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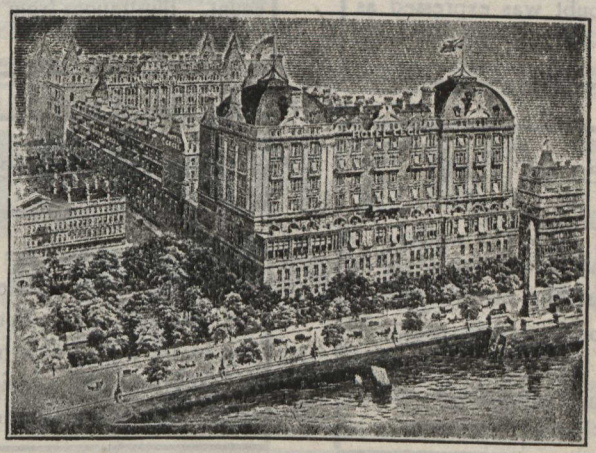

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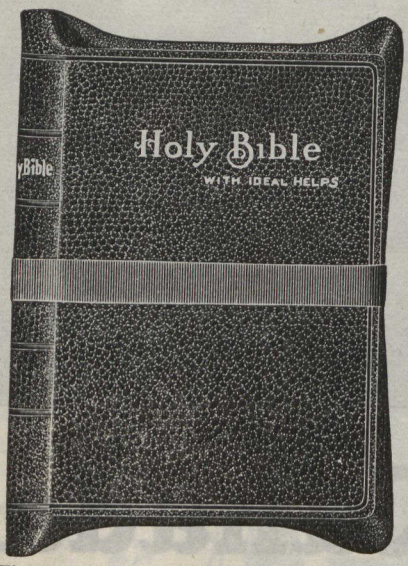

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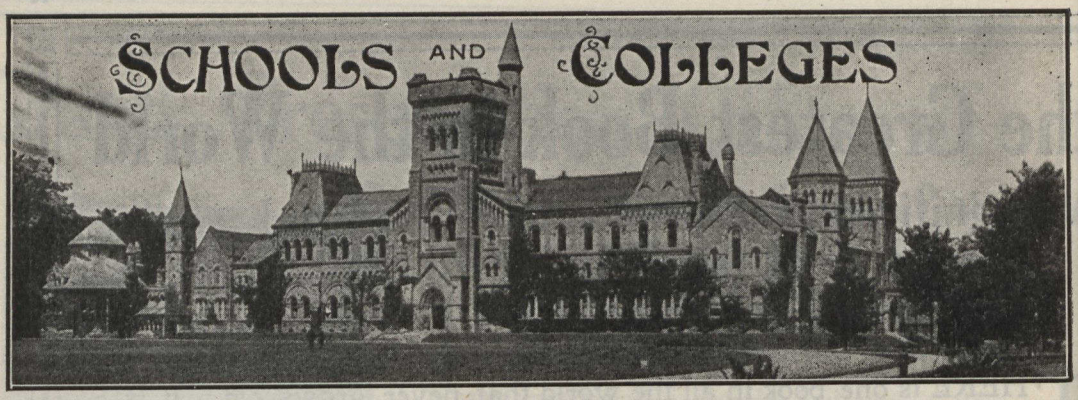

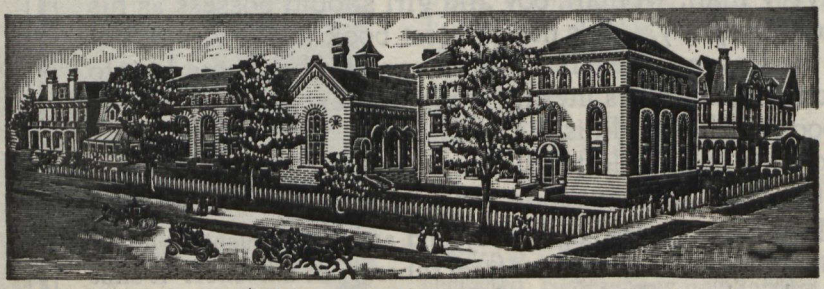

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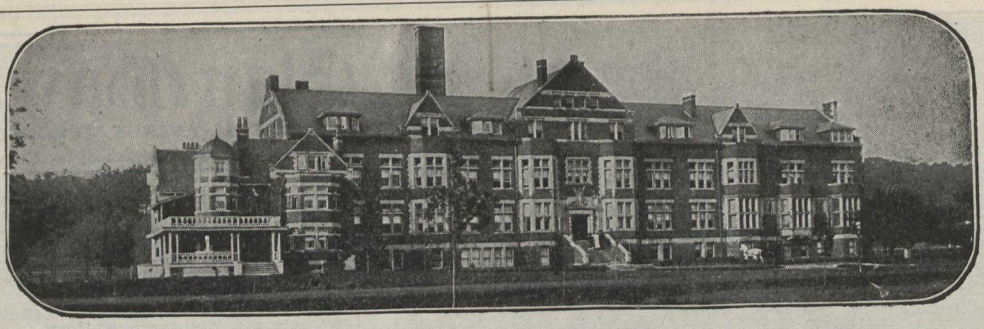

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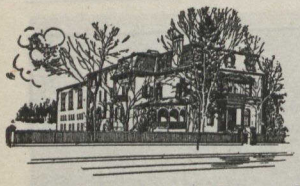

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THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XXXIX TORONTO, JUNE, 1912 No. 2

MANITOBA'S CENTENNIAL—1912

BY G. W. BARTLETT

THE visitor to the modern cities and prosperous rural communities of the Canadian West has great difficulty in realising that one hundred years ago the entire region from Lake Superior to the Pacific Ocean was one unbroken wilderness known only to the roaming Saulteaux and the almost equally savage *bois-brulé* hunters of the Northwest Fur Company. Until the year 1811 no white man had entered the region on any quest except furs; and to the outside world it was vaguely imaged as a land of ferocious wild beasts and more ferocious cannibals, who slew and devoured each other amid snows and Arctic twilight of the Great Lone Land.

Associated with the history of colonisation is the name of Thomas Douglas, Earl of Selkirk, who from youth had taken a sympathetic interest in the hardships of the Highland peasants whom the great sheep-farms had crowded from their native hillsides. Selkirk found no solution of their problem, except in emigration; and accordingly he cast about for some region within the Empire where their frugality and industry might enable them to attain independent competence under the shadow of the Union Jack.

The first fruits of the Earl's colonisation efforts were some small settlements in Nova Scotia and a large colony in Prince Edward Island. The latter has since developed into one of the most flourishing districts of that Province. While on a visit to these settlements in 1803 the Earl continued his journey to Canada, where he secured two grants of land for colonisation, one on the Tanche (Thames), near Chatham, and the other on the Grand River, near Brantford.

While in Montreal this distinguished visitor was the guest of several partners of the Northwest Fur Company, who were closely identified with the Family Compact, which at that period dominated business, society, and politics in the metropolis. These gentlemen did their utmost to gratify the flattering curiosity of their noble visitor, little realising that they were arming him against themselves for a struggle in the coming years.

On his return to England his Lordship considered carefully the positions of the rival companies of the Northwest fur trade. The Northwest

Company, alert, energetic, and aggressive, controlled three-fourths of the trade, and foremost in exploration as in trade, had already pushed on to the Pacific and the Arctic, and were wresting from the Americans the trade of the Oregan, and disputing with the Russian Fur Company the hunting grounds of Alaska. The handful of Scottish adventurers whom the rout of Cullodon Moor had scattered to the corners of the world had struck deep root on every stormy shore; but nowhere had their hardy enterprise borne more marvellous fruitage than in the achievements of the Northwest Fur Company. On the other hand, the Hudson's Bay Company, bound with the red-tape of a London committee, had shown little experience or initiative, and lay in a moribund state on the shores of the great bay. Yet so great was the potential advantage of their geographical situation and so valuable the prestige of their Royal charter that Selkirk determined to operate through the Hudson's Bay Company.

The charter granted by Charles II. to Prince Rupert had never been recognised by Canadian traders, for various reasons, the most weighty of which was that at the date of issue most of the lands claimed by the company were in the possession of the French. Yet the English company had never ceased to claim exclusive right of trade, navigation, fisheries, and government. Though these were but a dead letter in the interior regions, Selkirk made no hesitation in asserting the entire validity of the most extreme claims of the Hudson's Bay Company.

Through various agents, among them Sir Alexander Mackenzie, the discoverer of the Mackenzie River, the Earl bought up a controlling interest in the Hudson's Bay Company's stock. These operations, covering a number of years, were so astutely conducted as to outwit associates as well as possible opponents. Mackenzie, who had regarded the matter as a mere speculation, became the Earl's determined opponent as his projects developed. Having gradually replaced the old committee by creatures of his own, his Lordship began a reorganisation of the company's system of business, bringing it more nearly after the plan of his rivals of the Northwest Company. He also inaugurated a more aggressive policy, in the carrying out of which he employed many French-Canadians instead of Orkney men, the usual employees of the English Company.

Not until 1811 did the measure occur which led to open hostility between the rival companies. Early in that year a resolution of the Council of the Hudson's Bay Company gave a grant of land roughly corresponding to the present Province of Manitoba, to Thomas Earl of Selkirk, the nominal consideration being ten shillings, and the colonisation of the territory named, which was styled the Colony of Assiniboia.

As already stated, the Northwest Company did not recognise the validity of the company's charter, and, of course, they refused to admit the validity of the Earl's land grant. They saw in the whole proceeding a deep-laid scheme to starve them out of the Northwest by securing control of the great buffalo country from which they drew their supplies.

Regardless of the opposition of the Northwesters, as of the protesting minority of his own company, his Lordship gathered the first party of emigrants in Stornoway early in June, 1811. It consisted of Orkney men, with a handful of Irish and Glasgow emigrants. Some of these had been able to pay the money for their passage out, the others had been taken as servants of the colony, whose passage was to be paid by their wages at the Red River—a fruitful cause of trouble later on.

Frightened by the warnings of the Northwest agents, many of the passengers deserted almost at the moment of sailing; some even flung

themselves into the sea as the ship left the harbour. Thus with diminished numbers the first colonial party set sail for the unknown West. After a voyage marred by the mutual jealousies of the Orkney and Irish parties, the ships arrived at York Factory about the end of July.

In command of the party was Captain Miles Macdonell, whom Selkirk had made his agent, and who had been named Governor of Assiniboia. He had seen service in the American War of Independence, and was invited from Canada by the Earl to take charge of the venture. Macdonell and the Hudson's Bay officers never agreed well, and from the time of landing we trace an ill-concealed hostility between the colonists and the Hudson's Bay Company, which was for many years to remain a great obstacle to colonial progress.

No preparation had been made for the reception of the colonists. Boats, building materials, tools, and skilled workmen were alike wanting. The result of this mismanagement was that the colonists, arriving in the middle of the summer, were obliged to winter at the bay. Owing to the lack of fuel and building materials at the fort, an encampment was made some miles up the river, the settlers being permitted to visit the fort in parties of two and haul their provisions by sled to Nelson Encampment. Snares were set for rabbits and partridges, and fences were placed in the woods, with gaps, in which snares for deer were placed. Little success attended these efforts, however, and the colonists had to depend on supplies from the fort. The winter 1811-12 was one of almost unparalleled severity. Famine was rife throughout the northern regions. According to the Northwest agent at Temiscamingue the starving Indians were "devouring one another in a most shocking manner." William Auld, the superintendent of the Northern Department of the Hudson's Bay Company, wrote to Lord Selkirk from Fort Churchill that "the savages even disinterred and devoured the dead." Scurvy also raged in the encampment, but, fortunately, only one victim succumbed to the disease.

During the long months of winter the ill-will between the Orkney and Irish colonists broke out in open strife, culminating in a vicious assault of the Irish on their neighbours, for which the ring-leaders were sent back to England next season for trial. When Macdonell attempted to enforce camp discipline a mutiny broke out among a number of the Irish with four Orkney lads whom they had persuaded to join them in revolt. This rebellion was only suppressed by withholding the rations of the mutineers until they surrendered unconditionally.

So totally unprepared were the officials of the colony for the task of moving the settlers inland that even such a necessary article as nails was wanting. These had to be hand-made at the fort, at a cost of a penny each. The lack of trained workmen of any kind was sadly apparent. In reply to Macdonell's appeals to the Hudson's Bay Company, Auld informed him that the company was in like evil case in carrying on its own trade. At length one boat was made, and an old discarded craft of the company botched up so that by daily repairs it could be kept afloat. With this fleet the colonists set out on their seven-hundred-mile journey to the Red River. Without trained boatmen for the rapids and portages the ascent of the Nelson was attended with hardships and dangers innumerable. But kindly fortune smiled upon their venture, and after a seven weeks' journey they landed August 30th, 1812, at the forks of the Red and the Assiniboine Rivers. Here on September 4th formal possession of the territory was taken in the name of Thomas Earl of Selkirk, A. Hillier, on behalf of the company, delivering possession to Miles Mac-

donell, the Governor, who represented the Earl. The proclamation was read, the cannon of the colony thundered its salvo of applause, while the *bois-brulé* and the blanketed savages gazed on in wide-eyed wonder. At the close of the ceremony the gentlemen of the party were entertained in the Governor's tent, while a keg of spirits was distributed among the common people.

No preparation having been made for the reception of the colonists, Macdonell found it necessary to winter at Pembina, near the herds of buffalo, which were to supply their food until the soil should yield a harvest to their toil. Leaving a number of his servants to break up the soil at the forks, the Governor followed the main body of his settlers to Pembina, where a number of huts and a stone warehouse were erected, and named Fort Doer, after one of the Earl's titles. Having employed a number of buffalo hunters among the natives, Macdonell returned to the forks, where his labourers were striving as best they could to clear away the brush and break up the sod with hoes. This done, the seed was planted and covered with the same crude tool. Having finished these operations and erected a colonial warehouse, which he named Fort Douglas, the party returned to Pembina. About this time they were reinforced by a second body of immigrants, who, leaving Sligo in June, had continued through to the Red River in one season.

During the next season the belt of cultivation was slowly extended at the forks. None of the party seemed to have any practical knowledge of farming, and all were destitute of tools. Bad cultivation, drouth, and grubs made the crop a total failure. Most of the food was derived from the river by means of fish-hooks made of nails. The approach of winter drove the colonists once more to Pembina.

During this interval the Northwest Fur Company had offered no open opposition to the colonists, but had intrigued busily to stir up the jealousies of the settlers. On the 8th of January, 1814, Macdonell issued a proclamation which fanned the latent hostility into active opposition. On pretext that the game and food resources of the country were barely sufficient for the settlers he published an edict forbidding the export of game, dried meats, grain, or vegetables without a permit. Though the proclamation, with a show of impartiality, was addressed to both Hudson's Bay and Northwest Companies, yet for circumstances already explained the force of the prohibition would fall heaviest on the Northwesters. The enforcement of the embargo would starve the Canadian Company out of the Slave and Athabaska regions, whence they drew the bulk of their trade, and leave the Hudson's Bay Company by their proximity to the seaboard masters of the situation.

With trade and resources vastly superior to their rivals, confident of their rights by discovery and exploration, strong in the support of the fierce *bois-brulés* of the plains, the Northwesters determined to resist. Thus was inaugurated a struggle which for six years was waged with the utmost fury over half a continent —a series of brutal outrages, thefts, and depredations, whose terms were increased by the presence of large bands of Indians of uncertain neutrality, whose participation might have involved the colony in indiscriminate massacre.

In most parts of the country the Northwesters were the aggressors, and the Hudson's Bay, as the weaker party, the sufferers; but in the Red River country the situation was at first reversed. By aid of his artillery, Macdonell was able to command the river and stop the canoes of the Northwesters at pleasure, while his officers scoured the country, seizing pemmican and meat wherever found.

During the spring of 1814, while this strife was at its height, a third party of colonists arrived from Fort Churchill, where they had spent the winter. After several futile attempts to stir up the Rainy River Indians against the colony, the Northwest partners sent Duncan Cameron as trader to the Red River. This suave old gentleman, by his insinuating address, soon won for himself a following among the settlers. By working on their fears and jealousies he succeeded in arousing suspicion against the designs of the Governor. During the temporary absence of the latter a party of colonists broke into his warehouse, and seizing the cannons, took them to the Northwest fort "to prevent mischief."

Having secured the cannon, Cameron was master of the situation. His half-breed partisans began a campaign of pillage and terrorism against the colony. Stock was driven off, buildings burned, and the settlers kept in perpetual alarm. Cameron announced that his sole aim was the arrest of Macdonell to answer a charge in the Canadian courts of illegal seizure of Northwest Company's property. At last Macdonell, to save the colonists, yielded himself prisoner. He was sent east, and there quietly released.

His surrender did not save the colony. Wearied and harassed, the majority of the colonists accepted an offer of the Northwesters of free passage to Canada. The majority of these men settled in Elgin and West Middlesex, where their descendents still reside. The remainder, a party of about fifty, withdrew to Jack River, at the foot of Lake Winnipeg, to await developments. Meanwhile, Colin Robertson, a fur trader, acting under the orders of the Earl of Selkirk, had organised a brigade of Canadian voyageurs to invade the Athabaska territory. While crossing Lake Winnipeg Robertson learned of the mishaps which had befallen the colonists. Changing his course, he went to Jack River and escorted the settlers once more to their homes. Here they found many of the houses destroyed and all the stock driven off. Fortunately, a portion of the crops remained. While the people busied themselves gathering in their harvests and restoring their homes, they were joined by a fourth contingent of colonists, who, leaving Stromness in June, had proceeded through to the Red River, arriving in November, 1815. This body consisted chiefly of crofters from the parish of Kildonian, in Sutherland, who had been ejected from their tenant farms after an ineffectual resistance to the landlords, who were turning the district into large sheep-farms. Accompanying the party was the newly-appointed Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, Robert Semple. This gentleman remained in the colony most of the winter, endearing himself to the people by his kindly and sympathetic manners. Semple left the colony early in March on a tour of inspection of the Western posts, leaving Robertson in charge during his absence.

The arrival of so many new settlers necessitated another pilgrimage to the buffalo ranges at Pembina. Another strenuous winter was passed chasing the buffalo on foot and hauling the game home on sleds. With the arrival of spring, 1816, the colonists returned to the forks and resumed their farming operations.

In the meantime, Robertson was carrying out measures to exclude the Northwesters from the Red River. In the fall of the preceding year he had entered the Northwest fort and seized the stolen cannon. He now broke into the fort once more, and, seizing Duncan Cameron, together with a large quantity of furs and provisions, removed them to Fort Douglas. A short time afterward he removed all the serviceable timbers of Fort Gibraltar to strengthen the defences of the colony, Fort Douglas, and set fire to the remains.

During the winter "White-headed Sandy" Macdonell, the Northwest master at Qu'Appelle, sent appeals to the hunters of the plains to rally to the help of the Northwesters. Early in the spring a formidable band of these half-breeds were gathered for the enterprise, under the command of Cuthbert Grant. In May this party set off for the settlement, capturing a brigade of Hudson's Bay fur boats on the Assiniboine on the way down. A few days before their arrival Colin Robertson set off for York Factory with his prisoner, Cameron, leaving Semple once more in command.

The *bois-brulés* arrived on the evening of June 18th at the rapids, a few miles west of the forks. As the cannon of the colony fort commanded the river, it was decided to conceal the boats in the woods, and by taking a short cut across country avoid the fort and attack the houses of the colonists from the land side.

In executing this movement they were observed by the watchmen at the fort, and scarcely had the work of destruction begun when Governor Semple, with twenty-eight followers, went out to meet the half-breeds. A nearer review revealed the number of the marauders—nearly seventy all told—to be too great for his little band. Semple at once sent back to the fort for a cannon, which arrived too late for action. The unequal parties met beside a small stream just beyond the northern limits of the present city of Winnipeg, where seven small oak trees gave the name of the so-called battle or massacre which ensued. Of Semple's party only seven escaped. The Governor, wounded and helpless, was murdered in cold blood after the action by one of the pillaging half-breeds as he lay upon the field. On the following day Fort Douglas surrendered to Grant, the settlers being promised safety and immunity from pillage while removing their personal effects from the colony.

Two days later the harassed colonists were crowded into river-boats and ordered to leave the Red River. With such relics of their personal property as they could carry away, the exiles withdrew once more to their distant retreat at Jack River, awaiting an opportunity to leave a colony where murder and rapine reigned supreme.

While this strife was raging in the distant West, the Earl of Selkirk had not been idle. In the autumn of 1815, the Earl and Countess arrived in Montreal, from which point the former, after attending to various business matters relating to his eastern colonies, prepared to visit the West. The news of the early strife and the first dispersal of his colony induced his Lordship to take with him a larger force than he had at first intended. An escort of soldiers having been first granted, then withdrawn, by the Governor of Lower Canada, the Earl supplied their place by eighty men of the De Meuron regiment and twenty of the Watteville regiment. These soldiers, recruited in Germany and Switzerland, had been sent by Britain to Canada in the last year of the War of 1812, and there disbanded.

Selkirk had planned to avoid the Northwest Company's brigades by ascending the St. Louis River and travelling through Minnesota; but the news of the slaughter at Seven Oaks determined him to attack the Northwesters' depot at Fort William, seize the partners of that company, and send them east for trial. This he easily accomplished. Having taken possession of the fort, he seized all the company's furs and supplies, and, opening the letters and papers of the officers, obtained documentary proofs of the complicity of the leading officers in the attacks on the colonists. By virtue of a bargain with K. McKenzie, one of the partners, Selkirk purchased all the furs at the fort, the price being payable on the marketing of the goods at London. McKenzie afterward deposed that the

contract was forced on him under the influence of liquor and fear of bodily injury; and the sale was declared void by the Canadian courts.

While the Earl wintered at Fort William, a body of De Meurons, under Captain D'Orsonnens and Miles Macdonell, advanced by way of the Lake of the Woods and Roseau River route to the Red, and by the aid of intelligence and provisions supplied by friendly Indians, surprised the Northwesters by night assault on Fort Douglas, under cover of a February blizzard.

Thus the Northwesters were once more expelled and the way cleared for the return of the colonists. Some returned at once over the frozen lake, but the majority remained till spring at Jack River, arriving at the settlement in June, shortly before the coming of the Earl from Fort William.

In compensation for their extraordinary privations the colonists were given free grants of their lands, while a tract was reserved for church and school sites. They were further promised a minister of the Presbyterian Church, a promise which his Lordship fulfilled on his return to Britain, but for some reason the appointee failed to fulfil his appointment. While in the country Selkirk made treaties with the Saulteaux and Cree Indians, securing a surrender of their claims along the Assiniboine and Red Rivers within the colony, for the annual quit-rent of "one hundred pounds of good merchantable tobacco" to each tribe.

Early in the year the Lower Canadian Government had at Selkirk's request appointed two commissioners, Major Fletcher and Colonel W. Coltman, to inquire into the troubles in the Northwest, and so far as possible restore peace and harmony. Fletcher remained at Fort William, but Coltman visited the Red River Colony. Here he ordered a mutual restitution of goods. As this command was obeyed at Fort William, Rainy River, and Red River, where the Selkirk partisans were the aggressors, and ignored in the far north and west, where their opponents were the offenders, the measure gave little satisfaction to the Earl.

It has been persistently stated by various writers that Lord Selkirk returned to Britain by way of New York to avoid a visit to Canada and thus escape legal proceedings of the Northwest partners. The fact is that the Earl spent the greater part of the year 1818 in Upper and Lower Canada in persistent endeavour to bring the Seven Oaks assailants to trial. He was here to experience a taste of Family Compact justice. The cases were changed from one judicial district to another, prisoners and material witnesses were allowed to depart on "straw bail," and every effort to push the case failed. Several overtures were made to the Earl to accommodate the disputes, to which his Lordship indignantly declined to compound a felony. On the other hand, the Northwesters had little difficulty in securing heavy damages against the Earl for seizure of goods and illegal imprisonment. Weary and disgusted, Thomas Douglas withdrew from the country in shattered health. After a few months in England, he withdrew to the south of France to die.

The colony on the Red River, restored and guarded by the De Meuron settlers, took deep root. Despite frost, grasshoppers, drought, and floods, it continued to grow from year to year in numbers and in wealth. For three years the far-off echoes of the fur-trade strife kept the colonists in a perturbed state, but in 1821 the union of the rival companies brought the era of unbroken peace. Almost ruined by the decade of profitless strife, the two great companies joined hands, and with the amalgamation there dawned on the infant colony a prosperity and a progress unbroken to this their centennial year.

THE MEADOW LARK

By PETER M. MacDONALD

THE brook's day passes
Through long, lush grasses
That bow in worship to the wind—
The vagrant and inconstant wind;
Where on the wing
His lyrics ring
Compelling, clear and wondrous kind;
Appealing and most wondrous kind,
Bird of the quiet meadow.

Hark! to him, hark!
There 's Meadow-lark
Calling a summons to his mate—
A tender summons to his mate;
And we aglow
After him go,
Lured by his note so passionate;
Won by his love so passionate,
King of the summer meadow.

SIR HENRY PELLATT

As he appeared in Camp at Aldershot

HENRY MILL PELLATT

A STUDY IN ACHIEVEMENT

BY NEWTON MacTAVISH

IT seems to be one of the incongruities of human experience that great achievement is associated with embittering sacrifice and remorse. This applies to politics, to letters, to science, to art, to finance, even to philanthropy. And why? Because so often the motive is misconstrued or misunderstood. Men frequently accomplish great things individually, and they pay penalties of greatness in the criticism of their fellows. Oftentimes they could lay blame to their own insensibility or to their faith in ultimate just appreciation, but more likely to an unfortunate habit of hiding their light under a bushel. This last reason is peculiarly applicable to Sir Henry Pellatt. We use the figure of the bushel in Sir Henry's case, because he himself is an enthusiastic farmer, and he knows that the bushel is a big measure these days, even on the farm.

But we shall not consider Sir Henry as a farmer just yet. We

shall rather picture him at the age of fifty-two, a man of stalwart and robust frame, of nerve and muscle, of admirable soldierly bearing, retiring the other day from the command of the Queen's Own Rifles, the largest regiment of militia in the Dominion. As commanding officer of this regiment, Sir Henry's motives were not always understood by the public or even by his friends. We either did not know or had forgotten that he joined the regiment as a young man and marched and drilled in the ranks as a private. We certainly did not know, except as one might infer from results, that he went into the militia as he goes into everything—with a determination to master it. That is the spirit that dominates him to-day in his numerous financial enterprises. It was the same spirit in soldiering. He hired an officer to come at night from the barracks to his home and drill him in the intricacies of drilling. Not being a poker player, Sir Henry had no chips, so they used matches. Back and forth across the table they moved the little wooden warriors, and it was not long before the young private became more than a match for the officer. That was during the time that he seemed to play at soldiering. His friends thought it was play, for he was hiding his light under a helmet. We use the word "helmet" here for the simple reason that it is a first-class military figure of speech. But while this young volunteer was hiding his light from his friends and thereby being misunderstood by them, he was acquiring in a serious way the first principles of military practice and preparing himself for the positions of responsibility and honour which he was to occupy in the regiment. However, the greatest misunderstandings of his connection with the militia followed the announcement of his intention to take the Queen's Own Rifles to England at his own expense. We naturally thought he could not do it. Others, who were less appreciative than we, said he wouldn't if he could. To them the idea was preposterous. It had been big enough undertaking for him to take over the regiment's celebrated Bugle Band. But to attempt the whole regiment—well, that would be as great as the Strathcona Horse. And, anyway, why should one mere man want to take a regiment of soldiers to England at his own expense? That was regarded as work for a government, not for an individual. It was not quite right that one man should get so much glory. It wasn't just natural that one man should be permitted to do so much for nothing but glory. But here again Sir Henry hid his light, but this time under a knapsack, for none of us thought of the men of the rank and file, and Sir Henry didn't tell us—just then. We thought of him, while he was thinking of the men. We knew later that he was thinking of the men, because when the representative of a large ocean transportation company was showing Sir Henry the plan of the vessel and saying, "You see, sir, this would be your own bed-room, this your sitting-room, this Lady Pellatt's room, this the bath-room, this the drawing-room, Sir Henry interrupted with the remark that everything for himself seemed quite fine, but what he wanted to see was the bill of fare for the men.

If we had heard that the president of a bank intended to take his family to Europe, or even that a merchant prince had invited the managers of departments to a cruise in the Mediterranean, we should not have doubted the motive. But we didn't credit Sir Henry Pellatt with the faculty of profound fondness for the men of his regiment. And as a matter of fact he was extremely fond of them, and he wished to give them a good time. But back of all else there was a feeling of pride that a regiment of men so well equipped for military purposes could be mustered

SIR HENRY PELLATT

in one of the colonies. So the Queen's Own Rifles (600 men) went over to England.

No greater stroke of practical imperialism could well be imagined than the appearance of the smart Canadian regiment as it took part in the manouvres at Aldershot or marched through rural England and in the streets of Old London. While at Aldershot Sir Henry received an invitation from the King to go to Balmoral Castle, where he had conferred upon him the distinction of Commander of the Victorian Order. At King George's Coronation seats

THE QUEEN'S OWN RIFLES, OF TORONTO, MARCHING IN LONDON, ENGLAND

were reserved for Sir Henry and Lady Pellatt in Westminster Abbey, and Sir Henry received an appointment for special military duty in the great procession next day. It was doubtless the significance of the presence of the Queen's Own Rifles in England that prompted Mr. W. R. Lawson, a well-known author and journalist of London, to write the following for his recent book entitled "Canada and the Empire":

"Modern history is a succession of surprises. People live nowadays simply to astonish each other with unexpected novelties. To-day it is a political crisis, to-morrow a historical pageant, the day after a record feat in aviation. Even our State ceremonies are becoming dramatic, as witness the brilliant scene at Balmoral when King George received the Colonel of the Queen's Own Canadian Rifles—'the first regiment to cross the seas to take part in the home manouvres of the Mother Country.' So His Majesty very truly and feelingly described it in his graceful welcome and as such the whole country responded to it with an enthusiasm which overwhelmed the visitor.

"In that brief episode, which happened so unexpectedly, and the importance of which people only began to recognise when it was over, there has been the seed of a new imperial movement. Originating with a private individual—Sir Henry Pellatt—and carried out entirely by his generosity, it has given fresh impulse to the cause of imperial unity, the cause which is struggling so high in the teeth of political luke-warmness and discouragement. Of all His Majesty's subjects the Canadians are at present doing most to promote it. The visit of the Queen's Own Rifles was a happy inspiration, characteristic of the Canadians, and not by any means the first of their happy thoughts on behalf of the Empire. The men were typical Canadians, and their Colonel especially so.

"Sir Henry Pellatt has an extra share of the keen initiative and force of character which in the past decade has brought so many Canadian financiers to the front. Outside of business, his ruling passion is soldiering, and he has inspired thousands of his fellow-citizens with military patriotism. As a soldier and financier, he is a typical Canadian. There are many more such men in Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg, and all the principal cities of the Dominion. We hear less of them than

SIR HENRY PELLATT AND LORD HALDANE, SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR

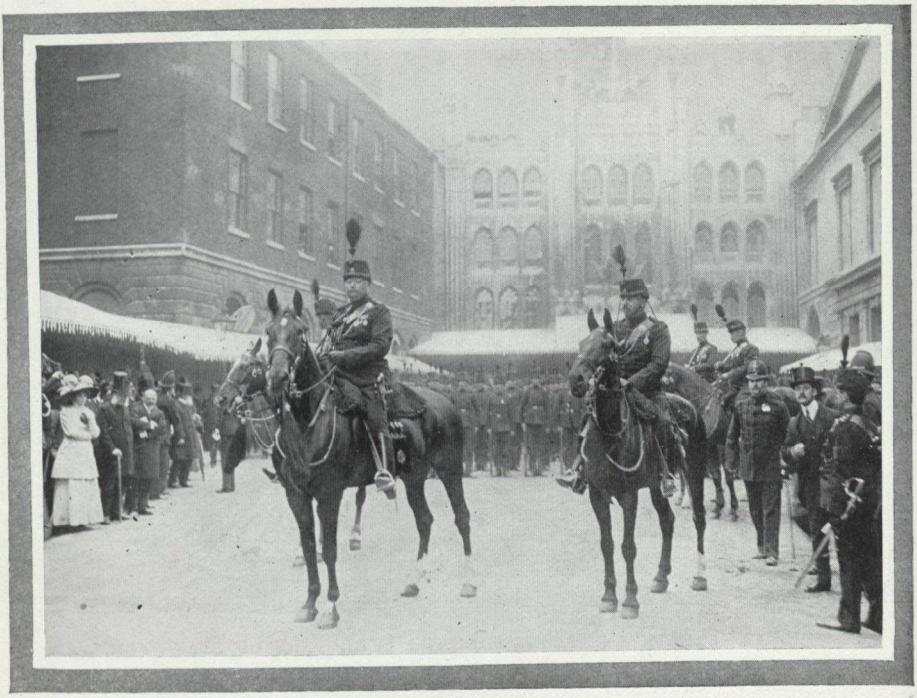
The officers standing in row are: Field Marshall Lord Roberts, V.C., K.G., K.P., G.C.B., O.M., G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E.; General Sir William G. Nicholson, G.C.B., R.E., Chief of the General Staff; Lieutenant-General Sir Herbert S. G. Miles, K.C.B., C.V.C., Quarter-Master-General to the Forces; and Major-General John S. Ewart, C.B., Director of Military Operations.

of the Parliamentarians, who do the talking and the jerrymandering, but they are, nevertheless, among the most important factors in Canadian national life. Chief of them all, of course, is Lord Strathcona —the Grand Old Man of the Northwest. He is the father of a generation of Empire builders. Pioneers, railway constructors, financiers, and wealth creators at large, they have transformed a million square miles of prairie into a vast granary, on which the world becomes more and more dependent.

"In the group which surrounded King George when he received Sir Henry Pellatt, there were other typical men not from Canada. One who was almost unnoticed at the time—and a strange experience it must have been for him—was the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Lloyd George. The newspaper reports hardly mentioned him, and yet to the eye of a reporter gifted with a little imagination he might have appealed specially on such an occasion. Not of course, because of his affinity with it, but the reverse. He represented a type of British subject even more remarkable than Sir Henry Pellatt, and how different in kind! He is the champion parochialist of his day in a still higher degree than Sir Henry Pellatt is a champion imperialist."

Although Sir Henry has retired from the active command of the Queen's Own Rifles, his footsteps are being followed by his only son, Reginald, who is now a Captain in the same regiment, while Sir Henry's services have been retained for the country in the rank of Brigadier in command of the 6th Infantry Brigade of Canada. He was A. D. C. to Earl Grey and he is at present A. D. C. to the Duke of Connaught.

I used to wonder how Sir Henry Pellatt makes his money. Now I know only how he used to make it. Let me give an instance. By the way, I should say that Henry Mill Pellatt was born in Kingston, Ontario, and came to Toronto when he was a year old, and has lived there all his life. He was educated at Upper Canada College, and while quite young entered the brokerage offices of Pellatt & Osler. His father, the late Henry Pellatt, was one member of the firm; Sir Edmund Osler, M.P., the other.



SIR HENRY PELLATT AND THE QUEEN'S OWN RIFLES AT THE GUILDHALL, LONDON

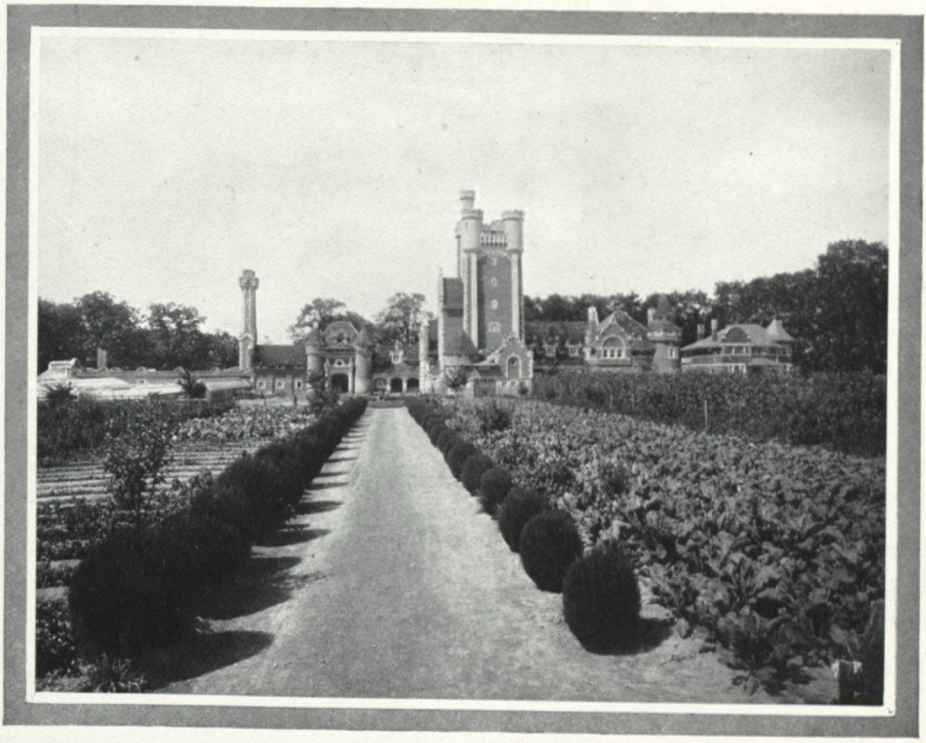
Young Henry went into the brokerage business with about the same spirit as he went into foot racing; he was determined to make a record. His record at foot racing was made at New York, where he won the one-mile amateur championship.

His first record in the investment business was made away back in the eighties, and it gives us a good instance of how he began to make money. First of all, he got it into his head that he ought to know something about the West, which the Canadian Pacific Railway but recently had made accessible. He journeyed across the continent to the Pacific coast, and came back a great enthusiast for that part of the Dominion. The Northwest Land Company was in its infancy, and the common stock could be bought quite readily at from ten to twelve dollars a share. Young Pellatt used to go over to the Stock Exchange, look at the tape from the ticker and then buy all the stock in this company that was offered. It wasn't long before the brokers used to go to Pellatt as a matter of course every time they had any Northwest Land to sell.

"I'll take it," Pellatt used to say, and then he would put the scrip into the vault with the rest and let it lie there.

But the brokers didn't understand him. They thought he was a little off on Northwest Land. You see, he was hiding his light under a ticker, and anyone who knows the value of Northwest Land shares to-day knows that it was light that could not be hidden long.

His ability to forecast a situation, as shown in this instance, reaches almost to the point of genius, and he is credited with never lending his name to an enterprise without backing it up with capital and helping it to become a success. How does he help it? He amuses himself studying out its possibilities when other men



THE STABLES AT "CASA LOMA," FROM THE GARDENS

are at their clubs or playing cards or billiards. That is a part of his pastime—figuring out how this or that undertaking could be improved or advanced from an apparent failure to a success. Then when the opportunity comes he puts forward his theory. And that is one reason why he is so often asked to become a director of great commercial and financial companies. He is never hasty in his decisions, but it is said of him that when he does make up his mind he is as unwavering as the east wind. Sometimes he has seen fit to stand out against all the other directors of a company, even when the directors have been composed almost to a man of some of the most influential and ablest men in the country. "When Pellatt brings his fist down on the table," said a well-known financier the other day, "it is time to begin thinking."

It would require another article to consider fully the business enterprises of which Sir Henry Pellatt is either president or a director, but no sketch of him from any point of view would be quite complete without reference to the splendid work of himself and his colleagues in harnessing Niagara Falls and building up the Electrical Development Company and the Toronto and Niagara Power Company, of which he was at the beginning and is still the President. A syndicate was formed to carry out the original idea of constructing a power plant at Niagara Falls and building a transmission line to convey electrical power to Toronto for use by the Toronto Railway Company and the Toronto Electric Light Company. Sir Henry Pellatt was Chairman of this Syndicate, and he worked unceasingly until the great enterprise had been successfully brought to completion.

The other day I read in a news-

A VIEW OF LAKE MARIE

Sir Henry Pellatt's Farm, near Toronto

paper that Sir Henry Pellatt had given $5,000 towards the Victorian Order of Nurses. The incident made me think of some of Sir Henry's charities. While he has not scattered his money recklessly, nor helped with an ostentatious hand, his givings would make many a mare go. But here again he has been hiding his light—under a rector's cloth, beneath professorial scarfs, and under operating tables, but mostly between the covers of his private cheque book. He has given "according to his substance." Here is an instance. Some years ago he had had an unusually successful year, and his earnings made him feel pretty confident. He could afford to give, and felt that he ought to give, much more generously than ever before. But he faced what looked like a formidable difficulty: if he were to give according to his substance he might increase the expectations of the receivers. If he were, for example, to raise his donation to his church from $1,000 to $2,000 they would be sure to expect the larger amount the next year again, whether he earned the money or not. And so on all down the list. But Sir Henry acted with the courage that always has been one of his outstanding characteristics; he gave as the Bible exhorts us to give; and the fact of perhaps greatest interest is that never has he found it necessary to retrieve.

Mentioning his church brings to mind a visit that Sir Henry received from the rector of St. Simon's. This church was new and had been under a very heavy expense. The revenue was insufficient to meet requirements, and the rector came to Sir Henry for advice.

"How much do you need to square up everything?"

The amount was named.

"All right," said Sir Henry, "I'll attend to that." Then he gave the advice that had been asked, but it was to apply to the future so that the revenues would be sufficient for the expenditure.

Some time thereafter the same

man came to Sir Henry, but he came not as rector of St. Simon's, but as Provost of the University of Trinity College. In a word, he wanted Sir Henry to do for the University what he had done for the church —put it on its feet again.

We are thinking now of a time when salaries and other expenses had perforce been reduced, but when, even so, large debts were being incurred. First of all Sir Henry wanted to know how much it would take to pay in full the salaries which had been cut down. Whatever this amount was he undertook to provide it. A few days later he paid a visit to the University, and as a result it was not long before the old wooden fence and picket gates were replaced by the iron fence and the magnificent structure of stone and iron which now forms so imposing an entrance to the College grounds—the gift of Sir Henry and three of his friends.

He took steps also to have the broken pinnacles replaced and other improvements carried out which gave to the fine old buildings just the touch they needed to complete their beauty. But more important still, he took council with others who were interested and they worked out a plan for replenishing the depleted treasury of the College, so as to bring the salaries of members of the staff more into accord with their splendid record as leading educationists—such men as Professor William Clark, whose name is known throughout the whole Dominion; Professor Huntingford, one of the finest classics Toronto has known, and Professor A. H. Young, whose many years of educational work have won for him well-deserved fame.

So pleased was the Corporation of Trinity College with what Sir Henry had done that they unanimously elected him Honorary Financial Director and afterwards Honorary Treasurer of Trinity College, a position he has held ever since with pleasure and profit to all concerned. Quite recently the degree of D.C.L. was conferred upon him by the authorities of King's College, Windsor, Nova Scotia, in recognition of his services to the sister college, Trinity, and to the Empire.

Sir Henry possesses an intuitive knowledge of surgery and would have made an admirable surgeon. So great is his interest in surgery that he has frequently gone to one of the hospitals to witness an operation. On one of these occasions, at Grace Hospital, he observed that the doctors seemed not to have the necessary epuipment. He spoke to them about it, and wondered whether they should not have so and so and so and so. The doctors shrugged their shoulders. But Sir Henry did not forget what he had seen. He ordered a new wing to be built and thoroughly equipped, and the bills of cost were sent to him.

Sir Henry Pellatt is President of the Imperial Society of Knights Bachelor. After he himself was knighted by King Edward, he looked upon his knighthood as something more than a mere distinction. He was not the first Pellatt to receive this title, for away back at the time of James II. one of his ancestors was knighted for distinguished services to his King. In Sir Henry's case, the title came as a reward for his services to the Canadian Militia, for his successful promotion of important Canadian enterprises and for his services in connection with Imperial affairs.

Sir Henry was soon made President of the Society of Knights Bachelor because of his views of its importance as a factor in the life of the Empire. He is an ardent Imperialist. It was as such that he sought the honour of the command of the Canadians at the Coronation of King Edward and received it, it was as such that he took the Queen's Own Rifles to England. His prominence and dignity as a Knight have given him added oppor-

tunities of usefulness, and he has always earnestly and gladly accepted them. He saw that the Society of Knights Bachelor could be made a powerful organisation for Imperial purposes. He realised that the backbone of the Society would be distinguished colonials from all parts of the Empire who had fought for and earned distinction in their various walks of life. These were the men to help in Imperial affairs; so he set about to reconstruct the old Society. He advanced the necessary money. He worked hard personally to get all Knights wherever resident to join the Society and to take an interest in it. He secured a habitation for the Society at Clifford's Inn, Fleet Street, London. He paid all preliminary expenses himself, became guarantor for the purchase money, and finally succeeded in putting the property on a self-supporting basis, as it is now. He furthermore obtained from His Majesty King George the right to use the word "Imperial" in the title "The Imperial Association of Knights." He now has in this Association a gathering of many distinguished men united in bonds of fellowship, Imperially, collectively, and individually, who represent all the colonies and who stand for Empire; and he believes that such a body must be a useful organisation of great power for the promotion of Imperialism.

Sir Henry's vision is far-reaching in other ways as well as business. As a result of his many trips to England he has had plenty of opportunity to see hospitality and entertainment cultivated into an art, and he began to see that, as the years went on, with the increasing number of visitors of note to Canada from the old country he would have numerous chances of returning in some measure at least the hospitality that had been given to him. A house whose dimensions in most circumstances would be ample, could not permit of anything like the style of entertainment that is quite common to the best people of England. So that it was only natural that these experiences should act as an incentive to Sir Henry in the development of his taste for fine architectural design. His eye seems to be intuitively artistic, and he is able to properly appreciate a piece of architecture as well as pick out the bull's-eye at five hundred paces. He has planned many houses for himself and friends, and while listening to or taking part in any discussion, he habitually makes a design with his pencil. But the crowning achievement of this side of his nature is the mansion that is now under construction above the Davenport Road, on the crest of land overlooking the city of Toronto. Sir Henry has not rushed the building of this mansion. For years it has been turning about in his mind, where, by building up and tearing down, so to speak, many important features have evolved themselves—such, for instance, as the swimming-bath, with elevator in attendance, the rifle range, bowling alleys (all of which are in the basement), the palm-room, the tunnel leading under the street between the mansion and the nearby dwelling of Captain Reginald Pellatt, the greenhouses and the stables. The tunnel is in itself a good instance of the value of evolution, for although the avenue intersecting the estate is public, there can be nevertheless by means of the tunnel private communication at any time. The whole estate is calculated to be one of the finest private homes on the continent, and if natural location, careful planning and liberal expenditure can make it so, it will be. For Sir Henry never does anything with a small or narrow view. The stables are completed already. Their appearance gives one the impression of a Norman castle. Inside they are tiled and carpeted, and for cleanliness they would make any housewife marvel. Sir Henry is very proud of his horses, and the dozens of badges

they have won at horse shows are artistically arranged in decorative panels on the walls of the harness-room. Prizes are now common things around *Casa Loma*, for it is the same with poultry and Jerseys and flowers as it is with horses.

We are now coming back to Sir Henry as a farmer, a calling in which no man can hide his light. One of Sir Henry's farms is located at Lake Marie, about twenty miles north of Toronto. It consists of 1,000 acres, and is divided into four portions, each with its own distinctive buildings, management and stock. Other two large farms, at Pickering and Port Credit, are conducted in an equally systematic manner. Sir Henry takes a personal interest in them all, and nothing pleases him better than to spend one or more days looking them over. In these things, Lady Pellatt, the only daughter of Mr. John Dodgson of Cumberland, England, naturally takes a keen personal interest. We must picture a picnic party at Lake Marie—a real outing—because the members go with real cheer to a real farm. There one does not see only green grass and growing roots and grain; for there are thoroughbred horses and cattle and sheep, turkeys, pheasants, pigeons, chickens, peacocks, guinea fowl, partridges, deer, squirrels. The lake is stocked with bass, and there are runs for the partridges. One sees thoroughbred Percherons and belted cattle. There are tennis courts and golf links. The only difficulty is that when Sir Henry goes out there his friends find it hard to get him to return. He would sit by the hour watching the ways of the things around him—if his friends would only let him. But perhaps we can afford to be more considerate. We have taken him to the farm, and as the end of May in the country is like the beginning of all things, we are pleased to part company with him in such pleasant surroundings.

ON THE WHARF AT ST. JOHN

By EWYN BRUCE MacKINNON

SWIFT-RIDING current from yon alien hills
Winding thy way through whirring town,
In thy soft depths an hundred noises drown;
For I hear naught but laughter of glad rills
And rippling parleys chimed with pebbly trills,
Telling of fields afar in fair green gown.
As plash the waves wearily up and down
'Gainst the dull wharf, oh, how my glad heart thrills
And calls the crystal song in eager joy
That opes June portals on my memory!
For man and music ever is alloy,
As angel cloud enfolds the aching sea,
Lifting low things to the pure ecstasy of art.
Thus floats the song in rapture 'round the heart.

BROWNING AND TENNYSON

A BROWNING CENTENARY STUDY

BY PROFESSOR GEORGE HERBERT CLARKE

BECAUSE many ostensibly and some really critical judgments war with one another, or are not approved by time, or appear self-contradictory, it sometimes happens that the whole art of criticism is called before the bar of public opinion, and challenged to present an adequate defence of its right to exist. I shall not assume, however, that it is here necessary to elaborate and justify that right. Criticism and literary gossip, or the expression of even a cultured person's self-recognised prejudice, are very different things. Criticism has been well defined as "the statement of the concrete in terms of the abstract," and again, as "a distinctive branch of literature, having a function, an equipment, a standard, and a method of its own." My readers will recall Matthew Arnold's admirable definition of criticism as "a disinterested endeavour to learn and propagate the best that is known and thought in the world." For myself, I should phrase the matter somewhat as follows: Criticism is the judgment of a free and sensitive mind, formed after it has understood the issues of a case, read the briefs of advocates, weighed the evidences, and considered the relation of the matter in hand to the age-long discipline and history of art. Even yet, this is not all. I, for one, confess that I am weary of the cool precision and balanced discretion of much that passes under the name of criticism, reminding one, as it does, of Sidney Lanier's disappointment with the literary judges of his day. In a letter to his friend Peacock he wrote:

> In the very short time I have been in the hands of the critics, nothing has amazed me more than the timid solicitudes with which they rarefy in one line any enthusiasm they may have condensed in another —a process curiously analagous to those irregular condensations and rare factions of air which physicists have shown to be the conditions of producing an indeterminate sound. Many of the critics have seemed—if I may change the figure —to be forever conciliating the yet-unrisen ghosts of possible mistakes.

It is coming to be seen in our time that legal but loveless judgments are not in reality spiritually valid judgments. Blackstone hinted at that great truth; Shelley, in his "Essay on Christianity," nobly developed the idea; Judge Lindsay, of Juvenile Court fame, lately went so far as to say: "We are merely putting, for the first time in the history of the world, a little love into the law." Now what is true of law-court processes and pronouncements is in this respect true also of the courts of criticism. A coldly correct, austere, superior criticism is worth comparatively little to art or humanity. To understanding must be added love—the sort of love Blake shows in his critical sayings, and Hazlitt, and Lamb, and Coleridge, and Shelley, and Browning himself. He who does not imaginatively sympathise with the art-product he is criticising is not likely to evaluate it truly, or to recog-

nise either its faults or its excellences for what they really are. The amplest critical, scientific and æsthetic apparatus will not suffice to analyse the beauty of the sunset or the majesty of a great waterfall if it be unrelated to the spirit of love.

> Though I spake with the tongues of men and angels, and yet had no love," runs Tyndale's quaint version, "I were as sounding brass, or as a tinkling cymbal. And though I could prophesy, and understood all secrets and all knowledge, yea if I had all faith so that I could move mountains out of their places, and yet had no love, I were nothing. . . . For our knowledge is unparfect, and our prophesying unparfect. But when that which is parfect is come, then that which is unparfect shall be done away.

Now it is plainly impossible to render a more than approximate judgment—even to one's own thought—in an unfinished case, in which the important evidence of time may be lacking, and of which the animus or direction are as yet not accurately determinable. Hence the probable invalidity of contemporary judgments touching matters of art. Shakespeare was much loved by the many Elizabethans who knew him personally for his sweetness of disposition and his sheer humanity, but he was hardly reverenced as a consummate master of his art, like Ben Johnson. Sidney Lanier and Henry Timrod were for many years as balls to be juggled with by the talker about Southern poetry, but it did not at first seem to matter much which ball was up for the moment, which down. And so Browning and Tennyson were regarded during the closing years of the nineteenth century as peers of Parnassus, though the loftier peak was then generally —and by many still is—assigned to the poet-laureate.

I have not idly chosen to mention these names. Indeed, I would like to state at the outset my matured belief that just as Shakespeare has come to bulk in our thoughts and memories as the giant figure of the Elizabethan age, and Lanier as the foremost among the Southern poets of America; so now, I think, is the poetry of Robert Browning emerging from the lesser choir of the English Victorian poets as the conspicuous modern interpretation of human life, the noblest prophecy and most heartening inspiration in the literature of our own age.

For what, let us ask ourselves, are the tests and traits of greatness in art? What, indeed, is art?

I think that we shall be able to agree that each human life includes a series of strangely miscellaneous experiences, now suggesting one philosophy, now another; broken into half-lights, wandering shadows, vague hopes, illusions and disillusions, ambitions and submissions, sudden radiances of joy and griefs so bitter as to make death welcome. That is to say, that although life is full of meanings its meanings are not borne upon the surface; that although it is true that life is not an *empty* dream, it is nevertheless a *dream*, in that it is everywhere broken, imperfect, symbolic, requiring interpretation. There is scarcely a romantic poet, indeed, who does not seem so to regard life. What Joseph did for Pharaoh, art would do for humanity. Art is the interpretation of the dream of life, and with its instinct humanity is inalienably endowed. Art seeks to interpret human life lastingly through the most felicitous symbols it can employ—through musical tones, through tints and pigments, through chiselled stone and faith-wrought tower, through words and silences. Like the other great words of humanity—life and death and eternity and soul and love—art can never be adequately defined. And the essence of poetry—the highest and noblest of the arts—is perhaps the most difficult of all to set forth in a sentence, and this because it is the most Protean. The statements are as various as the creators and the critics, and it is well that this is so, for particularity and insistent dicta are foreign to the spirit of literature. Literature is large and

catholic; it is in its essence a mystery, incapable of precise scientific analysis; it is an unquenchable spiritual impulse and adventure realised in words. "You cannot escape Literature," declares Lanier. "For how can you think yourself out of thought? How can you run away from your own feet?"

Although this may seem an overlong introduction to my specific theme, yet I must tax my readers' patience with preliminary discussion yet a little longer. It is plain that there are many interpretations of life that are not artistic interpretations. What is the difference? What do we mean when we say to ourselves: "I believe that this poem, that drama, will always endure?" Why do we think so? What are, to resume our earlier question, the tests and traits of real greatness in art and in literature?

First, I think, universality; second, style; third, root-serenity.

By universality is simply meant that the work in question must not be written from a provincial point of view, but must have appeal for many ages and climes, must be unsectional, catholic, human. Of course, it is possible to have the universal spirit without travel, or to travel and yet be provincial. The artist, no more than other men, can be ubiquitous. Paradoxically enough, one can best be universal by living intensely in some specific locality, for the world is made up of its own miniatures, and he who interprets in a universal spirit the life about him interprets all life. It is possible in a sense to analyse a great lake or even an ocean by examining but a single drop of it. Shakespeare did not travel much, yet he was our most universal poet. Ben Jonson, who did travel, was much less so. Lanier was universal at his best, the only Southern poet who can fairly claim to be so. Timrod wrote first as a Southerner—as a South Carolinian, indeed—and afterward as a poet. Browning was universal; but Tennyson, it seems to me, was insular, nobly insular, yet insular.

Style began, thinks Rudyard Kipling, when some primitive story-teller for the first time in human history told a story in such a way that his words ran up and down the hearts of his hearers like magic. "A poem," thought a little boy, "is something that isn't true, but you all wish it were true, and that it is put in nice jolly words." Stedman hardly puts it better when he says that "Poetry is rhythmical, imaginative language, expressing the invention, thought passion and insight of the human soul." Certainly, the poet must be finely sensitive to the beauty that lurks in language—keenly aware of the dignity of words, their music, colours, individualities and kinships. His poems must not be word-prisons, but word-homes. Style is inevitableness of expression, the felicitous way of saying or doing something, the relentlessly felicitous way, felicitous, I mean, in point of *fitness*. It has been happily called "Fame's great antiseptic" and has been defined by a recent English writer as "the use of words in such a way that either by their richness or by their bareness they stir the imagination and quicken the soul." Both Browning and Tennyson have this indispensable gift, but I shall hope to convince my readers that, of the two, Browning, contrary to popular opinion, was the more richly endowed as a master of style.

By root-serenity I mean that although the artist must suffer, and suffer deeply, as Shakespeare must have suffered before he could write his Sonnets and his four great tragedies, and Dante before he could walk in spirit through his "Inferno," and Michael Angelo before he began "The Last Judgment," yet, in spite of this great artistic melancholy, the creator of true art must not lose his grip upon himself. If he goes down into hell, it is not a hell that has power

over him, to undo him. The melancholy of art and artists is a principle that has persisted in Teutonic literatures especially, from the time of the Saxon sagas to our own day. Its roots, perhaps, are three: recognition of the incompleteness of human life; inability to express a thought or truth with the sheer first power of that thought or truth; and failure to secure more than a very slight share of the responsive sympathy of men and women. The poet is baffled at every turn by these "Thus fars"—even though he fight the better for them. But though he walks into shadow he does so in order that he may walk *through* it, see it what it is. It is not possible for the great artist to escape acute awareness of the element of tragedy in life, for this is life's deepest idea, most insoluble riddle, the centre of its storm and stress. Yet it is a serious mistake to suppose that Shakespeare was a cynic or an embittered man during his middle period. To the artist—sensitive above other men—the values of the Dark are as indispensable to his insight and interpretative power as are those of the Light. He can spare nothing. *Amplius* is his motto.

We are now, I hope, in a position to consider intelligently for a little while some of the points of similarity and difference between these noble, nineteenth-century poets, Tennyson and Browning.

And first, it will be interesting to inquire of each his thought of the poet—his own specific programme. Each gave himself to poetry very earnestly and reverently, and though it is obvious that their theories of the art differ not a little, yet it is well to remember, as William Watson reminds us, that

> . . . 'Neath the unifying sun
> Many the songs—but Song is one.

We may find Tennyson's thought of the mission and ministry of poetry expressed in such poems as "The Poet," "The Poet's Mind," "The Poet's Song," "Merlin and the Gleam," and "The Palace of Art," and although these vary somewhat in implication, it is plain that Tennyson shares with such writers as Milton and Wordsworth and Matthew Arnold the feeling that poetry must be the austere saviour of humanity from the little and the local; that the poet is a Vast Voice, a Teiresias, a consecrated prophet. It is a high and true view, and one which we all share and honour, yet we may question whether it is a whole view. Is it not true that our greatest poets are apparently our most human ones, the friendliest comers and goers among a world of men, undetached in point of familiar human contact, however awfully and irremediably isolated in their spiritual loneliness? Chaucer certainly was so, and Shakespeare, and Burns, and Browning. It is not this direct human sympathy, this worldliness, in the better meaning of the word, that gives to Fielding and Thackeray, for example, their power over our hearts and minds as compared with George Eliot, especially in her later career? And is it not this that so immediately wins our suffrages for Browning? Chaucer, the greatest spirit in the literature of his time, the father of English poetry, walked about among men, curiously observing them, though seeming to see nothing; gently and archly laughing at his pilgrims as they took their motley way through the greening fields of Kent. Shakespeare was one of the best of good fellows, at the Mermaid Inn, and at Mountjoy's home in London. "I should like," says Thackeray, "to have been Shakespeare's shoeblack—just to have lived in his house, just to have worshipped him—to have run on his errands, and seen that sweet, serene face." "Shakespeare was all *alive*," wrote James Smetham to a friend, "a nimble spirit like the lightning, who could put 'a girdle round the earth in forty minutes,' and not feel that he had done

anything particular, but at the age of forty-six to go to Stratford and buy a piece of property and loll over the gates, talking to farmers and graziers, and Bill the butcher's boy, and the Squire at the Hall; at home with the Universe. . . . He talked, yes; but so as to make everybody 'unbolt to him,' and he had them ere they were aware by the gift of sympathy." And it was so with Browning. If Tennyson was characteristically aloof and remote, Browning was the reverse. Tennyson's friend Joseph Spedding was once asked if the poet's temperament were really as melancholy as his countenance would suggest.

"Well," slowly answered Spedding, "I fancy when he is alone Tennyson finds himself in very grave company."

And my readers are all familiar with the story of that memorable evening of conversation between Tennyson and Carlyle, during the course of which only two or three words were exchanged, with perfect pleasure and satisfaction on both sides.

Browning's private conversation, Edmund Gosse tells us, was much finer than his society utterance, winsome as that was:

> To a single listener, with whom he was on familiar terms, the Browning of his own study was to the Browning of a dinner party as a tiger is to a domestic cat. In such conversation his natural strength came out. His talk assumed the volume and the tumult of a cascade. His voice rose to a shout, sank to a whisper, ran up and down the gamut of conversational melody. Those whom he was expecting will never forget his welcome, the loud trumpet-note from the other end of the passage, the talk already in full flood at a distance of twenty feet. Then, in his own study or drawing-room, what he loved was to capture the visitor in a low armchair's 'sofa-lap of leather,' and from a most unfair vantage of height to tyrannise, to walk around the victim, in front, behind, on this side, on that, weaving magic circles, now with gesticulating arms thrown high, now grovelling on the floor to find some reference in a folio, talking all the while, a redundant turmoil of thoughts, fancies, and reminiscences flowing from those generous lips. To think of it is to conjure up an image of intellectual vigour, armed at every point, but overflowing, none the less, with the geniality of strength.

Browning always met new visitors with genuine interest and cordial good-will, a fact of which there are many testimonies. In his later years, he remained as zestful as ever. When he was the guest of Professor David Masson at Edinburgh, whither he had gone to receive an honorary doctorate, he danced about the room after a reception to prove that he was not tired. On one occasion Mrs. Masson asked him, a little fearfully, if the social adulation he was receiving was distasteful to him. Heartily came the answer: "Object to it! No; I have waited forty years for it, and now—I like it!" A less human and genuine man than Browning would have dodged that question.

Browning himself finely sets forth his thought of the intense aliveness of the artist in the Epilogue to "The Ring and the Book," in "Fra Lippo Lippi," and in that delightfully luminous poem, "How it Strikes a Contemporary," in which one Spaniard is telling another of the strange interests and preoccupations of a certain man in Valladolid, the only poet he has ever known, who

> Stood and watched the cobbler at his trade,
> The man who slices lemons into drink,
> The coffee-roaster's brazier, and the boys
> That volunteer to help him turn its winch.
> He glanced o'er books on stalls with half an eye,
> And fly-leaf ballads on the vendor's string,
> And broad-edge, bold-print posters by the wall.
> He took such cognisance of men and things,
> If any beat a horse, you felt he saw;
> If any cursed a woman, he took note;
> Yet stared at nobody,—you stared at him,
> And found, less to your pleasure than surprise,
> He seemed to know you and expect as much.

Both our poets had deeply religious natures. The significant poems of Tennyson in this respect are "The Ancient Sage," "The Two Voices," "The Vision of Sin," "Saint Simeon

Stylites," the "Locksley Hall" poems, and "In Memoriam." Those poems of Browning that most directly deal with religious problems and aspirations are "Paracelsus," "Saul," "Caliban upon Setebos," "A Death in the Desert," "The Pope" (in "The Ring and the Book"), "The Boy and the Angel," "Christmas Eve and Easter-Day," "An Epistle, Containing the Strange Medical Experience of Karshish," "Rabbi Ben Ezra," "Reverie," and others. But the prime word of Tennyson here, as indeed in all other respects, is the word Law, while Browning's great key-word is Power. Tennyson tells us in "In Memoriam" that "nothing is which errs from law," and speaks hopefully of that

> . . . One, far-off, divine event,
> To which the whole creation moves.

In the whole great poem, the expression of the spiritual discipline of seventeen years, and, in some respects, his masterpice, as "Maud" is in others, he is seeking, after an embittering experience, the difficult restoration of the indispensable minimum of faith. What Browning seems most to care about is not so much the grounds as the uses of faith, deeply interested as he is in the former, as witness the Pope's monologue and "Christmas Eve and Easter-Day." In "Reverie" he tells us that

> Somewhere, below, above,
> Shall a day dawn—this I know—
> When Power, which vainly strove
> My weakness to overthrow,
> Shall triumph,

because, as he at last declares

> Power is Love—transports, transforms
> Who aspired from worst to best,
> Sought the soul's world, spurned the worms',

And in "Pippa Passes" we are counselled:

> Say not 'a small event!' Why 'small'?
> Costs it more pain that this, ye call
> A great event, should come to pass
> Than that? Untwine me from the mass
> Of deeds which make up life, one deed
> Power shall fall short in or exceed.

And to such a far boundary does he push his thought that, like Kipling, in "Tomlinson," and Ibsen, in "Peer Gynt," he tells us in his "Statue and the Bust" that although he is no commender of sin for sin's sake, yet it is better to realise one's inspiration (provided it *be* the inner truth of one, and essentially pure in motive), even though in doing so one may conventionally "sin," than to be negatively null, statuesquely virtuous. This, of course, too freely interpreted, may easily become dangerous doctrine; Nietzsche pushes it to a remorselessly difficult conclusion; it is doubtfully debated by Tennyson in "In Memoriam," and certainly the author of "The Idylls of the King" shows an almost complete polarity in his treatment of Launcelot and Guinevere. Yet there is little doubt that "The Statue and the Bust," like "A Blot in the 'Scutcheon," makes at root for the righteousness of the race.

Many of the defences of Browning, as an orthodox thinker, however carefully worked at, impress one, after all, as made up of pieced poetic testimonies, dependent upon mood and occasion, rather than as sound philosophic examinations of the mind of the man-in-himself. Like Emerson, Browning was a Transcendentalist, though, unlike Emerson, he saw nothing incongruous in the effort to relate the philosophy of idealism to the New Testament narratives as such. The essence of Christianity is sure and wholesome, at all events, Browning believed, but if you ask me now to define its essence, I will ask you to see it and feel it. If we say that Browning's poetic insight and theory are catholic and his human bent Chistian in this sense—that the incarnation idea, considered as *progressive*, and so raised to its highest power, best expresses to him the God-idea, raised to *its* highest power—we shall perhaps understand him in this matter as clearly as we may or ought. Certainly, he built on God and the soul, the "only facts for him," and had a bolder and more adventurous

religious faith than was possible to the slow-brooding mind of Tennyson. Browning was averse, on the one hand, to indifferentism, and on the other, to any form of hypocrisy.

His religious robustness may be illustrated again, as compared with Tennyson's fainter manner, in the two poets' respective treatments of the problem of evil. Tennyson has much to say on this theme; it fascinates his thought, but he is not able to develop much more hopefulness concerning it than we may find in the beautiful phrases wherein—

> . . . Falling with my weight of cares
> Upon the great world's altar-stairs
> That slope through darkness up to God,
>
> I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope,
> And gather dust and chaff, and call
> To what I feel is Lord of all,
> And faintly trust the larger hope,—

that larger hope

> That nothing walks with aimless feet;
> That not one life shall be destroyed,
> Or cast as rubbish to the void,
> When God hath made the pile complete.

But Browning, rather, rejoices in the conflicts that so disturbed Tennyson's faith. "I was ever a fighter." He shows us in "Abt Vogler" precisely the value of the discord principle. Browning finds that benevolence and kindness and mirth are not all of love, but that effort must be added, with resolve, adventure, suffering and triumph therein. "Perfect love includes and means the very experience of suffering, and of powers that oppose love's aims." "Out of heat comes light." "Friction, strife, right war are indispensable to growth." And "man was made to grow, not stop." "All men become good creatures, but so slow." "Endless pursuit is the only conceivable form of endless attainment." And, as Foster of Chicago says: "The essence of us is forward-striving toward a flying goal."

I have already tried to suggest the superiority of Browning to Tennyson in point of universality. Tennyson was an Englishman, and an Englishman only, and wished to be so. He was the most successful of the poets-laureate because he was the most enthusiastic, the most deliberately English among them. He loved England with a still, proud, jealous passion; and although, because he was a modern poet, he felt the pulse of the democratic idea, yet he was, as I have said, a Law man, a thinker according to the Constitution, and suspicious of over-liberal interpretations of democracy. It is true that he sought to mediate between the past of privilege and the future of opportunity; but it is also plain that at heart he is the singer of the tones that ruled the time—a Victorian poet rather than a world-poet; the sincere hearer and interpreter of the words of those mighty thinkers in science and religion that thronged his age, but himself perhaps a brake rather than a wheel; not hostile to the journey, indeed recognising and even at times rejoicing in its inevitableness, and yet of a questioning, prudential, conservative temperament that is so much in love with tradition that it does not care to seek for more than partial freedom. As Chesterton has hinted, Tennyson seems to have looked at the life-processes of his generation as reflected in a mirror rather than as expressing themselves directly in the "coarse good-temper and rank energy" of life itself.

Browning's political creed comes out finely in "Colombe's Birthday," and in the sonnet "Why I am a Liberal":

> Why? Because all I haply can and do,
> All that I am now, all I hope to be,—
> Whence comes it save from fortune setting free
> Body and soul the purpose to pursue,
> God traced for both? If fetters, not a few,
> Of prejudice, convention, fall from me,
> These shall I bid men—each in his degree
> Also God-guided—bear, and gayly, too?
> But little do or can the best of us:
> That little is achieved through liberty.
> Who, then, dares hold, emancipated thus,
> His fellow shall continue bound? Not I,
> Who, live, love, labour freely, nor discuss
> A brother's right to freedom. That is why.

But in "Strafford" and "Luria" and "Cavalier Tunes" he seems to say that, after all, the poet must be for both sides, must have no party but mankind. "I sympathise just as much with these," he wrote Miss Barrett concerning the antagonists of Luria, "as with him." Browning is a democrat not as Walt Whitman is a democrat, but as Emerson is—in the desire that the fullest opportunity may be given for merit to express itself, for virtue to live and for vice to die; but he is an aristocrat also in his reverence for character, and his ardent Hellenism. He is like Nature herself in both respects, for she is universal in her democracies of rain and sunshine, yet aristocratic in her colours, forms and savours. And at root, the two instincts do not quarrel. In "Strafford" Pym reminds Charles I. of that "deeper question:—

How long the Many must endure the One,

yet in "Luria" Domizia rightly dissects the pride of the sheltered many, who

. . Grudged the station of the elected ones,
Who, greater than their kind, are truly great
Only in voluntary servitude.

In a word, then, Tennyson is English as Burns is Scotch, while Browning is English as Shakespeare is English. That Browning loved England we may find as clear evidences in his poems and letters as we may find of Tennyson's patriotism in "The Charge of the Light Brigade" and the "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington."

Oh, to be in England,

passionately sings the poet in Italy,

Now that April's there,
And whoever wakes in England
Sees, some morning, unaware,
That the lowest boughs and the brushwood sheaf
Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,
While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
In England—now!
And after April, when May follows,
And the whitethroat builds, and all the swallows!
Hark, where my blossomed pear-tree in the hedge
Leans to the field and scatters on the clover
Blossoms and dewdrops—at the bent spray's edge—
That's the wise thrush; he sings each song twice over,
Lest you should think he never could recapture
The first fine careless rapture!
And though the fields look rough with hoary dew,
All will be gay when noontide wakes anew
The buttercups, the little children's dower
—Far brighter than this gaudy melon-flower!

The Italian spring comes in greatly, with a noise like the sound of a trumpet. The poet longs for the quietly trembling, wavering vernation of his own land. And as from the sea he watches the landmarks of his people's prowess, he prays within himself:

Here and here did England help me: how can I help England?—say
Whoso turns as I, this evening, turn to God to praise and pray,
While Jove's planet rises yonder, silent over Africa.

And yet Browning's cosmopolitanism is able to write:

Italy, my Italy!
Queen Mary's saying serves for me—
(When fortune's malice
Lost her, Calais)
Open my heart and you will see
Graved inside of it, "Italy."
Such lovers old are I and she:
So it always was, so shall ever be!

Tennyson, half-jocularly, no doubt, yet significantly, described Italy as a beastly place, where one could not get even an ounce of good English tobacco. But for Browning and his wife the clear sunny skies of Italy did what they had done for Chaucer and Shelley. Browning's work is saturated with Italian atmosphere and suggestion, universally controlled and directed. Italy in Tennyson is largely restricted to "The Falcon" and "Mariana in the South," and its æsthetic value in these works is unconvincing.

When Tennyson had the hero-celebrating mood—and we are all glad that he had it so often—it seems seldom to have occurred to him to go outside English history and experience. His "Ballad of the Revenge" is quite his most stirring, thrilling tribute of the kind—an imperishable monument to the memory of a brave, grim Englishman, Sir Richard Grenville, who encountered with his one little ship fifty-three Spanish men-of-war, and who, after sinking five of them, "dyed," as Gervase Markham wrote in 1595, "aboard the 'Admiral of Spayne,' about the fourth day after the bataille, and was mightlie bewaild of all men."

But Browning finds it to his liking—and note this—to celebrate in "Herve Riel" a deed of heroism on the part of a French peasant sailor that discomfited and for the time defeated the English. It is so with not a few other of his poems. He is after heroes, not English heroes primarily, but heroes, as in "How They Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix," "Through the Metidja," and "Incident of the French Camp."

Enough has been said, perhaps, by this time to justify the judgment that Tennyson is a less fresh and self-reliant, a less imaginatively adventurous poet than his greater contemporary, whose works are so manifold and diverse, in point of both form and content. "But what is 'wanting' in Tennyson?" asked Miss Barrett of her friend Westwood. She feels this want, although, as she declares, "I am very fond of Tennyson. He makes me thrill sometimes to the end of my fingers, as only a true, great poet can." In "Doctor North and His Friends" Dr. S. Weir Mitchell has a somewhat similarly implied criticism. *Sibyl Maywood* is speaking:

"Mr. Tennyson speaks of a friend's death. He must have loved him well; but—it seems to me too elaborate; I cannot find the right word."

"It was written in portions, at long intervals," said Mrs. Vincent.

"And in many moods," added St. Clair.

"I did not know that. It explains a good deal. But indeed—indeed, it wants something."

There was that in the girl's voice which made me regard her with a certain anxiety. I tried to turn the talk, saying: "Yes, it does lack unity."

But Sibyl went on:

"You will think me very silly, I fear, but I miss in this great book the sorrow which can only be for some one of a household, some one of our own blood—a mother, a child. I do not feel in this verse the agony of loss, the death which is many deaths in one, the funeral of countless hopes, of sweet expectations, of—oh, of many things. Above all. . . I miss—oh, above all else—the sorrow for another's grief, and—and the sorrow those have who, seeing their own death near upon them, grieve for those they leave, with living power to weep. . . This poetry seems to tell of—oh, I want a word—of a far-away sorrow. It is noble and uplifting, yes, and helpful. I go with him, after him, but somehow he has not hold of my hand."

Surely we can feel with *Sibyl* here. "I go with him, after him, but somehow he has not hold of my hand." Browning's hand seizes ours, will we or no, and we are drawn enthusiastically along. His mood is, like Shakespeare's, an age-anticipation, or rather it is not of an age, but for all time. Virtually all his heroes are rebels of some kind or another, and he suggests everywhere the modern feeling of rebellion against an authority of invalid or crippled credentials. Browning's thought of romantic love is peculiarly characteristic of his life and genius. It is, in brief, that romantic love is the most effective possible human agent of a divine idealism. This love-matter is a pretty accurate touchstone in the appraisal of any poet's philosophy. Browning clearly distinguishes between merely sentimental love and a vital affection. "A man's reach should exceed his grasp." Grasp love as love, and you will extend your reach toward Love as *related*, toward Love as God. Like Tennyson, like all the love poets, Browning is, of course, strongly influenced here by Plato's discussions

of the value and function of love in human life, as expressed in the "Symposium" and "Phaedrus." But there is no modern poet with such insight into the meanings of Love. Browning feels, with Plato, that "Love is that mystical yearning for the beautiful and good, that contemplation of them with insight and joy, which makes them an ecstatic possession of the soul," and in "Cristina" and elsewhere he hints at the Platonic doctrine that "those who love here are those who have been associated previously, and have worshipped together the same God." Yet to all this he adds the modern insight and vision, insisting that love is not an alien donation, but that ability for true romantic affection is won through character. The Elizabethan view of love seems to be jealous for its honour; the Victorian view for its worth, its thought-vigour. To Browning Love is the beginning and the movement and the end of the scheme of life. Who loves, lives; and who lives, loves. The love of one is a stepping-stone to the love of many, and again to the love of all (as in Pompilia's case), and finally to the true love of God. Scores of Browning's poems are devoted to this favcurite theme, in its various phases. I think that most of the love-monologues can be classified as falling under one or another of the three heads, "Failure to Come Together," "Failure after Coming Together," "Understanding," and in each of these again the theme is treated on the man's side, on the woman's side; and on the side of both. It may easily be seen what stirring, human, worthful reading we have in these many illustrative poems. And his cosmopolitanism seems to be one of sex as of country, for no other poet in our language—not even Shakespeare himself—has come so close to the nature of women, as has Browning in *Ottima* and *Phene* and *Pippa* and *Constance* and *Colombe* and *Pompilia,* and the whole splendid gallery. His five addresses to his wife, in "My Star," "Prospice," "One Word More," "By the Fireside," and "O Lyric Love," would alone justify this conclusion.

It is not a little significant that without exception Browning's dramas are built about some one exemplification of this great principle of romantic love. Strafford deals with the love of its hero for an unworthy king; "Luria," with a Moor's love for the city of Florence; "In a Balcony," with the love of love; "The Return of the Druses," with the love of truth; "King Victor and King Charles," with the love of duty; "A Soul's Tragedy," with the love of justice; "Colombe's Birthday," with the love of unselfishness; "A Blot in the 'Scutcheon," with the love of purity; and "Pippa Passes," with the love of God. The motive of all is to discover virtue powerfully active in love. It does not matter precisely what the object of the love is, or even whether it is worthy or unworthy, so long as it is the occasion of the functioning of the love-instinct.

> She has lost me; I have gained her.

In these plays occur some of the most memorable expressions of the worth of love to be found in all of Browning, to whom, indeed, love was "the only good in the world":

> There is no good of life but love—but love!
> What else looks good, is some shade flung from love;
> Love gilds it, gives it worth.
> Let her but love you,
> All else you disregard! What else can be?
> You know how love is incompatible
> With falsehood—purifies, assimilates
> All other passions to itself.

I have been speaking of Browning's dramas, which it is fashionable and easy for even Browning societies to ignore; but when so warrantable a critic as Arthur Symons declares him our greatest dramatist since Shakespeare, it is time to revise this fashion. The mistake that many of

the critics make is in worshipping the word 'drama' as a fixed and static form of art, and in condemning Browning—ruling him out here—because he does not conform. But in saying that Browning did not write dramas, one accepts the responsibility of saying just what he did write in these nine instances. Browning himself denies that they are "dramatic poems" merely. What then? Why be the slave of words? Browning becomes either a dramatist who did not write dramas, or a non-dramatist, perhaps, who did. It is possible to forget that a drama is not necessarily an acting drama, that the theatre is only an incident in the history of the drama, and that a play is not great first of all because it is actable. Browning is a founder, a forerunner here, of the modern school of closet drama, which regards theatrical presentation as concretely applied drama, but which attaches prime importance to the subjective appeal of the imagination to the imagination; which would steal into the soul of the reader as he sits in his study armchair and compel him himself to become dramatist and stage-manager and actor and poet—all in one. That our own age is intensely subjective needs no argument. In drama this eager, nervous, anxious delight in searching soul-discovery reflects itself in Maeterlinck and Ibsen and Hauptmann, and the others. "'King Lear,' 'Hamlet,' 'Othello,' 'Macbeth,' 'Romeo and Juliet,'" says Maeterlinck, "should not be performed. Something of Hamlet dies as soon as we see him dying on the stage. The ghost of the actor has dethroned him, and from that moment we are unable to drive away the usurper from our dream. . . . The stage is a place where masterpieces die. . . . A poem which I see on the stage seems to me always a lie."

Now, Browning has anticipated this super-dramatic movement, and has written but few plays with his eye fixed uneasily upon stage requirements. Tennyson, more conservatively, regarded the stage with somewhat anxious care, and wrote as playright just as consciously as dramatist. Yet, although his *Harold* and *Becket* are skilful of structure and buttressed well by the accepted teachings of history, they have not the vigour and unity and grip of Browning's dramas. Tennyson was essentially, in all of his writing, a lyric poet; Browning, just as truly, in all of his, a dramatic writer. Tennyson's schemes are sometimes, as in "Queen Mary" especially, miscellaneous and episodical, having panoramic rather than dramatic unity. One sees *Mary's* mistaken love for *Philip* spelling failure in failure as against Strafford's mistaken love for Charles I., which to Browning spells success in failure. This difference is, I think, very characteristic.

What, then, shall we say at last of the two poets considered as artists? All other concessions having been made, it is often urged against Browning that his work is uncouth and obscure, and that we must give the palm to Tennyson as artist because he is the simpler, sweeter, clearer, more finely beautiful.

But if this be just and right, then we must learn to narrow that conception of art which we have already considered: "Art is the interpretation of human life through felicitous symbols." Felicitous, as I have said, in point of *fitness*. Pure beauty and formal beauty are not interchangeable terms. There is a beauty of the manor-house, and a beauty of the Sphinx; of the pansy and of the pine. "Truth in art is the unity of a thing with itself," said Oscar Wilde, and Browning himself: "It is possible to fail in art only to succeed in highest art." The whole question is simply this: Is Browning's style an effective and a sincere style? If we can answer yes, we must concede him the higher place here as elsewhere, for there can be no doubt that he is

immensely more original and profound as a thinker than is Tennyson, and no less a lover of art than David Masson has insisted that "no artist is greater as an artist than he is as a thinker."

Browning's style and method, at their best, may perhaps be termed *flashlight*, while Tennyson may not unfairly be considered a sort of *barometer* poet. Browning *reveals* with blazing, incredible, almost fierce, suddenness; Tennyson patiently, delicately, sometimes hesitantly *records*. Which, after all, is the greater function—the bold beauty of the pleading lawyer's court utterance in full abandon to his thought and argument for a short fiery hour, or the symmetrical beauty of the best clerical or purely 'case' work of the ablest 'office-lawyer'?

It is wholly unfair to Browning and to the reading world that the stigma of obscurity should become attached to his name. But that is always likely to be the fate of a new, vigorous, powerfully alive writer. As Swinburne puts it, "he is something too much the reverse of obscure. . . . He never thinks but at full speed; and the rate of his thought is to that of another man's as the speed of a railway to that of a waggon, or the speed of a telegraph to that of a railway." And Browning himself, like a good-natured giant, lays his critics low, laughing all the while, in the closing pages of "Pacchiarotto."

All this outcry about form, though based on a lawful desire for rightness, is largely wrong-headed. Not all distortions are art-distortions. We can't all write copy-book hands. Language is something other than choice of words, merely. Place counts for every whit as much as *being*. An unplaced, unrelated, or mechanically adjusted person—or word—is not of much use in the world. The apologists for Tennyson herein care far too much for melody, too little for harmony. A simple or even a sustained song does not, in the very nature of the case, include the discordances and involved excursions and returns of the sonata. The evidence is too strong to make it possible to doubt that had Browning chosen the lyric programme, he could have succeeded therein, as in the Pippa songs, "Home Thoughts, from Abroad," "There's a Woman Like a Dewdrop," and "Over the Sea our Galleys Went." But he was of the blood of Shakespeare and Shelley in this matter of expression as Tennyson was of that of Pope. "I am very sensitive," wrote his wife-to-be to Cornelius Mathews, "to the thousand and one stripes with which the assembly of critics doth expound its vocation over him. . . . The truth is—and the world should know the truth—it is easier to find a more faultless writer than a poet of equal genius. Don't let us fall into the category of the sons of Noah. Noah was once drunk, indeed, but once he built the ark." And I like to think of Smetham's enthusiasm for Shakespeare's manner as equally applicable to Browning. Shakespeare was once voted uncouth, a violator of the rules. But Smetham thinks of "his *sort* of carelessness" as revealing the man. "When his blood is up he makes heaven and earth bend and deliver up what is wanted on the *instant*, and goes crashing through the forest of words like a thunderbolt, crushing them out of shape if they don't fit in, melting moods and tenses, and leaving people to gape at the transformation. If the grammarians object he goes on like the hero of Jabberwocky,

> O frubjous day! Calloo, Callay!
> He chortles in his joy.

He's not going to stop and put their heads on straight. They should have kept out of his way."

Ben Johnson and Tennyson, then, were alike in this—that they were the "faultily faultless" stylists of their times, consummate artificers in style, characteristically, rather than

artists, although I would by no means deny *always to them the latter name. Browning's whole thought of art finds over-finesse distasteful and unwholesome. He would rather be compelling than fastidious. No wonder that Ezra Pound salutes him:

Aye you're a man that! ye old mesmeriser,
Tyin' your meanin' in seventy swadelin's,
One must of needs be a hang'd early riser
To catch you at worm-turning. Holy Odds Bodykins!

Here's to you, old Hippety-Hop o' the accents,
True to the Truth's sake and crafty dissector,
You grabbed at the gold sure; had no need to pack cents
Into your versicles. Clear sight's elector!

But let us not forget that Song is still one, and that this is nowhere better exemplified than in the inner meanings, unlike as they are in apparent outlook, of Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar" and Browning's "Epilogue to Asolando":

"You are quite right," he replied.

"No, I am not," I rejoined, "or I should not have been had I meant seriously what I said. But I was thinking of the additional burden you have laid on other poets by your finish and fastidiousness in composition."

At this all his naive sensitiveness was suddenly aroused, and he said:

"It is artificial is it?"

I affected not to hear, whereupon he pressed my arm, saying: "Tell me—it isn't artificial, is it?"

"Perhaps it is," I rejoined, "but I think it is the right artifice."

This appeared to satisfy him, and all went well until I took my leave.

CROSSING THE BAR.

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea,
But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;
For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar.

EPILOGUE.

At the midnight in the silence of the sleep-time,
When you set your fancies free,
Will they pass to where—by death, fools think, imprisoned—
Low he lies who once so loved you, whom you loved so,
—Pity me?

Oh to love so, be so loved, yet so mistaken!
What had I on earth to do
With the slothful, with the mawkish, the unmanly?
Like the aimless, helpless, hopeless, did I drivel
—Being—who?

One who never turned his back but marched breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake.

No, at noonday in the bustle of man's worktime
Greet the unseen with a cheer!
Bid him forward, breast and back as either should be,
'Strive and thrive!' cry 'Speed,—fight on, fare ever
There as here!'

The present Poet-Laureate tells of a visit he paid to Tennyson at Aldworth, when Mr. Austin happened to mention the "too close approximation of the same vowel" in the phrase "as a lion creeping nigher," in "Locksley Hall":

OUR OTHER ROYAL DUKE

BY DANIEL OWEN

A PRINCE of the Blood is rare with us, and consequently we are enjoying the present privilege to the utmost. In the glamour of the Duke of Connaught's presence as Governor-General, the fact seems to have escaped general notice that over a century ago we were blessed with another Royal Duke in the person of Edward Augustus, father of Queen Victoria, and grandfather of the present Duke of Connaught.

It was on the 10th of August, 1791, that His Majesty's ships *Resistance* and *Ulysses*, carrying the 7th Regiment of Fusileers, commanded by Prince Edward Augustus, dropped anchor beneath the guns of Quebec. The next morning His Royal Highness landed in the Lower Town, and on the following day a great reception was held in his honour at the *Chateau St. Louis*.

The official welcome preceded the grand fête, which had been arranged in honour of the coming of the Royal Prince and his officers. The beauty and chivalry of Canada were there vieing with each other in bidding welcome to the King's son. Statesmen, judges, soldiers and sailors waited upon His Royal Highness, while noted beauties of the day stood waiting the favour of his royal attention. The memory of that day when the first Prince came is still cherished by those whose grandmothers stood with beating hearts watching the royal progress.

It is evident that then, as now, the presence of royalty met with the approval of the populace, who never tired of evincing their pleasure at the presence of Prince Edward. When first he came he was cheered by the throngs of people who watched for his approach, because he was the son of England's King. When he had remained a little while he was applauded, not only because of his royal lineage, but because he had won his way into the hearts of the people, who ever loved a brave and daring gentleman and a gay gallant.

There had been noble governors-general in Canada, but never a Prince. Consequently, while the former maintained the splendid dignity of his exalted position, the latter held royal court. Soon *Kent House*—where the Prince took up his residence—became the centre of social life; and even the mansion of His Excellency Lord Dorchester became of secondary importance.

At the head of the royal table presided Madame de St. Laurent, who had accompanied the Duke from Gibraltar. One of the most beautiful and fascinating women of her time, this lady, by her charm of manner and graciousness of mien, did much to overcome the disdain with which she was at first received. For, be it known, there were those who denied that the Holy Church had ever blessed the union. Others asserted that she was the morganatic wife of the Prince. Be that as it was, princes are princes and their ladies must be treated with respect. The Governor-General called; official Quebec followed, and ere many weeks Madame de St. Laurnet was on the most inti-

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF KENT

From the Painting by Sir W. Beechey

mate and friendly terms with all the gentility of the city. As an instance of the universal credence which was accorded Madame de St. Laurent, the Archbishop of Quebec allowed her to act as godmother to a child of Colonel de Salaberry baptised by him. This he would hardly have done had he not been convinced that she was the wife of the Prince.

Of Royal Edward, as the Prince was popularly called, another writer has said that he was "ardent, generous, impulsive, gallant; a tall, athletic fellow; in fact, one of George III.'s big burly boys." Probably no better presentment of His Royal Highness' character could be made unless it would be to add that he was blessed with the grace of humour; a humour which, though often evinced, never transgressed against that dignity which royal personages maintain. He possessed also the tact of a diplomat.

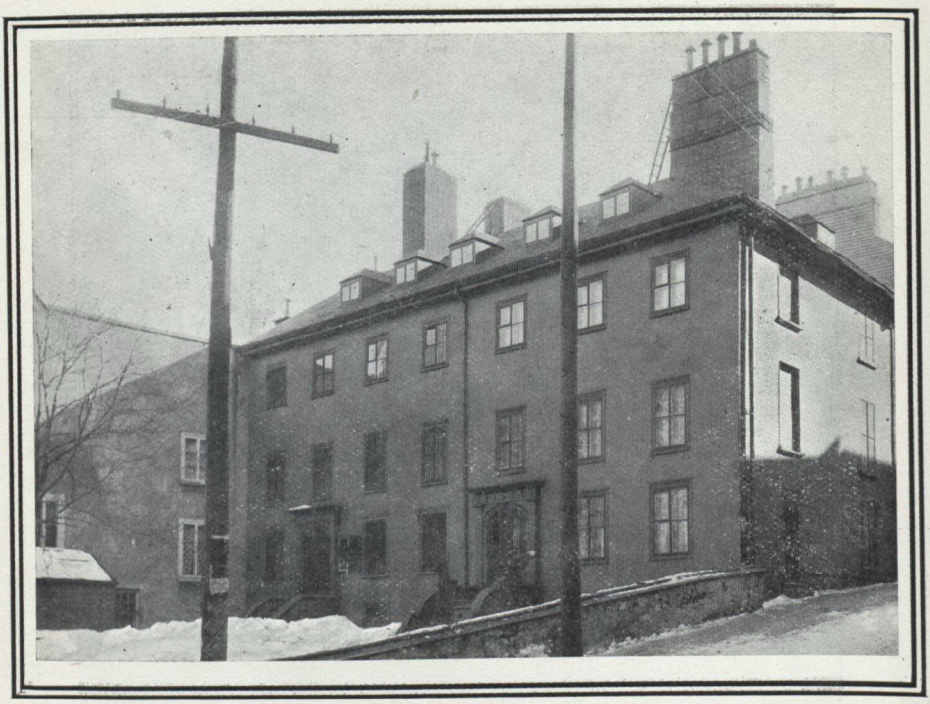
When the young Prince landed at Quebec he was only in his twenty-sixth year. Never, however, does he

MADAME DE ST. LAURENT

Who lived with the Duke of Kent during his sojourn in Canada

appear to have done aught to lower the prestige of the Crown, as he might so easily have done in those unsettled times. On the other hand, in the three years that he remained in Quebec he exerted an influence over the French of Canada that did much to strengthen their fidelity to England and to break down the barriers of race, which, in some parts of Quebec, almost amounted to a feud and inspired a feeling of disloyalty towards the mother country. The French admired this handsome, dare-devil son of King George, and when, on one occasion, a politician in His Highness' hearing discoursed upon the relative merits of the two peoples, the Prince himself addressed the electors and exclaimed: "Away with those hated distinctions of English and Canadians; you are all my august father's beloved subjects." He struck a responsive chord in the hearts of the French and commenced the firmer cementing of the races.

Although *Kent Lodge* was the Prince's "town residence" he much



"KENT HOUSE," QUEBEC CITY

This building was occupied as a town residence by the Duke of Kent during the time that his Royal Highness stayed at Quebec

preferred his Montmorenci home, of which a poet has written:—

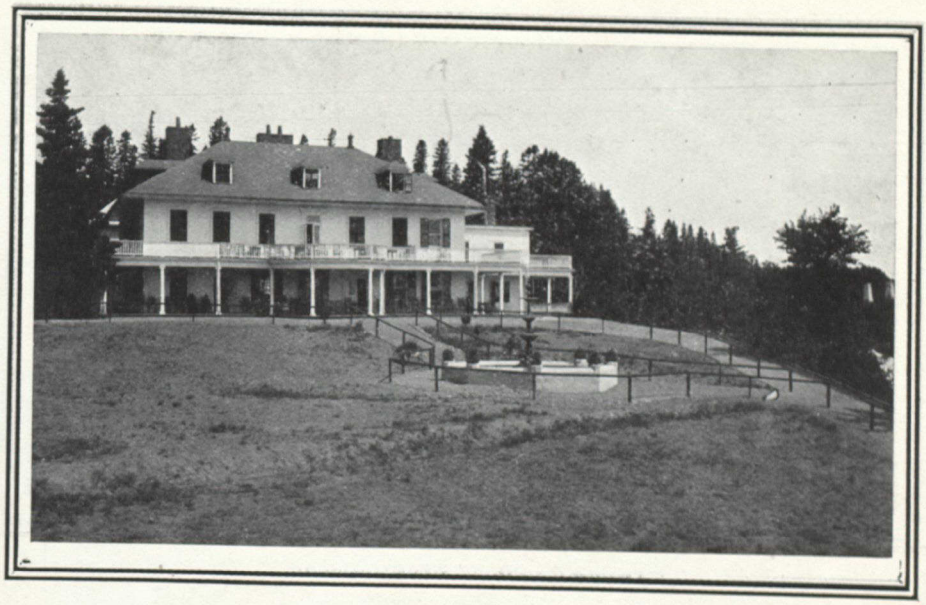
"Oh, give me a home where the cataract's foam
Is admired by the poor and the rich, as they roam
By thy banks, Montmorenci, so placid and fair,
Oh, what would I give could I find a home there!"

The Prince's annual allowance was about five thousand pounds. Upon this he entertained as lavishly as was possible, for Edward Augustus was fond of social pleasures. Dinner followed by whist, of which he was a master, was his idea of a pleasant evening, although he greatly enjoyed the grand balls which were held frequently.

Perhaps it was because of his exalted position, more probably on account of his retiring disposition, that His Royal Highness had few intimates. Courteous and pleasant in his manner, he never encouraged friendships.

As a soldier he was stern and strict in the truest meaning of the words. Orders must be obeyed, and luckless was the unhappy individual who varied from his instructions. If a soldier transgressed, he must pay the penalty. But "Royal Edward" never expected nor asked others to do that which he was unwilling to do himself. In the days of his residence in Quebec the gayeties usually lasted until break of day, but no matter what had been the dissipation of the night before, at five o'clock the Regiment paraded, the officers were expected to be there, and no excuse was received by the Prince, who was usually the first on the field.

It is told of the Prince that he threatened to court-martial all of his officers who refused to wear their pig-tails in the streets, but I cannot



"KENT HOUSE," MONTMORENCI FALLS

This building, near the City of Quebec, was favoured by the Prince more than the residence in the City

vouch for the truth of the story.

A private who had broken some military law was called out from the ranks, and before the Regiment His Royal Highness, as Colonel, sentenced the man to death. Immediately, however, he exercised his royal prerogative, and as son of the King pardoned the soldier because of the mitigating circumstances under which the offence had been committed.

In 1794 His Royal Highness (now Duke of Kent) left Quebec, served with the British forces at the Reduction of Martinique, and in October of 1795 arrived at Halifax, where he was enthusiastically received.

"The Duke's time" as it was afterwards termed, has been called the Golden Age of Halifax. Naval and military buildings were torn down to be replaced by structures more suited to the needs of the day. At that time Halifax was a far more important place than at present. Three and sometimes four regiments were garrisoned there. In Halifax His Royal Highness was more of a martinet than he had been in Quebec. His Regiment had been reputed to be one of the most drunken and dissipated in the service, and probably the Prince determined to retrieve the good name that had once belonged to the Royal Fusileers. Floggings were administered for the slightest offence, and the effect of severe discipline soon showed itself in the decrease of the number of men in the guard-house.

Doubtless considering that cleanliness and perhaps uniformity were essential to the maintenance of the standard of the regiment, the Duke ordered his men to be clean shaved. A sergeant declared his intention of retaining his beard, a particularly fine one, if tradition is to be credited, with the result that he was taken in charge by a corporal's guard, strapped down, and shaved in the presence of the regiment.

To Halifax His Royal Highness was accompanied by Madame de St. Laurent. The Governor's lady was the first to call upon her and she was immediately received by the society of the city.

"PRINCE'S LODGE," NEAR HALIFAX

[To this unpretentious structure the Duke of Kent used to retire for rest and recreation

Sunday cards were then in vogue in Halifax. The Duke refused to attend such parties, and, of course, the custom was immediately abandoned.

I am reminded of another incident of the observance of Sunday, upon which day it was necessary to work the soldiers. For this the men were allowed extra pay. One man, an employee in the dockyard, refused to accept his allowance for Sunday labour. This came to the Duke's attention, and he commanded that the man's pay for the six days of the week be increased so as to make it equal to that received by those who drew an allowance for seven days.

His Royal Highness purchased a small estate a few miles out of Halifax and on a knoll overlooking Bedford Basin built a small cottage, which soon became known as *Prince's Lodge*. Here the Duke spent as much time as he could, entertaining small parties of his officers and the gentry of the city.

While stationed at Halifax, His Royal Highness went to Annapolis Royal and remained there for six weeks, in command of the garrison. In that brief time he succeeded in creating an impression that has been handed down from one generation to another.

"Royal Edward" loved sweet lips, and in his graciousness he sampled many. When he had been at Annapolis Royal about a week a ball was given in his honour. Among the guests were a Miss Le Cain and a Mr. Bailey, between whom a marriage had been arranged. Miss Le Cain, being a very beautiful girl, attracted the notice of the gallant Duke, who waited attention upon her during the whole evening. Miss Le Cain does not seem to have objected to his flattery. A scene ensued, and the engagement was there and then terminated. Later the Duke took Mr. Bailey under his patronage, attached him to his person, and exerted his influence to obtain preferment for him.

His Royal Highness attended another ball given at the Burnot home in Annapolis. As a result, to this very day there is seen behind the drawing-room door the ghost of a Prince of the Blood bending over the lips

of the handsome Mistress Barclay.

In Nova Scotia, at least, the incidents of Prince Edward's visit have almost become folk-lore. What His Royal Highness said and what he did are recorded in the annals of the country. Even the handsome mahogany furniture with which he literally filled *Prince's Lodge*, has become a provincial asset. Each year the tourists flock to the Land of *Evangeline;* they listen to the stories of the Duke of Kent and they usually endeavour to purchase a table, a chair, or, perchance, a bedstead which was once the property of His Royal Highness, but in vain. They are cherished as mementoes of "Our other Royal Duke," and as such are the heritage of future generations.

HAPPINESS

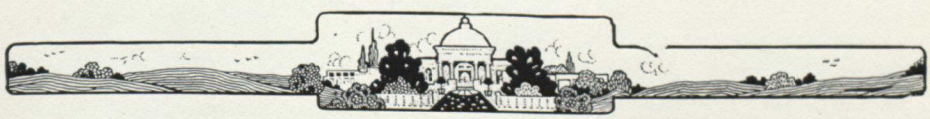
By W. LYTTLETON CASSELS

A cup of tea; a cup of tea. The thought somehow recalls to me a certain afternoon in May when first I heard my lady say, "Do stay and have some tea and toast," and so of course I stayed like most poor men when first within the net of some fair fishermaid they get entangled; and I'm caught there now, but still I'm rather glad somehow.

A glass of beer; a glass of beer. Whene'er these simple words I hear, they bring to mind the wasteful ways in which I passed my younger days. I used to like to sit and smoke and crack a pleasant little joke and on the side to drink a few good lagers of a German brew: for though it can't come up to tea, it always has appealed to me.

A good old pipe; a good old pipe, we'l seasoned, really sweet and ripe; a firm and never failing friend; a pleasure this without an end, to light your pipe and then retire into a book before the fire. I think the finest way I know to pass a pleasant hour or so is just to sit about and read and smoke the ever fragrant weed.

A happy man; a happy man am I, for every day I can come in and have the cup of tea my lady loves to pour for me, and then until it gets quite late we sit together by the grate. I smoke my pipe, my lady reads, and then to satisfy my needs she brings me in some beer and cheese, for I'm not difficult to please; a cup of tea, a glass of beer, a pleasant smoke is all the cheer I need to make me pleased with life. You see, the lady is my wife.



MISS MABEL FRENCH

This young woman succeeded in having herself legally declared "a person" in her native Province of New Brunswick, after which she could be and was admitted to the Bar. After that she went to Vancouver, and in spite of much technical opposition gained admittance to the Bar of British Columbia.

CONFIDENCES OF A WOMAN LAWYER

AN ACCOUNT OF THE ACHIEVEMENTS OF MISS MABEL FRENCH, WHO HAS FORCED OPEN TO WOMEN THE DOORS OF THE LEGAL PROFESSION IN TWO PROVINCES.

BY J. SEDGWICK COWPER

"HOW did I come to study law? Oh, I suppose because I'm of such a serious nature."

Then the woman lawyer leaned back in her chair and laughed to think how serious she was.

She was clad in a neat riding habit, having spent the earlier part of the morning on horseback, but the stacked up piles of documents on the desk she sat at told their own tale of serious industry. Her laugh was musical and full of the joy of life and youth. Woman-like, she laughed to think of her seriousness. Man-like, I laughed because she did. Thus in the fraternity of good-fellowship was the way cleared for an interesting conversation.

The occasion had much more than the usual interest of the everyday interview. Months before, in the shadow of the snow-capped ranges of Northern British Columbia, with a library consisting only of a few old newspapers, I had read and re-read for at least a score of times, a news item from New Brunswick. It told of the contest of wits between the benchers of that distant province and one Miss Mabel French, a New Brunswick girl, who had embarked in the profession of law. She was having an interesting time, trying to convince the benchers and the courts that she was a "person" and therefore entitled to admittance at the bar.

I was then in the land where pioneers, men and women, were daily performing feats of unchronicled heroism. Fresh in my mind was the picture of the bent figures of a man and a woman mushing it over the snow on a ninety-five mile trip through the winter wilderness. The woman had a forty-pound pack on her back and a rifle under one arm. Her husband was much more heavily laden. They were halted by an avalanche that had come thundering down the mountain side and blocked up their path. The avalanche—so said the railway engineer whose gang I saw blasting away the remnants the following July—measured twelve hundred feet across and eighty feet deep. Only for a few minutes did the pair halt, and then, Excelsior-like, pushed on, skirting the foot of the slide as they made a detour of half a mile out over the frozen river. "I couldn't think of staying away, while my man is up there making a home for us," said the woman simply in explanation.

As I read the news item for the twentieth time about the New Brunswick girl and her fight for the right of her sex to enter the professions,

it occurred to me that pioneer work is not confined to the wilds; that the overcoming of physical obstacles is not the hardest task for men or women. A ninety-five mile "mush" is five days' easy walking. True, an avalanche of rock and snow and giant trees torn out by their roots is a nasty thing to face or fear. But is it harder to overcome or more to be dreaded than an avalanche of prejudice?

It was quite by surprise and accident that I met the woman lawyer some months later. I was in Vancouver, and in the way of business had occasion to call on one of the best known legal firms there for some information in regard to an action then before the courts. I was referred to the private office of the solicitor in charge of the case. To my surprise, I was shown into the presence of a young and self-possessed young woman. To my greater surprise, I learned that the woman was none other than the New Brunswick girl whose exploits had formed a considerable portion of my journalistic diet in the mountains.

"Tell me, Miss French," I asked, "however did you come to study law?"

This was the question that aroused her ladyship to hilarity and gave me a glimpse of another personality beside the keenly earnest and coldly logical mind of the lawyer.

When the mutual laughter subsided, she returned to the defence of her serious purpose.

"I quite mean it," she persisted, "I was brought up to be serious. I was an only child and had few playmates. When most little girls are playing with dolls and little companions, I was reading serious books and having serious conversations on serious subjects with my elders. So I suppose it was only natural that I should gravitate to a serious profession when I grew up."

"Your father was a lawyer, and you inherited a taste for reading statutes, and the privilege of spending your afternoons in his library," I asserted with a hazy recollection of how the younger Pitt and the younger Mill were trained by their ambitious parents.

"An excellent bad guess," rejoined the lady. "My father was not a lawyer, and in fact two more distressed persons than my parents when I announced my intention to become a lawyer, it would be hard to find. They thought it an unheard-of thing. They could not imagine what had put such a piece of foolishness into my head."

The laughter had faded from her voice and it was a very earnest young woman who looked through the lawyer's eyes just then. After a brief pause, she went on:

"I suppose the fact of the matter is I was ambitious. I was brought up in a sleepy old town in New Brunswick, where families lived and died in the same old house, and where everyone seemed to be succeeded in home and business by his children and his children's children. The girls for the most part were expected to get married as soon as they could, and to get homes of their own. To get settled in life in a home of her own was the only career that seemed to be open to a girl, and it used to be drummed into us on every hand that the chief end of woman was to get married as soon as she could.

"The idea of that kind of ambition made me feel rebellious. It seemed as wrong to me for a girl to want to marry merely to get a home as it did for a girl to grow up in single blessedness to be a helpless dependent upon her relatives. I wanted to be independent. I wanted to make my own way in my own way."

"The spirit of revolt had penetrated the quiet life of your town," I observed.

"My first intention was to become a doctor," continued Miss French, ignoring my interruption. "I knew that many women were making a suc-

cess of the study of medicine, and the nature of the work appealed to me very strongly. I think I would have become a doctor but for a cousin who was studying medicine. I confided my ambitions to him, and he in turn regaled me with such tales of the horrors of "post-mortem" work that he quite frightened me away from my resolve. He told me the men students overcame their feelings by indulging in smoking during the "post-mortems," so after thinking the matter over, I decided that I would study law instead. I thought it would be easier for me to study law than to learn to smoke."

Once more the mobile face of the speaker had changed, the earnest face relaxed its expression, a pair of penetrating gray eyes filled with merriment, and a peal of joyous laughter endangered the safety of the piles of documents as it reverberated through the little room. Remembering the pathological consequences of our own first cigar, it was a temptation to cross-examine for particulars. But we resisted the temptation.

"No such thing had ever been heard of as a woman lawyer in New Brunswick at that time, so I suppose it did sound rather startling to my friends," continued the speaker. "However, I managed to get a footing in a law office by learning shorthand. I became quite proficient and reported trials, as well as learning a good deal of office work. Then when I had satisfied myself that I would like the profession for a life-work I became articled in earnest and entered the law school at King's College, Windsor."

"Which institution conferred on you the degree of B. C. L.," I interjected.

"My trouble was not with the college authorities," said Miss French, nodding an assent. "They were willing enough to recognise me. The trouble arose when I applied for admittance at the bar. The statute said that a candidate for admittance must be 'a person,' and the benchers could not agree as to whether I was a person or not. They appealed to the Supreme Court of the Province to decide the problem, and after consideration the Supreme Court decided I was not a person. However, the judgment raised such a storm of protest that the Legislature the following year passed a special bill allowing qualified women to be called to the bar."

Miss French modestly refrained from mentioning her own part in making evident the absurdity of the judgment. It will be remembered that she purposely abstained from paying a number of bills. When the inevitable lawsuits came, Miss French met them with the novel defence that as she was not a person she could not be sued for debt. Of course the defence failed, but the ingenious defendant accomplised her purpose of making one court effect a *reductio ad absurdum* with the judgment of the other court. As a means of advertising the absurdity of the Supreme Court judgment, it was a scheme worthy of Barnum or George M. Cohan.

"And now having carried your point in the extreme easterly province, you have come to the most westerly province of Canada to wage the war for justice on behalf of your sex?" I suggested.

Miss French denied any such militant intention.

"I came to British Columbia," she said, "just as any other barrister might, for the sake of the increased opportunities that practice affords here, though I find that the benchers have decided that under the common law a woman may not be admitted to the bar. The Supreme Court has been appealed to, but the Supreme Court has upheld the benchers, so at present I am still in doubt as to what I am or how I might describe myself. I can own property and vote on it in the municipal elections. I can be sued for debt, but it is still very

doubtful whether I am a person or not," and at the thought of the quaint situation she found material for another merry laugh.

"I'm not worrying about the matter at present," she said, "for I am so busy in preparing cases for court that I have not time to take them into court if I had the privilege, much less to worry about it." As proof she pointed to the piles of bulging envelopes each representing a case in preparation for hearing at the Supreme Court.

"Of course," she admitted, "in some cases it would be a convenience to take the case right through, and in any event one doesn't like to be deprived of any privileges one feels entitled to, and I shall take the matter further, if necessary. I have a number of legal grounds on which to base a further appeal, and in any event I could demand recognition on the ground of interprovincial courtesy, being a recognised member of the New Brunswick bar. My only objection to that course is that I do not want to urge any special claim to favour or privilege that is not open to any other woman. I don't want to be admitted by favour but by right. If there is no other way to open the profession to women barristers, then a special act should be passed."

It was the spirit of the pioneer that spoke in the last sentence. Significantly enough, a week or so later, among the final acts of the Government before seeking re-election was the passage of a special bill brought in by the Attorney-General himself permitting women to practise at the bar of the Province. Thus was British Columbia brought into line with Ontario, New Brunswick, and Manitoba in opening the legal profession to women practitioners.

Several times during the interview I had evidences of the busy life of this woman lawyer. Once a messenger arrived with a telegram requiring prompt answer. Next came a ring at the telephone, and a client received some prompt advice over the 'phone on a matter that was troubling him or her. Later came a rap at the door, and a counsel came in with his brief bag, tired from his morning's work in the court.

"How did you get on to-day?" he was asked.

"A judgment for $1,750 in the —— case."

"Good! I had expected $2,000, though. And the other?"

"Dismissed; but we should win on appeal. I gave notice."

"How was the judge?"

"Against us most of the time."

"On what grounds?"

The counsel supplied the information.

"Good, we should win on appeal. Here's the —— case in our favour," "commented the lady, who had suddenly again become very lawyer-like in her demeanour.

After the counsel departed, my conscience pricked me. I realised that I had helped myself to a good deal of the lady's time, but one more question I felt I must screw up courage to ask. At length it came.

"Miss French," I said, "you are the first woman in this Province to practise law, but you will not be the last. Remembering that it takes some years of study to qualify for the profession, I imagine that a good many people will be anxious to know whether if a lady sets out to become a lawyer, it means that she must renounce"—I hesitated for a moment fumbling in my mind for a non-committal phrase—"all emotional interests?"

The lady leaned back in her chair once more and laughed. It was a merry, rippling laugh, as before, but this time it was distinctly disconcerting. I feared the lady was laughing at my stupidity.

"Well, what an odd question," she said. "As if a woman isn't a woman if she studies statutes just the same as if she studies fashions or a cookery book. Why should the study of law

be expected to alter a woman's nature, or preclude her from''—this time it was the lady who hesitated for a fatal second.

''From following her natural destiny,'' I suggested, and the laughter that followed was mutual this time.

''Of course,'' she went on more seriously, ''it's quite obvious that a girl who is looking to marriage as a career wouldn't want to spend five years of her life at law. It would seem like wasted effort. The average man, you know, is usually a bit afraid of the so-called clever woman. The average man prefers a woman who is charmingly ignorant of all serious subjects.''

''It is frankly admitted on behalf of the sex,'' I volunteered, ''that our taste frequently runs to what Wells calls the 'little fluffy fool' type. We are the vainer half of the race, and our vanity takes subtle forms. We feel grateful to those ladies who are so ignorant that they think we are very wise and clever. It flatters our vanity.''

''I'll reward your franknes with equal frankness,'' rejoined the lady. ''On behalf of my sex, I'll admit that every normal woman is quite ready to be talked to when the right man comes along. But, on the other hand, if a woman had persevered and made her way in her profesion, I think she would meditate very seriously before leaving it. Having secured a position of economic independence, she might be very reluctant to forgo it. Certainly she would be more critical in her choice. One can't practise law for any length of time without getting some revelations into human nature. Of course, if a woman did give up her profession to marry, all these considerations ought to go to ensure that the marriage would be a happy one. If the study of law as a profession helped to ensure happy marriages, then the study of law might prove a blessing to all those who are anxious to 'follow their natural destiny.' ''

''At least,'' I agreed, ''it wouldn't be so much effort and accomplishment thrown away, like the average girl's music studies.''

''How could it be thrown away?'' she asked. ''Law enters into every relation of life. That's why it is so fascinating to study and to practise. It is an everyday subject, not a mere mental diversion. And if the women practitioners all ended by getting married, how could their work be thrown away if it made them more capable women and helped them to a better choice of husbands? The hope of the race depends on the choice of its women, doesn't it?''

''You think then that Nietzsche started in at the wrong end in his quest for the Superman?'' I countered.

''The taste of the Superman might lead to the little fluffy fool type,'' retorted the lady. ''As a woman, I'm more inclined to pin my confidence on the choice of the Superwoman than on the Superman.''

I did not pursue the argument further. The recollection of a proverb that wise men usually choose foolish wives came to mind.

Miss French mentioned that among her professional acquaintances was a lady who had studied law after her mariage. The lady had married a member of the New York bar and had studied at her husband's request, with the object of further enlarging their mutual comradeship. ''But whether women lawyers are to be expected to become helpmates only to men lawyers is a question I can't answer,'' anticipated Miss French, with another of her elusive laughs.

''I imagine,'' she said in conclusion, ''that most women who will enter the profession in the years to come will do so like myself, with the desire of seeking a useful and independent career. If so, they will find in it a work that stmulates the mind and supplies continual interest. The average man finds his most constant satisfaction in his work, and the pro-

fessional woman should find the same. Legal practise is hard work, but it is fascinating work. I am kept so busy the days pass like a flash. They leave one too tired to care for social entertainments, and and in consequence I meet few people apart from my business. But I am quite in love with my profession. It is full of variety and interest, and outside the hours I spend on horseback—my one recreation—I find all my pleasure in my work. I think my own experience shows that there is a place for women in the general practice of law, and I see no reason why any woman of ordinary ability who enters the profession with earnest determination should not make a success of it."

Fair and graceful of figure, full of enthusiasm and joyous vivacity, possessed of a keen and finely balanced mind and a spirit steadied by a strength of quiet determination, this young Canadian girl who has won her way into recognition at the bar of two provinces, is a significant figure among the women of Canada. She is among the pioneers of a new order of things. The spirit that has brought her out of the obscurity of a New Brunswick town to a place in the most conservative of professions in her search for a useful and independent career is being felt among women in many parts of the Dominion to-day. It has in it aspects of national significance.

ON THE OUTSKIRTS

BY ROBERT CARY

MANY the wild birds I of late have heard
Far on the city's outskirts wide and green,
And many a living colour have I seen
Ere sang the thrush, brown hermit, undeterred;
The catbird, curious mime, hath all but purred,
The pewee, constant to her sorrows keen,
Complains; of suns that warm the skies serene
The oriole tells; and wrens with joy are stirred.
Sweet is the music of earth's poetry.
Listen, ye worldlings, to the meadow lark,
And to the grosbeak whistling merrily,
And to the goldfinch in the wood-and-park.
Would ye the burden of the mystery
Hear?—then to melodious throats I bid ye hark!

THE CHILD AND THE WOLVERINE

BY W. E. TRAILL

DURING the winter of 1867-8 I was in charge of a small trading-post north of Quill Lake, about sixty or seventy miles north of the Touchwood Hills. This post was known as the Guard Post, or Egg Lake. The establishment was shortly afterwards removed to Nut Lake, and I believe it is still kept up.

It is not of my adventures among the Indians, who were a somewhat troublesome lot to deal with, that I am going to write, but of a somewhat marvellous experience. The facts, I am aware, will be doubted by many, but I can vouch for their truthfulness.

That winter—to be exact, it was in the month of March—one of my best hunters, Awassis (The Child), came into the office, which was also Indian Hall or reception room. He was looking very glum and threw down a fair-sized pack of furs. I congratulated him upon his hunt, but he still looked very downcast and as he was generally cheerful I asked him what had happened. He replied that his good luck was all gone. I observed that it did not look as if he were in bad luck.

"Do you see that *Kwing-wa-ka* (Wolverine)?"

"Yes," I replied, "I see him, but what of that? He looks like any other wolverine that I have ever seen."

"Did you even know me to kill a wolverine before?" he asked.

"I do not know," I answered, "I do not recollect any."

"Look at my account," said he, "and see if I ever traded a wolverine skin."

Out of curiosity, I got the Indian ledger down and overhauled his account for years back, but could find no wolverine skin to his credit. I then asked for an explanation. He told me that the wolverine was his totem, the *Ne-po-wa-Kun* (famaliar spirit).

As I was comparatively "green," having been in the country only four years, I did not understand what he meant, but, having a good interpreter, I gathered that Awassis had taken the wolverine as his familiar, or *Pow-wa-kun*, and that he had made a vow to the wolverine that if he, *Kwing-wa-ka*, would leave his traps alone and never break them and never destroy his furs, he for his part would never kill a wolverine.

He then demanded of me if I had ever known him to sell a torn lynx or other fur. I acknowledged that although others often brought damaged furs, I had never known him to sell me such.

"How do you account for that?" I asked.

"Because *Kwing-wa-ka* has kept our bargain," he said. "He never bothers me and I for my part have never killed a wolverine. We always respect one another. But now it will no longer be so. And yet I did not do it intentionally, and he must know it well enough, but look here," and he threw down several pieces of lynx skin, "look what he has done to me. Already he has begun to revenge himself upon me."

I tried to reason with him, but he only replied, "you will see."

Sure enough, the next visit he made to his traps, he brought home several lynx and other skins all more or less damaged by wolverines. He said that the wolverines had broken every trap and snare and destroyed a lot of furs, which he proved by the remnants he produced from his game bag.

On every succeeding visit which he made to his traps the result was the same, until at length he was thoroughly disheartened and could hardly be persuaded to hunt at all. Finally one evening he came to me looking somewhat brighter.

He told me that if I would do my best to help him he thought he could propitiate his one-time friend and ally but now open enemy *Kwing-wa-ka*. He then explained that he had determined to make a feast in honour of *Kwing-wa-ka*, but it must be no common feast.

"If you will give me," said he, "some flour, raisins, currants and sugar I will make a feast that will please him."

Now, the ingredients he asked for were not articles of trade at all; but the officers had a limited allowance of these "luxuries" as they were called in those days. However, as he was a good hunter, I was desirous of pleasing him and accordingly granted his request. He also asked as a particular favour that the *Okemas-quas* should bake the flour into cakes. This I also granted.

That evening I was invited to the feast, but as the reader will understand, I was not the guest of honour. That distinction was for the invisible *Kwing-wa-ka*. When the food was produced our host made a long speech, addressing *Kwing-wa-ka* by name and pouring a libation of tea and throwing a portion of each kind of food into the fire in his honour. His address was somewhat as follows:

O Kwing-wa-ka, hear me! I have made this feast in your honour. It is no common feast. Here before us is food only used by our masters the traders. This food cost me a lot. Why have you become my enemy? You know I kept my word and never hunted you or trapped you. You know, or you ought to know, that the snare in which you hung yourself was never set for you. You know that it was set for Pi-sen (the lynx). Why, then, did you kill yourself in it? And then why did you turn to be my enemy and begin to break my dead-falls and cut my snares and tear up my furs? Pity me Kwing-wa-ka. Come, let us now renew our old compact. Let us be friends again. I, for my part, will never hunt you or harm you. Hear and pity me, O Kwing-wa-ka!

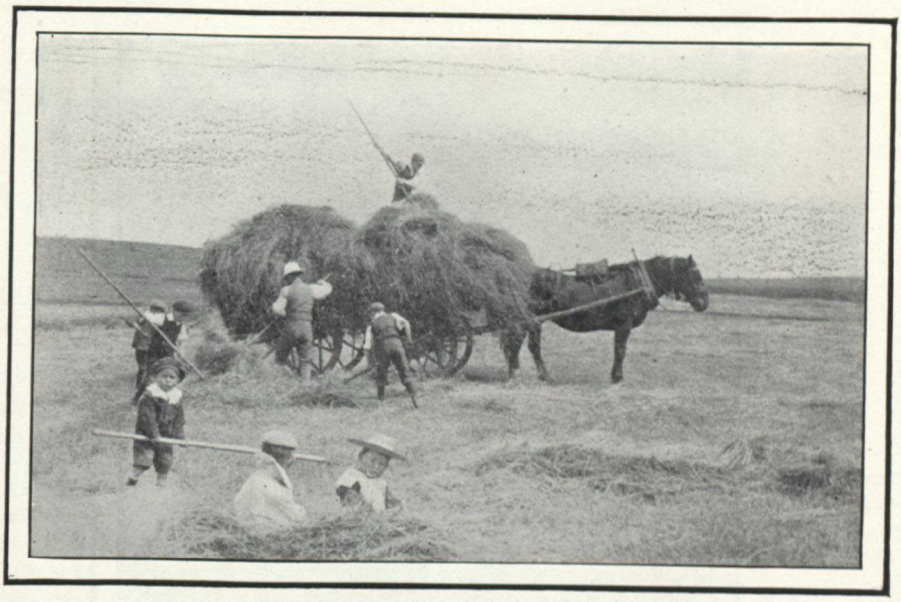
Both before and after the feast there was a smoke. After the first puff or two the pipe was pointed to the four winds and then to the skies, and *Kwing-wa-ka* was invoked, very much in the same words that I have recorded.

"I think it will be all right. Wait and see."

Next morning he made a visit to his traps and snares. He was absent two nights. I happened to be outside when he returned. I saw at once by his sprightly manner and look that he was in good spirits. Sure enough, he had made a good haul and the wolverine had not touched his traps or furs, nor did he ever bring home a torn skin during either that or the following winter.

Soon after that I left the district. Several years later, in passing Touchwood Hills, I happened to meet my old friend Awassis. I inquired of him how he and the wolverine were getting on. He laughed as he replied:

"We are still good friends. He has never harmed me once since I made that feast, and I have never done him any evil."



MAKING HAY ON WENDIPS

WEST COUNTRY WANDERINGS

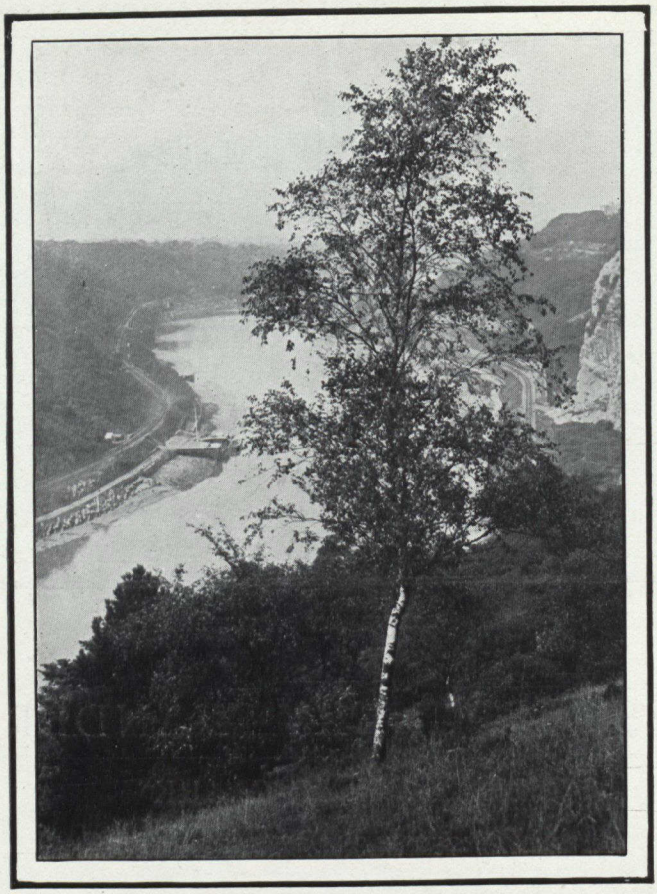
BY H. M. CLARK

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

IT has been said that the beauty of England begins at Bath and runs westward. While the statement divorces grace from the eastern half of the Kingdom, yet where will you match the varied charms of the country between Bath and the Atlantic. Deep meadowed valleys that give way to lonely moorland, steep rolling cliffs that drop abruptly into the sea and sweeping uplands glorious with gorse and heather—the source of bubbling streams that flash, foam-flecked, to become placid rivers flowing amongst richly-wooded pasture. And the spell of beauty is but one of its charms, for the background of every landscape in this West Country is a wonderland of tradition and romance.

The friendly greeting of the road, given in broad, soft accents, betrays a kindly people who live and work as their forefathers lived and worked and to whom haste and the things of this generation are unknown. And the roads are Roman roads, smoothed for your wheels by two thousand years of travel, but if you would hear of pixies, brownies and witches, if you would catch the spirit of the West Country, you will at times be ready and willing to walk.

With the Holy Grail legends haunting my memory, we hurried to Glastonbury. For it was to Glastonbury—which is the Island Valley of Avalon, the burial place of King



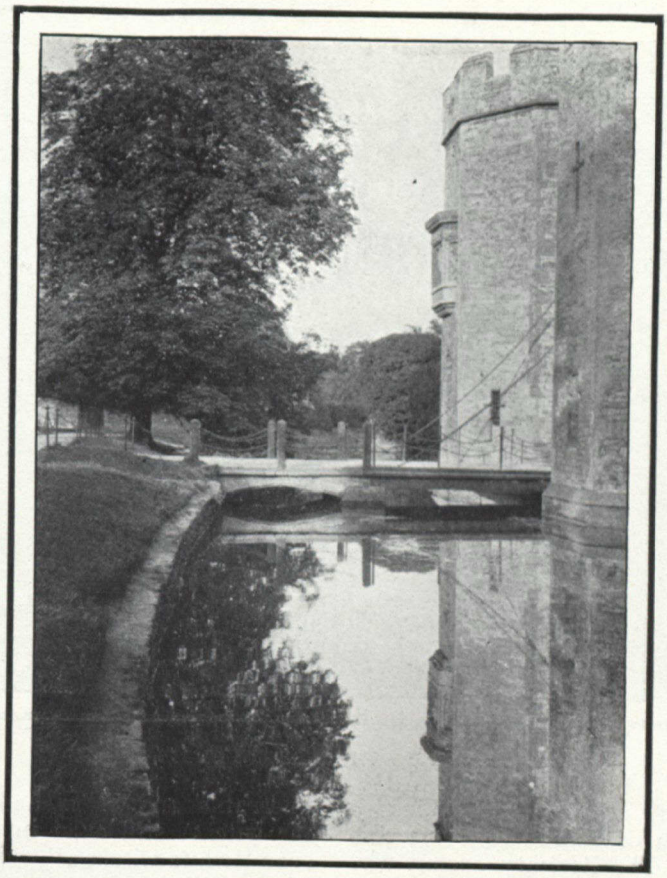
THE GORGE OF THE AVON

A beautiful bit of West Country Scenery

Arthur—that Joseph of Armathea carried the Holy Grail. We climbed Werrill Hill where the pilgrims, "weary all" with their long pilgrimage, rested, and where Joseph thrust his staff in the ground, where it at once took root and blossomed, at Chrstmas time, for centuries. The Sacred Thorn is no more, but in a garden near the Abbey ruins you are shown a flourishing scion which still puts forth its leaves when other trees are bare.

You will find few ruins more picturesque than these ivy-clad relics of a dead church. Little enough remains, for neighbours—whose minds turned to the practical—treated the ruins as free building material. The *Red Lion Inn* annexed the entrance gate of the Abbey and other houses in the town betray doorways, windows and loose stones. Worse than this, cartloads of richly-sculptured stones were used for making a road over the marshes to Wells.

The marshes have become mellow-pastured fields from which sleepy cows gaze languidly over the sweet-smelling hedges. And Wells to-day is—save for the electric light—unchanged from the Wells of three hundred years ago—a miniature city built round a great ecclesiastical



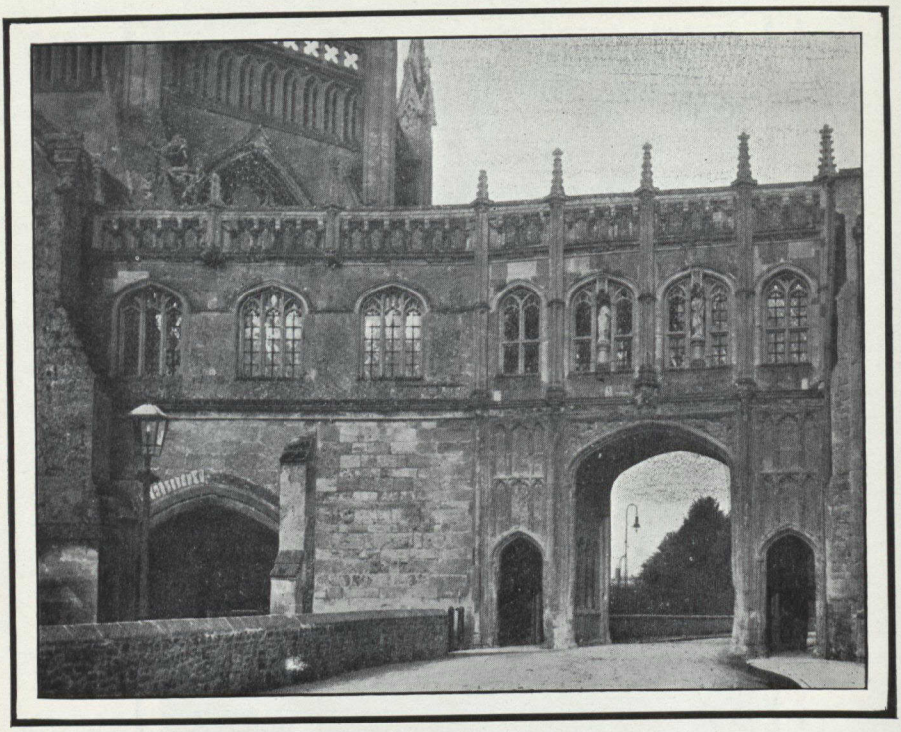
THE DRAWBRIDGE

Entrance to the Bishop's Palace, Wells

establishment. The market square was deserted. A dog approached us from the shadow of a doorway, blinked in the sunlight and collapsed into slumber, and a small boy with heavy eyes took us slowly to the Cathedral. "The Strenuous Life" would never have been written in Wells.

The Gothic Cathedral is an exquisite gem, the west front suggesting delicate lace-work rather than stone. You marvel at the skill which strengthened the tower by the inverted arch and at the bold proportions of the nave. Some of the stones bear the mark of the mason who laid them. The heavy sunshine lay without and it seemed better to stay awhile 'mid the oaken benches noting the graceful line of the arches and dreaming of these masons who worked without gain to make a beautiful church.

In the days when the Bishop built his palace the relations between Church and State were not of the friendliest. Therefore the residence of this Man of Peace is surrounded by a wide moat. The drawbridge, when lowered in earlier days, led to the gatehouse, which was flanked by towers conveniently pierced for transfixing with arrows the unwelcome stranger; and above his head was the portcullis, a long row of spiked iron bars—a lever was pulled and they fell, perforating any arrow-proof



THE ENTRANCE TO THE BISHOP'S CLOSE, WELLS

visitor. If occasion demanded a shower-bath of boiling lead was also on hand. The doughty enemy who survived these fearsome armaments and, hewing a swift way through the oaken door, crossed the threshold, was doubtless greeted by the diplomatic prelate with "Peace be unto you."

Wells forms, in conjunction with Bath, the bishopric of Bath and Wells. There is a pleasant story of the origin of this episcopal connection. Both the bishoprics being vacant, a Scottish divine was asked by the King which of the two he would prefer. The minister replied in broad Scottish "Baath," a word which the King understood as meaning "both." The ambition of the embryo bishop so pleased the King that he gave him both.

On the Cheddar Road I joined company with a local game keeper. Together we walked and discussed pheasants and crops and witches—for witches still exist in Somerset—even "white witches," which are men witches. One old woman in a Mendip Village had just lately consulted a witch in Wells because her pig was "overlooked." The pig was "took ill" and she at once concluded that some malicious person was casting on it the "Evil Eye." To counteract the effects of the "Evil Eye" the witch ordered a sheep's heart to be stuck full of pins and roasted before a fire. Whilst this was being done the neighbours chanted the lines:

> It is not this heart I wish to burn
> But the person's heart I wish to turn,
> Wishing them neither rest nor peace,
> Till they are dead and gone.

They closed the proceedings by reciting the Lord's Prayer backwards. The pig recovered.

The Somerset native will talk of pixies, brownies and other myths, but he personally is not superstitious. My

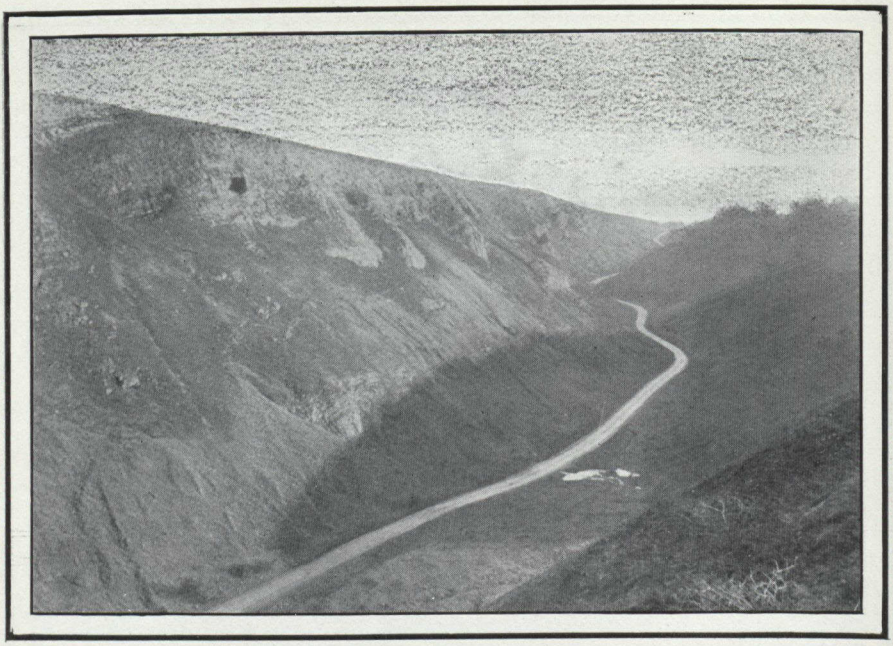
THE TWISTED COLUMN

Old-fashioned Church at Compton Martin

companion was explaining that a man who sits gazing steadily into the fire is suspected of the "Evil Eye." "Some folks then take the tongs and turn the largest piece of coal upside-down, and say 'the Lord be with us.'" He himself didn't trouble with such fancies. Further on the road we met a man who "squinted." As soon as the man had passed my companion expectorated three times, then, catching my eye, blushed pink.

"It don't do to be superstitious," explained ths two hundred pounds of muscle, "but if you meet wi' anybody with a north eye, spat dree times."

The conventional view of Cheddar Gorge from the road is fine enough—a chasm of blue-gray limestone cliffs so narrow that the effect of height is strangely intensified. But if at times you delight to wander from the beaten track, you will part company with the road where it sinks at the top of the Gorge and slowly and happily climb the hill. From the cool of Larchwoods so dense that the sunlight cannot dispel the gloom, the path emerges upon the crest of the high cliffs. You catch your breath at sight of the abyss and on the verge of an overhanging crag you lie down to look at the road 430 feet below. It is not good to stand upright and gaze down that jagged wall. A poised shadow betrays a hawk's nest nearby, and a young pine clings desperately to its crevice. Lower still the white road curves and winds out of view and, except for the rustle of the trees, no echo of sound reaches the ear. Westward you overlook the Cheddar Valley, hedged into green chessboard squares and, more distant still, the Bristol Channel. Beyond the Gorge a lonely farmhouse with stone-walled fields clings to the skirt of the



ROAD THROUGH BURRINGTON COOMBE

moorland; and to the south, the hills sink into blue distance. Heather and gorse are in bloom and the hillside is a blaze of yellow and purple. The buzz of bees mingles with the fragrance of heather, and the air is soft and heavy with laziness. You watch the fleeting shadows that run before a summer cloud and the shift and play of the sunshine on the distant waters of the Channel; and then lie back with arms behind your head and your mind adrift with one little cloud on an ocean of blue sky.

But the sun rides high and, base thought, hunger is upon you. The white road winds through Burring- the low, bracken-strewn hills—and passes the "Rock of Ages," the cave in which the Reverend Toplady, overtaken by a sudden storm, took shelter and was inspired to write the famous hymn.

The sun shone brightly in the Coombe, but as I neared the Village of Compton Martin I joined a farmer sheltering beneath a cottage porch from a brief rainshower.

"Don't you wear no hat outdoors?" he questioned.

In the country I love to walk bareheaded. Wherefore I replied:

"No."

"It ud kill I dead as hay."

Very tiny are these West Country villages, but their names are full-sounding and pretentious and withal picturesque: Keinton Mandeville, Farringdon Gurney, Nether Stowey. How came they by these names? The archæologist is silent or uncertain. Of tradition you must inquire the true story. Listen to the christening story of the village of Chewton Malreward:

In a certain village near Chewton lived a strong man. He was so strong that all men feared him and no man dared gainsay him, for he overthrew all his adversaries. The fame of his strength reached the King, who was travelling in that country with his courtiers. And the King came to the village and commanded that the strong man be brought before him. and the King said:

THE "ROCK OF AGES," BURRINGTON COOMBE

It was under the shelter of this rock that the famous hymn was composed.

"What feat can you perform to prove the stories that men tell of your strength?"

And the strong man replied:

"I will carry two full-grown men to the top of yon church tower."

"If you can do so great a deed I will well reward you," promised the King.

So the strong man seized a full-grown man and held him under his right arm and seized another full-grown man and held him under his left arm, and carried them swiftly up the hill to the church and mounted to the top of the church tower, still carrying both the men. But when he reached the top, and even as the King and his courtiers were applauding, both the men fell dead, so strongly had he grasped them. And the King, in great anger, commanded his soldiers to slay the strong man. So they called that place Chewton Mal-reward.

Numberless are the little stone churches, each one more picturesque than the last. Indeed, so many religious establishments are there in this county that the saying arose:

As sure as God is in Gloucester.

Yet superstitions persist and dead faiths and dead beliefs lie thick upon the countryside. The belief in pixies is widespread. The "science" of folklore defines pixies as the souls of unbaptised infants. The West Countryman refers to them as the "good people," doubtless by way of propitiation, for these curious little beings have qualities both good and bad. For the same reason, when the "pixies house"—a lttle stone cave on the moor—is visited, the peasants drop in a pin as an offering to the sprites.

Said an old farmer: "They be mortal fond o' water, they pixies. They'll do lots of chores for 'ee if 'ee only set a basin full o't somewhere handy for they."

When mischeviously inclined, pixies delight to lead travellers astray, so that people are said to be "pixie-led" when they lose their way in the dark. The safeguard is to turn your coat inside-out, which process con-

A FIFTEENTH CENTURY WEST COUNTRY FARMSTEAD

founds the evil spirits. A Torrington man was leaving his work, in a wood, when a strange feeling came over him. As he did not return for the evening meal, his wife went to look for him. After some time she found him dripping wet.

"I've been pixie-led for three hours!" he exclaimed.

"You girt fule, why didden 'ee turn your pockets in an' out," was the comfort he got from his wife.

The smooth white road lies before you, and in the shade of stately elms you gaze over the hedges at the landscape beyond—hedged, green fields with sleek sheep pasturing, heavy foliage of elm trees and farther still in the dwarfing distance more trees that slowly fade into the golden mists of late afternoon. Groomed hedgerows lead to the cluster of gray stone cottages that betokens a village. A church, a rectory and a thatched inn with mullioned windows and gardens of old-fashioned stocks and roses, complete the group. Very beautiful is this little village. Placid and hushed and lonely, it nestles in the slopes of the valley, and within its gates no feverish activity will spur the idler to action.

Supper was at seven in the inn. Precisely at the hour a lusty voice cried "Pudd'n time."

"Pudd'n time," I learned, means "dinner time," because in Tudor days dinner began with the pudding —a custom which still prevails in parts of the West. Silently, as befits a stranger in a strange land, I listened to the talk after supper. The conversation turned on church music and choir singing. The singing in the village church was deteriorating, it appeared. A silver-haired farmer explained how they used to sing.

"My zakes, 'ow thase yer byes shid sing whane they wiz got ther tu ther plaaces. Hymns or Psalms, twiz aul wan tu thay. Yew cudn master thay nowaays, an' tha wimmen-vokes bechimin' in wi' the baas. My ivvers,

it med everywan's 'eart fer tu bate wi' 'oly jye an' rivrince, zo it done."

Where else will you find the haunting placidity of this West of England countryside, the atmosphere if immemorial civilisation and the landscape mellowed with a tenderness that only centuries can give?

And where else will you find the West Countryman—broad of accent, and kindly-mannered, living in a past of strange beliefs, intolerant of a present which seeks to give him agricutural innovations and haste and things modern?

The statement that West Countrymen have no sense of humour, however, is unfair. It is one of their many charms. Listen to the reply which met a haste-ridden traveller who inquired:

"Where does this road go to, my man?"

"Zur, I cannot tell 'ee. I've knowed 'un bide 'ere these twenty year."

HARBOUR MOONRISE

By L. M. MONTGOMERY

THERE is never a wind to sing o'er the sea
On its dimpled bosom that holdeth in fee
Wealth of silver and magiery.
And the harbour is like to an ebon cup
With mother-o'-pearl to the lips lined up,
And brimmed with the wine of entrancéd delight,
Purple and rare, from the flagon of night.

Lo, in the east is a glamour and gleam,
Like waves that lap on the shores of dream,
Or voice their lure in a poet's theme!
And behind the curtsying fisher boats
The barge of the rising moon upfloats,
The pilot ship over unknown seas
Of treasure-laden cloud argosies.

Ere ever she drifts from the ocean's rim,
Out from the background of shadows dim
Stealeth a boat o'er her golden rim;
Noiselessly, swiftly, it swayeth by
Into the bourne of enchanted sky,
Like a fairy shallop that seeks the strand
Of a far and uncharted fairyland.

Now, ere the sleeping winds may stir,
Send, O my heart, a wish with her,
Like to a venturous mariner.
For who knoweth but that on an elfin sea
She may meet the bark that is sailing to thee,
And, winging thy message across the foam,
May hasten the hour when thy ship comes home?

THE RIGHTS OF THE FRENCH-CANADIANS

BY W. S. WALLACE

"Canada is a dual country, and on every inch of its soil French-Canadians should enjoy with English-Canadians equal rights in regard to both religion and language."—M. Henri Bourassa, in Massey Hall, Toronto, St. Patrick's Night, 1912.

THIS quotation embodies a new and startling version of the Canadian Constitution. Hitherto it has not been unusual to find French-Canadian writers and speakers referring in an impassioned manner to what they have termed their "treaty rights"; but few people have taken the trouble to inquire what these are. When, however, a prominent French-Canadian politician is found asserting before an English-speaking audience that Canada is in fact a dual country, in which the two races are on an equal footing, it is time to examine the grounds for his contention, and to inquire just what rights and privileges the French-Canadians are morally and legally entitled to on Canadian soil. And for the sake of greater clearness, it will be convenient to divide the inquiry under the three heads of law, religion and language.

I. To what rights are the French-Canadians entitled in regard to law?

The system of law in force in New France from 1664 to 1760 was that known as the *Coutume de Paris*, the variety of local customary law prevailing in the country immediately adjacent to the city of Paris. It was under this system of law that the distinctive institutions of New France, such as the seigniorial system of land tenure, developed. When Canada surrendered to the British in 1760, how far was the continuation of this system of law promised. The answer is to be found in the Articles of the Capitulation of Montreal. The French general, Vaudreuil, made the request (Art. 42) that "the French and Canadians shall continue to be governed by the custom of Paris, and the laws and usages established for this country"; and the reply of the English general, Murray, was, "They become subjects of the King." It will be observed here that nothing was either promised or refused; certainly no guarantees were given. In the Royal Proclamation of 1763, which was the constitution of Canada from 1763 to 1774, there occurred, however, the clause:

"All persons inhabiting in, or resorting to our said colonies may confide in our royal protection for the enjoyment of the benefit of the laws of England."

Lord Hillsborough, who was in 1763 President of the Board of Trade and a member of the Cabinet which drew up the Proclamation, afterwards denied that the abolition of the French civil laws was contemplated by this clause. But if the English language is intelligible, what can the clause mean but that, by implication, the *Coutume de Paris* was to be abolished? As a matter of actual practice, however, it was found impos-

sible to abolish that part of the French law which had reference to land tenure and contracts. It was found absurd to attempt to construe the terms of seigniorial tenure by reference to the rules of English free and common socage, and to interpret contracts made under the *Coutume de Paris* by reference to the rules of the English common law. Therefore in the Quebec Act, which was passed in 1774, a compromise was made. To the English was given English criminal law, which was universally admitted to be better than French criminal law; but the whole body of French civil law was brought into force, seigniorial tenure, marriage law, contract law, and all; and the basis of the civil law of the Province of Quebec to-day is the *Coutume de Paris*. It is interesting and significant to note, however, that, according to the terms of the Quebec Act, English freehold tenure was to prevail where desired in the unsettled parts of the colony, in what are now the Eastern Townships and the Province of Ontario.

This, then, is the state of the case in regard to law. The French-Canadians were granted civil, but not criminal law; this concession was made in 1774, not as a matter of right, but as a matter of administrative policy; and the operation of the French civil law in regard to land tenure was confined only to the settled parts of the colony.

II. What rights have the French-Canadians been granted in regard to religion?

Here, too, it is worth while to refer to the original documents. In the Articles of the Capitulation of Montreal, the following demand was made by Vaudreuil:

"The free exercise of the Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman religion shall subsist entire, in such manner that all classes and peoples of the towns and rural districts, places, and distant posts may continue to assemble in the churches, and to frequent the sacraments as heretofore, without being molested in any manner, directly or indirectly. These people shall be obliged by the English Government to pay to the priests, who shall have the oversight of them, the tithes and all the dues they were accustomed to pay under the government of his Most Christian Majesty."—(Art. 27.)

The answer of General Murray was almost as non-committal as his answer in regard to the laws:

"Granted as to the free exercise of their religion; the obligation of paying tithes to the priests will depend on the King's pleasure."

In the Treaty of Paris, however, the guarantees given by the English Government in regard to the Roman Catholic religion in Canada seem at first sight to be more definite. In the fourth section there occurs the sentence:

"His Britannic Majesty, on his side, agrees to grant the liberty of the Catholic religion to the inhabitants of Canada; he will consequently give the most precise and most effectual orders that his new Roman Catholic subjects may profess the worship of their religion, according to the rites of the Romish church, as far as the laws of Great Britain permit."

What is noteworthy here, however, is the last clause, "as far as the laws of Great Britain permit." In 1763, the laws of Great Britain did not permit a Roman Catholic to hold office in the army or the navy or the civil service, to sit in the House of Commons, or to serve on a borough council. It was not until over half a century later that the Catholic Relief Bill of 1829 was passed. The measure of religious liberty granted, therefore, to the French-Canadian Roman Catholics in 1763 was not, it may readily be seen, a very large one.

In the Quebec Act a policy of conciliation was adopted toward the French-Canadians. The American Revolution was at that time imminent, and it was deemed advisable to attach the French-Canadians to the British Empire by ties of self-interest. In view of the influence of the Church over the habitants, it was thought advisable to conciliate especially the good wishes of the Roman

Catholic clergy. For this purpose, the demand of the French general was at last granted, and the payment of tithes by Roman Catholics was enforced by law; and the payment of tithes by Roman Catholics is enforced by law in the Province of Quebec today. This concession was possibly the means of saving Canada for the Empire, because when the American expeditionary force under Arnold and Montgomery invaded Canada, less than four hundred French-Canadians joined it, and the great body of the habitants remained neutral. But one should beware of assuming that the price paid for the loyalty of the French-Canadians was greater than it really was. It is a mistake to assume that the Quebec Act established the Roman Catholic Church in Quebec. That it did nothing of the sort may be seen from the fact that for many a long day the English Government refused to give more than an informal recognition to the Roman Catholic Bishop of Quebec. As late as the beginning of the nineteenth century, the official title of the Bishop of Quebec was Superintendent of the Roman Catholic Church*

Since 1867, however, a new set of problems has arisen in Canada in connection with the Roman Catholic Church in Quebec. The British North American Act set up in Canada a federal form of Government, with local autonomy granted to the several provinces—to Quebec as well as to Ontario. The British North America Act, for instance, grants to each of the several provinces control of direct taxation and of "property and civil rights within the province." If, therefore, the Legislature of the Province of Quebec chooses, on the one hand, to exempt monastic lands from taxation, although the lands may be employed in commercial enterprises, and if, on the other hand, it chooses to grant the franchise to the members of these monastic orders, who, having taken the oath of poverty, do not possess the necessary income qualification for voting—that is entirely the business of the people of Quebec. And unless the people of Ontario wish to go behind the Act of Confederation, there is no remedy available for that state of affairs, except it be the Dominion power of disallowance over provincial legislation; and that power is diminishing every year.

The British North America Act grants to the provinces control of "the solemnisation of marriage within the province." It is interesting to notice that this was not a feature of the seventy-two resolutions passed by the Quebec Conference in 1864; in that Conference, the representatives of Quebec agreed that the whole subject of marriage and divorce should come within the jurisdiction of the Dominion. The change was apparenty made in London at the instance of the English Government. In view of the fact that the meaning of the British North American Act in this regard is still *sub judice*, no good purpose would be gained by enlarging on the subject here. But if the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council should decide that the canon law of the Roman Catholic Church is the civil law of the Province of Quebec in regard to the marriage of Roman Catholics, then the people of Ontario should recognise that such a state of affairs is no business of theirs. An agitation in Ontario against the marriage law of Quebec would be, under such circumstances, as reasonable as an agitation in Quebec against the way in which marriage is solemnised in Ontario.

Under certain restrictions, the provinces are given by the British North America Act the control of education within their borders. This has meant that in the Province of Quebec, the

*See Church History from the Archives: a Study, by Canon Kittson. (Kingston, Church Life Press, 1911.)

public schools have fallen into the hands of the Church.* That the work done in these schools is wretchedly bad in the country districts, is admitted on nearly all hands. Nor is the work done in the English Protestant separate schools any better. The educational system of the Province of Quebec, whatever may be the cause (and it would be absurd to lay all the blame at the door of the Roman Catholic Church), is in a deplorable condition. But once more it must be observed that the cure for this state of affairs rests with the people of the Province of Quebec.

In the Province of Ontario, the Roman Catholics are guaranteed by the British North America Act a system of separate schools. That is part of the price which the people of Upper Canada had to pay for Confederation. Not content with this, however, the French-Canadians have striven to have separate schools imposed on Manitoba and the new provinces in the West. In 1896, in 1905, and in 1912, the whole weight of the French-Canadian Church has been thrown in this direction. M. Bourassa, who seems incapable of reading constitutional documents intelligently, pointed recently to the British North America Act as the basis for the French-Canadian claims regarding separate schools in the West. It may, however, be confidently asserted that any one may read that Act through backwards and forwards without finding any phrase or clause contemplating the imposition of separate schools in the West. And nothing could be clearer than the language of the Quebec Resolutions; in them to the local Legislature is given the power of making laws concerning education, "saving the rights and privileges which the Protestant or Catholic minority in *both Canadas* may possess as to their denominational schools, *at the time when the union goes into operation.*" If the British North America Act entitles the French-Canadians to separate schools in the West, why do they not apply to the courts to have the Act enforced? They would do that if any attack were made on the separate school system of Ontario.

The truth is that the Roman Catholic Church has such wide powers in Quebec that it finds it difficult to curb its pretensions in the other provinces, especially when the motive power of French-Canadian nationalism is behnd it. But the day is not far distant when an anti-clerical movement may sweep Quebec; and then the French-Canadian Church may lose even that to which it is by law entitled.

III. What rights have the French-Canadians in regard to language?

Regarding the status of the French language in Canada, there was nothing said either in the Articles of Capitulation, or in the Peace of Paris, or in the Royal Proclamation of 1763. In the Quebec Act, however, the French civil law was granted to the French-Canadians; and it followed as a natural result that the French language was given a standing in the law courts. With this exception, the official language of the colony was presumably the English language under the Quebec Act and the Constitutional Act. What the official language of the country was from 1841 to 1867, however, the Union Act made quite clear:

"And be it enacted that from and after the said reunion of the said two provinces, all writs, proclamations, instruments . . . shall be in the English Language only: Provided always, that this enactment shall not be construed to prevent translated copies of any such documents from being made, but no such copy shall be kept among the records of the Legislative Council or Legislative Assembly, or be deemed in any case ot have the force of an original record."

Thus the Union Act. But in 1867 part of the price Canada had to pay for Confederation was the official re-

*See Sait: Clerical Control in Quebec, ch. IV.

cognition of the French language in Canada. That fact cannot be gainsaid. Yet even here qualifications must be made. The French language was not to be everywhere official.

"Either the English or the French language may be used by any person in the debates of the Houses of the Parliament of Canada and of the Houses of the Legislature of Quebec; and both those languages shall be used in the respective records and journals of those houses; and either of those languages may be used by any person or in any pleading or process in or issuing from any Court of Canada established under this Act, and in or from all or any of the Courts of Quebec." (British North America Act, sec. 133.)

That is to say, the French language is now on a par with the English language in the courts and legislatures of the Province of Quebec and of the Federal or Dominion Government; and rightly so. But it has, by the British North America Act, no constitutional standing in any of the other provinces, except by enactment of the Provincial Legislatures.

In the speech from which the quotation at the head of this paper is made, M. Bourassa waxed very sarcastic over the view that the French-Canadians should be hived in Quebec, just as the Indians of old were hived on their reserves. Yet such is the view of the case that is supported by a study of the constitutional documents. Quebec is the French-Canadian reserve; it is there and there only that the constitution provides for the perpetuation of the French-Canadian civil law; it is there and there only that the French-Canadian church enjoys its peculiar privileges; and if the French language is officially recognised in the Federal Legislature and the Federal Courts, it is only because it is fair that, under a federal form of government, the French-Canadians should be able to make themselves understood.

A LOVERS' QUARREL

BY ETHELWYN WETHERALD

"TO-MORROW at two-thirty, then," said the minister.

"Yes," replied the girl. "Aunt Clara said the luncheon would probably be served at one, and over by two. That would leave twenty minutes in which to show that I hadn't come exclusively for what I could get to eat and ten minutes to get back to 199. I'll be there not later than half-past two."

She held out her hand, for they had reached the corner of the street.

"Good-bye, dear."

"Good-bye, dearest," said the minister.

They looked into each other's eyes for a heavenly moment. In a few months they were to be married and would no longer be under the cruel necessity of separating after each day's walk. Meanwhile it was matter for gratitude that Pauline had come up from her country home on this extended visit to her aunt, Mrs. Bingham. Half a loaf is undoubtedly better than starvation. Ronald MacClure was almost ready to believe that it was as good as repletion. Had they been wedded for years, they could not, he felt, be blended into a more perfect spiritual oneness than these weeks of daily communion had brought to them. He walked home with quickened step, his rather austere visage lighting up, as he seemed to feel her light elastic figure still keeping pace with him and her interested face turned to his.

Pauline's face was always interested. That was its special characteristic. At the luncheon next day she took such unaffected pleasure in the talk of the dozen ladies assembled at Mrs. Abbey's that they all inwardly considered her charming. The rural hunger for social intercourse is not easily appeased, but another country appetite, even more primitive, was aroused in Pauline by the lateness of the hour at which luncheon was announced. The clock in the dining-room was striking two as they took their seats at the table, and Pauline reflected that, in rustic parlance, she would have to "eat and run as the beggars do," in order to keep her appointment with Ronald. At 2.20 the guest whom she mentally denominated the wittiest woman present, was telling a piquant anecdote, which was greeted with refined little shouts of applause. At 2.25 (Pauline happened to be sitting where she had a full unescapable view of the clock) she was thinking with dismay that they were barely through with the salad course, and there would surely be confections and creams to come. "Why, it is too late for me to go now anyway," she thought. "I couldn't be in time, even if I go at once. Finding the house uninhabited, Ronald will know that I am unavoidably detained, and he will be glad to think I am having so much pleasure."

Notwithstanding this declaration of faith, Pauline was not at ease. At the first movement to depart she hurried into her wraps, and got out on the street with nervous speed.

"Poor Ronald," she said to her aunt. "I'm afraid he feels disappointed. I promised to meet him at the house at 2.30."

"At 2.30?" echoed Mrs. Bingham.

"Why, we were at luncheon then. Do you think he will be annoyed?"

Pauline laughed out of the rich abundance of the love she knew to be hers. "No, indeed, Auntie. When a man loves a woman it takes more than a trifle to annoy him."

Nevertheless she quickened her pace. As the bells were ringing for four she ran up the steps of 199, leaving her aunt to chat for a moment with an acquaintance on the street. On the topmost step her heart leapt, then sank, and she softly breathed, "My poor boy!" There, on the narrow porch, traced with a cane on new fallen snow, was the one word "Ronald."

It looked so sadly reproachful, so wistful, so desolate, that she had an impulse to bend and blot it out with tears—or kisses—but instead, she hastily obliterated it with her foot.

"I will make it all right with him to-morrow," she said. "Perhaps he will come this evening."

But he did not come that evening.

"He will surely come in the morning," she said, the last thing before she slept.

But he did not come in the morning.

His usual hour for calling was at 2 p.m. When, on the stroke of the clock, she heard his step and voice in the hall below, she was filled with irrational joy. She had never before been so glad to see him. Without waiting for him to be announced, she flew down to the little reception room and greeted him with the headlong directness which testified to the ardour and sincerity of her affection. Putting a hand on each of his shoulders she said, "Dear Ronald! Dear, dear love!" and pressed her cheek to his.

On this occasion he did not kiss the cheek so near his lips, nor respond to her endearing words with others as sweet, nor draw her down beside him on the sofa. Instead, he inquired:

"What is wrong? What prevented you from being here yesterday at half-past two?"

"Why, Ronald," said Pauline, still smiling, "I couldn't be here. We hadn't got through half the courses at that hour."

"Oh," he said. The monosyllable had a curiously chill remoteness. Her hands fell to her side. He said "H'm," and cleared his throat. Then he sat down on the sofa. She remained standing, looking at him. He said, "Sit down," and she sat down.

"I didn't want to stay, Ronald, but I didn't know how to escape. They kept on eating till after three o'clock. I never saw anything so elaborate. I couldn't offend Mrs. Abbey by running off."

He remained rigid for a perceptible pause. Then he spoke with a sort of repressed intensity.

"I reached here yesterday at 2.30 precisely, rang the bell repeatedly and waited five minutes. Then, as I was chilled, I walked around the block, and rang again. As there was no response I walked several blocks and returned at 3.10, and repeated the process of ringing and waiting. When I was thoroughly chilled I went home."

"Oh, I am so sorry. I had no idea you were having such a dreadful time. I pictured you as waiting a moment or two and then going off with a smile, saying, "She is having a lovely time and I am so glad."

The rigid figure did not unbend.

"Oh, I am *so* sorry," she said again, "and yet I don't see what I could have done." She looked at him beseechingly. "I am so sorry, Ronald."

He turned to her sternly.

"Sorry! Sorry for what? That you broke your word?"

"Sorry that I couldn't keep it."

"You could have kept it. You *should* have kept it. Physical inability to keep a promise is the only excuse for breaking it. My disappointment, my discomfort, are noth-

ing. It is the principle involved. It is dishonourable not to tell the truth."

The girl's face was scarlet. She could scarcely breathe.

"Don't you see, Pauline," he continued in gentler tones, but she interrupted him in a voice that sounded strange in her own ears:

"Oh, yes, I see! I should have risen from the table at a quarter past two and told my hostess that her comfort and convenience were not to be considered before yours." She laughed hysterically. "That would have been the truth."

"No, it was not I—it was your promise—that was of the first importance. And really, Pauline, it is not at all uncommon for city ladies, who have a number of engagements, to leave in the middle of a luncheon. You might have mentioned to Mrs. Abbey before you went out to the dining-room that you had an appointment at 2.30, and she would have excused you at the proper time."

"I suppose I might," she admitted, "if I had ever heard of such a thing being done; but I have lived in the country all my life. I am ignorant of social ways."

He did not answer for a moment. The relief that comes from having spoken one's mind freely and forcibly was visible on his face. "I should have considered your inexperience," he said gently, "and made some allowance. But it shook me so, Pauline, to think that you *could* break your word."

"Oh, I frequently do that," said Pauline with affected composure. "It is my favorite pasttime."

"Dear Pauline, you are joking. I *know* you will never break your promise to me again."

"On the contrary I shall do so at once. I have promised to marry you, I will never keep that promise."

She tried in vain to steady her voice. What would she not have given to be cold and self-possessed? But her cheeks burned, her eyes were excited almost to the point of tears. Her hands shook.

"I said a while ago that I was sorry for the way things turned out yesterday. That was another falsehood. I am glad—glad!"

She rose to her feet, trembling all over, and then, clasping her shaking hands to her flaming face, she burst into a passion of tears and ran from the room.

The minister waited a long time, but she did not return. He was dazed and confounded. How incredible it was that his Pauline, the girl who was all gentleness and kindness and good sense, whose light-hearted raillery and sympathetic understanding of his moods had given him more pleasure than the world had yielded him in all his life before—how unbelievable that she should have turned foolish and preposterous, like the light-weight heroine of a novel.

The next afternoon he was again in the little reception-room, looking hopefully toward the stairway. She had had time to cool down and see the folly of hysteria. For his part he would ignore the outburst of yesterday—he could be magnanimous enough for that.

There was a familiar rustle on the stairs, and he rose eagerly. Pauline came in—a different Pauline from any he had ever imagined could exist—a cold, pale girl, tired but unbending. She held out her hand.

"How do you do?" she said.

His heart melted as he noted the signs of suffering in her face.

"My poor child," he said. He lifted her extended hand to his shoulder and drew the other cold palm to its accustomed resting-place. When he let go of her wrists to draw her frozen face to his they slipped to her side as though of their own weight. She drew back out of reach of his arms.

"Won't you sit down," she said.

He stood looking at her.

"Dear precious love, I have been thinking of you every waking moment since we parted—thinking of you and

loving you. Don't you know that, sweetheart? 'Better loved you cannot be, will you ne'er come back again?' ''

The tenderness of his voice shook her from head to feet, and the tears came to her eyes. She wiped them away and said nothing.

''Don't you love me, Pauline?'' he asked sadly.

''Oh, yes, indeed. I love you with all my heart and soul.''

He came forward joyfully, but was stayed by her bitter laugh.

''You forget I am untruthful. When I say I love you with all my heart it means I don't care a straw for you.''

''Dear Pauline, what have I done?''

She faced him with hard bright eyes.

''You have done me the greatest possible favour. You have shown me the folly of my engagement to marry you.''

''Do you mean that, dearest?''

''I mean to put our relation on a common sense basis. I will always be your good friend—''

''Oh, darling—''

''No. I will not be darlinged. I said your friend.''

They went for their usual afternoon stroll. The next day they took another favourite walk, and the next day another, the girl still maintaining an adamantine friendliness, the man reminding her, in a hundred small poignant ways, that the only bridge across their chasm was love. The fourth day it rained and they sat in the small parlour. ''May I read some passages to you, Pauline?'' he asked.

''Yes, please,'' she said, with her usual bright willingness to be entertained; and wondering what poet's book he was searching his pocket for. When he drew out a Bible she mentally remarked:

''This, I suppose, is the usual resort of the ministerial mind when baffled. He is going to crush my haughty spirit with appeals from Holy Writ.''

The minister selected a chapter vibrant with grief and tenderness and yearning love. The girl sat bitterly scornful .Then suddenly the force of association took her back twenty years to the time when she was a small lawbreaker, consigned to supperless solitude, broken only by her father's impressive reading of this same chapter. She could taste again that wet, salty pillow and feel the convulsive sobs that shook her little soul to its foundations.

Suddenly Pauline broke down. She was a little sinful child again, and her tears were those of an excited child, not knowing why they should be shed, but prostrated by a sense of her own misery. Without feeling her heart changing in the slightest degree toward the man who had outraged her spirit, she leaned forward and wept irresistibly.

Like most men, Ronald believed feminine tears to be a mark of infirmity of purpose. He did not dream that any woman could look like the yielding waves and be the rock beneath them.

''Pauline, dearest, don't cry so. I can't bear it.''

He reached timidly for her hand. She drew it dispassionately away.

''Oh, yes, you can. Everyone can bear more than he thinks he can.''

''Pauline, dear love, you will make yourself ill. I wish you would let me comfort you, my little girl.''

Her tears broke forth afresh.

''It would be a real comfort if you would go away—and stay away.''

He went without a word.

But the next day he returned.

''Dear, it must be that it is my fault—this breach between us. I must have done wrong in some way. I don't know in what way except that I ventured to point out what seemed to me a fault in you. I am very sorry I did so. If you will come back to me, Pauline, I will never again offend you in that way.''

The window was open, and a breath of spring was coming in. She looked at him in consternation.

"Not tell me my faults? What nonsense, Ronald! Of course you must tell me my faults and I must tell you yours—that is if we decide to renew—to renew—"

He came forward with his joy rigidly repressed.

"That is the idea. When we decide to renew—"

"I said *if* we decide to renew—

"The old relations—"

"The old relations, we must most assuredly try to help each other by pointing out defects."

"I see," he said. Intense bewilderment struggled with his happiness. "But what— Oh, Pauline, *what* did I do to offend you?"

"Don't you *know*, Ronald?" And then in answer to his look, "Oh, no, no, no, of course you don't!"

She walked up and down the room, beating her breast with softly clenched hands. "You can't be expected to know. You poor *man!* I knew all men were dense, but I didn't suppose—"

She burst into laughter. Then she ran to him, clutching his shoulders in both hands, and shaking him to italicise her words.

"It wasn't that you told me my fault. It was because you told it in a cross, stern, rigid, frigid, unbearably horrid way. Why didn't you tell me the truth in love, you dear clumsy faultfinder?"

He drew her to him then, and they kissed each other in perfect understanding at last.

MARITIME PROVINCIALISMS AND CONTRASTS

ARTICLE II.—PLACE-NAMES

BY F. A. WIGHTMAN

THOUGH closely bound together by the strong ties of material interest and social intercourse, the Maritime Provinces of Canada have many distinguishing features and contrasts. This may seem all the more strange since unitedly they do not represent an area greater than the island of Newfoundland, and they have in general identical conditions of life. These contrasts, striking as they in some cases are, may nevertheless admit of some explanation. In a general way they may be laid to the differing physical features of the country and the varying sources from which each province drew its earliest inhabitants; for exclusive of Indians and Acadians, each province had different sources for its basic English speaking population.

In New Brunswick the foundation stock was almost absolutely of United Empire Loyalist origin. At the close of the Revolutionary War a large body of these heroic people came to the fertile though forested valleys of New Brunswick, then part of Nova Scotia, to seek new homes under the flag of England. It is true that some United Empire Loyalists settled in Nova Scotia and others in Prince Edward Island, but in New Brunswick they figured most largely and formed the basis of the country's population. The only exception to this was the fringe of settlement along the north shore which came direct from Great Britain at a little later date. These United Empire Loyalists, making use of the splendid natural waterways of the country, penetrated to the very heart of the land, laid the foundations of the City of St. John, and immediately petitioned for a separate provincial charter, thus severing the Nova Scotia tie. Segregated, as it were, in this way they naturally impressed their own peculiar customs and ideas upon the territory they inhabited and governed.

With Nova Scotia proper the history of early English occupation was somewhat different. This province, as now constituted, was the centre of the old Acadian activity, and after the fall of Louisburg and the deportation of the supposedly disloyal French, their vacant lands attracted the attention of the New Englanders who came over to Nova Scotia in large numbers. Thus, nearly a quarter of a century before the advent of the United Empire Loyalists in New Brunswick, large areas of Nova Scotia were occupied by migrating New Englanders who came from the Massachusetts colony which was not yet affected by the taint of rebellion. These people also brought their New England customs with them, engrafting them on the land of their adoption. True, a few of these pre-Revolutionary settlements were formed in

New Brunswick but the great bulk of the people found homes on the vacated lands of the deported Acadians in Nova Scotia proper. These people, though very similar to the United Empire Loyalists who settled in New Brunswick, were nevertheless distinctive, having customs and pecularities of their own. It may be remarked here that the eastern shore of Nova Scotia and the Island of Cape Breton, like the north shore of New Brunswick, were later settled by immigrants from the old country.

In Prince Edward Island the basis of the early English population came almost wholly by direct immigration from the United Kingdom, the few refugee Acadians and United Empire Loyalists being the only exceptions. Prince Edward Island, as is generally known, was about this time divided into sections called "lots" and distributed among various military and other gentlemen in recognition of their services to the Crown. This instituted a sort of landlord system in the new world similar to that prevailing in the old. Incidentally we are reminded that this system continued till swept away by the terms of Confederation. There were, however, a few conditions which these absentee landlords were under obligation to fulfil in order to obtain the patent to their lots. One of these required them to settle a number of persons upon their lands within a stipulated time; and, though it is doubtful if the conditions were strictly lived up to, it had the effect of bringing over to the Island large numbers of people from all parts of the United Kingdom. They, of course, brought their old country ideas with them, as the New Englanders and Loyalists had brought theirs to the neighbouring provinces. These differences of origin will largely account for the contrasts, not only in the customs and usages, many if which still survive, but also in the place-names of the land.

In the matter of place-names the peculiarities and contrasts are quite apparent and a brief study of them can hardly help but prove interesting. Each province, while possessing many of the ordinary and expected place-names, nevertheless has two or three general types which may be regarded as peculiar to itself and in contrast to the others. Let it be understood that this article only proposes to point out in a general way these contrasts; it is not intended to be in any sense a history of the place-names of these provinces. For the Province of New Brunswick at least the history of her place-names has been well covered by Professor Ganong.

One rather striking peculiarity, almost, if not quite, amounting to a contrast, is noticed in the place occupied by the original Indian names. Though the Indians are slowly but surely disappearing before the more versatile and virile white man, they still live and ever shall in the names they have given to many physical features of the land.

Ye say they have all passed away,
That noble race and brave;
That their light canoes have vanished
From off the crested wave;
That 'mid the forests where they roamed
There rings no hunter's shout;
But their name is in your waters,
Ye may not wash it out.

Ye say their cone-like cabins
That cluster o'er the vale
Have fled away like withered leaves
Before the autumn's gale.
But their memory liveth on your hills,
Their baptism on your shore;
Your everlasting rivers speak
Their dialect of yore.

There is something pathetic in the obliteration of these noble men, and as they gradually disappear they become a rapidly-diminishing factor in the country of which they were once the sole occupants and owners. Probably this is more true of Eastern Canada than others parts of the Dominion. In Newfoundland they long since disappeared, and in the Maritime Provinces there remains but a feeble remnant of a once powerful na-

tion. Their footprints, however, remain in the place-names in many parts of the Maritime Provinces and especially in New Brunswick. The pathos of the spectacle of this vanishing race has frequently been a subject for the poet's muse.

The Micmac left no sculptured gods,
No temples made of stone;
In misty caves, in storm-tossed clouds
Manitou dwelt alone.

But names remain on hill and plain
Of this once powerful race,
And in those liquid Micmac words
Their presence yet we trace.

Where Aspatogan lifts her brow
Unblushing to the sea;
Where crashing ice-cakes dash and break
On lonely Scatarie;

Where turbid waters settle and foam
Round Glooscap, Chebooktook;
On Tusket's Isles, where sea-gulls rest,
And heron on Panuke;

The rushing tides of Pesiquid
And Shubenacadie;
The level meads of Tantramar,
The falls of Konomee.

No Micmac now on Cobequid
Hunts moose or caribou;
And alien races change the names
Which once were named by you.

In Prince Edward Island both the Indian and his original place-names have almost disappeared. Only six or seven places in the whole Province now retain their original designation, and these generally of places of minor importance, such as Tignish, Mimnigash, Cascumpic, Bedeque, Picquid, and Malpeque. The last is now of more than local interest as being the home of the famous Malpeque oyster. These, I believe, are the only Indian names to be found in Prince Edward Island. In Nova Scotia, though Indian names are much more numerous, they are relatively scarce, and a diminishing quantity. Two counties, Pictou and Antigonish, and a few rivers and bays represent the Indian place-names of Nova Scotia to-day.

In strong contrast to this is the frequent occurrence of Indian place-names in the Province of New Brunswick. There are many rivers great and small in New Brunswick, and some fifty of them still bear names given them by the Indians. In other words, with few exceptions, Indian names are used to designate the waterways of this Province. The most notable exception is the river St. John, the Province's largest river; but in all likelihood it would have still borne its Indian name had it not been for the mere accident of its discovery by De Monts on St. John's Day. As it is, it is frequently spoken of as the "Wygoody" or "Ouangondy" of Indian times, names which many think preferable to the present designation, both for the river, and the city which shares its name.

In addition to the rivers, Indian names also clung to islands, bays and lakes. This prevalence of aboriginal names might, to some extent, be explained by the friendly relations existing between the early white settlers and the Indians and a desire to have these maintained, or perhaps to avoid confusion to the traveller since the rivers were the only highways of transportation in the early times. Be this as it may, there are evidences that the New Brunswicker has clung to the Indian names from preference. Two counties in the Province, Restigouche and Madawaska, bear the red man's names; and in giving names to many of the towns and villages of the country, Indian names were chosen in preference to others, such as Richibucto, Shediac, Tabusintac and many others.

It is also significant that when the new stations on the several trunk railways running through the Province were named, many were given Indian names, bearing some relation to the surrounding country. Where the original Indian names were forgotten an appropriate Indian name was used to replace it. Many of these stations have now grown to be towns and villages of considerable importance. In this manifest preference we

think New Brunswick is to be commended, since many Indian names are musical in sound, and all indicate some striking feature of the surrounding country. Some, it is true, are a little difficult of pronunciation, such as Rouchibouguacis, Quatawamkedgwick, Magaquadabic and Chipnitneticook, and many others. When, however, the name is over-long or difficult it is immediately adjusted to easy speech by the ever-ready process of abbreviation. A good example of this is found in the name of an attractive highway leading out of St. John. The original name is Magawagonish, but few of the present generation know its original form, since, for at least a century, it has been spoken of as the "Mahogany Road."

The prevalence of Indian place-names in New Brunswick, we think, sustains the claim that it is both a striking peculiarity, and in striking contrast to the sister provinces. De Mill's lines are suggestive of this fact.

Sweet maiden of Passamaquoddy,
Shall we seek for communion of souls
Where the deep Mississippi meanders,
Or the dark Saskatchewan rolls?
Oh, no! In New Brunswick we'll find it,
A sweetly sequestered nook,
Where the swift gliding Skoodawabskookis
Unites with the Skoodawabskook.

Let others seek loudly of Saco,
Of Passadumkedg or Miscouche,
Of Kennebecassis or Quaco;
Of Mirimachi or Buctouche;
Or boast of the Tobrique or Mispec,
The Musquash or dark Memramcook,
There's none like the Skodawabskookis
Excepting the Skoodawabskook.

Another peculiarity and contrast in the place-names of New Brunswick is the frequent occurrence of the affix "ridge" in such places as Butternut Ridge, Basswood Ridge, and scores of others. Names of this type occur in all parts of the Province, though chiefly in the southwestern section. The probable explanation of this peculiarity is to be found in the physical features of the country and the methods of early settlement. The people at first settled in the rich river valleys, but in time occupied the high rolling lands between the valleys where good soil was to be found. These higher portions of the country, so characteristic of New Brunswick, were naturally called "ridges" as distinguished from the valleys, and they seem likely to retain this designation. In Nova Scotia this affix is but sparingly used, and not once in Prince Edward Island, hence the contrast.

A somewhat striking peculiarity of Nova Scotia place-names is found in the frequent occurrence of the word "port" either as a prefix or affix. Scattered all along the hundreds of miles of Nova Scotia coasts this word occurs as part of the name of some harbour, village or town. Examples of such are Hantsport, Port Hood, Port Hastings, and Port Maitland, and perhaps a hundred others. The new terminal of the Mackenzie and Mann railroad system in Nova Scotia has been recently christened Port Wade, thus indicating the continued popularity of this type of name. The idea is distinctly New England in origin and, of course, came over with the early settlers from the colony of Massachusetts and other New England points. Newburyport, Bambridgeport and Eastport are examples of its New England origin and use. In New Brunswick the term only occurs twice, and these places are close to the Nova Scotia boundary, while in Prince Edward Island only one place is so designated. Thus in this respect Nova Scotia is in striking contrast to the other provinces.

If Prince Edward Island has any striking contrast in place-names it might be regarded as being noticeable in the frequent use of numbers rather than names. The system of land holdings in the form of "Lots" already referred to, accounts for this practice. Though these lots have now neither proprietary, political, or civil meaning, the number of the lot is still in common use as a means of designation. Every well-posted Islander is familiar with the location

and bounds of all the old lots, and on all maps of the Island the lots are still marked and numbered. This seems a little strange since the country is also divided into parishes, which have apparently little significance, while for local political purposes the country is divided into electoral districts, also designated by numbers. The use of numbers in place of names is both confusing and peculiar to a stranger, though to the native born it seems to be quite the proper thing. So prevalent is this custom that post offices and railroad stations are sometimes so indicated.

While the origin of this peculiarity is natural enough its continuance seems to indicate a dearth of suitable place-names or a conservative clinging to established practices. In this respect the Island presents a contrast quite unique in its way. Frequently, however, when names are given, the tendency is toward the opposite extreme in the use of very long names or notable ones for small communities. Charlottetown, for instance, has probably a longer name than any other city in Canada, while Summerside, the secind city of the Province, is a close second in the length of its name.

Another Island peculiarity in place-names is in the use made of the names of the roads to designate a person's residence in much the same way as would be the case in the streets of a city. Most of the roads have specific names and these, very frequently, take the place of community names. Thus Mr. Jones or Mr. Brown may be said to live on the Graham's road or St. Peter's road or Baldwin's road, or a hundred others. Similar to this is the use of the term "Cross" as applied to the point where several roads meet, and which in other provinces would likely be referred to as Brown's corner or someone else's corner. In Prince Edward Island such cross-road villages are almost invariably spoken of as "The Cross," such as "Victoria Cross," "Kelly's Cross," and numerous others.

As well as having these peculiarities in contrast, these provinces by the sea have a few place-name peculiarities in common. One of these is the prevalence of the names of the various patron saints in all these provinces. Few of these ecclesiastic worthies have been forgotten in the nomenclature of the land, from good St. David down to those of modern times. This obtains, not only in the French, but also in the English-speaking parts of the country, and may indicate the piety of the early inhabitants. Their deep loyalty to the Sovereign is made equally prominent in many of the counties, towns and parishes by the names they bear. Doubtless the stirring times which tested the loyalty of men, making the loyal still more deeply so, accounts for this commendable peculiarity. Thus in Prince Edward Island we have King's, Queen's, and Prince counties, with their county towns Charlottetown, Georgetown and Princetown. Similarly the mainland provinces each have their "royal" counties.

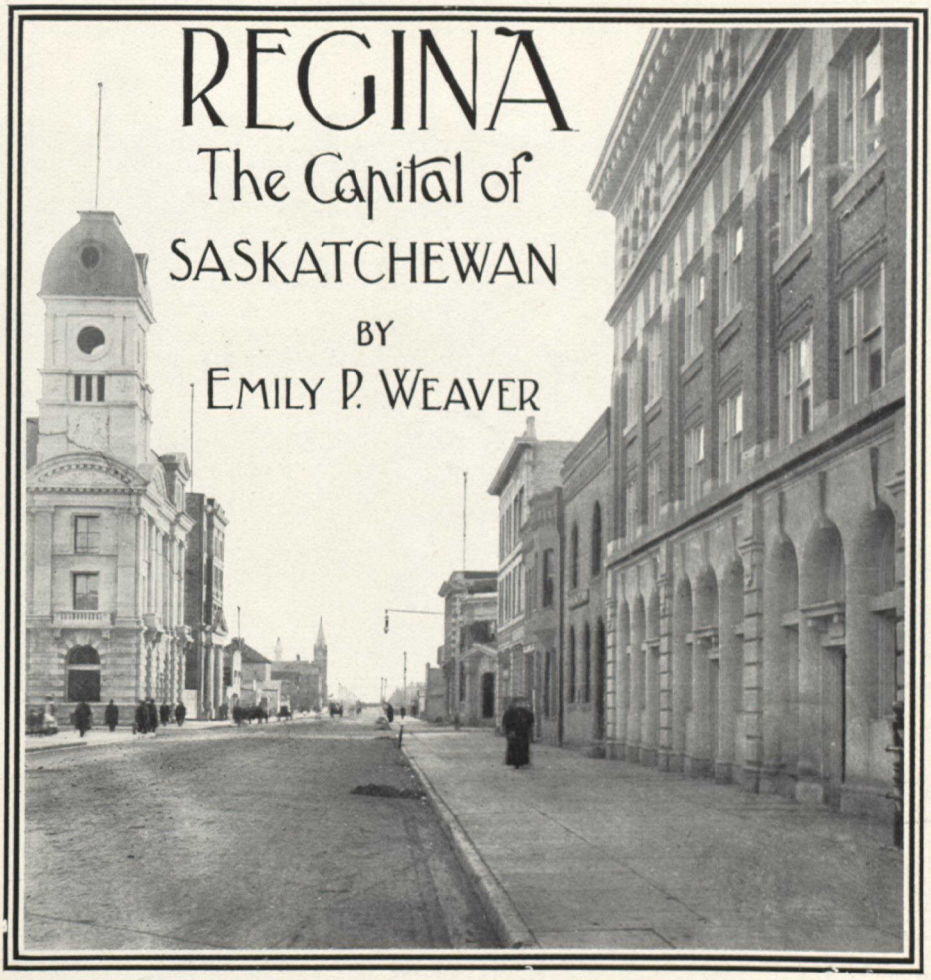
But if loyalty and piety seem to have been marked qualities in these pathfinders of Empire, what must we conclude from another type of place-name? If in addition to the saints referred to, we find such places as Canaan, Paradise, New Jerusalem, Hebron, and The Minister's Face, what must we think of such names as The Devil's Back, Devil's Head, The Devil's Cornfield, The Devil's Oven, Brimstone Hollow, and Sodom? Perhaps the pious inhabitants spoke thus of these places by way of warning the unwary traveller. It is, at least, significant that The Devil's Back is situated between The Minister's Face and New Jerusalem.

In the July Number Mr. Wightman will contribute an interesting account of the common customs and ways of the Maritime Provinces.

REGINA
The Capital of SASKATCHEWAN

BY

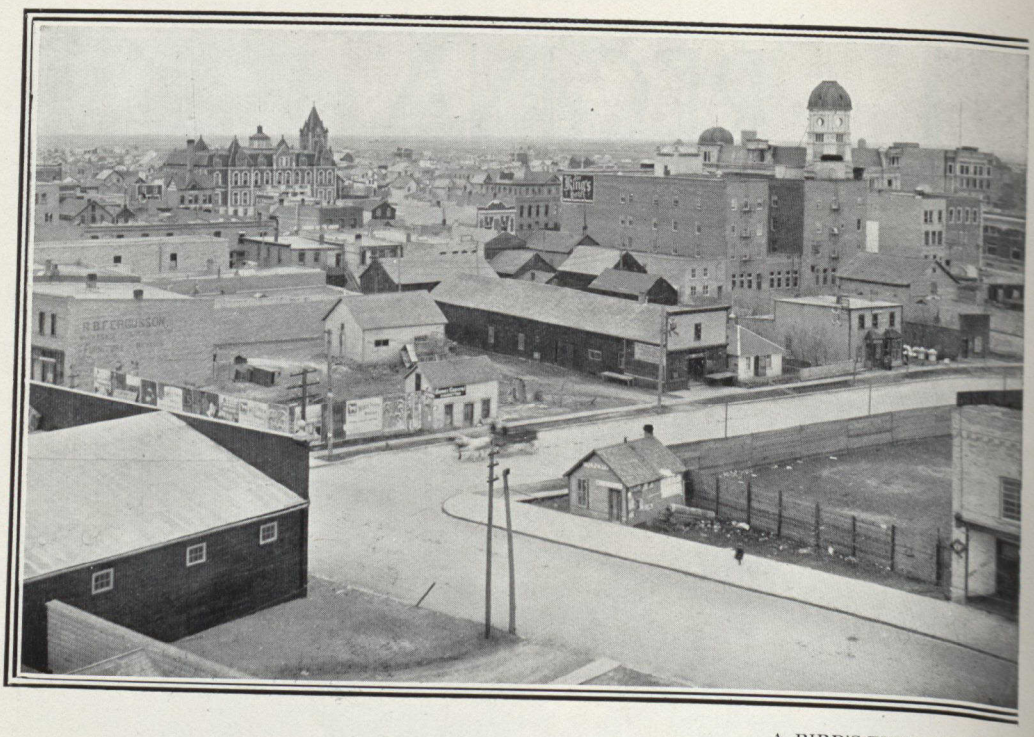
EMILY P. WEAVER



SCARTH STREET, REGINA

REGINA has a brief but interesting history. From its very beginning it has held the dignified position of Capital, being at first the seat of government for the Northwest Territories, which comprised an area far greater than the present Province of Saskatchewan. In the first place it owed its pre-eminence amongst the little settlements of the prairies to the fact that it was situated on the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway and to the choice of Lieutenant - Governor Dewdney, though it is on record that Qu'Appelle (or Troy) and Fort Qu'Appelle, then an important trading-post and a station of the Mounted Police, competed eagerly for the honour. The latter was, however, sixteen miles distant from the railway line, and this no doubt weighed with the authorities in deciding against the claims of the picturesquely situated little hamlet. Indeed it was distance from the line of the projected railway that obliged the removal of the seat of government from Battleford.

Dr. Begge the historian of the



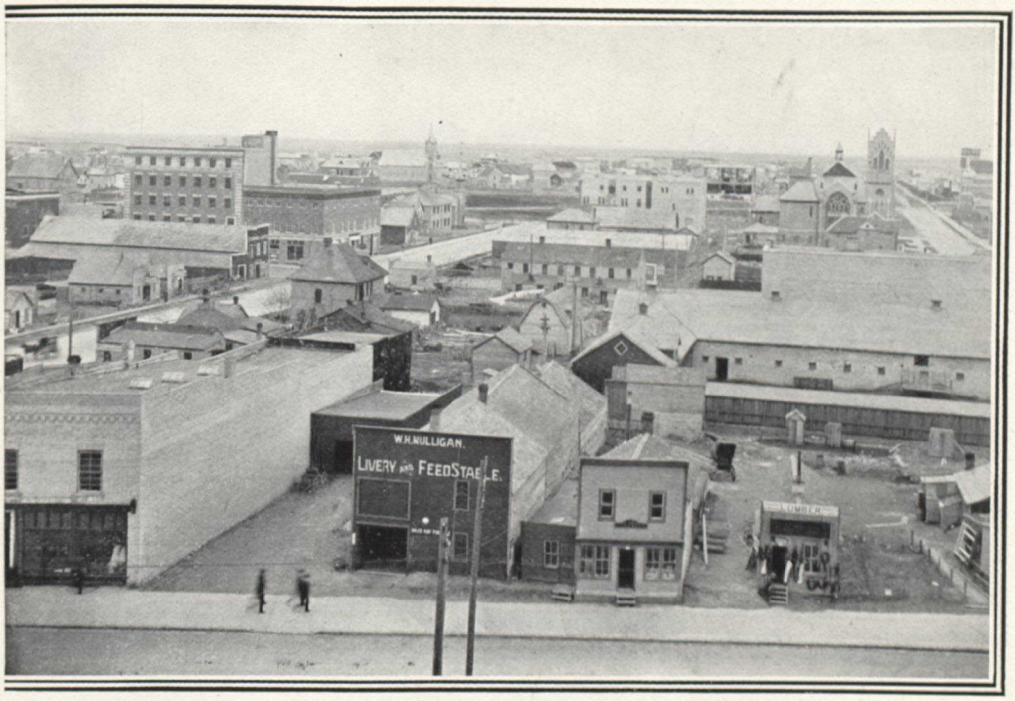
A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW

Northwest suggests that Governor Dewdney's choice of a site for the Capital was a compromise, arrived at as "the only solution of the rival claims of Troy-Qu 'Appelle and Fort Qu' Appelle," and he adds that "either was in every respect more suitable for the site of a city than the blank, unattractive spot on which the Capital has been built."

Since that was written, Regina has had a quarter of a century in which to prove her right to existence, and I think that she has done it, though even to-day she remains in many respects a typical prairie town. Situated in the midst of the vast, open, treeless plain, "ready to laugh with a harvest" whenever man chooses to plough and sow the soil which for long ages has grown only rich grasses and lovely flowers, Regina must be a prairie town; but even in their virgin state the broad plains are not so utterly blank and featureless as one who knows them only from photographs is inclined to imagine. As there is one glory of the sun and another glory of the moon, so there is the glory of the mountain and the glory of the plain.

And the glory of the plain is akin to the glory of the sea, with the sweep of its fresh, free breezes, the terror of its storms, the almost daily wonder of its ruddy sunsets. As the world of waters answers to the changing skies, so the plain multiplies the already varied hues of its rich vegetation by evanescent lights and shadows caught from the floating clouds; and even when man comes in and covers the land with wheat and oats and barley, with blue-flowered flax and glistening corn, he has only added a few notes to the glorious harmonies of colour wrought out on the plains, as the currents, the weed-beds, the underlying rocks lend infinite variety to the hues of the ocean.

But it is true, notwithstanding, that nature has not endowed the place



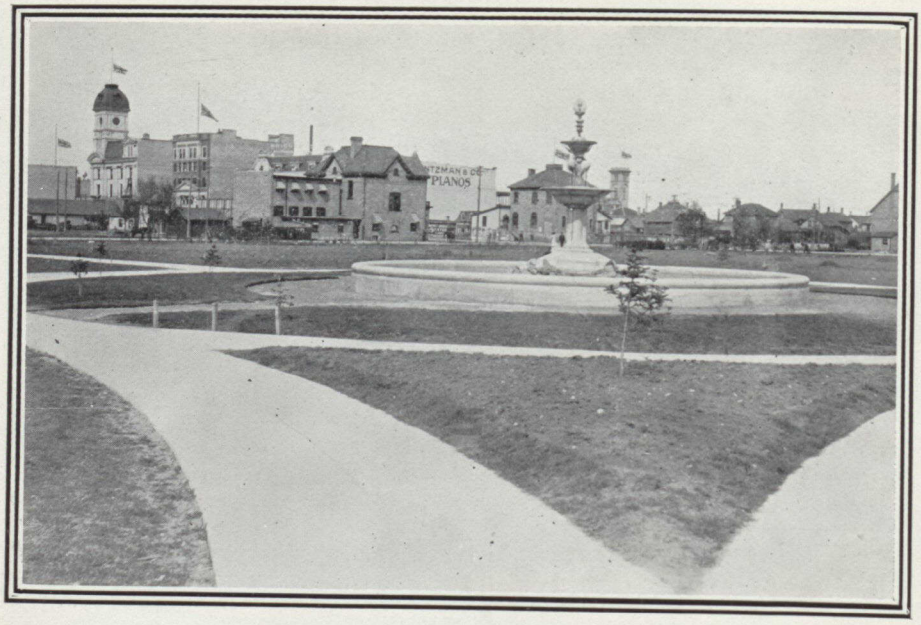
OF REGINA CITY

where Regina stands more richly than many another spot on the prairies that will never become the site of a great city. It is not with Regina as with many capitals, which, occupying some commanding eminence, or standing beside some commodious harbour or mighty river, appear to have been destined from the beginning for a great centre of human industry.

Regina is situated by a mere rivulet, the Wascana or Pile of Bones Creek; and, so far as the making of the city is concerned, it has been with the little capital as with many heroes of industry and finance. She may be described as "self-made," for her good fortune is largely due to her own exertions, or, rather, to those of her citizens.

I had almost said of her children; but considering that, if one counts from the advent of the first settler, Regina is only thirty years old and that many of her inhabitants are very newcomers indeed, the time-worn metaphor is hardly appropriate. Rather one must think of her citizens as her fathers and her nurses who delight in her growth as parents rejoice in the strength and vigour of their firstborn and who labour to acquire for her a large share of every good gift attainable in the way of civic privileges and transportation facilities.

Surely, by the way, these young towns and cities of the West are peculiarly happy in their power of kindling the enthusiasm of their inhabitants. Too frequently the citizens of older communities accept them, for better, for worse, as a matter of course, and make little effort to contribute towards their improvement; but this is rarely the case with a young city. It is more common for every man, woman and child to play the champion for her, fighting for her interests in season and out, upholding her name and fame against all.



FOUNTAIN IN VICTORIA PARK, REGINA

In this there may be some element of selfishness, for all the chances of advancement belong to the "live," growing towns, but it is by no means all a matter of dollars and cents. In part the prevailing spirit surely arises from the fact that in a new country all well-directed effort has a tendency to bring swift and visible and rich returns and it is natural to speak well of the road that has led to success.

Regina, during recent years at least, has never lacked a full complement of public-spirited citizens, who have worked to advance her interests as keenly as they work for their own; but their task has been the easier for a kind of fairy godmother's gift, which has very materially smoothed her path to prosperity.

In 1903, the City of Regina received a grant from the Dominion Government of lands representing the Government's interest in the original townsite of Regina, owned conjointly by the Government and the Canadian Pacific Railway Company. The transfer of these lands was made in 1904, the year before the Act creating the new Provinces of Saskatchewan and Alberta came into effect; and the possession of this property, which year by year increases in value, has enabled the municipality to undertake various public works without cost to the citizens.

For instance, Regina can boast that her handsome City Hall, which was completed in 1908 and cost $200,000, did not add by one cent to the burdens of the tax-payers. In other ways this endowment has been of untold benefit to the city, enabling her to offer exceptional advantages to distributing houses seeking a location in the West. On its own land the city has constructed a system of spur tracks, which can be extended as required; and it offers sites for warehouses at the low price of $200 a lot with a 25-foot frontage.

Capital as it was, for long years Regina was by no means remarkable for progress. For a couple of decades it droned out its

ELEVENTH AVENUE, REGINA

placid existence, a mere hamlet in spite of its railway connection, its police barracks, its court-house and all the rest of its official buildings, which were widely scattered over the prairie and stood well apart from the few business establishments clustered by the railway station.

In 1885, the name of Regina became familiar to all Canadians in connection with the Northwest Rebellion and with the trial and execution of Louis Riel. The Rebellion was followed by investigations into the grievances of the Half-breeds, and, as a result of the inquiry, the first elective Assembly of the Northwest Territories was convened in 1888 at Regina, which thus made a great forward step in its history as a capital city. But its population still numbered only a few hundred souls, and at the beginning of this century it had not two thousand people all told. Yet the hour of its awakening was close at hand—an awakening which it shared with many another thriving, striving little town, living, like itself, scarcely more on its vast surrounding wheat-fields than on the hopes and promises of a future still more golden.

By the opening of the twentieth century, the restless, enterprising American pioneers, finding the scope for their energies continually narrowing in their own country, turned their attention to the Canadian West. Soon they began to migrate across the border in steadily increasing numbers, and the fact that prosperous American farmers thought this a good enough country to emigrate to, proved a persuasive argument with people of the British Isles and other parts of Europe in opening their eyes to the merits of the Dominion.

Being comparatively close to the international boundary line, and having connection by the Canadian Pacific Railway with the great markets of the world, Regina speedily

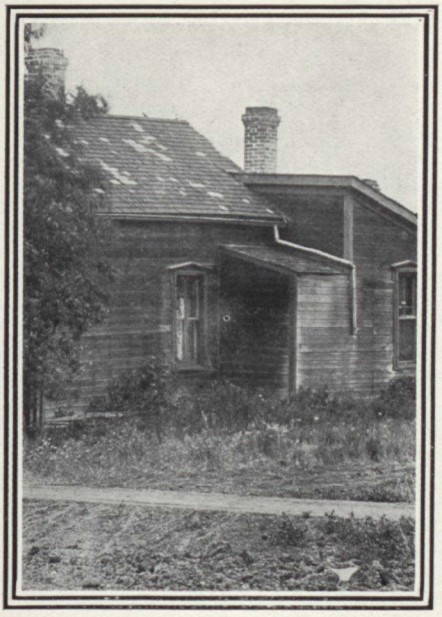
felt the throb of the fresh life that was pouring into the country. Its era of rapid progress may be dated from 1903. During the four years from 1901 to 1905, its population more than trebled, a gain which future years made to seem only normal. In 1910, for instance, the city could claim a population of 18,500, and last year, owing in part to the extension of the city limits, in part to the arrival of new-comers, the number of inhabitants had increased to 25,000, or about ten times the population of a decade earlier.

If, as I think must be admitted, Regina owes little to natural advantages of situation, she certainly owes much, like many of her sister towns in the West, to the extraordinary railway devevlopment of the last few years. As already mentioned, she owed her crown as capital largely to the coming of the Canadian Pacific Railway, the highway which, though in a fashion they could never dream of, has fulfilled the design of the old explorers to make a pathway to the Orient. A few years later, the little city gained a link with the rich lands to the north, by means of the Regina and Prince Albert Railway. This was afterwards absorbed by the enterprising Canadian Northern Railway Company, which is ever pushing out its branches into new regions, thus bringing into touch with the wants of the older world more and more of the seemingly boundless resources of the new. Still more recently, within the past summer, the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway has touched Regina —in fact the welcome given to the first train of this third great railway company to enter her limits, was one of the most interesting events which marked the holding in Saskatchewan's capital of the Dominion Exhibition of 1911.

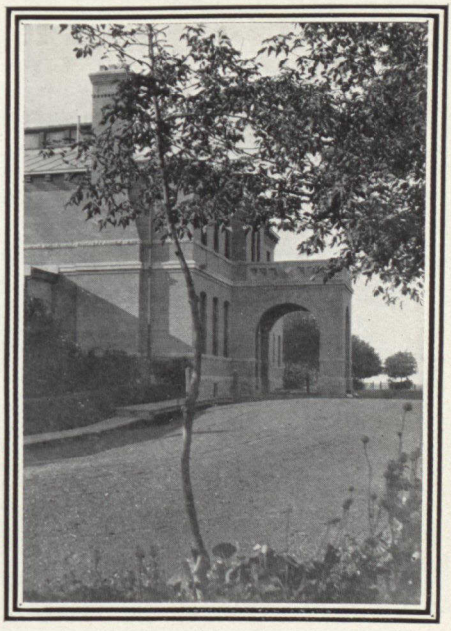
Counting the different branch lines of the several companies, of which many are already in use and others are to be constructed very shortly, Regina will soon possess no less than eighteen lines running out of the city. Having no great rival in any direction for many miles, Regina is the distributing centre for a district of something over 60,000 square miles and the headquarters of no less than five hundred commercial travellers.

In one respect—the distribution of agricultural implements—it is stated that Regina leads the world; and when one sees the great buildings on the outskirts of the city devoted to this trade and also the multitude of binders, steam threshers and gasoline engines awaiting transportation at the freight stations, it is easy to credit the statement. In 1910 Regina firms sent out to the farmers of the district no less than $25,000,000 worth of implements, and no doubt the figures for this year will be still higher.

Profiting perhaps by the melancholy experiences of some older communities, Regina has embarked largely upon the principle of municipal ownership. As the Capital of the Province, its experiments in this direction will certainly be watched with interest and its example in all probability will be followed by many other towns and cities. The city owns her own waterworks and electric light and power plant. By the latter, started some seven years ago, she supplies her citizens with light and power at a rate which has been gradually reduced till now it is extraordinarily cheap, especially to large consumers. Very recently, on August 1st of last year, a new municipal enterprise was put into operation in the shape of the Electric Street Railway. It is by the way the first street railway to be built in Saskatchewan. At present the distance traversed is small, but that its extension will be rapid goes without saying, when one considers that Regina already boasts some seventy-five miles of graded streets and covers an area of about thirteen square miles, while she is growing, as we have seen, at an ex-



GOVERNMENT HOUSE, REGINA 1885)

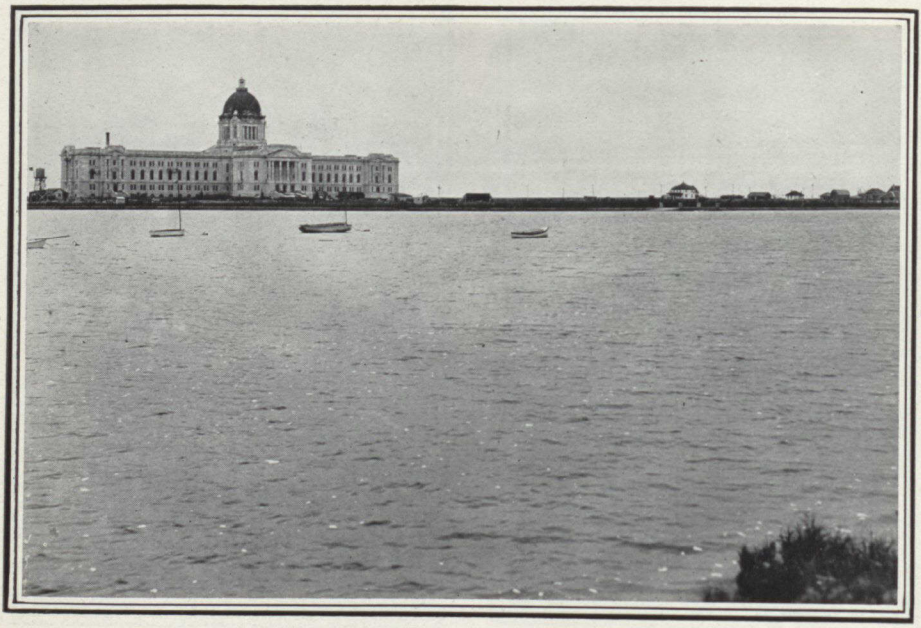


GOVERNMENT HOUSE, REGINA (1912)

traordinary and at the same time reasonable rates.

As to this the result is the same, whether you choose to test her advancement by bank clearings, post office and customs returns; by city assessments and the prices asked and paid for city property; by the number of new businesses estabished in the city; by increase in population and the value of building permits; or merely by what is patent to every observer whether he chances to be interested in statistics or not. Early and late is heard the sound of the builder's tools, and in certain quarters of the city new houses, and other buildings besides houses, are to be counted by the score. In fact during the first four months of last year, permits for building to the value of almost one million two hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

Like most Western towns, Regina presents strange contrasts—many-storeyed office buildings and handsome hotels standing cheek by jowl with little shabby frame erections, which try in vain to conceal their insignificance with ugly hoardings tacked across their gables; mud roads (though there are some well-paved streets) cut into ruts of alarming depth by heavy waggons and adventurous automobiles, outlined on either hand by the trimmest of concrete sidewalks; and rows of elegant suburban villas, many of which would do credit to the wealthiest of Eastern cities, breaking off with startling suddenness, to leave you on the ragged edge of the great lonely-looking prairie. Indeed, almost in the heart of the city are points where you may stand in the middle of the street and look up and down to catch glimpses of the far-away blue on the horizon that reminds you first of the sea, then of those years, not very far in the background, when the spot where you stand was the centre, not of a city street, but of a wide, wild landscape of waving grasses and changeful lights and wandering shadows—when indeed there was nothing save a pile of white buffalo bones, to hint that



THE PARLIAMENT BUILDING, REGINA

Looking across Wascana Lake

man had ever found his way thither.

But, if you have caught the spirit of the West, you will not be tempted long to linger with thoughts of the past, though its picturesqueness furnished much of the adventurous romance that delighted one's childhood. You will turn instead to the future or, better still, to the present; and if Regina is in some things suggestive of a half-grown girl who has lost the grace of infancy and has not yet attained to that of womanhood, the Queen City of Saskatchewan is by no means without attractiveness.

To drop metaphor and come to facts, Regina possesses many handsome and some beautiful buildings. Perhaps there is no point in the city from which one can gain a better general idea of its excellencies and limitations, as far as architecture is concerned, than from the pleasant square known as Victoria Park. This little green spot, with its fountain and its flower-beds, its young trees, and its neatly kept turf is a charming bit of Regina, especially when the sun is getting low in a pale clear-blue sky and the soft western light is throwing its glamour alike over the green garden and the surrounding buildings of red or creamy brick. The little square is all but surrounded with churches and public buildings, including the massive Land Titles Office and the home of the Young Men's Christian Association. Moreover, from the park one can catch a glimpse of one or two of Regina's many handsome schools, and of the domed turret of the Post Office Building, a beautiful edifice of rich-coloured stone.

The building, however, which promises to be the pride of Regina and of the Province is hardly to be seen from the square. The new Parliament Buildings, by this time practically finished, unfortunately do not occupy a very commanding position, and at first the great pile strikes one as very long and very low. As one draws nearer, however, the impres-

siveness of the building increases and one realises that it is much higher than at first appears. Between the Parliament Buildings and the city, Wascana Creek has been expanded, by damming up its waters, into a lake, no less than seven miles long and half a mile wide at its broadest part. Upon this the citizens of Regina disport themseves in boats and canoes on warm evenings, and there is held the regatta that is an annual event. Trees have been planted in the adjoining park and when these attain their growth the lake shore will be a charming spot, whilst already it is from a point looking across the lake that one obtains the most pleasing view of the Parliament Buildings, with the water as a fore ground to the imposing gray pile with its central tower and fine dome.

Within, the building was still unfinished, when I visited Regina, but already many of the offices were in use, and it was possible, even in its incomplete state, to form an idea of the future beauty of the grand entrance hall, with its shafts of polished marble supporting the richly designed mouldings of the cupola; of the dignity and spaciousness of the legislative chamber, with its excellent lighting and wide galleries; and of the more homelike charms of the "members' dining-room," which, panelled in oak and having its ceiling supported by fine oak beams, recalls to the mind some of the old English college dining-halls. There is another large dining-room, already in use, for the clerks and officials of the government offices, but to a woman visitor this was scarcely so interesting as its necessary adjunct, the great kitchen. Here steam and electricity and artificially-made ice are all pressed into the service of the little army of cooks and their assistants, and even the dull routine of the dish-washing is robbed of half its terrors by scientifically contrived appliances.

From the home of the elective portion of the Government, it seems natural to turn to that of the dignified official, who represents his Majesty; but in itself the Government House of Saskatchewan possesses no great interest for the passing visitor. It is merely a large, plain substantial house, suggesting solid comfort more emphatically than vice-regal dignity. It has one great charm, however. It stands in grounds beautiful with velvety lawns, and gorgeous flower-beds, and is shaded by trees which are unusually well-grown for the prairie country.

A few rods distant are the Barracks of the Mounted Police, and there also shady trees grow about the houses of the officers and in the grassy square which for a centre-piece has a tall flagstaff. The place was pervaded when we saw it by men in khaki, busy, for it was the early morning, about various homely duties. This year the city limits have been extended to take in the Barracks, though practically they must always have seemed an important part of Regina throughout its brief existence.

After the creation of the Province of Saskatchewan, there was a season of uncertainty as to whether Regina should remain the capital or whether the honour should pass to a more youthful rival. On this occasion, the question was decided not by the Governor, but by the assembly. Thus Regina (so named by the Marchioness of Lorne, in honour of Victoria the Good) now reigns the capital city of Saskatchewan by the vote of the representatives of the people, and is in a fair way to fulfil the glowing prophecy of an enthusiastic poet, who years ago saw in a vision:

A splendid city on a boundless plain,
Around rich land where peace and plenty reign;
. . . . . .
A teeming mart, wide streets, broad squares, bright flowers,
A marble figure whence a fountain showers—
What city's this? A gentle princess famed
For happy genius it Regina named.

THE ACTRESS AND THE GEARED LADLE

BY MARGARET C. ROSS

"DORLAND," I said, reflectively, to my very prosperous looking friend, "do you believe there is a destiny which shapes our ends? Or, in the graphic words of Mrs. Wiggs, that we sometimes aim at the cemetery and land at a first-class fire?"

"Well, my destiny," said Dorland, who is the junior partner in a large iron manufacturing firm, "was largely shaped by one of the most alluring little actresses that ever trod the boards" (for which last phrase I claim no credit. I owe it entirely to a habit of extensive reading).

Dorland pointed above his head as he spoke to a large photograph of a well-known actress in saucy boy's attire, and with an autograph scribbled across the middle.

"The original of that photograph," he went on, with assumed pomp, "was incidentally the founder of my fortunes. Whenever I look at it I shed tears of gratitude."

"Cut out the emotional parts, Dorland," I said, "and get down to facts."

Dorland's propensity for drawing towards him Arabian Nights enterments is well known to his friends.

The imperturbable one lit his pipe and gazed into space, in the most approved reminiscent manner.

"Several years ago," he began, "when I started out in the world to play a lone hand, I was a crude young cub, without any specialty, and with the usual problem on my hands of finding "X." In pursuit of this elusive quantity my occupations ranged from clerking in a country store and selling enlarged photographs (the kind you identify mostly by their buttons) to touring the country in the interests of a new baking powder concern. This last was the most spectacular phase of my career. With a gaily painted waggon, four girl demonstrators, and a clown, we travelled from town to town, blazing a trail."

"Fortunately, it wasn't considered a criminal offence, and perhaps in some occult way, I contracted the habit of rising from the baking powder, for at the next turn of fortune's wheel, I found myself representing a quite responsible New York firm, engaged in manufacturing foundry supplies. My first year in their employ was of no particular benefit to the firm, and a number of caustic letters repudiating the idea of its existence purely as a training school, had given me several bad quarters of an hour. One day in the late autumn I landed in Toronto, with instructions to secure the most desirable account in the city or face the alternative of losing my job. My situation was pretty desperate. The buyer of the firm in question was a dour old Scotchman, who had the reputation among travelling men of being a man-eater. He had bought exclusively from one firm for many years and apparenty had formed the

habit. My last and only interview with him had been painful in the extreme, consisting mostly of an entrance and an exit.

"The thought of approaching him again sent cold chills down my spine. But on the other hand the remembrance of my past Bohemianism acted as a bracer. I simply couldn't go back to it.

"The one asset in my favour was an acquaintance with Norrie, the old superintendent of the plant, who had originally come from my own little town. Accordingly, I dropped in on Norrie to get up my courage and see if he could put me next to anything.

"Norrie listened to my tale of woe and scratched his bald head. I could see that he thought I was about to be thrown to the lions, but he spoke encouragingly. 'Well, Dorland, I'd like to help you out for the sake of your father,' he said. 'Now, the old man is going to order a geared ladle for us. There's very little difference between the one you are handling and that of the company he has always dealt with, but I'll specify yours, and tell him that no other will answer our purpose. After that it's up to you.'

"I shook Norrie's hand and went away with this forlorn hope. In the afternoon I went down to the office and sized Mr. Buyer up through the glass door. He was looking grimmer and more forbidding than ever. Summoning all my courage, I walked in. He gave me a sidelong glance and busied himself at his desk. Reaching for a convenient morning paper, I seated myself where he could not turn without facing me, and waited. For the next half hour he ignored my existence. He read his mail through twice, wrote several letters, and then attacked a pile of newspapers, from every quarter of the Dominion, while waiting for me to begin my plan of attack, but I still kept perfectly quiet.

"Suddenly he turned, his patience evidently at its limit, and snapped viciously, 'Well, young man! What do you want?'

"While pretending to read, I had been studying him intently, and had noticed that he spent a considerable time over the racing columns, appearing particularly interested in a full-toned cut of a horse named Forthunter, which was to run next day for the big Canadian racing trophy —the Queen's Plate.

"I looked at him quietly for a moment and then said, 'Mr. Douglas, I just dropped in to ask what you think of that horse, Forthunter?'

"His face changed like magic. He leaned towards me confidentially, and tapping me on the knee said, 'Young man, that horse is going to win.' We discussed horses of every kind and description for over an hour, and fraternised over a short experience of mine as a cowboy in Wyoming, where he had been in his early youth. At the end of this time, feeling reassured, I warily led up to the real object of my call, but I shortly found that he knew more about geared ladles than Norrie or I had suspected and that our friendly intercourse had not made him oblivious to his duties as a buyer. The best price I could quote him was considerably in advance of that of my competitor.

"As I rose to go, greatly crestfallen, he extended his hand, and inquired if I were staying over for the race next day. On my replying that I had no acquaintances in the city and did not care to go alone, he said quite cordially, 'Suppose you drive out with me? It will be a pleasure to have the company of a young man so well informed about horses.' It is unnecessary to say that I accepted with alacrity.

"His confidence in Forthunter was fully justified, and as we drove back to the city the next day, Mr. Douglas's geniality left nothing to be desired. He accepted my invitation to dinner, and proved a most entertaining companion, with a range of interests one never would have suspected.

Over our coffee I felt emboldened to suggest that we look in at the *Princess,* where I had reserved a couple of seats, and where the lady of the photograph was making her first appearance in a Canadian city, in a bright little musical comedy.

"When she came out that night her charm and piquancy made an immediate hit. Mr. Douglas was among the enthralled. He scarcely took his glass away from her during the first act, and seemed quite oblivious of my existence.

"When the curtain fell he turned to me. 'By Jove, she's stunning, isn't she?' he exclaimed. 'How would you like to meet her, Mr. Douglas?' I asked in a spirit of mischief. 'Do you know her?' he replied quickly. 'No I have never seen her before, but all the same I'll introduce her to you to-morrow if you like.' 'Do you know any one who does know her?' 'No, I do not.' 'Well, then, I'll wager you ten dollars that you do not introduce me to her.'

"Whether it was sheer audacity or inspiration that led me on, I have never been able to determine. Perhaps a mixture of both.

" 'All right, Mr. Douglas, I'll take you,' I said. 'Sometime to-morrow the little lady will have a chance to complete your conquest.'

"After I left Mr. Douglas at the end of the performance, I strolled over to the *King Edward,* which was one of the show places of the city at that time.

I knew that I had as much chance of meeting the pretty little actress as of being given the freedom of the city by the mayor, but as I reflected on what Mr. Douglas's account would mean to my future, one wild plan after another revolved in my brain.

"I was standing at the counter of the big hotel, a few moments later, talking to the night clerk. Suddenly a sensation very like that of an electric shock went over me. The actress, with a companion, a tall dark young woman, who looked like a foreigner, had just come in. They stood not two feet from me while the clerk got them the keys of their rooms. It was what you newspaper men call the "psychological moment." The gods were throwing down the gauntlet this time, and once more I took the dare.

"The two young women turned towards the elevator, and I heard my lady suggest the grill room to her companion. On the blind impulse of the moment I followed, and standing at the door I saw them seated at a table at the far end of the room. Apparently the actress had been recognised, for many heads were turned in her direction. With a sudden resolution which seemed to be quite outside my ordinary self, I marched boldly down the aisle and stopped at her table.

'Pardon me, but this is Miss Goldie, is it not?' I said deferentially. 'Yes,' she replied, but I felt rather than heard an ominous note in that monosyllable, and I knew I had to carry off the situation or be humiliated before the hundred pairs of eyes now turned towards us. 'Well, Miss Goldie,' I said as coolly as I could, 'my name is Dorland. It is not at all probable that you will remember me, but about a year ago I travelled from Boston to Worcester with you. The train was crowded and you kindly offered me a part of your seat. I remember we discussed your unique collection of fans (the daily papers had informed me of this fad), and our conversation interested me so much that I thought I might venture to recall it to your memory.'

"She looked up at me uncertainly, but the word 'fans' was evidently the one to conjure with.

" 'Well, Mr. Dorland,' she said, "I have no remembrance of the incident you refer to, but if you have pleasant recollections of my collecting fad, I can not be as great a bore on the subject as I have sometimes feared. I shall be glad to resume our conversation. We have just ordered a little supper. Will you join us?'

"Now, other things being equal, I should have been in a transport of delight over this invitation, but the thought of that aftermath the check, and the fact that my expense account had not yet turned up, took some of the gilt of my gingerbread. I was in a dilemma, but while I hesitated, a possible way out flashed into my mind. While making my introductions I had noticed a good-looking young fellow watching us interestedly from the cigar counter near the door, and I remembered having seen him in the office when the actress had asked for her keys.

" 'Well, Miss Goldie,' I said, 'I should be delighted, but I came down with a friend, who has stopped to buy a cigar, and who would think me very shabby if I deserted him.' 'You may bring your friend also,' she said graciously. 'I shall be very pleased to meet him.' I turned and walked up the aisle to where he stood.

" 'What the deuce is your name?' I said hurriedly. 'What's doing?' he asked. 'I have been watching your play ever since they called at the desk for their keys and followed you down to see how you would break the ice!' 'No time for explanations now,' I said; 'Give me your name and come along.' 'Reynolds,' he answered over my shoulder, and followed me back to the table.

"Reynolds proved to be a thoroughbred. He set himself manfully to the task of entertaining Miss Goldie's companion, who was a French girl, with a limited supply of English. We had a delightful hour. When the waiter presented the bill, Reynolds and I each made a gallant attempt to play the host. But to our surprise, and I confess my relief, Miss Goldie reached for the slip and reminded us in a manner that would not be denied that we were her guests.

"Before we parted, she told us that she had engaged an automobile to make a little tour of the city the next day and would be glad to include us in the party. We arranged to meet shortly after luncheon, and separated on the most friendly terms. Reynolds and I sat up till the small hours over a bottle of Scotch, and decided that Miss Goldie was a winner.

"The next day the four of us started out to do the town, and as we went from one point of interest to another I was racking my brains for some not too evident way of bringing Miss Goldie and Douglas together.

"Reynolds, the good, finally rescued me from my mental struggle by suggesting that we drive along the waterfront. We turned into the Esplanade, and, as luck would have it, ran smack into Douglas coming out of his office.

" 'Oh, Miss Goldie,' I cried, 'there is an interesting old Scotchman, an ardent admirer of yours, who is very anxious to meet you.'

"Miss Goldie was smilingly gracious. I called Mr. Douglas over and presented him. Every trace of his dourness had vanished. In the affable, well-bred old gentleman who entered into easy conversation with the actress I could no longer recognise my sardonic enemy the buyer.

"We drove him home. As he left us at his own curb, he turned to me, with a look of humorous understanding. 'Dorland,' he said, 'come around to the office in the morning. I want to buy a geared ladle.' "

CONDUCTED BY BESSIE McLEAN REYNOLDS

THE SECRET

BY ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

If I should tell you what I know
Of where the first primroses grow,
  Betray the secrets of the lily,
  Bring crocus-gold and daffodilly,
Will you tell me if charm there be
  To win a maiden, willy-nilly?

I lie upon the fragrant heath,
Kin to the beating heart beneath;
  The nesting plover I discover
  Nor stir the scented screen above her,
Yet am I blind?—I cannot find
  What turns a maiden to her lover.

Through all the mysteries of May,
Initiate, I make my way—
  Sure as the blithest lark or linnet
  To touch the pulsing soul within it—
Yet with no art to reach her heart,
  Nor skill to teach me how to win it.

—Harper's Magazine.

FOR years it has been apparent that society has been proceeding on too haphazard lines in the treatment of its feeble-minded and degenerate people. The responsibility of the government to-day is one which goes much farther than placing them in industrial schools or prisons, or even asylums; it owes a duty to those feeble-minded who never appear in court and are ofttimes children of well-to-do parents who have inherent visciousness or incapacity for self-control, so that the larger problem of taking care of this diseased class as a whole has not been grappled with.

Without hindrance—to propagate their kind is a menace to our grandchildren. It seems of comparatively little ultimate use for educationists to struggle with the question of special training for backward or defective children when under the present system of neglect there is certain to be a steady increase.

Extensive researches have shown that at least eighty per cent. of the feeble-mindedness in England and the United States is due to heredity, therefore the latter country is adopting means of damming the stream at its source by sterilisation.

To prevent marriage of these persons will not stop reproduction, neither does perpetual guardianship and the price paid by society for its neglect to exercise its supervision end their prolific reproduction in kind.

*

To Miss Evelyn Pelly, lady-in-waiting to H. R. H. the Duchess of Connaught, has fallen the great task of engineering the raising of the five hundred thousand dollars asked from Canadians at large by Her Royal Highness to augment the fund raised by Lady Minto in 1902 for the Victorian Order of Nurses

MISS EVELYN PELLY

Lady-in-Waiting to the Duchess of Connaught

Though Miss Pelly has been with us such a short time, and though her station is one of novelty to Canadians, she has made many friends and is looked upon by those whose life she touches as a woman of great executive ability and astuteness, and truly few persons could be more capable of placing upon a firm basis the finances of this order, whose work extends all over Canada.

With the ever-increasing growth of the country the demands for nurses become more pressing, and it is hoped that the interest on the sum asked for will enable the Order to extend its work to the small towns and scattered districts where the services of trained nurses could only be obtained under the auspices of the Order.

The need for nurses and cottage hospitals all over Canada, especially in the rural districts and in the Prairie Provinces, was taken up by Lady Grey during her stay at Rideau Hall, for in the West nurses travel on horse-back often twenty miles a day distant from headquarters. We in the East, living our comfortable lives, little know what a boon to womanhood and motherhood these nurses really are; and when we do realise the immense ground the Order covers and its immense good to a class of people whose numbers are legion it would be well for us to remember that every dollar helps, and ask ourselves the question, have we assisted by doing our little part?

*

Mrs. Boomer, of London, Ontario, has had perhaps one of the most interesting and checkered lives among

our notable women of to-day. Her father, a very promising solicitor of Taunton, Somerset, England, died while in his prime leaving a widow and two very young children.

The little mother then became officially connected with Queen's College, remaining there till the younger child (now Mrs. Boomer) became sixteen, when the mother accepted the appointment of lady superintendent of a home school for daughters of the clergy and officials of the Hudson's Bay Company, under Bishop Anderson, the then first and only bishop of our Northwest.

Mrs. Boomer's story of her voyage from England in those pioneer days is most interesting, being made through Hudson Strait and Hudson Bay to York Factory, one of the disputed ports of the New Hudson Bay Railway.

After a short delay there the little party went by boat from York Factory to the Red River settement, the Winnipeg of to-day, over portages—about thirty-eight, I believe—through small lakes and through Lake Winnipeg, the mosquitoes being quite as plentiful then as Agnes Deans Cameron, who died so unexpectedly at Victoria the other day, has told us they are even now.

After remaining five years in that part of the world, the mother and her two daughters returned to England, travelling over prairies, rivers, bogs and swamps by horse-back to St. Pauls, Minnesota, and thence on by rail through to Canada, their home.

In 1858 the little mother gained a son through the marriage of the younger daughter to Mr. Roache, secretary to Judge Draper in Canada when the question of Canada taking under its jurisdiction a large portion of the Northwest was laid before the House of Commons in England.

Returning to England, Mr. Roache originated and became the first honourary secretary of the Royal Colonial Institute, which is now of such Imperial importance, and it was greatly due to the writings of Mrs. Roache (Mrs. Boomer of to-day) under the pen-name of Assiniboia, that steps were finally taken by the Canadian Government to wrest from the Hudson's Bay Company some of its immense territory.

In 1875 the interests of gold mining brought Mr. and Mrs. Roache to South Africa. It was during their sojourn there that Mrs. Roache wrote that wonderful book "On Trek in the Transvaal," a story of South Africa which foreshadowed the Zulu war. It ran into the fourth edition, a great record for that time.

The climate of South Africa proved fatal to the husband who, after a trying illness, died at sea while returning to England.

The happy after part of life came with her second marriage to Dean Boomer, in 1878, and since the Dean's death, in 1888, Mrs. Boomer's pen has been ever busy in publishing booklets and papers on philanthropic and educational subjects.

As a lecturer she is fluent and vivacious and holds well her audience's attention to the end. Her wonderful executive ability has done much to further the National Council of Women, of which she is one of its vice-presidents.

As school trustee for London she has done a great deal to give dignity, combined with experience and sound judgment, to that trying position.

*

There used to be a child's book which bore the fascinating title "The Chance World." In this chance world cause and effect were abolished, law was annihilated and the result to the inhabitants of such a world could only be that reason would be impossible.

This book written in the spirit of the times when it was thought that children did not need laws except in the sense of commandments reposing

with simplicity on authority and asking no questions.

But there comes a time as the child marches on to maturity when it will ask questions and, moreover, stake everything on the answers.

One great point I like about the doctrine of the suffragists is that it stands for better methods of child culture, for the home that is not a workshop, for the new ethics and for the rights of childhood, teaching them in their early years that there are few effects without a cause, and that the child has a duty in its little world as great as the father in his.

To-day we recognise more clearly the period of adolescence, a time when the mind and body are settling the balance of maturity. This time was the period when the old-fashioned parent thought a good flogging necessary to keep the boy especially in the straight and narrow path.

The modern parent recognises the period of adolescence as the sympathetic period, when the parent should live side by side, near the heart, as it were, of the child, not in the spirit of assertive authority, but in the spirit of comradeship and the great outlet or common ground for parent and boy of to-day is the Cadet Movement.

This movement was started for Ontario in 1875 by Inspector Hughes of Toronto—the kindergarten army as it used to be called—and to-day all Canada is alive to the benefits accruing therefrom. The Toronto National Exhibition is perhaps starting an international idea, having issued invitations to all the self-governing colonies of the British Emipre to attend a mobilisation of cadets during their exhibition in September, 1912.

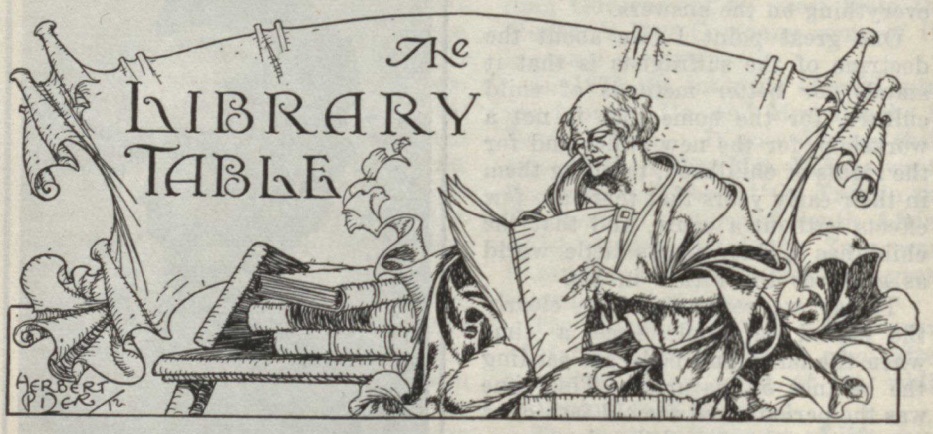
The visiting cadets will assemble in England (except Newfoundland) and will be entertained by Earl Grey, our former Governor-General and father of the movement, after which they will cross to Canada to camp for the two weeks of the Exhibition; during which time a competition will take place between the represented colonies in physical drill, marching, manual exercise, general appearance and shooting. Each night all cadets will take part in the living flag, when the Scots Guards Band from the Royal Household will assist.

MRS. BOOMER, OF LONDON, ONT.

(Widow of the late Dean Boomer) an indefatigable worker in behalf of Philanthropy and Education.

After the Exhibition the cadets will be taken on a trip to the Pacific Coast. All expenses from start to finish are being defrayed by the Toronto National Exhibition, under the guidance of Dr. Orr, and the National Council of Women will join hands in welcoming the sons from over the seas, many of whom have Council mothers.

The object of the whole Exhibition movement regarding the cadets is to make the rising generation of the self-governing colonies of the Empire better acquainted with each other, carrying out their motto, "One Flag, one Empire and one King."



A SYSTEMATIC and serious attempt is being made by American and Canadian publishers to create a general Western interest in the present day school of writers in England. Although all the writers in the group are not Englishmen, their writings come under the category of English literature. The names that occur readily to mind are Joseph Conrad, H. G. Wells, John Galsworthy, Gilbert K. Chesterton, Arnold Bennett, Leonard Merrick and Max Beerbohm. These writers have been known, of course, to discriminative readers, but they have been almost unknown to that great mass of readers who are looking for the best sellers. Not until quite recently were Leonard Merrick's books published on this side of the Atlantic, not even in the United States; but now a Toronto publishing house (McClelland and Goodchild) are introducing them to the book trade in Canada. Merrick is a stylist of sparkle and charm, and he is read if for nothing more than the free entertainment of his scintillating sentences. He has made a careful study of women characters, and to him theatrical life has made a strong appeal. But it is of Max Beerbohm that we should like to write a few lines in particular. Beerbohm began as an essay writer and his first volume was entitled "The Works of Max Beerbohm." This was followed by "More," and then by "Yet Again." From the essay he turned to the novel, with "Zuleika Dobson" as the present result. This study of the colossal selfishness of a woman is so clever that one is almost overcome by it. *Zuleika* is a transcendantly beautiful young woman who has made an international reputation, not so much because of her commonplaceness as a public conjurer as of her natural charm of person and manner. She has become so accustomed to adulation and insipid worship that she longs for some one to hate her, to ignore her, to trample her in the dust. In this frame of mind she goes down to Oxford to spend a few days with her godfather, the bursar of Judas. There she meets the Duke of Dorset, who ignores her. Then she falls in love with His Grace and visits him at his apartments.

With that the Duke in turn falls in love with her, and the moment he declares his passion and asks her to share his titles and estates, her love declines into nothing more than ordinary interest. Then the Duke finds that life is not worth living, and forthwith he determines to jump into the river at the close of the afternoon regatta. *Zuleika* prevails upon him to postpone the tragedy until the next afternoon, and meantime they love and hate each other by turns. *Zuleika* has already created a tender passion in the heart of every undergraduate at Oxford, and when it becomes known that the Duke is to jump into the river, each declares that he will follow the example On the morrow the Duke actually jumps into the river and drowns, and the description of the scene as one by one the whole body of undergraduates, hundreds of them, jump into the river, gives one a mental vision of a host of frogs leaping into a pool. *Zuleika* accepts all this as proper homage, particularly the Duke's fulfilment of a promise to shout the word "Zuleika" immediately before taking the plunge. Having had this illustrious example set for them, the undergraduates all shout "Zuleika," much to that lady's sense of the fitness of things. Having thus made a greater triumph than any woman had ever made before, *Zuleika* orders her maid to pack, for they are about to set off for Cambridge, presumably to make a similar conquest there. The narrative, which is in reality a huge caricature, would be delightful to read if one did not feel in duty bound to see the end. The first half is an extremely clever composition of humour, satire, wit and Oxford atmosphere. But it weakens towards the end and finally collapses.

*

A NUMBER of Arnold Bennett's short stories have been put into one volume, to which the first of them gives title—"The Matador of the Five Towns." This volume is but one more instance of Bennett's inexhaustible supply. These stories display the author's great power of presenting the characters and peculiarities of a community without apparent effort or purpose. The first one serves as an admirable introduction. It gives one the atmosphere of the place and establishes its shrewdness, its matter-of-factness, its idiosyncracies from the forty pages in which one of its days is described. *Jos Myatt*—good old *Jos*—the deathless hero of the football field, is the Matador in question. We see *Jos* through the eyes of his adoring townsfolk, and through the more sophisticated gaze of one who is not a native of the Five Towns, winning his way to glory on the field, and returning home to wait the long hours through while his wife encounters the extreme peril. In the morning *Jos's* home is the poorer for the loss of the woman and the richer for two babies. And it is amidst *Jos's* wrangles over a bet about the sex of the infants and the scolding of his sister that the news is broken to him —the news that causes him to take the tragic resolution to "ne'er touch a footba' again!" That is one of the stories labelled "Tragic." There are others labelled "Frolic." But it would need a nice discrimination to see where the difference in them lies. Because they are recorded in the way that they happened, the fun and the pathos are mixed with them in the same proportions as it is in life. (Toronto: William Briggs.)

*

"JANEY CANUCK" (Mrs. Emily Murphy) has given us in "Open Trails" another volume of breezy Western travel "talk." She writes so well that we cannot help wishing she had written a novel with a Western setting, instead of a superabundance of smart observations on everything in general, which, as we have

already experienced with "Zuleika Dobson," does not hold the reader throughout some 300 pages. Nevertheless, Mrs. Murphy has an original and generous way of looking at everyday events that make up life in the West, and she does not bore one with statistics or prate about vast resources. And, what is somthing worth noting, she is not afraid to tell the truth. There is much about the West that is not being told, and it is by no means all detrimental; but Mrs. Murphy's descriptions are vivid and truthful; so vivid, indeed, and so truthful that we wish they were the background for what might be an enthralling novel. (Toronto: Cassell, and Company.)

*

"THEODORE GOODRIDGE ROBERTS, who gives his readers at least one novel a year, has taken his native Province of New Brunswick as the scene for his latest novel, "Rayton: A Backwoods Mystery." In this story a good short tale has been drawn out into a novel, and we feel that a mystery has been concocted purposely to hold the interest of the reader. The story begins with a poker game in which a player receives a card bearing the marks of two red crosses. He announces the fact and the game terminates. The incident causes some comment, and the brother of the girl with whom the young man who got the card is in love tells of a similar card having appeared in his family years ago, with fatal results. The action of the story centres in this card with the red crosses and its significance, but it is sufficient to say here that in the end one is quite convinced that the right man wins the love of the heroine. (Boston: L. C. Page and Company.)

*

"THE MAID OF THE WHISPERING HILLS," by Vingie E. Roe, is a novel whose character is revealed by the title. It is the story of a romantic girl who feels a yearning for the wilderness, for hills and open spaces. She starts out in quest of the Whispering Hills and on the way falls in love with a young Hudson's Bay factor. Then begins a struggle between the two passions of love and of adventure; but in the end she is able to gratify the tenderest passion and reach the hills as well. (Toronto: William Briggs.)

*

AMERICAN politics have attracted another popular novelist, Meredith Nicholson, who, following the lead of Winston Churchill and William Allen White, has essayed the task of presenting a picture of certain operations of political machinery and to frame it with an interesting love story. The title of this novel is "A Hoosier Chronicle," from which one would infer that the scene is laid in Indiana, the author's native State, where there is much chance for studying the latest trend in American public affairs. Scenes at the State Legislature and at party conventions are vividly described, and at times the machinery is well exposed. Throughout the scheming and bickerings of the "bosses" runs a wholesome sentiment, and in the end right seems to triumph. (Toronto: William Briggs.)

*

THEODORE DREISER, a writer of American fiction, the man whose novel "Sister Carrie" was suppressed by its first publisher a decade ago and at length reprinted by another publisher, has given us a second book of the same style—"Jennie Gerhardt." To say that this second novel is tremendous in its stark realism is to express what to every reader would sound like a mere commonplace observation. For "Jennie Gerhardt" is the veritable inner history of hundreds of women all over America—one might just as well say all over the world. An attractive young girl,

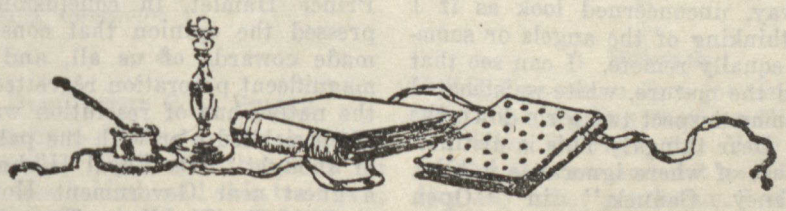
daughter of a poverty-stricken glass-blower living at Syracuse, New York, in her capacity of laundress, meets a wealthy United States Senator whose linens she delivers at his hotel every week. An attachment grows, and the senator promises to marry her. But he dies suddenly, and *Jennie* has to face the world as the mother of a child whose other parentage cannot be acknowledged. She goes out to service in the home of a wealthy family and there is sought by a guest, a rich young man, and finally is induced by him and the help that he can give to her family, to go to New York with him. After that she lives with this man, and in time they love each other. But the child, whose existence *Jennie* has foolishly but unselfishly hidden, comes up at a time when marriage seems to be the natural result of the attachment. Then follow a series of events which deprive *Jennie* of father, mother, daughter, lover, and in the end we see her caring for two orphan children whom she has adopted. But the bare outline of the story is nothing. The great thing in it is the huge life canvas that Mr. Dreiser has covered so forcefully, giving us a personal narrative that must rank with "Tess of the D'Urbevilles." "Esther Waters," "Hilda Lessways," "The Scarlet Letter," and "Rhoda Fleming." (New York: Harper and Brothers.)

*

CHARLES MAJOR, author of "When Knighthood was in Flower" needs no introduction when he presents another historic novel, "The Touchstone of Fortune." This, his latest novel, is a story of the court of Charles II., is founded on the memories of Baron Clyde, a writer of the period, and is in all essentials based on facts and conditions of the time. The heroine of the tale is *Frances Jennings*, daughter of a county nobleman, who goes to Whitehall as maid of honour to Her Grace the Duchess of York. In a note by the author he explains:

"Baron Clyde seems to be the only writer of the time of Charles II. who mentions the part taken by George Hamilton and Frances Jennings in the sale of the city of Dunkirk, but, of course, the particulars of that disgraceful affair would have been kept secret from all save those who participated in it. It is said that Nell Gwynn, John Churchill, and Sarah Jennings were younger than Baron Clyde indicates. Therefore, there are many discerning persons who hold that he was 'idealising' when he wrote of them as being at court at the time Dunkirk was sold. There appears to be some ground for the criticism."

The description of the licentiousness of this court life after the rigidity of Cromwell's reign is realistic and vivid, and it intimates that the majority of us are creatures of time and environment. The humanising of such picturesque characters as Nell Gwynn, John and Sarah Churchill (Duke and Duchess of Marlborough) is particularly interesting. The style of the novel is simple, and in no place does the interest flag, the various characters of the plot being cleverly woven into it to form a good crisis. Altogether it is a delightful story, even if it is a trifle below the author's other books in point of interest. (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.)



The Mysterious Slipper

I may as well say it right out, although it makes me sorry I am alive. *I got into the wrong berth!* It is worse than making the wrong discard—much worse. The step-ladder had been moved one section further down and, when I returned, I located my birth by the ladder instead of by the number. That was the way of it. I had taken off one slipper when a polite, but unmistakably masculine, voice said:

"I think you have made a mistake, madam."

I did not make a second mistake by apologising or screaming. I fled. . . . On second thoughts, I did make it. I forgot my slipper. I was writing this morning when a porter asked me if I owned the slipper he had in his hand—a fawn-plaid thing—but I only shook my head, bit the end of my pen, and summoned up a far-away, unconcerned look as if I were thinking of the angels or something equally remote. I can see that he and the mature, white-waistcoated gentleman suspect two girls down the aisle. Dear things! This is distinctly a case of where ignorance is bliss. —"Janey Canuck," in "Open Trails."

"To Be" in Journalese

(Dedicated to Robert Mantell.)

His Royal Highness then plunged into the mysteries of philosophy. To be or not to be, he said, was the question He expressed doubt as to whether it was nobler in the mind to suffer the slings and arrows of outrageous Fortune or to commit suicide. If Death were a mere sleep and sleep could cure the heartache and the shocks to which the flesh is heir, His Royal Highness considered that it would be a desirable consummation. But, he added, there was a possibility of dreaming, and here the Royal and distinguished speaker dwelt with no little effectiveness upon an elaboration of the thesis he had announced His neat reference to that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller returns is taken as a deliberate denunciation of the Society of Psychical Research. Prince Hamlet, in conclusion, expressed the opinion that conscience made cowards of us all, and in a magnificent peroration regretted that the native hue of resolution was too often sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought. His Royal Highness is a guest near Government House.—J. E. M., in *The News*, Toronto.

THEORY AND PRACTICE

STUD GROOM. "'Ot stuff that 'orse is when 'e's fresh." SPECTATOR. "Ever ride him yourself?" STUD GROOM. "No, sir, certainly not. I puts up one of the lads and instructs 'im. In a case o' that kind, sir, the brains ought to be on the ground." —*Punch*

A FAN'S HURRY

She—"But, Harold, why are you in such haste? We can be married a little later, be gone as long as we like on our honeymoon, and——"

He—"Yes, and the first thing we know the baseball season will open while we are away!"—*Punch.*

*

A TRUE SPORT

"Why do you live with your husband, if you quarrel all the time?"

"Well, my sister bet me a box of chocolates we would never celebrate our paper-wedding anniversary, and I'm going to win it just to spite her." *Harvard Lampoon.*

*

DURING THE COAL STRIKE

Passenger—"Why are we so late?"

Guard—"Well, sir, the train in front was behind, and this train was behind before besides."—*Punch.*

SOME CONSOLATION

The man who sometimes spoke his thoughts aloud had been more concerned with the things of the world than with things spiritual. One day by chance his hand fell upon a book containing the catechism of a certain Protestant church, and he was soon earnestly engaged in reading the Ten Commandments. For some time he pondered over the "Thou shalts" and "Thou shalt nots," which had been forgotten almost since childhood. Then laying down the book, with a sigh, he muttered, "Well, I've never killed anybody, anyway."—*Everybody's.*

*

A BUNGLER

"Did ye see as Jom got ten years' penal for stealing that 'oss?"

"Serve 'im right, too. Why didn't 'e buy the 'oss and not pay for 'im like any other gentleman."—*London Sketch.*

Caught

Wife—"Did you post that letter I gave you?"

Hubby—"Yes, dear, I carried it in my hand so I couldn't forget it, and I dropped it in the first mail-box. I remember, because——"

Wife—"There, dear, that will do. I didn't give you any letter to post."—*Topeka Capital.*

*

Wild, Wild

A newspaper having offered a prize for the most impossible item of local news, the competition was won by a wildly imaginative genius, who sent in the following brief story:

"A cabman and a bus-driver came into collision in the street with their vehicles so that their wheels were locked.

"'My dear sir,' said the cabman, 'I'm very sorry for this accident. Will you kindly excuse me?'

"'Pray do not mention it, my dear sir,' replied the bus-driver. 'The fault was mine, rather than yours.' And after getting clear of each other they bowed politely, and proceeded about their business with a pleasant 'good day.'"—*Tit-Bits.*

Second Sight

"Mama, our governess can see in the dark."

"How do you know that?"

"Last night out in the hall I heard her tell Uncle Jack that he hadn't had a shave."—*Fliegende Blaetter.*

*

Not Quite Ready

A well-known Scottish architect was travelling in Palestine recently, when news reached him of an addition to his family circle. The happy father immediately provided himself with some water from the Jordan to carry home for the christening of the infant, and returned to Scotland.

On the Sunday appointed for the ceremony he duly presented himself at the church, and sought out the beadle in order to hand over the precious water to his care. He pulled the flask from his pocket, but the beadle held up a warning hand, and came near to whisper:

"No the noo, sir; no the noo! Maybe after the kirk's oot."—*Christian Standard.*

OFFENCE IS THE TRUEST DEFENCE

Butler (entertaining a few friends in the absence of his master, who has returned unexpectedly). "Most unwarrantable intrusion, sir; with respect I beg to give you notice."—*Punch*

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They are *the* Druggists in over 3000 towns and cities in the United States and Canada

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Fine Morning "Eats"

Here are some fine morning Eats for Miss Business.

Here are the Eats that are always ready to serve and that taste delicious.

Post Toasties

—the crisped bits of toasted Indian Corn—delicately browned, wafer-like and appetizing.

Serve them for your breakfast tomorrow morning—and you'll probably serve them again, and again, for—

"The Memory Lingers"

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They All want more

—And no wonder. Here is a thick nourishing, strengthening soup, prepared from specially selected beef and the finest vegetables that Irish soil can produce. And now Edwards' desiccated Soup is here even the bother of making is a thing of the past.

Edwards' Soup comes to you all ready for the saucepan. It's a soup that you'll prefer to your own, just as much as you prefer your own to the ones you taste in a restaurant.

The manufacturers of Edwards' Soup are soup-makers and nothing else. By specializing for over 25 years they have been able to produce an assortment of soups of the highest merit at a price within the reach of all.

Buy a packet of Edwards' Soup to-day.

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Don't buy any more hosiery until you get the *$1.50 Trial Box of Holeproof Hosiery* containing six pairs of the finest, softest, best fitting hosiery made, and the Holeproof Guarantee Ticket which *insures the wear* of these six pairs *for six months.*

There's a coupon for each pair. If any or all pairs wear out in six months, return them with a coupon for each and get new hose free. You never need wear hosiery with holes in it! You never need have it darned! Think of the trouble, time and discomfort this saves you. *We absolutely guarantee these hose to wear a full six months.* Take advantage of this by getting the hose. Send the coupon below with the price for the trial six pairs.

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are made in our great factory to supply the demand. *A million people are wearing "Holeproof."* More than 26,000,000 pairs have been sold. 95% of these have *outlasted* the guarantee. We always replace without question the few pairs that do wear out. You are taking no chance whatever, so order right from this advertisement.

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To Serve with Cream—
To Mix with Fruit—
To Serve in Milk, like Crackers

Honeycombed Grains Puffed by Steam Explosion

These are curious foods—Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice. They seem almost impossible.

Think of whole grains puffed to eight times normal size—four times as porous as bread.

Each grain with a myriad air-filled cells, surrounded by toasted walls.

All done by a steam explosion, which leaves the grains unbroken—shaped as they grew.

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Like Toasted Nuts

These foods are shot from guns.

And the guns with the grains in them are revolved for an hour in a heat of 550 degrees.

That terrific heat is what gives the grains a taste like toasted nuts.

Never before were cereals half so enticing as these crisp, porous, nut-like grains.

In the morning one serves them with sugar and cream. Or mixes them with fruit.

At noon or night-time serve like crackers, in a bowl of milk.

At dinner use for crisps in soup. Or for nut-like garnish to ice cream.

Use like nuts in candy making.

Prof. Anderson's Foods.

Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice, besides being delightful, are scientific foods.

Whole grains for the first time are made wholly digestible, because the food granules are blasted to pieces.

Their inventor was Prof. A. P. Anderson, who spent years in devising the process.

The result is two foods that don't tax the stomach—foods good to serve between meals or at bedtime.

And millions of dishes are served in milk, in place of bread or crackers.

Your grocer has them both.

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The Edison is the life of the party—a limitless entertainer that breaks the ice and fills the gaps, putting everybody at ease and making everybody happy. And it is even more the life of the whole day and all the days when your friends are not with you.

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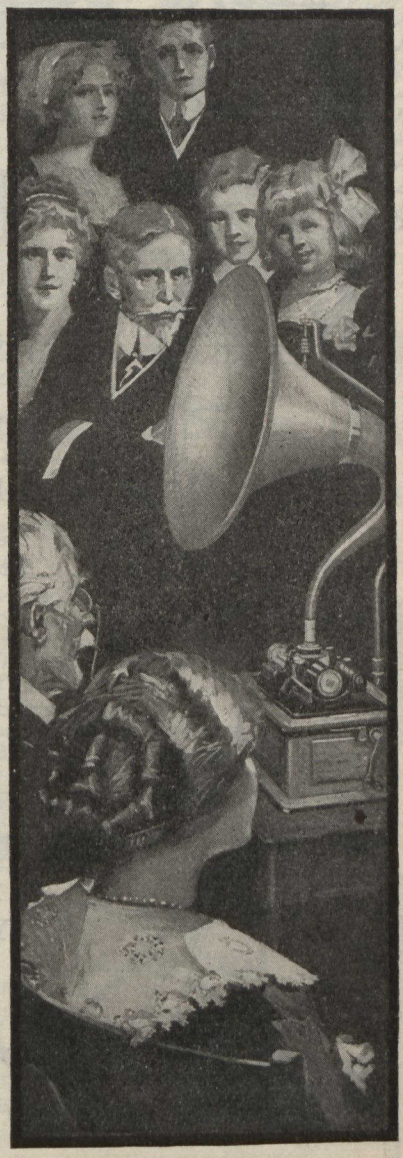

is a companion that never fails to cheer, never tires and never grows monotonous. It fits into every mood and fills every hour—brings all of the greatest artists into your home, and makes them your friends.

Think how much easier the work will go to the accompaniment of Sousa's Band and Victor Herbert's Orchestra—how much faster and more pleasantly the hours will slip by when they are filled with the magnificent voice of Slezak, the laughs of Lauder and the coon songs of Stella Mayhew.

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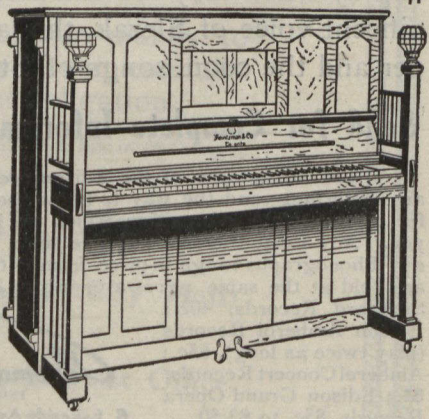


Avoid Nostrums.

Drugs never have cured, and never can cure Constipation. They work by introducing a poison into the system. Nature endeavours to cast out the poison and in doing so the cells are stimulated into temporary activity; but are left weaker than before by the reaction. Next time a larger dose is necessary and finally nature gives up the struggle and the poison remains in the system.

The only safe and permanent cure for Constipation is the

Internal Bath

It cleanses the intestines—removing the poisonous accretions. The digestive organs, relieved of the obstructions in the lower bowels resume their proper functions.

The internal bath is rendered convenient, safe and without discomfort by the J. B. L. Cascade, the invention of Dr. Tyrrell of New York. A 64-page book entitled "Why Man of Today is only 50% Efficient" describing the internal bath, with full directions for home treatment, will be sent free on application to

DR. CHAS. A. TYRRELL,
275 College St. Toronto, Ont.

I Will Develop Any Woman's Bust

I Will Tell Any Woman Absolutely Free of Charge How To Do It Positively And Safely.

Many women believe that the bust cannot be developed or brought back to its former vigorous condition. Thousands of women have vainly used massage, electricity, pump instruments, ointments, general tonics, constitutional treatments, exercises and other methods without results.

Any Woman May Now Develop Her Bust

I will explain to any woman the plain truth in regard to bust development, the reason for failure and the way to success. The **Mdme. Du Barrie Positive French Method** is different from anything else ever brought before American women. By this method, any lady—young, middle aged or elderly—may develop her bust from **2 to 8 inches in 30 days,** and see definite results in 3 to 5 days. no matter what the cause of the lack of development. It is based on scientific facts absolutely.

This method has been used in Europe with astounding success, and has been accepted as the most positive method known. To any woman who will send a 2c. stamp to pay postage, I will send complete illustrated booklet of information, sealed in plain envelope. Address

Mdme. Du Barrie, Suite 3157 Pontiac Bldg., Chicago

A Skin of Beauty is a Joy Forever

DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM OR MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER

Purifies aswell 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-ton* (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.

GOURAUD'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.

GOURAUD'S POUDRE SUBTILE

Removes Superflous Hair. **Price $1.00 by Mail**

FERD. T. HOPKINS, Prop'r 37 Great Jones St., New York City.

HARTSHORN SHADE ROLLERS

Bear the script name of Stewart Hartshorn on label.
Get "Improved," no tacks required.
Wood Rollers *Tin Rollers*

Cure that Bunion

No need to suffer bunion torture another day

DR. SCHOLL'S BUNION RIGHT

removes the cause of your bunion or enlarged toe joint by permanently straightening the crooked toe. Gives **INSTANT RELIEF** and a **FINAL CURE** of all bunion pain.

Shields, plasters or shoe stretchers never cure. **Dr. Scholl's Bunion Right** is comfortable, sanitary, convenient. Guaranteed or money back. 50 cents each or $1.00 per pair at drug and shoe stores, or direct from The B. Scholl Manufacturing Co., 472 King St. W. Toronto. *Illustrated Booklet Free.*

The Berkshire Hills Sanatorium

FOR THE SCIENTIFIC TREATMENT OF

CANCER

WITHOUT THE USE OF THE KNIFE.

With an early diagnosis and prompt treatment practically all accessible cancerous growths are curable. When writing for information describe case in which you are interested. Address

WALLACE E. BROWN, M. D.
(Formerly Drs. W. E. Brown & Son.)
North Adams, Mass.
Established thirty-five years.

THE "PANDORA" RANGE SOLVES COOKING AND BAKING PROBLEMS

The superiority of the "PANDORA" Oven to that of any other range you can buy has been convincingly proven in a former advertisement. The swelling tide of orders from our agents testifies to that, yet there are many more features—some of them **exclusively McClary's**—which add to the excellence of the "PANDORA" range.

Illustration No. 1 shows the semi-steel linings of the "PANDORA" Fire-box. These linings are manufactured by a special process. As you see there are five pieces—a front-piece two ends and two at the back—and fitted into Fire-box without bolts or cement. The surfaces of these linings are smooth—they have great fire-resisting power and are already famous for durability and simplicity.

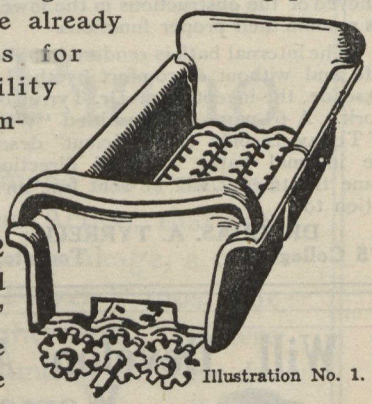


Illustration No. 1.

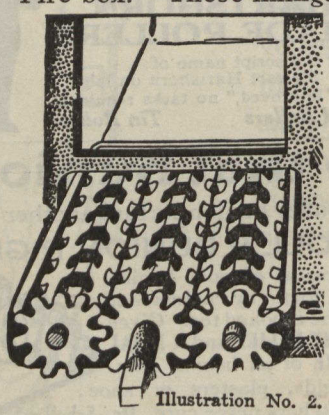


Illustration No. 2.

Illustration No. 2 shows the grates used in "PANDORA" range and the ease with which they are removed—being made with three bars they are heavier and stronger than the two-bar grate—the teeth are shorter—crush clinkers easier and are less liable to break. Anybody can remove the "PANDORA" semi-steel grates—the operation is simplicity itself. A boy can take out coal grates and insert wood by simply sliding them in and out of their independent grate frame.

The baking power of an Oven depends largely on Fire-box—it must be built in exact proportion to oven. The Fire-box of the "PANDORA" is deep and wide but not out of proportion—there is a wide surface at top of fire so that it radiates more heat and cooking can be done much quicker over front pot-holes without forcing fire—another apparent reason for our fuel economy claim.

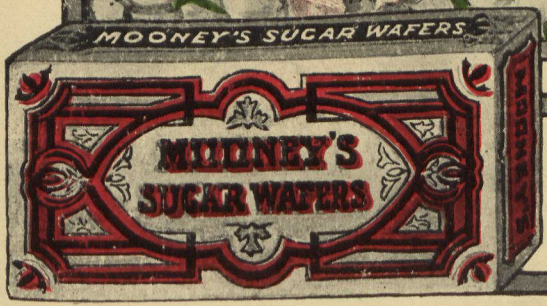
LONDON
TORONTO
VANCOUVER
ST. JOHN, N.B.

McClary's

MONTREAL
WINNIPEG
HAMILTON
CALGARY

104

MOONEY'S SUGAR WAFERS



are two spicy layers of crisp biscuit crusts with a delicious cream filling. Suitable for all occasions. In tin boxes, 10c. and 25c. sizes.

The Dessert Problem Solved

By

Mooney's Sugar Wafers

That bothersome question "What shall we have for Dessert?" is being solved every day by the use of—

Mooney's Sugar Wafers

The Dessert That is Asked For Again

For dinner, luncheon or tea, for picnics or the unexpected guest—with berries, fruits, ices or beverages, there is nothing so nice.

They are made with double layers of crisp, spicy biscuit crusts—each layer is a delight—between is a rich delicious cream—a combination of sweets made in different flavors from real fruits.

In 10 and 25 cent dainty and damp-proof tins.

Chocolate Wafers

Are our new production, which has found a secure place in popular favor. Have you tried them?

In 15 cent tins.

THE MOONEY BISCUIT AND CANDY CO., Limited

Factories: STRATFORD and WINNIPEG

When Baking

are you as careful about the **salt** you use, as you are about about the flour or baking powder?

Poor Salt will ruin a baking, just as surely as poor flour.

In the kitchen and on the table, use the fine, pure

WINDSOR TABLE SALT

WEDDING GIFT SUPPLEMENT TO BIRKS' CATALOGUE

READY MAY 1st.

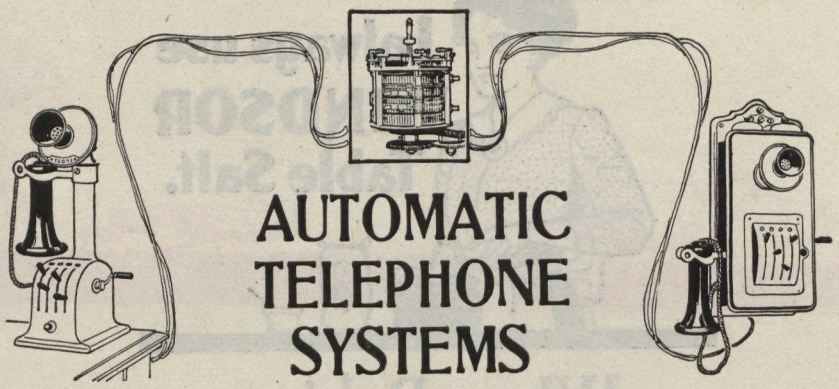
A POSTAL WITH YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS MAILED NOW WILL BRING YOU A COPY

HENRY BIRKS & SONS, LIMITED

Gold and Silversmiths

MONTREAL

OTTAWA WINNIPEG VANCOUVER



AUTOMATIC TELEPHONE SYSTEMS

for Towns and Cities.

Superior, constant service, day and night. Sundays and holidays. Economical to instal and operate. The day of the Automatic telephone is at hand. Saves time and money.

Magneto telephones for rural lines. Switchboards of a superior quality and everything that is needed to instal and operate complete telephone systems.

Write for our No. 3 Bulletin, free.

Canadian Independent Telephone Co., Limited

18-20 Duncan Street - - - - Toronto

Try the Gun-Cure

Desk-weary nerves and fagged-out, flabby muscles respond quickly to the "gun-cure." The clean air of God's out-doors, the brisk, healthy exercise, the keen appetite, and that primitive, exhilarating joy of the chase that has thrilled every red-blooded man from the stone-age—these form the one unfailing specific for brain-and-body fag.

But to get all its health-giving pleasure you must satisfy that hunting instinct with a real hunting weapon. The

Tobin Simplex Gun

Canadian-made, is everything that a good gun ought to be. Light, strong, every bolt and spring made of the finest steel, barrels as true in alignment and bore as human skill can make them; perfectly balanced, so that shooting is a matter of instinct instead of effort—it's a gun that you'll always be proud of.

Go to your dealer's and put a Tobin Gun to your shoulder—examine it, use it, buy it, and if it doesn't give you complete satisfaction we'll gladly give you all your money back. Priced from $20 to $210.

Let us send you our new catalogue.
Every sportsman ought to have it.

The Tobin Arms Mfg. Co., Limited
Woodstock, Ontario.

When you buy Ready Roofing get the best—

Certain-teed Roofing

Quality Certified—
Durability Guaranteed

All ready Roofing may look alike—but there is a big difference in the wearing quality—especially after it has been exposed to the rain and sun for a number of years. So don't buy a Ready Roofing until you are absolutely satisfied that you are getting durability and quality combined at the **right** price.

World's Largest Roofing Manufacturers.

Lasts Longer—Costs Less—Easy to Lay

You will find the **Certain-teed** label of quality on each roll—also on the bundles of Rubber Shingles. This label is for your protection. **Certain-teed** Rubber Roofing is **guaranteed for 15 years.** Millions of squares in actual use throughout the Provinces of Canada. Be sure and get prices from your local dealer. Write at once for book BJ-3 "How to Build for **Less** Money," mailed to you free of all charges.

GENERAL ROOFING MFG. COMPANY
Winnipeg, - - Manitoba

Saves one ton in seven

Figure up your annual coal bill, divide it by seven, and you have the amount the Hecla Furnace will save you every year. ¶ The steel-ribbed fire-pot does it. Adding steel ribs to the fire-pot increases its radiating surface three times more than is possible by any other method. The steel-ribbed fire-pot heats the air quicker. It sends the heat through the registers instead of up the chimney. ¶ Examine the Hecla. Compare it with other Furnaces. ¶ You will find every feature that makes for convenience and ease of operation. But the Hecla is the only one that has the Steel-ribbed Fire-pot—the firepot which saves thousands of users one ton of coal in seven.

Section of fire-pot showing ribs of steel plate which save 1 ton in 7.

HECLA

FURNACE

No Gas or Dust

Burns wood as well as coal.

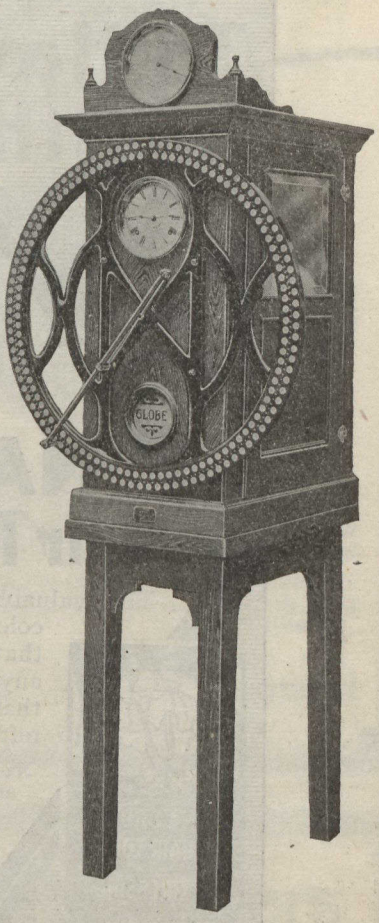
And this furnace cannot possibly leak gas or dust. The joints, usually bolted or cemented, are fused in the Hecla in a perfectly tight joint. Time and service cannot loosen the Fused Joint. The fusing welds the Hecla Radiator into one piece.

Our Booklet "Comfort & Health" should be in the hands of every one who has a heating problem to solve. It will be sent free of charge. Write Dept. C.M.

171

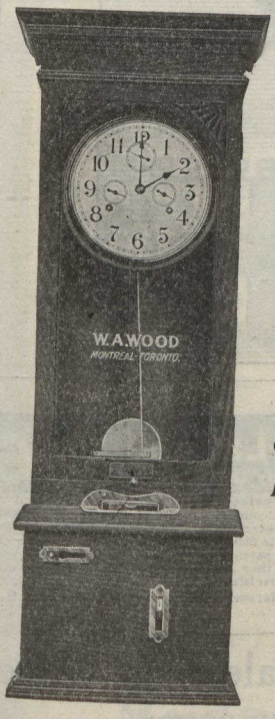
CLARE BROS. & CO., Limited, - PRESTON, ONT.

Indispensable Where Help is Employed



With one of our "Globe" Time Recorders in your Factory, Store, Warehouse or Office, there is no possibility of mistakes occuring in keeping tab on your employees. An absolutely true and reliable check is kept as to when they start work and when they finish, without fear or favour.

A "Globe" Time Recorder is indispensable wherever help is employed as it operates quickly and automatically, saves time and money and does away with antiquated time-keeping and Pay-roll Systems.



"Globe" Time Recorders can be made at short notice to suit any special requirements. They are accurate, simple in construction, strong, and of good appearance.

There are more of our Time Recorders used in Canada than all others, combined.

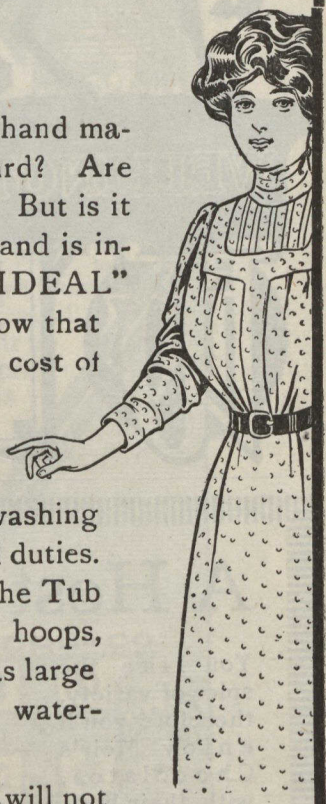
Write and tell us your requirements and we will gladly outline the system best adapted to your business, or send for Illustrated Catalogue "G"—free for the asking.

W. A. WOOD

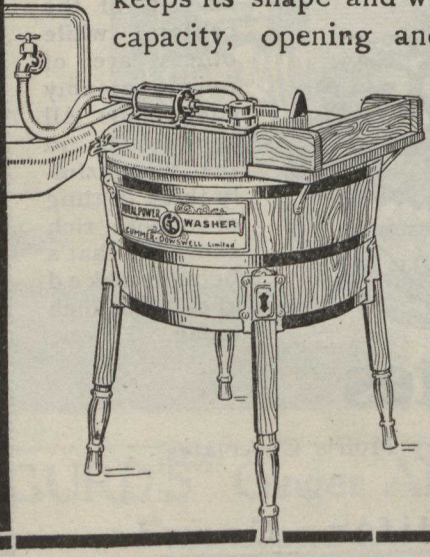
Head Office and Salesrooms: 19 Bleury St., Montreal, Que.
Branch Office: 65-67 Victoria St., Toronto, Ont.
Factory: 40 St. George St., Montreal, Que.

'IDEAL' POWER WASHER

How Is Your Washing Done?



Do you do your washing with the old style hand machine or, worse still, the back-breaking wash-board? Are you doing this because you think it is cheaper? But is it cheaper? The hand machine does good work, and is infinitely better than the wash-board, but the "IDEAL" Water Power Washer is better still. Do you know that the cost of the "IDEAL is little more than the cost of theothers. Is not the saving of your strength, your time, your temper and your clothes worth the difference. Ordinary city water pressure is all you need; with it and the "IDEAL" your washing is being done while you attend to other household duties. There s nothing about it to get out of order. The Tub is strongly bound inside and out with steel hoops, keeps its shape and will last for years. Ithas large capacity, opening and permanently fixed water-board.

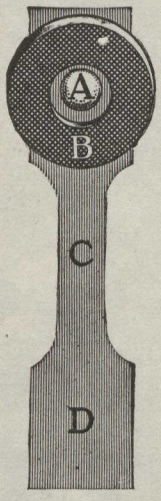


What the IDEAL will not do towards lightening the drudgery of washing clothes, cannot be done.

Write for booklet "Aunt Salina's Wash Day Philosophy"—It points the way to happier wash days.

CUMMER - DOWSWELL,
LIMITED
HAMILTON, CANADA.

No More Paring on 50,000,000 Corns



Some time ago a chemist discovered how to completely end a corn.

He made a wax—the B & B wax—which forms the heart of a Blue-jay plaster.

This little plaster has since then removed fifty million corns.

It is applied in a jiffy, and the corn pain ends at once. Then the B & B wax gently loosens the corn. In 48 hours the whole corn comes out, root and all.

No soreness, no discomfort. You feel nothing at all.

People who pare corns get just a few days' relief. To get it they run the constant risk of infection.

The millions who use Blue-jay never suffer or wait. They get rid of the corn in two days.

Get Blue-jay and prove it, as they did.

A in the picture is the soft B & B wax. It loosens the corn.
B protects the corn, stopping the pain at once.
C wraps around the toe. It is narrowed to be comfortable.
D is rubber adhesive to fasten the plaster on.

Blue=jay Corn Plasters

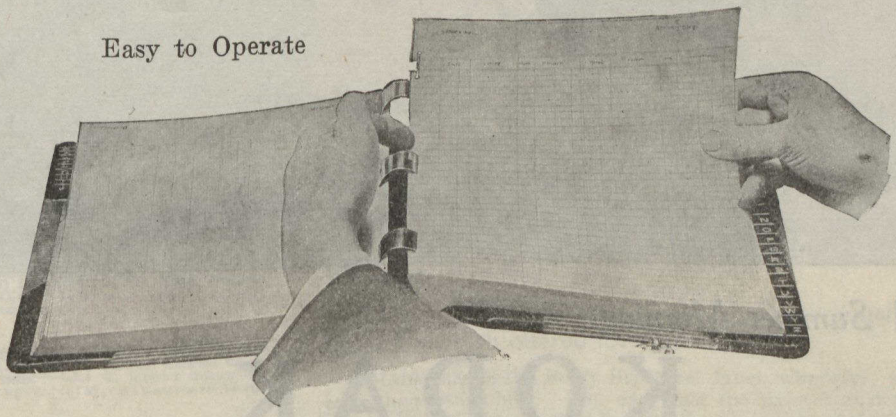
Sold by Druggists—15c and 25c per package

Sample Mailed Free. Also Blue-jay Bunion Plasters (156)

Bauer & Black, Chicago and New York, Makers of B & B Handy Package Absorbent Cotton, etc.

PROUDFIT

Easy to Operate



BINDERS

Flat opening with narrow binding margins.
Save 1½ inches in the safe, and 3 inches on the desk.
Guide bands made of especially tempered steel, will not break, cannot crack or become rough.

Write for sample on business stationery.

BUSINESS SYSTEMS, Limited

52 SPADINA AVENUE - - - TORONTO, CANADA

A Summer Morning

KODAK

The personal pictures in and about the home—pictures of the children and grown folks, pictures of the familiar surroundings and of the family pets—these as well as the travel and vacation pictures make Kodakery worth while.

And you can make good pictures with a Kodak.

CANADIAN KODAK CO., Limited.

TORONTO, CAN.

Catalogue free at the Dealers or by mail.

One trade-mark to protect all your varnish needs.

The Berry Brothers' Label—with its trade-mark of 54 years' standing—can be your guide to the right varnish for every purpose.

It is a guide you need—for there is much unsatisfactory varnish offered for your use.

Make sure of the Berry Brothers' label wherever your money pays the varnish bills. You can trust the painter or dealer to help you pick the right one of Berry Brothers' many good varnishes for your particular need. But make it YOUR business to see this trade-mark and label on the cans.

Any dealer or painter can supply Berry Brothers' Architectural Varnishes.

Send for free booklet "Choosing Your Varnish Maker."

BERRY BROTHERS, Ltd.

WALKERVILLE - - ONT.

TRADE LIQUID GRANITE MARK — For finishing floors in the most durable manner possible. There is no substitute.

WOOD LUXEBERRY FINISH — For the finest rubbed (dull) or polished finish on interior woodwork. It has for upwards of 50 years been the standard.

ELASTIC INTERIOR FINISH — For interior woodwork exposed to severe wear. Stands the action of soap and water to an unusual degree.

ELASTIC OUTSIDE FINISH — For front doors and all other surfaces exposed to the weather. Great durability under most trying conditions.

SPAR LUXEBERRY VARNISH — For ship spars, decks, yachts, launches, canoes and all other surfaces exposed to wind, wave or weather. Does not turn white. It has stood years of test in actual service.

Why This Is the Safe Electric

Note the picture to the right.

In driving a Rauch & Lang Electric all that you have to do is as follows:

To start, push that lever forward. The farther you push it the faster you go—up to 18 or 20 miles an hour.

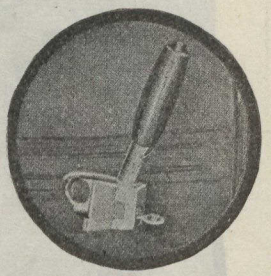
To stop, pull the lever back. That shuts off the power, retards the car and then applies a powerful brake. The car stops immediately. All this is done in the one operation of pulling the lever back.

All the power can be shut off instantly with this lever in any position by simply dropping the hand on the metal ring directly below. A giant-strong foot-brake may be brought into play at the same moment. The car, again, stops at once. It can't start again until this lever is brought to the neutral position.

Either way to stop is unfailing and remarkably quick. And any woman or child is strong enough to lock the wheels with these brakes.

Both foot and hand brake may be used together, but either alone is sufficient.

The natural impulse in emergencies is to "pull back." So you stop this car almost on the impulse—almost without knowing it. It's the safest vehicle ever devised. And there's no other car controlled like it.



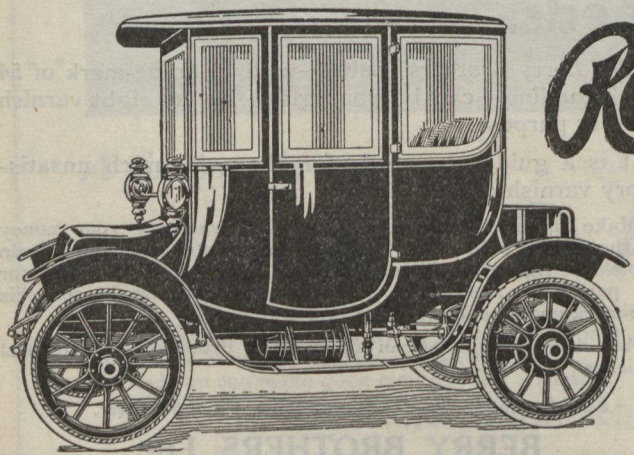
8 The control handle locks with a Yale key.

The car is not only theft-proof, but fool-proof and accident-proof—all on account of this lever.

Anyone who wants a safe car must judge the safety of others by the Rauch & Lang standard.

There will probably never be a simpler way to operate a conveyance.

The Rauch & Lang catalogue goes into detail. Any Rauch & Lang agent will gladly demonstrate.

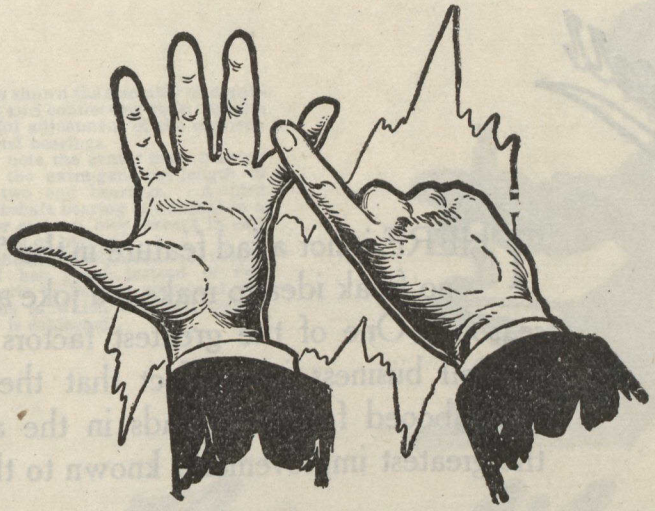


Rauch & Lang Electrics

McLaughlin Motor Car Company

128 Church St., Toronto

PLEASURE CARS COMMERCIAL MOTORS



Five Facts About the Invincible Schacht

¶ Built in Canada, by Canadians, for Canadians, with Canadian Money.

¶ Not a car of mushroom growth, but developed carefully and honestly for eleven years, by men who know.

¶ The least expensive and best car, part by part, in its class, sold in Canada to-day.

¶ Power efficiency higher than the rated horse-power.

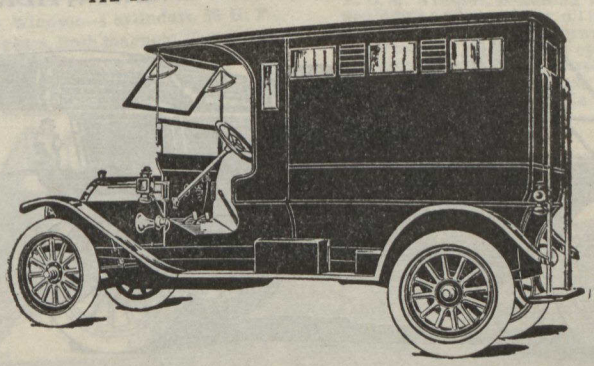
¶ Unequalled range of speed, 5-50 miles per hour on high gear.

"THE CAR WITH THE GOOD DISPOSITION"

THE SCHACHT MOTOR CAR COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED

HAMILTON, ONT.

Showrooms, Service and Maintenance Dept. and Garage
112-116 RICHMOND STREET W., TORONTO



Special Police Patrol and Ambulance on Standard 50 H.P. Chassis—recently built for the City of Hamilton, Ont.

L9

Russell

THERE is not a fad feature in the "Russell"---no freak idea to make it a joke after a single season. One of the greatest factors in the big Russell business is the fact that the "Russell" has tabooed fads and leads in the adoption of the greatest improvements known to the business.

Knight Motor Models---$3,025 to $5,000

Poppet Valve Models---$2,375 to $2,500

Equipped.

Let our local branch or agency give you a free demonstration. Send for the Catalog.

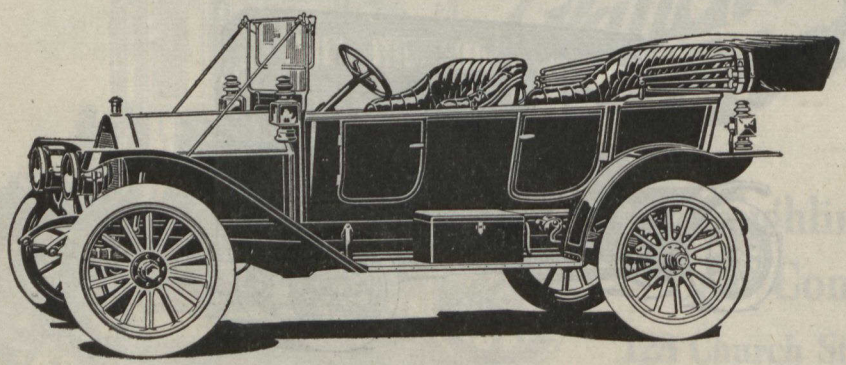
Russell Motor Car Company, Ltd.

Makers of High Grade Automobiles

Factory - West Toronto.

BRANCHES :—Toronto, Montreal, Hamilton, Winnipeg, Calgary, Vancouver, Melbourne, Australia.

AGENCIES EVERYWHERE.

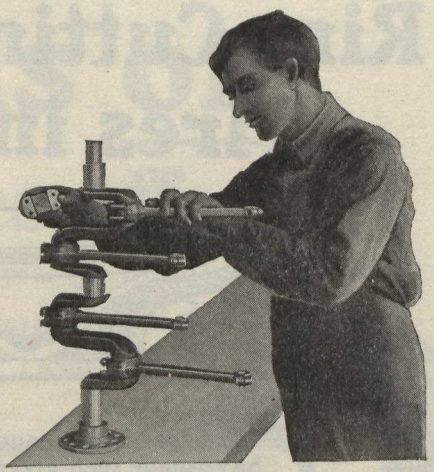


Made up to a Standard Not Down to a Price

Here is shown the assembly of crankshaft and connecting rods; and the careful adjustment of the connecting rod bearings.

Please note the center main bearing and the extra-generous length of the two end bearings. A third crankshaft bearing is unusual in a motor cast en bloc, except in cars of $2500 or higher.

So, in the $1,000 Hupmobile, the crankshaft has three instead of two supports to help it withstand the strains to which this part necessarily is subjected.



Hupmobile

$1000

We believe the Hupmobile to be, in its class, the best car in the world.

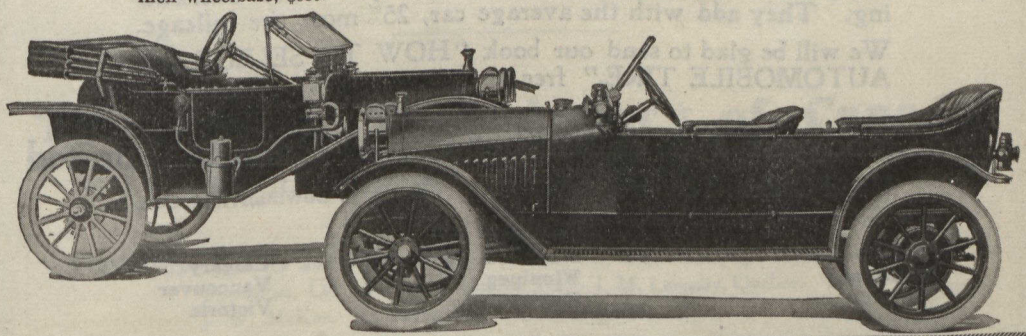
That this belief is justified, is proven by the large proportion of Hupmobile sales that come through Hupmobile owners and their recommendations to others.

Evidently, no one has shown them a car as good or better in its class.

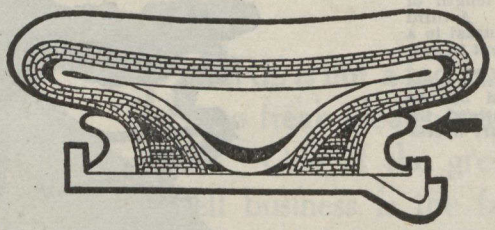
Hupp Motor Car Co.
Desk C., Windsor, Ont.

Standard 20 H. P. Runabout, $850
F. O. B. Windsor—4 cylinders, 20 H. P., sliding gears, Bosh magneto, Top, windshield, gas lamps and generator, oil lamps, tools and horn. Roadster. 110-inch wheelbase, $950.

Long-Stroke "32" Touring Car, $1,000
F. O. B. Windsor, including windshield, gas lamps and generator, oil lamps, tools and horn. Three speeds forward and reverse; sliding gears. Four cylinder motor, 3¼-in. bore and 5½-in. stroke. Bosch magneto. 106-in. wheelbase. 32 x 3½-in. tires. Standard Hupmobile blue.



Rim-Cutting Wrecks 23 Tires in every 100



The side ring with round edge next to tire.

IT is because they cannot rim-cut that No-Rim-Cut Tires have made such great sales records.

800,000 have been sold—sold to the shrewdest class of buyers. Get the number right—800,000—enough to equip 200,000 Cars and not one has been ruined by rim-cutting.

The diagram shows why.

No-Rim-Cut Tires are held in place by the round surface of the side ring.

Ordinary tires must be held by a hook-shaped ring with the sharp edge of the ring next to the tire. The constant rubbing of this sharp edge of the ring cuts the tire and in case of puncture ruins the tire in a few moments.

GOODYEAR

No - Rim - Cut Tires

10% Oversize

These tires which can't rim-cut are 10% larger than ordinary tires—have 10% more resiliency—save unnecessary vibration.

They have 10% more carrying capacity—provide for overloading. They add with the average car, 25% more tire mileage.

We will be glad to send our book "HOW TO SELECT AN AUTOMOBILE TIRE," free.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co. of Canada, Limited

Head Office: Toronto. **Factory: Bowmanville, Ont.**

Branches at:

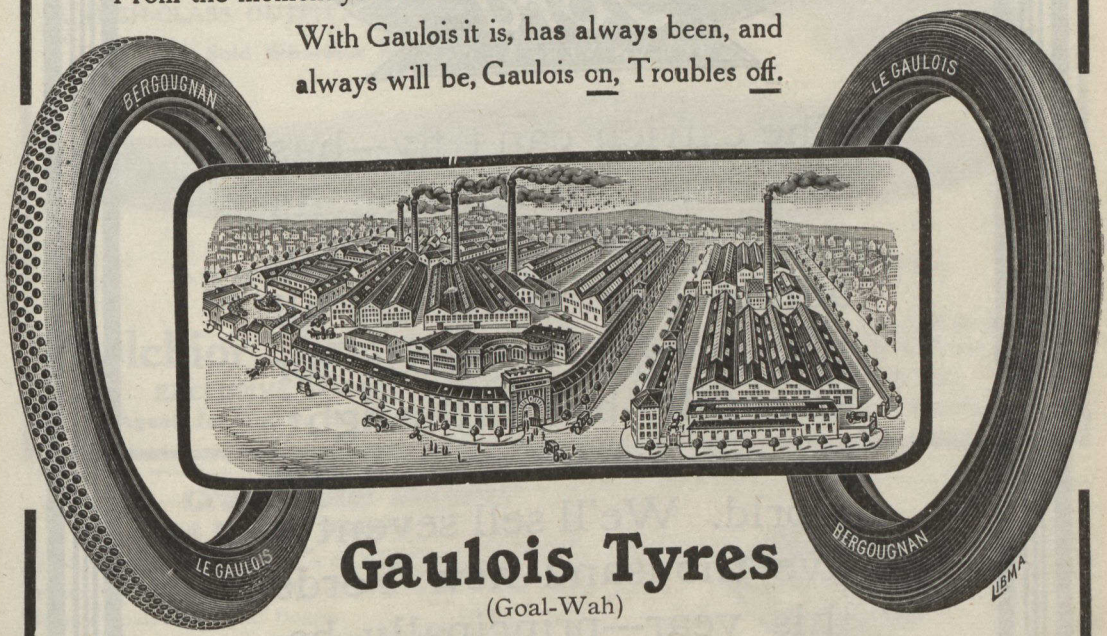
St. John N.B.	Hamilton	Calgary
Montreal	Winnipeg	Vancouver
Toronto	Regina	Victoria

Gaulois on

Troubles off

From the moment you fit Gaulois Tyres, your tyre troubles will be over.

With Gaulois it is, has always been, and always will be, Gaulois on, Troubles off.



Gaulois Tyres

(Goal-Wah)

are a combination of finest materials, skill and workmanship in the finest factory in Europe. The result is the finest tyre quality the world has ever known—Gaulois Quality. Fit your car with Gaulois Tyres and banish tyre troubles for ever.

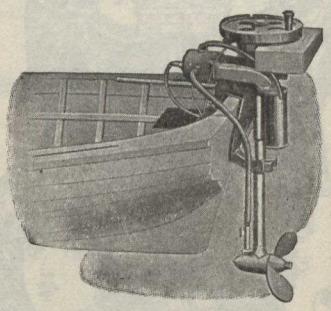
The Gaulois Tyre Agency of Canada

325 St. James St. - Montreal

AGENCIES—Manitoba and Saskatchewan—T. Eaton Co., Ltd., Winnipeg. Ontario—Electrical Specialties, Ltd., Toronto. Quebec City—J. M. Laundry, Quebec. Sherbrooke—J. W. McKee. St. Hyacinthe—H. A. Pagnuelo.

THE "EVINRUDE" Detachable Rowboat Motor

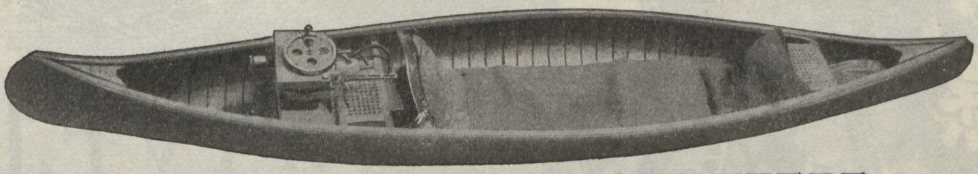
FITS any kind of a rowboat, round or flat bottom, square or pointed stern. Requires no special fittings. Adjustable for any angle of stern. Adjustable for depth. Steers with propeller. Attached or detached in mid-stream in one minute. Weighs 50 lbs. complete. Makes a motor boat out of an ordinary rowboat or canoe, and will drive same over 7 miles per hour. Runs through weeds.



Special Attachment for Canoes.

A HIGH-CLASS OUTFIT. FULLY GUARANTEED

Sold Wherever Boats Are Used.



AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE.

Write for circulars and export prices.

Melchior, Armstrong & Dessau, Dept. 19—116 Broad St., New York

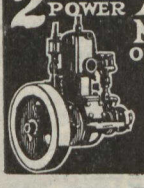
EXCLUSIVE FOREIGN DISTRIBUTERS FOR EVINRUDE MOTOR CO.

Agents for Ontario and Quebec: H. W. Spencer & Co., St. Nicholas Bldg., Montreal.

PARIS—Grand Hotel Bergere and Maison Blanche

32-34 RUE BERGERE. Latest Comfort. Terms moderate. Centre of Business Section. Near Grands Boulevards and Bourse.

2 HORSE POWER AMERICAN MARINE MOTORS $38 COMPLETE



OTHER SIZES 2 TO 20 HORSE POWER PROPORTIONATELY LOW PRICES

GUARANTEED FOR LIFE. AGENTS WANTED.

Send for complete marine engine book FREE.

AMERICAN ENGINE CO., 429 Boston St., Detroit, Mich.

GRAY MOTORS FOR BOATS

Made in the *Largest Plant in the World* devoted to manufacturing 2-cycle marine gasoline engines.

3 H.P. with Complete Outfit ready to install $55

ALSO 3½ TO 36 H.P.

Guaranteed by a big responsible concern. Write for big catalog—*tells* and *shows* you all about these high grade motors and how they are made.

GRAY MOTOR CO., 63 U. S. Motors Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

AGENTS MEN AND WOMEN BE INDEPENDENT!

Earn money as our representative. We want agents in every town to sell our complete line of Russian Lynx Fur Sets, Willow Plumes, Fancy Needlework, Waists, Drawn Work and other fast-selling novelties.

BIG PROFITS are being made by our agents everywhere. Why can't you? We co-operate with you, —help you to make a big success. Don't delay. Write to-day for our FREE illustrated catalogue and special offer to agents.

JOS. GLUCK, Dept. 20, 621 Broadway, N. Y.

PETERBOROUGH CANOE CO. LTD. THE Peterborough Canoe PETERBOROUGH, CANADA

REGISTERED TRADE MARK

This stamp of quality is on every genuine "PETERBOROUGH BOAT."

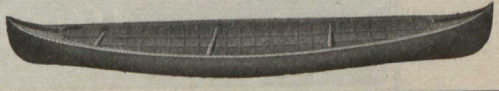
It stands for good design, for the best of material and that careful expert workmanship that has made PETERBOROUGH CRAFT the highest standard in the eyes of all boating enthusiasts.

Our Catalogues fully illustrate our boats.

Insist that your boat is a genuine "PETERBOROUGH."

PETERBOROUGH CANOE CO., LTD.

Peterborough, Ontario.



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
15 Wellington Street East,
TORONTO *CANADA*

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

SPRING FISHING

"The Highlands of Ontario" is the Fisherman's Paradise

The Grand Trunk Railway System

The Double Track Route is the only line reaching all these resorts

THE KIND YOU CATCH

WHERE THEY ARE CAUGHT

MUSKOKA LAKES—Black Bass, Pickerel Salmon Trout.

KAWARTHA LAKES—Speckled Trout, Black Bass and Maskinonge.

LAKE OF BAYS—Speckled Trout, Salmon Trout, and Black Bass.

ALGONQUIN PARK—Speckled Trout, Black Bass and Salmon Trout.

TEMAGAMI—Black Bass, Lake Trout, Speckled Trout, Wall-eyed Trout.

LAKE NIPISSING—Black Bass, Maskinonge, Pickerel, Pike.

GEORGIAN BAY—Black Bass, Salmon Trout, Lake Trout, Pickerel, Trout.

"A DAY'S CATCH IN TEMAGAMI"

OPEN SEASONS

BLACK BASS—June 16th to April 14th following year.

SPECKLED TROUT—May 1st to September 14th.

SALMON TROUT AND LAKE TROUT—Dec. 1st to Oct. 31st following year.

MASKINONGE—June 16th to April 14th following year.

PICKEREL—May 16th to April 14th the following year.

Write to the following Agents for full particulars—How to get there, maps, rates, etc.—A. E. Duff, Union Station, Toronto, Ontario ; J. Quinlan, Bonaventure Station, Montreal, Quebec.

W. E. DAVIS
Passenger Traffic Manager,
MONTREAL

G. T. BELL
Asst. Passenger Traffic Manager,
MONTREAL

H. G. ELLIOTT
General Passenger Agent,
MONTREAL

Tell your Friends before you sail

TO WRITE YOU AT THE

WALDORF HOTEL LONDON and STAY THERE

Booklets free from

Canadian Magazine, Toronto

WHEN TRAVELLING, PAY YOUR EXPENSES

WITH

Dominion Express Company Travellers Cheques

CARRY your cash in this form and protect yourself against loss and embarrassment. They are self-identifying and are issued in convenient denominations of $10, $20, 50, $100, $200.

ACCEPTED in payment of accounts, etc., by all first-class hotels, express railway, steamship, sleeping car companies and banks throughout the world. No risk of Loss, no bother exchanging currency.

If you lose the cheques advise us, and we will refund your money. The security alone is worth more than the small cost, viz., 50c per $100. See us about them.

DOMINION EXPRESS COMPANY

TORONTO OFFICES: 48 Yonge Street, 1330 Queen Street W.

"JULIAN SALE"
FOR FINE LEATHER GOODS
FITTED CLUB BAGS

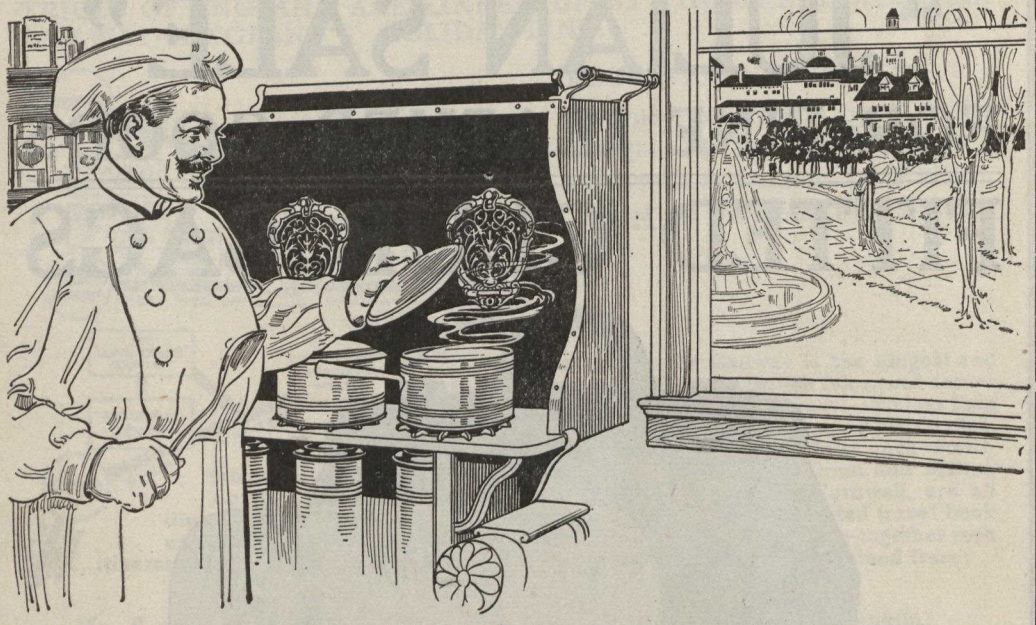
A TIMELY SUGGESTION—A USEFUL AND ACCEPTABLE WEDDING PRESENT

The cut printed here illustrates a very fine Fitted Club Bag made of finest Dull Black Genuine Sea Lion Leather —it is leather lined throughout—extra fine hand sewn frame—fitted with finest quality Parisian Ivory Hair Brushes, Cloth Brush, Mirror and Comb and Four Cut Glass Bottles for Toilet—this bag would make a very handsome gift to a bride-to-be. Made in 17 in. size only, price..... **$43.**

Very Fine Sea Lion Bag with Ebony Fittings —in 16 inch size for..... **$32.**

If your dealer does not carry a complete line of these very fine "Julian Sale" Leather Goods, write for complete catalogue No. 28.

The Julian Sale Leather Goods Company, Ltd.
105 King Street West, Toronto, Canada.



The New Perfection Oil Cook-stove Suits Everybody

It suits the most exacting French chef. It suits the housewife. It is found in luxurious villas—in camps—in farms—in humble city homes. Everybody uses it; everybody likes it. It is the all round stove for all the year round. It bakes, broils, roasts and toasts as well as a coal range. It is equipped with a special heating plate, and we sell the New Perfection oven, broiler, toaster, and pancake griddle—each specially designed for use with the

New Perfection
WICK BLUE FLAME
Oil Cook-stove

All dealers sell the stove. It is handsomely finished in nickel, with cabinet top, drop shelves, towel racks, etc. Long chimneys, enameled turquoise-blue. Made with 1, 2 or 3 burners.

Free 'Cook-Book with every stove.

Cook-Book also given to anyone sending 5 cents to cover mailing cost.

THE IMPERIAL OIL COMPANY, Limited

Winnipeg, Montreal, St. John, Halifax and Queen City Division, Toronto

THE HALL

A GOOD FIRST IMPRESSION

At a little cost you can insure a good first impression by touching up your hall furniture with

LACQUERET
HOUSEHOLD LACQUER

Why not brighten up your Hat Rack, Hall Seat, Staircase, etc.? Your guests will notice these on entrance.

Light Oak, Dark Oak or Mahogany, "Lacqueret" on these furnishings will work wonders.

Or if you wish to retain the original effect, try clear "Lacqueret" on any piece of woodwork. Its effect is almost magical!

Our little book "Dainty Decorator" tells of the many uses of "Lacqueret" in the home.

A copy is waiting for you, free for the asking.

Cans contain Full Imperial Measure. Ask your dealer. Don't accept a substitute!

INTERNATIONAL VARNISH CO.

TORONTO · WINNIPEG

Largest in the world and first to establish definite standards of quality.

H-2

Chiclets

REALLY DELIGHTFUL

The Dainty Mint Covered Candy Coated Chewing Gum

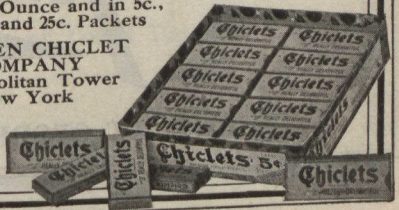
The singer's tones are more dulcet, the speaker's voice more clear, when Chiclets are used to ease and refresh the mouth and throat. The refinement of chewing gum for people of refinement. It's the peppermint—the *true* mint.

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



The Better Sort *of* Suits for Men Who Know

¶ To men who can appreciate the little fine points, which go to make up correct dress, *FASHION-CRAFT* Clothes appeal most strongly.

There are
CLOTHES
and
CLOTHES

¶ We offer you the Better Sort of Clothes.

They cost no more than the other kind. Price the same, but everything else different. We ask you to test what we claim and so prove our claims correct.

SHOPS OF "Fashion-Craft"

22 King Street West
102-104 Yonge Street
426 Yonge Street
} P. Bellinger, Prop.
Toronto, Ont.

AND AT STORES IN EVERY CITY IN CANADA.

La Diva
NON-RUSTABLE
CORSET

For Short or Medium Figures

La Diva Corset No. 718 shown herewith, is a Paris design, brought over by our designer on his last trip, the only change being to adapt it to the slightly fuller and stronger forms of Canadian women. (This is why so many imported corsets pinch and hurt).

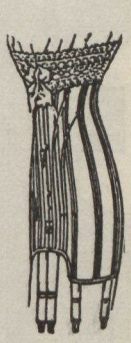
It is ideal for the short or medium figure. This model, when combined with the straight loose fit of the tailored garment, gives the wearer the fashionable effect which is so much sought after by stylishly-dressed women.

This corset is made of French coutil, daintly trimmed with lace, ribbon and bow, and has six suspenders, hook and draw string. It is boned entirely with duplex steel and stopped with silk.

La Diva No. 718 is sold by the best retailers at $3.00 and it will be found fully equal to any imported corset at $4.50. Like every other La Diva, this model is fully guaranteed. Other models are sold at from $3.00 to $7.00.

THE DOMINION CORSET CO. - QUEBEC

Makers of the Celebrated D & A Corset.



718

Eddy's Silent Matches

are made of thoroughly dried pine blocks.

The tips, when struck on any surface whatever, will light silently and burn steadily and smoothly without throwing off sparks.

Eddy's Matches are always full MM count —ask for them at all good dealers.

The E. B. EDDY COMPANY Limited

HULL, CANADA. Makers of Toilet Papers.

PURITY OF STYLE

Standara Silver Plate

embodieds the essentia'l 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

DIM FURNITURE IS A DISGRACE

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.

SEND FOR SAMPLE BOTTLE

The CAPITAL MFG. COMPANY
Ottawa - Ontario

Branch Offices—312 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.
67 Bleury St., Montreal.

The "Sunday" Vacuum Cleaner

IF you knew how often a perfectly "SUNDAY" cleaned house through lack of dust and dirt and microbes helped to fool the Doctor, you would not be without one for five times its value.

Microbes, moths and *other things* shiver when they hear that a SUNDAY VACUUM CLEANER with its 10 to 11 inches of vacuum is going to start looking them up.

The SUNDAY DOES what is claimed for it, sells on its merits not on its price. We cannot make it cheaper and maintain our FIXED STANDARD.

To agents. Our proposition is attractive, First Class machines and fair treatment.

The Ottawa Vacuum Cleaner

Manfg. Co., Limited

345 to 349 Dalhousie St. - Ottawa, Ont.

For Every June Social Function

There is a dainty Knox Gelatine dish. Every housewife will find it of the greatest convenience to keep on hand in this month of social activities, a package of Knox Pure Plain Sparkling Gelatine, also a package of Knox Pure Sparkling Acidulated Gelatine.

Here is a simple Knox recipe.

Fruit Foam

½ box **Knox** Gelatine
1 cup cold water
3 cups of crushed strawberries, raspberries or currant juice
2 eggs
Sugar

Soak Gelatine in cold water 5 minutes. Heat crushed berries, or juice; pour over gelatine, sweeten to taste. Stir until gelatine is dissolved, let stand in cool place until nearly set. Then add whites of eggs, beaten stiff, and beat well into the jelly. Mold and serve with whipped cream or a custard sauce made of yolks of the eggs.

KNOX
PURE · PLAIN
SPARKLING
GELATINE

enables you to prepare countless dainty desserts and delightful candies for receptions, parties, luncheons, church festivals and other social functions, using your own fresh cut fruits or nuts for ingredients and flavor.

Knox Pure Sparkling Acidulated Gelatine

is exactly the same as the Plain, with an extra envelope of pure concentrated fruit juice added. Most Gelatine recipes require lemon juice and here you have it without taking the time to squeeze lemons.

Each package—Plain or Acidulated—contains a tablet in separate envelope for coloring, if desired.

Each makes two full quarts (½ gallon) of jelly, or four times as much as "ready-prepared" packages, and you know the ingredients when it is made of Knox Gelatine.

Visit Our New Factory

if you are in the neighborhood of Johnstown. It will give you even more of an appetite for Knox desserts to see how daintily Knox Gelatine is handled.

Knox Receipt Book FREE

for your grocer's name. Contains over 100 recipes for Desserts Salads, Jellies, Puddings, Ice Creams, Sherbets, etc.

Pint sample for 2c stamp and grocer's name.

CHARLES B. KNOX CO.
499 Knox Avenue Johnstown, N. Y.
BRANCH FACTORY, MONTREAL.

The Machine You
Will Eventually Buy

YOU buy a typewriter not for what it *is*, but for what it *does*. The typewriter which does more is worth more. The Underwood does more.

That is one reason, for example, why there are 5,000 Underwoods in Toronto, and only 1,000 of the next most popular typewriter; why large firms and institutions using from 30 to 300 typewriters buy Underwoods exclusively.

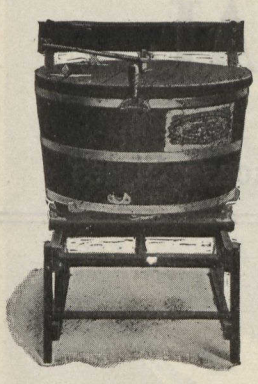
THERE is another reason -- unequalled service goes with the Underwood. We have a staff of 500 members all working with enthusiasm to make the service perfect.

Improve your acquaintance with the Underwood representative. His knowledge of the scope of a typewriter's usefulness is at your disposal. He is an "efficiency Engineer" in typewriter matters. His suggestions may prove surprisingly valuable.

United Typewriter Co., Limited

IN ALL CANADIAN CITIES

Head Office - Toronto



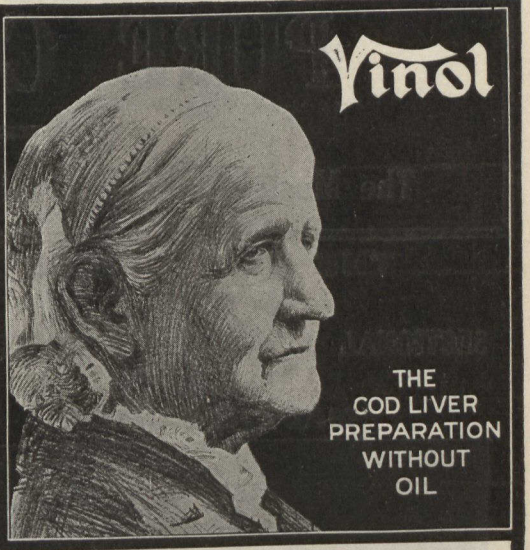
Connor Ball Bearing Washer

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.

Write for booklet.

J. H. CONNOR & SONS Limited,
OTTAWA, -:- CANADA.



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.

FOR SALE AT YOUR LEADING DRUG STORE
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.

TRIAL SAMPLE FREE

CHESTER KENT & CO. Chemists **Boston, Mass.**

BRIGHTEN UP *Your Stationery in the OFFICE, BANK, SCHOOL or HOME by using* **WASHBURNE'S PATENT PAPER FASTENERS**

75,000,000

SOLD the past YEAR should convince YOU of their SUPERIORITY.

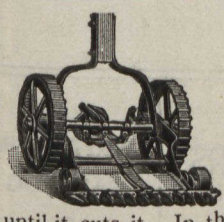
Trade **O. K.** Mark

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 Slipping, NEVER

All stationers. Send 10c for sample box of 50, assorted. Illustrated booklet free. *Liberal discount to the trade.*

The O. K. Mfg. Co., Syracuse, N. Y., U. S. A. N91B



What is Killing Your Lawn?

Dandelion, Buck Plantain and Crab Grass secure such a hold on many lawns that the grass is completely smothered out.

The **Clipper Lawn Mower** is the only mower that will cut and drive these weeds from your lawn and it will do it in one season.

Old style mowers catch the top of the grass, jerking it, breaking the feeders at the roots and killing it. The Clipper Mower does not touch the grass until it cuts it. In this way the feeders of the roots are not broken and the grass becomes thick, producing a beautiful lawn. **WRITE FOR CATALOGUE.**

Clipper Lawn Mower Company

Dixon - - - Illinois

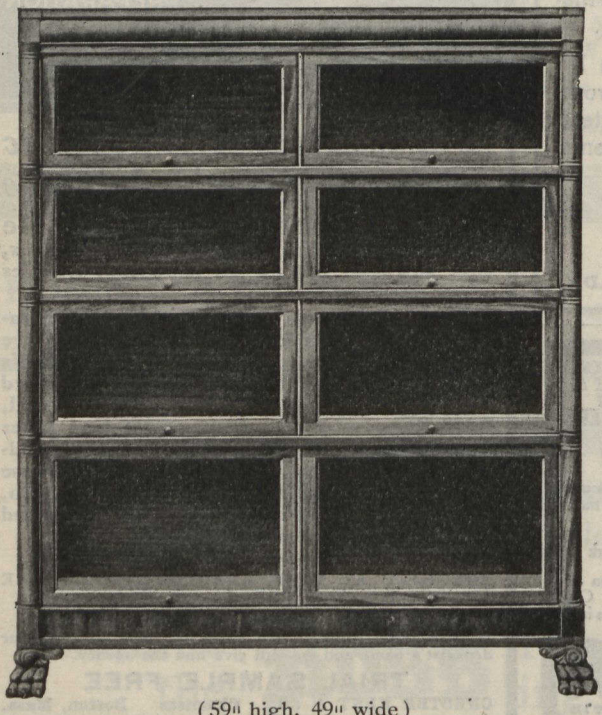
PURE COLONIAL

The Most beautiful of All Sectional Bookcase Styles

THE BEST OF ALL

SECTIONAL Macey BOOKCASES

(MADE IN CANADA)



(59" high, 49" wide)

Built of carefully selected Quartered Oak or Mahogany, beautifully finished in any finish desired. Can be supplied in either full section as illustrated, or half sections, half the above width.

WHEN

Purchasing Bookcases for the home, care should be taken to select something in which both beauty and construction will be enduring, something that is not the fad of the moment to be tired of, and discarded, a year or so from now.

"Macey" Sectional Bookcases are designed and built to meet fully all of the requirements of the most fastidious critics, and are in use today in many thousands of Canadian homes. Write us if you don't know about them.

It pays to buy the best.

WRITE FOR CATALOG C.

CANADA FURNITURE MANUFACTURERS LIMITED

General Offices - Woodstock, Ont.

WRITE FOR CATALOG C.

A New Pattern—the "SHARON"

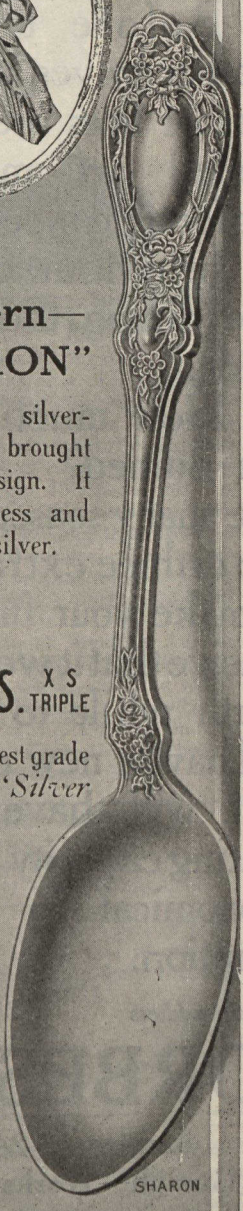
The charm of silverware is beautifully brought out in this new design. It has all the richness and character of solid silver.

1847

ROGERS BROS. X S TRIPLE

is not only the heaviest grade of triple plate—"*Silver Plate that Wears*"—but is backed by the guarantee of the largest silver manufacturers in the world.

Sold by all leading dealers. Send for illustrated catalogue.



MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO.
HAMILTON, ONT.
MERIDEN, CONN. NEW YORK CHICAGO

The Children

always enjoy **JAM** and there is nothing more healthful than

UPTON'S

Pure Jam made from freshly picked ripe fruit and granulated sugar.

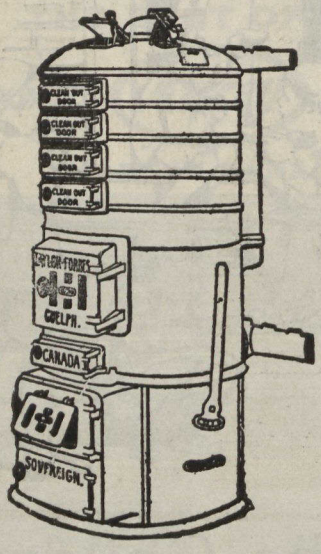
UPTON'S Orange Marmalade made from Sevile oranges under expert supervision is delicious.

We are one of the largest and oldest Jam and Jelly manufacturers in Canada.

At all fiirst-class Stores in Canada.

The T. UPTON CO. LTD.
HAMILTON - CANADA

Was Your Home Comfortable During the Cold Weather?



¶ The most comfortable people in Canada last winter were those who lived in houses heated by the

"SOVEREIGN" HOT WATER BOILERS.

¶ Before the summer weather arrives and the cold weather fires are no longer needed to make home comfortable indoors--criticise the behaviour of your furnace during the time it was needed.

¶ How much coal have you burned? It does not take many seasons of buying two or three extra tons of coal to make your furnace so expensive that it would become worth while to take it out and have a new one installed that will have a greater heating capacity and be more economical in fuel consumption.

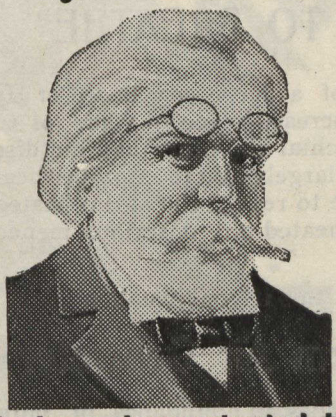
Booklet to any address

TAYLOR-FORBES COMPANY LIMITED

Toronto—1088 King St. W. **Montreal—246 Craig St. W.**
Vancouver—1070 Homer St. **Guelph—Works and Foundries.**

Installed by Heating Engineers and Plumbers throughout Canada.

Deafness Cured By New Discovery



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