speechless astonishment. "It beats me how you manage these things, Mr. Browning," he said, when he had found his voice.

My friend ignored the rough and ready compliment. "You'll come?"

"I will," said the detective, with emphasis.

"Then I must impose one condition. You must have your moustache shaved off."

The detective fingered it regretfully. "Well," he began.

"You can't come unless you do. Why, man, you're known all over London. You might as well have

some one walking in front of you with a red flag."

"You're as well known."

"Perhaps," replied my friend, "but I pursue my investigations in a disguise. Do you know, within the last forty-eight hours I have spoken to three out of The League of Seven?"

"You have?" said Lamorne.

He stayed for another quarter of an hour, and was completely mystified when he eventually left us.

Browning smiled when he had gone. "A clever man," he said, "but with one terrible fault—he lacks imagination."

"I am afraid I cannot follow this case," I said.

"You have not devoted your attention to it for over a week, as we have been doing."

Browning lit a cigarette. "You remember that tabloid I found in the drawer in Sir Anthony's room?"

"Yes," I said.

"I had it analysed. It was found to contain the same poison as that from which Sir Anthony died. One hitherto unknown."

At four o'clock next afternoon Lamorne called again. I was alone in the dining-room when he entered.

"Mr. Browning in?" he asked, after shaking hands.

"Yes," I said. "He won't keep you a minute."

The detective sat down. He was silent for awhile. Then he said suddenly, "Mr. Lewis, your friend's a marvel."

Before I could reply the door opened, and there entered a fair young man with a waxed moustache and immaculately attired. I was prepared for the transformation, but Lamorne leapt to his feet.

"You've got the detectives posted exactly where I told you, Lamorne?" said the young man.

"Heavens!" said the detective. "It's Mr. Browning. Yes, sir, I have."

"Good. There's a motor waiting outside, we'll just step into it. We shall have a busy afternoon."

The detective followed us down the steps in silence, listening attentively when he heard my friend instruct the man to drive to Renton-crescent, Kensington.

As we sped through the streets Browning lighted a cigarette. "I am glad to see you have dispensed with your moustache, Lamorne," he said. "Now I must put you up to your parts. I'm Reginald Vernon, with great expectations from a very rich uncle of mine, who, unfortunately, is alive. You are two cousins of mine, who will also benefit by his decease, you understand."

Renton-crescent, Kensington, is a wide, fairly prosperous thoroughfare, not five minutes from South Kensington Station. The houses stand back from the road and are hidden from view by bushes and trees. As we stopped before No. 75 Browning noticed with satisfaction where the three detectives had been placed.

He walked up the steps and rang the bell. The door was answered by a neat maid.

"Mr. Irwin?" asked Browning.

"What name, sir?" inquired the girl.

"Reginald Vernon."

Immediately we were shown into a room at the back of the house. It was luxuriously furnished. In three of the four corners stood a massive oak desk, and at each of them a man was seated.

The eldest, a handsome, tall man, with iron-gray hair, rose to greet my friend.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Vernon," he said.

Browning bowed. "These are my cousins, Mr. Irwin."

"Charmed to meet you," replied Mr. Irwin.

My friend was standing near the door. "Now, Mr. Irwin," he said,

"we have come to settle this business. I'm afraid I can't give you very long. I've one or two other important engagements this afternoon."

"You have explained everything to these gentlemen?" Mr. Irwin was sitting at his desk, his legs crossed. He indicated us with a wave of the hand.

"I have given them the details of the case"—Browning turned to us, "as I explained to you before, as we are all anxious to touch the money that is coming to us by old Guy Vernon's will, and the beggar seems inclined to last for ever, this gentleman has kindly engaged, for a remuneration, to get rid of him for us, in some nice, quiet way that will not arouse suspicion. As he has done several times before, eh! Mr. Irwin."

"Several," responded Mr. Irwin, callously.

"And the terms, Mr. Irwin?" asked my friend.

Mr. Irwin drummed on the desk with his fingers, and then referred to some notes. "£5,000 down, and another £10,000 when you come into your money."

"That's rather stiff," observed Browning. He was acting the part magnificently.

"£150,000 you come in for when Mr. Vernon dies—10 per cent. You can't call that exorbitant."

"You'll use poison, I suppose?"

Mr. Irwin shrugged his shoulders. "We shall use whatever means best fit the circumstances," he said.

"A nice little job of yours, Sir Anthony Tredegar?" observed Browning pleasantly.

Mr. Irwin started, and looked suspiciously at my friend.

"A mere guess," said Browning. "it was so nicely done I thought it must be the work of The League of Seven. Besides, I wanted to find out as a sort of reference."

"Well," responded Mr. Irwin, "I don't mind telling you in confidence.

we did have something to do with that."

"I thought so." Browning rose to his feet. "Mr. Irwin," he said and whipped out a revolver, "you can consider yourself under arrest. My name is Browning, and this is Inspector Lamorne of Scotland Yard."

For a moment Mr. Irwin stood clutching the desk and swaying. His face had gone white as death, a terrible look of fear had risen in his eyes.

Lamorne and Browning stood side by side, with drawn revolvers, covering the three men.

My friend turned to me. "You might go and bring in those detectives," he said.

Temporarily the three members of the League had been paralysed by the sudden turn of events. Suddenly one of them made a dash for the door.

Browning leapt forward, and putting out his foot tripped the man up. He fell with a crash on to the floor, overturning a table of ornaments.

"See that no one escapes this house," said Browning as I stepped into the passage.

I opened the front door and beckoned. Seeing me, the detectives left the gardens where they had lain concealed and followed me into the room.

Within ten minutes of our entering the house, the men were our prisoners.

"You will take them to the police station in the car outside," said my friend, "and then have it brought back here."

In the few minutes we had to wait, we made a cursory examination of the papers in the room.

Amongst them we found a couple of letters relating to the murder of Sir Anthony Tredegar, and implicating the dead baronet's cousin.

"We must have him," said Lamorne.

Browning drew out his watch. "He is arrested by now," he said, "as well as three other members of the League—the seventh, the genius of the whole concern, we are ourselves going to arrest as soon as the car comes back.

My friend drew from an inner drawer a sheet of note-paper, headed "The League of Seven." "I shall keep this," he said, "as an addition to my museum."

A little later we were speeding on our way to a well-known club in Piccadilly. Lamorne was reduced to silence.

Arrived there, Browning was obsequiously greeted by the porter in charge.

"Is Colonel Melbourne here?" he asked.

"Yes, sir, in the smoking-room."

Browning nodded and led the way, while Lamorne and I followed. The detective had given a little gasp when he heard the name. It was that of one of the best-known members of society. A man who gave lavishly to every charity, who owned a score of racehorses, and was the intimate friend of princes.

We found Colonel Melbourne in an armchair before the window. Faintly there came to us the traffic from Piccadilly.

"Hullo, Vernon," he said, "I've been expecting you."

We crossed the room to his side.

"Seen Irwin?" said the Colonel.

My friend looked at him steadily. "Yes," he said. "I've got him safely under lock and key."

The Colonel leisurely put down the paper he had been reading on our entry. "Under lock and key—what the Dickens do you mean?"

Browning laid a hand on his shoulder. "Under arrest, Colonel Melbourne, for the murder by poison of Sir Anthony Tredegar. My name is Browning, and this is Inspector Lamorne of Scotland Yard."

Be it to his credit, the Colonel never lost his nerve for the fraction of a second. "You're Browning, the detective," he said, "well, you've made a terrible mistake this time—I know nothing about Sir Anthony Tredegar—never met him in my life."

Browning looked down upon him. "I suppose you know nothing about 'The League of Seven.' Seven men who have formed themselves into a business to kill people, provided they are offered sufficient inducement. Colonel Melbourne, for the past three years you have been living upon the money you have earned by killing people—I have evidence of eight murders against you."

Colonel Melbourne laughed. "You're a clever chap—I expected we should meet sooner or later, but I never thought you'd win. The game's up, I suppose; well, I've had a good innings."

He rose; his hand travelled to his pocket, but Browning was too quick for him. With a sharp blow he knocked the revolver out of his hand, and it fell clattering to the floor.

"Hang you," said the Colonel, "but you shan't get me. I'll save you that trouble by some other means."

The four of us walked out of the club together and entered the motor.

Ten minutes later the doors of the police station closed behind the most clever and unscrupulous criminal of the century. A man who might have succeeded in any sphere and chose crime. The next morning he was found dead in his cell—he had kept his word and cheated the hangman.

The same evening Browning and I were reading the evening paper, which in large headlines announced the release of Sir Anthony for the murder of his father and the arrest of Colonel Melbourne.

Browning took a sheet of note-paper, on which was embossed "The League of Seven," from his pocket and locked it away in his museum.

"One more relic," he said with a smile. "A small one, but one I value greatly—I look upon 'The League of Seven' as the triumph of my career so far."

ALBERTA'S INDIAN SUMMER

By ELIZABETH BAILEY

WITH wide, expanding splendour on the wold,
 'Neath lucent blue of calm October skies,
 O'er virgin prairies fraught with high emprise
 Alberta's Indian summer doth unfold.
 She, haply, like King Midas, famed of old,
 Hath magic touch, and with this sheen of gold
 She paints a glorious world ere summer dies,
 To thrill sad hearts and gladden all men's eyes.

For so this radiant bath of sunshine streams
 On grass, on hill, on far-reached rolling plain,
 Until it weaves itself into my dreams—
 Revives life's hopes, relieves this weary strain,
 And I, led by the luring light that gleams,
 Forget, forgive, and love thee once again.

ST. JOHN'S: THE IMPOSSIBLE POSSIBLE

BY W. LACEY AMY

THE man who planted the seeds of St. John's, Newfoundland, lost sight of the fact that a harbour scarcely meets the total requirements of a city. Perhaps he found it such a task to get out of the harbour once he had found his way in that a city in embryo sprang up while he waited for the pilot. He should go down in history as the original Thoughtless Man. He died without a worry at the struggle of his descendants to make the city possible. Until the visitor gets into training he usually wishes he had died sooner—or lived to climb the hill between his back door and the corner of the house.

St. John's is one of the most upright cities in the world, every other city to the contrary. Vertically it is a mile deep; horizontally it is about sixteen feet. On the map, if things were drawn to scale, the "oldest place in the oldest colony" would be so thin a line that no portable geography could notice it. Newfoundland will always fight for globes, with the physical features closely followed, to supplant maps on paper. Aviation will never be popular in St. John's. There is no bird's eye view of it. But then the air is so rare around this quaint, old city that an aviator would probably drop far enough to get a side view. Then he'd stop at the first station.

If the children of the original Thoughtless Man had their work cut

out for them, or rather had to cut out their own work, they have fallen into the humour with a facility that alters every custom known to commerce, transportation and physiology. There are no pavements, except on Water Street; cement would never lie long enough to harden. To utilise cement it would have to be taken down on the harbour where the water is comparatively level, hardened there, placed in position with extension ladders and glue; and then the city council would be forced to provide the people with air brakes, and parachutes in case of accident to the valves. On Water Street, so called because it is the only street in the city on which water would even hesitate, there is a sidewalk. You see it was necessary there because the stores ran down to that line from all parts of the original town site and stopped long enough to be fastened. Elsewhere the sidewalks are that literally and nothing else—distinguished from the roadway by a ditch, cobble-bottomed to prevent the trickling away of the foundations of the houses.

The roadways and sidewalks are made up of the finest gravel known to science; they are gravity-picked, which beats hand-picked roads by several series of the finest screens. They proceed downwards with an impetuosity that would satisfy a temperance audience, but even then they

do not meet conditions, having frequently to be terminated by stone walls to get to a lower level that affords fingerhold. Although many of the roads are so steep that they cannot be used, they are never grass-grown. The water rushes down so fast that it discourages into suicide any blade of grass that has discovered sufficient of the horizontal to lie still.

The carts are built like a ladder, and the freight is piled as closely as possible to the front space in going up hill, so that there will be several rungs to act as obstacles before the goods finally drop out at the back. This is true; I've seen it. Barrels, which form one of the foremost features of commerce in the city, are built to fit these spaces in the ladder, so that nothing short of a back flip on the part of the horse can dislodge them. Sometimes a lazy driver will turn his horse down hill for a moment, rather than replace the load at the front.

Foolishly I took a carriage from the station to the hotel. Most of the trip I lay across the two seats with my head braced into the suitcase on the seat in front to keep it out of the harbour below. Once we went down a small hill, and I stood on the side of the suitcase while I watched the back springs of the carriage over the back of the seat.

Automobiles are built especially for St. John's and King George. What the latter demands is not in the encyclopædia, but the other item in the list requires long, low cars, of sufficient power to carry four people up the side of a steeple and down the other without spilling the gasoline and children. If a green chauffeur chances to stop one without a post behind, the occupants either jump out or are fished out of the harbour with salmon nets. To climb a hill the chauffeur throws on the low gear and trusts to Providence. Perhaps

it is due to the uprightness of the city that several people have ridden in automobiles and live to tell of it.

The horses are built on a fore-and-aft plan, to speak untechnically. They develop a special set of muscles for pulling up hill and another for holding back while going down. Beyond that no strength is required, and a St. John's horse becomes "a creature of environment," as someone has said before about something. The people must develop the same lopsidedness, although it is skilfully covered by prevailing styles. It is reasonable to suppose this, since some of them are able to walk down street and back twice in one day. I couldn't.

One of the principal dangers of living in St. John's, if you are more interested in your own family than the one on the block above, is the temporary loss of small children. A little boy falls out of the front door on Bond Street and may be able to stop himself at Gower; if not his mother feels reasonably certain he will pull up at Water. When a mother wants her child she always looks down street instead of into the jam pantry or the cherry tree. It has been suggested that the children of the different streets be branded with a number so that the police will not need to climb any higher than is necessary to return them.

The favourite occupation of the stranger is finding himself. Streets that seem to start all right change their mind and end to the hopeless tangle of one who knows not the short cuts and points of the compass. It is well to have rooms near some landmark that can be seen from the hills. Then one can get one's bearings every now and then and arrive home in time for the next meal. There should be a bicycle or a trip to Europe for every stranger who finds himself.

Water Street is so crooked that a compass gets dizzy; and Water Street



A VIEW OF THE HARBOUR

ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND

is the soberest thing in town. I tried cutting off the corners of this street to get to the station without covering the whole city. After I had crossed the street thirteen times I had to let myself go down hill to the water-front to see which side I was on. It pays to know St. John's well before getting too familiar with it.

These are the principal physical features of this fine, old city, in so far as they can be portrayed by one who has for many years considered necessary a certain amount of horizontalness to sustain life. Another characteristic which St. John's might do without more to its advantage than its steepness, is the accommodation the visitor is forced to endure. In asking for a place to stay at in that city it is sanest to inquire for the least worst, rather than for the best. "Good," or any of its parts, does not fit in. It is unfortunate that this interesting city can afford no inducement to the visitor in the way of fare, other than to get out as

quickly as he can. There are many hotels in St. John's, as there are many methods of reducing flesh, but they are all equally uncomfortable.

The Reid people, who, by the way, represent progress in Newfoundland in something of a monopolistic manner, attempted to remedy this condition so that St. John's might appear on the list for tourists other than the callous. The foundations of this attempt remain, the remainder having been put a stop to, it is said, by a government that has always feared the useful ambitions of the Reids. Now the visitor goes out of his way to look at the ruins, and to dream of what might have been. Coffee, in Newfoundland, as in most other places, is a miscalculation somewhere in the process of making; toast, as St. John's makes it, is indigenous—for which make us truly thankful! All the fruit, the poultry, the fresh vegetables, and most things worth eating come from New York once a week by boat. The day after that

boat arrives the newspaper advertisements announce nothing but the arrival of eatables, and for a day or two the visitor may exist. It is a constant struggle to subsist until the next boat arrives. St. John's people never speak in public of the winter, when the boats do not run.

Had St. John's a hotel such as any other city of its size is able to maintain, there is no place in America more worth visiting. Fortunately Newfoundland, outside of St. John's, is endurable in the way of fare, and the railway takes you from one point to another with the maximum of comfort in the way of meals. But St. John's, so far as genuine interest is concerned, is good for a fortnight of the most *blasé* traveller. As the accommodation stands, he usually cuts it down to three days and passes on, with the result that there are about five points of interest visited by everyone. And the spots really worth while pass unnoticed.

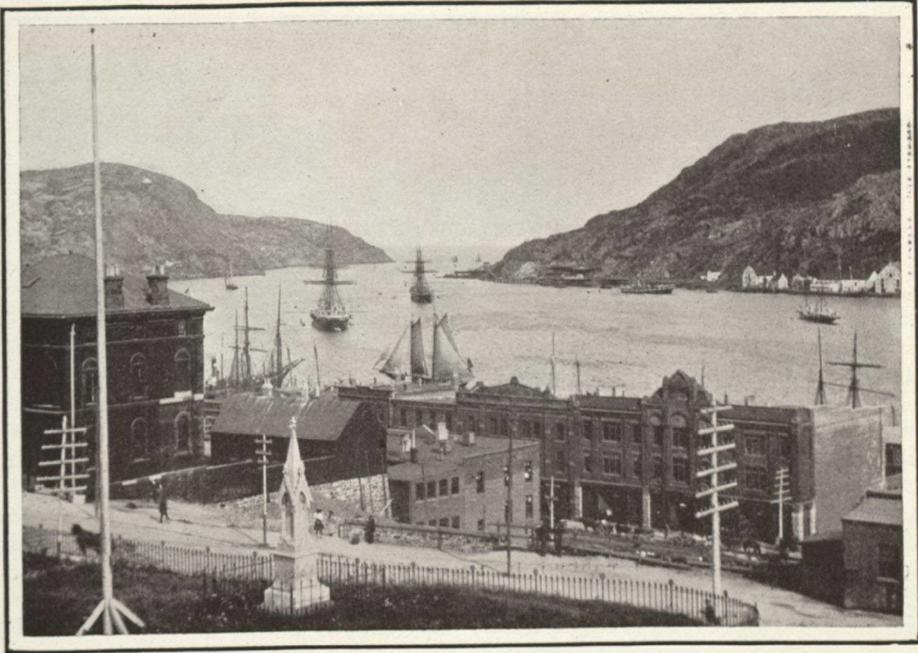
Signal Hill comes first in the formal list. That is reasonable. One cannot look out without seeing the tower on its peak. Everyone goes there. I went. Everyone sees the drydock. I did the same. Everyone must run out to Quidi Vidi, the show fishing village. I followed the crowd. The list is as peremptory as the payment of the Newfoundland fishing license of ten dollars, with an additional fifty cents tacked on at the last to ensure you a tiny bit of paper to show that you paid your ten dollars. But there are other points of interest which are seldom mentioned, such as the Battery, quaint, out-of-the-way streets with odd houses, the wharves with the fishermen, the sealing boats, the walks along the brink of the harbour on both sides, and so on through a list that should make St. John's proud.

The churches were near the top of the list, especially English and Catho-

lic. Any guide-book will describe them, but one thing I noticed on almost every pillar of the Catholic Church aroused my interest without any explanation yet obtainable. It read: "Notice: All persons intending to leave the country for America or Canada are advised, before going, to secure certificates of baptism and marriage, as without these papers they will find it difficult to obtain employment in those countries. Signed, M. F. Howley." Canada stands little chance of gaining population from Newfoundland.

It is well for the stranger to understand the ways of St. John's early in his visit. Like most Canadian villages it observes a Wednesday half-holiday throughout the city. Noon is dinner-time, and the St. John's woman does not believe in setting the table twice for one meal. Consequently everyone, from the merchant magnate to the sweeper, must be at the table from twelve to one, which means that most of the stores are closed during that hour, and possibly another afterwards. The club members lunch at the club, saunter down to the Board of Trade Building, and some time afterwards unlock their places of business for the afternoon. A commercial traveller unpacks for at least a fortnight's stay. There is no such thing as haste; perhaps the hills make it too strenuous for the heart. The traveller who intends to do business in St. John's leaves his church membership ticket at his last stop and takes it up again after he leaves the city. He simply has to let loose occasionally when he is calmly told by his best customers to come around next week some time.

Also I discovered another feature of some of the stores—prices go up to the tourist. Twice I was asked to pay a higher price for articles than those which were marked on them in plain figures.



THE NARROWS

LOOKING FROM ST. JOHN'S

"You see, we have to pay forty per cent. duty on these things," is the sentence that comes most convenient to the clerk. Considering the apparent resentment at this condition, it is surprising that it continues to exist. But then there is no taxation on Newfoundland fishermen, and they make up the majority of the population; and the money has to be obtained somehow.

St. John's is running over with history. The inhabitants can rave about every landmark in sight from a universal knowledge of historical associations, the equal of which I never before met—the cabby who cannot tell you all about the reason for Signal Hill, the names and fame of all the outlying points, the historical incidents that made St. John's possible, and a number of other bits of information that vary with his imagination and his estimate of your credulity, is only a substitute for the day. After one had regaled me with enough incident to make me wonder

if anything had ever happened elsewhere since the strata cooled, I disentangled myself long enough to ask him where it was Ninevah fell, which was an assumption of a familiarity with certain history I do not possess. He looked around a moment as we climbed Signal Hill, as if to see whether there was any evidence of the dent it made. Then he scratched his head doubtfully and closed his eyes to give his brain a chance to get out of its groove of historical facts.

"Ninny Vah! Ninny Vah!" he muttered reflectively. "Did he fall around here, are ye shure? I'll ask when I get back to the city." And thereafter he was gloomily silent as having revealed a lack of information about the city's important events.

When St. John's settles down to an understanding of the value of good accommodation for the traveler it will be a sorry day for many places that now have a waiting list.



THE ENTRANCE TO THE NARROWS

LOOKING OUT TO SEA

As it is the visitor to that city leaves after his shortened stay, with the belief that something has robbed him of a great pleasure; for all around him he sees in general what he longs to observe more intimately. Only a small part of what this old-fashion-

ed, absorbing city has to offer him has been possible during the limit of his endurance. And he holds before him the determination that some day he will return to revel in a world of which as yet he has only dreamed.

WINTER MORNING

By M. B. RANDALL

HAIL, Morn, all white enwreathed, and crowned with grace
Of the soft fallen snow! Through windless night,
Unhasting, and with ease, from its great height
Each wingéd flake soft settled to its place;
And each with each conspired to change the face
Of things familiar. Now the morning light
Reveals a world transforméd to our sight:
Wherein of what we knew is not a trace.

The flush of dawn, through a bewildering haze,
Its filmy draped transparencies doth bring;
And trees so lately black in wintry dearth
Of leaves, are blossoming as if 'twere spring:
And all renewed seems life, in this new birth
Of crystal purity, upon the earth.

OPENING WEEK AT OTTAWA

BY A. LAMBERT WHEELING

OTTAWA requires no more than an opening week like that in November to make it the capital city in capitals. A combination of new faces in Government chairs and a brand new Governor-General of the Royal Purple variety has created the belief in the minds of those who passed through the affair that Ottawa is scarcely large enough to hold things. It would be a matter of considerable personal interest to me to know where thousands of the visitors slept. When I arrived on the morning of the day before the official opening I was assured that an hour later would have given me only a seat in the park; and Ottawa parks lose their attraction before the middle of November. I know that some hundreds registered after me. Their disposal is a matter for private inquiry only. There was no such thing as a "capacity house" among the Ottawa hotels that week. Rooms that at home would have to be thinly papered to be single bedrooms were devoted to the somnial antiphonies and madrigals of six or seven visitors, who considered themselves lucky. One hotel entertained its late friends in a convention hall. Yes, *Boniface* did very well, thank you.

There were three distinct functions in the week's ceremonies: the election of the Speaker of the House of Commons on Wednesday afternoon, the formal opening on the following day and the Drawing-room on Saturday night. It was a week of colour before settling down to the dull drab

of routine debate. Through the House corridors members and their wives greeted other members and introduced their wives and grown daughters—and wondered what there was in things for them. Over at the Rideau Club, on the first day, luncheon was eaten in relays. Up in a corner the Honourable Robert Rogers presided at one table, with the Honourable Frank Cochrane at his left, while others with ambitions were in the remaining seats. Each table basked in the radiance of a Cabinet Minister, or a Senator, or one who was trying with a smiling face to become used to pockets empty of patronage gifts. There were the beaming countenances of those who had visions, and the glad hands of those who were afraid to dream, but had made every preparation by changing their politics politically. Everybody had the smile that is popularly spoken of as difficult to remove; and some of them had evidently been glued and nailed on where the light was poor.

Over at the Parliament Buildings a Conservative member ran me through things, from the corner-stone in the basement to the "boozorium." Far below, where the massive stone walls and confined passages spoke of grim warders or grimy stokers, he pointed towards a door.

"That," he shuddered, "is where they used to herd a score of us in the old days."

A few days of power, and the shades of Opposition appeared mediæval.



OPENING DAY AT OTTAWA

THE ARRIVAL OF THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL

"The Liberals will have it now," he went on gaily. "I'll show you where we are now."

On the way we met the new Premier, in his face the relief of long-delayed success, the happiness of the man who can see his friends rewarded, the joy of a plodder who feels himself at last understood. I had seen him but once three years before in a Western town, but he smilingly recalled the dingy bedroom where we had made arrangements for his meeting.

A few minutes later we crowded into the gallery of the House to hear those three portentous knocks of the Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod, his command that the Commons attend the Governor-General in the Senate Chamber, and to see those elaborate bows that are the envy of fat men. In the scramble we got a seat in the gallery of the Senate Chamber and saw the House fooled. It wasn't the Governor-General who received them, but his deputy, Sir Charles Fitzpatrick. It was a mean trick to play them, but they didn't appear a bit disappointed when they were told that the Governor-General did not see fit to summon Parliament until a Speaker was appointed. Accordingly the members of the House and myself rushed back to get that bit of formality over with to please his Royal Highness.

It was the first official meeting of the man who lost a forlorn hope and the other who had been given his chance and had taken it. And none were more aware of the altered positions than were the two men themselves. Laurier sat a little lower in the chair facing south, in spite of the more-than-formal applause that greeted him from his benches. The jaunty, debonair air was lacking, and there was no substitute handy. No mere man could calmly ignore the cold spot around his temples where the laurel wreath had worn a groove

for fifteen unchallenged years. And when he rose to the Premier's nomination of Speaker, Laurier, the affable, the sunny, had lost his smile—no, not lost it, merely lost control of it for the moment. It was there flickering around to show that it was in, but not at home to strangers. It had looked across at the other seats so long that it didn't want to come out in the open until it had become more accustomed to the south light. And its rebellion for the first time in all these years unnerved a tiny bit the man who had been its master. To that can be ascribed the unprecedented lapse of Laurier, the kindly, the courteous, the politic, when he revived disagreeable memories of long ago that might have been invaluable later on in the thick of the fight when this master of platform oratory was fully himself. Laurier forgot himself. His worst enemy can sympathise with him.

And when the Premier rose to reply it was the British bayonet against the French rapier. Borden, too, forgot himself. For a minute he slashed unmercifully, with the recklessness of the Opposition, not the finesse of the Government. But it was typical of him that he recovered himself before he sat down. One could not help feeling that had their positions been reversed neither man would have said what the other had said.

For the formal opening of the following day the ladies favoured with tickets to the Speaker's gallery were enjoined in print to wear evening dress. But those who knew selected such garments as might be given to charity afterwards. A bargain counter is a mild demonstration compared with the rush to that gallery. There were more tickets than seats by a margin that impelled the first arrivals to neglect luncheon. Unless a man had a red coat with a lot of gold braid he had to take his chances among the few thousands who had

the tickets for the remaining hundred seats. A chance turned out to be perfectly satisfactory, although mature reflection cannot see the reason for issuing something like twenty tickets to every seat. Perhaps it is necessary to present this opportunity to each member for displaying his control of the patronage.

But in spite of the scramble to get in, the Senate Chamber was a fit frame for the fine old men who appeared on the centre of the floor in every black costume from the business suit to evening dress. Anyone who can look at these fine old men without feeling that there is a place for the Senate—well, he lacks a love of the picturesque and the beautiful. He must be without sentiment. To look at them is enough to make one willing to leave them their Red Chamber in which to play legislation or anything else. Stateliness, well-groomedness, benevolence of countenance, the temporarily successful fight of healthy, strong-minded age against the years—these are qualities it should profit any country to encourage by a gift of "Honourable" and a nice red room and several smaller rooms to hob-nob in. Candidly, I'm a convert to the need of a Senate since I saw those neat, black suits and well-laundered shirts and upright carriages facing the Duke and Duchess beneath well-trimmed gray hair.

Behind them sat the wives and "unmarried daughters" of the Senators and members. The rules called for that, but many an "unmarried daughter" had "Mrs." before her name outside the walls. The defeated Cabinet Ministers were there, too, resplendent in that gold-braid uniform that would fulfil all the requirements of the law for modesty without the blue cloth beneath. And, to their discomfort, the new Ministers had to stand behind the brass bar that crosses the back of the Sen-

ate Chamber giltless (with or without the "u" as yet) and inconspicuous. Lieutenant-Governor Gibson did due credit to the premier province in the matter of gold braid, and the colour scheme was rather ludicrously carried out by the six red-gowned and ermined judges of the Supreme Court who entered before the Governor-General and tried to look comfortable on a round cosy-seat in front of the throne.

Presently the subdued booming of a cannon announced the arrival of the Governor-General, and it was more than mere form that brought the crowd to its feet as the Duke entered, leading the Duchess. Some of the women spectators rather favoured the two pretty little pages in red coats, with black velvet and lace cuffs, and Miss Pelly, the lady-in-waiting, was really worth more than a second glance; but the Duke and Duchess, who walked slowly up the aisle with their right hands touching, were the emblems of the authority that reigns at Ottawa and farther away in England. The strain of silence remained until the Governor-General had taken his seat, and the accent of the French Speaker of the Senate was a welcome relief as he announced to the "Gentlemen of the Senate" that "his Royal Highness the Governor-General," etc. It was rather a pleasing little touch that the Duchess should show her superiority to the position of mere figurehead in the ceremony when she coolly removed the Duke's glasses from a small case she carried and handed them to him to read the Speech from the Throne. And after the man in the Field Marshall's uniform had read in quiet English and perfect Parisian French, raising his hat at each mention of the two Houses, she reached over and, taking his glasses from his hand, replaced them in the case. The Speaker of the House had mounted the tiny

platform behind that brass bar and had announced his appointment in the presence of the members behind him, but there were few eyes for that formality. From the time the Duke said "be seated" as he took the throne until he gracefully led the Duchess through the back door, there was only respect in the minds of the spectators and a great regret that photographers could not do justice to the Duchess.

For two days Ottawa rested in the memories of the opening and the prospect of the great display, the Drawing-room. The stores handed out dress suits and collars and ties to the men in preparation, and feathers and veils and slippers to the women; and the carriages of the city took orders they could never hope to fill, and the flower stores, with watery eyes, were forced to refuse orders. Toronto, Montreal, and Ottawa profited enough in flowers for the event to make them the strongest supporters of knee-bending. Every conveyance in Ottawa was expected, according to agreement, to report at six different places at one time—some time between six and nine o'clock.

The Ottawa cabmen are the most agreeable cabmen I know. There's no request too impossible for them to promise to fill. We were fortunate in being attended to in the matter of conveyance to the House, and as everything was on runners the ride was a pleasure trip. Coming back—that was another story.

It was with much misgiving that we arrived at the House at seven-thirty for a performance that was not to commence until nine, and in which our part was an indefinite quantity in time. But when we were stopped at the first gate to the grounds by the quarter-mile row of cabs ahead of us we began to feel that our modesty had been too restraining. The ladies' dressing-

room was a football scrimmage and a push for the tickets to the game combined. As I stood outside waiting, after successfully fighting my way into the men's room and forcing a messenger to take my coat and hat, it was interesting to note the varieties of disarray that told of the struggle within. It is decreed that women wear skimpy tulle veils for the event, crowned by two ostrich tips, if the wearer is unmarried, and by three if she has been more successful. These veils came out of that room in every shape, most of them tangled up with someone's bouquet, or a trimming on someone's dress. Outside the wearers recklessly put themselves right in language unparliamentary. A couple of hundred of us were herded in a committee-room, where for two hours we tried to be interested in one another while wondering what was going on elsewhere. After a half-dozen committee-rooms had been systematically packed, the rest were allowed to step on one another in the halls. The provision of sitting-rooms with chairs for the waiting thousands is said to have been a thoughtful suggestion of the Duchess, whose experience in such things makes her sympathetic.

At ten someone let us out, and we behaved like it. Ladies in satin and gold net crowded into unfortunate men whose duties consisted largely in holding expansive, expensive bouquets, where their original form would be slightly retained. Ladies excused each other icily when they twisted their dress ornaments into veils and tore them into patterns. Men smothered natural expressions as they tried with their left hands to untangle a rose thorn from a hair net. In something like twenty minutes we had reached the entrance to the Senate Chamber, where little boys were engaged straightening out ruffled trains and mussed veils. And then suddenly the blaze broke on us.

The Drawing-room is managed as systematically as a time clock. For days ahead the Ottawa papers contain in advertisement form the rules and regulations that must be observed, such as the gate and doors of entrance, the order of presentation (Cabinet Ministers, Senators, Speaker of the House, Judges, Senate Officials, Honourable Aides-de-Camp, Members of Parliament, House officials, Executive Council, Members of Provincial Parliaments, Deputy Ministers, Railway Commission, etc., etc., are presented with their wives and unmarried daughters in the order named), the dress to be worn, consisting of full evening dress for both ladies and gentlemen. But there are other rules which are observed or neglected according to convenience and knowledge. For instance, it appeared in the printed rules that veils and feathers were optional and court trains were not expected. Only one girl, so far as I saw, omitted the veil and feathers; but while the unwritten law is that *mesdames* wear three plumes on the veil and *mesdemoiselles* but two, there was only a small proportion of the girls who appeared to have heard of it. Perhaps it is cruel to spoil the remembrances of so many now that it is too late. And those who did what was not expected—wore court trains—could be counted on the fingers.

Presentation at the Drawing-room is simple, but elaborate. You haven't much to do yourself, but there is much ceremony in connection with it. Outside the brass bar at the back of the room a red-coated man takes one of your cards and tosses it into a waste-paper basket that is already nearly full. Then to the strains of an orchestra in the lobby you march in single file up the chamber between two rows of red and blue-coated officers. Near the throne your other card is taken by an aide, who passes it to another, who does likewise, and

when it reaches the fourth man your name is shouted out in a tone that makes you wonder if that was what your parents intended. And then, although you have not been able to see how the one ahead of you made his bow on account of the crowding soldiers, you sidle across to the Duke, endeavouring to combine a front view with a side step. You bow, goodness knows how! You sidle along until you face the Duchess and bow again. By this time you are morally certain that you didn't do it right the first time and must make an alteration in this one, with the result that you don't wait to back off, but fling yourself among the soldiers on the other side like the prodigal son returning to his father. The next step is to go up into the gallery if you can get there, and laugh at the bows that follow.

For brilliance of colour and dress, for grandeur of scene, for number of people who are willing to stand half an ordinary day, for variety of forms, the Drawing-room of 1911 stands as a record in Canada. Under the prism lights through the ceiling of the Senate Chamber the event baffles me for description. Half the impression is from sight, a small portion from sound, and the rest from an inborn sentiment that is aroused by royalty, bright lights, well-dressed men and women and patriotism.

At the last we were fortunate enough to be one of the few who lined the hall as the Duke and Duchess passed in all the state of court dress, pages and lady-in-waiting. The Duke's eyes were flashing and bright, as if he were sustained by great excitement. The Duchess was weary (she had been the brighter on the throne), now that the ceremony was over. Her face was a trifle drawn and thin, but she smiled and bowed constantly as she had done at the presentation. I'm quite in love again;

even a cat can look at a king.

And after it was all over and we had succeeded in finding a part at least of our garb, we stood in the biting, cold wind of Parliament Hill and gave our carriage number to a policeman. I gave it to another and another, until all along that hill rang "one-eighty-four," while we stood hugging ourselves in the hope that one-eighty-four was somewhere among the waiting hundreds of carriages. But one-eighty-four was probably at that moment galloping home with someone who had got out just ahead of us. In the end we trudged home, and Ottawa walking during opening week was none too agreeable.

*

My paint-daubed friend hadn't been able to go to Ottawa himself; the tendency of painters to miss a spot here and there or to apply the varnish a shade more thickly than called for in the contract made their proper oversight a matter of dollars and cents to him. But on my return he was willing to discuss the events of the opening week with all the authority of the man who stands off and looks on.

"Don't that kind o' thing kind o' make yuh sick?" he asked with the supreme contempt of curled lip, when he overheard me say that I had been "presented."

"Sick?" I asked back in surprise. "What at?"

"Oh, kow-towin' an' bobbin' an' kneelin'. I don't believe in that kind o' thing."

There were several "kinds o' things" that didn't meet with the approval of my socialistic friend.

And as I remembered it at that moment, I had done quite a bit of bowing and applauding; and what was worse, there had come over me at times something akin to reverence for the Royal representative. It would shock my friend still more if he were to know that I still hold the conviction that the feeling was good for me and for the country. Since that week of ceremony in Ottawa I incline to the belief that Parliament means more than twenty-five hundred a year, and the Governor-General is greater than his salary and reputation. The fact that my deductions might be drawn from incorrect premises does not encourage doubt for a moment.



THE TRANSPORTATION SYSTEM OF CANADA

BY GEORGE C. WELLS

ON the transportation system of any country depends to a great extent its development and its commercial prosperity. It may have immense natural resources, but unless the products of its mines, its forests and its prairies can be transported cheaply and expeditiously they will never find a market. It may have vast areas of land suitable for cultivation, but unless there are means for bringing in settlers easily and at reasonable cost they will lie fallow for all time. When the United States was young transportation facilities were much what they had been centuries earlier—boats on the rivers and cumbersome vehicles on the roads were all that could be depended on. The Republic had existed for half a century before the first railway was built, and it was with the building of the railways and the application of steam to transportation that the development of the Great West began. As the railways were extended, population spread, mineral, agricultural and aboreal resources were exploited, and changes took place which without the railways would have required centuries instead of years to come, or would never have come at all.

When the widely separated provinces were formed into the Dominion of Canada on July 1st, 1867, one of the Government undertakings was that a railway should be built connecting the Pacific with the Atlantic

provinces. This was a big enterprise for a young nation, but it was carried out and sooner than promised. In the summer of 1886 the first Canadian Pacific train ran through from Montreal to Vancouver and the East and West were effectually linked together.

Railway development had not been rapid in the older provinces—the first railway, sixteen miles long, between St. John's, Quebec, and La Prairie, was opened in 1836, and in 1847 the mileage had grown only to fifty-four. In 1850 there were sixty-six miles, in 1851, 159 miles. By 1856 this had grown into 1,414, and when Confederation took place in 1867 it had become 2,278. In 1877 the mileage was 5,783, and in 1886, when the Canadian Pacific Railway opened through, 11,793. Ten years later it increased to 16,270, and another ten years to 21,353. The last official figures given out by the Government, dated June 30, 1910, show the total railway mileage of Canada as 24,731, and it is still growing. To-day Canada has a much greater railway mileage in proportion to its population than any other country. Traffic statistics go back for thirty-six years, and they speak volumes. In 1875 the Canadian railways carried 5,190,416 passengers and 5,670,837 tons of freight; in 1910, 35,894,575 passengers and 74,482,866 tons of freight; in 1875 their earnings

were \$19,470,539, and in 1910, \$173,956,217. Operating expenses in the former year were \$15,775,532, and in the latter year \$120,405,440, or in the former 81.1 per cent. of the receipts, and in the latter 69.2 per cent. These figures are an indication of the general progress which Canada has made, progress which would have been impossible without railway facilities.

The four leading railway systems of Canada are the Canadian Pacific, the Grand Trunk, the Canadian Northern, and the Intercolonial. Of these, the Canadian Pacific, which stretches from Atlantic tidewater at St. John, New Brunswick, to the Pacific at Vancouver, British Columbia, with its network of branches and over 10,000 miles of railway, with its elaborate system of connections, its 4,000 controlled miles of railway in the United States, its steamship services, its hotels, telegraphs and other subsidiary interests, is to-day the largest transportation enterprise in the world and has done an enormous work, the value of which cannot be estimated with any degree of accuracy in developing the great natural resources of the West and in opening up its vast territory to colonisation. When it was first talked about, the scheme was denounced as chimerical, but results have justified the undertaking beyond even the rosiest dreams of the promoters, and yet it is only in its infancy, with a future of boundless possibilities before it, and its strategic position is so strong that one can hardly conceive of any combination of circumstances arising to interfere seriously with its prosperity. Good dividends well-earned and paid regularly have placed Canadian Pacific Railway stock at a high figure, which some bull operators claim will soon reach the 300 mark.

The Grand Trunk was the pioneer among Canadian railways, and it did for the Province of Ontario what the

Canadian Pacific has done and is doing for the Western and Pacific Provinces—made settlement possible and development a paying proposition. Stretching from Portland, Maine, to Chicago, with branches reaching almost every place of importance in Quebec and Ontario, it has for many years succeeded in carrying a large proportion of traffic through Canada to and from the United States, thus supplementing its Canadian revenue and enabling it to provide its Canadian patrons with a better service than they could have expected had there been their business alone to depend on.

Desiring to participate in the trade of the Western Provinces, the Grand Trunk interests secured in 1903 the incorporation of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, which is to extend from Winnipeg to Prince Rupert, on the British Columbia coast, and in connection with which the Canadian Government is building as a national enterprise a line between Winnipeg and Moncton, New Brunswick, which when completed is to be operated as part of the Grand Trunk Pacific and form a second Transcontinental route. At the time of writing (September, 1911), the Grand Trunk Pacific have in operation 978 miles of main line west from Winnipeg to Hinton, Alberta (186 miles west of Edmonton and close to the Rockies), and 126 miles of branches; also 101 miles eastward from Prince Rupert and 191½ miles westward from Fort William to Superior, where it connects with the Government portion, extending 259 miles to Winnipeg, the whole section Fort William to Winnipeg (450 miles) being in operation with a provisional service. The company expect to open through to Prince Rupert two years hence.

The Government portion of the line runs from Moncton entirely through Canadian territory, crossing the St. Lawrence River just above Quebec

(on a bridge which when completed will be in some respects the greatest engineering feat of its kind), then through the northern portions of Quebec and Ontario, following the height of land and passing to the north of Lakes Abitibi and Nipigon.

The Canadian Northern, which aims at being Canada's third transcontinental system, is being constructed in sections. It has nearly 5,000 miles of track in operation, made up of 435 miles in Nova Scotia, 648 in Quebec, and 342 in Ontario (exclusive of the line west of Port Arthur) and 3,415 in its main line and branches, Port Arthur to Edmonton. It is now commencing to link up the disconnected sections by building lines between Port Arthur and Sudbury and between Toronto and Ottawa, besides extending through from Edmonton *via* the Yellowhead Pass to Port Mann, British Columbia. Much of its mileage on the main and branch lines in the Prairie Provinces lies north of the Canadian Pacific and Grand Trunk Pacific, and it therefore opens up and serves large sections of country which were not touched by the older company and will not be by the Grand Trunk Pacific.

The Intercolonial ("The People's Railway") is operated by the Canadian Government through its Department of Railways and Canals, and has 1,449 miles of track, the main line from Halifax to Quebec being 837 miles, and the principal branches from Moncton to St. John and Truro to Sydney, Cape Breton, respectively, 89 and 213 miles. The Prince Edward Island Railway (268 miles, narrow gauge, three feet, six inches), which supplies transportation to Canada's smallest Province (the "Garden of the Gulf"), is operated by the Federal Government also. There has been much talk of the future destiny of the Government railways—whether they will be extended fur-

ther westward or whether the Intercolonial at least will be turned over to one or other of the transcontinental lines, &c., &c. Possibly all three transcontinental lines may be given (for a fixed payment) running powers over such portions of the Intercolonial as will give them respectively desired connections from the end of their own rails to the Port of Halifax, and if this were done it would certainly save the building of unnecessary lines and at the same time help the Government to make the Intercolonial pay; or, as a writer has already suggested, the lines east of Moncton may be turned over for operation by a company composed of the three transcontinental railways, which would handle it jointly by arrangement amongst themselves.

Beside the four principal railway systems, there are a number of smaller independent companies, several of the United States railway corporations have branches into Canada, and the Ontario Government own and operate the Temiskaming & Northern Ontario Railway (292 miles of track), which, thanks largely to the mineral wealth of the Cobalt and Poreupine districts, is producing satisfactory returns.

The Canadian Pacific, the Grand Trunk Pacific, and the Canadian Northern all have many branch lines in actual operation or under construction in the Prairie Provinces—Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta—and portions of that country are now as well served as are the States of Indiana and Illinois. Glancing at the map of Manitoba, for example, and following the 101st parallel of longitude, one counts twelve lines of railway from the United States boundary north. As another example of how that country is being "grid-ironed," passengers by the Canadian Pacific Railway between Winnipeg and Edmonton (about 800 miles) will

soon have the option of no less than six different routes. What a marvellous contrast would present itself, if he could come back now to the French King who dismissed the loss of "those few arpents of snow" with a wave of his white hands and a shrug of his majestic shoulders as a matter of very little moment! The country which Sir W. F. Butler forty years ago wrote so entertainingly about as "The Great Lone Land" is rapidly being populated and is astir with activity. Both the Canadian Pacific and the Canadian Northern are stretching eager hands north towards the Peace River district, which is now found to be very fertile, though a few years back it was looked on as no more likely to be settled for agricultural purposes than is Greenland or Spitzbergen to-day.

Nature has blessed Canada with magnificent transportation facilities in the waterways provided by the St. Lawrence River and the Great Lakes, stretching more than half-way across her area. From the Straits of Belle Isle to the head of navigation at Fort William it is 2,233 miles by water, and from Fort William to Vancouver it is 1,902 miles by rail. Of the 2,233 miles only about seventy-four is by canal; the rest is open water, which needed only to be deepened for short stretches, and this is a very important feature in getting the grain of the Prairie Provinces to the Atlantic seaboard, as transportation by water necessarily is always cheaper than by rail, because the carriers by water have no expense for building or maintaining a roadway and the terminals, wharves, etc., being owned by the Government or by the municipalities, are available to all, either free or on payment of comparatively small charges, while the first cost of building a railway is enormous, besides the constant expenditure to keep it in shape for handling traffic.

During the season of open naviga-

tion the traffic passing through the canals at Sault Ste. Marie is three times that passing through the Suez Canal and a very large share of this enormous traffic is purely Canadian. The Canadian Pacific has a fleet of fine steamers running between Fort William and Owen Sound, on the Georgian Bay, a distance of 550 miles, and the grain carryings of these vessels are very large—the Georgian Bay port will soon be changed to Victoria Harbour, whence a short rail line of easy grades is being constructed to join the main line near Peterboro', with the object of saving mileage and to facilitate the handling of the crop for export. There are also steamers plying regularly between Sarnia and Fort William and when the Grand Trunk Pacific is completed between Fort William and Winnipeg there will no doubt be a regular line established in connection with it between Fort William and Parry Sound or Midland, both on the Georgian Bay, and from both of which the Grand Trunk has direct rail routes to Montreal.

The canals in the St. Lawrence route are eight in number, the longest being the Welland, extending from Port Dalhousie, on Lake Ontario, to Port Colborne, on Lake Erie, a distance of $26\frac{3}{4}$ miles. They have a minimum depth of fourteen feet and can accommodate vessels up to 225 feet long. Just now the Government contemplates making over the Welland Canal so as to increase its capacity very greatly.

A scheme much talked of from time to time and which the Canadian Parliament will probably take actively in hand before long is the construction of the Georgian Bay Canal by which the waters of the Great Lakes will be connected with the Ottawa River *via* the French River and a series of lakes and streams, actually following the route of the old fur-traders—the length of this waterway

from the Georgian Bay to Montreal will be 440 miles, and the work involves cutting twenty-eight miles of canal and improving the existing channels for sixty-six miles, the remaining 346 miles, or 80 per cent. of the whole, being as nature left them. The work will require forty-five dams and twenty-seven locks, with a minimum width of sixty-five feet and a low water depth of twenty-two, and the total cost is estimated at \$100,000,000.

The Trent Valley Canal system is intended to connect the Georgian Bay with Lake Ontario; it is at present in operation for 160 miles eastward from Lake Simcoe *via* the Kawartha Lakes, Otonabee River and Rice Lake to Hastings, on the River Trent, and the work of completing it to Lake Ontario is being pushed forward, but the route between Lake Simcoe and the Georgian Bay has not yet been determined, and when that part of the work will be done is problematical. A feature of the Trent Valley Canal is the hydraulic lift lock at Peterboro', which is the largest in the world, and cost half a million dollars.

In the matter of ocean transportation Canada's trade and travel have been well provided for and the effort of the carriers is, now at least, if possible to keep a little ahead of the requirements, realising that increased facilities are bound to bring business. Though it may not be generally known, it is nevertheless a fact that the first vessel to really cross the Atlantic Ocean under steam was a Canadian ship, the *Royal William*, which performed the journey with a light cargo and seven passengers in twenty-five days, starting from Quebec in August, 1833, and calling at Pictou, Nova Scotia, to receive coal and overhaul the machinery. Among her owners were the three brothers Cunard, of Halifax, one of whom (afterwards Sir Samuel) was the founder of the Cunard Line. The

Savannah, which had previously crossed under the flag of the United States, made the trip almost entirely under canvas and used steam power practically not at all for the ocean voyage. A brass tablet in the passage leading to the library of the Canadian Parliament Building at Ottawa very appropriately calls the *Royal William*:

The pioneer of those mighty fleets of ocean steamers by which passengers and merchandise of all nations are now conveyed on every sea throughout the world.

The first purely Canadian steamship company, the Montreal Ocean Steamship Company, owning the *Canadian* and the *Indian*, was organised in 1852, with Mr. Hugh Allan (afterwards Sir Hugh) at its head. These vessels were of about 1,700 tons gross, with engines of 350 horsepower, and cost about \$250,000 each. Their maximum speed was eleven knots. In 1855 the company received a mail subsidy, built new ships and established a regular fortnightly service, which in a short time was increased to once a week. The Allan Line, as it was soon called, met with many difficulties, but persevered, and to-day occupies a proud position as one of the strongest members of the mercantile marine flying the British flag. The Cunard Line was organised in 1838 to run a regular service between Liverpool, Halifax and Boston, for which the British Government gave a subsidy of £55,000 per annum—afterwards the service was extended to New York and in time the Canadian port of call was dropped—only within the last year the Cunard Company has re-entered the Canadian trade by purchasing the freight and passenger vessels formerly operated by the Thomson Line between Canadian and British ports, and they are now run as Cunard steamers. It is interesting to note that during all the years of its existence the Cunard Company claims

never to have lost the life of a passenger, while for forty-six years it never lost a letter.

In 1870 the Dominion Line established a regular service on the Canadian route, which has since been combined with and is now operated by the White Star Line.

The Canadian Pacific Railway and the Canadian Northern Railway both own and operate Atlantic lines and have good reason to be satisfied with the results.

At present there are seven regular lines carrying passengers and freight between Canadian ports (Montreal and Quebec in summer, St. John and Halifax in winter), Great Britain and the Continent of Europe, besides several lines that operate exclusively for freight. The St. Lawrence route possesses very considerable advantages over the routes from New York and Boston, and it is a fact that passengers have left Liverpool by one of the Canadian lines and have reached St. Paul and Minneapolis, possibly even Chicago, in quicker time than they could by the fastest steamships running to New York (this is due to shorter railway journey and closer connections being made between steamship and rail) and if once the Canadian lines are filled with ships possessing approximately the speed of those running to New York all comparison in time will practically cease, to say nothing of the lessened discomfort and danger by a route of which in summer time at least one-third is in almost land-locked waters—at present a Canadian liner requiring six days to make the voyage between Quebec and Liverpool is only about four days in the open sea.

Besides the European steamship lines, Canada has now regular services from her Atlantic ports to the West Indies, to Mexico, to South Africa and to Australia—all doing well and with good prospects of continually increasing business.

By way of the Pacific Ocean, too, Canada has established a very important traffic. Early in the development of the Canadian Pacific Railway, its promoters saw the possibilities of trade with the Orient and leased steamers to run between the new port of Vancouver and Japan and China. These were replaced in 1891 by the three *Empresses*, and when the mails were carried for the first time over the new line and reached the General Post-office, London, in twenty days, nine hours, from Yokohama, as against forty-three days *via* Suez, England was astonished and *The Times* significantly remarked: "This record is pregnant with untold issues for the future of our Empire."

To-day the route across Canada is the recognised highway between Great Britain and the port of Hong Kong, and in place of one steamship line on the Pacific there are now six running regularly between British Columbia and Oriental ports.

The Canadian-Australian Steamship Line was established between Sydney and Vancouver by Mr. James Huddart in 1893. It met with reverses, and the line changed hands, but at the present time it is operated by the Union Steamship Company of New Zealand (a powerful organisation), with three staunch and speedy vessels, which call at Auckland, Suva in Fiji and Honolulu, and do not only a large business between this continent and the Antipodes, but carry a good share of the European travel as well. Besides the Canadian-Australian Line there is also an exclusively freight line of steamers between Vancouver and Australia.

Hudson Bay has long been the subject of controversy as to whether or not it can be used for the transportation of wheat from the Canadian West to Europe so as to save the long journey to Montreal. It undoubtedly offers a much shorter route, but ex-

pert opinion differs widely as to its practicability even for a short period each year. However, the Canadian Government has decided to try the experiment and has promised to construct a railway to either Port Nelson or Port Churchill, on the west side of Hudson Bay. Of the two, Port Nelson is undoubtedly the better harbour—the railway line to Port Nelson would be sixty-seven miles shorter than that to Port Churchill, and the country through which it would run is better and offers more possibility of local business. Still, there are other considerations which weigh in favour of Port Churchill, and no decision has yet been announced. The estimated cost of building the line from Le Pas (a point on the Canadian Northern Railway about 450 miles north-west of Winnipeg) to Port Nelson is \$16,426,340, and to Port Churchill \$19,108,672. That the Government means business is evi-

denced by the fact that the contract has been let for a bridge over the Saskatchewan River at Le Pas, the present end of the Canadian Northern track, and also just recently for building the first section of the railway northward. The success of the Hudson Bay route is much more uncertain than any of the other transportation problems Canada has undertaken to solve.

Taking it altogether, Canada has been in no way backward in meeting her responsibilities and in providing transportation facilities for the exploitation of her resources. In some cases the men who put time, energy and wealth into the enterprises reaped no material gain. In other cases the reward has been quick and substantial. Whether substantially rewarded or not, they at least deserve the gratitude of their country and of the many millions who in the near future will make it their home.

TO THE WOOD-THRUST

By ROBERT CARY

LONG had I walked in vain the woodland wild,
 A sacred Sabbath after Vesper-bell,
 Ere 'mid the oaks it fluted, and searching well
 I found the bird that hailed an evening mild;
 Far from the smug world happily exiled
 Often I hear him to the wood-nymphs tell
 His pearliest beads at sundown, and of hell
 No word since earth and heaven are reconciled.

O Wood-thrush, bard of all the answering Thrushes,
 Is thine a vision of the Hebrides?
 The Cranesbill, Robin's Plantain, and the rushes
 Through which I trod, the sky, and every breeze
 That, with the sun, robs scent from wild-rose bushes
 Deliciously must hear thee in the trees!



CONDUCTED BY BESSIE McLEAN REYNOLDS

A TOAST

(By E. Pauline Johnson, Vancouver Local Council of Women.)

There's wine in the cup, Vancouver,
 And there's warmth in my heart for
 you,
 While I drink to your health, your youth
 and your wealth
 And the things that you yet will do.
 In a vintage rare and olden,
 With a flavour fine and keen,
 Fill the glass to the edge while I stand
 up to pledge
 My faith to my Western queen.

And here's to the days that are coming,
 And here's to the days that are gone,
 And here's to your gold and your spirit
 bold,
 And your luck that has held its own;
 And here's to your hands so sturdy,
 And here's to your heart so true,
 And here's to the speed of the day decreed
 That brings me again to you.

Then here's a ho! Vancouver, in wine of
 the bonniest hue,
 With a hand on my hip and the cup at
 my lip
 And a love in my life for you;
 For you are a jolly good fellow,
 With a great big heart, I know,
 So I drink this toast
 To the queen of the coast—
 Vancouver, here's to you.

*

SHAKESPEARE says "All the world's a stage." Well, perhaps it is.

To the great multitude of humanity

it seems more like a shop window. We are here to-day, gone to-morrow, with about as brief an existence as the hobble-skirt.

While we are in the prime, in the full fruition of our life, we seldom think of the future with a serious turn of mind, the present with its pressing needs seems about all we are able for. Then, too, perhaps an overdose of generosity to our less fortunate fellow-beings leaves us in time of sickness and distress as it has our proud Indian-poetess.

When we read over her toast to Vancouver at a St. Valentine fête in her honour, it fairly teems with buoyancy, health, and life, and though to-day we might pledge our faith in water, it matters little, it's the faith in the heart that tells the tale after all.

And what a big heart our Indian poetess had for those in sorrow and sickness, but those of her friends are as large, and it is with pain we learn that, though so ill and in distress, the pride of her race asserts itself so strongly that, as she will not take gifts of money otherwise than is realised by the sale of her poems and writings, Brantford, the home of her youth, and Vancouver, her present home, have joined hands in pushing



LADY TAYLOR

the sale of her works that her last days may have the comforts she needs and which her friends throughout the Dominion would wish her to have.

May we, as sisters, not allow the case of Pauline Johnson to be another literary tragedy we so often find in the field of letters, of women, ah, and men, too, who have given to us so freely of their best in thought.

Especially do we owe the daughter of the great tribe of the Six Nation Indians some tribute for their loyalty to the Crown. Have we done our part in upholding the dignity of our poets? Have we added our tribute to the Pauline Johnson Fund of Vancouver?

*

Lady Taylor, who has conservative ideas and strong characteristics, is one of the women best versed in all public questions of the day, yet she has a touch of that quaint old-fash-

ioned sweetness and gentleness which to-day in our hurried life we oftentimes lose, but which Lady Taylor has retained to a most refreshing degree, combining in her public and private life the good in the old regime and the best of everything in the new.

As the wife of one of Canada's greatest thinkers and judges, with a brilliant son following in his father's footsteps, the home life of Lady Taylor has always been filled with high thoughts and high ideals well lived up to.

Though not an extensive club-woman, her attention has been given to the National Council of Women since its inception, with its abundant field for progress and reform; also the Aberdeen Association of which she was the first president in the very early days of Winnipeg, when settlers were, and are to-day, through her association kept well supplied with newspapers and magazines. Lady Aberdeen, recognising the wonderful amount of good done, used her influence to procure free postage on all their output.

What this reading material means to our Northwest settlers we all realise fully and can not say too much in praise, for certainly our English and foreign immigrants feel the first winter in Canada a most tedious one.

Owing to the death of Lady Edgar the presidency of the National Council of Women fell to the lot of Lady Taylor last year. Under her guidance many knotty problems were solved. Great strides were made by the peace and arbitration department. Problems of childhood, citizenship, employment for women, ever present subjects, received wide attention.

*

If you have never visited Halifax you would do well to promise yourself that treat before it loses all its

old-world touch and takes on the rushing spirit of the new.

It is one of the most interesting cities in Canada either in summer or winter. As the headquarters of the British North Atlantic Squadron in winter and garrisoned by Canadian regulars, one can readily understand the brilliant gatherings. Nor do they cease with the season, as we call it here in the interior.

Their summer season, perhaps, when the sea-side visitors arrive and the ships come in and our new Prime Minister and Mrs. Borden are at their former home, is by far the gayer.

One would suppose there was little time left by women of Halifax for the more serious phase of life, indeed, the most brilliant social leaders are the most enthusiastic in that line of thought; and in this age when everything tends towards concentration in commerce, as well as philanthropic works, we see the benefit the Local Council of Women has been to this city by the sea, enabling its women to keep in close touch with all public questions at home and abroad.

Halifax women are not ardent suffragists, yet this winter a series of lectures upon economic subjects have been so well attended that they may be ready, when the time comes, to use the franchise intelligently.

Their income derived from the fee of the affiliated societies, its tea-room and agricultural lectures at their provincial exhibition is not as large as Montreal's or Vancouver's, but they make a good showing in all they have accomplished. Some of the most progressive and helpful philanthropies have originated in the Council of Women: the supervised playgrounds and Children's Home gardens of Halifax are second to none in Canada. Under their care is the Children's Aid Society, Domestic Science School, and Women's Hostel.

This winter at Halifax they are

planning a settlement house for working boys and girls much on the same plan as Jane Addams inaugurated in Chicago. It certainly does away with much overlapping, and those of us who knew Chicago before 1889 certainly know how greatly that rough element has been wiped out around Chicago's immense meat-packing districts and made better citizens of the men and women—gave them wholesome recreation and amusement for their tired bodies and education for the mind.

*

A very interesting letter comes to hand from Yamei Kin, one of the modern and progressive women of China, which gives a general idea of the Chinese women's endeavour for higher education. It reads in part as follows:

Princess Kalachin, wife of one of the hereditary Mongol princes, who has done so much to forward the cause of education, especially among the women of her territory, has founded a women's society in Peking, beginning with something like one hundred names, which aims to grow to something national in character, including wives of officials, teachers in schools, literary women.

In this new impetus we find the women's first response has been most gratifying to the call for a national spirit which is being welded out of the family communal spirit, by the necessity for self-preservation against the forces that are pressing from the outside.

Education is being carried on for them on the new methods planned on the same lines as for the men, whereby they may learn mathematics, also their own language as a tool for the expression of the needs of daily life, to acquire useful as well as classical information, by means of the new readers and graded text-books, so that a child of ordinary intelligence may obtain a fair working knowledge in eight years of school life.

To understand the position of the women in the Chinese family is somewhat difficult for the Westerner, perhaps, for he is so far removed at the present day from the patriarchal organisation, but if one will read the Old Testament of the Bible and imagine what it must have

been to be a member of Abraham's family, who could put three hundred and eighteen men at arms, servants born in his household, into the field at one time, one would get something of an idea.

It has not been the custom in the past for Chinese in general to work in large organisations, except for certain specified purposes, chiefly revolutionary plots, business guilds, religious movements and naturally we do not find that societies have played any large part in the life of the women, for, in addition to this national tendency, there was the drawback that there were not as a rule any great number of women in one place able to write with sufficient facility to keep notes and records of transactions, which is essential to the continuance of an association.

While this is true as a general statement, there have been many very interesting exceptions to the rule. In spite of the fact that reading and writing have not been considered necessary to the education of women, but looked upon as an accomplishment only, so that they could read the classics or compose poetry, history furnishes many examples of famous women writers, poets, essayists, historians. In every well-to-do household there were some women who could read and write to some extent and a man was always proud of his wife who was thus accomplished. In the main the influence of women has been exerted in the home circle, though with the exceeding respect paid to the mother it brings her into a wider sphere than might at first appear.

The woman of spirit or character would not infrequently hold the reins openly whether as ruler of the Empire or head of the household, and I must confess that in all my travels I have never seen more henpecked husbands than in China.

*

How many Canadians realise that Canada has one of the best systems for making definite provision for old age, though it is not compulsory. The English system ranks second, and Germany third, while our neighbours to the south are watching with great interest our system, having as yet no definite Federal plan in this respect.

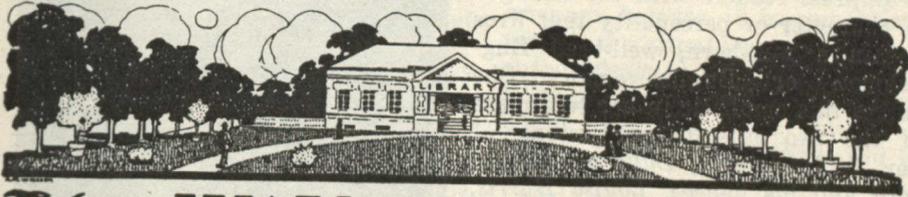
Under the National Insurance Act in England wives are classed as "wives employed by their husbands."

It is not so in Canada. Here the wife stands in the clear light of an individual, as far as our Government annuities are concerned, and the problem of comfort and happiness for old age is solved for her, even though women are charged a slightly larger fee. The National Council of Women of Canada inquired into the reason of this, and the officials at Ottawa explained that statistics proved that women live longer than men; hence the larger fee is necessary.

Our annuitants pay the fee (25c a week or more) and take a choice of plan, "A" or "B." The business is transacted between the person and the Government through the nearby post-office.

Under plan "A," in the event of death before the first payment of the annuity falls due, the total amount which the annuitant has paid in, with three per cent. compound interest, will be refunded to his or her legal representatives. Under plan "B," where the same annuity is obtainable for smaller payments, there will be no return in the event of death before the annuity becomes due.

The Government is responsible for the cost of the working machinery. No deductions are made from payments, but all expenses of whatever kind are borne by the Government wholly without charge, and every cent paid, with compound interest thereon, at four per cent., is placed to the credit of the purchaser of an annuity. No medical examination is required, and there are no lapses or penalties. A parent may start an annuity for a child of five years, which gives the child the benefit of the annuity at greater earning value. The practice teaches the child in later years the habit of saving, induces thrift, checks improvidence, and promotes temperance; and it has been provided by statute that no person or law can deprive the man or woman of the annuity.



The WAY of LETTERS

IN his foreword to "Songs of the Makers of Canada," by Dr. J. D. Logan, John Boyd, poet and essayist, pays a well-deserved tribute to the author:

Among Canadian writers of the present day, Dr. J. D. Logan, through his scholarly attainments and his literary genius, deservedly holds a high place; and the present series of historical poems in celebration of the makers of Canada will undoubtedly enhance his reputation. The deeds of those who have helped to make Canada what it is to-day should be a source of pride and inspiration to all Canadians, and by enshrining them in the "form divine" of poetry Dr. Logan has rendered a patriotic service that is worthy of the highest commendation and that entitles him to the cordial appreciation of the public.

The volume is designed to present in chronological sequence those virtues of the "makers of Canada" that have appealed to the people, and to give to those virtues the poet's impulse. The result is practically a sonnet sequence, of genuine merit as well as uncommon interest. We quote one of these sonnets:

WOLFE: ILLUSTRIOUS VICTOR

Immortal Hero, Wolfe, too oft we laud
Thy deeds to whet our British vanity,
Though deeper ken shows through thy
victory
The all o'er-ruling providence of God.
Not England conquered; but the Holy
Pow'r—
Whose purposes were wiser than we
dream—

Had planned to generate a new regime
And made thy victory its travail-hour.

A grateful people, Hero, still to course
Adown the length'ning slopes of time
shall praise

Thy prowess and thy death in lofty lays;
And should they also sing a mightier
Force

Than England's arms, illustrious Vic-
tor! know

Thy fame is sure while aeons come
and go!

This is sane patriotism, not the
vapourings of the jingo.

The volume contains also an essay on the "Genius and Distinction in Canadian Literature." Dr. Logan is a keen critic of poetry, and he has a fine appreciation of the Keltic genius, as a result of which he has been enabled to give James MacGregor (Nova Scotia) his proper place as the first significant poet in Canada. He also finds that the distinctive note in Canadian poetry is "an inexpugnable Faith in ourselves." (Toronto: William Briggs).

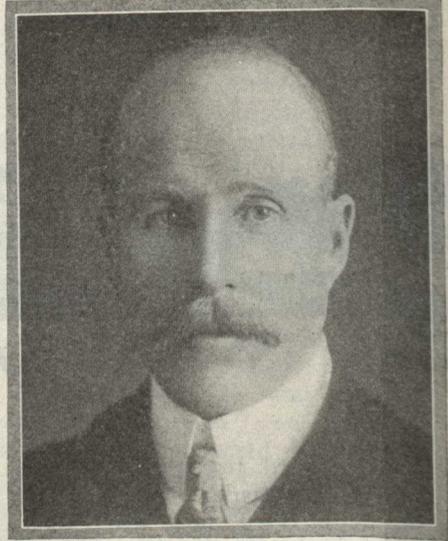
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THE setting of Baroness Orczy's new book, entitled "A True Woman," is such that already a copyright performance of a play of the same name and founded on this novel is in force. Crime, mystery, duty, love are factors of importance in the story, which deals with a phase

of English life. Its most stirring incidents occur in London. The principal characters are English. Presumably one of the author's aims is to impress readers with the strength of character or personality that lives within a well-born, well-bred Englishman or Englishwoman. She makes this emphatic in her treatment of the two outstanding persons of her book, namely, *Luke de Mountford* and his fiancée, *Louisa Harris*, who have to pass through very trying circumstances. The book also has an eccentric old English lord, who, for the love he bears his nephew, *Luke*, perpetrates a crime to prevent an impostor from succeeding in filching *Luke's* inheritance, namely, his right to be heir to the Earldom of Radcliffe. Indeed, in an attempt to solve the mystery surrounding the deed, suspicion centres on *Luke*, who only for a confession made by his uncle, would have been guilty of murder in the eyes of the law. In touching on a phase of London society, the author claims that convention is a strong master that holds the strings which "make the puppets dance," as she puts it. (Toronto: the Copp, Clark Company).

*

PROFESSOR WILLIAM TALBOT ALLISON, Professor of English in Wesley College, University of Manitoba, in his remarkable study of Milton's "Tenure of Kings and Magistrates," has greatly elucidated this most interesting, yet hitherto almost baffling, treatise, and throws a flood of light on seventeenth century history and literature. It was intended at the outset to be merely a thesis for obtaining from Yale University the degree of Doctor of Philosophy, but Professor Allison's researches led him to attempt a more pretentious publication, with the result that students of the period of English political development at the



DR. J. D. LOGAN, AUTHOR OF
"SONGS OF THE MAKERS OF CANADA"

time of Charles I. and the Commonwealth and others interested in Milton and his time will find in the author's introduction to this volume a fine style of writing and a scholarly appreciation of the spirit of the subject, while the text of the "Tenure of Kings and Magistrates," which is reproduced in full, is supplemented by a careful and illuminative set of notes, without which to the ordinary reader the text would be unintelligible. Besides all this there is a bibliography of Milton's poetical and prose works which is said to be the only comprehensive one of this kind in existence. There is also in the form of an appendix a sixteen-page review of the history of tyrannicide. (London: Hodder and Stoughton. Toronto: the Musson Book Company).

*

MRS. FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT is in her happiest mood when she writes a book with a juvenile hero or heroine. We have not forgotten "Little Lord Fauntleroy," although we have read a

library of "best sellers" since the days of that charming and manly little chap—who has had no successful rival, save "Peter Pan." Then there was "The One I Knew the Best of All"—and what woman did not recognise in the *Small Person* her own child nature in realistic fidelity?

Now we have a captivating tale in "The Secret Garden" of a lonely, crippled boy and the subtle strength which came into his life through the most tender and faithful of teachers. It is a book, illumined by a lifetime's wisdom, full of that comprehending comradeship with youth and its "long, long thoughts," which keeps the heart of the world from growing old. It leads us back to the woodland ways, where "the old brown mother" lulls her restless children to sleep. "The Secret Garden" has little of plot or narrative, but is a book whose "lesson" will be all the better remembered because it is suggested so gently. The little lad of the "Secret Garden" is as worth knowing as those delightful youngsters *Dan* and *Una* who fared so gayly with "Puck of Pook's Hill." (Toronto: Copp, Clark Company).

*

IN his book entitled "Increasing Efficiency in Business," Walter Dill Scott observes that the modern business man, with new tools and new methods, is to-day wringing profits from the wastes and unconsidered trifles of yesterday, and that the only factor which has withstood his wizard touch is man himself. This is a book for ambitious men of business. (Toronto: the Macmillan Company of Canada).

*

SINCE Kipling ceased to write about India, there has been little in fiction to interest us in that country. Yet, if we are to believe the newspapers things are happening in India and the eyes of the political

world are turned that way. Indeed the present is a most fortunate time for the introduction of an Anglo-Indian romance such as Miss Diver's "Lilamani." One calls the book a romance because it is romantic, although the situation with which the author deals is presented to us as a quite possible problem whose solution might very well come within the realms of the actual. What did Kipling say:

"The West is West and East is East
"And never the two shall meet—"

In Miss Diver's book they not only meet but mingle and we are introduced to the spectacle of an English gentleman married to a high caste Hindu maiden. The reason, the excuse and the justification for this is Love. He is an artist and she is beautiful, nay more, she is unusual, and he loves her for her very differences. The courtship is a delicate and charming idyll in Miss Diver's best manner. Her flowery diction and wealth of metaphor lend themselves most agreeably to her subject. Then comes the honeymoon which is another gem of literary and romantic charm, and finally the real "trying-out" of the situation in England and under the normal conditions of an English home. It is easy to see here that the author's wishes and her facts do not agree. She would like so much to have her problem solve itself satisfactorily, but this it stubbornly refuses to do. *Lilamani* loves her husband; he loves her but the Hindu bride cannot live in England, and the English bridegroom does not want to live anywhere else. The outraged fitness of things demands a sacrifice and the sacrifice is only saved from being the life of *Lilamani* by the intervention of her father. One closes the book upon the departure of the husband and wife for India. Even Mrs. Diver does not tell us what happened after they get there nor what was the final aspect of a problem which appears as far from

a satisfactory solution as ever. (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company).

*

THE extensive discoveries in aviation have led to a new field (or should we say "sky?") for the novelist who desires his hero's exploits to be strictly up-to-date. Mark Lee Luther is always entertaining, and in his latest novel, "The Sovereign Power," his use of the new territory is skilful and effective. The reader is introduced to an aviation meet in the historic town of Rheims and follows the fortunes of the flying gentry with increasing interest. There is, of course, a wonderful heroine of United States birth. Her name is *Ann*, her eyes are cornflower blue and her hair is of chestnut tint, with copper glints in the sun. She is an incorrigible flirt, which, like a low, soft voice, is always an excellent thing in woman. There is a Servian prince who is naughty and nice, with a most romantic ancestry, and a temperament which is almost artistic. He is easily the most memorable character in the varying scenes of ambition and aviation. There is an amiable and industrious hero, from somewhere in the States, who meekly puts up with the capricious antics of *Ann* and who is no doubt as worthy as he is wearisome. (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada).

*

NOBODY but a man of distinctive culture and character could have written Mr. W. H. Hudson's book entitled "A Shepherd's Life." Here is a work that inspires one to an appreciation of the simple beauty of the pastoral calling, and yet when one attempts to explain its charm one gives up in despair. There is in these pages a delightful style and conceit, and one reads with sheer pleasure the quaint anecdotes and rich descriptions of the South Wiltshire downs. There is an abundance of rippling humour, and one drinks

de Cressi, the poor youngest son of it in as one does the sunlight of a spring morning. The author has a profound reverence for the sheep-bell, and a paragraph suggested by it will suffice to give an idea of the book:

"He thinks a great deal of his bells. He pipes not like the shepherd of fable or of pastoral poets, nor plays upon any musical instrument, and seldom sings, or even whistles—that sorry substitute for song; he loves music, nevertheless, and gets it in his sheep-bells; and he likes it in quantity. 'How many bells have you got on your sheep—it sounds as if you had a good many?' I asked of a shepherd the other day, feeding his flock near Old Sarum, and he replied, 'Just forty, and I wish there were eighty.' Twenty-five or thirty is a more usual number, but only because of their cost, for the shepherd has very little money for bells or anything else. Another told me that he had 'only thirty,' but he intended getting more. The sound cheers him; it is not exactly monotonous, owing to the bells being of various sizes and also greatly varying in thickness, so that they produce different tones, from the sharp tinkle-tinkle of the smallest to the sonorous klonk-klonk of the big, copper bell. Then, too, they are differently agitated, some quietly when the sheep are grazing with heads down, others rapidly as the animal walks or trots on; and there are little bursts or peals when the sheep shakes its head; all together producing a kind of rude harmony—a music which, like that of bagpipes or of chiming church-bells, heard from a distance, is akin to natural music, and accords with rural scenes."

These lines give one a new vision of nature, and indeed the whole book imparts a fondness for green hills and outdoor creatures. (London: Methuen and Company).

*

IN "Red Eve," H. Rider Haggard has out-Haggarded Haggard. "She" and "King Solomon's Mines" are, for strange adventure, pretty hard to beat, but for a really exciting book, bristling with thrilling incidents and valorous deeds, get "Red Eve." The heroine of the story is called "Red Eve" on account of the cloak she wears; she is a beautiful girl who loves and is loved by *Hugh*

de Cressi, the poor youngest son of a merchant. But *Sir Edmund Acour*, a wealthy French knight, is also anxious to make her his wife, and the base way in which he brings about his desire, the dangers *Hugh de Cressi* faces in order to be revenged, and the crafty way in which *Sir Edmund* avoids meeting his enemy are matters of emotion and excitement that keep one wholly interested to the end. (Toronto: the Copp, Clark Company).

*

THE effect of reading in "Joey the Dreamer," Henry Oyen's description of the slum life of a great city is shown in the question prompted towards the close: "What are we going to do about it?" The author depicts very vividly what the day's work means to many submerged men, women, and children, and he suggests the country as a remedy. Of course, everybody knows that the country is a remedy, but how to get these people to the country is the problem. (Toronto: the Musson Book Company).

*

HERETOFORE the novelist Leonard Merrick, who has an excellent reputation in England, has been almost unknown in America. Now, however, he has been taken up seriously by a New York publisher, so that we may expect to see his books in the best shops. But to many Western readers his style will not please, although he has style and flashes of genius. His latest novel, "Conrad in Quest of His Youth," makes one think of Joseph Conrad's superb symbol, "Youth," merely because of the names. But the two books are vastly different in style as well as in theme. Mr. Merrick brings a young man of

thirty-seven back to England and creates in him a longing for the scenes and experiences of his youthful days. The first few chapters are delightful. They describe the return to Sweetbay and the unsuccessful attempts to restore the glamour that glorified the place when he was a lad. From Sweetbay this jaded man goes on from the scene of one *amour* to another, trying, as it were, in a new way, to find the fountain of youth. The narrative seems to descend in tone as he proceeds, and we feel that the author has drifted away from the fine, big universality of his theme. But it is bright, clever narrative, and the quest concludes with an impression that the man has recovered his youth in the realisation that he is young just as often as he falls in love. It is a splendid theme, and even if the author has not developed it so as to please individual critics, it is a novel well worth reading in order at least to keep in touch with the literary bent in England just now. (New York: Mitchell Kennerley).

*

QUOTING George MacDonald: "If instead of giving a gem or even a flower, we could cast the gift of a lovely thought into the heart of a friend, that would be giving as the angels, I suppose, must give." The makers of the "Calendar for Saints and Sinners" have given excellent material for every day of 1912. (Chicago: Forbes and Company).

*

CONSTANCE GARNETT'S translation of Count Leo Tolstoy's colossal novel, "War and Peace," has been issued in a popular edition and in one volume. (Toronto: Henry Frowde).





HOW IT HAPPENED

Condescending Chappie—"I weally can't wemember your name, but I've an idea I've met you here before."

Nervous Host—"O, yes, very likely. It's my house."—*Sketch.*

*

BUSINESS

A train in Arizona was boarded by robbers, who went through the pockets of the luckless passengers. One of them happened to be a traveling salesman from New York, who, when his turn came, fished out \$200, but rapidly took \$4 from the pile and placed it in his vest pocket.

"What do you mean by that?" asked the robber, as he toyed with his revolver. Hurriedly came the answer: "Mine frent, you surely would not refuse me two per zent. discount on a strictly cash transaction like dis?"—*Fun.*

*

BREAKING THE I-C-E

When Alice Jones was eighteen she became Miss E. Alysse Jones. When she went to enter a college she was asked her name by the dean. She replied:

"Miss E. Alysse Jones—A-l-y-s-s-e."

"Yes," said the dean; "and how are you spelling 'Jones' now?"—*Tit Bits.*

PUZZLING

Mrs. A.—"They say your Ned's wanted by the police."

Mrs. B.—"Well, there's no accounting for tastes."—*Punch.*

*

EXPLAINED

"Was it a case of love at first sight?"

"No, second sight. The first time he saw her he didn't know she was an heiress."—*Judge.*

*

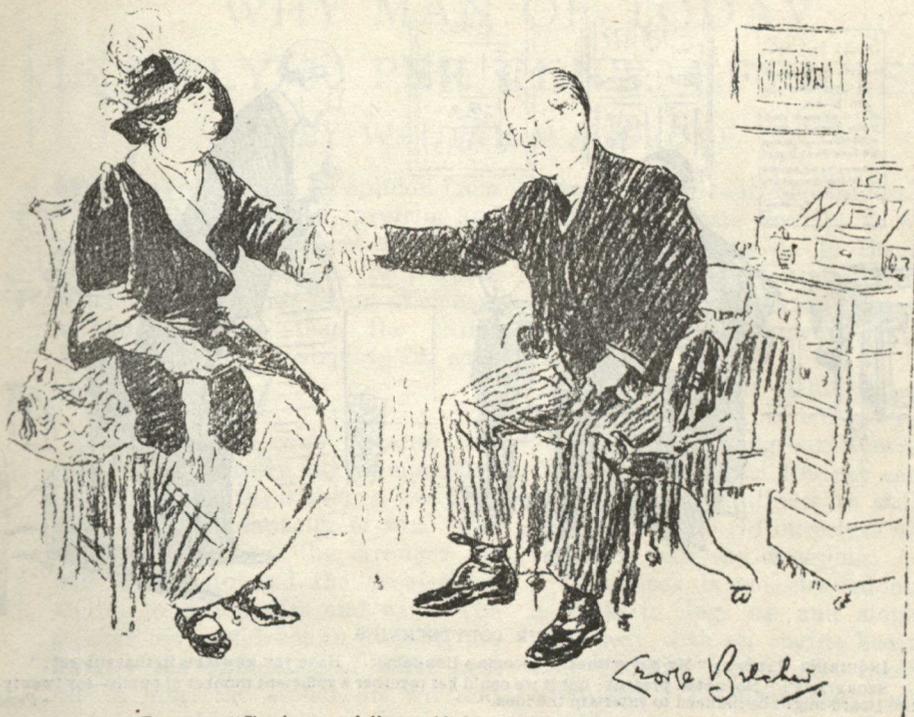
UP TO DATE

Showman—"Walk in, ladies and gentlemen, and see the Aztee giants, descendants of a long-extinct race!"—*Meggendorfer Blaetter.*

*

ACCURATE

A Brooklyn Sunday school teacher once had occasion to catechise a new pupil whose ignorance of his Testament would have been amusing had it not been so appalling. One Sunday she asked the little fellow how many commandments there were. To her surprise the lad answered, glibly enough, "Ten, ma'am." "And now, Sammy," asked the teacher, "what would be the result if you should break one of them?" "Then there'd be nine," triumphantly answered the youngster.—*Fun.*



PATIENT: "I've been awfully troubled lately, doctor, with my breathing."
 DOCTOR: "Hum! I'll soon give you something to stop that."

—Punch

A QUICK CHANGE ARTIST

Inquiring Visitor—"Yesterday you appeared as a fire-eater—to-day you are an Eskimo swallowing raw, frozen fish."

"Yes. My doctor ordered a change of diet."—*Meggendorfer Blaetter*.

*

GROSS FAVORITISM

"Talk 'bout railroads bein' a blessin'," said Brother Dickey, "des look at de loads an' loads er water-melons deys haulin' out de State, ter dem folks 'way up North what never done nuthin' ter deserve sich a dispensation!"—*Atlanta Constitution*.

*

ODD TASTE

Mother (to inquisitive child)—"Stand aside. Don't you see the gentleman wants to take the lady's picture?"

"Why does he want to?"—*Life*.

FORESIGHT

"Mr. Grimes," said the rector to the vestryman, "we had better take up the collection before the sermon this morning!"

"Indeed!"

"Yes; I'm going to preach on the subject of economy."—*Stray Stories*.

*

A TONGUE TWISTER

Sir Robert (as sudden scurry is heard)—"What was that?"

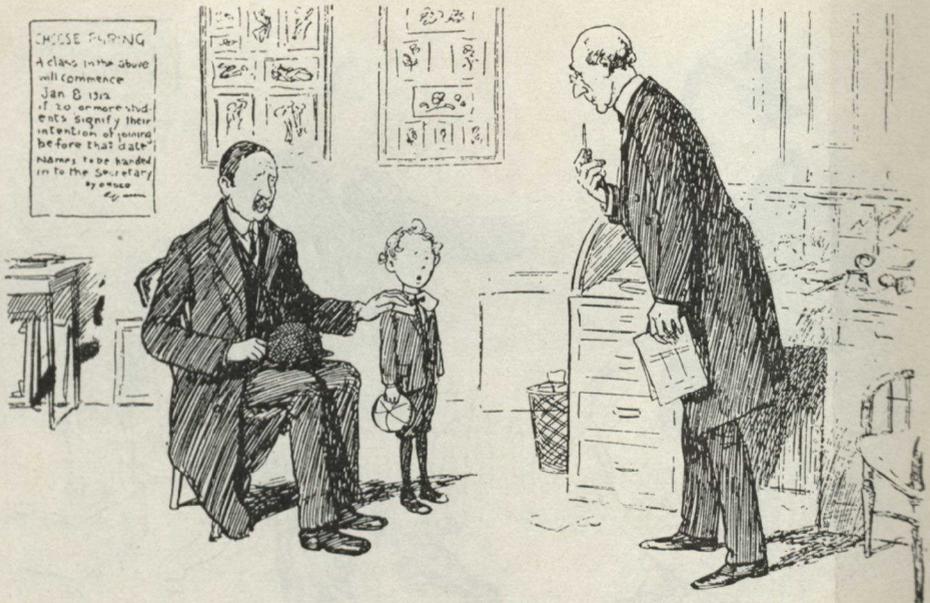
Nervous Loader—"O-only a robert, Sir Rabbit!"—*Punch*.

*

THIS IS DREADFUL

Young Lady—"You say you were on a raft for six weeks, and had nothing to eat but mutton. Where did you get the mutton from?"

Old Salt—"Well, you see, Miss, the sea was very choppy."—*Sacred Heart Review*.



OUR POLYTECHNICS.

INQUIRING PARENT: "My boy wishes to become a lion-tamer. Have you any class in that subject?"
 SECRETARY: "No, not at present; but if we could get together a sufficient number of pupils—say twenty—the Board might be induced to entertain the idea."
 —Punch

NOT THE SAME

"Queen Mary," said the teacher to the class in the history lesson, "loved France so much that she declared the word Calais would be found written on her heart after she was dead."

Pausing a moment the teacher looked at a boy steadily.

"Jimmy Smith," she said, "you were not listening."

"Oh, yes, I was," Jimmy replied.

"Well, what did Queen Mary say would be found written across her heart?"

"Kelly," was Jimmy's triumphant reply.—*Tit-Bits.*

✱

A KNOCKOUT

Wife (complainingly) — "You're not like Mr. Knagg. They've been married twenty years, and Mrs. Knagg says her husband is so tender."

Husband—"Tender! Well, he ought to be, after being in hot water that long."—*Zion's Herald.*

401

THE TRIAL COURSE

"I'm afraid you may think we are giving you a lot of fish this week, old man," said the genial host, as they sat down to dinner. "The fact is, my wife has got hold of what sounds like a really capital device for removing a fish-bone stuck in the throat, and we want to see if it works."—*Tit-Bits.*

✱

A WINNER

"Boy, take these flowers to Miss Bertie Bohoo, Room 12."

"My, sir, you're the fourth gentleman wot's sent her flowers to-day."

"What's that? What the deuce? W-who sent the others?"

"Oh, they didn't send any names. They all said, 'She'll know where they come from.'"

"Well, here, take my card, and tell her these are from the same one who sent the other three boxes."—*Tit-Bits.*

WHY MAN OF TODAY IS ONLY 50 PER CENT. EFFICIENT

BY WALTER WALGROVE

IF one were to form an opinion from the number of helpful, inspiring and informing articles one sees in the public press and magazines, the purpose of which is to increase our efficiency, he must believe that the entire American Nation is striving for such an end—

And this is so.

The American man because the race is swifter every day: competition is keener and the stronger the man the greater his capacity to win. The stronger the man, the stronger his will and brain and the greater his ability to match wits and win. The greater his confidence in himself, the greater the confidence of other people in him: the keener his wit and the clearer his brain.

The American woman because she must be competent to rear and manage the family and home, and take all the thought and responsibility from the shoulders of the man, whose present-day business burdens are all that he can carry.

Now what are we doing to secure that efficiency? Much mentally, some of us much physically, but what is the trouble?

We are not really efficient more than half the time. Half the time blue and worried—all the time nervous—some of the time really incapacitated by illness.

There is a reason for this—a practical reason, one that has been known to physicians for quite a period and will be known to the entire world ere long.

That reason is that the human system does not, and will not, rid itself of all the waste which it accumulates under our present mode of living. No matter how regular we are, the food we eat and the sedentary lives we live (even though we do get some exercise) make it impossible; just as impossible as it is for the grate of a

stove to rid itself of clinkers.

And the waste does to us exactly what the clinkers do to the stove; make the fire burn low and inefficiently until enough clinkers have accumulated and then prevent its burning at all.

It has been our habit, after this waste has reduced our efficiency about 75 per cent., to drug ourselves; or after we have become 100 per cent. inefficient through illness to still further attempt to rid ourselves of it in the same way—by drugging.

If a clock is not cleaned once in a while it clogs up and stops; the same way with an engine because of the residue which it itself accumulates. To clean the clock you would not put acid on the parts, though you could probably find one that would do the work, nor to clean the engine would you force a cleaner through it that would injure its parts; yet that is the process you employ when you drug the system to rid it of waste.

You would clean your clock and engine with a harmless cleanser that nature has provided, and you can do exactly the same for yourself as I will demonstrate before I conclude.

The reason that a physician's first step in illness is to purge the system is that no medicine can take effect nor can the system work properly while the colon (large intestine) is clogged up. If the colon were not clogged up the chances are 10 to 1 that you would not have been ill at all.

It may take some time for the clogging process to reach the stage where it produces real illness, but, no matter how long it takes, while it is going on the functions are not working so as to keep up to "concert pitch." Our livers are sluggish, we are dull and heavy—slight or severe headaches come on—our sleep does not rest us—

in short, we are about 50 per cent. efficient.

And if this condition progresses to where real illness develops, it is impossible to tell what form that illness will take, because—

The blood is constantly circulating through the colon and, taking up by absorption the poisons in the waste which it contains, it distributes them throughout the system and weakens it so that we are subject to whatever disease is most prevalent.

The nature of the illness depends on our own little weaknesses and what we are the least able to resist.

These facts are all scientifically correct in every particular, and it has often surprised me that they are not more generally known and appreciated. All we have to do is to consider the treatment that we have received in illness to realise fully how it developed and the methods used to remove it.

So you see that not only is accumulated waste directly and constantly pulling down our efficiency by making our blood poor and our intellect dull—our spirits low and our ambitions weak, but it is responsible through its weakening and infecting processes for a list of illnesses that if catalogued here would seem almost unbelievable.

It is the direct and immediate cause of that very expensive and dangerous complaint—appendicitis.

If we can successfully eliminate the waste all our functions work properly and in accord—there are no poisons being taken up by the blood, so it is pure and imparts strength to every part of the body instead of weakness—there is nothing to clog up the system and make us bilious, dull and nervously fearful.

With everything working in perfect accord and without obstruction, our brains are clear, our entire physical being is competent to respond quickly to every requirement, and we are 100 per cent. efficient.

Now this waste that I speak of cannot be thoroughly removed by drugs,

but even if it could the effect of these drugs on the functions is very unnatural, and if continued becomes a periodical necessity.

Note the opinions on drugging of two most eminent physicians:

Prof. Alonzo Clark, M.D., of the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons, says: "All of our curative agents are poisons, and as a consequence, every dose diminishes the patient's vitality."

Prof. Joseph M. Smith, M.D., of the same school, says: "All medicines which enter the circulation poison the blood in the same manner as do the poisons that produce disease."

Now, the internal organism can be kept as sweet and pure and clean as the external and by the same natural, sane method—bathing. By the proper system warm water can be introduced so that the colon is perfectly cleansed and kept pure.

There is no violence in this process—it seems to be just as normal and natural as washing one's hands.

Physicians are taking it up more widely and generally every day, and it seems as though everyone should be informed thoroughly on a practice which, though so rational and simple, is revolutionary in its accomplishments.

This is rather a delicate subject to write of exhaustively in the public press, but Chas. A. Tyrrell, M.D., has prepared an interesting treatise on "Why Man of To-day is Only 50 Per Cent. Efficient," which he will send without cost to anyone addressing him at 275 College Street, Toronto, Ontario, and mentioning that they have read this article in THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

Personally, I am enthusiastic on Internal Bathing because I have seen what it has done in illness as well as in health, and I believe that every person who wishes to keep in as near a perfect condition as is humanly possible should at least be informed on this subject; he will also probably learn something about himself which he has never known through reading the little book to which I refer.

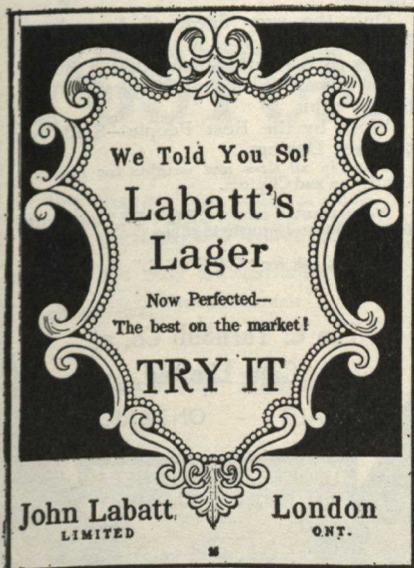
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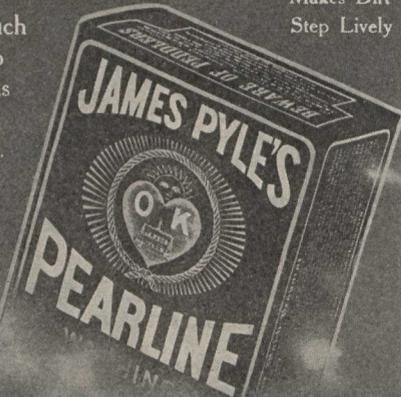
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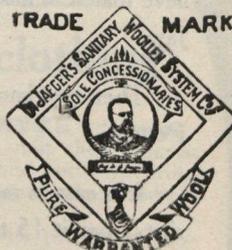
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Back of the Royal is one of the largest and most important typewriter manufacturing concerns in the world, with unlimited resources and ample ability, offering every advantage of dealing with a high-grade business institution.

A NEW MODEL of the **ROYAL** STANDARD

THE Royal always has been abreast with the best; here is a new model which places it far in the lead. Read about Royal Model 5—every office manager, every stenographer, every up-to-date typewriter user!

Feature 1. TWO-COLOR RIBBON DEVICE. The only one that insures perfect two-color writing; over-lapping of colors impossible.

Feature 2. TABULATOR. An important improvement, perfected with usual Royal simplicity.

Feature 3. BACK SPACER. Touch the key and carriage draws back one space. A popular feature—

convenient in billing, tabulating or correcting.

Feature 4. TILTING PAPER TABLE. Found only on Royal—gives instant access to all margin and tabulator stops; a time-saver and great convenience.

Feature 5. HINGED PAPER FINGERS. This feature, exclusive with Royal, permits writing to extreme of either edge of paper.

And so on through all the points of Royal supremacy—the direct vision of writing, making it the one perfect visible writer; the special facilities for quick and easy handling of the paper, the Royal type-bar accelerating principle, famous among typewriter men, a feature which is admitted to be the greatest single invention since typewriters began.

Read Our Guarantee! That is the basis upon which we want to demonstrate the Royal to you. All we ask is an opportunity to give this machine a severe test in your own office on your own work, alongside of any other machine.

\$95 is the price of Model 5—same as charged for Model 1 with Tabulator. Everything included. No extras.

Royal Typewriter Co.

Royal Typewriter Building, New York

Principal European Office :	75-a Queen Victoria Street, -	London, E.C.
Canadian Typewriter Co., Ltd.,	-	162 Bay Street, Toronto
Howell-Payne Co. Ltd.,	-	1219 Langley Street, Victoria
Royal Typewriter Agency, -	-	36 Arthur Street, Winnipeg
Librairie Beauchemin' Ltd.,	-	Montreal
Royal Typewriter Agency, -	317 Pender Street West,	Vancouver, B.C.

**We
Guarantee**

That the Royal Standard Typewriter is made of the highest grade materials obtainable and by the most skillful workmen money can hire,

That it will do work of the best quality for a greater length of time at less expense for upkeep than any other typewriter, regardless of price.

ROYAL TYPEWRITER COMPANY

Trial Box
\$1.50

6 Pairs Holeproof Hosiery (25c per Pair)

Guaranteed Against Holes for 6 Months. Send Coupon

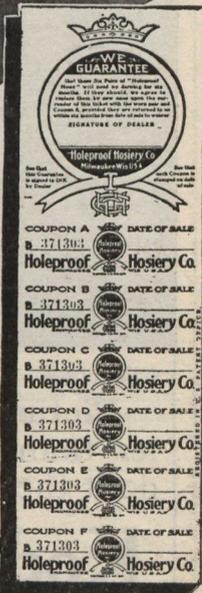
A MILLION PEOPLE

are wearing Holeproof Hosiery! We have sold 24,006,034 pairs! Guaranteeing six pairs six months *plus the quality of "Holeproof"* is reason "Holeproof" sells to so many. A MILLION PEOPLE get comfort from these hose. A MILLION PEOPLE SAVE DARNING. YOU'LL DO THE SAME. Order a trial box today. It contains six pairs—guaranteed six months—and costs but \$1.50—25c a pair.



Note the Guarantee Ticket

This ticket comes to you in each box. It has six return coupons—one for each pair. If any or all pairs wear out in six months, return the worn pairs with a coupon for each and we'll send you *new* hose FREE. But "Holeproof" are so good that you probably won't have to send any back. In all of our twelve years' experience we have never had to replace more than 5 per cent of our output. 95 per cent has always *outlasted* the guarantee. Those that don't wear the full six months we replace at once without question. There is no surer way to get VALUE IN HOSIERY. SEND THE COUPON TODAY WITH \$1.50 for men's sox (\$2 for women's and children's stockings). Send the money in any convenient way.



FAMOUS Holeproof Hosiery
FOR MEN WOMEN AND CHILDREN

None Genuine Without Signature, "CARL FRESCHL"

Reg. U. S. Pat. Office, 1908
Carl Freschl
Our yarn costs an average of 70c a pound. It is 3-ply Egyptian and Sea Island cotton—the finest cotton yarn to be had. We pay the top market price. We could buy yarn for 30c, but it would be cumbersome, coarse and 2-ply. We can make with our yarn, which is lighter but stronger, a lighter and stronger hosiery. Thus we can *guarantee* a light hosiery. We make heavy weights, if you want them, but we make the light weight, too.

Saves Darning, Discomfort and Expense

Write for List of Sizes, Colors and Grades
"Holeproof" is made for men, women and children, so women can save the whole family's darning. Men need not any longer wear sox with holes in them. Children may now *always* wear neat-looking stockings. WOMEN MAY SAVE ALL THE DARNING! Think of the darning you do now; then, order the \$1.50 TRIAL BOX. (*Trial Box for women or children, \$2.*) Or send for the "Holeproof" list of sizes, colors and grades.

Don't pay out good money for hose that wear out in a week. Get this Trial Box of "Holeproof" and learn how hosiery should wear—even the lightest weights. Send the coupon and \$1.50 now while you think of it. (*Don't forget to send \$2 if you want them for women or children.*)

Holeproof Hosiery Company of Canada, Ltd.
125 Bond Street, London, Canada (266)

Trial Box Order Coupon

Holeproof Hosiery Co. of Canada, Ltd.
125 Bond Street, London, Can.

Gentlemen: I enclose \$1.50 (\$2.00 for women's or children's), for which send me one box of Holeproof Hose. Weight.....(medium or light?) Size..... Color (check the colors on list below). Any six in a box, but only one weight and one size.

Name.....
Street.....
City.....
Province.....

LIST OF COLORS For Men and Women

Black Light Tan Dark Tan Pearl
Lavender Navy Blue Light Blue
For Children
Black, and tan, only; and medium weight only.

Are Your Hose Insured?



A KODAK HOME PORTRAIT

Picture taking is simpler than you think—if you do it the

Kodak Way

And there's no more delightful side to photography than the making of home portraits. Get the full pleasure that is to be had from your Kodak by taking in-door pictures in winter as well as out-door pictures in summer.

To make every step perfectly clear we have issued a beautifully illustrated little book—At Home with the Kodak—that tells in a very understandable way just how to proceed. It may be had free at your dealers or by mail direct, upon request.

CANADIAN KODAK CO., LTD.
Toronto, Canada



OXO Cubes open up a new world of home cookery. The monotonous routine of beef, mutton and pork may be varied by an endless variety of light, nourishing, easily digested dishes.

By the aid of OXO Cubes, soups, sauces, meat jellies, croquettes, etc., may be made or enriched with no trouble and little expense.

57



One Cube
to a Cup

Smith, Kerry & Chace

Consulting and Constructing Engineers

Confederation Life Building,

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also Vancouver; Boise, Idaho;

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C. B. Smith,

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CUT YOUR CAMERA EXPENSE IN HALF



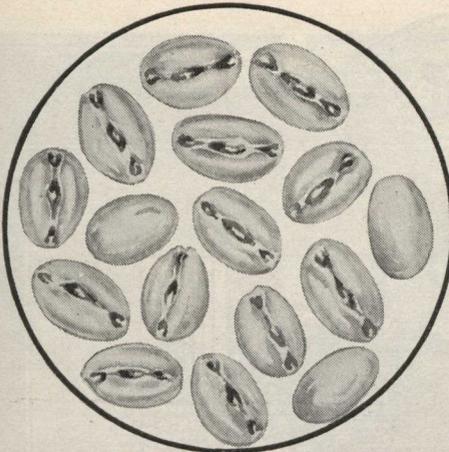
Thousands are doing it—with the information that this training brings—saving on costs of material alone, to say nothing of time—and the satisfaction of better results. Short cuts, new formulae, tricks of the world's greatest photographers, answers to every problem that you will ever meet—all this in completely indexed, get-at-able form is in the new four volume set of

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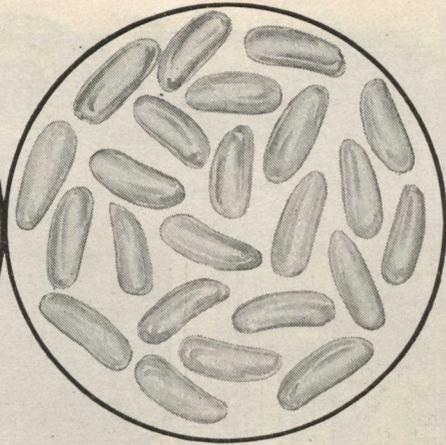
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Puffed Wheat



Puffed Rice

Prof. Anderson Brought to Us This Invention

It was wheat and rice kernels exploded by steam—puffed to eight times normal size.

They tasted like toasted nuts.

They seemed to us like cereal confections—the most delightful foods ever created.

But we asked for the people's judgement.

We opened a lunch room in the heart of New York, to which hundreds of people came daily.

And we offered them there—all at equal price—all sorts of cereal foods.

Four out of five who took ready-cooked cereals chose either Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice.

That settled the matter. We made the foods. And now 22,000,000 dishes monthly are consumed by delighted users.

Please Let the Children Choose

We ask you to do likewise.

Submit to your children the various ready-cooked cereals. Tell them to pick their choice.

You'll find that these puffed grains—crisp,

porous and nut like—are selected nine times in ten.

That's a fortunate fact. For these whole-grain foods, with every food granule blasted to pieces, are the most digestible foods in existence.

Puffed Wheat, 10c *Except in
Extreme
West*
Puffed Rice, 15c

These foods are not merely foibles.

They are scientific creations.

The grains are sealed up in bronze-steel guns. For an hour we revolve them in an oven heat of 550 degrees—until all the grains' moisture is changed to high-pressure steam.

Ways of Serving

In the morning serve them with cream and sugar. Or mix them with any fruit.

For luncheons or suppers, or between-meal foods, serve like crackers in a bowl of milk.

Boys at play like to eat the grains dry. Girls use them in candy-making. In many such ways

these nut-like grains take the place of nuts. Then that steam is exploded. And, by that explosion, the millions of food granules are literally blasted to pieces. Thus digestion can instantly act.

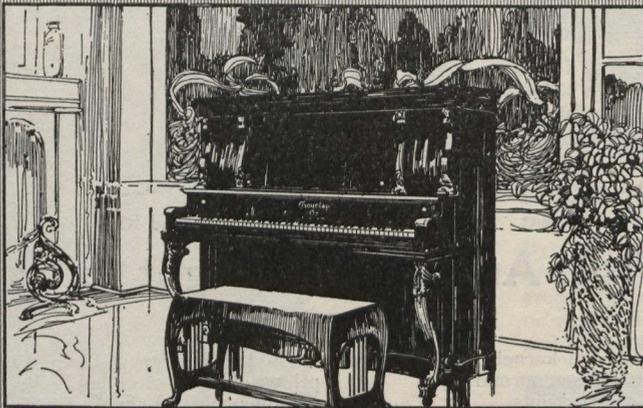
The puffed grains are four times as porous as bread. Yet the coats of the grain are unbroken.

Let children eat them whenever they are hungry, for these puffed grains don't tax the stomach.

And begin today if you don't yet know how good these puffed foods are.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers—Peterborough.



"We consider our greatest advertising asset to be a home in which a Gurlay Piano is played."

Gurlay Winter & Leeming
Toronto Canada



The DOMINION PIANO.



“Direct From Factory to Home.”
Our Selling Plan Has Saved Thousands of Dollars for Shrewd Piano Buyers.

If we presented instruments to artists and schools to secure testimonials—if we built costly buildings, or rented expensively-fitted up warerooms—if we paid extravagant salaries—of course we would have to charge \$100 to \$150 more for every DOMINION PIANO sold. These “expenses of doing business” add greatly to the cost of many pianos, but do not add to their value. “DOMINION” instruments are sold direct from our factory to your home, through our own local agent, thus saving you all these unnecessary expenses. This plan appeals to every music-lover who wants full value in the piano itself for every dollar it costs. Doesn't it appeal to you?

WRITE TO-DAY FOR OUR FREE CATALOGUE

Which fully explains the unique Arch Plate Frame construction which endows the “DOMINION” with a tone equal to that of a Grand in sweetness, purity and permanence—and makes the “DOMINION” a piano that never grows old, that endures the stresses of time, climate and hard usage.

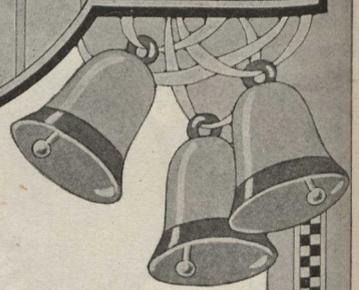
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Of the World*

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“DOMINION”
You Save at
Least \$100.00.*



Bell Art Pianos.



Command the respect of
Musical People everywhere

There is a richness—a nobility of
Tone: and a responsiveness to the
slightest depression of the Keys
characteristic of Bell Art Pianos:
making them especially to be
desired by Artistes.

The Bell Piano & Organ Company, Limited
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The Rosy Bloom On a Woman's Cheek

is the most alluring beauty in the world. It is a prize within reach of almost every woman, if she will but give proper attention to her skin and her general health.

The evil effects of raw winds, dust, extreme cold, working in overheated or steamy rooms or in bad air, can be counteracted by using



Na-Dru-Co Ruby Rose Cold Cream

This is a snowy-white preparation with a delicate rose perfume. It cleanses the skin, nourishes and fills out the deeper tissues, smoothes out wrinkles and imparts a velvety softness, free from roughness, redness or chaps. It keeps the skin healthy, and Nature supplies the rosy bloom.

In 25c. opal glass jars, at your Druggist's.

Na-Dru-Co Witch Hazel Cream

is a delightfully soothing preparation of Witch Hazel, presenting all its wonderful cooling and healing properties in a most agreeable form. For the skin irritation which winter brings—chaps, wind-burn, cracked lips, frost-bites or chilblain, it is a remedy as pleasant as it is effective.

25c. a bottle, at your Druggist's.

Always look for the Na-Dru-Co. Trade Mark when you buy.

**NATIONAL DRUG & CHEMICAL CO.
OF CANADA LIMITED**



"Won't Burn" STEEL Sectional Filing Cabinets



FOR the same reason that you place your valuable papers for safe keeping in a heavy steel safe, you should provide a safe place for your correspondence and other papers of lesser value.

Sectional Filing Cabinets made of Steel are designed to provide a safe place for keeping your correspondence, cancelled cheques, card index records and other business papers. The filing drawers are arranged in a most convenient way for filing these papers so that they can be instantly referred to.

Steel Sectional Cabinets are made for filing:

- CORRESPONDENCE.
- DOCUMENTS.
- CHEQUES.
- CARD INDEX RECORDS.
- COMMERCIAL REPORT RECORDS.
- LEGAL BLANK FORMS.
- ROLLER SHELVES FOR BOOKS.
- STORAGE CASES FOR STATIONERY.
- SPECIMEN DRAWERS.

Sectional Steel Filing Cabinets are attractively finished in "Corona" green a rich enamel, decorated with gold striping. The drawers will not bind or stick, shrink, warp or crack.

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The Perfect Player Piano

is one that will produce results the Musician is after, and at the same time place the Novice in a position to play so it will not sound mechanical.

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place it in a distinctive class, and enable anyone to play any Musical Selection intelligently and with artistic effect.

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Write us to-day for full particulars about this wonderful instrument, and how it can be purchased on our extended payment plan.

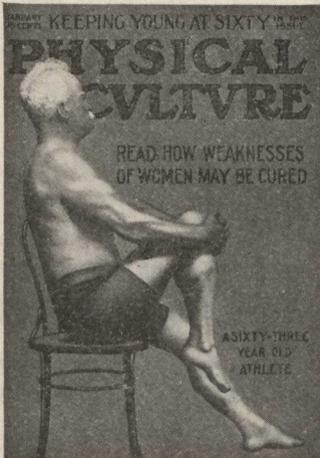
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Purifies as well as Beautifies the Skin No other cosmetic will do it.



REMOVES Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rash, and Skin diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test of 62 years; no other has, and is so harmless, we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. The distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the *haut-on* (a patient)—“As you ladies will use them, I

recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the Skin preparations.”

For sale by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers.

COURAUD'S ORIENTAL TOILET POWDER

For infants and adults. Exquisitely perfumed. Relieves Skin troubles, cures Sunburn and renders an excellent complexion.

PRICE 25 CENTS BY MAIL.

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Removes Superfluous Hair.

Price \$1.00 by Mail.

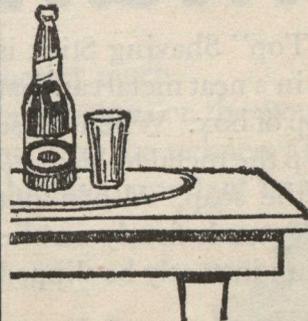
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| Army Revolvers, \$1.65 up | Army Tents, \$1.40 up |
| Army Rpg. Rifles, 1.48 " | Army Swords, .80 " |
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Made of pure grain and perfectly brewed and aged.

AT ALL DEALERS IN PINT AND QUART BOTTLES FOR FAMILY USE.

New—The Holder Top Shaving Stick

The illustration shows the convenience and suggests the economy of the new Holder Top—the Shaving Stick de Luxe



Williams' ^{PATENTED} Holder Top Shaving Stick

The "Holder Top" Shaving Stick is firmly fastened in a neat metal cap that also serves as top of box. When in use the fingers grasp the metal holder and do not touch the soap. When not in use the stick stands firmly on the holder top or can instantly be slipped

back into its handsome nickeled container. Williams' Holder Top Shaving Stick not only combines all the other good qualities that have made Williams' Soaps famous, but makes a strong appeal on account of its convenient, economical and sanitary form.



The Familiar Hinged Cover Box

The New Holder Top Stick and Container

Williams' Shaving Stick Hinged Cover, Nickeled Box

Williams' Holder Top Shaving Stick

Williams' Quick & Easy Shaving Powder

SPECIAL OFFER

A miniature sample package of either Williams' Shaving Stick (regular, not the Holder Top), Shaving Powder, Jersey Cream Toilet Soap, Dentalactic Tooth Powder or Talc Powder mailed for 4 cents in stamps. All five articles in neat combination package for 18 cents in stamps. Address



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The Reasons for its Wondrous Flavor

Do you know that we get from a bushel of choice oats only *10 pounds of Quaker Oats?*

They are just the rich, plump grains, picked out by *62 siftings.*

These selected grains, prepared by our process, form this delicious oatmeal—the finest oat food in existence.

Does it pay?

Every dish of Quaker Oats tells you that it pays. Note how the children delight in it.

And the cost, despite its goodness, is but *one-half cent per dish.*

That's why Quaker Oats has become the world's breakfast.

Millions and millions, every morning, enjoy this ideal dish.

Quaker Oats outsells all other brands combined. It outsells in dollars any other package food.

Please remember this.

On some foods grade doesn't matter much.

But a great deal depends, in every home, on the young folks' love of oatmeal. And that depends on the richness and flavor.

In this food of all foods it is highly important to serve just the cream of oatmeal.

And that means Quaker Oats.

Regular Size Package, 10c

Family size package, for smaller cities and country trade, 25c.

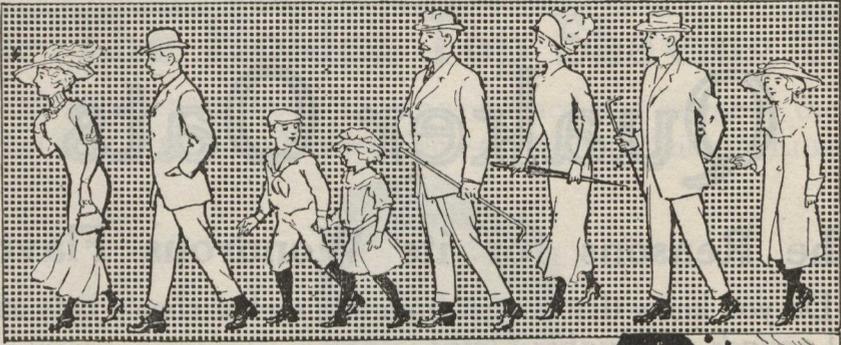
The prices noted do not apply in the extreme West.

The Quaker Oats Company

PETERBOROUGH



Look for the Quaker trade-mark on every package.



Learn now of Hosiery Really Fault-Free!

Let your next hosiery purchase be Pen-Angle. Examine these perfected stockings or socks closely when the clerk shows them to you. Notice the utter absence of the clumsy, troublesome seams you have been wearing. Hold them up and study how the shape has been knit into them—not the fabric dragged into shape as in all other hose. And then, when you wear them, see how snug and neat they fit—how shape-retaining their method of manufacture—how long-wearing our exclusive knitting process makes it sure your hose will be—once you cease casual buying and demand only



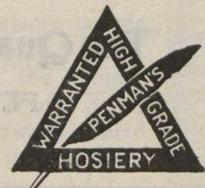
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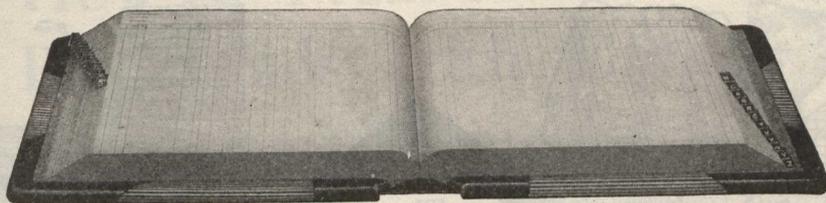
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Moist fingers, hot dishes, damp or hard substances, all take toll of the bright surfaces of your furniture. Dirt and grime gather from unknown surfaces. Get

ROYAL GEM VENEER

and Presto Everything is clean and bright again, as by magic. Very little rubbing required.

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You Can Weigh

What

You Should Weigh

You can, I know it, because I have reduced 25,000 women and have built up as many more—scientifically, naturally, without drugs, in the privacy of their own rooms; I can build up your vitality—at the same time I strengthen your heart action; can teach you how to breathe, to stand, walk and relieve such ailments as nervousness, torpid liver, constipation, indigestion, etc.

One pupil writes: "I weigh 83 pounds less, and I have gained wonderfully in strength."

Another says: "Last May I weighed 100 pounds, this May I weigh 126, and oh! I feel SO WELL."

Write to-day for my free booklet.
SUSANNA COCROFT, Dept. 99 R.
624 Michigan Boul., Chicago, Ills.

Author of "Growth in Silence," "Self-Sufficiency," etc.

"It Certainly Do Wash Dem Clean an' Quick"— *Aunt Salina*



The colored lady may be off in her grammar but she certainly knows how to wash clothes clean and wash them quick.

The "New Century" washing machine is a marvel for efficiency and money-saving.

A six-year-old girl could do the weekly washing of the average family with a "New Century" washer.

Now ladies! just take a soft pencil and figure out how you can increase your bank account—or begin one that this washing machine will make substantial in time.

Wash day bother through in a few minutes — Clothes washed spotlessly clean because the "New Century" gushes the water through the fabric—Delicate it may be—the flimsiest material in the world—yet, the "New Century" cannot injure it.

Ask your dealer to show you how easy the "New Century" works—

How it cuts out drudgery and saves money.

N.B. A post card will bring you Aunt Salina's Washday Philosophy. Read the booklet and tell us what you think of it.

**Cummer-Dowswell Limited,
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How to Treat Pimples and Blackheads with Cuticura Soap and Ointment.



Gently smear the affected parts with Cuticura Ointment, on the end of the finger, but do not rub. Wash off the Cuticura Ointment in five minutes with Cuticura Soap and hot water and continue bathing for some minutes. This treatment is best on rising and retiring. At other times use Cuticura Soap freely for the toilet and bath, to assist in preventing inflammation, irritation and clogging of the pores, the common cause of these distressing facial eruptions and other unwholesome conditions of the complexion and skin. Cuticura Soap and Ointment are equally effective in the treatment of eczema and other severe skin and scalp humors of young and old.

Although Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold by druggists and dealers throughout Canada, a liberal sample of each, with a 32-page booklet on treatment of skin and hair, will be sent, post-free, on application to "Cuticura," Boston, U. S. A.

"Play this next, Mother"

Every boy and every girl of every age and every temperament has a particular liking for a particular kind of entertainment.

One great thing about

The Edison Phonograph

is that it renders *everybody's* particular kind of entertainment, from the littlest girl's to the biggest boy's—to say nothing of your husband's and your own.

Another great thing—

Amberol Records

When one likes a particular kind of entertainment one can never get enough of it. Amberol Records, playing twice as long as the ordinary records, render every selection completely, *all there is of it*. All the verses of every song, all of every instrumental number without cutting or hurrying.

Making your own records

This is half the pleasure of owning an Edison. Sing to it, talk to it—it answers you back in your own words and your own voice. You can do it—so can your children. Be sure to have the Edison dealer show you how when you go to pick out your Edison Phonograph.

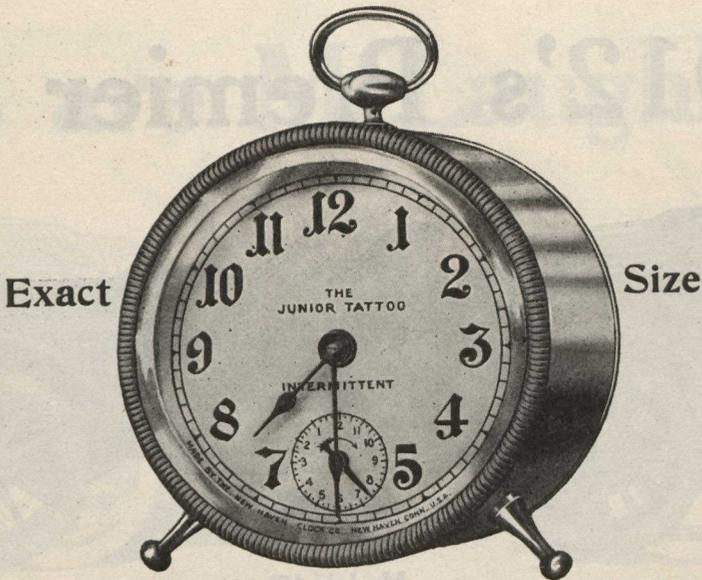
Send for catalog and complete information today

The advantages of the Edison are as definite as they are important—and the way to know all about them is to send for the complete information which we have ready to send to you. Any Edison dealer will give you a free concert. Edison Phonographs range in price from **\$16.50 to \$240.00**, and are sold at the same prices everywhere in Canada. Edison Standard Records, **40c**; Edison Amberol Records (play twice as long) **65c**; Edison Grand Opera Records, **85c.** to **\$2.50.**

Thomas A. Edison
INCORPORATED

6 Lakeside Avenue
Orange, N. J. U. S. A.





The Junior Tattoo

BECAUSE a clock is an alarm clock is no reason why it should be an ugly affair. The Junior Tattoo is artistic, yet it is a gentle but insistent alarm clock. Every twenty seconds for five minutes it will call, unless the silent switch is turned. You cannot resist its morning greeting. You must get up.

Look at the illustration. This is exact size. You can easily carry the Junior Tattoo in a small traveling bag. Useful to call in the morning, for the afternoon nap, and to warn the cook when the cake is baked. Make your guests independent of servants' calls by furnishing the guest room with a Junior Tattoo.

PRICE \$2.25.

In a beautiful satin-gilt finish, \$2.50. With rich leather (red or black) case, \$3.75. If your dealer cannot supply you, send his name and the price for as many as you want. We ship charges prepaid.

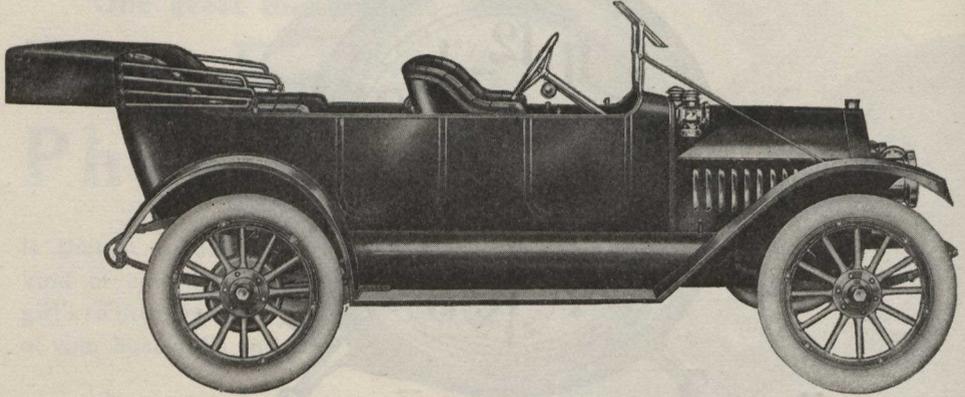
Send for interesting booklet, giving full description of clock, showing various styles and containing an amusing short story of "The Uprising of John Hancock—Salesman."

Canadian Representatives **E. & A. GUNTHER CO.**

196-198 Adelaide Street West - TORONTO

THE NEW HAVEN CLOCK CO.
NEW HAVEN CONN. U.S.A. 139 Hamilton St.

1912's Premier Mo



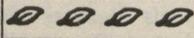
Model 43

A Car we are proud of

"Other Models"

Model 28

New and original design, 2 passenger Thirty Horse Power roadster. 108" Wheelbase.

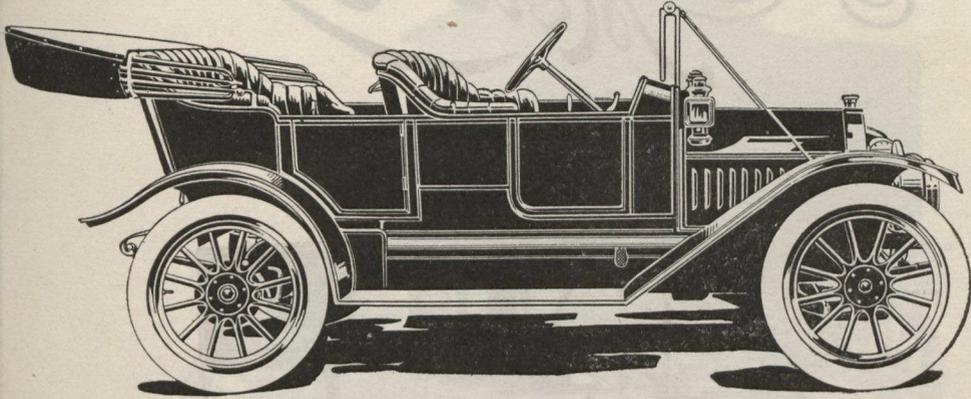


Model 43 is a luxuriant, full-size, five-passenger car of the torpedo type. For elegance and comfort it has no superior. The cushion of the rear seat is forty-eight inches wide. It has a complete electric equipment, including separate dynamo, reserve storage battery, special electric lamps, etc. It is equipped with a powerful forty h.-p. engines, one of the most wonderful on the market. It is capable of developing on an average nearly fifty horse-power. We are safe in saying few if any of the \$3,000 cars will come anywhere near comparing with Model 43 for practical value and attractive appearance. The price is \$2,350 F.O.B. Oshawa. Top and wind shield extra.

What other firm can offer facilities equal to ours for looking after their customers? We have branches, or warerooms at Vancouver, B.C.; Calgary, Alta.; Regina, Sask.; Saskatoon, Sask.; Winnipeg, Man.; London, Ont.; Hamilton, Ont.; Toronto, Ont.; Belleville, Ont.; Peterboro, Ont.; St. John, N.B.

McLaughlin Motor Car

Models are McLaughlin



Model 35

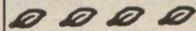
Has no Equal for the price

Our Model 35 is the highest-grade, medium-priced, four-door, five-passenger car on the market. In it economy and luxury merge. It is equipped with a twenty-four horse-power, four-cylinder motor, with abundance of reserve power. Its brakes work with accuracy and ease. It carries the distinctive McLaughlin-Buick Inside Control, and has three speeds and reverse. It is upholstered in genuine hand-buffed leather over curled hair and deep-coil springs. You have the option of having your order finished in Blue and Black throughout, or Battleship Grey and Black throughout. Price, \$1,300. Top and wind shield extra.

"Other Models"

Model 29

An exceedingly comfortable and roomy, five passenger car, of original advanced design

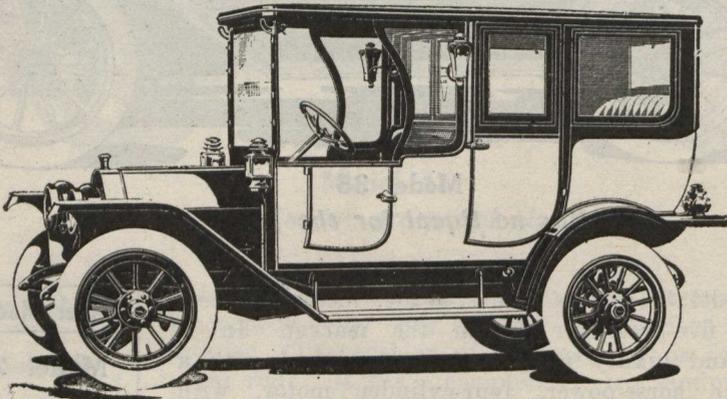


When buying a car, do not overlook the all important question of service. We are thoroughly established in business and it is our constant aim to turn out the best cars at reasonable prices and give our customers fair, reasonable, and prompt treatment.

Co., Ltd., Oshawa, Ont.

Russell Motor Cars

*"Made up to a Standard
—Not Down to a Price."*



Each part of a Russel car must pass through an Inspection Department where every man employed is paid to discover mistakes.

The Russell is the only car in Canada with the world-famous Knight motor. An interesting book will be sent upon request.

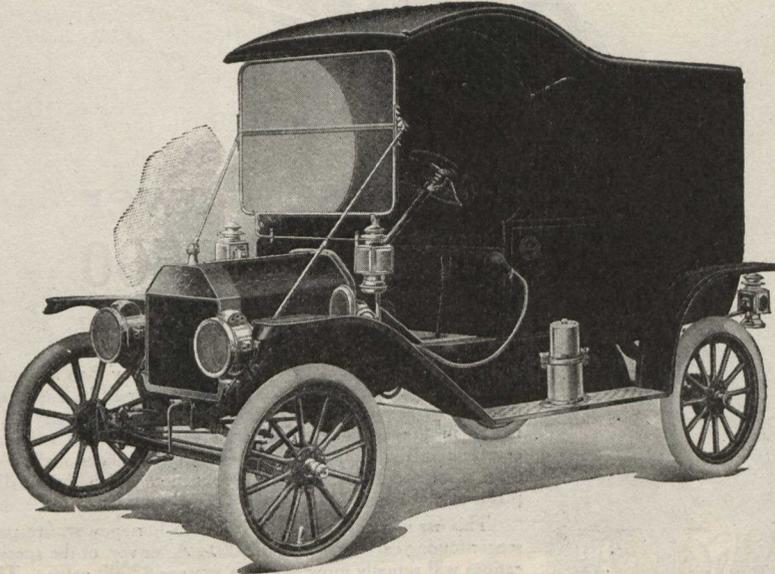
Write for the new catalog.

RUSSELL MOTOR CAR COMPANY, LIMITED, WEST TORONTO

MAKERS OF HIGH-GRADE AUTOMOBILES.

BRANCHES: Toronto Montreal Hamilton Winnipeg Calgary Vancouver Melbourne, Aust.

Ford



Look at this: An Up-to-Date Light Weight Delivery Car that meets the demands of business generally.

Handsome, roomy body, built on the famous Ford Model Vanadium Steel construction chassis. Simple in operation; light weight; exceedingly economical in upkeep; a motor delivery car that is good for years of hard service.

The same delivery car used by the John Wanamaker Stores in Philadelphia and New York. The same car used by the Bell Telephone Co. in their service departments all over the country. The same used by the chiefs of the New York Fire department. It has a record for successful service in every part of the continent.

In addition to Ford Model T Delivery Car we have for immediate delivery:—

Ford Model T Torpedo, 2 Passengers, completely equipped
F.O.B. Walkerville. **\$775**

Ford Model T Commercial Roadster, 3 passengers, (removable rumble seat), completely equipped F.O.B. Walkerville. **\$775**

Ford Model T Touring Car, 5 passengers, completely equipped F.O.B. Walkerville. **\$850**

Ford Model T Town Car, 6 passengers, completely equipped F. O. B. Walkerville. **\$1100**

Ford Model T Delivery Car

\$875

F.O.B. Walkerville, Ont.

Fully equipped with Automatic Brass Windshield, Speedometer, Ford Magneto Built into the Motor.

Two 6-inch Gas Lamps, Generator, three Oil Lamps, Horn, Tools.

F. O. B. Walkerville.

Catalog and illustrated books giving detailed descriptions of Ford Cars mailed on request.

The *Ford Motor Company* of Canada Ltd.

HEAD OFFICE AND FACTORY, WALKERVILLE, ONTARIO
Branches and Dealers in all Principal Cities in Canada.

Overland

This 45 Horse Power Touring Car—\$2500

Fully Equipped, Self-Starter, \$20.00 Extra



HERE are more Overlands being bought to-day than any other similar car in the world. This great success must be due to the fact that we are giving more car for less money than any other maker in the business. Our factory is the largest and most complete in the industry. Our enormous facilities make possible a method of economical production which the smaller plants cannot touch.

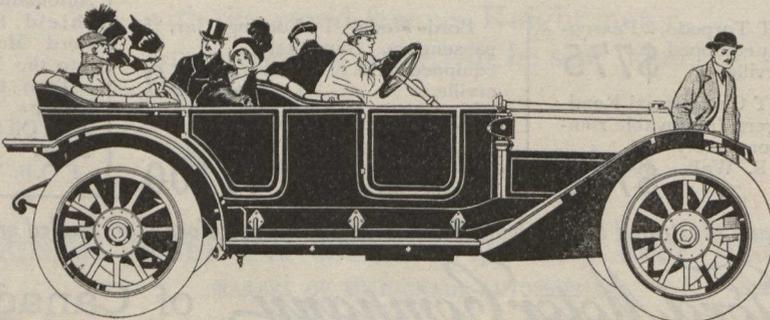
This car is our Model 61. It is a 45 horsepower, five-passenger touring car—priced at \$2500. A survey of the specifications will actually show you the average \$3000 value. The wheel base is 118 inches. The selective transmission is fitted with F & S bearings which are used on the most expensive cars made. The axles are fitted with the finest Timken bearings. The frame is of pressed steel with a double drop.

The magneto is a Bosch. The body is finished in rich Brewster green, ivory striped. All the bright parts are nickel-plated. The lamps are dead black trimmed with heavy nickel. The tires are big. The upholstery is of the finest leather hand stuffed with real hair.

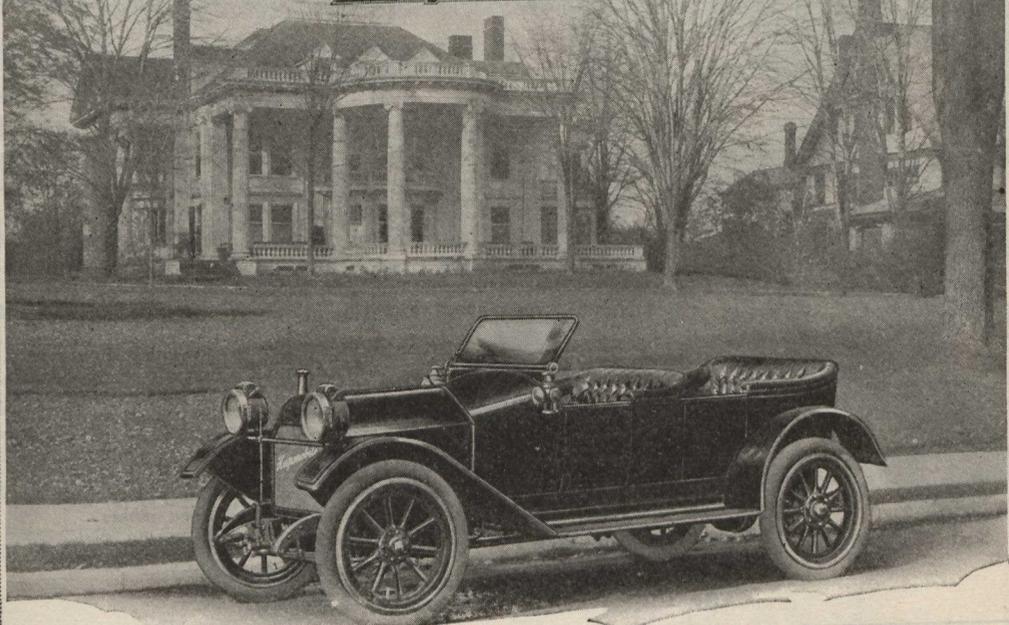
If you wish, we will equip this car with a Self-Starting System for only \$20 additional. Our system, we believe, to be the simplest, safest and most economical starter made. Always works and a child can work it.

An investigation will prove that this car for \$2500 is, at least, the equal, speaking very conservatively, of most of the \$3000 cars now on the market. Write for one of our big 1912 books, which gives you its detailed value. Please ask for book J22.

The Willys-Overland Company, Toledo, Ohio



Hupmobile



Hupmobile Long Stroke "32" Five-Passenger Touring Car—\$1000

F.O.B. Windsor, including equipment of windshield, gas lamps and generator, oil lamps, tools and horn. Three speeds forward and reverse; sliding gears. Four cylinder motor, $3\frac{1}{4}$ in. bore and $5\frac{1}{2}$ in. stroke. Bosch magneto. 106 in. wheelbase. $30 \times 3\frac{1}{2}$ in. tires. Color—Standard Hupmobile blue.

Dominates its class as the runabout did before it.

The Hupmobile Runabout brought new beauties and dignities to the runabout type. And history is repeating itself in that splendid companion to the runabout—the new Hupmobile Long Stroke "32," the Five Passenger Touring Car at \$1000.

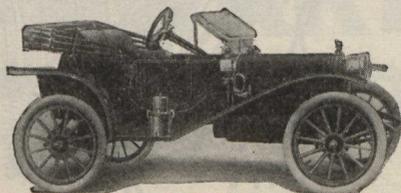
The same man—E. A. Nelson, Chief Engineer of the Hupp Motor Car Company from its inception—designed both cars.

The same splendidly seasoned factory organization is responsible for this new and impressive success.

The Hupmobile Long Stroke "32" confers new honors upon the moderate priced touring car class.

It pays no attention to previous notions of a \$1000 car; but boldly incorporates qualities unprecedented at that price.

Write for the $4\frac{1}{2} \times 8\frac{1}{2}$ photogravure and description—or see the car at the show—and you will find this impression not only confirmed but strengthened.



Hupmobile Runabout—\$850 F.O.B. Windsor, including top, windshield, gas lamps and generator, three oil lamps tools and horn. Four cylinder, 20 H. P., sliding gears Bosch Magneto.

Hupmobile Coupe—chassis same as Runabout—\$1300 f.o.b. Windsor.

Hupmobile Roadster—chassis same as World Touring Car—\$950 f.o.b. Windsor.

HUPP MOTOR CAR COMPANY
1269 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich.
Canadian Branch Factory—Windsor, Ont.

Hupmobile Exhibit at Automobile Show, Toronto, Feb. 21-28, 1912

The Rayo Lamp



It Never Flickers

The long winter evenings give a woman a splendid chance for sewing or embroidery; but her eyes suffer from the strain unless she has a good light.

The Rayo is the best lamp made.

It gives a strong, diffused light that is remarkably easy to the eyes.

There is no glare to it; no flicker. It lights up a whole room.

The Rayo is an economical lamp, too.

You get the most possible light-value for the oil burned; and the Rayo itself is a low-priced lamp.

Yet it is a handsome lamp—an ornament to any room in the house.

The Rayo Lamp is easily lighted without removing shade or chimney; easy to clean and rewick. Made of solid brass, nickel-plated; also in numerous other styles and finishes.

Ask your dealer to show you his line of Rayo lamps; or write for descriptive circular to any agency of

The Imperial Oil Company, Limited



DRY CLEANING Will Remove the Spot

PERHAPS you have always thought it impossible to clean fine Silks, Satins, Opera Cloaks, Suits, Laces, Feathers, etc. so they would look new.

Our special Dry Cleaning Process and years of experience, enables us to do work that your local cleaner knows nothing about,

We pay express one way on goods from out of town.

Write for free copy of our book, which tells all about our work and our prices.



Fountain "My Valet" 30 Adelaide St. W.,
Toronto.

It makes you hungry

Wives! Here's the Soup for the husband who leaves his appetite out in the cold—Edwards' Soup.

It's the soup that he's eager to begin and sorry to finish; the soup that warms him through and through; the soup that gives him such an appetite that it makes you hungry to see him eat.

"Remember
my face—
you'll see
me again."



Yet Edwards' desiccated Soup is no trouble to make—all the preparation is done long before you buy.

Edwards' Soup is also an excellent addition to your own soups—it imparts flavour; it thickens; strengthens and gives a richer colour.

EDWARDS'

DESICCATED

SOUP

5c. per packet.

Edwards' desiccated Soup is made in three varieties—Brown, Tomato, White. The Brown variety is a thick, nourishing soup prepared from best beef and fresh vegetables. The other two are purely vegetable soups.

Edwards' Soup is made in Ireland from specially selected beef and from the finest vegetables that Irish soil can produce.



The Air's Natural Humidity

on a balmy spring day is from 60% to 70% but in the average stove or furnace heated house in winter, the moisture in the air drops as low as 25% or even less.

Such dried out, parched air seriously affects the throat and lungs and general vitality of the whole family, as well as being destructive to furniture, books and woodwork. But the homes that rejoice in a



"Good Cheer"

Circle Waterpan Furnace

have nature's moist balmy air warming—not parching—throughout the entire house. They have a healthy heat because of the construction of the big circle waterpan.

This encircles the furnace—it is big—commodious—sensible—it holds several times as much water as the makeshift pan in the average Furnace—it is placed just at the proper position to catch the incoming air, to give it extra moisture before it gets to the heating surface and thus the air supplied to every room is almost as humid as the outside atmosphere.

You will benefit in Health and save in Pocket by installing the Good Cheer. We will gladly send you our literature fully explaining all about it.

10



The James Stewart Mfg. Co., Limited
Woodstock, Ont. — Winnipeg, Man.



Chiclets

REALLY DELIGHTFUL

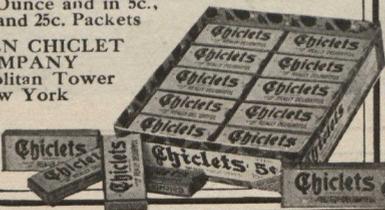
The Dainty Mint Covered
Candy Coated
Chewing Gum

The singer's tones are more dulcet, the speaker's voice more clear, when Chiclets are used to ease and refresh the mouth and throat. The refinement of chewing gum for people of refinement. It's the peppermint—the *true* mint.

Look for the Bird Cards in the packages. You can secure a beautiful Bird Album free.

For Sale at all the Better Sort of Stores
5c. the Ounce and in 5c.,
10c. and 25c. Packets

SEN-SEN CHICLET
COMPANY
Metropolitan Tower
New York



From Weak to Strong

The Physicians of the Murine Eye Remedy Co.,
Chicago, U. S. A., Oculists of years' standing, carefully prepare the

MURINE EYE REMEDIES

in the Company's Laboratory. These Remedies are the result of their Clinical, Hospital and Private Practice, and they have found from their years of experience with Children's Eyes, that two drops of Murine in each Eye of the Growing Child is of inestimable value. Murine is an Eye Tonic and they know, if it is used regularly, that it tones the Eye of the Growing Child and in many instances obviates the use of Glasses, and is it not reasonable that Glasses when not required will retard the development of a young and growing Eye?

Murine, through its Tonic effect, Stimulates Healthy Circulation and thus promotes the normal development of the Eye. We do not believe their is a Mother who has used Murine in her own Eyes and in the Eyes of the members of her family who would be without it, or who is not willing to speak of its Merits as The Household Friend.

The Child in the Schoolroom Needs Murine

Murine contains no harmful or prohibited Drugs and conforms to the Laws of the Country.

Druggists and Dealers in Toilet Preparations everywhere will supply Murine and tell you of its gratifying results.

Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago, U. S. A.

6%



BONDS

\$1,000 will net
you \$1,790.80

If you invest in our ten year six per cent. coupon bonds

Our bonds enable the conservative investor to participate in the remarkable profits in Western Canada Real Estate. The bonds are issued in denominations of \$100, \$500 and \$1,000. Interest paid semi-annually

Write for Prospectus and full particulars

Canadian Real Estate Bond Corporation
1205 McArthur Bldg, Winnipeg, Canada

RED OR BLACK

VULCAN STYLOS

Moderate priced, easy writing pens that give satisfaction; unequalled for rapid writing and ruling.



\$1.00 Postpaid.

Two Sizes, 4 1/4 and 5 1/2 inches

Agents Wanted. Extra size, 8 inches (Black Only) \$1.25
J. R. ULLRICH & CO. 27 Thames St., NEW YORK

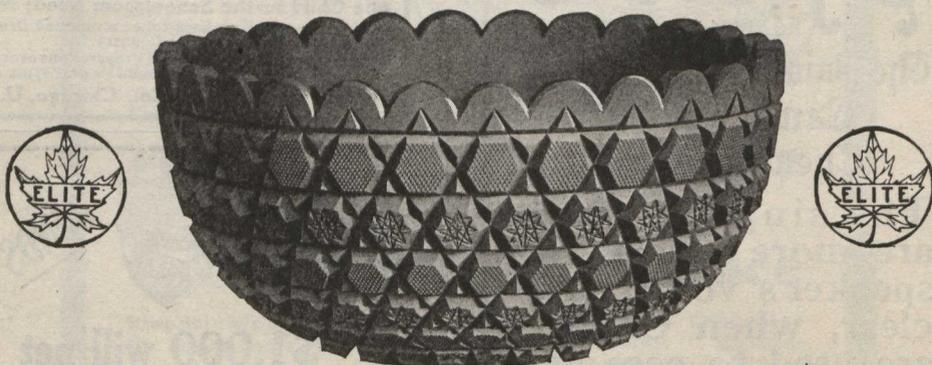
Manufacturers of Stylo and Fountain Pens

Elite Cut Glass

The Ideal Gift

¶ Long after ordinary gifts have been forgotten a beautiful piece of rich cut glass remains with value and beauty unimpaired—a delight to its owner and a never-ceasing reminder of the friend who gave it.

Of all good glass Elite Cut Glass is the most exquisitely designed and carefully cut. As for brilliancy it is in a class of its own. We import special Crystal blanks from the best makers in Europe, glass expressly intended for cutting and of such fine color that gives the best results. We employ artisans of the most advanced skill.



¶ Elite Cut Glass carries with it distinct exclusiveness. The special designs are its own and procurable nowhere else. It is little wonder, then, that Elite Cut Glass has come to be the most desirable on the market.

¶ Insist on the genuine Elite—your dealer can supply you. Look for the trademark on each piece. Pressed Blanks are never used in the Elite factory.

Gowans, Kent & Co., Limited

Manufacturers

16 Front St. East

Toronto

The EVINRUDE Detachable Rowboat Motor

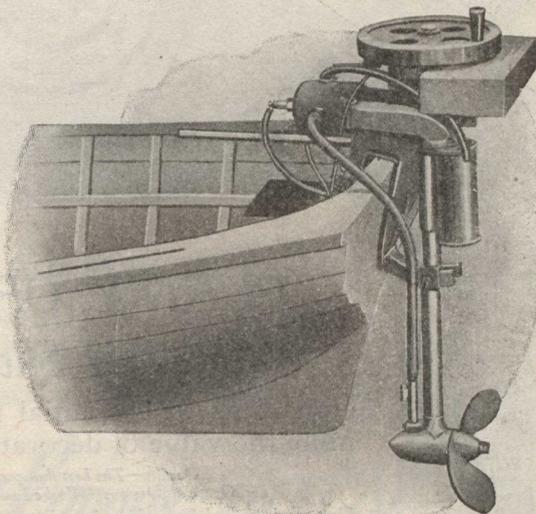
FITS any canoe or rowboat, round or flat bottom, square or pointed stern. Requires no special fittings. Adjustable for any angle of stern. Adjustable for depth. Steers with propeller. Attached or detached in mid-stream in one minute. Weighs 50 lbs complete. Makes a motor boat out of an ordinary rowboat or canoe, and will drive same over 7 miles per hour. Runs through weeds.

A HIGH-CLASS OUTFIT FULLY GUARANTEED
SOLD WHEREVER BOATS ARE USED
AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE

Write for Circulars and Export Prices

MELCHIOR, ARMSTRONG & DESSAU
Dept. 18. 116 Broad St., NEW YORK CITY

Exclusive Foreign Distributors for
Evinrude Motor Co.



The way to woo



GANONG'S
THE FINEST **G.B.** IN THE LAND
CHOCOLATES

Delicious Dainty Flavors

PURITY OF STYLE
Standard Silver Plate

embodies the essential factors that determine the value of decorative and table silver

*Quality—The best that can be produced,
Original Designs—Worked-out by prominent artists.*

Careful consideration is given to the selection of the designs, for we realize the importance of thoroughly high class goods, fit to adorn every Canadian Home and we base

THE SUCCESS
of
STANDARD SILVER PLATE

on the reputation earned by our goods everywhere, through the original designs, honest workmanship and value given, unequalled by any other make.

Wisdom says: "Let the reputation of the manufacturer be your guarantee. Ask for 'Standard' Silver Plate."

SOLD BY RELIABLE JEWELERS EVERYWHERE.

Manufactured and guaranteed by
Standard Silver Co., Limited
33-41 Hayter Street Toronto



Good taste finds its expression in the hat, as surely as in any one feature of men's apparel. And it is because of their known style and quality that

von Gal made Hats

"CORRECT STYLES FOR MEN"

are to-day so strongly in favor throughout the country. When you buy a *von Gal made Hat*, you have not only the assurance that it is correct in every detail—style, quality, workmanship—but you have the dealer's guarantee of satisfaction. And we stand behind him in giving you this assurance.

\$3, \$4 and \$5, at leading dealers. Write for Fall and Winter Style Book B.

E. J. von Gal Co. Ltd.

BRANCH OF
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INCORPORATED
New York, U. S. A.

Canadian Factory, Niagara Falls, Ontario. American Factory, Danbury, Connecticut.
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WINCHESTER'S HYPOPHOSPHITES OF LIME AND SODA (DR. CHURCHILL'S Formula and WINCHESTER'S SPECIFIC PILL ARE THE BEST REMEDIES FOR

Exhausted
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Debilitated

NERVE FORCE

They contain no Mercury, Iron, Cantharides, Morphia, Strychnia, Opium, Alcohol or Cocaine.

The Specific Pill is purely vegetable, has been tested and prescribed by physicians, and has proven to be the best and most effective treatment known to medical science for restoring impaired Vitality, no matter how originally caused, as it reaches the root of the ailment. Our remedies are the best of their kind, and contain only the best and purest ingredients that money can buy and science produce; therefore we cannot offer free samples.

Price, ONE DOLLAR per Box, No Humbug, C.O.D., or Treatment Scheme by First-class Mail.

Personal Opinions: DEAR SIR: I have prescribed Winchester's Hypophosphites in cases of consumption, chlorosis, dyspepsia, marasmus, etc., with the happiest results, having found them superior to all others.—S. H. TEWKSBURY, M. D., Portland, Maine.
I have used Winchester's Hypophosphites in several very severe cases of consumption, with the best possible results.—F. GRANG, M. D., Centerville, N. Y.
Winchester's Hypophosphites not only act as absorbents but repair and retard the waste of tissue.—H. P. DE WES, M. D., New York.
I know of no remedy in the whole Materia Medica equal to your Specific Pill for Nervous Debility.—ADOLPH BEHRE, M. D., Professor of Organic Chemistry and Physiology, New York.

Send for free treatise securely sealed, to **Winchester & Co., 1032 Beekman Bldg., N. Y.** (For sale by Lyman's Ltd., and the Nat. Drug and Chem. Co. and Lyman Knox & Co., of Montrea.)
Established 53 Years.

Chocolates Without a Rival

For Daintiness and
Flavor

The
Utmost
in Candy

Made
of Purest
Ingredients!

All Moir's Chocolates are prepared from our own Exclusive
Receipt from cocoa beans selected and ground by ourselves.

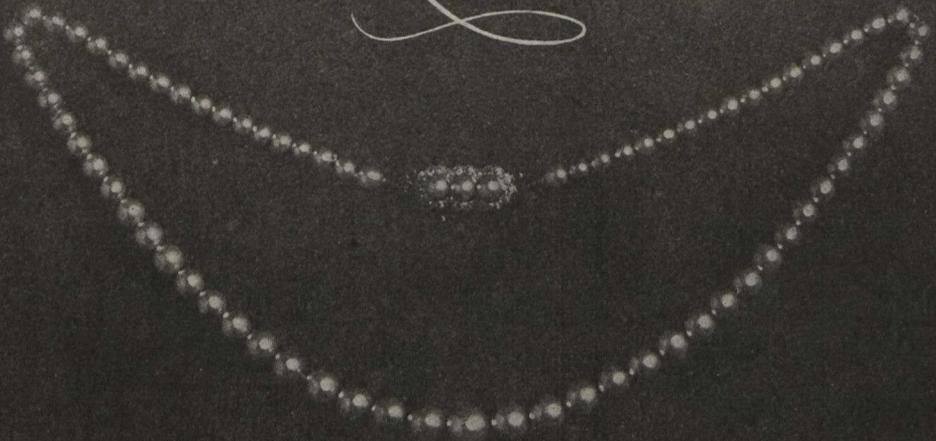
The creamy insides and centres of nuts, fruits and jellies
have just the Right Flavor—the rich, thick chocolate coating
has just the Right Taste.

Our blending of these two confection extremes creates an
exquisitely delicious flavor not found in other brands.
Try Moir's.

MOIR'S CHOCOLATES

MOIR'S LIMITED, Halifax, Canada.

FINE PEARL NECKLACES



BIRKS

HENRY BIRKS AND SONS, LIMITED

GEM MERCHANTS AND JEWELLERS

PHILLIPS SQUARE, MONTREAL



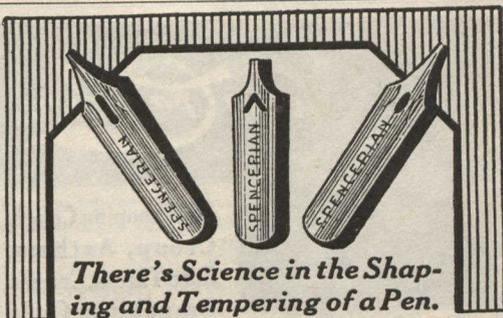
ART. DEPT. CANADIAN MAGAZINE

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STAR BRAND
HAMS and BACON**

Quality Counts. A Ham may cost you one cent or perhaps two cents a pound more than some other Ham but "Star Brand" Hams cured by Fearman's is worth it.

Made under Government Inspection.

**F. W. FEARMAN
CO., LIMITED
HAMILTON**



There's Science in the Shaping and Tempering of a Pen.

**SPENCERIAN
STEEL PENS**

have the correct design that means even feeding of ink without splotch or splutter; the proper tempering that means just the right combination of elasticity and firmness; and the smooth points that mean easy writing on any paper.

Pick Your Proper Pen

We will send you for 10 cents a card of 12 different pens and 2 good penholders, polished handles, from which you can select a pen that will fit your handwriting.

SPENCERIAN PEN CO.,
349 Broadway, New York.

WELL, WELL!

**THIS is a HOME DYE
that ANYONE
can use**



I dyed ALL these
**DIFFERENT KINDS
of Goods**
with the **SAME Dye.**
I used

DY-OLA
ONE DYE FOR ALL KINDS OF GOODS

No Chance of Mistakes. Simple and Clean. Send for Free Color Card and Booklet 101.
The **JOHNSON-RICHARDSON CO., Limited,**
Montreal, Can.

Try Murine Eye Remedy
If you have Red, Weak, Weary, Watery Eyes or Granulated Eyelids. Murine Doesn't Smart—Soothes Eye Pain. Druggists Sell Murine Eye Remedy, Liquid, 25c, 50c, \$1.00. Murine Eye Salve in Aseptic Tubes, 25c, \$1.00. Eye Books and Eye Advice Free by Mail.

An Eye Tonic Good for All Eyes that Need Care
Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago



Vapo Cresolene

(ESTABLISHED 1879)

for Whooping Cough,
Croup, Asthma,
Sore Throat, Coughs,
Bronchitis, Colds,
Diphtheria, Catarrh.

"Used while you sleep."

A simple, safe and effective treatment avoiding drugs.

Vaporized Cresolene stops the paroxysms of Whooping Cough and relieves Croup at once.

It is a boon to sufferers from Asthma.

The air rendered strongly antiseptic, inspired with every breath, makes breathing easy, soothes the sore throat and stops the cough, assuring restful nights.

Cresolene relieves the bronchial complications of Scarlet Fever and Measles and is a valuable aid in the treatment of Diphtheria.

Cresolene's best recommendation is its 30 years of successful use. Send us postal for Descriptive Booklet.

For Sale by All Druggists

Try Cresolene Antiseptic Throat Tablets for the irritated throat, composed of slippery elm bark, licorice, sugar and Cresolene. They can't harm you. Of your druggist or from us, 10c. in stamps.

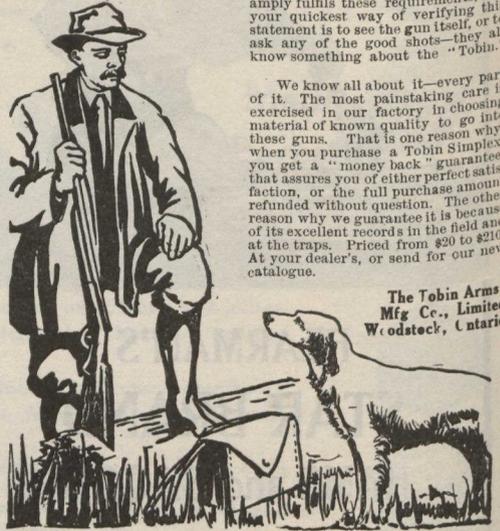
THE VAPO-CRESOLENE CO., 62 Cortlandt St., New York
or Leeming-Miles Building, Montreal, Canada

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Your Dog—Some Lunch—and a Tobin Simplex Gun

Sounds like a good day's sport, doesn't it? Whether you are beating the bush for partridge, or bagging a few rabbits, or "jumping" duck in the marshes, it is good business to have a gun that answers accurately to your almost involuntary shooting impulse when, without any warning, your target presents itself. The

Tobin Simplex Gun



amply fulfils these requirements, and your quickest way of verifying this statement is to see the gun itself, or to ask any of the good shots—they all know something about the "Tobin."

We know all about it—every part of it. The most painstaking care is exercised in our factory in choosing material of known quality to go into these guns. That is one reason why, when you purchase a Tobin Simplex, you get a "money back" guarantee, that assures you of either perfect satisfaction, or the full purchase amount refunded without question. The other reason why we guarantee it is because of its excellent records in the field and at the traps. Priced from \$20 to \$210. At your dealer's, or send for our new catalogue.

The Tobin Arms
Mfg Co., Limited
Woodstock, Ontario



THE BEDROOM

Daintiness is the Keynote!

What pride you take in the quiet artistic ensemble of your bedroom. So restful, so harmonious. But the furniture may be a little the worse for wear. If so, try

It's so easy to apply! And it will cover up blemishes on your bedstead, rejuvenate the doors; brighten the drawers, and hide the wear and tear marks on sofa and table legs.



"Lacqueret" is made in eight artistic colors. The clear "Lacqueret" will not discolor nor hide the grain of the wood.

Our little book "Dainty Decorator" tells of its many uses in the home.

Write and ask for your copy.

Cans contain Full Imperial Measure—Ask your dealer—Don't accept a substitute

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WINNIPEG



WINDSOR TABLE SALT

"You are very lucky girls
to have Salt like this

"When I was just starting housekeeping, the only good thing about the salt we had, was its salty taste.

"But you girls can get

Windsor Table Salt

—that excellent salt which stays fresh and dry in all kinds of weather—and never "cakes" or "hardens." You will never have any trouble with Windsor Table Salt."

14

The Pleasure of Sweeping

is unknown to the woman who uses a corn broom.

For centuries sweeping has been done in a primitive way, and not until the introduction of the BISSELL Sweeper, thirty-six years ago, did woman ever enjoy relief from the drudgery and



bondage of antiquated methods. To-day women all over the world are using the BISSELL Sweeper, and with the facility, ease and thoroughness with which it performs its work, housewives and servants are given more time for other duties. It is a useless waste of energy and an inefficient method of sweeping to use a corn broom, and just consider the injury to fine carpets and rugs as compared with the gentle though thorough operation of the

BISSELL Sweeper

The rapidly revolving brush of the "BISSELL" lifts all the dirt and grit out of the carpet, depositing it in the pan receptacles, whereas a corn broom simply scatters the dirt and dust, never doing its work thoroughly.

A trial of the "BISSELL" will make you regret those years of wasted effort, and once you know how the "BISSELL" cleanses and brightens your carpets and rugs, and confines the dust, and how quickly and easily it performs its work, you would not be without one of these machines for ten times its cost.

They are sold by the best trade everywhere at \$3.00 to \$4.75.

Let us send you our booklet.

Canadian Factory: NIAGARA FALLS, ONT.
BISSELL CARPET SWEEPER CO.

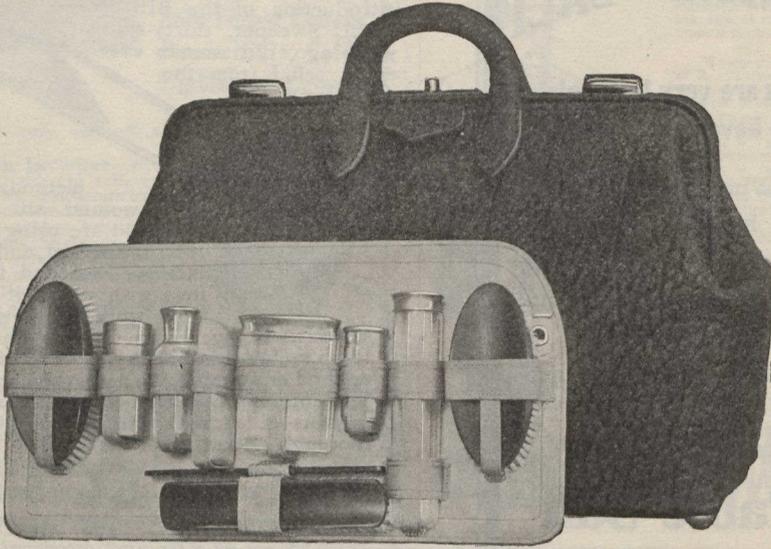
Dept. 161, Grand Rapids, Mich.

(Largest Exclusive Carpet Sweeper Makers in the World.)

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CLEANS
SILVERWARE
WITHOUT RUBBING

"JULIAN SALE"

For Fine Leather Goods



FITTED BAGS

We sell these fine bags by mail all over Canada—People know that our goods are the finest in the world and that we guarantee them as represented—Here is one we sell a lot of—Made in 18, 19 and 20 inch sizes, genuine dull Black Sea lion, best English sewed frame, gold plated mountings, leather lined, contains one pair of best genuine ebony military brushes, one genuine ebony cloth brush, one comb, cut glass tooth brush, soap, powder and perfume bottles, all on detachable stand—the bottles have nickel tops.

\$34, \$36, \$38.

Write for our new catalogue—100 pages—completely describing and illustrating our complete line.

The Julian Sale Leather Goods Co., Ltd.
105 King Street West, - TORONTO.



Pure Gelatine Most Wholesome of Foods

DO you know, madam, that the leading Food and Health Authorities highly recommend Gelatine dishes on account of their great nutritive value?

But your Gelatine dishes must be *pure* in every ingredient—and there is just *one* way that you can insure this. Use pure, *plain* Gelatine, and add your own flavoring and sweetening—seasonable fruits, pure sugar, etc.

KNOX PURE · PLAIN SPARKLING GELATINE

This world-famous, pure, plain Gelatine, in addition to making countless dainty desserts, also makes or improves many other dishes and saves housewives *time*, because it is granulated and dissolves quickly; saves *trouble*, because it never fails; saves *expense*, because every package contains two envelopes of Gelatine, making together two quarts (one-half gallon) of pure jelly. There is no better economy than the use of Knox Gelatine.

DESSERTS made with Knox Gelatine are as wholesome as they are delicious.

SOUPS are greatly enriched by adding a little Knox Gelatine. Just try some in a thin soup-stock and see what a rich, savory soup you get.

SALADS — the most delicious you ever tasted — can be easily prepared with Knox Gelatine. See our Recipe Book.

SAUCES The next time you want to make a “thick” sauce or gravy with a rich body, just use a little Knox Gelatine. The result will delight you.

KNOX Acidulated Gelatine

When you must prepare desserts in a very great hurry, you will find this “Busy Housekeeper’s Package” convenient. In addition to the two envelopes holding enough Gelatine for two full quarts, this package also contains an envelope of *pure concentrated fruit juice (lemon)*, affording a *pure, ready-prepared* flavoring.

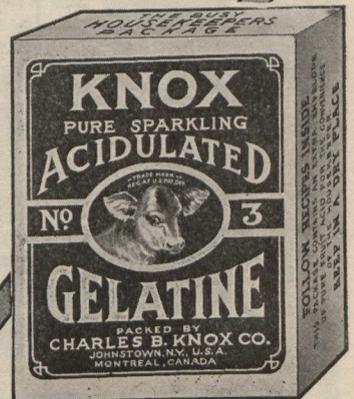
Send for Recipe Book

We want *you* to have a copy of the Knox Recipe Book, “Dainty Desserts for Dainty People.” You will find its many recipes for Desserts, Salads, Candies, Puddings, Ices, Ice Creams, etc., a great help to you. Sent free for your grocer’s name. Pint sample for 2c stamp and your grocer’s name.

CHARLES B. KNOX CO.

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JOHNSTOWN, N. Y.





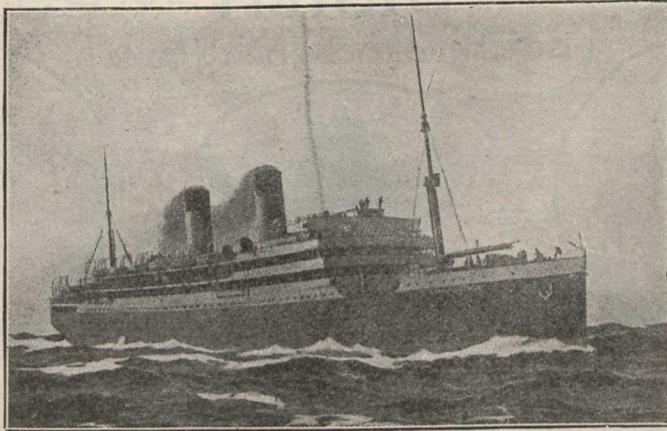
TRAVEL

According to population, more people in Canada travel extensively than in any other country in the world. That is one reason why **The Canadian Magazine** has been regarded as the medium that gives the best results from advertisements of transportation companies, hotels and tourist resorts at home and abroad. Suggestions for travel can be found in the following pages, and should further information be desired, it can be obtained without charge by addressing,

The Canadian Magazine
 Travel Bureau
 15th Wellington Street East,
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Triple Screw Turbine Steamers

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THESE STEAMERS are equipped with the latest devices for the comfort and convenience of passengers. Marconi wireless, deep sea telephone, passenger elevators. Every room is ventilated by the thermo tank system, which warms or cools the fresh sea air and distributes it over the entire ship every five minutes. The engines are the latest type of turbine, ensuring a maximum of speed and a minimum of vibration. The private suites of apartments and the luxuriously appointed public cabins, treated after historic periods in decorative art, are unexcelled by anything on the Atlantic. The second and third cabin appointments have set a new standard of comfort and elegance for this class of accommodation. The table service throughout is the best that leading chefs and excellently appointed steward service can make it. If you desire an unbiased opinion on Ocean Travel, ask for a copy of "What people say of our service." Sailings are made fortnightly between Montreal, Quebec and Bristol in summer, and Halifax and Bristol in winter.

For all information apply to steamship agents or to the following general agents of the Company:
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that Counts in all things*

EXCELLENCE in RAILWAY SERVICE

is expressed in what

THE

GRAND TRUNK SYSTEM

is offering the travelling Public of Canada



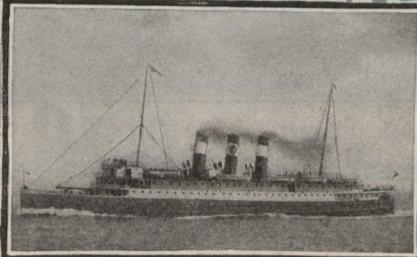
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The International Limited, Canada's finest & fastest Train en route Montreal to Chicago



Grand Trunk Railway's new Hotel Chateau Laurier* Ottawa, overlooking the Federal Parliament Buildings



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The GRAND TRUNK SYSTEM is the only double track railway reaching all centres of trade in Eastern Canada. The GRAND TRUNK PACIFIC RAILWAY is fast becoming a factor in traffic and is now the line par excellence in the Canadian West.

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IMPROVED SERVICE

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FARE, \$20 and upwards

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To Summer Lands of the Caribbean Sea

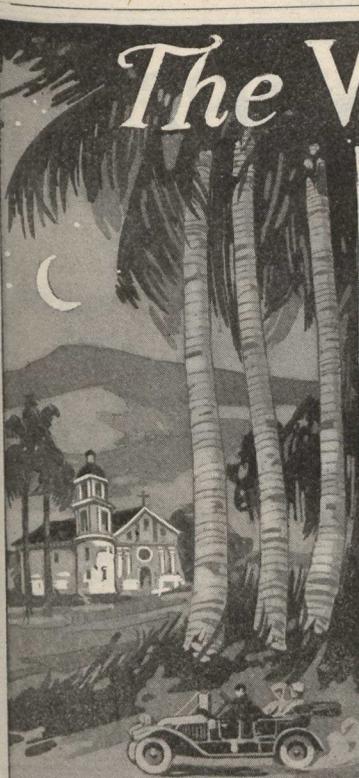
By Large Twin Screw Steamers

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S. S. VICTORIA LUISE — February 7,
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Itinerary includes Cuba, Porto Rico, Jamaica,
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Eight delightful cruises during June, July and August.

From Hamburg, duration 14 to 26 days,
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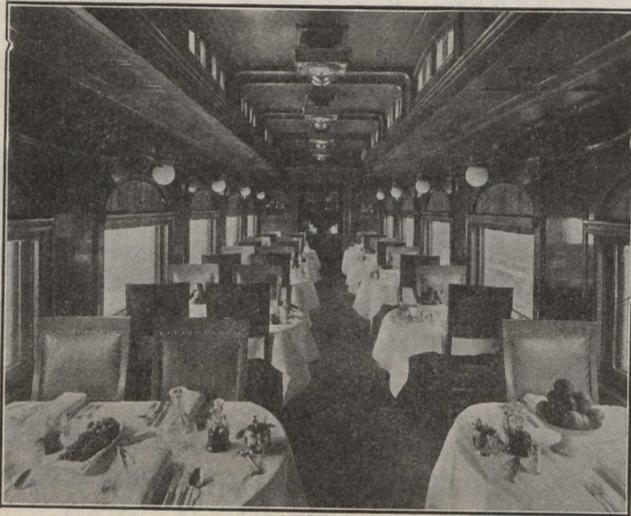


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BREAKFAST
 75 cents

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DINNER
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Dining Car are frequently commented
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Splendid High-Class Train,
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Excellent Fast Train, with most
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Both trains equipped with Pull-
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Portland, Me. and Liverpool via Halifax**

Also the splendid twin-screw steamers comprising the

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Presents for your consideration the

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Twin Screw "TEUTONIC" 582 feet long Tonnage 10,000
" " "CANADA" 514 feet long Tonnage 9,500
" " "DOMINION" 456 feet long Tonnage 7,008

The largest, finest and most modern steamers between Canada and Europe.

First, Second and Third class passengers carried at low rates.

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Season of 1912

of berths. Round trips and comfortable facilities for as little as \$100; in the greatest luxury for \$185 and up.

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is the view from Parker's Hotel, Naples. In the foreground the Villa Residences of Naples' finest suburb; beyond the City and the Bay. A magnificent panorama of uninterrupted loveliness with Vesuvius—Grey Beacon of Antiquity—still keeping watch and ward over the

MOST BEAUTIFUL CITY IN THE WORLD

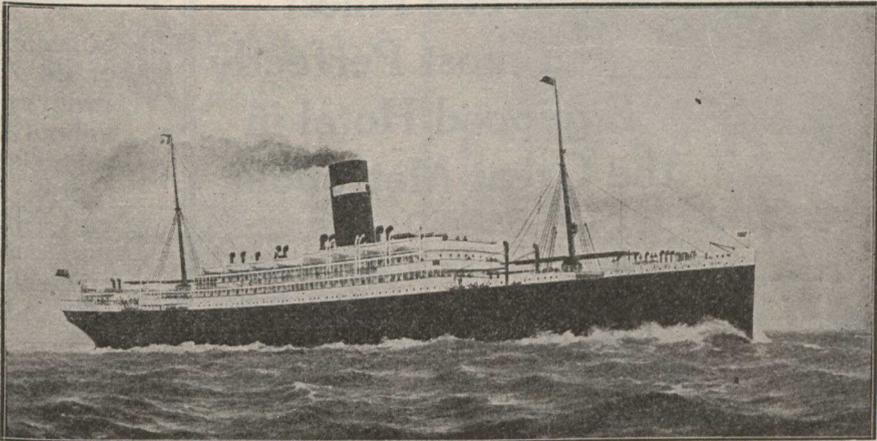
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Private Suites with Bath, Up-to-date in every respect. In the healthiest part of the town, Cuisine excellent, Sanitation perfect.

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To Liverpool and Glasgow

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The first Transatlantic Turbines, Noiseless and Without Vibration. Four days from Land to Land. Seven days from Port to Port.

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HESPERIAN	24 Feb.
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TORONTO

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LAKE ERIE	22 Feb.
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One Class Cabin (11) Scotian \$47.50
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Rooms single
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with or
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exclusively
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**The Finest
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FAMED

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THE HOLLAND HOUSE

not only originated many of the features
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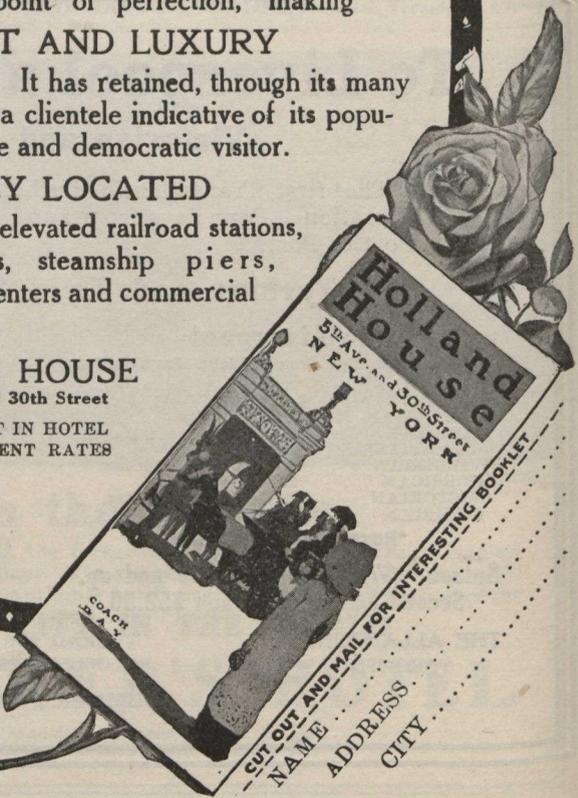
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ALL THAT IS BEST IN HOTEL
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The great winter health resort.

Patronized by the very best people from all the States and Canada. Handsomely furnished throughout with all conveniences. Refined surroundings and the best cuisine and service. Our guests enjoy all the advantages of

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BATH HOUSE
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run in connection with the hotel. Baths and waters are effective in the relief of **Rheumatism** in all its tortuous forms, **Neuralgia and Nervous Diseases** and **Skin Affections, Indigestion, Paralysis, Locomotor Ataxia, etc. etc.** The Colonial Bath House is complete in equipment and ranks with the best in this country. Elevator affords approach to bath house from each floor of hotel. For detailed information concerning treatment, hotel accommodations, etc., address

THE COLONIAL, Mt. Clemens, Mich.



Connor Ball Bearing Washer

A washer guaranteed to take out **all** the dirt and leave the clothes snowy white.

Runs on **ball bearings** and driven by **steel springs**, with a little assistance from the operator. Perfected to the minutest detail. Can be supplied through our agents or direct to any address.

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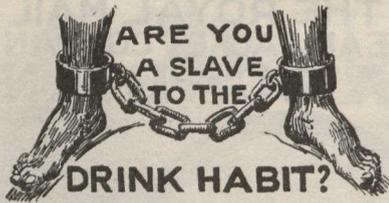
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The NEAL Treatment

Can set you free. Safe, sure, speedy—a child could take the treatment with safety, yet it absolutely cures the habit in three days. Costs nothing to enquire. Phone N. 2087 or write the Neal Institute, 78 St. Alban's Street, Toronto.



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Singers, preachers, lecturers and other public speakers keep their voices clear and strong by using

EVANS' ANTISEPTIC THROAT
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Formula of the
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MADAME TETRAZZINI, writes:

"I thank you for the boxes of Pastilles sent me, which I find excellent and efficacious".

Similar testimonials have been received from all classes of professional men and women, and from nearly every civilized land.

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Tooth Brush

Most of your friends use it
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From Canada's GREATEST Brewery

For sixty years we have brewed by the old English method as adopted by BASS AND CO. and GUINNESS AND CO.
WE DO NOT CARBONIZE, and by so doing destroy Nature's best and finest health-giving properties of barley, malt and Bohemian hops.
No fad, no new methods, as used by some brewers who can't compete with genuine methods.

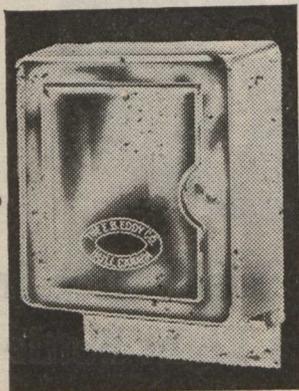
Demand Carlings's and get the Finest Made in the World
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No Waste, No Litter

THE Onliwon Toilet Cabinet and Paper are a practical insurance against the waste of tissue toilet paper.

- ☐ A simple mechanical device allows of the delivery of but two sheets of paper at a time and automatically replaces these by two more.
- ☐ The cabinets are handsomely nickelled and are ornamental as well as useful.
- ☐ The paper is the finest, first quality tissue paper we make, and comes in packages containing 1000 sheets.
- ☐ Nothing so economical for Homes and Public buildings.

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Hull, Canada

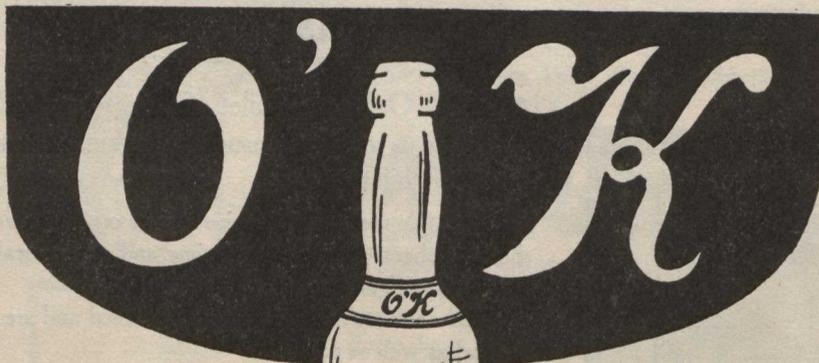
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 ordinary cheap grades, but is an
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Seal Brand
 is the best that can
 be produced.

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 AND TWO
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The Beer With a Reputation

Purity, Quality, Flavor
 Filtered and pasteurized—
 Best Barley Malt and Hops.
 Delicious—Thirst Quenching.



The Light Beer In The Light Bottle

O'Keefe's Pilsener is an
 ideal tonic and aid to di-
 gestion. Order a case
 from your dealer.

TEST FOR YOURSELF

Mix the best cocktail you know how—test it side by side with a

Club Cocktail

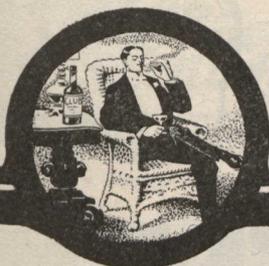
No matter how good a Cocktail you make you will notice a smoothness and mellowness in the Club Cocktail that your own lacks.

Club Cocktails after accurate blending of choice liquors obtain their delicious flavor and delicate aroma by *aging in wood* before bottling. A new cocktail can never have the flavor of an aged cocktail.

Manhattan, Martini and other standard blends, bottled, ready to serve through cracked ice.

Refuse Substitutes

AT ALL DEALERS



G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Props,
Hartford New York London



Ross

SPORTING RIFLES STAND CANADIAN CONDITIONS

The exhaustive tests which every "ROSS" Sporting Model is subjected to enable us to absolutely guarantee every arm we sell. Sportsmen find in it the most accurate and the handiest of arms and a wonderful big game getter.

Even the model retailed at \$25.00 will prove its accuracy and power alongside of any imported rifle.

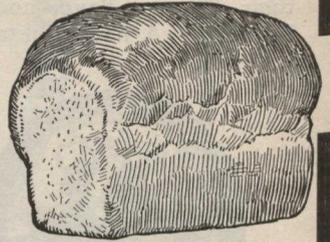
There is no disappointment for the Sportsman armed with a "ROSS."

Write for illustrated catalogue, and name of nearest dealer.

ROSS RIFLE CO.
QUEBEC.

You will be proud of the bread you'll make with PURITY FLOUR

AFTER seeing a batch of big, golden-crusted, snowy white loaves, that you have baked from PURITY FLOUR, you will, indeed, be proud of your cooking-ability—and proud of your wisdom in deciding to pay the little extra it costs to procure such high-class flour. You will admit, too, that we are justified in the pride we take in milling this superb flour.



PURITY FLOUR

“More bread and better bread”



PURITY FLOUR is milled exclusively from the best Western hard wheat—the world's finest. More than that, PURITY FLOUR consists *entirely of the high-grade portions of the wheat.* The low-grade portions are separated and excluded during the PURITY process of milling. Such high-class flour, of course, expands more in the baking. It makes “*more bread and better bread.*”

It makes lighter, flakier pastry too, if you just take the precaution to add *more* shortening. On account of its unusual strength, PURITY FLOUR, for best results, requires more shortening than ordinary flour.

Progressive dealers, everywhere, sell PURITY FLOUR and take pride in recommending it.

Add PURITY FLOUR to your grocery list right now.

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75,000,000
SOLD the past YEAR should convince YOU of their SUPERIORITY.

Trade **O.K.** Mark
Easily put on or taken off with the thumb and finger. Can be used repeatedly and "they always work." Made of brass in 3 sizes. Put up in brass boxes of 100 fasteners each.

HANDSOME COMPACT STRONG No Shipping, NEVER
All stationers. Send 10c for sample box of 50, assorted. Illustrated booklet free. Liberal discount to the trade.

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Cash's Woven Names



Neater and more durable than marking ink. Your name or such household articles as "Dining Room," "Guest Room," "Servants' Linen," Etc., can be interwoven on a fine Cambric Tape for

A. Cashwoven

\$2.00 for 12 doz. \$1.25 for 6 doz. 85c. for 3 doz.
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**J. & J. CASH, LTD., Chestnut St.
612 So. Norwalk, Conn.**
Orders can be placed through your dealer.

Agents Wanted We have an UNUSUAL proposition, every person will be interested. No outlay necessary. Apply B.C.I. Co. Ltd. 228 Albert St., Ottawa, Ont.

\$3 a Day Sure Send us your address and we will show you how to make \$3 a day absolutely sure; we furnish the work and teach you free; you work in the locality where you live. Send us your address and we will explain the business fully; remember we guarantee a clear profit of \$3 for every day's work, absolutely sure, write at once.
ROYAL MANUFACTURING CO., Box 1712, WINDSOR, ONT.



Vinol

THE COD LIVER PREPARATION WITHOUT OIL

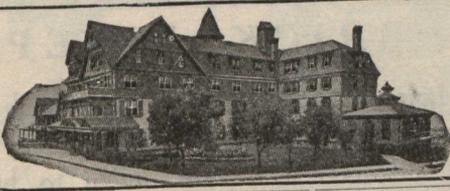
A famous reconstructive tonic improved by modern science
Especially Valuable for Old People and delicate children, weak, run-down persons, after sickness, and for all pulmonary troubles

Vinol is a delicious modern Cod Liver preparation without oil, made by a scientific extractive and concentrating process from fresh Cod's Livers, combining the two most world famed tonics, peptonate of iron and all the medicinal, healing, body-building elements of Cod Liver Oil but no oil. Vinol is much superior to old-fashioned cod liver oil and emulsions because while it contains all the medicinal value they do, unlike them Vinol is deliciously palatable and agreeable to the weakest stomach.

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Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded by all agents
Exclusive Agency Given to One Druggist in a Place
If there is no Vinol agency where you live, send us your druggist's name and we will give him the agency.

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The only private institution of magnitude in the United States for the exclusive treatment of Cancer and other malignant and benign new growths. Conducted by a physician of standing. Established 32 years



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Without Resorting to Surgical Procedure
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Look for it. Take none without it.

Inventor's signature on every roller.

Stewart Hartshorn

It is True Economy

to use the highest
grade of sugar like

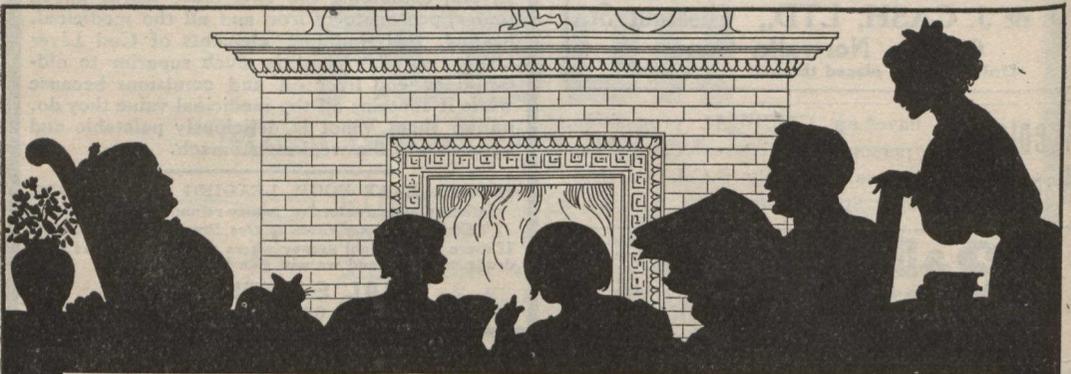
St. Lawrence Sugar

It is brilliantly white and sparkling—looks dainty and tempting on the table—and goes further because it is absolutely pure sugar of the finest quality. Make the test yourself. Compare "ST. LAWRENCE GRANULATED" with any other.



The St. Lawrence Sugar Refining Co., Limited

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Is Good for Growing Girls and Boys

—and they like it. It nourishes their little bodies and makes them healthy and strong.

Cowan's Cocoa, as you get it from your grocer, is absolutely pure. Its delicious flavor is obtained by the use of the highest grade of Cocoa beans, skilfully blended. Nothing is added to impair the health-building properties of the Cocoa.

170

Do You Use Cowan's Cocoa?



1847 ROGERS BROS.

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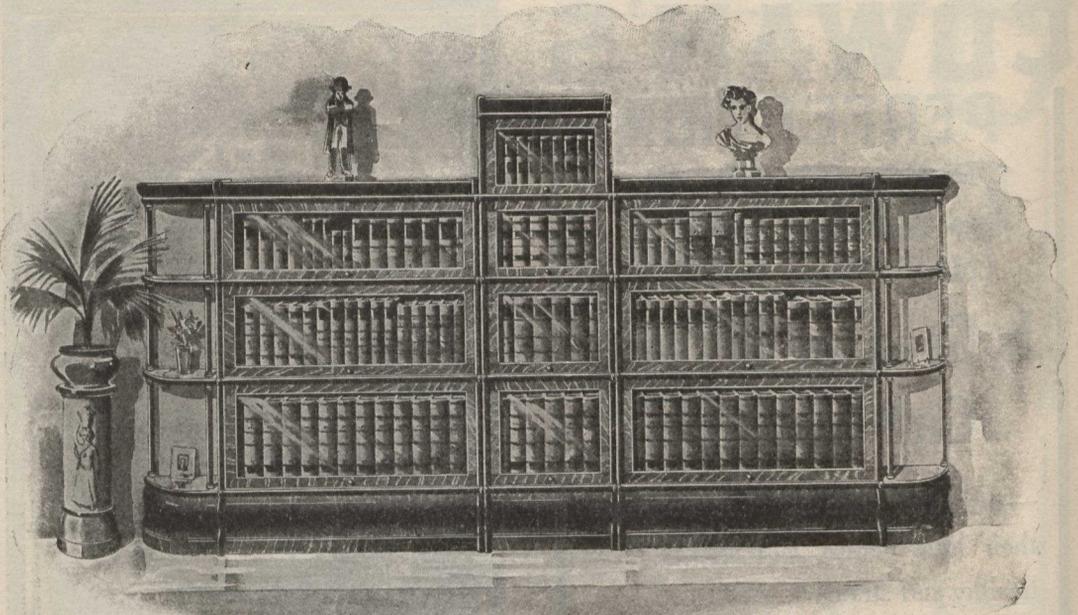
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that
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can only be achieved by putting beautiful furnishings in the home, but it should be kept in mind that "beautiful furnishings" do not necessarily mean expensive furnishings. Modern manufacturers have succeeded in producing goods that are not only beautiful in design and substantial in construction, but produce them at a price that puts them within the reach of everyone.

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stand out prominently among such furnishings as possessing to the greatest degrees, both elegance and utility. They not only add beauty to the Home, they are creators of culture, by installing a love of books and the proper care of the same.

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a booklet that you will be glad to have, it will cost you nothing.

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All the concentrated goodness of the choicest Seville Oranges. Delicious for breakfast—good at any meal.

[Made and Guaranteed absolutely pure

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CANADIAN MAGAZINE



NOT to IMPROVE on NATURE, but to SHOW HER at HER BEST

A Skin soft and aglow with health—Hair that glistens in silky, wavy masses; and Hands smooth, white and perfectly manicured.

Wrinkles, blotches and an unhealthy appearance to the skin mar a woman's face more than irregular features.

DAGGETT & RAMSDSELL'S
PERFECT COLD CREAM

is a skin food and a purifier. It builds up the tissues, removes impurities and gives the clear, natural color of perfectly healthy skin. It's good because it's pure.

At the first sign of dandruff in your hair, or when it starts to comb out, start using

PALMER'S
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50c. and \$1.00 sizes.

It cleanses, stimulates and refreshes the scalp. Contains no oil or any injurious substances. Your hair will then exhibit all its own natural beauties.

You cannot give a finished appearance to your nails by merely trimming them with a pocket-knife.

LUSTR-ITE

preparations and tools are used by 90 per cent. of the leading manicurists, and give to your hands that subtle charm that distinguishes those who care for the niceties of good breeding.

At most dealers in toilet requisites, or for six cents (6c.) in stamps (to defray packing and postage) we will send you a sample package of Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream and Lustr-ite nail preparations, together with Booklets containing information of great interest to you.

J. PALMER & SON, Limited. 5 and 7 De Bresoles St., Montreal



The Aristocrat

THE Big Users (and most little users) of typewriters buy Underwoods. They buy Underwoods in spite of the fact that other typewriters cost less. They prefer to pay the higher price and be assured of service, certainty and satisfaction. These go with the machine. And then, there are a score of different models of the Underwood for bookkeeping and other special purposes.

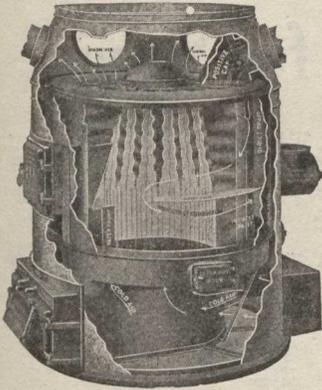
TO supply the demand for Underwoods there is required the largest typewriter factory in the world, 16 acres of floor space, and more under construction; 36,000 workers; 2200 machines; a manufacturing capacity of 550 typewriters a day, necessitating more than 5,750,000 separate operations. This year's business shows an increase of more than 1600% over that of 1901.

THIS enormous business of corresponding rapid growth, results from selling the best machine plus service, certainty and satisfaction.

United Typewriter Co., Limited

Everywhere in Canada

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SAVE 20% to 30% COAL

A Heater is as good as the record it makes. Empty claims count for nothing. Let us show you what hundreds of users say about the economy of the

Kelsey Warm Air Generator

Let us show how the Kelsey construction, great heating surfaces and the Kelsey method of warming and circulating air, will pay you big returns in the saving of coal.

The James Smart Manufacturing Co., Ltd.
Winnipeg, Man. Brockville, Ont.

K Kalamazoo Point Number One K

The Kalamazoo Loose Leaf Binder

- is flat opening -

See ↗
flat
writing
surface

EIGHT SALIENT
KALAMAZOO
POINTS

1. Flat Opening.
2. Simple Construction.
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6. No Exposed Metal.
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how it
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K The KALAMAZOO is the only loose leaf binder that combines all the good points of both loose leaf and rigid bound books.

It has the same flexible rigidity and easy opening features, and the round leather back of the permanently bound book.

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It has many new special features peculiarly its own.

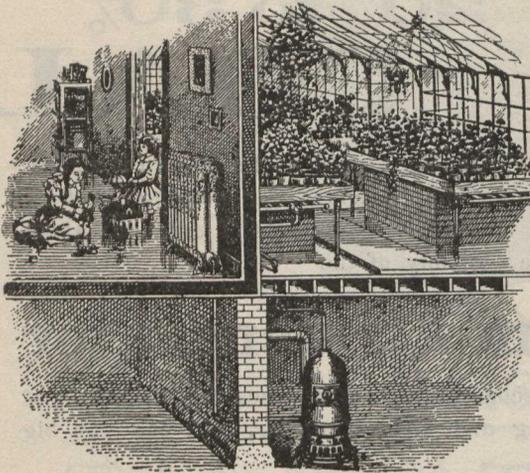
KALAMAZOO binders and sheets are made in any size required.

N.B.—Send for Free Descriptive Booklet A1.

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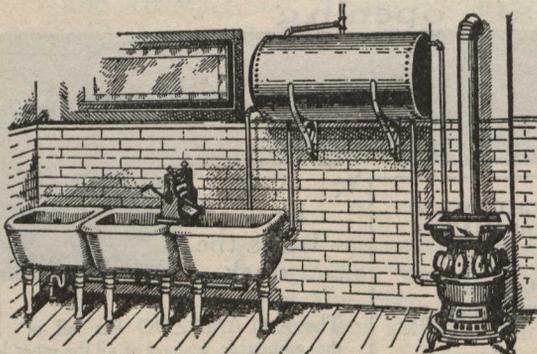
"Little Giant" Hot Water Boiler Hot Water Heater for Service



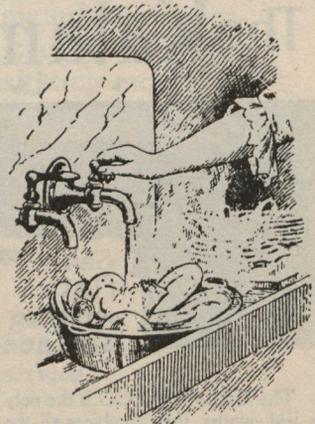
"Little Giant" installed to heat a Conservatory.

The "Little Giant" is a substantially built little hot water heater with a big heating capacity. It will burn any kind of fuel. It costs very much less than an automatic gas heater, to begin with—and it saves greatly on fuel or gas bills all the year through.

If you have a conservatory, sun parlor or open air bedroom to be heated the "Little Giant" will give every satisfaction. It may be installed in the laundry where it will give warmth, furnish abundance of hot water, and heat the irons, as well. Or it may be installed as hot water heater for the laundry, with a radiator service to a room where heat is required.



"Little Giant", with flat top and sides, for the Laundry.



Always abundance of hot water from the "Little Giant".

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BECAUSE:

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INSURES
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MADE IN
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MAKES THE WHITEST LIGHTS

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NEW STYLE LABEL

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Our French dry cleaning process is fitted to clean the most delicate and costly costumes. The dress may indeed be elaborately trimmed. By our process the garment is cleaned without being taken apart—the set and fit carefully preserved. Our customers are the best people in all parts of Canada. Write for booklet mentioning Canadian Magazine.

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Canada's Greatest Cleaning and Dyeing Works.



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If your baby's digestion is not good you will find "Robinson's Patent Barley" indispensable.

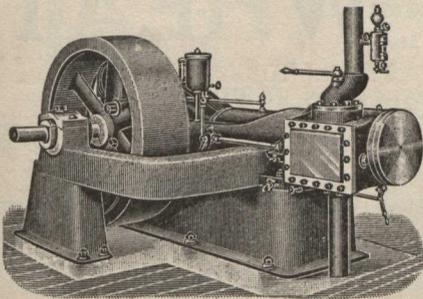
It is Pure, Wholesome and Convenient.

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As Convenient and Reliable as Steam itself.

ROBB STEAM ENGINES



are built for continuous service without attention and for all kinds of factories, mills and electric plants.

That's why they are enclosed, positively lubricated, and have positive valve gear.

That's why they are single-cylinder or compound, horizontal or vertical, condensing or non-condensing.

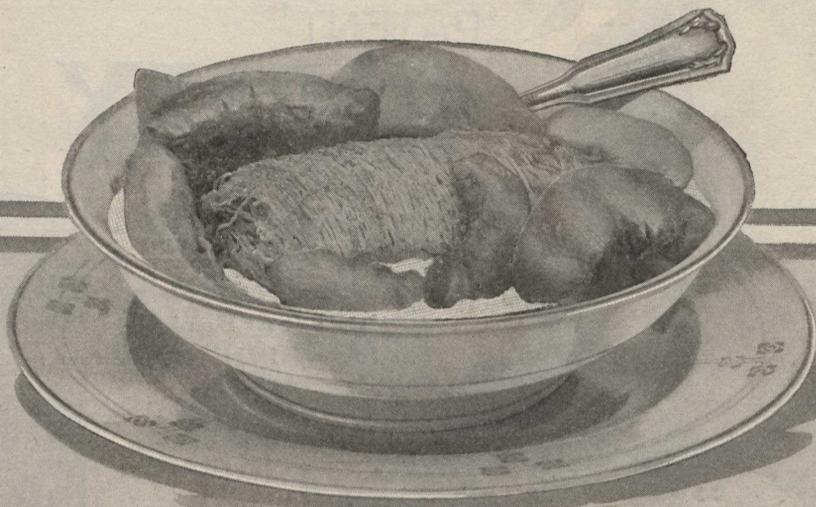
You surely can find in our complete line one that will be convenient—it will be reliable because it's a Robb.

ROBB ENGINEERING CO., Limited, AMHERST, N.S.

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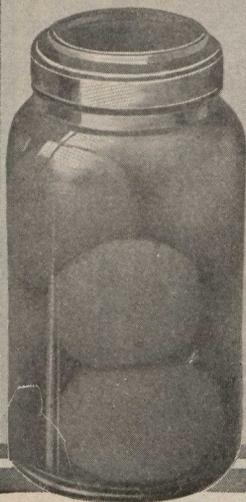
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It depends largely upon food knowledge and food sense. In winter much money is wasted on indigestible foods that have very little "fuel value" and hence impart no warmth and little nourishment to the body. There is more heat-making, muscle-building material in

SHREDDED WHEAT



than in beef or eggs. It contains all the body-building elements in the whole wheat prepared in a digestible form. Two Shredded Wheat Biscuits heated in an oven to restore crispness and served with hot milk or with canned peaches, pears or other canned fruits will supply all the nutriment needed for a half day's work. Nothing so satisfying and nothing so easy to prepare.

Made only by

The Canadian Shredded Wheat Co. Ltd., Niagara Falls, Ont.

Toronto Office: 49 Wellington St. East

Big Ben



*If you'd rise early, just say when
And leave your call with him, Big Ben*

DOWN in our hearts we're punctual men but we can't help oversleeping now and then any more than we can help talking in our sleep.

For man is only partly conscious when he first opens his eyes after a heavy sleep.—He needs help to get wide awake at once. He'd get up on time if he only realized the time.

Big Ben makes him realize it.—You

can try for yourself. Go to sleep and sleep your best. Forget the rising hour. He'll call you on the dot at any time you say.

And if you roll over and try just one more nap, he'll remind you firmly that it is breakfast time and keep on calling until you're wide awake.

If you sleep heavily—and you very likely do, if you are a heavy worker—see Big Ben at your dealer to-morrow. His price is \$3.00 anywhere.—If you cannot find him at your dealer, a money order addressed to his makers, Westclox, La Salle, Illinois, will bring him to you duty charges prepaid.

\$3.00

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On the kind of food you feed
body and brain, whether you
spell "success" or only imitation
in life.

Grape-Nuts

FOOD

has the material for building body
and brain.

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Free from Adulteration.
It's all Soap.

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Remarkable lasting or
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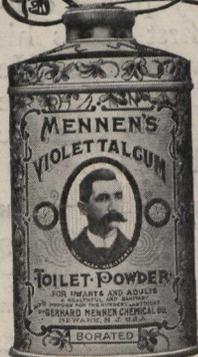
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Toilet Powder appeals to
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