



OCTOBER  
1909

THE  
CANADIAN  
MAGAZINE

Vol. 33

No. 6

**THE LAST GREAT ROUND-UP**

An account of the capture of wild Buffaloes in Montana  
for the Canadian Government  
By NEWTON MACTAVISH

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# THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOLUME XXXIII.

No. 6

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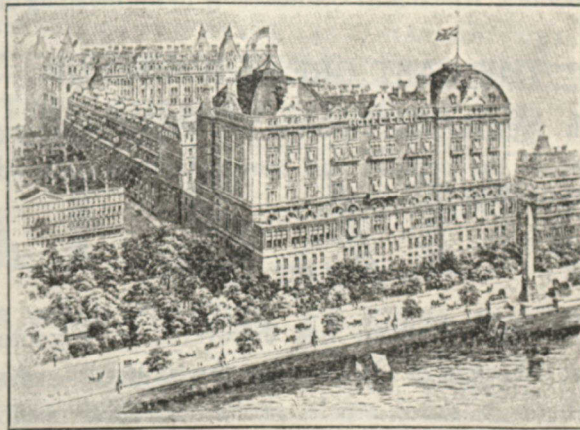
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# The November "Canadian"

## WHERE NATURE'S GAS IS KING.

Medicine Hat is a lucky City, and there are many things about it that are typically western. Mr W. Lacy Amy has written for the October Number a capital article about its unique features. There will be excellent photographic illustrations.

## THE DRAMA OF THE WARD

In down town Toronto there is a symbolical race Drama that mostly concerns the Jew. Mr. Augustus Bridle has written a readable sketch about it. Mr. T. G. Greene has drawn some pen-and-ink sketches, which add considerably to the meaning of the text.

## THE LAST GREAT ROUND-UP

Mr. Newton MacTavish in the October Number concludes his account of the capture and transportation to Canada of the Pablo herd of wild Buffaloes.

## IN DELFT LAND

Miss Jean Graham has discovered in Toronto perhaps the greatest collection of Delftware on the continent. As a result she contributes a novel article on this beautiful faience and its history.

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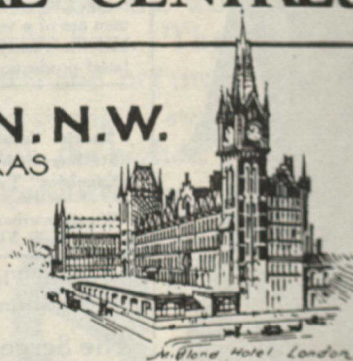


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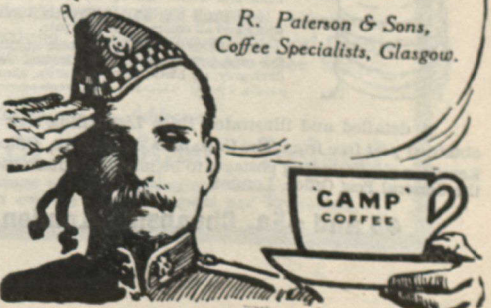
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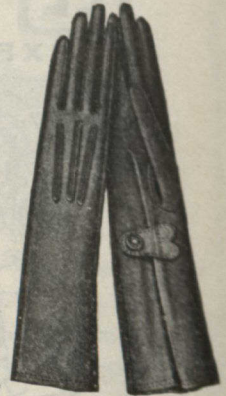
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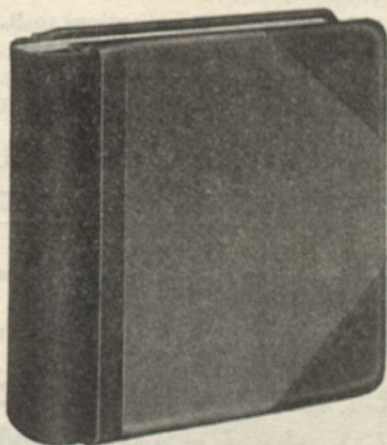
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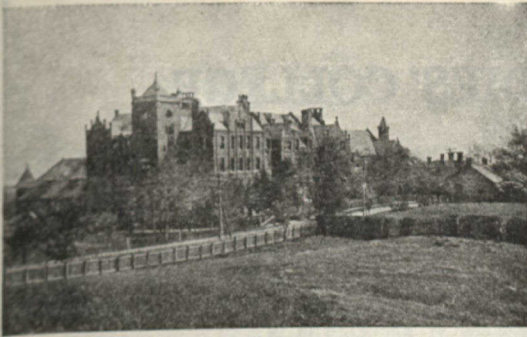
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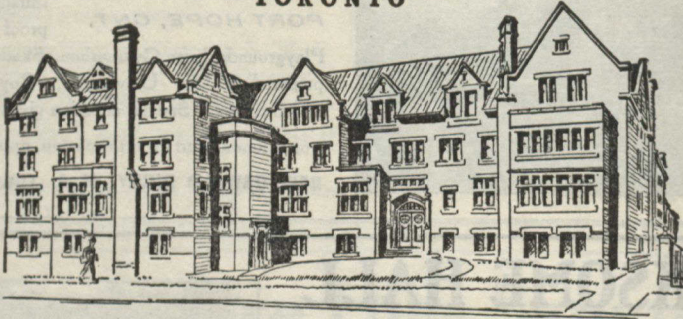
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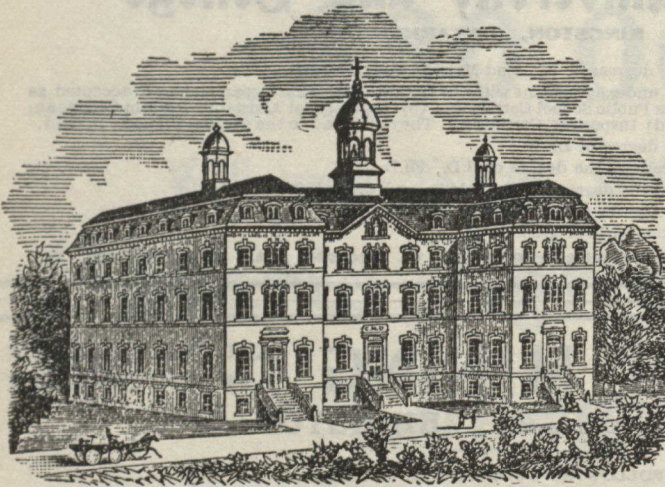
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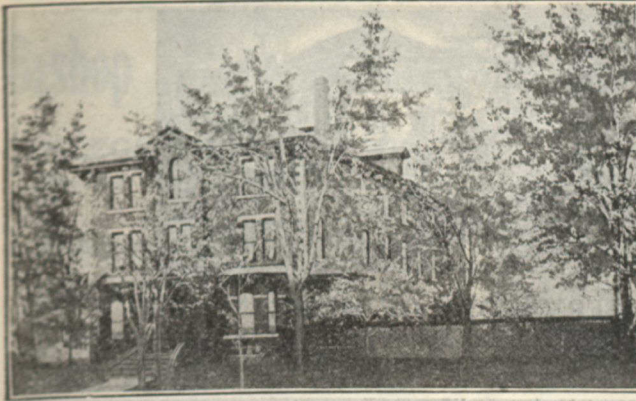
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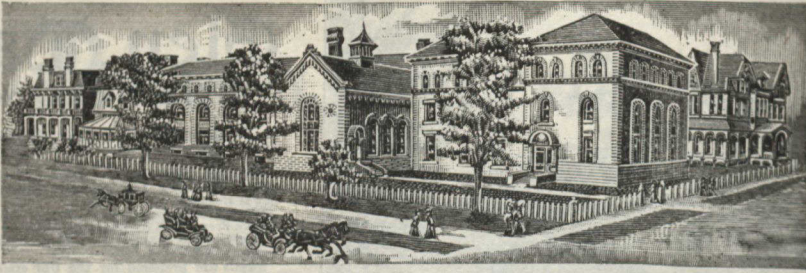
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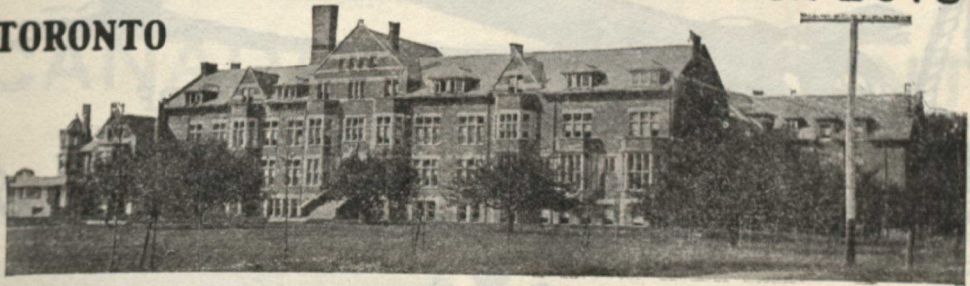
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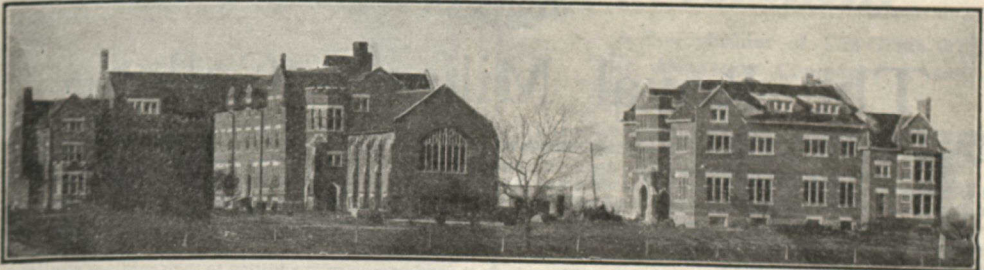
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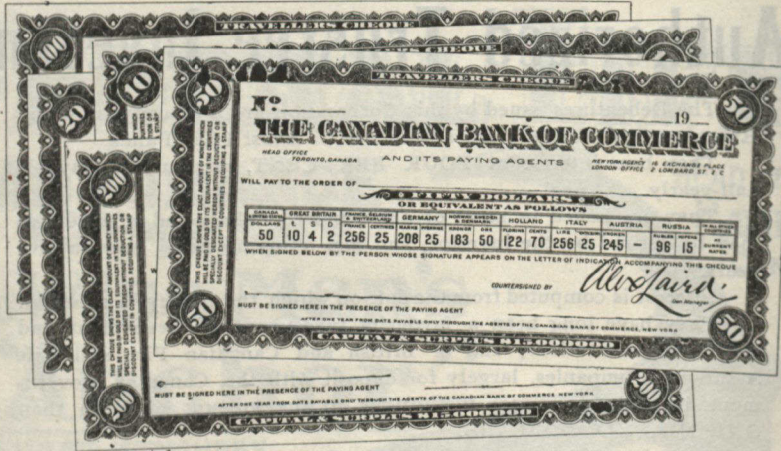
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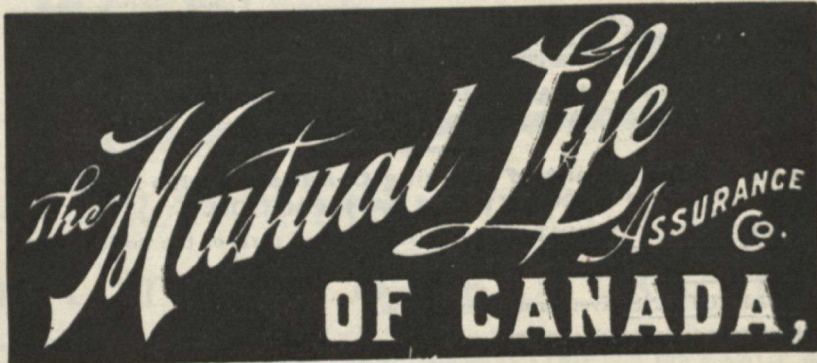
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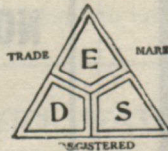
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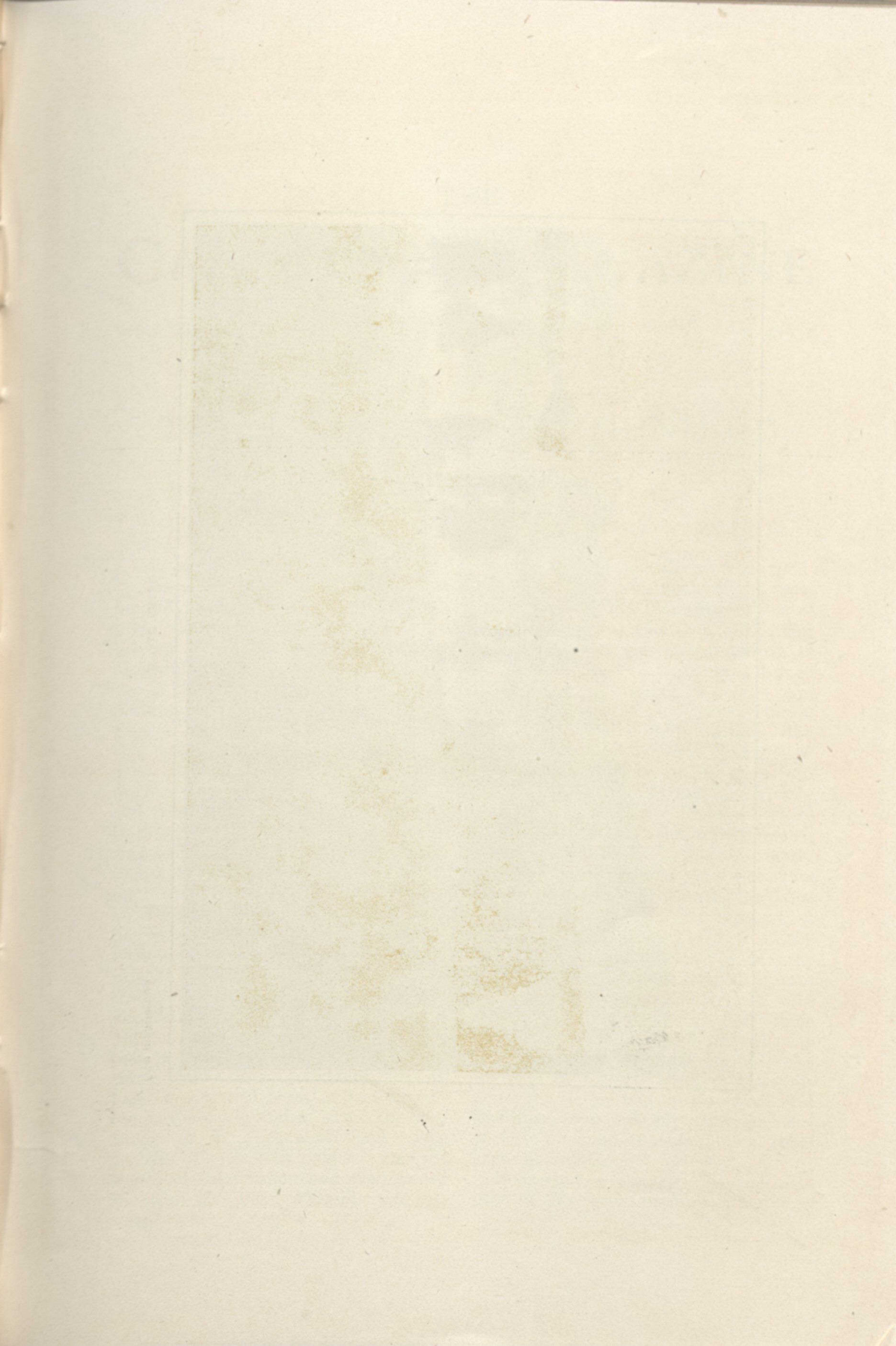
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THE BUFFALO CHASE

*From a photograph*



# THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XXXIII

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No. 6

## THE LAST GREAT ROUND-UP

BY NEWTON MACTAVISH

*Photographs by the Author*

FOR weeks, even since before the snows of a backward spring had melted from the lower hills and valleys along the Little Bitter Root, leaving the summits of the Mission Mountains white-capped and glistening in the sun, preparations had been making for *The Last Great Round-up*. Scouts had been sent out to locate the buffalo herds and, if possible, to drive them into more convenient range. Select timbers had been skidded down from as far up as Magpie Spring; mile upon mile of fenced runway had been built; ingenious inducements and allurements had been set out; booms had been laid in the swift-flowing Pend d'Oreille, an expansive field and corral had been enclosed with hundreds of cords of unsplit timber; huge crates for local transportation had been framed and joined; railway companies had been notified; most resisting box cars had been reserved; "chaps" for the riders had been provided; tons of barbed wire and webs of factory cotton had been stretched along the runway; an encampment had been struck; the fleetest cayuses on the Flathead Reservation had been forced to swim the Pend d'Oreille just be-

low the Rattlesnake Cliffs; and, finally, muster had been made of the most enduring half-breed cowboy riders of those enchanting Montana hills. For this was to be the last round-up of wild buffaloes in their accustomed wilds; it was, in short, to be the capture and subjection and transportation to Canada of the Pablo outlaws—the big bulls and mother cows that hitherto had broken away and escaped.

These preparations had not visibly stirred the lethargic Flathead, who moved about in his usual environment, with covert mien and racial aloofness. But the wilder denizens of the hills and river-bank had taken note, for wild geese honked low against a lowering sky; an owl's hoot came weird and ghostlike from the caverns of the cliffs; ducklings and their mother courted apprehensively the wild onion brakes or more secluded eddies of the river; the magpie's screech was loud and full of alarm; but the myriads of singing birds in the valleys, the larks and bob-o-links and thrushes, sang joyously on, regardless of any unusual intrusion upon their especial domain.

But what a change, the methods used in this recent capture of the king



BUFFALOES STANDING QUIESCENT ON THEIR NATIVE RANGE

of wild beasts in the new world, from the accounts we read and the tales we hear of buffalo hunts in wilder and woollier days! For the American bison, instead of being preserved, was annihilated from his native ranges

more than a quarter-century ago. He had been hunted and slain and even slaughtered by red men and in turn by white men, until at last his hundreds of thousands dwindled down to a few diminutive herds—ten here and



STARTING A SMALL HERD OF BUFFALOES TOWARDS THE GREAT TRAP SET FOR THEM

twenty there—but all under subjection to man. Men still living to-day declare that they have stood on an eminence in what is now the Province of Alberta and seen on several sides as far as the eye can scan an unbroken mass of moving buffaloes, undulating and billowing like the surface of a troubled sea. It is estimated that it was possible for them to comprehend with the naked eye something more than a hundred thousand head, and different persons readily vouch for herds of at least that enormous number.

What has become of these legions of the king of wild beasts in the new world?

The question might well be asked. There are a few private and some public herds, all small, in captivity throughout the United States, and in Canada the Government parks in Alberta contain well up to seven hundred head. The word "parks" in an instance like this might be misleading, for these parks are in reality immense tracts of land set apart by the Government for the purpose of af-

fording natural game cover for native wild beasts and birds. One is seventeen miles across, while the other embraces about 3,500,000 acres.

In the glorious days of the red man, before the adventurous traders of the Honourable the Hudson's Bay Company had pursued their heroic way into the western wilds, the flint-headed shaft of the Indian was weapon enough for all the needs of a primitive yet picturesque and even majestic race. And the needs from this source of supply alone were not few, for the buffalo gave meat and oil and fat and covering and sinew for sewing-thread and bowstrings. Game was seldom killed wilfully, the Indian's religion being against the taking of life except in the case of necessity. But the white man came, and with him the demand for buffalo pelts. So great was the market and so easily obtainable was the supply, especially after the introduction of the Hudson's bay rifle, that slaughtering became general, and enormous inroads were made in the ever-moving herds.

Various methods were employed to



A FEW OF THE RIDERS STARTING ON A CHASE THAT MAY LAST FROM EARLY MORNING UNTIL LATE AFTERNOON



THE CHUTE INTO THE RIVER  
Showing the first of a herd coming down on the gallop, raising a great cloud of dust, with the riders pressing close on the other side

facilitate the traffic, and large numbers of buffaloes were frequently driven over precipices and killed by the fall. Skinning in the ordinary way took up too much time, and some ingenious traders used to cut the carcass in the usual manner, hitch a span of horses to it and then draw the hide off in about the same way as a northern trapper skins a mink or a school-

tion, but happily that was a misapprehension.

It so happened that about thirty years ago a "breed" Indian known as Walking Coyote, drove a small herd of buffaloes down from Alberta to the Flathead Indian Reservation in Montana. These buffaloes were therefore in United States territory and owned by a private individual. But Walking



ALMOST OBSCURED IN DUST AND SPRAY, THE BUFFALOES RUSHED INTO THE WATER

girl withdraws a glove. The carcass was left to putrefy in the sun or be torn and eaten by bird and beast.

What were the results?

The most important result was that the American bison almost became extinct. Indeed it was feared that the few head which had escaped the great onslaught would not propagate their kind sufficiently to prevent ex-

Coyote did not keep them long. He sold them to another breed, to Michael Pablo, for two thousand dollars, and from that small herd, which roamed in a free and wild way over the open ranges of the reservation, the Canadian Government have secured six hundred head.

Michael Pablo was the longest-headed Flathead in the whole reserva-



A GROUP OF BUFFALO CHASERS

tion, and as a result he is now rated as a millionaire. He foresaw that if the buffaloes were left to follow their own inclinations they would thrive and increase and the cost of maintenance would be practically nothing. His foresight was admirable, and he is now enjoying its fruits. From the Canadian Government he has received \$120,000 or \$200 a head for 600. That is a remarkably low price, considering the fact that a prime domestic bullock is worth half that amount. The wonder is that the United States Government did not buy these buffaloes, as soon as it was known that Pablo was willing to sell. They have reserved a large tract of country breasting on Ravalli, the very place from which the buffaloes were shipped to Canada. The tract is called "Buffalo Park," but as yet it contains not a single buffalo.

Pablo is a ward of the United States Government, but his patriotism was not fulsome enough to prevent him from selling to the highest bidder. And the highest bidder was Mr

Howard Douglas, Commissioner of Dominion Parks, who, as soon as he heard that the buffaloes were for sale, went down to Montana, interviewed the owner, and came away with a sealed contract. But it was easier for Pablo to sell than to deliver. The first lot of about four hundred were handled with comparative ease, but the rest, about three hundred outlaws, remained to form the genius of *The Last Great Round-up*.

\*

The morning of an early drive breaks clear and bracing as the night-herders swing the drove of cayuses over the last hill into the corral.

The cook has already called the men, and the word of the boss has been for a start by five or not at all. The unusual activity subdues the constant swish of the onrushing river and arouses birds and waterfowl from their retreats in the cut-banks along the shore.

Cutting out from the herd in the corral the cayuses that are to do duty in the chase progresses rapidly, and,

breakfast having been served, there is soon a general cinching of saddles and donning of "chaps" and spurs. Suddenly there is a sound of galloping, and from the boss's camp comes a group of horsewomen who sit astride the saddle like their brothers and husbands, and, like them also, thrust a well-booted foot clear to the heel in a wooden stirrup. They ride Indian file in front of the cowboys up the first hill on to the plateau above, composing a most attractive picture of colour and grace and action. Their saddles, of the regulation western type, while scarcely as comfortable to the tender-foot as the standard sleeping cars of the Canadian Pacific Railway, are nevertheless infinitely more secure than the ordinary English hunting saddle. Their skirts are mostly of buff duck, divided, and they wear bright-coloured sweaters, buckskin gauntlets, with bead trimmings, and rakish-looking sombrero hats.

The cowboys wear dark-coloured shirts, black, yellow or white "chaps," sombreros, a red or black kerchief, knotted loosely, with a big spur on each boot.

The women do not follow the riders to the chase, but form a picturesque group on the side of a hill—or butte, as they call it—overlooking the runway; and, seated on the grass in the shade of their ponies, await the result of the hunt. Meantime the cowboys press on, up hill and down dale, into the ever-widening runway, through the Bitter Root Canyon and up the "draws" between the mountains, where, according to the latest advices from the scouts, the buffaloes are most likely to be found. Several riders are sent on ahead to try if possible to find a herd and send it galloping towards the runway.

The runway consists of two fences diverging gradually from a width of about fourteen feet at the lower end, which leads into the river, to about a mile at the point where on the one side the mountain serves the same purpose as the fence. On the other

side barbed wire and factory cotton succeed the rails and are extended as far as the Little Bitter Root Creek, about five miles from the river. The wire being almost invisible, the cotton indicates an obstruction, and as such it is employed with excellent results.

The purpose of the riders is to direct the buffaloes into the runway, press them on towards the chute, and urge them into the river. The river has to be crossed in order to make shipment possible, and there is no bridge within many miles. The scheme is to drive the buffaloes through the chute into the river, the current of which will carry them down to a point of landing on the opposite shore which leads into a field that is fenced on all sides except next to the river. Log booms, it has been calculated, will prevent the buffaloes from swimming up stream should they feel so disposed; the high cliffs on the driveway side will act as a barrier against escape by recrossing the river, and an extension of the lower field fence out into the water has been deemed sufficient to discourage any attempt at escape by swimming a long distance down stream.

But we must keep in sight of the riders, who by this time are mere moving specks on the side of the distant hills.

What a natural paradise for the buffaloes! It seems almost like vandalism to remove them from a spot to which they are so well fitted and wherein they present so inspiring a picture. The first to be seen are grazing confidently on the greenest of grasses, and their dusk-brown shaggy forms cut the skyline of the hill-top, and make one's blood fairly leap at the prospect of being witness of their confusion. Soon they see the horses making wide detours to right and left, but, instead of running immediately away, as they might, and outwitting even man himself, they stand motionless, their heads close to the ground, doubtless wondering what this intru-

sion means and whether they are the subject of a visit so unsolicited. But they remain in that sentinel-like attitude only sufficiently long for the riders to go far enough around to suggest a course towards the runway. The buffaloes respond to the suggestion by starting on a slow gallop down towards the Bitter Root Canyon, and with that the riders rush after them with the speed of the wind. Even at our distance of several miles away, with glasses to aid our eyes but not our ears, we hear the snorts of alarm and the wild yell of the cowboys, and we thrill with expectation in the knowledge that *The Last Great Round-up* is now under way.

Will they come towards us? Is there any danger? Can we take up the wake of the pursuit as it sweeps by? Can we shut our eyes and grind our teeth and hold fast over chasms that in coming we had time to encircle and across washouts that we had been cautioned to avoid?

On they come like a whirlwind, a cloud of dust behind and a long, hot course in front. Through the glasses can be seen the rhythmic stride of these monarchs of the West, and one can imagine that they are galloping to piped music from the glades. Ponderous beasts as they are, their speed is not merely amazing—it is alarming, and we begin to realise that we are witness of a chase beside which fox-hunting, wild-boar killing or bull-fighting would be but as battledore and shuttlecock. For, with unnerving suddenness and the speed of the limited express, a bull and cow shoot out from the rest of the herd and swing to the right as if the whole Mission Range could not stop them. The entire herd follows like an avalanche, and for a moment we fear that the riders have stampeded and that the game has got away. But not so. The cowboys are not easily frightened. We cannot see their boots, but we know that their spurs are set inward, for the cayuses fairly leap towards the crest of the hill,

and a moment later are coursing down the other slope at so dare-devil a pace that one's breath is held for the safety of the rider's neck and the pony's as well.

The buffaloes have done, as is afterwards repeatedly demonstrated, just what they might be least expected to do. In their flight they had come suddenly on a rider who had been stationed on the left in a "draw" between the hills, and, shying at him, they had swerved quickly into another "draw" on the right, absolutely ignoring the rider placed there, notwithstanding his courageous efforts to turn them back into the main course. But, when they had once started in alarm towards the right, all the King's horses and all the King's men would not stop them by trying to head them off.

The cowboys soon learn that to run in front of even one galloping buffalo not only avails nothing but places their lives in imminent peril. An old half-breed who has seen many a buffalo hunt of forty years ago insists that either a bull or a cow can be easily turned if approached on the off side from behind, but never from the front. His theory is right, but the whole herd in several chases is lost before it is sufficiently demonstrated to be of service.

However, the change of course in this first instance was not a complete loss, because the break-neck pace with which the riders surmounted the hill brought them almost into collision with the buffaloes on the other side, causing a slight deviation of the course, which led into another "draw" and thence again into the great canyon. They are now below Magpie Spring, so we examine our saddle girths, and mount.

We have dreamed dreams of wild Indians killing buffaloes before the days of even the Oregon Trail, but here is sport of rarer and nobler quality than that. These buffaloes are as wild as the wildest have been, unfenced and untended, the only wild



specimens of the American bison to be found anywhere. And they are to be taken alive. What an easy thing it would be to shoot them down one by one as they go thundering by! And indeed they do go thundering by, snorting and blowing and frothing, and raising a cloud of dust high in the rear. The long fence-arms of the runway open wide to embrace them, and, as they rush in, with a hundred cattle grazing unperturbed on the other side of the Little Bitter Root, we fall into the impelling procession and for the first time experience the glorious impulse of the chase. But this is no pace for tenderfoot, this no ground for careless spur. You can hear the clatter, clatter of speeding hoofs on all sides, and the hot breath from your cayuse blows back into your very face. If you could only rein in! But there is nothing to do but to sink your feet into the stirrups and hug the beast's ribs like a vise. Never mind the digging of brass-mounted wood into your unhardened shins or the dust in your eyes or still more dust in your parched throat. It is not necessary for you to see, and the breath of one man has no accounting in this triumphant race. The earth seems to rise up in front like a wall as you strike some steep incline, and then it falls away again as you dip down on the other side. You have planned to turn quickly back should the buffaloes balk at the chute or wish to change the course. But for you this is a lane that has no turning. But now, why should any one wish to turn? Your blood has caught the *The Spirit of the Chase*. You have passed from fear and trepidation into ecstasy and exhilaration, and at last you have settled down into the long, free gallop of your steed. Ah, this is rare sport; it is sport for kings! You thrill at the thought of gigantic quarry, and ahead you can see the long arms of the fence closing in and bringing the buffaloes more

and more into subjection. But the pace is still maintained and even quickened. Eyes shut involuntarily as a six-foot chasm appears ahead. There is a moment of exquisite tension in mid-air, and then you are emboldened to give spur to a beast of superb eagerness, and a second later you are pressing the flanks in front. For sense of time and space and care has been abandoned for the throbbing, pulsating, enthralling instinct of pursuit. You have wondered why these cowboys have rallied so eagerly. And now you know. Surely your cayuse knows also.

Chuck!

As your cayuse suddenly stops, and you nearly go headlong forward but settle back, with your boots grinding the stirrups, you see in front, on the bluff just above the chute into the river, the buffaloes standing at bay. The foremost riders are waving their hats, yelling like demons, and pressing with apparent caution gradually nearer to the herd. Just then a cow and calf disappear and the others quickly follow. There is a rush up to the top with the rest of the riders in time to see the buffaloes hurl themselves pell-mell down the chute and into the water. What a tremendous splashing and puffing and snorting! The buffaloes swim the river with ease, notwithstanding the strong current, and are soon coursing across the field that has been fenced to receive them. You know that there is much yet to be done before the others have been chased in and all have been safely transported to their permanent home on Canadian soil. But you have had enough for one day. You pass through the gate in the fence and, dismounting, feel your legs double up like a foot-rule. Fearing some one might notice, you recover quickly, and uncinch the saddle with as much seeming unconcern as you can muster.

(To be concluded in the November Number.)

# DIEUDONNÉ

BY ST. CLAIR MOORE

WHEN the last page of his mis-spent life was abruptly turned, Maître Babilas de Fleurimont was laid as though at rest in a darkened lower chamber of his home, with shapely hands quietly folded upon his breast, and lips, still red, touched with a slight disdain, as of any judgment passed upon him. At his side an aged woman, who having loved him as a child had believed no wrong of him as a man, knelt and prayed, the while her dim eyes rested upon the marvelously placid face from which one day of death had sufficed to efface the impression of many evil years. She prayed and grieved sincerely, keeping her watch alone; for the dead man's relatives whom the tidings of his untimely end had summoned from St. Bernard, remained together in the adjoining room. His two sisters, Madame Bougie and Mademoiselle de Fleurimont, faced each other across the polished table. Madame Bougie, the younger by some years, was pompous in bearing, with short unwieldy figure swathed in folds of crape, and broad peasant face, from which the hair was drawn tightly back and twisted into a hard little knot at the nape of her neck. Mademoiselle de Fleurimont, on the other hand, was thin and faded, lighter of hair and complexion, with wide, pale eyes and simpering lips. Apart by the window, stood Jehan de Fleurimont, twin brother of Madame Bougie and Curé of St. Bernard. The priests' countenance was of no more delicate or intellectual cast than that of his sister, but it differed from hers in its look of

patience and simple kindness, also in its present sadness, while Madame Bougie's expression was one of utter weariness. The old maid yawned, fingering the glossy surface of a pack of cards within her pocket. Decorum forbade her bringing them forth, but with such a fine, wide table on which to spread them, she felt inclined to set *les convenances* at defiance and learn for herself what was to be the outcome of the events of the past few days.

The presence of Madame Bougie restrained her, however. Thrown back in her chair, with half closed eyes, the younger sister was too well aware of what became one so recently bereaved, to occupy herself in any way. Mademoiselle Ludivine de Fleurimont sighed heavily, and the woman across the table, half opening her eyes, re-echoed the sigh.

"Strange, is it not?" said Ludivine, "the child came into the world as the father passed out."

Madame Bougie pursed her lips solemnly. "It was well," she replied impressively. "A last special grace was vouchsafed even to Babilas. They must have met on the way. I judge no one, but—they may never meet again."

The priest by the window heard the dead man's name but no further words of the speech, for memory carried him back to his youth, to the old home and the thrifty peasant parents, to the ambitious younger brother with his feverish yearnings for a wider life. Alas, poor Babilas! He had had his desire, had wandered far in his day,

had gone his way as one utterly devoid of conscience or heart.

"Poor Babilas, poor Babilas!" The words broke from him in a strangled sob. Mademoiselle de Fleurimont glanced at him sympathetically. "Yes," she observed, "it is hard for the child to begin life an orphan; but this is my opinion—she will never call him Babilas."

The Abbé made no answer, and she went on:

"She will either call him Pierre—that was the name of her father—Pierre Marrotte, the ship-chandler, and she was proud enough of him to give it to two of the other boys. Or it may be Jehan, since you are to be god-father. She loves you, too. What do you think she will call the child, Gloria?"

A puffing out of the lips and shrugging of the shoulders was the sole reply vouchsafed by Madame Bougie, who rejoiced in the appellation of *Gloria in Excelsis Deo*. She could not muster sufficient energy to second her sister's feeble effort to introduce a topic of conversation, and, shrugging her shoulders once more, she composed herself to sleep.

With tearful eyes the priest looked out across the desolate fields where the snow of earliest winter lay in patches. He alone of all that household retained some affection for its wayward youngest born, and the utter indifference of the two women pained him. He turned away and in the narrow passage, paused an irresolute moment without the death-chamber, then he went on and up the stairs, and entered a room the door of which stood lightly ajar. Within a sturdy woman sat by the blazing fire, crooning softly to an infant lying upon her knees. The heavy, sombre window curtains were drawn, but not so closely as wholly to shut out the cheerless November light, which fell full upon the face of a woman lying back in the bed, with the sheets drawn up to her chin. A face from which the outline and colouring of youth had long

since vanished, with deep lines of suffering about the mouth, and hair touched with gray at the temples, but the wide eyes in this haggard visage beamed with the light of a perfect happiness, never wavering from the little mummy-swathed bundle upon the nurse's knee. Stepping softly, Jehan de Fleurimont advanced into the room, whereupon the woman by the fire rose gathering the infant to her breast, and having set a chair for his reverence, laid her charge in the wasted arms lifted to receive it.

Jehan de Fleurimont felt as though his heart was breaking, as he recalled a day long since, and such another scene. The life whose opening had brought as pure a joy was ended. The child upon whom his boyish gaze had rested with such wondering tenderness lay dead, a man of middle-age in the room below, and this woman's lined brow was bent above the little, white-capped head of his son.

The priest's lips moved, he prayed that the gift which had brought solace to a heart well-nigh broken might not be reclaimed. Gently he laid his palm across the infant's clenched rosy fist. "*Dieu donné,*" he murmured tenderly, "*Dieu donné.*"

So was the child's name chosen, for Madame de Fleurimont, musing in blissful langour all through the day, drowsily repeated the priest's words, as she felt the little head warm against her breast, and the light pulsing of the tiny heart beneath her thrilled finger tips. Aware of what train must on the morrow pass forth from the house, the knowledge brought her neither regret, nor welcoming of a deliverance long withheld. With a curious sense of utter detachment from the bitter past, she felt herself no less a newcomer into life than her new-born child, and while the fire burned low, and the nurse dozed in her chair, Madame de Fleurimont dreamed of the years to come to her boy, their purpose made clear by the words Jehan had spoken. *Dieu donné*, aye God-given to her in her loneliness

and sorrow, and by her in heartfelt thanksgiving dedicated to His service. So only could her gratitude for the wondrous gift, fittingly be expressed, and so only could she set herself first forever in the heart of her child.

When Madame de Fleurimont acquainted her relatives with the vow she had taken, the twin brother and sister warmly commended her, but the spinster, Ludivine, held her peace. Presently they returned to their homes, and the widow was left alone with the child in whom her pride and joy daily increased. She no longer spent her every unoccupied moment in tending the graves, and training the vines about the low, white head-stones of the other little ones she had lost. She renewed old friendships, long since broken off. The companions of her earlier days had a kindly interest in her boy, and as he grew older it was pleasant to hear from their lips some new instance of his courage, his happy-heartedness.

These days of her belated happiness restored much of the comeliness which had been hers, when as the prosperous ship-chandler's charming heiress she had laughed and sung without a thought of care, belle of all the dances, who light-heartedly from her upper window of the dark old house above the wharves, had watched the outgoing ships bearing her disconsolate fair-haired admirers back to the land of fjords. She might have wedded again had it so pleased her, but her heart was bound up in her son, and she refused to divert from him any tithe of the love and care now exclusively his. The village wit enhanced his reputation by a sally concerning the piety of Madame de Fleurimont, whose earliest and latest thought, he said, was ever "*Deus meus.*"

Never had a child a freer, more well-beloved childhood than this one, the very circumstances of whose birth caused him to be regarded with a peculiar tenderness. The old sea-faring friends of Pierre Marrotte showed a

special kindness towards his grandson. They brought him curious gifts, and had wonderful tales to tell, tales which he regretted when the widow, fearful of the sea's fascination for dawning boyhood, went less frequently to the city.

As a de Fleurimont, St. Bernard claimed the boy as its own. Madame Bougie fed him on sweets and kept him at her side, while she dealt out the cards with which she and her sister amused themselves early and late, despite the severe rebukes of their brother, who mindful of the hard-working woman who had brought them into the world, denounced as a scandal their vanity and frivolity. He was more tolerant of the vagaries of the elder, Ludivine, holding that a woman of her years, who was neither bride of Heaven nor bride of man, was a worthy object of compassion, but he never scrupled to express his disapproval of the younger's way of life, her card-playing and crape-trimmed dresses for daily wear. When he spoke thus in his character of pastor, Madame Bougie heard him with becoming respect, pleading her ever increasing portliness as an excuse for inactivity, but when the exasperated Abbé had left her, she would set herself to devise some mischief which, while it could not fail of annoying him, would yet lie lightly upon her conscience. Thus, she set the gate of his kitchen-garden ajar that the cattle might stray in and devour his cabbages, but she respected the plot before the door where he cultivated flowers to deck the altar. The Abbé's daily paper kept him in some degree in touch with the happenings of the time, and it was his custom to read it in the hour after his dinner, but the mysterious vanishing of his spectacles often debarred him from this simple pleasure. The missing glasses invariably reappeared as the time for him to read his breviary drew near, and the Abbé at length divining something of the reason for their erratic movements, kept his own coun-

sel, and read his paper after he had laid the breviary aside. From these and kindred petty annoyances, he turned to the frank comradeship of the child, and during the month of his annual visit to St. Bernard Dieudonné found it no trifling task to satisfy the claims of his relatives upon him. The Abbé would have him accompany him in his drives about the parish, and insisted upon teaching him Latin.

The lessons progressed slowly, however, for Madame Bougie resented them. She was the wealthiest relict in the parish, she had made her will in her nephew's favour, and she considered that this entitled her to his assiduous attendance. Mademoiselle de Fleurimont delighted in telling him old folk-lore tales, in playing games with him, never so happy as when Dieudonné would suffer her to take him in her arms and rock him as she might have rocked a child of her own.

But the widow was always glad when these visits came to an end and she returned to her home, where she went about her simple household tasks, her heart warm with the great love which made each trivial, daily recurring duty a joy in the performance.

So the years slipped away, while Dieudonné grew tall and strong, and ran wild about the fields, a healthy boy among boys, rendered none the more serious by the knowledge to what service he had been vowed. Nevertheless he was shrewd enough to endeavour to wield, by reason of the calling that was to be his, something of the same authority over his comrades as the curé exercised over their elders. Such attempts at coercion, indignantly withstood by the other sturdy young savages, who showed little disposition towards any premature reverence of Dieudonné, not infrequently resulted in pitched battles between the future pastor and his flock. Madame de Fleurimont was almost jealous of the boyish companions with whom he spent so much of

his time. She half regretted the helpless days of her boy's infancy, when all his world had lain within her encircling arms. Her compensation came, when over-wearied with his games and wanderings afield, Dieudonné strayed home at dusk. Then sitting by his cot in perfect content, she would listen to his light breathing, and watch his face, as the moonlight stealing between the branches that waved across the window, fell athwart the pillow and leaf shadows moved across the relaxed childish hands.

But at length his eleventh year drew nigh, and Madame de Fleurimont must take thought for the fulfilment of her promise so solemnly made, and since so frequently renewed. She must part with her boy, give him in to the hands of those who alone could fittingly prepare him for his lot in life. She had no thought of evading her covenant, but as she stood without on the broad stone steps of the college, with its massive doors shutting Dieudonné away from her, she wondered dully at the fortitude which had enabled her to disengage the clasp of his clinging hands. She cowered down in a corner of the rickety old stage which plied between the city and Les Trois Mages, while beneath her lowered veil the tears ran down her cheeks. She was thankful that no one of her acquaintance was returning at the same time.

In the peaceful early twilight Madame de Fleurimont returned to her home. The house was in darkness, for her young servant, anticipating that her mistress would remain until the morrow, had taken advantage of the opportunity, and now hanging on her lover's arm, strayed along a leafy lane. Alone in the silent house, Madame de Fleurimont realised to the full the sacrifice she had made. In the kitchen a low fire was still burning, and the kettle set above the smouldering coals whispered to itself. Weak and weary she sank down in her old rocking chair, where

she had so often in old days rocked her baby. In the deepening dusk, the objects about her were hardly seen, but she needed no light to make her aware of the infant's high chair, still standing in the corner by the pantry door, of the kite propped against the wall, or the battered straw hat hanging on a peg by the window. Their little owner was far away, not to-night would he return, nor to-morrow, nor ever any more. They might in time restore to her a grave young divine, versed in all knowledge of holy living, but the child, the well-beloved, whose laughter had made the music of her life, had passed out of it forever.

Without the moonlight shone upon the leafy hedges and wan gleaned fields. It crept to the window, streamed through its uncurtained panes and fell all about the woman who sobbing aloud, battled with a temptation whose fierceness shook her soul. She was tried beyond her strength, she moaned. Surely, surely, there would be pardon and pity for her rather than condemnation. She stilled the voice of her conscience. She made her decision, impatient for the new day which would bring Dieudonné back to her. She thought of the morrow night when with his head against her knee, she would laugh at this evening's loneliness. She thought of all the days and nights to come. No, she could not live without him, and to any punishment which her unfaith might entail upon her. "I will say, 'So let it be,'" she murmured submissively. It could be borne, so that in youth and manhood, Dieudonné still remained at her side. Then it was that she understood how her wrong-doing should be made the instrument of its own punishment. Dieudonné grown to manhood, to him would there not come new love, the love of a stranger woman. For him also would there not be little tender children stealing into his heart, hers only now?

"So let it not be," was now her

prayer, and alone in the moonlight she dreamed no more of the child's home-returning.

Mindful of that evening's forecast, Madame de Fleurimont set herself patiently to endure her loneliness, while Dieudonné at the college learned to submit himself to its discipline. The widow's heart was comforted in some degree by the knowledge that her son was presently well-content, that he was popular with his classmates, and favourably regarded by his masters. For then, as in all his years, Dieudonné won the good-will of all who made up his little world. When for whispering in the ranks, he was summoned forth with a curt "*à genoux*," and set kneeling at the head of the great stairway, or before the classroom doors, the priest who punished him found it hard to encounter with befitting gravity the friendly glance of Dieudonné's clear, unabashed eyes. The masters were very lenient toward his misdemeanours, and by many he was preferred to those of his comrades, models of respectful docility, whose most ardent yearning was for the palm of martyrdom, and who while awaiting this glorious fate emulated in such measure as they could compass, the practices of old-time saints and hermits, the details of whose lives assiduous reading had made familiar. The fathers for the most part were disinclined to foster or complacently regard such tendencies. "Let the little boys attend to their lessons and their games," the superior was wont to say, "and they would have nothing to reproach themselves with."

In fact, the atmosphere of that clerical college appeared to influence the character of Dieudonné not at all. The fathers would fain have seen this one of their pupils more seriously inclined, more appreciative of the solemnity of his vocation. They deplored his fondness for the society of the stable men and gardeners. He evinced a far deeper interest in horses, in seeds and bulbs than in books, so

that the close of the scholastic year usually brought him a greater number of "accessits" than of the gild-edged purple and scarlet-covered volumes from the press of Mame of Tours, wherewith industry was wont to be rewarded.

Madame de Fleurimont resented this as an injustice, and made part of her grievance to her brother-in-law Jehan, but she became ruffled when that good man in all sincerity attempted to convince her that the kindness and ready sympathy which were characteristic of Dieudonné were qualifications far more essential for the station he was to occupy, than any intellectual gifts, and that had her son indeed been the Heaven-inspired genius of her imaginings, she must perforce have resigned her cherished dream of the country presbytery she had so often pictured to him, as on summer evenings they sat beneath her rose-hung porch. On these occasions Dieudonné lying with his head in her lap, looked up to the beatific smile bent above him and expressed his intention of governing his future parish after the fashion of his Uncle Jehan. Like him, he would be the friend and helper of his flock, as well as their director. When he spoke in this wise, Madame de Fleurimont listening as to words of deepest wisdom, turned challenging eyes upon her brother-in-law.

The boy's preceptors, however, regarded his cheery matter-of-fact acceptance of his lot as in itself a cause for concern. They were men of experience, who while they strove to curb the wild vagaries of too impressionable youth, yet held it well that the village *curé* should have dreamed his exalted dreams. Therefore it was, that they viewed with special approval a friendship which he contracted about the time of his entrance upon his theological course. Of all his classmates, in their opinion, there was none better qualified to exercise an awakening influence upon the mind of Dieudonné than this youth whom he

chose as his most intimate associate. For Victor Rioux lacked neither fervour nor enthusiasm. The only son of Narcisse Rioux, who many years ago had come penniless from Les Trois Mages, to the city, and was now ranked among its foremost merchants, he had inherited the steadfastness which had made success possible for the unfriended peasant lad, but his every thought turned to the service of humanity. Dissimilar as were their natures, an entire sympathy grew up between Dieudonné and this rich young man, who spurned his worldly advantages as dross; so that their intimacy did not fail of the effect anticipated by the fathers. The unselfish aims, the lofty ideals of his friend, were a constant rebuke to the lukewarmness of Dieudonné. He would listen enthralled, while Victor with hands clasped about his knee, and grave eyes of infinite compassion, spoke of the sin and suffering with which the world was rife and of his own aspiration to lessen if in ever so slight a degree the fearful sum of man's guilt and wretchedness. Dieudonné came to revere the youth so slightly his senior. He loved him, and rejoiced when he learned that they were not to be separated by the summer vacation. For Narcisse Rioux, wearied at length of money-getting, had announced his intention of retiring from business, and withdrawing to his birth-place, there to spend his declining years. His fortune was made. His daughter grown to womanhood, betrothed to a worthy tradesman, a prosperous furrier. His son had chosen his profession. He had done well both for his children and himself; now he would rest. Victor brought this news to Dieudonné, and the young man's plans for a happy summer were all mapped out, when they parted, and Dieudonné went home to await the coming of Narcisse Rioux and his family. But the long bright days drifted by, and still his comrade tarried. The latest lilac plumes showered their purple stars upon the way-

side grass, in the fields the young wheat was growing tall, but the house on the hill-side, built by the retired merchant wherein to take his repose, still stood tenantless, and Dieudonné grown impatient of delay betook himself to Narcisse Rioux's warehouse, and learned there that Victor had by over close application to study so overtaxed his delicate constitution that a sea voyage was imperative, and therefore he was about to set sail upon a merchant vessel of his father's, bound for Norway. Victor regretted the necessity, but there was no alternative, and he commended to the affection of his friend, his little sister, Marielle, who upon his departure would set out for Les Trois Mages. Dieudonné remembered the little sister, whom he had seen across the great parlour, once or twice on visiting days. He had heard that the wedding-day of old Narcisse's daughter was close at hand, and he told himself that the bridegroom-elect would be in constant attendance, and that the bashful school-girl of his recollections would have little time for him, for which his feeling was not one of regret. But in both these surmises he found himself mistaken, for the *fiancé* proved to be one of the men who dedicate the week to their affairs, and Sunday to their affections, while Marielle took her place in his little household circle as simply, as naturally, as if it had always awaited her.

Madame de Fleurimont declared that she had never met a more charming girl, and Marielle was constantly with her. She brought the widow flowers from her garden, and listened unweariedly to the tale of the miracle of Dieudonné's birth, his dedication, and a thousand trivial incidents of his childhood and youth. In appearance she much resembled her brother, and Dieudonné writing presently to his well-beloved friend, told him that her presence in some measure compensated for his own absence.

They were thrown much together,

these two young people, for Marielle made no other friendships, in the village, and of the comrades of Dieudonné's earlier days the greater number had by this time gone forth from Les Trois Mages, to make a place for themselves, while those who remained, forgetful of their contumacious childhood, no longer expected to associate on terms of equality, with the young seminarist. So together Marielle and Dieudonné strayed through the woods, and rowed on the river, or sat at evenings beneath the roses of the porch, lowering their voices as Madame de Fleurimont nodded over the knitting fallen from her hand. Dieudonné was well content, for of all his care-free, uneventful life these summer days were to him the happiest, and for the first time he omitted his annual visit to St. Bernard.

But as the summer wore to its close, some shadow seemed to fall between the three whom its earlier days had brought together. Marielle now came more rarely, and but seldom lingered to chat with Dieudonné after fall of dusk. She had grown reserved in manner also, and the young man fancied that inadvertently he might have offended her, for more than once upon looking up suddenly, he had met her eyes, dropped swiftly as his own were raised, fixed upon him in serious scrutiny as though seeking to read his very soul. He questioned himself, passing in review words and actions, but could discover nothing to which Marielle might have taken exception, and then it came to him that the girl's altered demeanour might be but a reflection of that of Madame de Fleurimont, for she likewise seemed to have withdrawn into herself, constrained in Marielle's presence, no longer cordial as she had been. But the preceding afternoon, when Marielle about to take her leave had spoken of sending down some of her latest roses, Madame de Fleurimont had ungraciously refused them.

Dieudonné was minded to speak of



this as, near the hour of sunset he rowed Marielle homeward from the island whither they had gone to gather wild cherries, and he bent to his oars considering how he could broach the subject of the estrangement which seemed to be growing up between the two women who were dearest to him. All day long a storm had seemed impending, but now the clouds rolling away from a sky utterly serene and fair, massed themselves to westward in high-towering aerial battlements, suffused with light, with ethereal splendour of colouring beneath which the lately shadowy, green country-side, and tranquil sombre water, lay transfigured, radiantly lovely and wholly peaceful, while from the quiet fields of the nearer shore the bells of Les Trois Mages began to chime the *Angelus*. Dieudonné looked away enraptured from the glassy roseate river to the sunset sky.

"Look, Marielle!" he cried to his companion, who sitting opposite him, regarded him with eyes still deeply questioning, but filled now with a dull pain, a bitter impatience, "look, Marielle!" then, again encountering that strangely earnest fixity of her gaze, disconcerted, he faltered: "Why do you look at me so gravely, Marielle?"

She laughed a little mirthlessly. "I was thinking," she replied, "wondering which of us will be content with our lot when the summer has quite ended and you and Victor go back to the college, while I go to my bridegroom, each to the chosen life. Chosen? No! Victor alone has chosen freely. I am a woman, to sit with folded hands, but you, Dieudonné, who from the beginning have known but the will of others, I wonder will you be happy?"

They had reached the landing place, and Marielle stood a moment as though awaiting some answer to her question. There among the reeds, with a look of tense expectancy upon her face she confronted Dieudonné, but when he, gazing upon her as one half awakened from sleep, stammered,

"Happy, I?" the momentary eagerness faded from her eyes, and listlessly she went her way alone through the rushes.

Now, Dieudonné sat down to ponder the meaning of Marielle's attitude and the scorn of her voice, and as he sat there a strange and sudden trouble fell upon him, and confusedly there came home to him a realisation of what life might mean for other men. He thought of Victor upon the far Norwegian seas, of the city, not those quiet streets and squares amidst which the college stood isolated within its lovely gardens, but the busy quarters of wharves and warehouses, where men came and went ceaselessly as bees about a hive, and the tradesman greeted the sea captain as he stepped ashore; of the sunny sloping ill-paved streets up which the sailors rolled, trolling their drinking songs; of the dark old office buildings where the gas burned all through the day, and where so many of his childhood's comrades, perched up by grimy windows, briskly set pen to paper, entering consignments from distant lands, and exchanged greetings with men who had sailed all seas. He thought of the harbour with its forest of masts, of the outgoing ships setting sail for the other side of the world, of all the strenuous activity, the far-reaching interests of the life that had lain so close, but to which his own passivity had rendered him blind, and it seemed to him that he had lingered in childhood while others took upon themselves the tasks of men. And then he fell to wondering wherefore in his perfect content it should have moved him so, a girl's disdain of his acquiescence in his elder's choice for him of a holy calling.

The reason was not immediately made clear to his innocent soul, and he mused by the river-side while the glorious sunset waned, dusk gathered, and one by one the stars shone forth, till all the deep and dark heaven above him blazed with a myriad pulsating points of light. The water lapped and

whispered against his boat, and presently from behind a pine-clothed hill, the moon climbed heavenward, flooding with silvery radiance all the sleeping earth.

Still Dieudonné stirred not, though the night wore itself away, for vague impulses were stirring, quickening to life within his soul, a revulsion from all old and familiar things, a reaching out for freedom and all that life held in its gift. And he seemed to stand at the threshold of some overwhelming revelation, but the clue which was to guide him thereto, through the labyrinth of his doubts, all but touched upon, still eluded him.

Deserted the village street stretched away between its rows of silent houses. From one window only a light still shone. It burned in the room, where the widow with fear chill at her heart kept her lonely vigil. In all the hamlet none other was wakeful.

Madame Bougie, driving in from St. Bernard the next morning, broke forth into exclamations upon the haggard looks of her sister-in-law, but her own dull eyes grew grave, and her square jaw set itself obstinately, as she heard what Madame de Fleurimont had to tell. Heaven be thanked, she said, she had wit enough to avert the overthrow of the hopes of years. Stupid as she might appear to be, this emergency found Madame Bougie not unequal to it, as she sat awaiting her nephew. He had gone out very early, impelled by an irresistible yearning to seek Marielle, whose mockery had so strangely moved him; a yearning that born of his perplexity, gathered to itself strength, as in his quiet room he outwatched the night, so that the time between the earliest twittering of the birds among the wet leaves, and the first stirring of life in the early-rising hamlet, had seemed of endless duration. He had climbed the hill breathlessly, but as he came to Marielle's garden gate, a woman drawing water from the well called to him that her young mistress

had on the previous evening departed for the city; and feeling himself still baffled, Dieudonné turned away. Now, peremptorily summoned by Madame Bougie to accompany her on her return to St. Bernard, he curtly refused. Whereupon his aunt surveying him with an air of judicial severity, flicked with her thumb-nail the dust from her bands of crape worn not in token of any bereavement but in ostentation of her wealth. She was astounded, she averred. She could not have believed in the existence of such ingratitude. All summer long he had taken no thought of his kinsfolk and now, not only did he show no disposition to atone for this remissness, but flatly declined to do so, and that when his father's sister lay upon what might be her death bed.

Thus apostrophising him, Madame Bougie folded her arms beneath her broad bosom, while Madame de Fleurimont, half hidden by the voluminous draperies and portly person of her sister-in-law, looked up at her son with anxious eyes, which yet evaded a direct meeting with his own. Dieudonné questioned them impatiently. How should he know of anything amiss? They had not told him. Was the case serious? What ailed Ludivine? Madame Bougie shrugged her shoulders. If he had not been so quick to refuse, she would have told him more. As for Ludivine, she had taken to her bed. She was extremely feeble, and at her age who could say? The young man stood before them irresolute, then, perforce, he yielded; but as he drove along the dusty road behind Madame Bougie's round dappled mare, he was already devising schemes to shorten the visit which hitherto had been one of the most pleasant events of his whole year, and he cast regretful backward glances at the house seen high upon the hillside, till an intervening wood shut it from his view.

Her son and sister-in-law having departed, Madame de Fleurimont tied on her bonnet with trembling fingers,

and in pursuance of the plan concerted by Madame Bougie, betook herself to the city, and the furrier's shop conducted by the *fiancé* of Marielle. There she remained some time closeted with the proprietor, and when she came forth he accompanied her to the door, and stood on the step above the sunshiny pavement, along which the people passed and repassed. So florid was he, so prosperous in appearance, so blandly self-confident in manner, that she felt she could safely trust him to guard his own.

Up at St. Bernard, Dieudonné found the elder of his aunts laid up indeed, but in his opinion there was no occasion for the grave apprehensions expressed by Madame Bougie. Nevertheless he remained, for the invalid, who upon his arrival, had greeted him with a vivacity wholly surprising in one supposed to be nearing the confines of the tomb, suddenly relapsed into gloomy despondency, and prayed her nephew not to leave her.

Madame Bougie had issued her instructions, and Mademoiselle de Fleurimont, with the habit of a lifetime strong upon her, obeyed. She did so regretfully, however, and her faded eyes, looking forth from beneath the falling frill of her cap, wistfully followed Dieudonné as he went back and forth between her house and the presbytery garden, where Jehan de Fleurimont, working among his vegetables, confessed himself at a loss to account for the fears of the women, for Madame Bougie had not seen fit to admit him to her confidence. As matters were, she accounted herself mistress of the situation. She rebuked Jehan for his lack of brotherly solicitude, and so manœuvred that a fortnight slipped away, and still Dieudonné lingered at St. Bernard, then as the re-opening of the college was at hand, as Ludivine, grown restive, occasioned her some uneasiness, and as she considered that she might confidently regard her purpose as achieved, Madame Bougie no longer

detained her nephew, but parted from him in high spirits, elatedly challenging Jehan with, "Say, now, l'Abbé, you have been about in your day, have you not seen bishops who were not so well-built?"

Dieudonné, at the end of his homeward journey, while Madame de Fleurimont's arms still embraced him, asked her of Marielle.

"She has not returned, my son," the widow made reply, "nor is it likely that she will now do so, as her marriage is to take place within a very few days."

As she marked the look of blank disappointment with which he heard her, Madame de Fleurimont inwardly rejoiced at the result of her sister-in-law's diplomacy.

Dieudonné went back to the college, and half-heartedly once more took up his studies, and presently Victor also returned, with health restored by his Norwegian voyage, and full of gratitude to his comrade for his care of the little sister, to whom he had but now bidden God-speed upon her wedding journey. He brought to his friend no especial message from the bride, but Dieudonné was not hurt by the omission, for he knew that whatever word she might have had for him would now never be spoken.

Patiently he endeavoured to fit himself for his destined career; but sometimes in the purple dusk of autumn evenings, while the great metal crucifix upon the wall opposite him gleamed dully in the deepening twilight, Victor's face, close to his own, seemed changed, grown softer and more gentle, with serious troubled eyes. Then he would fall to dreaming upon that one brief moment of illumination, in which he had looked out upon a freer and fuller life, upon which the curtain had fallen ere he had fully apprehended all its possibilities. From his place on the secure, unobstructed high-road, he looked back with a vague sadness to the parting of the ways. Neverthe-

less this wistful consciousness that much which he must now forever forego, had at one time lain close to his hand, could but be transitory in its disheartening effect upon one whose entire training had been toward a definite end, now all but accomplished. The memory of that brief half-awakening was powerless against the influences of many years. It faded, died, passed wholly from him. From that summer-time episode nothing remained to him but a deepened earnestness.

The closing years of his semi-cloistered college career were peaceful and content. Very freely now, and with all his heart, he accepted the way of life which others had marked out for him, and if in his more sober outlook he lacked the ardour, the enthusiasm which characterised all Victor's dreams of the future, yet in sincerity of purpose the comrades were as one.

More inseparable than ever, as the end of their long companionship drew near, together they traversed all the initial stages to the final goal, and together they walked in silence beneath the blossoming orchard trees, as the last retreat wore to its close. They knelt side by side in the college chapel, while the stately service of their ordination solemnly proceeded, and the lovely spring morning drew on to noon. High above the worshippers rose the glad clear-soaring voices of the boyish choir, and from the pealing, chanting organ poured a flood of triumphant harmony, beneath which Madame de Fleurimont, kneeling among her kinsfolk, felt her heart fail her in an ecstasy of joy. With dimly-seeing eyes she beheld as in a mist of glory, the blaze of light, the flowers and gold of the high altar, the bishop in splendid symbolic robes, attended by his lesser clergy, and one fair young head bowed reverently beneath the prelate's touch of consecration. At her right, pompously erect, Madame Bougie bore herself with the compla-

cency befitting one who witnessed the happy issue of her own timely interposition. Mademoiselle de Fleurimont's hands were clasped tensely against her meagre breast, and the Curé of St. Bernard's broad face was radiant as a sun, while ever and again he wiped his eyes with a great handkerchief drawn from the bosom of his fine new cassock. He half turned toward his sister-in-law as the bishop spoke the final words of dedication, but she, heedless of all else, looked worshippingly up to the serenely calm young face now turned to hers.

At the close of the service, while the strangers who had come to witness it filed out, and the parents, the relatives, the teachers whose long task was ended gathered about the newly-ordained, Madame de Fleurimont clung to Dieudonné, impatient to be away from these outsiders who with superfluous embraces and congratulations thrust themselves between her and her son. A little later she stood alone with Dieudonné in the secluded shady *Allée du Saint Esprit*, and found few words to express the intensity of her happiness; but, with his young arm encircling her, she leaned upon his heart, and as with awed tenderness she looked up at him, her thoughts went back to the gray dawn of that far-off wintry morning when she had hushed his first wailing cry against her breast.

Dieudonné held her to him, and, presently mastering her emotion, she began to speak of the rustic presbytery whose every detail she had long since perfected in dreams. She was light-hearted as a bride, but the youth at her side listened gravely, as passing beneath the out-spreading branches they came to the end of the walk and paused there. A hush as of the country brooded over that peaceful garden, lying within so short a space of the busy town. Over the thickly springing grass, butterflies wavered and poised. The warm air was sweet with the scent of flowering lilac

bushes, purple and white, and the bell in the college tower tinkled lightly. Where they stood a snow of falling apple blossoms drifted down upon them. The sunlight fell upon Dieudonné's uncovered head as he spoke:

"That was also my hope, but in these later months it has seemed to me that my task would lie among far other scenes; and during the retreat the service appointed was clearly revealed. I cannot refuse to hear the voice of my Master: I must go though my heart should break. And you, oh, dearest! following in the footsteps of Him who said 'Not my will, but thine,' will be supported by His love."

His lips trembled, and Madame de Fleurimont clung to him more closely.

"And the task—the task—what is it, Dieudonné?"

"The task, my work, it lies yonder, there in the far-off North, where men forget their Maker in the mad strife for gold."

His steadfast eyes looked away, and, as he spoke, he stretched forth his arms as if in yearning toward the darkened souls perishing amidst the plains of gold and ice.

And with that gesture Madame de Fleurimont beheld, as in a vision, the distance dividing them through all the desolate years.

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## COLOUR TIME

BY DOUGLAS ROBERTS

Autumn like a day new born,  
Floods across the sleeping land,  
Ripening the fields of corn,  
Till yellow throngs are nodding hand in hand.

Slowly through the world of mist,  
Golden-red the sun moves down,  
Till the wooded hill-tops kissed  
Are smoking crimson like a plundered town.

France may sing of coloured lands,  
Vineyards purple in the fall,  
Emerald waters on white sands,  
A yellow grove behind a gray-faced wall.

Chalk-white roads through painted bloom,  
Crooked hills of crooked trees  
Slashed with lavender and broom,  
And scarlet sails against the vivid seas.

But I know a woodland lane,  
Where when autumn drifts and fills,  
Colours burn as rich again,  
And overflowing flood the silent hills.

## THE LONELY ROAD

By VIRNA SHEARD

We used to fear the lonely road  
That twisted round the hill;  
It dipped down to the river-way,  
And passed the haunted mill,  
And then crept on, until it reached  
The churchyard, green and still.

No pipers ever took that road,  
No Gipsies, brown and gay;  
No shepherds with their gentle flocks,  
No loads of scented hay;  
No market-waggon jingled by  
On any Saturday.

The dog-wood there flung wide its stars,  
In April, silvery sweet;  
The squirrels crossed that path all day  
On tiny flying feet;  
The wild, brown rabbits knew each turn,  
Each shadowy safe retreat.

And there the golden-belted bee  
Sang his sweet summer song,  
The crickets chirped there to the moon  
With steady note and strong;  
Till cold and silence wrapped them round  
When autumn nights grew long.

But, oh! they brought the lonely dead  
Along that quiet way,  
With strange procession, dark and slow,  
On sunny days and gray;  
We used to watch them, wonder-eyed,  
Nor care again to play.

And we forget each merry jest;  
The birds on bush and tree  
Silenced the song within their throats  
And with us watched to see,  
The soft, slow passing out of sight  
Of that dark mystery.

We fear no more the lonely road  
That winds around the hill;  
Far from the busy world's highway  
And the gods' slow-grinding mill;  
It only seems a peaceful path,  
Pleasant, and green, and still.

# THE WHALE AND HIS HAUNTS

BY STURGEON STEWART

## ARTICLE II.

THE next morning broke clear and bright, with only the under-swells to externally remind us of the storm of the day before, though internally we had very strong qualms of conscience as to whether we should admit that the storm was quite over. The Captain told us that we did not take the situation seriously enough "when the sea was on," and that it might, therefore, as a result of our neglect, be several days before our internal equilibrium would be fully restored—and so it came to pass.

Breakfast over, and finding that the course of our vessel had been changed to south-west by west, we saw that everyone was on the *qui vive* and learned that we were approaching the place of all places for finding not only whales in large numbers, but also many other forms of marine life—the feeding grounds of the whale.

As we sped on under slackened steam, our attention was called to the peculiar pink appearance of the ocean ahead of us and extending far on either side. Upon closer examination and explanation, we learned that this effect was produced by myriads upon myriads of shrimps, practically forming great living moving shoals of these decapods which are the delectable food of the greatest of the cetaceans, which come great distances to these fields elysian.

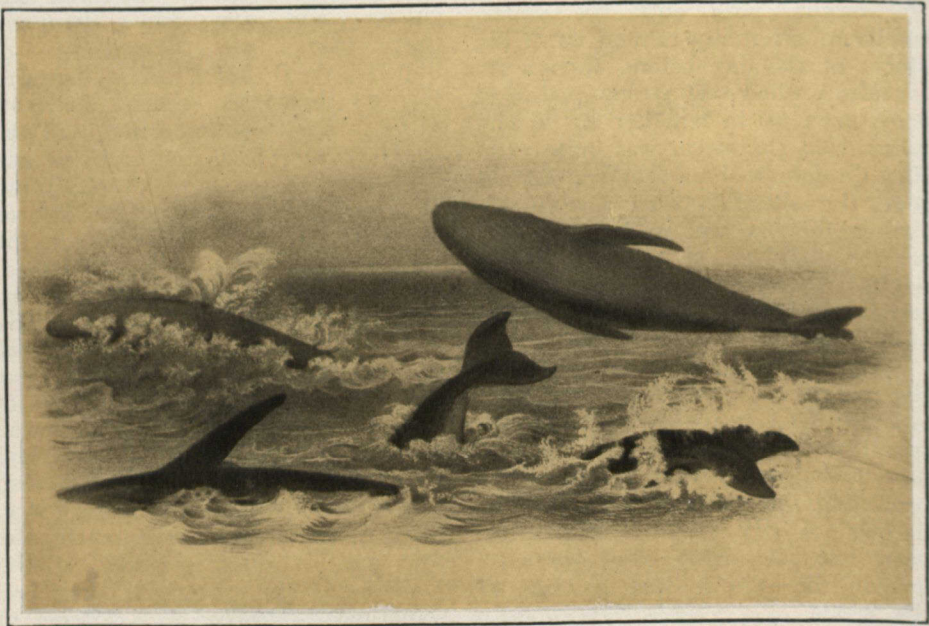
In a short time the call of the man in the look-out barrel, who had been surveying the horizon with

his powerful glass, apprised the gunner and the ship's company that there was something of importance at hand. The Captain, through the mate, ordered the crew to be in readiness for action, and the engineer saw that his engines and fires were in the pink of condition, as it might mean a big chase just as likely as an easy catch. Out in the very thickest of the shrimp bed feeding grounds, distant about five furlongs to the left, now plainly visible to the naked eye, was what appeared like dozens of boiling geysers, but which proved to be a large school of whales blowing. The spouts which are usually supposed to be water and spray, but are really the thick heated breath of the whales with some water, rising in the distance, are usually the first and unfailing evidence of the presence of the cetacean. They can sometimes be located at a distance of five or six miles.

Our vessel's helm was quickly turned to port and our speed increased in the direction of these geysers. We were soon drawing near to a great herd of these monsters. Cautiously and with as little noise as possible under the circumstances we approached. The nerve tension of the crew was very marked. The Captain and the gunner were the coolest and most deliberate of the company. We almost floated alongside some of them, but they would quickly "sound" or strike for the bottom, and then we had to select another victim to ap-

proach. After several attempts we came within close range of one monster, but the gunner having trained the harpoon-gun on him, signalled the engineer that he wished to approach a little closer to make a sure mark; but he, too, "cut out his flukes"—the whaler's expression when the whale throws its caudal fin upward and sideways above the surface of the water, and with a headlong plunge for the bottom endeavours to escape — leaving nothing but a seething, boiling spot where he disappeared. Soon

touched, and away with lightning flash and thunderous roar sped the harpoon with the enclosed bomb, carrying with it its powerful cable. The aim was accurate, the shot effective. With one mighty lurch as the harpoon entered its vitals and the bomb exploded in its body, it gave two or three lashes on the surface of the ocean that sent immense waves that heaved our ship, and the surface of the ocean had the appearance of a seething cauldron, so agitated was it. The struggle was only for a moment.



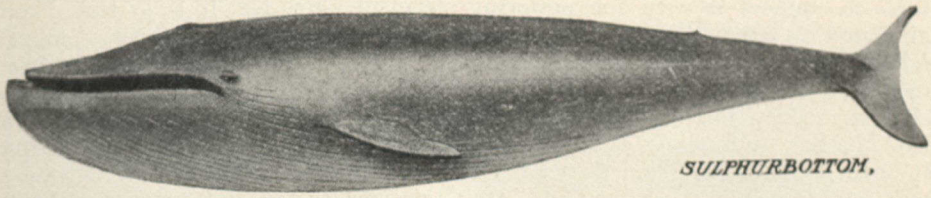
*From a drawing*

WHALES AT PLAY

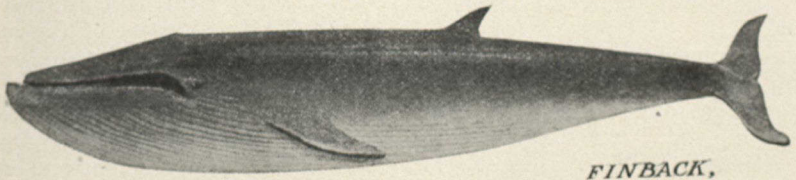
we were in close contact for the third or fourth time with a splendid animal that had just risen to the surface to blow. After blowing four or five times, they can again descend to the bottom and remain for twenty or twenty-five minutes, when they are again compelled to come to the surface. This fine looking fellow seemed to be quite oblivious as to his surroundings, giving the gunner a splendid opportunity to train an effective shot. In a moment, the lever was

The bomb had done its work, and in a few minutes the great carcass lay motionless and almost immediately began to sink to the bottom. The powerful steam winch was put in action, which is used for taking up the cable, and a taut line kept it afloat nearly under our bow, until the whalers could lower their boats and take their implements, including a sharp double-bladed lance attached to a long iron tube handle, to the other end of which is attached a flexible

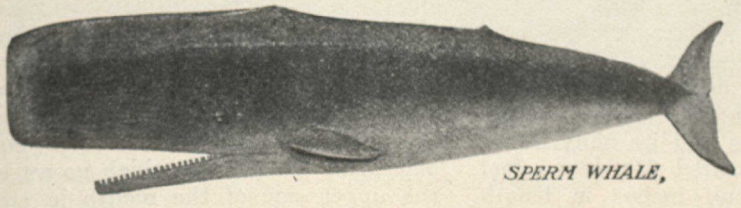




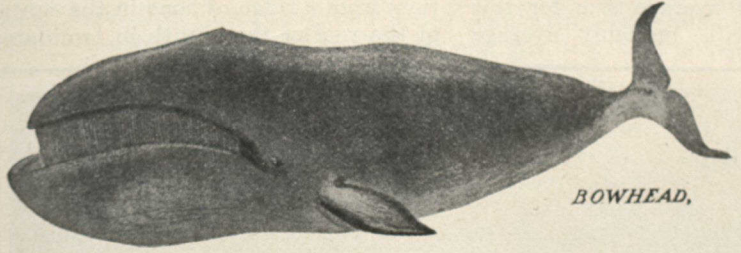
*SULPHURBOTTOM,*



*FINBACK,*



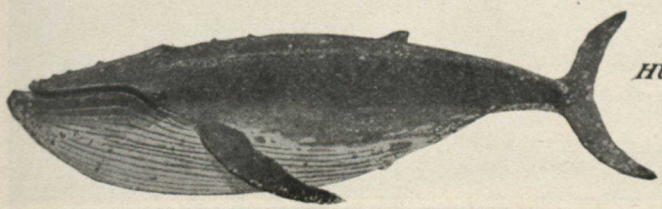
*SPERM WHALE,*



*BOWHEAD,*



*CALIFORNIA GRAY,*



*HUMPBACK,*

COMPARATIVE SIZES OF WHALES

tube to connect it with the powerful air-pump on the ship. These agile fellows, when the animal is dead, immediately mount the carcass and sink the lance deep into its body through the blubber, and air is pumped into it until it will float. Then they sink a pole securely into the body, and, attaching a flag and buoy, the whale is left floating while they hunt and capture another.

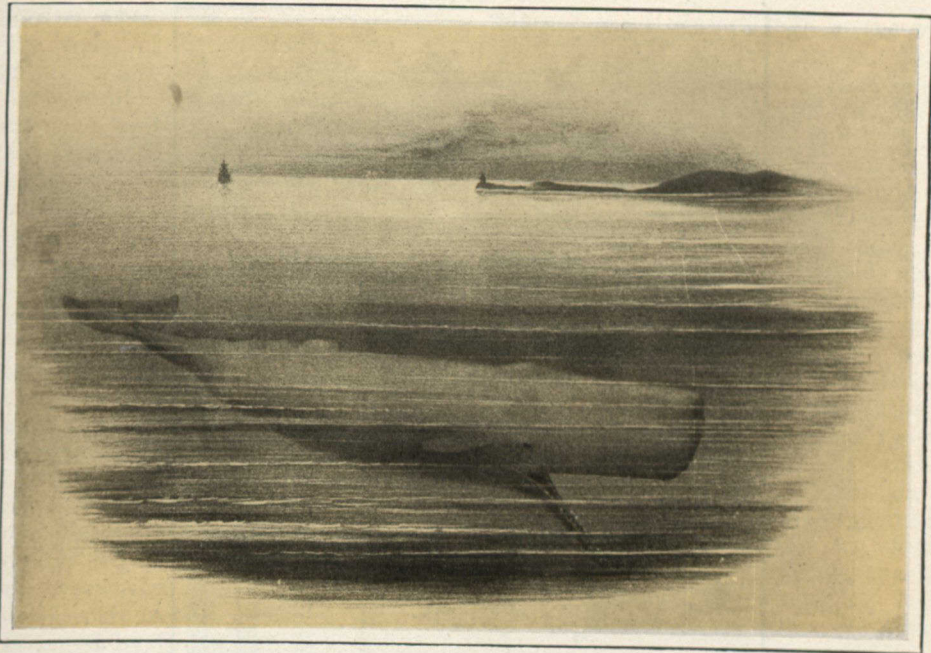
This whale belonged to the species of rorquals commonly called the fin-back (*Balaenoptera velifera*), which ranks next to the sulphur-bottom for size and swiftness. It is the most handsome and symmetrical of all the cetaceans of the Pacific, being long and slim in body, like a mackerel. It is one of the gray-hounds of the ocean. Its back and sides were a deep blackish blue, slightly spotted with light on lower part of its sides and its belly almost white. It measured fifty-seven feet, four and one-half inches in length, which is a fair average size for this species. It will probably average

from fifty-five feet to sixty feet. From point of nose to back corner of mouth it was twelve feet, six inches; from point of nose to eye, twelve feet, three inches; from point of nose to pectoral fin, fourteen feet, six inches; from point of nose to spout or blowholes—this species has two—on top of head, nine feet; from blowhole to dorsal fin (on back), thirty feet, six inches; from dorsal fin to extreme of caudal fin (tail), seventeen feet, eight inches. Length of pectoral fin, eight feet; width of pectorals, three feet, six inches; width of flukes or tail fins (which are horizontal, not vertical as in fish), thirteen feet; girth, behind pectorals, thirty-two feet; length of skull and jaw bones, fifteen feet; jaw bones, one foot broad and eight inches thick. The ribs, nine feet to twelve feet long and ten inches to fifteen inches in circumference, weigh from about fifty to sixty pounds each. The balæna or whalebone, which grows in the upper side of the mouth in two tiers from a ridge of bone in the centre of the roof of the mouth in laminated



From a drawing

AN ARCTIC WHALING SCENE



From a drawing

A MONSTER WHALE FEEDING

rows, extending downward and outward, consisted of 580 pieces—290 on each side—ranging from two feet to four feet, six inches in length and nine inches to eighteen inches wide at base, with a heavy coarse fringe of stranded whalebone lying obliquely over the edges of those adjoining it. It yielded about seventy barrels of oil. The blubber was from nine inches to eighteen inches thick. This coating of blubber is a thick layer of a peculiar fatty substance, the only apparent use of which is to keep it warm in the varying temperatures of the water. Beneath the blubber is a red coarse meat like very coarse beef, not adapted for food, though portions of certain species of whales are canned and eaten by the Japanese, some of whom are expert whalers, also by the Chinese and West Coast Indians, who consider the lips, the tail, and several other choice pieces delectable food.

It is natural, as is generally supposed, to think that the skin of these animals would be thick and tough.

The writer has, among the mementos of his trip and experience, portions of the skin of three whales whose capture he witnessed, and to a limited extent took part in—a finback, a humpback and a sulphur-bottom—and in every case it is about the thickness of thick tissue paper or very thin writing paper and almost transparent. It would make beautiful waterproof garments but for the fact that it is very easily torn. Some species, however, have a thicker skin, but in no case have we found the skin really thick.

Among other of the mementos preserved by the writer are: the eardrum of one of these whales—a peculiar shell-formed heavy lump of bone or lime formation about the size of a large closed fist, and weighing about as much as its size of lead; a lamina of the balæna or whalebone in its natural condition, cut out of the mouth of the sulphur-bottom hereafter described; and a piece of the intestines dressed into a beautiful thin but very strong piece of leather.



IMPLEMENTS USED IN WHALING

suitable for gloves or any other purpose for which a thin soft leather can be used.

After the whaling crew had secured as far as possible, this, the first trophy of our trip, by leaving it attached to a large floating buoy with a Canadian flag flying from its body, the Captain ordered the crew to make ready for our next attack.

During the next few hours as we cruised about the feeding grounds spouting was seen at a number of different points, but before they could be reached the game had disappeared, as they sometimes become very suspicious at the appearance of an intruding steam vessel. In several cases a rapid chase of some miles failed to

overtake these high sea flyers. We were rewarded, however, about the middle of the afternoon, when in the midst of a moderately rough sea and a stiff breeze we saw a couple of spouts a short distance from our boat. Attention was immediately directed to this monster, which appeared to be almost the length of our ship. Everybody held his breath as our skipper ordered the men to "stand to" and the engineer was notified to "slow engines and muffle steam." Cautiously we floated in a semicircle to the right to bring us alongside the whale, which was carelessly and slowly wallowing along, sometimes slightly above the surface, when a large wave would strike it, and then

almost wholly out of the water when the trough of the sea was under it. Its immense size added to the suppressed excitement. Whether too much interested in the constantly increasing strength of the gale that was blowing in its very eyes or the high seas that successively buried it several feet deep beneath the surf, or whether in its innocent and confiding spirit it thought we would not harm it, we know not—for the whale generally is one of the most innocent and harmless of all dwellers in the sea, though occasionally a tremendous struggle and fight for life takes place and shows its Herculean powers.

After we had kept up the rapid chase for several minutes, we stood off about three perches from our quarry. The writer was possessed of an overwhelming desire to take some active part in the operations, and was favoured by being permitted to stand by the gunner on the vessel's prow to help operate and fire the gun, which was now trained on the monster. At a given signal from the gunner the writer pulled the lever and sent the harpoon and bomb whistling through the air with its ominous whirr, deep into the side of this innocent animal. Then began a mighty struggle. A twinge of conscience at this betrayal of its apparent confidence in us, brought from us the exclamation "poor old fellow."

As the harpoon buried itself deep in its side, and the bomb exploded, it apparently did not strike so vital a spot as in the former earlier in the day. It lodged a little too high and forward in its shoulder to cause instantaneous death. With one tremendous lurch and a mighty stroke of its enormous tail, the whale flung itself entirely out of the water many feet into the air, alighting with an awful splash on its side, sending tons of water and spray in every direction, drenching our ship and crew in a most thorough manner, more effectively even than the storm of yesterday. Then with another agonising leap, it "turned

flukes," threw its tail high in the air and "sounded" or dived for the bottom of the ocean. The harpoon having taken a firm hold in the flesh beneath the blubber, the line with a zip! ziff! zee-oo! began to spin out from the "foregoer" at a tremendous speed until hundreds and thousands of feet were played out to it. Several times it slackened slightly and the powerful steamed winch was quickly put into operation to take up the slack, but quickly another dive was made and more line had to be dealt out. The ship was quickly turned bow to and soon the line was again drawn taut. Then came the command from the skipper "stern all," and in obedience, the vessel's engines were reversed and slowly an effort was made to draw the monster backward to exhaust his strength. But No! It willed otherwise. Notwithstanding the reversed engines, the taut line made the winch creak, and the mighty monster began towing the vessel against its reversed and powerful engines, first for some time to windward in a north-westerly direction, then it "milled" turning south-westerly, and finally to leeward south-easterly it spasmodically towed the vessel for more than an hour and a quarter. During this time everything possible was done to exhaust his strength. Then gradually the pull ceased and the line was drawn in. The animal seemed to become exhausted, and while occasionally plunging and tugging, the jerk being relieved by an immense spring over which the line operated, it was evident its strength was fast decreasing. Finally it rose to the surface, partly drawn up by the harpoon line, and with a couple of convulsive flops of its pectorals and flukes, it lay motionless close to our bow, a monster of enormous size.

The boats were immediately lowered, manned and equipped with the long keen lances, which are often used to finish the work on a wounded whale, and with gaff-hooks, flensing knives and hollow spears. One boat



From an old print

A WHALING SCENE IN A PACIFIC COAST LAGOON

swung out towards its head and the other approached the flukes to land on its body with their weapons, as it appeared quite dead, but in a last dying convulsion it "lobtailed" and the great caudal fin commenced to lash the already boisterous sea, almost striking the boat nearest its flukes and sending tons of water flying over it, which for a few moments looked as though it would surely be swamped. And had it not been that it was a staunch splendidly constructed Norwegian "pram," the safest and best of all surf boats, it would probably have gone to the bottom with its courageous crew, as the heavy sea

was an unusually serious handicap.

Soon the lances and spears did their work and the trophy of the chase was ours. One of the finest specimens of the largest, the swiftest, the most symmetrical, with the exception of the finback, and the most difficult to catch and yet at times the most tractable and docile of all rorquals, the sulphur-bottom (*Balænoptera Musculus*) was the prize, by all odds the largest animal in the world. Every member of the crew, from the skipper, mate and gunner down to the stoker in the hold, including the new member of the crew, felt proud of the achievement.

The magnificent quarry was adjudged by the captain and crew to be among the finest taken in the Pacific waters, though there had been a few larger ones brought in. Its dimensions were much greater than the finback caught earlier in the day. It measured seventy-six feet in length and nearly forty feet in girth; length of jawbone, nineteen feet, six inches; width of jaw, four feet, six inches at front and at back of mouth fourteen feet, six inches; weight of balæna or whalebone, 800 pounds; largest balæna, seven feet; vertebrae or spinal column, eighteen inches in diameter; ribs, three and one-half inches diameter and ten to fourteen feet long; yield of oil, 110 barrels; total approximate weight, 120 tons. The flukes of tail were twenty-four feet wide and when cut off weighed almost three tons. The estimated amount of blood taken from it was eighty barrels.

Sulphur-bottoms as large as ninety-five feet, and even one hundred feet, have been taken in the Pacific. The Pacific Whaling Company's largest specimen recorded was ninety-one feet, weighing approximately 140 tons. One sulphur-bottom a few months prior to the date of this experience, had towed the vessel for seven hours before it succumbed to its captors, taking them about seventy-five miles off their course. As evening was approaching, after the pumping of air into our sulphur-bottom, the grapnel was brought into requisition and the animal's head was hooked and hauled up. Holes were then cut through the lips and a short warp or cable was run through, by which means its mouth was closed, and the tow ropes were made fast to the Sampson-posts. We then, with this one in tow, started out to find the finback of the early morning adventure. Less than an hour brought us to the spot and he was lashed to the windward side by strong cables around the tail above the flukes to the forward midships of our vessel, drawing it partly out of the

water to the level of the rail, with the head hanging lower toward the back. While these operations were going on we had an excellent opportunity of observing some of the feeding habits of the whales, which were quite numerous now at a short distance from our vessel. It was a most interesting sight to see these monsters of the deep selecting a spot where the shrimps were thickest and then with a slow, easy, quiet swing of their tails gather in a great, almost solid mass of these beautiful little long-tailed decapods, sometimes taking a second swing of their great double-fluked tail to gather a sufficient quantity to suit their appetite, and then float backward a short distance, turn partly on their side, and with a sudden rush opening wide their great mouths, scoop the mass of shrimps they had gathered in a single mouthful. Incredible though it may seem, it is asserted as a fact which has been demonstrated after being taken by whalers, that a large sized whale will take as much as a ton of this choice food at a mouthful, and that as much as four tons of shrimps and squids and other small food has been found in the mouth, gulas and stomach of a single whale. As they open their great mouths to "scoop" the shrimp the laminated rows of balæna or whalebone which in their natural position lie about a quarter of an inch apart, open up to receive the food which is taken between them, and as the mouth closes the diminutive animals are retained and crushed between these rows while the water is strained out through the coarse fringe of balæna which lies across from one strata to another. After feeding they would sometimes roll over on their side and float for some time. Others would "sound" and perhaps come to the surface again one, two, or three miles away.

We referred to the occasional docility and sociable character of this great whale. We may be permitted to give the following experience as told by Dr. Stillman, of San Francisco.

The incident occurred during a twenty-four days' cruise on the Pacific in the ship *Plymouth*. He tells the story in the following words: "Nov. 13th: We were witnesses of a very remarkable exhibition of the social disposition of the whale. A week ago to-day we passed several and during the afternoon it was discovered that one of them continued to follow us, and was becoming more familiar, keeping under the ship and only coming out to breathe. A great deal of uneasiness was felt, lest in his careless gambols he might 'unship' our rudder or do some other damage. It was said that bilge water would drive him off, and the pumps were started, but to no purpose. At length, more violent means were resorted to; volley after volley of rifle shots were fired into him, billets of wood, bottles, etc., were thrown upon his head with such force as to separate the integuments; to all of which he paid not the slightest attention, and he continued to swim under us, keeping our exact rate of speed whether in the calm or storm, and rising to blow almost into the cabin windows. He was determined to stay with us until he could find better company. His length was about eighty feet; his tail measured about twelve feet across; and in the calm as we looked down into the transparent water we could see him in all his huge proportions. November 29: The barque *Kirkwood* hove in sight and bore down to speak to us. When off a mile or two to leeward our whale left us and went to her, but returned to us soon after. He showed great restlessness last night and to-day whenever we stood off on the outward tack he kept close below us and rose just under our quarter and most commonly to the windward to 'blow'; but whenever we stood toward the land he invariably hung back and showed discontent. This afternoon he left us. It is now twenty-four days since he attached himself to us, and during that time he has followed us faithfully as a dog an emigrant's waggon.

At first we abused him in every way that our ingenuity could devise to drive him off lest he might do us some mischief; but save some scratches he received from our ship's coppering, and numerous sloughing sores caused by the balls that had been fired into him, no damage was received by either of us from his close companionship, though our white paint was badly stained by the impurity of his breath. We long since ceased our efforts to annoy him and had become attached to him as to a dog. We had named him 'Blowhard' and even fancied as we called him that he came closer to our quarter, when I felt like patting his glabrous sides and saying, 'Good old fellow.' As the water grew shallow he left us, with regret unfeigned on our part and apparently so on his. This story of the whale is so remarkable, that were there not so many witnesses I would not venture to tell it lest I am accused of exaggeration. There were a number of experienced whalers among the passengers who said the animal was a sulphur-bottom."

The colour of this, the greatest whale of the ocean, is somewhat lighter than the dull brownish black of the lesser rorquals. In some instances it is a blue smoky colour or a light brown almost approaching a white; but underneath it is of a yellowish cast or sulphur colour, hence its name. Its flippers or pectoral fins are proportionately small when compared with the sperm whales or humpback. It seldom approaches the shore or shallow water as do the finback and humpback. The spout or blow of the sulphur-bottom in some cases rises to thirty or fifty feet in the air, though it does not make the whistling musical noise that is made by the finback in the respiration and by which the finback is invariably known.

The bowhead or Great Polar Whale (*Balæna Mystecitus*) is the most valuable from a commercial point of view of all the balænidæ because of its



great yield of oil. A single bowhead has in many cases yielded between 250 and 300 barrels of oil. It also yields a proportionately large amount of *balæna* or whalebone, which, as stated, is at the present time a very valuable product. They sometimes have 1,800 or 2,000, and in rare instances 3,000, pounds of whalebone. The largest yield of whalebone of which there is any record was in 1883, when a great polar whale yielded 3,100 pounds, which was worth at that time \$15,625. They have been known to yield a total financial return of nearly \$20,000. One might suppose from these facts that the bowhead was the largest of the cetaceans. Such is not the case, however, as it seldom exceeds sixty to sixty-five feet, the average length being somewhat below these figures. It has a ponderous head forming more than one-third the entire length of the whole animal. The skull is about six feet thick and weighs five or six tons. It is rather short, bulky and ugly and bloated in appearance. It has immense rows of *balæna* partly protruding from its mouth, which extends sixteen to twenty feet to back corner, with smaller transverse rows, which are partly hidden by its immense under lips. Its tongue is incapable of protrusion and is an immense mass of spongy fat weighing several tons. It lives almost entirely on insects or spawn of fish. While its eyes are four times the size of those of an ox, its ears are almost invisible apertures about one-quarter of an inch in size. It has short, heavy pectorals with the eyes between the pectorals and back corner of mouth. Its caudal fin is very broad and heavy, averaging eighteen to twenty feet across. The plates of *balæna* or whalebone measure from ten to eighteen feet long and twelve to twenty-four inches wide and the number of layers, from 600 to 800, which weigh from three to eight pounds each, varying greatly from front to back of mouth. The whalebone in the bowhead is nearly twice

the size of that in any other whale, the next in size being that of the right whale of the north-western coast. The bowhead is now only captured in the Arctic Ocean, Behring Sea, Sea of Okhotsk, on the coast of Nova Zembla, and the coast of Eastern Siberia. It is truly an ice whale, its home and feeding grounds being among the ice floes of the Arctic and adjacent seas. It delights in getting under the ice where it is several inches thick and rising suddenly strike it with its back, breaking great holes through it.

The right whale (*Balæna Sieboldi*) resembles in some particulars and general appearance the bowhead, though it is somewhat larger, averaging between sixty and seventy feet in length. It has a protuberance on the point of its beak-like upper jaw, called by whalers a "bonnet." Its head and mouth are very large like the *Balæna Mysticetus*. It has wart-like bunches on its lips and often parasitical crustaceans infest its head. The *balæna* is coarser and shorter than in the bowhead. It yields 150 to 250 barrels of oil. The right whale was formerly found on the coast of Oregon, Washington, and in the vicinity of Vancouver Island. It is now principally found near the coast of Kamtschatka, the Aleutian Islands and Sea of Japan. The right whale of the north-west coast is an entirely different specimen from the southern right whale found in the South Pacific. The former is a much superior animal. It will sometimes bellow like a great infuriated bull, as does also the sulphur-bottom, when it is being captured or attacked. Before the harpoon-gun was used they frequently "hamstrung" this and other whales by cutting the cords of its flukes with a "boat spade." Sometimes they cut an artery in the tail and it bled to death. These whales are among the most difficult of all to take, for when all else fails, they will stand vertically in the water, head down, and lash the sea with their flukes,

swamping everything that comes near them.

The sperm whale or cachalot is the largest of the toothed cetaceans. It widely differs from all others of its order both in form and habits. It equals, if indeed it does not exceed the bowhead or great polar whale in magnitude and commercial value. The female in this species, unlike other species, is much smaller than the male. The males measure from seventy-five to eighty-five feet in length and the head is about one-third the whole animal. The lower jaw contains from forty-four to forty-eight strong sharp conical teeth fitting into cavities in the upper jaw, which has no teeth. The lower jaw is small, narrow and conical in shape, sitting far back under the head, while the upper is very large, blunt, and the one spiracle or spout hole is in the snout to the left side on top of the head. It has not two spiracles as in the balæna whale. The throat is very large, being large enough to receive the body of one or two men. They are generally black or blackish brown on the back, lighter on the sides, but sometimes they are gray or piebald. The skin is much thicker on the cachalot than on the balæna. Under the skin is a very rich coating of fat or blubber which yields large quantities of oil. But the head produces about one-third of the entire oil obtained from the animal. Above the bone of the upper jaw, called the "coach" or "sleigh," is a huge mass of cartilaginous, elastic, tough fat which is called the "junk." Above the "junk" on the right side of the head is a large cavity or sack termed the "case," which contains fifteen to twenty, and in some cases as much as forty, barrels of the purest and best oil known to commerce in its natural fluid state, pure enough in its raw condition to oil the finest watch or other machinery, together with a quantity of the granulated substance known as spermaceti, which is simply

the accumulated solids of the sperm oil. On the left side of the forward part of the cranium is the breathing passage or nostril of this whale. This with the "case" is protected by a thick, tough, elastic substance called "head skin," which is absolutely proof against the harpoon or other weapon. The "ambergris" obtained from the sperm whale and which is so highly prized, and used largely for manufacturing fine perfumes, and in France and Turkey for aphrodisiac purposes, is nothing more or less than the retained anal secretion of a diseased sperm whale.

Among all the cetaceans there are none that respire so frequently as the sperm. Its spout can be seen five to seven miles distant. It remains up about twelve to fifteen minutes and blows sixty to seventy times before descending, when it "sounds" with a great pitch, head downwards, flukes in the air, and remains from an hour to an hour and a half. Other cetaceans blow only five to seven times before sounding and can only remain down twenty to twenty-five minutes. This whale is rarely found out of the tropical or temperate waters, though four or five of them have recently been captured by vessels of the Pacific Whaling Company. They often go in schools of hundreds and are frequently found sporting and lobtailing, and even shooting many feet out of the water, when they come down raising such mountains of water and spray that they can be seen for ten miles.

The male cachalot when he gets old becomes very ferocious, and numberless authentic instances are given of his attacking and destroying vessels, and at least one case is on record, where after sinking a vessel, he actually chewed a great part of it up into splinters. It lives on "squid," which term includes several species of cuttlefish or cephalopods. It has commonly been believed that the home of the cachalot was in the fathomless depths of

the ocean, but they have been found and captured in coast waters. It has been found to be of a higher type of organisation than other cetaceans, and it evinces in its characteristic movements and evolutions a superiority over all others of its species.

The California gray whales and sharp-headed finners are among the cetaceans with which we did not personally come in contact, though they are found in considerable numbers on the Pacific coast and especially in the vicinity of the Californian shores.

It has been estimated by such competent authorities as Scammon, that the number of whales passing up and down the Pacific coast within sight of shore in a single season will reach as many as 30,000 to 50,000. We are inclined to think that this number has greatly decreased in recent years.

With the two captured monsters we started on our return journey to Sechart early in the night, and were within sight of land about daylight. An early and hearty breakfast that had been specially prepared by our humorous and quick-witted John Chinaman cook in honour of the previous day's record work was only disposed of when right ahead of us at no great distance was seen, not by the man in the look-out barrel, as we were not looking for more quarry, but by the captain, blow, blow, blow, in at least a dozen places. Occasionally a great hulk of black would rise many feet out of the water. As we approached, notwithstanding the fact that we had one monster in tow, and another had bumped, bumped, all night against the side of our vessel, as it swung partially in the water, the captain's and gunner's sporting proclivities could not be restrained and the order was given to "stand to," and in a moment the entire crew were alert and ready for action and full of determination and expectancy. Orders were given the engineer by the mate on the bridge, through the speaking tube, and with caution we floated right into the midst of the

field. One of the finest looking, as far as it was possible to determine this, was selected, and the gun was trained on him, but before we got into position he "galleyed"—took fright—and sounded. It took about ten minutes to get into position for a good broadside on another, and the writer was again permitted to draw the lever that sent the harpoon and bomb home, this time with much better effect than his former effort. With a tremendous "cut of his flukes," and throwing the rear half of his body into the air, and with a headlong plunge, he attempted to sound. But the shot had touched a vital spot and only a comparatively small amount of line had to be played out. Then it slackened, and this slack was immediately taken up by the powerful machine and in a few minutes the great body came to the surface and was held there by the taut line, while the boats were again brought into action and the crew quickly used their lances and made sure the animal was beyond repeating the experience of the dying throes of the great sulphur-bottom.

This time it was a good specimen of the humpback (*Megaptera Versabilis*), a whale that is found in almost every ocean and is noted for its gambolling and roaming proclivities, generally in large numbers, near lonely and rocky shores. It is noted for performing frequently during stormy weather, varied actions such as "breaching," "rolling," "finning," "lobtailing," "scooping," or "bolting," or on a calm, sunny day lying motionless on the molten looking surface, as though life were extinct.

This animal was a medium size of its species, colour black or smoky black with light spots and stripes below; length, forty-five feet, nine inches; pectoral fins, thirteen feet, seven inches by three feet, nine inches and eight inches thick; girth, thirty-six feet, ten inches; expansion of flukes, eighteen feet, seven inches; distance from snout to back corner of mouth, ten feet, six inches; thickness

of blubber, nine to thirteen inches; extension of lower jaw beyond upper, one foot, four inches; orbit of the eye, four inches in diameter; longest plate of balæna, four feet, three inches; gular folds in throat, twenty-six, averaging six inches wide; tubercles on lips, nine; exterior opening of spiracles or blow holes, one foot, six inches; the gular fold, pectorals, flukes and other portions of the body have many parasites, principally barnacles, some very large. These are frequently found on the humpback. The gular folds under the jaws and neck are capable of great expansion as means for the storage of large quantities of food which will last for several weeks. The yield of oil was about forty barrels; approximate weight, seventy-five tons.

No time was lost in cutting off its immense flukes, weighing more than two tons, and hauling them up on the vessel by the great machines for such purpose. A strong "warp" was quickly round the small of its tail, which was drawn up on the opposite side of the ship from the finback to a level with the rail and strongly secured to the Sampson-post. The head and body swung in the water and was further secured by a toggle through the jaws.

Thus, with a monster of little less than 100 tons lashed to either side of our vessel and towing a third of much greater dimensions, making progress extremely slow and dangerous, with difficulty avoiding the rocks and islands around which we had to swing, we approached the whaling station in time for our dinner, which could not come too early, having brought in our wake thousands of sea fowls, porpoises, sharks and other marine animals which will follow a dead whale for days. Seals and sea lions will also follow a whale in large numbers. The cargo was at once handed over to the station crew, which soon had their powerful engines and tackle at work drawing the monster carcasses upon the platforms.

In a short time the flensers with

their long-handled flensing knives walked from head to tail cutting deep gashes in the blubber the full length of the animal, slitting it in strips one foot to eighteen inches wide. Powerful hooks and steel tackle were then attached to the farther end of these strips and the blubber was peeled off by steam power and chopped in pieces and carried into vats to be boiled or rendered to extract the oil. In doing so, every part, including the bones, which are porous and full of gluey oil, but no marrow, are boiled at least twice. Beneath the blubber, which runs from six inches to two and a half feet in thickness, varying with different species and occasionally even three feet, is a coarse red meat. This is all cut by machinery, which is the most modern and up-to-date available, and every particle of oil extracted.

The carcass when stripped of the blubber is removed by another powerful machine to the carcass platform, where another gang of men dismember it and dispose of every portion of it—some to be rendered and made into low grade oil and other portions and all refuse to be treated for the drier, a big revolving cylinder which grinds it into a powder about the consistency of ground coffee, which the finished product very closely resembles in appearance but not in smell. This is dried by an intense heat and is a very popular fertiliser, which is principally shipped to the Hawaiian Islands to be used on the sugar plantations. The oil and balæna find a ready market in Europe.

The Japs will eat any part of the humpback, the meat of which is more palatable than others. The Company dry-salts and barrels the tail and fins of the humpback for shipment to Japan and to the Indians, who consider it a real delicacy. The meat of the porpoise is also relished by the Indians, who even eat the blubber. Whalers will sometimes shoot porpoises, which frequently gambol about a whaling vessel in large numbers, to get some fresh meat, but the mo-

ment one is shot they all disappear.

The tongue of a fair-sized whale will weigh three to five tons, and the heart about one ton. The throat of a number of species of these animals is rather small, the gullet being about six to twelve inches in its opening. But among the larger species, such as the bowhead, right, sulphur-bottom and sperm, the gullet is easily large enough to swallow a man, and in some of them two or three could pass through the narrowest point at once. Thus the "great fish" spoken of in connection with the story of Jonah could easily have been a whale, the writer having entered a whale's gullet—a dead one, of course—for the purpose of satisfying himself as to the possible truth of the Jonah record.

A whaling company in Newfoundland for years made an excellent brand of "beef tea" from the red meat of the whale. This red meat inside of the blubber, sometimes three feet in thickness, is difficult to distinguish from coarse beef in appearance and taste.

It is extremely difficult to form a true or accurate conception of the size of one of these wonderful animals without seeing it. It is so far beyond anything we are accustomed to seeing in the form of animal life that our comprehension seems wholly unable to grasp its dimensions. We may here repeat that we have carefully compared our observations and measurements with those of the best scientists on this subject and find they harmonise in all essential particulars.

The machinery at the whaling station is run by steam, a large amount of power being required to handle these great animals weighing from

fifty to one hundred and twenty-five tons, in addition to the various processes requiring heat and power. Electric light is also furnished by the company's power, running large dynamos. In the busy season, when whales are plentiful, the plant is going night and day, as a carcass cannot lie long without being attended to. The immense size prevents it cooling rapidly and gas is quickly formed internally, which on the third or fourth day would explode. The gang of men at the whaling station can dispose of five to six humpbacks or finbacks or two or three sulphur-bottoms in a day.

It was not until the downward coasting vessel which called at the dock in Barclay Sound early in the afternoon, had swung out from her moorings and was under a full head of steam down the bleak and rocky but interesting coast, that the high tension under which we had been kept for three days, began to relax. Then an intense languour amounting to reaction, stole over us that would not away, until near midnight our vessel steamed into the beautiful harbour at Victoria, which, with its brilliant illumination, its merchant shipping, its pleasure yachts, and its granite causeway in the foreground, and the magnificent pile of Legislative Buildings, the post-office and customs house and the splendid new Empress Hotel forming a semi-circle in the background, always reminds the visitor of the lagoons and canals of Venice. And when we had hied ourselves off to our "loggia," it was to dream of whales in Toronto harbour and of—home—three thousand miles away.



# NOVA SCOTIA'S THREE GREAT PREMIERS

SOME RECOLLECTIONS AND OPINIONS

BY A. W. SAVARY

I HAVE been favoured by the Reverend Dr. Saunders with a perusal of the manuscript of his forthcoming book, "Three Premiers of Nova Scotia." The author has conceived and accomplished a most necessary and instructive work. The book, written as it is with great literary ability and in a graphic and attractive style, in which the author has excelled himself, will be indispensable to any student of the political history of Nova Scotia. It will throw a light on the origin and development of our modern colonial constitution that cannot be derived from any volume yet published.

The intense party strife which disturbed the political atmosphere in the exciting days from 1843 to 1847 interferes with the clear insight which the public man or political student of to-day should get into the motives and characters of the chief actors of that period, especially as party names, which rally men in support of certain principles at one period, are often applied to men of quite another set of principles and different motives at another period. Each party aims at a popular party name, and seeks to attach an unpopular name or nickname to the opposite party, and the majority of voters are often deceived by party names and popular catch-words. It is the art of the demagogue in the press or on the platform so to deceive them.

While men are delving into the history of the past, that portion of it more immediately preceding our own times, the events and men of a generation recently passed away are usually neglected and are less known than men and events of an earlier period, till a historian of a future generation with less perfect aids and greater labour brings them more or less imperfectly to light.

Dr. Saunders' book has the advantage of being written by a contemporary of all but the very earliest of the events which he records and discusses. He was an intelligent observer of, but not a participator or actor in, those events. Well acquainted with all the leading men of the period covered by the book, with a good knowledge of human nature, he has approached his task in a judicial spirit, and with an honest attempt at strict impartiality, supporting his statements and conclusions by records and authorities laboriously collated and faithfully put before the reader. It is a work imperatively demanded and one which no one else could have so efficiently performed.

The advent to public notice of our great and versatile genius and ever most popular democratic leader, Mr. Howe, until he became associated with Mr. Johnstone as a member of the first Executive Council that acknowledged responsibility to the popular branch of the Legislature, is

sympathetically sketched; and then the differences that led to the irrepressible conflict between the two great minds, neither of whom could tolerate the ascendancy or submit to the leadership of the other, Mr. Johnstone being the senior by eleven years, but whose differences, except on the "College Question," were more in methods than in fundamental principles, are instructively shown, free from the passion and prejudice likely to bias one who had been an active participant in the controversy.

But the review of a book must not anticipate its publication. The hasty perusal of these advance sheets has awakened my own memories, and, quite independently of what I have read, and the public will soon read from the gifted pen of the author, I am moved to give in the ensuing pages my own reminiscences and personal opinions and conclusions concerning the men and some of the events in which they were leading actors.

My memory extends back to the early part of this struggle, for I took an interest in current politics at an unusually early age. I was influenced by early environment to opinions very favourable to the principles and professions of Mr. Howe and his party associates, and from the press of the day with which I was most familiar, I inferred that Mr. Johnstone had but scant sympathy with popular rights and legislative and executive reform. I little knew that this same Johnstone had commenced life strongly imbued with Republican principles, but had gradually moderated these extreme views, remaining, however, a genuine Reformer and "Liberal," as we understand the word, in essential politics. It was his disposition to work steadily along safe and prudent lines in administering the affairs, moulding the institutions, developing the resources and securing the happiness and prosperity of this young country, with a population too small to be divided into hostile party factions

without serious moral and social injury; while popular agitation and excitement were the very breath of Mr. Howe's political life, and to be the idol of the populace, and command the rapturous applause of the multitude the object of his irrepressible ambition.

In Canada, as soon as responsible government was established, its supporters, called on by the popular voice to administer it, set themselves at once to justify it and prove its utility by the promotion of practical reforms, such as a system of free schools supported by the public and popular municipal, county and township institutions; and a writer on Canadian history has styled the Upper Canada Municipal Act of 1841 "the most notable first fruit of responsible government." Mr. Johnstone, while still in the Legislative Council and the principal adviser of the Lieutenant-Governor, framed and secured the passage of a measure removing the disqualification which deprived a constituency of the free privilege of electing any representative to the Assembly who did not possess a freehold within it; and during his four years of power, with a small majority, he carried a bill for simultaneous polling at elections, and placed on the Statute Book an Act for the incorporation of the counties, giving the people direct control over their own affairs, but unfortunately with a suspending clause, making its adoption in each county dependent on a popular vote, as in our present "Towns' Incorporation Act." Thus the first genuine, practical reforms in Nova Scotia emanated not from the so-called Reformers or Liberals, as in Canada, but from the man and the party generally represented as having been inimical or indifferent to the introduction and development of popular principles in colonial government.

The unceasing strife and turmoil that kept the country in a ferment during the succeeding years distracted the public attention from the truly

"liberal" measure, "The County Incorporation Act," until many years afterwards a new measure founded on it and promoted by another "Tory" government during a short term of office, was enacted and made compulsory.

Haliburton, in Volume 2 of the "History of Nova Scotia," page 415, had said: "The impolitic reservation to the Crown of the valuable minerals in the grants of land made to the people of this Province has diminished the interest of the owners of the soil to seek for what they could not enjoy; and the exclusive right vested in persons in England claiming under His Royal Highness, the late Duke of York, to all the mines and minerals of Nova Scotia not only renders them indifferent about the discovery of minerals but prevents them from communicating any information they may possess." The deplorable lack of the diffusion of education among the masses of our people, the fact that the great majority of the children of our poor were growing up without even the rudiments of education, were matters of common knowledge and of deep and painful concern to all right-minded and patriotic men. Little did I imagine, if disposed as a youth to exult in the Liberal victory of 1847, that that victory meant the postponement of the redemption of the mines and minerals of Nova Scotia for ten years, and delayed eight years longer still a system of free schools that would enable the poorest lad in the country, provided he had equal natural endowments, to take his place in life by the side of the youth most favoured by the accidents of birth and fortune—just the reverse of the result that followed the advent to power of the supporters of Responsible Government in Canada. Mr. Howe often complained of the mines and minerals having been parted with by the Crown to enable a profligate prince to pay his debts, but took no effectual steps to secure to the Province the benefit of her enormous and unknown

mineral resources during the whole of his first ten years of power. Of resolutions and protests there was no lack, but still the matter stood a perpetual cause of grumbling and complaint against the British Government, ready to be the subject of bitter agitation and excitement whenever the exigencies of party might render it necessary.

It seems providential that the change in the government of the Province that brought a practical statesman to its head took place just when it did, for the discovery of the gold mines of the Province soon after the final settlement of the question would have complicated the conditions and enhanced the terms upon which those interested parted with their rights to the Province. Mr. Johnstone in the spirit and with the instinct of the true statesman, on his return to power lost no time in seeking a redress of this really great grievance, and secured it without ostentation or excitement by wise and skilful diplomacy. This settlement adds to the present revenues of the Province every week enough and half enough again to pay the cost of a splendid statue of Mr. Johnstone; but, strange to say, we find no such monument yet erected. Surely such partiality as this should not prevail. Deeds, not words; achievements, not party names, should govern our estimate of the services of our departed public men. If one of these great men had succeeded the other on the stage of public life, instead of having been his contemporary and rival, probably the merits of each would have been equally seen and appreciated at the present day; but sympathy with one or the other in this or that controversy should not prevent their successors from duly honouring both, as in Ontario statues of Sir John Macdonald and Mowat and Brown are equally conspicuous in the same cities.

One of Mr. Howe's first measures on his advent to undivided power in



1848 was to add to the number of offices that must change hands on a change of government (these being confined theretofore to the three offices of Attorney-General, Provincial Secretary, and Solicitor-General), thus multiplying the number of prizes held out to aspiring politicians, and unnecessarily representing the Department of Finance by two ministers, a Receiver-General and a Financial Secretary. Here again we see the form and not the substance regarded; the theoretical ideal, not the practical result, aimed at; the machinery altered in its shape and proportions, reformed (if you choose to consider it so), but not put to the purpose for which such machinery is intended—wise and beneficent legislation, the object of all parliamentary and governmental machinery. This, as I have shown, was lost sight of and passed over, to be dealt with at a later period by the statesman now often accused by those who ought to know better as an enemy to reform and progress. During this period, however, Mr. Howe took energetic steps towards constructing railways in the Province. As government works, of course, they enormously increased his patronage, and the direct benefit of the roads to the places they traversed brought to the Liberal Government an accession of party strength, notably in the case of his old opponent, Honourable L. M. Wilkins, M.P.P. for Windsor, who took the office of Provincial Secretary as a stepping stone to the bench, while Mr. Howe left the Cabinet and became Chief Commissioner of Railways. For his service in inaugurating the construction of railways in Nova Scotia; for his zealous and uncompromising advocacy of popular government, accompanied although it was by no little unnecessary agitation and ill-directed acrimony; for the ability with which he convinced the Colonial Secretary that responsible government was not inconsistent with the status of a colonial dependency of the Empire; for such addresses as

those he delivered at the Detroit International Trade Convention, and at the "Howe Family Gathering" at Framingham, Massachusetts, in 1871, and for the spirit that inspired them; for his versatile literary gifts in poetry and prose, in the exercise of which the note of patriotism and loyalty was ever dominant; for the pains in which he was unsparing to bring the Province before the favourable notice of the capitalists and public men of Great Britain; above all, for his ardent Imperialism and devotion to the ideal of a united Empire governed in purely national affairs by a central parliamentary authority; in short, as one of Nova Scotia's greatest sons, Mr. Howe richly deserved the statue which an admiring people has erected to his memory; but his uncalled for and bitter personal invectives and lampoons on Lord Falkland, the Queen's Representative, and which he himself must have much regretted in later and more sober years, doubtless prevented his recognition in the bestowal of those imperial honours which were conferred on men much his inferiors in ability and service. The rancorous strain combined with satirical humour pervading his brilliant style in his early newspaper controversies left an abiding influence the reverse of elevating on the tone of the Nova Scotia press, and a sort of refined and sublimated scurrility became the ideal of less able writers and speakers who sought to imitate him. His failure was as a constructive statesman. He could tear down, but it was not his forte to build up, to devise and promote measures of practical utility. He could assail abuses with irresistible and fatal virulence, but he could not rear a shapely and useful edifice in place of one that he had demolished. He lacked the courage and simplicity of purpose to initiate and promote any great measure in which he was not quite sure beforehand of immediate popular support. He could expatiate on the virtue and necessity of responsible

government, but when after its introduction to Nova Scotia he assailed the Lieutenant-Governor, who acted on the advice of his responsible ministry supported in Parliament, he showed himself wanting in the perception and full knowledge of its practical operation. Dr. Bourinot in "The Story of Canada," page 326, says that Lord Falkland "became the mere creature of the Tory party led by Mr. Johnstone." As well might one say that the Earl of Aberdeen became the mere creature of the "Grit" party led by Sir Wilfrid Laurier. His diplomatic methods were aggressive, and it is hard to conceive of his accomplishing a settlement of the mines and minerals question without some disagreeable friction with the British Government and the representatives of the Duke of York. The redress of this grievance during Mr. Johnstone's second premiership, and the School Bill conceived at the beginning of his last and short premiership and carried by Dr. Tupper, his successor, overshadow in practical importance and perennial benefit to Nova Scotia all the combined achievements to the credit of Mr. Howe's fascinating genius and dominant personality in our provincial politics.

But I could never see that Mr. Howe had so far committed himself to a union of the provinces as to have become amenable to the charge so persistently made of inconsistency in opposing it when the elaborated scheme was presented to him in concrete form. He was perfectly sincere in preferring the unity and consolidation of the Empire to the union of British America, for he was an Imperialist "first, last and all the time." To demand less than repeal would probably be to get nothing by way of amelioration. His implied threats of resistance were intended to impress the Canadian and British Governments; they were a "game of bluff," but the people took them seriously, and many would have followed him if he had counselled revolts, but

it is impossible to justify his inflaming the passions of the people and intensifying their excitement beyond control by representing them as "sold to Canada for eighty cents a head—the price of a sheep-skin," and similar exaggerations and perversions; and I could not help attaching some significance to a statement he made to me that at the termination of his duties as Fisheries Commissioner under the Reciprocity Treaty, and before entering on his campaign, he had applied to the British Government for continued employment in the Imperial service; but the Minister whom he addressed did not even answer his letter.\* If the application had been successful, he would not have been engaged in the controversy. His voice, if heard at all, would not have been in opposition.

One feature of our early party divisions I always found it hard to account for—the almost solid opposition which Mr. Johnstone and the party led by him encountered in those days from the great body of the Roman Catholics of Nova Scotia. Their own college of St. Mary's would have suffered with that of the Baptists at Wolfville if Mr. Howe's policy regarding denominational colleges had been successful. As a Baptist, Mr. Johnstone was a follower of the great Roger Williams, the pioneer Baptist in America, and lauded in American history as the first advocate of the principle that the State has nothing to do with the religious beliefs of the people; that all creeds should be equal in the eye of the civil authority. There never was a man less bigoted or more tolerant than he, and he seemed to me to have a becoming respect for the Roman Catholic religion, while its tenets were alien to his belief. Here again the party name attached to him by his opponents may have misled some who knew that the Tory

\*I have felt a little scruple about repeating this, but after a lapse of forty-four years I deem it justifiable in the interest of history.

party in England had unduly delayed the removal of the disabilities under which Roman Catholics had long laboured in the Old Country.

Somewhat actively engaged myself in the struggle against Confederation and in close union with all the leaders in the opposition to it, I wish to place on record my opinion that the temporary unpopularity of the new School Law had nothing to do with the result of the election of 1867. The one question of Confederation absorbed all others in the public mind. People forgot for the time, in the excitement about the one all-engrossing subject, that direct taxation for the support of schools had been enacted. No doubt in some quarters and among a limited number, especially of old people who had paid for the education of their own children, the sudden imposition of a direct tax for the support of schools for others excited acute opposition and resentment, while on the other hand many strong Liberals were in favour of it. The friction necessarily caused by the sudden application of this new principle would have passed away by the next election; the poor man would have begun to see that he was getting his children educated at less expense than he could have done under the old system; the measure had the generous support of the Catholic Archbishop, and the adherents of the Roman Catholic Church were yet strong and practically unanimous in their support of Dr. Tupper's government; and I do not see how his enormous majority in the Assembly could have been reduced to a minority by the mere unpopularity of the School Bill in the election of 1867, if the question of Confederation had not come up. In the first place, no candidate could have been found to pledge himself for the repeal of the measure. A similar measure in New Brunswick did not affect the popularity of the Government in that Province, where the aversion to direct taxation is as strong as in Nova

Scotia, where it is by no means weak.

The Province of Cape Breton protested vehemently against union with Nova Scotia in 1820 and sent delegates to England to urge its repeal, although as a separate Province it had not enjoyed the benefit of representative institutions; New Brunswick emphatically rejected Confederation on the first appeal to her people, in spite of all the influence of her popular Liberal leaders Tilley, Fisher, Mitchell and J. M. Johnson; but at the second appeal a reaction had set in, largely caused by the Fenian raids, which had in the meantime taken place, one of the objects of which, as avowed by some of the invaders, was to prevent Confederation, an audacity at which the loyalty of the people revolted. They did not want to be in such company. Prince Edward Island rejected it for some years, and Newfoundland still holds aloof from it with what seems to us the obstinacy of ignorance, for the benefit she would derive by union with the Dominion would be immense. And so, I fear, would Nova Scotia have done, pervaded by the same dread of losing her autonomy and parting with a portion of her liberties in favour of larger provinces, among whose interests her own, it was suspected, would be overlooked if not deliberately sacrificed. In fact, the admitted necessity of Confederation to old Canada, where a system of double majorities had grown up out of the diverse interests and sentiments of the two Provinces, causing frequent "dead-locks" in the progress of legislation and administration, gave the scheme the appearance of a sacrifice of the smaller Provinces to the interests and convenience of the larger in the first instance. This opposition was increased and strengthened by the attitude of Mr. Howe, but it would have been strong enough to defeat the measure without his aid. The thoughtful, cultured, and well-informed few were probably about equally divided on the intricate questions involved; while the great mass

of the people who have less leisure for thought or study, the less intelligent in short, or the great majority of them at least, are always more likely to be swayed and led by those who tell them they are being imposed upon.

I do not hesitate to say to-day that Dr. Tupper took the only practicable and wise step available when he passed the measure as he did with his parliamentary majority, whose constitutional authority in the matter is indisputable. Nevertheless, it was a course that could not help exasperating and inflaming us all, and exciting against him for the time being the bitterest indignation and resentment. As my objections were to the constitutional terms of the scheme, and not to the principle of union, I felt, of course, galled at being deprived of the opportunity to press in a new House amendments to meet those objections. Everyone had his hobby. Mine was a limited central government with large powers retained in the local parliaments, as in Australia since, but this principle would not have been acceptable and I was afterwards convinced that it was wrong; and it is doubtful if even provision could have been secured that would have protected the smaller Provinces from any diminution in the number of members first allotted to them in the House of Commons. This amendment could be more easily obtained now. It seemed to me that Confederation was pressed on the people with too much haste, and in too dogmatic, arbitrary and imperious a spirit. The measure, from the tone adopted by many of its advocates, seemed one not designed to secure the perpetuation, but tending rather to the dissolution of our union with the Empire; to prepare us for the status of an independent nation; the term "new nationality" sounded ominous; to be stigmatised as disloyal for opposing what seemed to us the first act toward the sundering of our imperial ties was irritating

in the extreme, nor were our apprehensions relieved by such speeches as that of Lord John Russell in advocating the measure in the Imperial Parliament:

"In conclusion, I may express a hope that all these Provinces may flourish and prosper, and that if it should ever be their wish to separate from this country we may be ready to listen to their request and to accede to their wishes in any way they may choose."

Thus the idea of the dismemberment of the Empire became associated in the mind with that of Confederation to an extent not imagined at the present day.

Here I am tempted to try to institute a comparison between Mr. Howe and Sir Charles Tupper as party leaders. Mr. Howe understood human nature and was a good judge of men, and gifted with a genial adaptability of manner with which he could make himself and every one else feel at home with him in any kind of society. Dr. Tupper, on the contrary, while always courteous, with a becoming dignity of speech and manner, utterly lacked the magnetism for which Howe was distinguished. The strong, the dominant mind and will of Tupper was always in evidence; he could drive, but he lacked the attractiveness to enable him to lead. As he could not conciliate the affection of his supporters, except perhaps a few very near him, he had no affection for them. Howe never forgot a friend; Tupper never remembered one. After he had ceased to be of use to him he was thrown aside as of no account whatever. Take the case of the late Judge W. A. Henry. To him, who had been in the Assembly since a very young man, the Province and the Conservative party were under great obligations. As a Liberal, he had always been moderate and fair and went readily over to the support of Mr. Johnstone and Dr. Tupper in 1857, and gave his legal abilities to drafting the School Bill, which made Dr. Tupper famous, when they were members of the same gov-

ernment in 1864 and 1865. Defeated as Mr. Henry was on Confederation and sustaining repeated defeats afterwards for the Dominion and local Houses, owing to the continued unpopularity of Confederation in his county, Dr. Tupper evinced more and more estrangement from him, and but for the accession to office of the Liberal party in 1873, it is doubtful if he would have reached that high judicial position to which his signal services and professional ability alike entitled him. His mind, ever charged with some great scheme of policy, free schools, Confederation, a trans-continental railway, the "National Policy," the commercial independence of Canada as against commercial vassalage to the United States; in the face of opposition always violent and often unscrupulous; in his devotion to the emergency of the hour Dr. Tupper perhaps never paused to think of cultivating that chivalry for old colleagues and grateful sense of past help which was so amiable a characteristic of Sir John A. Macdonald and Joseph Howe, a characteristic largely dependent on innate qualities, but which seems necessary to successful popular leadership in Canada.

On the other hand, Dr. Tupper seemed to cherish no vindictiveness towards his opponents, which I fear was one of Mr. Howe's failings. Soon after Mr. Howe came into power in 1848 he caused a new Commission of the Peace for every county in the Province to be issued, in which a large number (it was said about a hundred) of old Conservatives were omitted, among them some of the most efficient and respected magistrates in their several localities. Much sympathy was felt for the victims of this piece of partisan retribution. Addresses expressive of this sympathy were presented to them; the Queen was appealed to, and the Colonial Secretary reminded the Governor that these men had been appointed under a different tenure, and that the honour of the Crown was affected by this

action. One by one they were nearly all re-appointed, the Colonial Secretary telling the Governor that but for his assurance to this effect he would have been visited by a severe mark of the royal displeasure. But the correspondence between the Colonial office and the Governor on the subject was not made public until Mr. Johnstone's return to power in 1857.

When the Provincial Secretaryship was made a political office, the previous incumbent, Sir Rupert D. George, was granted a retiring allowance. The increase in the offices to be changed at a change of government by the duplication of the Department of Finance, turned out the Provincial Treasurer, Honourable S. P. Fairbanks, an estimable gentleman of advanced years and long and useful service in the popular branch of the Legislature. He had been an opponent of Mr. Howe, and his fruitless application for a pension, and his appeal to the home Government for their intervention in his favour, elicited from Mr. Howe's pen a satirical effusion at his expense in the form of a parody on the "Beggar's Petition"—"Pity the sorrows of a poor old man," etc. A judicial retrospect of these proceedings cannot result in their approval. They indicate a lack of that generosity that should distinguish a great mind. They seem to us spots on an otherwise brilliant record.

The account of the way official patronage was dispensed under the old régime given by Reverend Dr. Grant in his booklet on Joseph Howe, page 48, is purely imaginary, like a good deal of its other contents; while it very accurately applies to the system of to-day, for it is now true that when a youth with as yet no party attachment applies for a position in the civil service, the question is likely to be asked on which side his father voted. The evils of the old system were of a different nature, and not adapted to corrupt the electorate, or degrade the public service.

To Mr. Johnstone's charge there

can be nothing laid mean in conception or unworthy in motive. His measure for the equalisation of the representation and redistribution of seats, abolishing the small and unequal township constituencies, in 1859, was admittedly calculated to deprive him of at least one seat. He had no taste and no gifts for the arts of deception and humbug. In all his political addresses he never delivered one in which his absolute sincerity was not apparent. It was the jeer of an enemy after the election of 1859 that he was too honest for a politician. The *ad captandum* phrase, the ribald jest, the repartee transgressing the bounds of decent humour, calculated to turn an opponent into ridicule or degrade his personality before the audience (in all of which Mr. Howe was an adept), never came from Mr. Johnstone. A deep sense of responsibility evidently governed all his words and actions. He would use no unworthy wiles or arts to win over opponents. If they came over to his side as the Roman Catholic gentlemen in the House did in 1857, it was entirely of their own accord. In private life the charm of his conversation was most fascinating. He was the soul of the social circles in which he moved. A highly cultured old lady, who knew him well in the days of his youth and early manhood, told me that he had a greater gift for that "small talk" by which social gatherings of young people are enlivened than any young gentleman she ever met in a widely extended social experience, but that unlike that of others, his "small talk" was always intellectual. The long wear and tear of a peculiarly trying political life may have rendered him more reserved in his later years. He was not appointed to the Bench until he had reached an age exceeding that at which it is now deemed necessary that a Judge should retire—seventy-two. He had a thorough, all-embracing knowledge of

legal principles, combined with the ability to comprehend and consider every detail of the most complex case. To him the law was not a mere accumulation of decisions and precedents, but a noble moral and intellectual science in which he was a profound master, as our great fellow-countryman, Simon Newcombe (just passed away), was in the physical science of astronomy. On a trial or argument of a cause, he was a model of patience, courtesy and thoroughness. In the discussion of the points incidental to the conduct of a trial, it was his habit to keep his face covered with his hand, as if to exclude distractions from without, and he never would interrupt counsel, but at the close of the discussion would give a brief but exhaustive decision in which not one point raised would escape him, and adding often reasons of his own, so that it was impossible to withhold concurrence in his conclusions. This reserve and self-restraint in such discussions were also peculiar to Sir James Carter, Chief Justice of New Brunswick, who, however, would rarely or never give his reasons. Similarly in his charges to juries, no detail or point of a case escaped him whether overlooked by counsel or not. Most of his decisions in equity cases were not reported and are now lost, much to the disadvantage of the Bar and the public. At the acknowledged head of the Bar, with such competitors as Alexander Stewart, W. B. Bliss, and S. G. W. Archibald, had he practised in England he would have attained to the Bench at middle age, as the son of the latter with less impressive gifts did, and would have adorned either of Her Majesty's Superior Courts at Westminster; and if he had in the flower of his age given to the public service of Great Britain the time and energy that he gave to that of Nova Scotia, he would certainly have reached the woollack.



THE EARL OF ROSEBERY, K.G.,  
WHO WELCOMED THE PRESS DELEGATES

## PERSONALITIES AT THE PRESS CONFERENCE

BY J. A. MACDONALD

IT is easy to forget the speeches; the historic scenes fade away; but at least a dozen men stand out distinct and unforgettable in the crowded programme of the first Imperial Press Conference. Some were scarred veterans, old before their time with the burden, that never seems to lessen, of Britain's government at home or overseas. Some were lusty new recruits who wield their unproved powers in such irregular and unexpected fashion that friends are made anxious and foes afraid. But those who held our keenest thoughts were the men marked with the dust and sweat of the day's conflict.

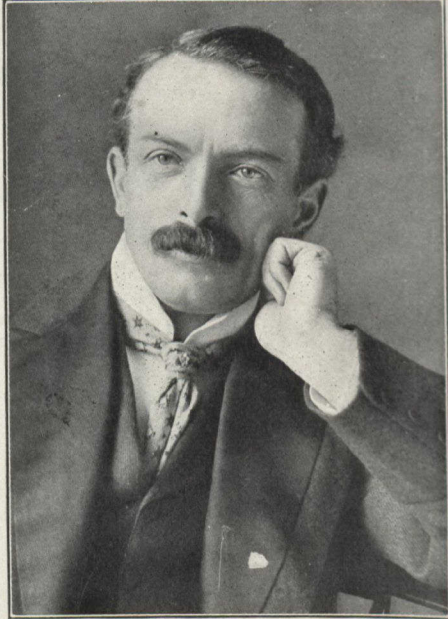
Nowhere but in London could there be found so many men of such distinction in statecraft and letters and empire-building. Never before were so many of them brought together as with one accord. That a Press occasion provided the platform was itself significant. Some of them gave of the best of their thought, and even though it was for only an hour there passed from them into the souls of the men from beyond the sea something of that subtle power which betrays the presence of Personality. It was that personal touch that made the Imperial Press Conference vital, memorable, unique.



MR. H. H. ASQUITH,  
PRIME MINISTER OF GREAT BRITAIN

Lord Rosebery was the first. On the evening of the fifth of June he spoke Britain's welcome to the delegates from the Greater Britain. That was a great occasion. None but the Empire's greatest orator of Imperialism could match with fitting words the sentiment of the hour. Rosebery did it. But the eloquence of his speech was not in its carefully chosen words or in the regulated cadences of its tone or in the artless emphasis of pose or gesture which only seemed to be born of sudden impulse. By training as well as by temperament, Rosebery is an orator. He has the orator's moods. He takes the orator's risks. He achieves the orator's triumphs. He wins the orator's rewards. All these were his when he spoke his "Welcome Home!" to the Empire editors. The words are worth repeating, for they gave the key-note to much of what was best in all of the Conference that followed:

"Welcome home! Welcome home to the home of your language, of your liberties,



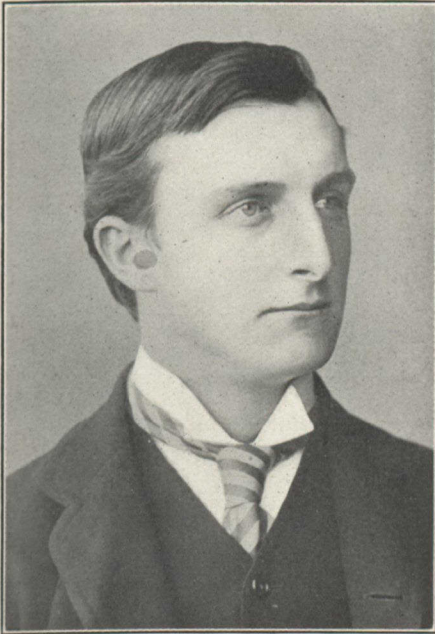
MR. LLOYD-GEORGE,  
CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER

and of your race. Welcome home to the source of your Parliaments, of your free institutions, and of this immeasurable Empire. Welcome home to the supreme head of all these dominions, your Sovereign and mine, who is not merely the King of Great Britain but the King of Hearts. Welcome home to this and to anything besides that we in all brotherhood and affection can offer you. Welcome home!"

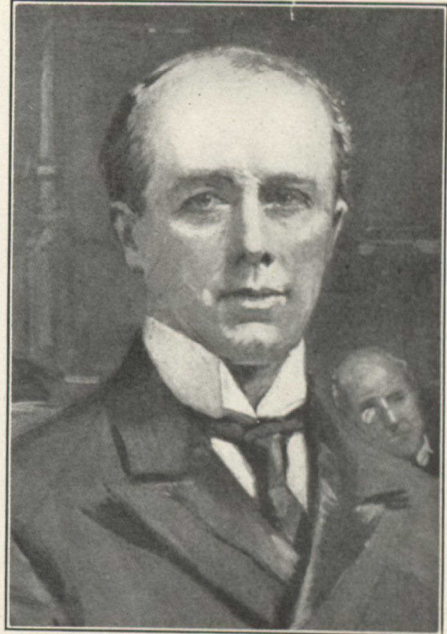
In that magnificent peroration Lord Rosebery struck his own true note. Sentiment and voice and eye and gesture, the pose of his body and the passion of his soul, all combined with the emotion of his hearers to an issue that for the most of us touched the high-water mark of postprandial eloquence.

Not that in my opinion the whole speech was of Rosebery's best. It was not. I heard him in Edinburgh twenty years ago when he let himself go in all the rush and abandon of untrammelled thought and speech. On that occasion he rose higher and sustained the height with more imperious wing. Again in Edinburgh,





SIR EDWARD GREY,  
SECRETARY OF STATE FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS



MR. REGINALD MCFENNA,  
FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY

when the freedom of the city was given to his fellow Scot, Prime Minister Campbell-Bannerman, he broke out suddenly, in response to the irrepressible call of the crowd, into a panegyric and protestation of loyalty to his leader that for sheer power of eloquence eclipsed anything in his Press Conference speech. It may have been his native heath that made the difference. It may be that the intervening years with their empty chaff where grain should have been have not enriched the deep sources of true oratory and so only for a moment did the fires blaze with the light and heat of other days. Or it may be the fault was mine. For certainly the note of Rosebery's speech echoed and re-echoed through all the days that followed.

The fact is that note was struck so often by unskilled and unsteady voices that it almost became an old song. Every time a speaker ran short of ideas but not of sounds he fell back on Rosebery's "Welcome Home!"

Rosebery's personality gave power to its first utterance, but on the lips of lesser men it dwindled and was lost in hollow-sounding words.

Mr. Asquith had scarcely time to dust the Budget out of his brain, and it took all his wits to keep his feet free from the snares set for him at every turn by the sleepless Suffragettes. He is not greatly different from what one might have imagined him to be. His mind is keen, well-stored and well-trained. He has nothing at all of Rosebery's rare intuition and surging emotion, but he has what Rosebery lacks, the power to achieve. He may not see visions or dream dreams. His policies and plans are fashioned on the anvil of fact with the hammer of logic. His enthusiasm is intellectual rather than emotional. He wastes no words. There is in him, as in at least two of his colleagues in the Government, something of the fire of the new Imperialism caught from Rosebery's own torch. With Asquith as Prime Minister and



ADMIRAL SIR JOHN FISHER,  
AS FIRST SEA LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY



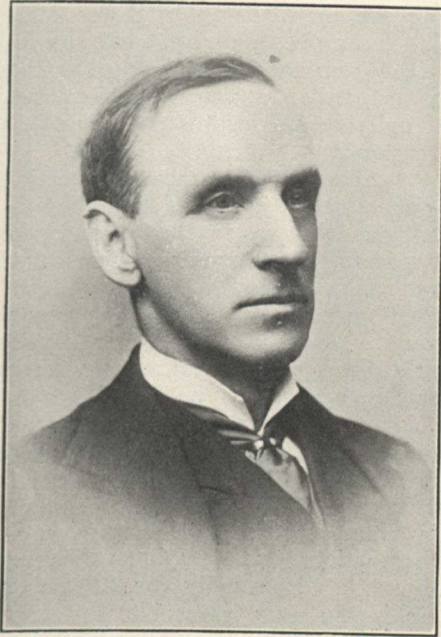
LORD CHARLES BERESFORD,  
AN ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET

Lloyd-George as Chancellor, even the Budget is bound to go through, kept on sound and logical lines by the precision of the one and propelled to its high issues by the glowing ardour of the other.

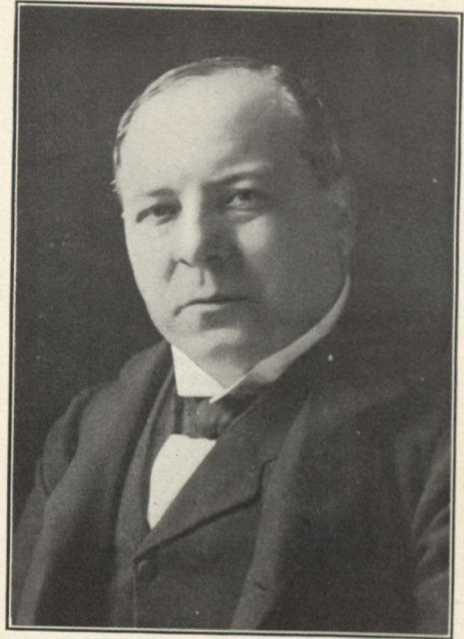
Mr. Balfour is a winsome personality. He may not be a great leader. He seems to lack the definiteness of opinion and the decision of character required in leadership. *Finesse* may be with him a dangerous malady. If ever he comes to the Premiership again he will not have many inconvenient speeches to explain away. He is a master of that style of speech which seems to be unreserved and exact, but which under other lights can be otherwise read. He showed this art at the Conference. He was chairman on the day devoted to the Press and the Army. Lord Roberts was the hero-speaker. Conscription was in the air. For aught Mr. Balfour said the delegates were warranted in reckoning him as a supporter of the conscription resolution. But when

the moment came and the Conference called "Withdraw," he suggested that the resolution be not put to vote. I learned afterwards that he was opposed to its introduction. His speech at the Constitutional Club luncheon was exquisite alike in spirit and form. Once it swept within sight of Tariff Reform, not near enough to violate the proprieties or to compromise himself, but just enough to give his protectionist followers something to cheer for. That habit may have its advantages but it may be fatal to leadership.

In some respects Sir Edward Grey commanded the admiration of the Conference almost more than any other speaker. He has the unmistakable aristocratic air, dignified, self-poised, restrained, and the background of his political thinking is coloured with the Rosebery Imperialism. That must be remembered when listening to him or when reading his speeches at times of crisis. Grey represents one wing of the Liberal Cabinet,



LORD MORLEY,  
SECRETARY OF STATE FOR INDIA



MR. R. B. HALDANE,  
SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR

Lloyd-George the other. Both agree in their fundamental ideals and purposes, and by the coördinated, informed and progressive action of both wings British Liberalism is being carried forward with a programme of service to the nation and to humanity such as few governments ever attempted. Of course, efforts are being made to split the Government in two. The Imperialistic Tories are striving to capture Sir Edward Grey as they would fain think they captured Lord Rosebery. At the other extreme the Socialists pretend to claim Mr. Lloyd-George. Thoughtful onlookers very rightly regard these two distinguished British statesmen as standing at the two poles of one full-orbed truth, each the complement of the other, and by their purposeful coöperation the great interests of world-empire on the one hand and the no less urgent causes of social reform on the other shall together be evenly, adequately, effectively served.

Two very interesting groups of men

were in close touch with the Conference. One had to do with the Navy, the other with the Army. Mr. Reginald McKenna, First Lord of the Admiralty, is a young man to whom has been committed enormous responsibilities at a very critical time. He presided over the discussion of the Press and the Navy. He is thoughtful, steady, and free from jingoism, a good man to be at the helm these days. His First Sea Lord, Sir John Fisher, was our pilot the day we sailed through the "long sea lanes" of the Fleet at Spithead. Sir John is the most democratic of men, and out of storms of controversy he is emerging with credit. The chief critic of the Admiralty, Lord Charles Beresford, is much more interesting to newspaper men, because he is so delightfully outspoken. It was the Right Honourable Alfred Lyttelton who told us, that in discussing the Navy men were exposed to rhetoric on one side and to indiscretion on the other. He may have had Lord Charles in mind as



MR. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN

illustrating both dangers. "Indiscretion," he said, "is the more amusing to an audience, especially to an audience of the Press, but it has a way of recoiling formidably on the head of its author." No man talked with more agreeable indiscretion than Lord Charles Beresford.

Mr. R. B. Haldane, Secretary of State for War, became known to many of the delegates, for, like Mr. McKenna, he manifested a genuine personal interest in the Conference. He is a solid man. He masters the details of the problem he has in hand as of old he mastered his briefs for Canada before the Privy Council. He talked in private with evident pride of his Canadian briefs and recalled the days of Sir Oliver Mowat's Provincial Rights appeal cases. He has himself something of Mowat's four-square stability.

Lord Roberts was the war-hero of the Conference and although many think his "conscription" policy the work of "an old man in a hurry"—using Lord Randolph Churchill's de-

scription of Gladstone's Home Rule bill—he gripped us all not only by his speeches on special occasions but also by the cordiality with which he greeted individual delegates on all private occasions.

At Aldershot the most interesting personality was Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien, who was in charge, and who asked after the Canadians who served under him in South Africa with the affectionate interest of a personal friend. One did not wonder at the enthusiasm of the Canadian soldiers for Smith-Dorrien.

Two of the younger men in the front rank of the House of Commons were interesting to the delegates, both for their own sakes and for the sake of the names they bear. One was Austen Chamberlain, the other Winston Churchill. Personally Mr. Chamberlain is the more agreeable, but Mr. Churchill is the more interesting. Neither in his speeches nor in his conversations did Mr. Chamberlain betray any distinctive quality that would compel attention. His appar-

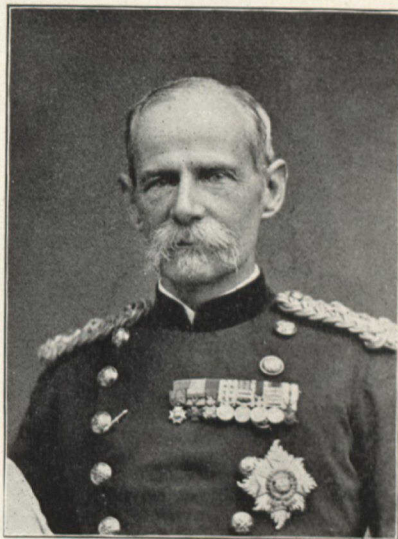
MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL,  
PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE

ently casual but really premeditated mention of "my father" drew from the delegates the instant applause which showed that the old-time Colonial Secretary is not forgotten. It is said that in the later years of his career in the House of Commons there were two men of whom Mr. Joseph Chamberlain was genuinely afraid—Mr. Lloyd-George and Mr. Churchill. That saying is probably true. Mr. Lloyd-George is able, alert, keen, nimble, fired with immense moral conviction, and is a most dangerous antagonist either on the platform or in Parliament, as several of the Lords have discovered during the Budget controversy. Mr. Joseph Chamberlain might well fear him.

Mr. Winston Churchill is of entirely different style. He is clever, amazingly clever, beyond all question, but he is exasperatingly imperious. They call him a "cad," and on all occasions feature his "lone hand" irresponsibility. His Conference speech was not specially dis-



THE EARL OF CREWE,  
SECRETARY OF STATE FOR THE COLONIES



EARL ROBERTS

tinguished, except for those who understood. He really wanted to break out on the "war-scare" Imperialism which he scented. That he held himself in check should be counted to him for strength. Even his friends say they are never sure of him. I heard his speech in Edinburgh in which he scored Lord Lansdowne over the "mincing" and "wincing" business, but it really was not half as bad as headlines of the reports and subsequent references made it appear. There are those who think Churchill will yet be a divisive influence in the Liberal party as Joseph Chamberlain has been in the Conservative party. Certain it is that he is not likely yet awhile to sink into obscurity.

Two Cabinet Ministers who are literary men rather than politicians greatly attracted the delegates. Of all those who honoured the Conference with serious and thoughtful addresses Lord Morley was for me the most interesting. He is not an orator as orators go. He speaks haltingly and with a certain touch of remoteness in his tone. There is nothing at all of unreserve or abandon. But, despite all this, John Morley is one of the grand men of the Empire. He has aged



HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY, KING EDWARD

since he was in Toronto a few years ago. The lines have deepened in his face, dug partly by personal sorrow and partly by that awful burden of India. A less wise man or a less humane man or a less courageous man, and who can tell what unprecedented horrors India had witnessed during Morley's years of office. His sagacity, integrity and intelligent statesmanship, marking the lines of progress and creating the atmosphere of life, have done more for British rule in India than ever can be told except to those who can read the meaning of those furrows of care and that far-away look. Personal sorrow added a pang to his public burden. And through these years he has gone so steadily, so heroically, so bravely even though he saw no high purpose culminating either for the individual or for the race "behind the veil." As he spoke to us, with a note of pleading in his voice, calling us and all our fellow-journalists to stand against the rebarbarisation of the nations, I could not but regret that men speak

of him as one whose intellectual vision is not touched with religious faith. The story comes back, told me by Morley's former junior colleague in journalism, T. P. O'Connor, that in speaking of his new house at Wimbledon, with its great library and beautiful English rural scenery, Morley said: "It lacks a mountain." "Why a mountain?" "Because," said Morley—and there was infinite pathos in his saying of it— "because beyond the mountain there is hope."

Augustine Birrell is removed from John Morley as far as the East is from the West. They are one in their political ideals, but in all things that have to do with temperament and style and personal impression they belong to widely different types. Birrell was distinguished before he entered Parliament. Like Morley, his essays gave him rank as a man of letters before he was called to the vexing task of education and the still more vexed problem of Ireland. Beyond question he is justifying his political call. Under his leadership some real

headway is being made in Ireland. More has been done within the past three or four years, so the best of the Irish party say, than in as many decades in the past to get Ireland out of the rut of discontent and distress. The man who settled the university question did more than yet appears in helping on the settlement of the Irish question. But for the Press delegates Birrell was a most refreshing breeze. Members of the House of Commons are notoriously dull on the platform. The Lords are even duller. They are stilted and restrained, and need constantly the whip and spur of the campaign "heckler." But Birrell learned the platform style before he entered politics. His literary form is excellent, fresh and virile, and when he lets go either in Parliament or at a public meeting, it is as the rushing of a mighty wind. "Literature and Journalism" was the topic on his day at the Conference. Morley was in the chair, and his address was a masterpiece. Winston Churchill followed with a speech that called journalists to their high service as trustees of the English language and of British civilisation, using, not bullets, but words, and under obligation to use wise words, true words, words of honour and justice and peace. Then came Viscount Milner. Now, Milner is an Imperialist, both by nature and by practice, and his sympathies do not run parallel with those of Morley or Churchill or any of the Liberals. His Imperialism, to be sure, is dashed with disturbing Radicalism which separates him from the old reactionary Tory type as distinctly as from Lloyd-George and John Burns. But Milner is really an Imperialist, and when he followed Churchill a sudden change occurred. What a difference! Churchill is reckless, studiously reckless, while Milner is almost painfully conscientious and almost lamentably lacking in political sagacity. Plainly he did not relish Morley's warning against rebarbarising the nations with battleships and yellow journals. He

called it "dreadful nonsense," and, expressing the opinion that "the life is out of the discussion of 'Literature and Journalism,'" he declined to speak more than a few words in order that the delegates might get back to the discussion of imperial defence which had already absorbed almost the entire time of the Conference.

But Milner reckoned without his hosts. Even loyalty and defence are not all the things newspaper man care about. He reckoned also without Augustine Birrell, who followed him on the programme. Birrell swept through that conference hall of the Foreign Office inspiriting as a breeze from the hills of Killarney, and all the war-microbes were blown out the windows. His speech in giving the toast at the luncheon by the literary and journalistic members of the House of Commons was a marvel of cleverness and brilliancy, and was spoken with that verve and vigour which redeems after-dinner speaking from being burdensome to the diners. Mr. Birrell is an interesting personality.

Mention of Milner recalls the names of two other Pro-consuls, Lord Curzon and Lord Cromer. All three have been in the high places of the Empire. To them was given the dangerous power of the autocrat. The autocrat in South Africa, in Egypt, or in India runs great risks. He makes or he breaks. In South Africa Lord Milner, with the conscience of a Puritan, but without the sympathetic insight of a leader of men, played the autocrat and lost. And when he saw all he thought to build turned upside down by the present Government in giving a free Parliamentary constitution to the now united colonies of South Africa, Milner could not rejoice. He was slow of heart to believe all that the statesmen of South Africa, Boer and British alike, had spoken. But despite this incapacity to understand or to believe, honour and admiration are due to Viscount Milner for his sterling qualities, his incorruptibility in the

midst of South African millionaire exploiters, and his earnest though sometimes mistaken efforts to make the British Empire a tower of strength and a moral force.

Lord Cromer turned to the delegates a strong, strife-scarred face. He, too, has suffered, but not in vain, for the Empire's sake in India and Egypt. Experience has taught him that political systems and political ideals suited to one race and one zone may not be suited to a different race in a different zone. He began an English Liberal with notions of democracy as the ultimate and universal form of civil government. Stern facts in India and even sterner facts in Egypt have taught him that there is no divine right of democracy, that governmental forces should be outward expressions of the inward life of a people, and that between the life-instincts of the Anglo-Saxon and those of the Oriental difference stretches wide as the difference between self-government and autocracy.

More autocratic than Lord Milner, more self-assertive than Lord Cromer, the man who rubbed many of the delegates the wrong way was Lord Curzon. A man of ability, of very decided ability, he certainly is. No weakling can be hated as Curzon is hated—hate is not too strong a term—both in India and in England. No small man rises to the Chancellorship of Oxford University. And yet he laid bare his limitations the very first day we met him. It was at the luncheon given at the Constitutional Club, the Conservative headquarters. One of the toasts was to "British Pro-consuls." By one of Fate's strange coincidences, the committee chose the one Press delegate who ought not to have been selected to propose that toast, in view of the fact that Lord Curzon replied. That man was Maitland Park, of the *Cape Times*, who, when in journalism in Allahabad, came into sharp antagonism years ago with Curzon over some matters of Indian interest. There was not room for

both in India. Now they meet in London, the man who had to leave proposing a toast to which the former Viceroy makes response. Mr. Park did his part in excellent taste, making amusing reference to the personal clash and the unexpected meeting under exceptional circumstances after so many years. But Lord Curzon in his reply "showed his teeth." He had not forgotten or forgiven. His shaft was strongly shot but it was dipped in venom. That personal sidelight explained in some measure why he got into trouble in India and why he is not finding politics in Britain a bed of roses or a roadway to fame.

But time would fail to tell of all who for their names' sake or their works' sake were at one time or another the observed of all the delegates. The Earl of Crewe held our special interest because of his official relations with overseas affairs, and he won our respect and confidence by his wise, dignified and conciliatory bearing on all occasions. Lord Esher was a perfect chairman, and as a guide, philosopher, and friend none could equal T. P. O'Connor, who never failed us. And many others there were.

Greatest of all among the personalities that came within the range of the Conference was the King himself. There he stood, with the gracious and beautiful Queen at his side, under the trees at Marlborough House, and as friends greet friends the King and Queen and the Prince and Princess of Wales greeted with unusual warmth and cordiality the press representatives from the outer Empire. Its simplicity was as impressive as was the stateliness of the pageant on the east lawn at Windsor Castle. At the heart of the Empire is a true Personality, and by his personal touch His Imperial Majesty found a heart of loyalty in the most democratic man among us. We found him, as Lord Rosebery said, "not merely the King of Great Britain, but the King of Hearts."



# THE NEW ONTARIO "READERS"

BY ARNOLD HAULTAIN

TO choose and grade selections of prose and poetry for the whole Public School course is not an easy task, especially when we consider that those selections are supposed to perform various functions: to teach spelling and reading, grammar and parsing; to cultivate a taste for literature; to instill principles of obedience, bravery, and rectitude; to inculcate patriotism; to spur ambition — not even this enumeration exhausts their functions. Nevertheless the task is not beyond human capacity: there have been "Readers" before these new ones: how have those who are responsible for these performed that task?

To be candid, the new set of "Readers" authorised by the Minister of Education of the Province of Ontario reflects more credit upon the publishers than it does upon the compilers. The cover is neat, the binding strong, the paper good, the type large, the illustrations clear; and for all this excellence the price is astonishingly cheap—ranging from four cents for the "Primer" (ninety-six pages) to sixteen cents for the "Fourth Book" (four hundred and ten pages). It should be remembered, however, that in no case has anyone been paid for copyright: authors and publishers alike seem to have been most generous in giving permission to quote; and, since authors and publishers depend upon copyright for a livelihood, this generosity on their part towards the youth of Canada is well worthy the thanks accorded them in the pre-

faces of the Minister of Education. The publishers are the T. Eaton Company, Limited, of Toronto. The compilers preserve their anonymity.

From the point of view of what may be called the ethical value of literature, the compilers seem to have chosen judiciously. Courage and honour, obedience, kindness, love of country, implicit veracity, high resolve—all these the selections inculcate. But, from the inexhaustible treasures of English literature, it should not be so very difficult to obtain passages inculcating these virtues. All high art, including the art literary, is moral, as the great Goethe said, and as Ruskin was so fond of enforcing. It is from the point of view of what may be called the purely literary value of literature that we think we detect in these "Readers" some short-comings.

It was a maxim of that same great Goethe that, in matters literary, a thing ought to excel or it ought not to exist—which, if it is a platitude, is a platitude too often forgotten. That admirable and erudite critic Mr. Francis T. Palgrave did not forget it when compiling his second anthology of English lyrics. So extremely careful, indeed, was he to insert in his collection only that which time had declared to be excellent, to be permanent, that he excludes from it the work of all living writers, even though he was choosing for readers of mature judgment. Our compilers have placed themselves under no such restrictions

—even though their avowed object is (so we may assume) to educate the taste of youth, so that youth may discriminate the excellent from the unworthy, may imitate and learn from the one, and may avoid the mistakes of the other. All four "Readers" abound in selections from writers now living or but so very recently passed away, that Time has had no opportunity of sifting the excellent from the mediocre. And the selections seem to have been thrown together in the most haphazard of fashions. Order or classification there seems to be none. In the Fourth Book, Caniff Haight's "Country Life in Canada" is succeeded by a line from Dante (with no explanation as to whence cited or by whom translated); this is followed by Archibald Lampman's "Heat"; then comes a portion of Proverbs, chapter IV.; then comes Felicia Hemans her "Bernardo del Carpio"; after which, apparently just to fill the page, are inserted two lines and a half from Shakespeare (with no mention of the play from which they are taken).—Surely this is rather a hodge-podge!

Again, on page 108 (of the Fourth Book) we find the termination of a passage from Lord Dunraven's "The Great Divide" followed by a single phrase (not a whole sentence) from the General Epistle of James (with no hint as to its source, and with no hint as to whether the phrase applies to Atropos or to the Deity—and it would fit either), and this followed by six lines which the pupil is informed are from "Clough."—Happy that unread but curious and eager pupil who, eager to learn, and thumbing his book in his lonely closet, can get real knowledge and a cultivated taste from a perusal of these snippets of "Literature." In the whole volume there are not half a dozen explanatory notes to help him; there is scarcely a date; there is not even an index. To find out whether "Clough" was, let us say, an ancient sage or a minor poet writing for a

modern cis-Atlantic magazine, this eager but unread pupil must wait until he can consult his master, or can procure the annotations which, we believe, are to be published separately.

On page seventeen, is a single sentence signed "Amiel." We picture to ourselves that same Public School pupil cudgelling his brains as to which particular dictionary of biography is most likely to contain the name of Amiel—whether ancient or modern, Greek, English, or French. Surely the compilers might at least have mentioned beneath that line "From the *Journal Intime* of Henri-Frédéric Amiel (1821-1881). Translated by Mrs. Humphry Ward."

At risk of giving offence, surely exception may be taken to the inclusion of so much that is so very modern. At the quotation that opens, and at that which closes, this Fourth Book (both from Mr. Rudyard Kipling) we will not cavil; though many will hold that Mr. Kipling has still to await the verdict of posterity. But, musical though it is, surely Miss Marjorie L. C. Pickthall's poem "Bega" (page 24) could afford to wait a few years before insertion in an authorised text-book for children. Are the compilers so sure of what is "excellent" in poetry that they can afford a page and a half to "Bega" and exclude some recognised and undoubted gem from the wealth of England's poetic treasures? Do they pit their judgment against that of posterity? There are four selections from Charles G. D. Roberts, four from Archibald Lampman, two from Frederick George Scott, and one from Milton. (There are really two, but the prose passage on page 229 is not considered worthy of a place in the Contents.)

On page 79 there are six lines with no heading and with the sole subscription "Hooper." Not even the Table of Contents will give the pupil any more light, for even the "Hooper" is there omitted.

Is the name of Mrs. Cecil Frances Alexander (page 83) such a house-

hold word among Canadian Public scholars that no dates are necessary after her name? As she died only fourteen years ago, not every Public scholar will even know where to look for a biographical notice.

Four sonnets are given. But the youthful reader is not informed that they are sonnets; and, since few youthful readers know anything of the structure of a sonnet, would it not have been well to tell the printers to separate the quartets and the tercets by appropriate spaces? When once a sonnet is seen thus divided, its anatomy is not easily forgotten.

Not only do the compilers undertake to forestall posterity's verdict on poetry, they forestall it on prose also. (We take it for granted that nothing mediocre, nothing immature, nothing that, in Matthew Arnold's phrase, is not "of the centre" is in this Fourth Book deliberately inserted.) Is then, the following passage (Fourth Book, page 177) truly "of the centre," is it beautiful and immaculate prose? —

"Walrus wallow on the pink granite islands in huge herds. Polar bears flounder from icepan to icepan. The Arctic hare, white as snow, but for the great bulging black eye, bounds over the boulders. Snow buntings, whistling swans, snow geese, ducks in myriads—flacker and clacker and hold solemn conclave on the adjoining rocks, as though this were (sic) their realm from the beginning and for all time."

We see, too, that the compilers give their *imprimatur* to the word "spry" (First Book, page 96), which they will not find in Johnson, and which even the "Century Dictionary" admits to be "Provincial English and United States"; to the spelling "forego" (Fourth Book, page 172), which, of course, is wrong; to that extremely "vulgar error" the use of the word "bug" as applicable to all flying insects (First Book, pages 83 *et seq.*); and they show themselves so subservient to United States usage as to have the temerity to alter names in an old and time-honoured

English nursery-tale (see Primer, pages 48 *et seq.*).—The motto on the fly-leaf (beneath a Union Jack) is "One Flag—One Fleet—One Throne"; this tri-unity does not seem to imply One Language.

By the way, why this extreme carefulness to particularise (in a set of Provincial "Readers" authorised by a Provincial Government) the necessity for the unification of an Imperial "fleet"? Why not a unification of the divorce laws, or of the tariff, or of the laws of insolvent debtors?—all, we understand, said in certain quarters to be very much in need of Imperial unification.

The choice of illustrations seems to have been as fortuitous as the choice of selections. In the Fourth Book there are two portraits, one of the King (facing "Tom Tulliver at School") and one of Egerton Ryerson (facing "The Battle of the Pipes"); there are pictures of the Parliament Buildings at Ottawa and at Toronto; there is a picture of four cows (facing "Sinbad the Sailor"); there is a picture of two steers; there is a picture of two horses; and there is a picture of Georgian Bay (facing "In a Cave with a Whale").

But after all, is it absolutely necessary that a set of Public School Readers should be wholly and purely "literary"? Are the claims of literature so paramount, and the claims of agriculture so subsidiary, that the rural youth of this Province shall, in its authorised text-books, have its attention turned solely to the former? The sons and daughters of the farmers of Ontario are forsaking the farm; the farms of Ontario are clamouring for help; acres upon acres of the farm-land of Ontario lie untilled, or but partly tilled, for want of willing hands and interested brains. And yet one would imagine, from a perusal of these Readers, that Ontario was a sort of Academe, where nor plough nor harrow nor binder were known. True, there is in the First Book a selection

called "How the Pony was Shod"; in the Second, selections called "How I Turned the Grindstone" and "The Man Who Did Not Like Work"; in the Third, selections called "An Apple Orchard in the Spring," "Corn-fields," "Work or Play"; and in the Fourth, selections called "Work and Wages," "The First Ploughing," "Country Life in Canada in the 'Thirties,'" and "Honourable Toil"—all combined, surely, a very meagre tribute to the claims of rural labour. However, this is a broad subject and an intricate. All we ask is that the youth of Ontario should not, by means of its authorised Readers, be led to think that literature is a higher thing than labour, whether rural or urban. It is not. And, for ourselves, we can, in imagination, picture to ourselves a set of Readers which could, insensibly, inculcate that indubitable fact.

## OCTOBER

By JAMES P. HAVERSON

October, poets sing and artists dream  
Of your gold grandeur, of your heart of flame,  
And your bold beauty is their endless theme—  
Only with pity can I name your name.

A wistful woman have you seemed to me,  
Not yet grown old, but leaving youth behind;  
And lest with fading beauty, love grow cold,  
Seeking some respite from your fate to find.

Spring speaks of hope and youth and bold emprise,  
And Summer sings of love and all desire;  
But Autumn's pageant tells a bitter tale  
In glowing embers of a dying fire.

Now, smiling up at your dear love, the sun,  
In trembling hope that he will not depart,  
With every art do you bedeck yourself  
Though vague forebodings fill your aching heart.

In vain, October, all alas in vain,  
Thus artfully becrimsoning your cheek,  
To dress your hair; in vain your brave, sad smile,  
So brief the respite you may thus bespeak.

And so while poets sing their songs of joy  
Of your false gladness and forced gaiety,  
I only see a tortured woman soul  
That seeks to hold a lover hopelessly.

# MR. STORK'S MISCALCULATION

BY WILLIAM MACKAY

THAT which William Stork left out of his calculation mattered a great deal, as he was to discover later on. His preparations for the abduction of Hoppner's famous portrait of Lady Lessmore had been, humanly speaking, quite perfect. This painting hung in the picture gallery at Bodmin Towers. And Mr. Stork was working for a principal in New York.

Naturally he had selected a night on which there was no moon. He had negotiated an entry by means of a window in the servants' wing. A plan of the ground floor of the mansion made things easy to a gentleman of his professional eminence. He walked confidently through passages which he had never trodden before. His electric lamp discovered doors that conveyed from narrower into broader corridors. He simply opened them, and proceeded cautiously and noiselessly on his way, as surefooted as if he had been free of the stately home all his life.

Mr. Stork had displayed a proper consideration for the quality of the household on whom he was making this informal and nocturnal call. He was in evening dress. He invariably dressed for dinner, as he usually partook of that meal in West End restaurants. His clothes were admirably cut. He wore his watch in a fob, and from it depended a gold-mounted ribbon of watered silk from which hung a bunch of seals. For the rest he was a man of thirty, of military appearance, enhanced by a heavy cavalry moustache of blonde colour.

Among other things upon which the enterprising operator had calculated was that the inmates of Bodmin

Towers would all be a-bed at three o'clock in the morning, the hour of his visit. There had been a long and exhausting run with the Cottesmore. The whole house party had been in the field. The after-dinner "bridge" had been slow and perfunctory. The last stragglers in the billiard-room had retired to rest before one. The house was silent as the grave. William was in luck. It was what he would have termed "a soft job."

His approach was absolutely silent, for his patent leather pumps were provided with felt under-soles. With a deftness only acquired after long and patient practice he opened the door leading to the hall without betraying himself by a sound. He was now warm on the scent, for the picture gallery was on the other side of the fine oak-panelled hall which he was now about to enter.

He crossed the threshold, and became aware in a moment of the fact that he had made a miscalculation. A single electric burner shone cold and steadily just above the big open fireplace, and under the light two people stood facing him. They had turned suddenly from the white, but still smouldering, logs. Although William Stork's entry had been noiseless, some instinct informed the pair of watchers of a third presence. The situation was not without its piquancy.

For a few seconds, which under the conditions stretched out into minutes, the three people stood regarding each other. Then William Stork instinctively settled on his plan of campaign. He walked slowly towards the watchers, smiled ingratiatingly, and quietly

and quickly took stock of them so that he might hit on the style of address and line of conversation best calculated to disarm suspicion. Also he felt impressed with the necessity of speaking in a tone inaudible beyond the four-square in which he stood. One of the two inconvenient witnesses of William's intrusion was a young man of about twenty-five. Him he at once set down as an officer in the army. The noble owner of the house had, Mr. Stork had ascertained, no son. Therefore the young man was a visitor. The young girl who stood beside him was eighteen years of age. She also, he argued, must be a visitor, for the daughters of Bodmin were married women with children of their own. This young girl was sweetly virginal.

The nocturnal visitor was relieved to note that, whereas he was able to show a confident and assured front, the young things by the hearth were manifestly distressed, confused, apprehensive. His object, therefore, should be to conciliate them and get rid of them.

"Couldn't sleep a wink," he whispered low, putting his hand before his mouth as though to stifle a yawn.

The two loiterers looked at each other, interchanging a glance expressive of the utmost helplessness and hopelessness.

Bill Stork continued:

"Never can manage to sleep the first time in a strange bed. Got down here by the last train. 'Leven o'clock before I got to the Towers, so I went straight to my room. Had a heavy day on the Stock Exchange. And after I'd got into my sables I fell asleep in a much too comfortable arm-chair. When I woke up just now I felt I dare not go to bed and lie tossing awake there all night. And here I am. See? Have a cigarette, *do*," he said, passing his case to the man.

It was the turn of the young man now to cultivate a conciliatory attitude. He accepted the proffered refreshment and struck a light. But

beyond acknowledging the newcomer's civility with the single word, "Thanks," he said nothing. His uneasiness increased as though affected by the growth of Mr. Stork's confident familiarity.

"But I should introduce myself," said the gentleman in the felt-soled footwear. "I'm Suttlar, Lord Bodmin's broker. I'm a pretty straight man across country, and his lordship is good enough to invite me down sometimes for a couple of days' hunt-in'. Good on him. What?"

The young soldier by the hearth was not to be outdone in politeness, and proceeded to introduce himself and the lady with whom he had been discovered in what even a man in Stork's stratum of society felt to be a compromising situation.

"My name is Strangeways," he said in a hesitating way, "and the lady is Miss Derry; and although you and I are comparative strangers I am about to—er—ask you a favour."

"My dear Captain Strangeways, I am entirely at your service," said Mr. Stork, with effusion. "Pray command me."

"I have merely to request that when you see our host and his guests tomorrow you will say nothing of this meeting."

"Just as if I should do such a thing!" said William, in a tone of hurt reproach.

"Thanks for the assurance," said the other.

"Assurance is the word!" said Mr. Stork—to himself.

The lovers—for such they evidently were—did not accept the assurance as a hint that they might, if so disposed, retire to their respective rooms. The girl seemed eager to intervene in the conversation; and eventually she did, pale-faced and trembling, to this effect:

"Oh! Mr. Suttlar, you have a kind face. I'm sure you are a good, good man!"

"My friends are indulgent enough to tell me so," admitted the unabashed

marauder, as he bowed deferentially.

"I believe," whispered the girl shyly, "that Providence has sent you to our aid."

"Sure thing, dear young lady," observed William confidently.

"Hector!" she said, turning to her lover, "I shall tell Mr. Suttlar *All*."

"In the matter of confidences I'm a perfect Chancery Lane Safe Deposit," replied Stork airily. "Try me!"

Captain Strangeways shrugged his shoulders and said nothing.

Miss Derry moved quite close to the stranger.

"Hector and I are engaged," she explained with downcast eyes and quivering lips; "but my people won't hear of it. I have the great misfortune to be a wealthy heiress, and Hector is a younger son with his allowance and his pay."

Mr. Stork's interest in the happy pair became redoubled when he heard of the lady's financial position.

"Money," he said sententiously, "is dross. I've handled heaps of it in my time. A barrier of filthy lucre is no end of a nuisance in cases of this sort."

"We were thinking of running away," she added as a sequel to her first disclosure.

"Now?" inquired Mr. Stork eagerly.

The girl nodded in emphatic assent.

"Then I'm your man!" said the stranger cheerily.

"I knew it, Hector! I felt confident that Mr. Suttlar was sent here to help us," whispered the girl, turning a bright face to Strangeways.

"What would you advise?" asked the Captain, with something less than enthusiasm in his tone.

"You know the 'lay' of the estate I suppose?" inquired Stork.

"Perfectly," answered Hector.

"You must open one of the windows of the big dining-room. That will let you out on the terrace. Go along the terrace to the south and down the steps. Go on south till you come to a path that leads under the

wall of the gardens. It takes you right to the plantation and there runs through the wood. Keep to the path for half a mile. There you'll come to a gate. It's open. The gate leads into a lane. In the lane you will find me waiting for you in a motor. Slip off, the pair of you, and get some wraps and things. And if I were you, Missy, I'd bring my jewel case along. It may come in useful. There's no knowin', as the sayin' is. Do you follow me? - What?"

"But how on earth are you going to get a motor at this uncanny hour?" inquired the matter-of-fact Strangeways.

"You leave it to me, Captain," replied Mr. Stork encouragingly.

"Trust him for all in all or not at all," quoted Miss Derry.

"That's right, young lady," urged Stork, looking at his watch and feeling anxious about the flight of time. "Codlin's the friend, and quick's the word. I've got to run into the picture gallery for a minute. You slip off and do a bit of quick change. Be nippy about it. You'll find me and the machine in the lane. So long!"

He crossed hurriedly towards the entrance to the picture gallery. The eloping pair turned to the wide staircase.

Stork softly commenced to open the large double doors that gave admittance to the Bodmin Gallery.

He was about to discover that his miscalculation extended to the interior of the saloon containing the famous collection.

With characteristic skill and caution he opened the heavy oaken doors without causing a sound. He crossed into the gallery and—stopped dead. For here he was brought up "all standing," as they say at sea, by a sight which froze the marrow in his bones and set him stony as a statue on the spot on which the sight of the grim vision had arrested him.

An electric point shone above the portrait of some dead Bodmin who had followed the profession of the

Law. He was depicted there by that pleasing and plausible painter, Sir Thomas Lawrence, in his judicial scarlet. And beneath the judge's portrait stood the original, shaven-faced and crimson-clad, "staring right on with calm eternal eyes."

William Stork had run up against the celebrated Bodmin Ghost. For a fortnight William had been pottering about the neighbourhood in the innocent disguise of a gray-bearded archæologist. It had been his business to pick up all sorts of information concerning the people at the Towers. And you may be sure that more than one old gossip had given him full particulars of the spirit that haunted the mansion and interfered now and then with the comfort of its guests. But he had not for a moment calculated on being confronted by the inconvenient spectre.

Stork was a man of high courage and of infinite resource. His sinister avocation, indeed, presupposes those qualities. But—as is commonly the case with gentlemen adopting the career adventurous—he was as superstitious as a peasant from the Bog of Allen. He would not have refused the challenge of a couple of armed men; but the hair of his head rose at the sight of a single uncorporeal presence. It should be borne in mind that this was William's first ghost. His courage, his presence of mind, his great powers of initiative failed him. He stood silently gazing at the ghost, and the ghost stood silently gazing at him. He drew his revolver from his hip pocket. The act was instinctive, automatic, unconscious on his part. For the next moment he turned quickly and tip-toed out of the gallery, reflecting sadly that the Lessmore Hoppner was not for him, and that he must console himself as best he might with the jewels which Miss Derry was even now conveying to the Panhard that awaited him in the lane.

As he turned to go he heard the ghost follow him. He was afraid to look back. His cautious exit became

a panic flight. And behind him sped the ghost. Frenzied beyond the scope of mere word description, William swerved in his course, caught his foot in the corner of a skin rug, and fell sprawling, face downward, on the floor. As he fell his gun dropped from his hand, struck the edge of a chair and exploded with a noise that in the oppressive silence of the night seemed loud as a thunder-clap.

The ghost from the gallery, following, threw himself on the prostrate body of the burglar, pinning him to the ground and shouting the while the cries demanded on such occasions.

"Thieves! Fire! Murder!" howled the grisly captor.

"Y-y-your not a ghost!" groaned the man beneath.

"Have I the grip of a ghost?" inquired the top dog, renewing his calls to the household.

"You've the grip of a patent mangle," admitted William; "but let me go. Give me a change. I've taken nothing. Upon my Sam, I haven't. I'm a bit of a connoisseur—like yourself—and wanted to have a quiet look at the Bodmin Collection. I'm no sneak-thief, guv-nor. Lemme go and you shan't regret it. I've got the highest credentials, and I am a strictly honest Injun."

"That, I suppose," observed the sarcastic spirit, "is why you carry a six-shooter and wear felt soles on your pumps."

"You're uncommon hard on a fellow that's—er—down," suggested the intruder reproachfully.

"You'll soon be a fellow that's up—locked up. See?" observed the captor cheerily.

For figures were now seen approaching from all points. Mr. Stork, crestfallen but complaisant, was allowed to rise. A couple of footmen took hold of him gingerly, one on either side. And his captor picked up the fallen weapon.

Lord Bodmin, in pyjamas and a fur coat, came forward to interrogate his younger brother, who was the



ghost of this particular narrative.

"Lucky thing you happened to be about, Tom," said the owner of the Towers.

Tom drew his red dressing gown about his thin, old figure.

"Yes," he admitted, "although I was after other game. I aimed at a pheasant and I brought down a crow, it seems."

"Too late and too cold for your cryptic sayings, Tom," said his lordship; then, addressing the servants, he said, "Lock the fellow up securely and set a watch over his place of detention."

Having said which, Tom and his lordship retired.

The servants, having disposed of their prey, proceeded to examine the premises by way of ascertaining the method of his entrance. In this quest they failed. For finding that the door of the outer hall had been unbarred and was open, they incontinently and illogically determined that their captive had come in that way.

That was the way by which Strangeways and his charge had departed. They had picked up some wraps in the outer hall and sped off on the path indicated to them by their friend, Mr. Suttlar.

And when they arrived at the door in the wall, it was, as that kind gentleman had indicated, unlocked. They opened it and passed through. There stood the Panhard even as he had promised. But the gallant owner had not put in an appearance. Strangeways helped his excited charge into the tonneau. Then he examined the machine. Her lights were all masked; but he could see from the capacity of the bonnet that the engine was one of considerable horse-power. He rejoined Miss Derry in the tonneau.

They waited long — hours as it seemed. Suttlar had failed them. He had fallen asleep, perhaps, or had encountered some other member of the house party who had been unable to sleep and had taken to prowling about the mansion.

Presently Strangeways stood up in the car. He had heard, he thought, sounds in the direction of the house; and now he imagined that he saw lights flashing in the grounds around the Towers. He struck a match and looked at his watch. An hour had gone by.

"Something's happened, my dear," he said hurriedly, "and I'm going to borrow Suttlar's car, if I may."

"I'm sure the dear fellow would be delighted," she answered eagerly. "Mr. Suttlar is a really kind, good man, and I'm sure he would do *anything* to help us."

"Seems to me as if we were about to help ourselves," said the male fugitive, alighting.

He unmasked the big acetylene lamps. He grasped the starting handle and listened for the flutter that announced ignition. Then seeing that the lady was comfortably covered in the wraps they had commandeered, he mounted the driving seat, took out the clutch, put the speed lever into the first speed slot, and let the great car move easily along the lane. Soon she swung into the open road. The highway was broad and even. The lamps showed the course as with the light of day. And after a mile had been passed the fond driver had put her into her highest gear and was flying along the track at racing speed.

Their immediate objective was Dover. They stopped once on the journey for breakfast and reached the seaport at mid-day.

This gave them time to purchase a portmanteau and a Saratoga, as well as a few articles of wearing apparel, before boarding the Calais boat.

It also afforded them the opportunity of forwarding to Mr. Suttlar an effusive telegram of thanks in which they gave him the address of the garage at which they had left the Panhard.

The marriage took place at the Paris Embassy.

The telegram addressed "Suttlar" was never delivered.



ALL NATIONALITIES PLAY AND TALK TOGETHER AT THE WINNIPEG SCHOOLS

## THE REFINING PROCESS

BY GEORGE FISHER CHIPMAN

"It was the aftermath of the Galician celebration of yesterday. There were men with faces scratched and gashed, men with parts of their noses missing, men with chunks chewed out of their ears, men and women with bandages of all sorts and colours. The story told by the police who were on duty last night was equally lurid. The battles raged all over the foreign settlement, and in the later stages it was simply a case of gathering up the victims and stacking them where they would not suffer from exposure. There were drunken and battered men in sheds, on sidewalks and in the ditches. A woman threw a beer keg through a door, smashing it from its hinges. A man stole a keg, was seen getting away with it, and was hammered over the head with a stick of wood till he joined the "dead ones." The police had no time to make arrests, for they could not be spared from the difficult task of keeping the gang of sots from killing each other. The whole affair was bestial in the extreme. Gangs of foreigners are besieging the (police) station to-day, wanting to lay informations against others who beat them up during the carousal."

THE foregoing quotation is from a Winnipeg daily newspaper and describes the north-end (foreign quar-

ter) of the city on Sunday night, April 11, 1909. It speaks for itself. Lent was over — then the deluge. Nothing will give a better reason why the patriotic people of Winnipeg are on the defensive in endeavouring to educate and Canadianise the foreign immigrants. That description could hardly be of a Christian community as it is ordinarily understood. The danger is imminent. If that element is not subdued it will surely leave an indelible mark upon the future citizenship of Winnipeg and consequently upon the entire West. Why search the foreign fields for missionary work when there is such abundant opportunity so convenient and waiting? The refining work is going on, but the forces are utterly inadequate.

More "foreign" homes are being reached through the public schools than through any other medium in the city, and the result is extremely good. Several thousand children from "foreign" homes meet together on the school-grounds with the children from Canadian homes, and soon the

common language of all is Anglo-Saxon. The foreign children are quick to pick up English words, and their vocabulary increases so rapidly that there are a majority of cases where the children are much more proficient in English than the parents. In addition to the ordinary work of the schools, the boys have the advantage of the manual training work above grade four, and this has a splendid disciplinary effect upon them and gives a tendency towards usefulness.

task is already half accomplished. But they in doing this are also preparing themselves to take a full share in the work of the city and country to which they belong.

Military drill has become an important feature of the training at the public schools of Winnipeg, and no boys take up this work with more enthusiasm than do the young foreigners. They are wonderfully proud of their ability to compete with all comers. On review days they are out



THE CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL, WINNIPEG, ON THE BANKS OF THE RED RIVER

The girls receive regular lessons in sewing and cooking. The general principle of making children dissatisfied with their homes is not good. But the object of this work is not with that in view. The boys and girls are being shown how best to develop those powers with which they were provided by nature. If they can go home and improve the manner of living, provide better food and clothing from the same material, and raise the moral standard of the home the great

with uniforms and rifles, and with the roll of martial music in their ears they march past the grand-stand in battle array. Winnipeg citizens appreciate this side of the training and see more of it than any other of the school work, it being conducted out of doors. This exercise is developing not only the moral fibre but the physique of these boys and should the day ever come when the tocsin sounds all will be Canadians and distinctions will be forgotten.

The Winnipeg public-school system is among the best and something to boast of considering the obstacles to be faced. It has been an almost superhuman struggle to erect buildings fast enough to accommodate the children, and though six large schools were erected last year they are still over-crowded. The building must go on for years to come. The school population in the "foreign" quarter is very large and increases more rapidly than in any other quarter of the city.

great pressure involved in providing accommodation for the children of school age has practically prohibited any such work as opening kindergartens, which would add immensely to the enrollment in the schools. This work has been left to private generosity, but it will no doubt be ultimately a part of the public school system.

Night schools have been in operation in Winnipeg during the last two winters in connection with the public



ALL PEOPLE'S INSTITUTE, WHERE CHILDREN ARE PREPARED FOR THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS

A scheme has been adopted of naming the various schools after men of eminence, and the names of King Edward, Strathcona, Lord Selkirk, and Cecil Rhodes will in themselves come to mean something to the foreign children in days to come, as they daily see the names over the portals of their school and learn their significance. Up till the present time Winnipeg has not incorporated with its public school system the kindergarten training for the younger children. The

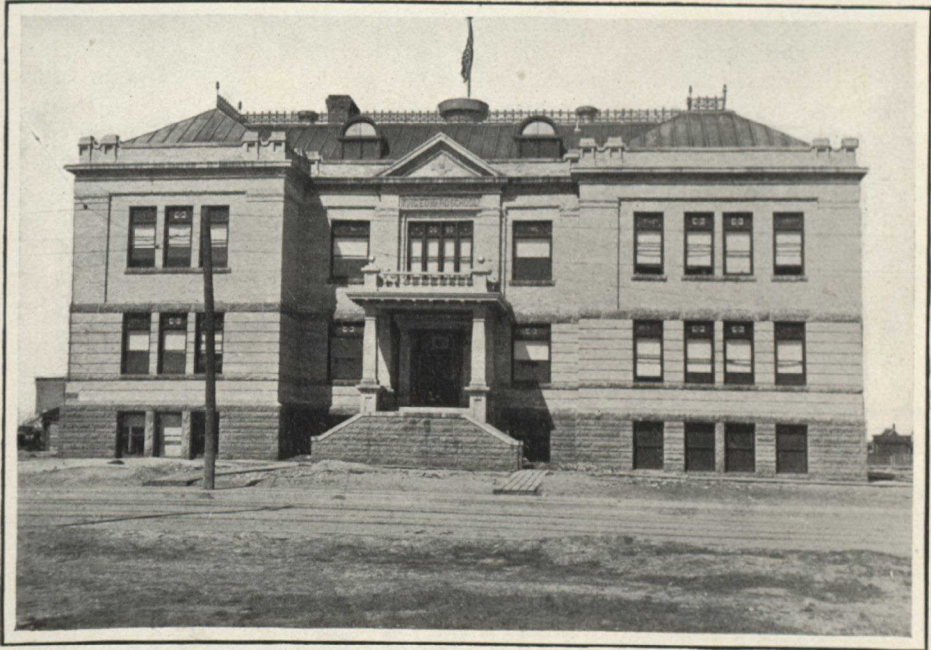
system. The attendance at these night sessions has been large, and there has been a large proportion of foreign pupils, mostly Jews. They range in age up to the gray-haired, and are of the class who are employed in factories and other industries during the day and unable to attend the day schools. An active interest is taken in the work by all pupils, and the foreign pupils evince a most laudable ambition to improve their qualifications and prepare themselves

to take better positions than those in which they are at present occupied.

Though the public schools reach a great many homes, it is indirectly, and the influence is often so light as to be little felt and is possibly not kindly received at home. Through the medium of the churches this closer and more sympathetic coöperation with the foreign homes is secured. The officer who goes into the homes with even the slightest shade of authority

have been hidden from them thus far. When the mothers can be induced to approve of missionary work in this manner, then there is strong hope for the future. The missionary field in Winnipeg has as yet been but scratched and the field of operation is widening nearly as fast as the workers are coming into it.

Of the work being done among the foreign peoples by the churches, the Methodists have been more aggressive and have got into closer touch with



KING EDWARD SCHOOL, WINNIPEG, WHERE SEVERAL HUNDRED FOREIGN CHILDREN ARE BEING CANADIANISED

is immediately out of sympathy with the foreign parents. Of course they obey orders, but the kindly feeling is not left in the breast. It is the volunteer workers in the cause of Christianity who have no selfish ends to serve, who enter these homes without power, and who enlist more or less sympathy on the part of the parents. As a matter of fact, the mothers have been induced to attend institutes where they may learn some of the secrets of housekeeping that

the home life of the people. The chief agency has been All People's Mission, under Rev. J. S. Woodsworth, as superintendent. This branch of that church's work has grown steadily until there is now one well-equipped central institute and three branches. The work done through these institutions is deserving of mention, as it seems the best yet undertaken to perform the assimilative work so necessary. Two kindergarten schools with more than one hundred



THE CENTRAL INSTITUTE OF ALL PEOPLE'S MISS'ON, WHERE A GREAT ASSIMILATIVE WORK  
IS BEING DONE



A GROUP OF YOUNG KINDERGARTEN WINNIPEGERS WHO WILL SOON BE READY FOR THE  
PUBLIC SCHOOLS

children attending are kept in operation during the year, the largest percentage of the children being Polish. The work reaches the homes of English people as well as Hebrews, Germans, Poles, Ruthenians, Hungarians, Bohemians, Russians, Roumanians, Icelanders, Swedes, Danes, Norwegians, and Syrians, giving an idea of the cosmopolitan character of the work.

The work of All People's Mission is carried on by the superintendent and an assistant, together with two students and nine women, four of whom are regularly ordained deaconesses. Two of the deaconesses take charge of the work among the older girls and aid them through sewing and cooking classes, kitchen garden classes and various clubs, in this way reaching upwards of three hundred girls. The work with the children and older girls opens the doors of several hundred homes in the "foreign" quarter to the deaconesses and workers at the Mission. There are a great many helpers at the Mission from all denominations in the city and the work done by the Mission is not at all of a denominational character. Considerable work is done with the boys by means of brigades and clubs. The Sunday schools at the Mission have been very successful, and in the different schools there are nearly four hundred pupils in attendance. Night schools reach a number who do not attend the public night schools, these being chiefly of people from South-eastern Europe. One of the interesting and hopeful features of the work is the classes or meetings for foreign mothers, largely Polish. They are taught sewing and some branches of housekeeping and are also given a taste of the great civiliser—a cup of tea before the break up of the meetings. Then there are others among the mission workers who devote most of their time to visiting the homes of the foreigners, where much assistance is given, particularly where there is illness. The great lack is for work-

ers, and the opportunity awaits scores who have a desire to aid the strangers to Canadian life to more comforts than they have yet enjoyed.

The work of All People's Mission is done in coöperation with the other organisations that have the same object in view, such as the public schools, the Associated Charities, the civic health department and the probation officers. The organisation of the Associated Charities has brought relief to many heretofore unprovided for, and the Charities are now carried on with more system. The civic health department has a different method in its work from the mission work. The health officials inspect the homes of the foreigners, and where filth and over-crowding is found the landlords are warned, and if they refuse to obey they are summoned to the police court. It is a daily occurrence to have a number fined for packing too many boarders in sardine fashion into one of the foul houses of the "foreign" quarter. Remarkable improvement has been made in this direction, but there is still room for more, and the good work is going ahead.

Various other works are being carried on by the denominations, but the Presbyterians are the only ones that have started a newspaper printed in Ruthenian to aid in the work. In Manitoba College, under the same denomination, there is a class of Ruthenian students studying to take up work as teachers among their own people when they have qualified. The Roman Catholics and the Greek Catholics have churches among the foreigners conducted by people of their own nationality, and are thus reaching a great many of them. All the churches in the north-end of the city do a good share of foreign work. The Baptists have a large number of foreign children attending their Sunday School classes and are also reaching them through city missionaries speaking their own language. A colporteur is also engaged distributing Bibles and

other religious literature. Russian, Scandanavian, and Russian Baptist preachers are bending their energies to the improvement of conditions among their peoples and are receiving the support and sympathy of the missionary workers of the city. A great deal of this kind of work is being done quietly and is accomplishing much.

The establishment of a juvenile court in Winnipeg under the wide powers of the Juvenile Delinquents Act has brought into the city a new influence and a power that can do immeasurable good for the younger generation. Winnipeg has the first and only juvenile court in Canada under this act, with Honourable T. M. Daly as judge. Mr. Daly is also police magistrate of the city. The juvenile offenders are now dealt with in different fashion from the hardened criminals, and by means of a detention home and parole system the handling of youthful offenders has a remedial effect. The good work done at Denver by the juvenile courts can be repeated in Winnipeg.

There are also a number of small undenominational institutions in the city that are doing a remedial and necessary labour among the foreign and poor people. The Free Kindergarten is supported by private subscriptions and is training the young children in its two schools and preparing them for the public schools. The Presbyterian Church also has a kindergarten school in operation in the centre of the "foreign" colony. The Children's Hospital is a new institution, but it has already found many patients where good can be done, and this is another avenue of private generosity. The Children's Aid Society is a private institution supported by

the citizens and accomplishing a laudable preventive work in caring for neglected and abused children and providing them with good foster homes. There is also a free dispensary being conducted by a number of the city physicians, where treatment and prescriptions are given to the needy.

One of the most recent of the institutions that have been started by private subscription is a day nursery where young children are cared for if their mothers are aiding in the support of the household. There is room for a vast amount of assistance to be given in this direction, particularly as the foreign women and the needy in all classes are doing much to assist in the support of their families and are helped in this respect in having their children cared for free.

It seems somewhat unbusinesslike, and there is surely some waste of energy, in having so many good institutions working along similar lines but independently. Suggestions have been made to have all the assimilative work among the foreigners organised under one association, particularly as it is all of undenominational character though done by denominational workers. This will, no doubt, be accomplished, and when it is placed on a business basis and becomes more widely known, financial assistance will be more readily given. The city, the Province and the Federal Government have splendid opportunities to aid in the assimilative work, as they are doing but little in this respect at present. Possibly the home missionary work will some day be taken up by the fashionable element of the city, who will devote their spare time and money where it will do more good than at present.





# TALES

## FROM ANCASTER CHURCH-YARD

BY GERALDINE STEINMETZ

WHAT man of a reflective turn of mind does not find much to think of in wandering through an old church-yard? There is the old stone church, dating from pioneer times, and, sequestered in the grave-yard, mossy weather-worn stones and some few shining granite columns. The old and the new life of the village is chronicled here, for, after all, what longer record is needed than the simple dates of birth and death? Beside that of the head of the family, is the wife's slab, "Sacred to the memory of Mary, beloved wife," and the children's smaller stones. It is the record of the race.

Do not think it is gloomy or sad here in the warm, summer sunshine, among the grave-stones and the grass, under the gently-swaying trees. One looks upward. There are the white, fleecy clouds streaming through the rain-washed air against a sky deeply, serenely blue. What reason here for either sadness or hopefulness? It is as it has always been. The inevitableness of life and death is not softened by the heavens above.

The stones about one, then, have they no message — of sorrow, of gloom, of hope, of earthly life, of immortality? There is one certainty: hidden, crumbling in the earth, are the skeletons and the ashes of men and women and children. Have you thought of the significance of this long, ancient, unending succession of

corpses that form the foundation and reason for the grave-yard?

And then consider the one other certainty—around the old church, in the old houses, and in the new houses, are the new people. What message, then, what meaning, in the reality of life, have the inscriptions on the tombs?

"Sacred to the memory," one reads mechanically. They are common, but when one thinks of the meaning of these words they are appalling. They are intelligible to all. But, stay, are they? What does "sacred" mean? What is the "memory"? The words become in a moment like strange hieroglyphics, to interpret which a religion or a philosophy is needed. Then, probably, they are unnecessary or mocking.

Be careful what you will order for your tomb-stone message, my friend. It is all you may leave behind. And yet, does it matter? In a few years even the stone crumbles. The earth is a vast tomb. But, again, it is as certainly pregnant with life. The individual dies in the universal life, but the universe continues forever.

One thinks of the energy that once moved these motionless inhabitants of the grave. It is gone. In the summer sunlight the white stones shine against the green grass. What, then, did this energy accomplish when it stirred and beat in the minds and hearts of living beings?

The records on the tombs are usually scant, or stereotyped. Sometimes the formal brevity conceals a life-story burning with passion, overflowing with action. But, one surmises, this is not always so—most of the lives have been as conventional as their descendants' lives to-day.

One inscription breaks the custom of brevity or of commonplace verses. It is of somewhat historic interest, marking the grave of the wife of Henry Schoolcraft, whose collection of Indian customs and records formed the basis of Longfellow's "Hiawatha." The inscription explains the probable origin of his interest in Indian life:

"Jane, wife of Henry R. Schoolcraft, died at Dundas, May 22d, 1842, in the arms of her sister, during a visit at the house of the rector of the church, while her husband was absent in England and her children at a distant school. She was the eldest daughter of John Johnston, Esq., and Susan, daughter of Waubo Jeeg, a celebrated war chief and civil ruler of the Odjibwa Tribe. Carefully educated, and of polished manners and conversation, she was early fitted to adorn society, yet of retiring and modest deportment. Early imbued with the principles of true piety, she patiently submitted to the illness which for several years marked her decline and was inspired through seasons of bodily and mental depression, with the lively hope of a blessed immortality."

This simple and graphic record of the half-breed woman suggests to us the historic importance of such marriages, the natural result of the conditions of pioneer life. The fact that she died, the victim of consumption, far from her husband and children, gives the story a pathos which touches us after the lapse of years.

But what of the life stories not disclosed by the inscriptions? Are there no records or legends but the sentences fading with the years on the time-worn stones? Let us talk with some of the gray-headed pioneers of the country-side whom death has not yet cut short to a sentence on a stone. In their memories linger tales of the comedies and tragedies of former generations.

Would you have comedy? Where will you find remembrance of a quainter, more laughter-stirring, old figure than that of Major Daniel Showers? On this southern slope you will find his grave with this mental legacy to future generations—a quatrain after Omar's style, and already nearly obliterated:

"Man, soon discussed,  
Yields up his trust,  
And all his hopes and feare,  
Lie with him in the dust."

Poor old Major! After a genial, irascible, eccentric life, here is the end—his corpse, that of his wife, always "beloved" (speak well of the dead), and for a dead man's message, not Christian theology, but Pagan, pessimistic philosophy, and all in the shadow of the church.

For the contrast his life offers to his death, let me tell you a story which aptly characterises the Major. In the war of 1812, Major Showers, a British officer, captured some Americans and set out to take them by boat from Queenston to Niagara. Passing a tavern on the way, he proposed to show these "d—d American soldiers" the generosity and courtesy of an officer of the British army and, with the insistent kindness of a gentleman of the old school, offered them the best the house afforded. But his prisoner guests, headed by one Zeigler, took advantage of the Major's hospitality, seized the guns, and carried the Major south to a three months' captivity. Years after, when the Major, an old man, was settled again in Ancaster, he suffered exceedingly from the rheumatism induced by this imprisonment.

One day a young pedlar arrived at the village, selling pills guaranteed to cure rheumatism. His name was Zeigler, he said, and a village wag, quickly guessing the relationship, directed him to Major Showers' house.

"He's got rheumatism. He'll maybe take twenty-five boxes. But don't tell him your name."

The young man, much wondering,

but keen to sell his goods, directed his steps to the Major's. He had a plausible tongue and succeeded in disposing of even twenty-five boxes.

But as the Major was putting his hand in his pocket to pay for them he turned to the lad,—

"By the way, what's your name?"

"Zeigler," blurted out the heedless youth.

The Major stamped and swore. He seized his gun and called the dogs. The pedlar turned and raced for the gate. He managed at last to rid himself of his pursuers or the three months' imprisonment would have been dearly revenged. As it was, the pills helped the rheumatism.

Such was the Major in life. Now he lies in the silence of the grave, his once boisterous activity lost and forgotten.

Would you have tragedy? Is there not enough in our life to-day without hunting among the tales of the old for the unhappy ones of the past? Then, see, here, back of the church, in a neglected spot, a small slab slanting to the ground:

"Sacred  
to the memory of  
Otto Ives  
Late of Monmouth, England,  
who died on the 3rd of July 1835,  
At the Hermitage, near Ancaster.  
Aged 34 years."

"Sacred to the memory"—but what is the memory of Otto Ives?

There is another grave, that you must see before the question is answered. Follow the beautiful road that leads to the Sulphur Springs. At the first cross-road, there is a triangular plot of grass and trees. Here, tradition says, is the second grave, unmarked, unknown—the grave of a suicide.

Further along this road, just before the descent into the hollow of the Sulphur Springs, is an old house, flung far back from the road, among meadows and groves. This is "The Hermitage," on the site of the building of 1834, which was destroyed by fire.

Otto Ives was an Englishman of good family and education. Driven by the spirit of the times and his own wayward eccentricity, he engaged in the Grecian War of Independence, made memorable for Englishmen by Lord Byron's death. Stationed on an island in the Sunny Ægean, he found himself lodged in a barracks, bare, lonely, without companionship.

As it happened, his stairway clung to the outer wall of the building and overlooked a garden. In the garden was a girl. The garden belonged to the Governor's palace and the girl was his daughter.

Ives found consolation for his loneliness in falling in love with the girl. We may easily imagine the stolen interviews by the softly splashing sea, in the hush of southern moonlight. She could not speak English, he could not understand Greek. The solution of this difficulty without doubt called for many lessons in language. Beginning, as we are told, by the lovers falling in love at first sight, the affair speedily rose to a climax. Daughter of the South, with all the beauty, warmth and alluring softness and charm of the women of the East, the Grecian girl moved the young Englishman as the colder women of his own land could not.

Ardently enamoured, Otto Ives went to the Governor and asked his daughter in marriage. The sturdy old Greek stormed, cursed the boldness of the Englishman, and ordered him out. Ives coolly asked that the matter be referred to the young lady. The Governor, exulting in his victory, consented. His discomfiture was complete. The girl clung to her lover. Her father disowned her and Ives took her away.

Married, they came to Canada. Among the Helderleigh Hills, picking out a site commanding a magnificent view over the Dundas Valley, Hamilton, the bay, and the blue waters of Lake Ontario, Otto Ives built "The Hermitage." The house was of good proportions, with large and massive

fire-places in the strongly-framed rooms. The furniture, the silver, the servants, all were in keeping with Otto Ives' rank.

How comfortable the Grecian girl was, transplanted from the mild and temperate land of Greece to a country with the extremes of the Canadian climate, we may conjecture. Her happiness in her marriage is equally open to doubt. Gossip and tradition have pictured Ives as an eccentric individual who would not adopt the convenient customs of the settlers of the country. In temperament, Lord Byron suggests a parallel. When the glamour of a first love and the novelty of the changed life had worn off, one doubts the permanent happiness of the wife of such a man as Otto Ives.

With Otto Ives and his wife there had come from Greece a niece of Mrs. Ives and a personal servant and companion of Otto Ives, a Scotchman, William Black. The latter seems, from what one can reconstruct of the past, to have been as eccentric and original in mentality as his master was in action. Though a student and apparently once a gentleman, he acted as coachman for the family. A life of varying fortune, resulting in an apparent failure in making a worldly success, had hardened and made more taciturn a nature never very genial nor apt at expression.

To William Black was given the task of teaching Mrs. Ives' niece English. Only those who have lived through a

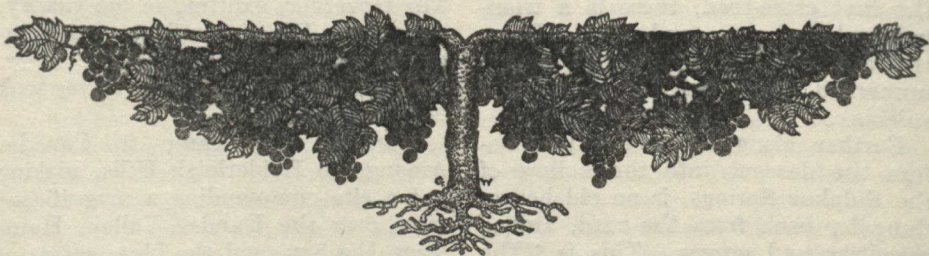
similar experience could understand or fully appreciate the sequel. What strange power does nature wield that creates again desires and hopes in a mind steeled by experience and embittered by disappointment? William Black began tenderly but passionately to love the girl whom he was teaching

For some time his life-long restraint and self-control held his thoughts and feelings in check. But one sunny, spring morning the outburst came. The girl, thoughtless and merciless, laughed him to scorn. Crushed and maddened by her want of even womanly sympathy, Black strode from the room. It was the crowning humiliation and despair of a hopeless life. The reaction was the more severe since the hope of happiness had come so late and meant so much. He hanged himself in a log cabin near the house.

Refused burial in consecrated ground, because it was the body of a suicide, William Black's corpse was laid in the earth at the cross-roads, in land owned by all. There is no stone. But, then, even stones decay.

Otto Ives died soon after of a fever. His wife and her niece, with the children, returned to England.

This is the tale of the graves, a simple tale of human lives and interest much like our own. Does it not speak for itself? Moral there is none. The question is too vast for moralising or conclusion.





## At Five O'clock

### O CANADA!

O Canada, when thou wast haply born,  
Lilies of France thy cradle did adorn.  
And their golden gleam on lake and stream

On forest and on shore  
Lit the westward way, by dark and day,  
For sturdy knights of yore.  
Land of the Bold, thy sons of old  
Served thee and bled for thee with love untold  
Beneath the oriflamme of white and gold.

O Canada, Britannia's banner bright  
Gleams on thy hills in majesty and might.  
When in darkness deep Wolfe climbed  
the steep

And thy portal nobly won  
O'er Captains dead that Cross of red  
Beheld the morning sun.  
Land of the Bold, thy sons of old  
Served thee and bled for thee with love untold  
While Britain's battle-drums in thunder  
rolled.

O Canada, awake at Glory's call,  
God is thy might, whatever may befall.  
To the brave and free, from sea to sea  
This watchword shall we tell,

Let foemen hear and traitors fear,  
Our swords will guard thee well.  
Land of the Bold, thy sons of old  
Served thee and bled for thee with love untold  
This glorious heritage, our pride to hold.

J. Edgar Middleton.

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### A SONG OF THE DOMINION

THERE is hardly a doubt that the  
Lavallée music has taken the  
hearts of Canadians as no other national  
air has captured them. The

"Maple Leaf Forever" has been a favourite in the schools, but there is a majesty in "O Canada" that chimes with national feeling. Judge Routhier's words are familiar in Quebec and already there are several translations of his poem, known to Ontario. The above verses are not a translation of the original French, but a poem inspired by Canada's brave past and instinct with a belief in her future. There are some citizens who feel apologetic regarding the Plains of Abraham, to say nothing of Queenston Heights. They seem to consider it a shame to be descended from men who held convictions worthy of a conflict. Such will deprecate any reference to swords or sturdy knights and would doubtless remove from the Old Testament the expression, "God of Battles" and put Tennyson's "Revenge" on the *Index Expurgatorius*. Although we may hope that there will be peace in our time, yet there is no inconsistency in remembering the strife and sacrifice which made our land a Dominion.

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### PROFESSIONAL JEALOUSY

SAID a bromidic inquirer: "Why do musicians hate one another? I have never heard a music teacher or singer saw a good word about another in the profession."

"They're not nearly so bad as artists," continued another. "Just praise Mr. So-and-so's latest picture to one of the others and see the expression which curls up the listener's features."

It is an old story that those who sing, paint or write are especially envious and narrow-minded in judging of the work of their professional brothers—or sisters. Is it a true story? I do not believe that it holds good in journalism, for many a time and oft have I heard a newspaper man or woman break forth in eulogy of another's "good stuff." In music and art, it seems as if the very qualities which lend distinction and colour to the work lead to an ultra sensitiveness, which sometimes becomes jealousy. Even those who have attained heights which ought to make them impervious to petty spite show a childish jealousy of others of inferior achievement.

"You don't understand," said a famous Canadian singer to a girl who had expressed her surprise at finding so much of this feeling in artistic circles. "There is no intoxication like applause. If you had once seen an audience swept with enthusiasm about your work, you would realise how it goes to the head and heart. I know it is childish to care if another wins greater praise, but it is perfectly natural to hunger and thirst for that wild burst of applause, which is more than roses or diamonds."

There are bright and shining exceptions to this professional jealousy—men and women who welcome a newcomer and make the young aspirant feel that it is good to live and work in such a friendly world. Such royal natures are a blessing to any craft or profession and are remembered when the cynics are gladly forgotten. It ought to become a point of honour, especially among women workers, to avoid the spiteful word and the easy sneer regarding another's accomplishment.

"But would you praise what you

do not admire?" asks one of those ingenuous persons who always see forty-one-and-a-half sides to a question. It is not necessary to be insincere, in order to be kind. Only we may as well see the good qualities first and deal with the faults so discreetly as to help—not to discourage—the worker. There is, of course, the "bumptious beginner" who can teach Mr. J. S. Willison how to write editorials, Dr. A. S. Vogt how to conduct a choir and Mr. Archibald Browne how to paint the moonlight on the marshes. Such a young wiseacre is likely to learn within a twelvemonth that the world is twenty-five thousand miles in circumference and that the individual is not of amazing consequence.

Perhaps the unkindest remark concerning a certain class of feeling was that made by Victor Hugo: "Woman dislikes the snake as a matter of professional jealousy."

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#### MORE OUTDOORS

THE recent tennis matches between Mrs. Hannam and Miss Sutton have called forth comment from various quarters on the excellence of the play and the scarcity of such sport among Canadian women. Mrs. Hannam, the Canadian champion, is a newly-arrived Torontonion and is English by birth and athletic training. Miss Sutton is a wonderful girl from that State of marvels—California. She is the world champion in the best of outdoor games and has a strength and agility which make her "returns" a delight. In serving, Mrs. Hannam is superior, in the estimation of many experts at the game.

The Editor of the *Toronto Globe*, with a gallantry becoming to the columns of that journal, in commenting on the matches at Niagara, remarks that the Canadian woman does not get enough of outdoor games and, in fact, needs more play. There are housewives in Canada who would

consider it a crime to spend an afternoon in the woods or to play a game of tennis. "Such a wicked waste of time! Think of a married woman having nothing better to do than spend her afternoon playing games."

But the woman who criticises the fresh-air sister and devotes her energies to household economy only, is likely to become a nervous wreck when the tennis player is bright and vigorous. There is neither virtue nor economy in staying indoors until the world seems nothing more than a workshop. If all the fussy work were really needed, one might not wonder at the women who refuse to see the beauty and gladness of outdoors; but much of the exertion is spent on labour which satisfieth not. If we were to do away with the superfluous (which does not mean the beautiful) women would have more time, better health and brighter looks.

Did you ever notice that the woman who spends nearly all her time indoors, becomes, in nine cases out of ten, a believer in patent medicines? She revels in tonics, elixirs and pills and spends her extra substance on compounds warranted to give a new set of nerves. It does not occur to her wearied brain that what she needs is a gambol with "Ole Miss Wind and Ole Man Rain." This talk about nerves is in itself an ailment. We all know fits of the blues for which, on homeopathic principles, a blue sky seems the only remedy. If you feel as if you were entirely bereft of friends, as if the very next step you take will be the last, leave the house to take care of itself for two long hours and get a breath of fresh air—not the atmosphere of the department store but the purest hill-side breeze that strays near your home. If the neighbours should see you departing for a walk and wonder how Mrs. Thompson can leave her dinner dishes, let them wonder. It will do

them good to exercise their imaginative faculties, which seldom get the requisite amount of expansion.

Some years ago, one of the greatest dramatists of to-day wrote a fairy play which embodied his dreams of eternal youth. "Peter Pan" came to a tired-out world and gave it a beautiful lesson in how to keep young gracefully. What is the use of trying to outdo Mrs. Jones in dress or table linen or drawing-room curtains? She is probably speculating as to how you can afford it and pitying a man with such an extravagant wife. Let us drop the frenzied social competition, the endless striving for that which is nought and go outdoors to "play, play, play!"

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#### A LADY OF ALBERTA

THE photograph reproduced in this department is of Mrs. G. H. V. Bulyea, wife of the Lieutenant-Governor of Alberta. Like so many of our distinguished Westerners, Mrs. Bulyea is really a far Easterner and is a native of Queen's County, New Brunswick, where her father, Mr. R. S. Babbit, was registrar. On her marriage, Mrs. Bulyea went west to what was then called the North-West Territories, to Qu'Appelle, and afterwards to Regina. Mrs. Bulyea is an accomplished horsewoman and is also a clever amateur photographer, taking especial delight in the latter work and, herself, looking after the developing and printing. The Government House for Alberta is not yet complete, but will probably be a structure in keeping with the ambition and wealth of the Province of Sunshine. The Lieutenant-Governor has a picturesque summer home at Peachland on the Okanagan Lake, British Columbia, where he rejoices in a fruit orchard.

The life in the Western capitals is essentially that of outdoor enjoyment and vigorous life and the *châtelaine* of Government House, Alberta, sets a good example in becoming accom-



MRS. G. H. V. BULYEA,  
WIFE OF THE LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR OF ALBERTA

plished in equestrian control. Honourable Mr. Bulyea is himself devoted to good horses and one of his wife's best photographs shows him driving his favourite team, "Altell" and "Axtell."

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#### THE ADVISED SEX

THE amount of advice which women are now receiving from college professors, by way of the popular magazines, is simply amazing, and contributes not a little to feminine pride. We are being written up, to an extent which shows our supreme importance. Who thinks of writing essays on whether the college man should marry, or whether the husband should wear turn-down collars and know how to shine his own shoes? Who thinks of condemning

his extravagance in the matter of ties or considering the costume he should wear to his second wife's funeral?

The latest article to attract attention is that by W. I. Thomas in the *American Magazine* on "Woman and the Occupations," in which he advocates strenuously that every woman, single or married, should have an "occupation," aside from the domestic, which will absorb her surplus energy. This is carrying the doctrine of the busy bee to an alarming extent. Should Mary Smith practise law, become the wife of John Jones and, after caring for the socks and souls of her children until they have reached maturity, return to the practice of her beloved law? Mr. (or Professor) Thomas has a flattering estimate of feminine ability.

JEAN GRAHAM.



# Current Events

By  
F. A. ACLAND

AT the time of writing it is impossible to say whether the reported discovery of the North Pole by Dr. Frederick A. Cook is a genuine achievement or not but the claim of Commander Peary will be generally accepted. Dr. Cook seems to bear a reputation too high to permit of his being a party to a hoax, much less a fraud, and the probabilities lean to the substantiality of the story, but Peary's achievement looks like a certainty, and therefore the twentieth century again scores a brilliant triumph. It will be interesting to examine the proofs that these explorers will produce of their having actually stood on the Pole. Wonders are indeed following each other so fast that the imagination can hardly grasp them, and a Jules Verne or an H. G. Wells will alone be able fully to realise their significance. It only remains to establish communication with Mars, and the scientist, like Alexander, may sigh for more worlds to conquer.

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Different estimates are being placed on the value of the location of the North Pole, or rather on reaching the location, for this has been the crux of the matter. Some incline to the theory that it is something in the nature of a sporting event, and no more, that no advantage to the world can come of it; others who, too, discuss it more thoughtfully, point to

the important additions such a discovery may mean in the geological history of the world, unfolding perhaps an entirely new chapter, and at any rate setting at rest a number of problems that have puzzled generations of scientists. Much, indeed, depends upon the information and perhaps upon the specimens that Dr. Cook may have brought back with him; as to the good that may come to the world from his triumph, all that adds to knowledge is good and constitutes a genuine step onward for the race.

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But after all it is the popular view that really counts at the moment and the popular interest is undoubtedly centred in the achievement mainly as a triumph of human energy, persistence and endurance, qualities which will command admiration and enthusiasm so long as the race retains its virility. For the glory of the Empire and the British flag we might have wished the victor a Briton, but this should not permit us to honour any the less the plucky Americans who captured the laurels sought by so many nations and most of all perhaps by the British. We might console ourselves with the reflection that the Doctor bears a good Anglo-Saxon name, and one which recalls other feats of exploration and achievement by the bold English sea-captain whose "Life" is still one of the most popu-

lar of boys' books, but the point is marred by the suggestion, made surely from some anti-British source, that the name is really but a corruption of Koch, and that the forbears of the polar explorer were from the Teutonic fatherland. However, whatever the difference of opinion or actual fact as to these details, there seems a consensus of opinion that in ending thus brilliantly four hundred years of strenuous effort to reach the North Pole the Brooklyn physician has deserved well of his country and of all countries and the welcome given him on his return to the United States will no doubt be entirely in keeping with this sentiment. Americans are not prone to belittling the importance of the achievements of their distinguished citizens, and on the present occasion all the world will heartily applaud.

\*

These two explorers were only just in time. The air-ship is developing so fast that in a year or two probably the dash to the Pole would have been through the air. The air-ship page has become a standing feature of the daily newspaper and the American journals are full of photographs of these wonderful new machines. From every corner almost of the world come stories of men who have been for years quietly working away perfecting designs of their own intended to advance the art of aviation. Our young Canadian aviators, Messrs. Baldwin and McCurdy, were unlucky in their experiments at Petewawa, but they had already given evidence of praiseworthy perseverance and ingenuity, and may be heard from again. Mr. H. G. Wells has sung a weary jeremiad over the alleged decadence of England because the French and Germans, not to speak of the Americans, appeared to stand well ahead in the air-ship ventures, and his pessimism will be intensified when he learns that the Pole, too, has gone outside the British sphere

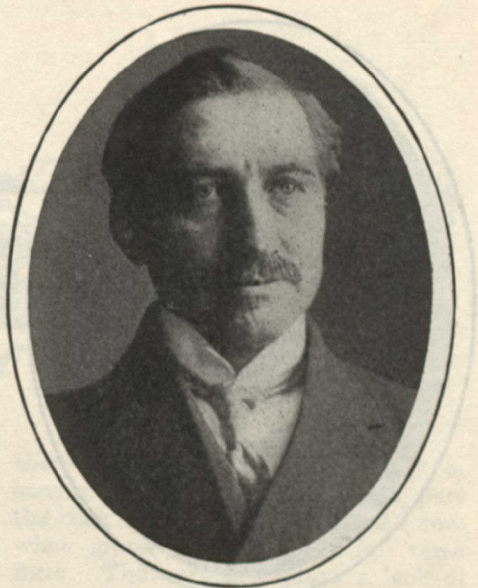
of influence, but as to air-ships he should find some consolation in the fact that Mr. Farman, the British inventor, easily took the prize at the Rheims exhibition for ability to stay in the air, which, it would seem, is one highly essential qualification in an air-ship, while the Englishman again beat all competitors in the passenger-carrying contest. Meantime Zeppelin, Bleriot, Latham, like our own McCurdy and Baldwin, all come to grief in turn, and the final stage of aviation has yet to be evolved.

\*

Admiral Lord Charles Beresford's visit to Canada will revive the waning discussion on the question of the control of the seas and the safety of the motherland, and his wide experience and clear-cut sailor-like manner of speech will be helpful in putting the situation before the public in an effective manner. Admiral Beresford has, of course, no doubt as to the necessity for Britain's preserving the command of the ocean, but he plainly hints his conviction that this supremacy must be maintained by the "five nations" of the Empire, and not by the United Kingdom alone. Lord Charles was so insistent, by the way, on the use of the phrase "Canadian nation," that he would seem to have been coached very carefully by his guides and mentors in Canada. As to the precise method by which the five nations are to secure the united controlling navy the Admiral seems to speak hopefully of the results of the Imperial Conference, but insists still on the imminence of danger and that the time for talking is over and the time for action begun. Many will regret that the distinguished visitor saw fit to become an advocate of Imperial trade protection as well as protection of the Empire. The two questions are in no way associated, and it is a pity to confuse them. It may be true, as Lord Charles says, that the mother country should give Canada a preference in her markets,



COMMANDER PEARY



DOCTOR COOK

THE RIVAL CLAIMANTS FOR NORTH POLE HONOURS

and adopt protection for that purpose, but at least the point is not clear, and the Admiral is not on this matter an authority as he is on that of the mastery of the seas. It is gratifying to see the splendid welcomes Lord Charles Beresford is receiving throughout Canada, but it could hardly have been otherwise with so gallant a sailor and so ardent a patriot, with a reputation which since the "Well done, Condor" episode of a quarter of a century ago has made him the most conspicuous figure of the British navy.

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The accession of Lord Rosebery to the ranks of the Unionists in the great fight against Mr. Lloyd-George's budget undoubtedly provides them with a powerful and brilliant leader, but it is doubtful if it greatly improves their position. Lord Rosebery is not a skilled tactician and proved himself but a maladroit leader during his brief Premiership after Mr. Gladstone's withdrawal in 1894. He is

the great noble, of the type of Lord Salisbury, though with more liberal and more generous instincts, and cares little for the tricks and wiles of politics. The attack on the Budget will gain in force by his adhesion to the Unionist cause, but is likely on the other hand to go far in consolidating the supporters of the Government. The struggle falls more obviously than ever under the leadership of the great landlord class on the one hand, and as naturally on those out of sympathy with great landlords and great wealth on the other.

\*

The defection of the *Daily Mail* has been a serious blow for the Unionists, and the wavering of *The Times*, guided now by the same hand that controls the *Daily Mail*, has been a yet greater disaster. It is not that these journals now represent any great principle, but that their proprietor aims at their closely following and regulating public opinion so far as he can



LORD CHARLES BERESFORD, ADMIRAL

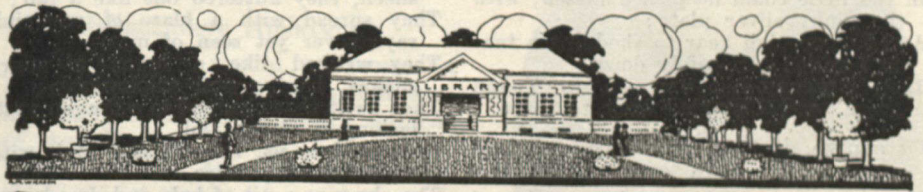
gauge the same. It is an open secret that Lord Northcliffe has never been *persona grata* to Mr. Balfour, whose aristocratic tastes have caused him to detest the cheap advertising and sensationalism which have marked the road to wealth and prominence of the English newspaper king, and the Unionist leader is probably paying the penalty of his more delicate instincts. Mr. Chamberlain would not have scrupled to use such instruments, and in so doing would probably have been more than a match for Mr. Lloyd-George, who is not himself afflicted with any delicacy of feeling on such

matters and is setting curious and somewhat undignified precedents in the bids he is making for popular favour and the means he adopts to influence the public mind.

\*

The various ports of Canada are now busily discussing their ship-building facilities, with a view to the participation in the construction of the navy with which it seems to be taken for granted Canada is to be provided as a consequence of the Imperial Conference and of the agitation leading up to it. Nothing has been given out officially on behalf of the Canadian Government, and presumably will not be until the return of the Ministers who attended the conference, but it seems reasonable to assume that the British Premier would not have made the positive pronouncement that Canada would build her own ships unless it had been decided that certain ships were to be built. There is a note of criticism in the English newspapers adverse to the proposition of separate naval forces, and hinting or plainly stating that such a system will offer little relief to Great Britain in her Titanic effort to retain the mastery of the seas; but time alone will show how the new principle will work, and a modification will always be possible. It will be a good start in any case, and the direction may be changed as the course of events may seem to render necessary.





## The WAY of LETTERS

THE most notable publication of the month in Canada is undoubtedly "Ballads of a Cheechako," by Robert W. Service. The phenomenal sale of this young author's first volume, "Songs of a Sourdough," warranted the placing of heavy advance orders by the dealers, with the result that fifteen thousand copies of "Ballads of a Cheechako" were sold long before the book was ready for distribution. Every reader of current literature knows that "Songs of a Sourdough" has been the most popular book of verse in Canada, and it still continues to be in demand. Whether we admire the work or not, we must bow to public opinion and recognise the fact that the poetry of Robert W. Service is liked by the average reader and that it sells well. After all, is that not the supreme test? Is it not a greater achievement to produce something that is admired and properly appreciated by the average person (and who of us is not of the average?) than to produce something that is understood only by the elect? There is a vigour and spontaneity about Mr. Service's verse that takes hold of one without consideration whatever as to whether it is poetry at all or not. And that is just the point of interest in this case. If it is not poetry, what is it? It certainly rhymes, but after reading the last volume through we are inclined to think that here and

there a note of genuine poetry is struck, but that for the most part the book contains a collection of somewhat grotesque narratives in verse form. The author displays a lack of versatility and originality, but, what is better from many standpoints, he infuses the human quality into everything. He also paints a lurid, throbbing picture of the North, and fills his pages with sentences surcharged with words of fire and blood and passion. One would scarcely have expected "The Cremation of Sam McGee," which has provoked thousands of smiles all over the continent, to be followed by "The Ballad of Blasphemous Bill," for the latter displays a paucity of ideas on the one hand and on the other hand too much reliance on the good nature of the public. This ballad, like its prototype of the first volume, is written in the first person singular, and gives an account of

... a contract to bury the body of  
blasphemous Bill Mackie,  
Whenever, wherever or whatsoever the  
manner of death he die.

Bill froze to death, and in the hope of burying him decently an attempt was made to thaw the body. The account says (and it undoubtedly is intended to be comical):

Well, I thawed and thawed for thirteen days, but it didn't seem no good;  
His arms and legs stuck out like pegs,  
as if they was made of wood.

Till at last I said: "It ain't no use—he's  
froze too hard to thaw;  
He's obstinate, and he won't lie straight,  
so I guess I got to—SAW."  
So I sawed off poor Bill's arms and legs,  
and I laid him snug and straight  
In the little coffin he picked hisself, with  
the dinky silver plate;  
And I came nigh near to shedding a tear  
as I nailed him safely down;  
Then I stowed him away in my Yukon  
sleigh, and I started back to town.

Of course, if that makes the average  
reader laugh, then we are not the  
average reader. To us it smacks of  
crudeness and grotesqueness.

One of the best things in the vol-  
ume is "The Man from Eldorado,"  
but unfortunately it has the fatal  
Kipling ring:

He's the man from Eldorado, and he's  
just arrived in town,  
In moccasins and oily buckskin shirt.  
He's gaunt as any Indian, and pretty  
nigh as brown;  
He's greasy, and he smells of sweat  
and dirt.

From a poetical standpoint, "The  
Ballad of the Brand" is the best  
the volume offers, but, unhappily per-  
haps, it is the tale of a ruined wife  
and the husband's revenge. Here is  
a specimen stanza:

And when at the close of the dusty day  
his clangorous toil was done,  
She hastened to meet him down the way  
all lit by the amber sun.  
Their dove-cot gleamed in the golden  
light, a temple of stainless love;  
Like the hanging cup of a big blue  
flower was the topaz sky above.  
The roses and lilies yearned to her, as  
swift through their throng she pressed,  
A little white, fragile, fluttering thing  
that lay like a child on his breast,  
Then the heart of Tellus, the smith, was  
proud, and sang for the joy of life,  
And there in the bronzing summertime he  
thanked the gods for his wife.

"The Ballad of the Northern  
Lights" is a very weird piece, as may  
be seen from the following excerpt:

So we sewed him up in a canvas sack  
and we slung him to a tree;  
And the stars like needles stabbed our  
eyes, and woeful men were we.  
And on we went on our woeful way,  
wrapped in a daze of dream,  
And the Northern Lights in the crystal

nights came forth with a mystic gleam.  
They danced and they danced the devil-  
dance over the naked snow;  
And soft they rolled like a tide upshoaled  
with a ceaseless ebb and flow.  
They rippled green with a wondrous  
sheen, they fluttered out like a fan;  
They spread with a blaze of rose-pink  
rays never yet seen of man.  
They writhed like a brood of angry  
snakes, hissing and sulphur-pale;  
Then swift they changed to a dragon vast,  
lashing a cloven tail.  
It seemed to us, as we gazed aloft with  
an everlasting stare,  
The sky was a pit of bale and dread, and  
a monster revelled there.

But what can be said for at least  
the last stanza of the dedication "To  
the Man of the High North"?—

These will I sing, and if one of you  
linger  
Over my pages in the Long, Long  
Night,  
And on some lone line lay a calloused  
finger,  
Saying "It's human—true—it hits me  
right,"  
Then will I count this loving toil well  
spent;  
Then will I dream awhile—content, con-  
tent.

But these ballads have their own  
merit, and perhaps only from that  
standpoint should they be judged.  
(Toronto: William Briggs. Cloth, \$1;  
illustrated, \$1.50).

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#### A POST-OFFICE HEROINE

To the many romances of New  
England "Poppea of the Post-office,"  
by Mabel Osgood Wright, is not an  
important contribution. Neverthe-  
less, this story contains a pretty good  
character study in *Gilbert*, the post-  
master, but apart from that there is  
not much of extraordinary quality.  
Surely there must be an end some  
time to the thread-bare plot of the  
mystery of the foundling. *Poppea* is  
a foundling, and in time she learns  
that she has no real name of her  
own. She goes away from her ac-  
customed environment, and becomes  
a singer who is much in demand in  
New York social circles. In the end  
she discovers her identity, and the

way is then clear for her to accept the proposals of her lover. (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada. Cloth, \$1.50).

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#### INTELLIGENT HUSBANDRY

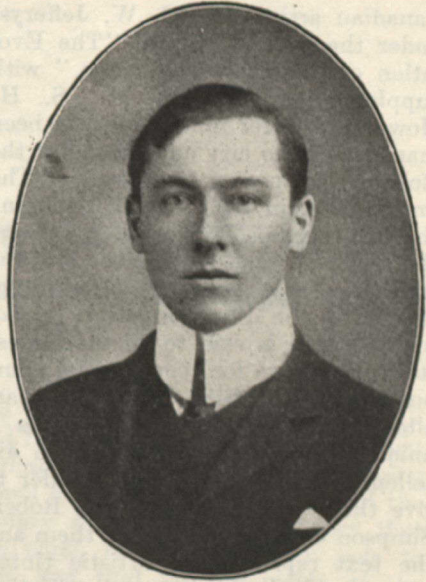
Most persons regard as prosaic a book that deals with household economics or with the pecuniary rewards of well-directed labour. But Mrs. Kate V. Saint Maur has raised up this kind of book in her publications entitled respectively "A Self-supporting Home" and "The Earth's Bounty." The second appeared recently. It is an excellent work on husbandry, showing what can be done with a small plot of land when it is judiciously and intelligently cultivated. (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada. Cloth, \$1.75 net).

\*

#### A ROMANCE OF SPIES

Long before J. Fenimore Cooper wrote "The Spy," that insignificant monosyllable had a certain magic and almost divided interest with the more imposing "pirate." In Mr. William Le Queux's latest novel, "The Spies of the Kaiser," we have a story which, taken merely as a narrative, has many dramatic moments. The writer, however, intends that the book shall be regarded as a warning tract as to Germany's invasion of Great Britain and shall supplement his former production, "The Invasion of 1910." The preface, "If England Knew," is assuredly an alarming introduction and gives even the most peace-loving a perturbed feeling towards the powers at Berlin. The statement is made that over five thousand agents of the German Secret Police are at this moment working in Great Britain. "Every six months an 'inspection' is held, and monetary rewards made to those whose success has been noteworthy."

The novel is a vivid account of swift-moving events, in which two stalwart young Englishmen attempt,



ROBERT W. SERVICE,

Known throughout the English speaking world as "The Poet of the Yukon." His new book "Ballads of a Cheechako" is reviewed in this issue

with much success, to circumvent the Teutonic spies who are engaged in making a thorough survey of the east coast of England. The writer's style has not Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's firm texture nor the easy epigrammatic flow of the late Henry Seton Merriman, but it gives the reader a fairly thrilling account of the adventures of these two young patriots.

There is a serious undertone, however, which cannot be unheeded and even the reader in the remote places of the Dominion of Canada wonders if that restless spirit, the Kaiser, has such a system of "organised espionage" in England as Mr. Le Queux describes. Was the Kaiser's fourteen-year-old message to Kruger an announcement of national policy? (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada. Cloth, \$1.25).

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#### A FINE SERIES OF DRAWINGS

The newspapers recently have been reproducing a series of seven pen-and-ink drawings by the well-known

Canadian artist, Mr. C. W. Jefferys, under the general title of "The Evolution of Canadian Commerce," with supplementary text by Mr. S. H. Howard, who for nine years has been manager of the city advertising of the Robert Simpson Company. The drawings begin with a scene depicting the bartering of Jacques Cartier with the Indians, and follow on to the trading-post, the country store, and finally to the Simpson store in Toronto, which is said to be the largest steel building for commercial purposes in the British Empire. Apart altogether from their purpose as a unique venture, the pictures are excellent works of art, and, in order to give them wide publicity, the Robert Simpson Company have had them and the text reprinted on artistic tinted paper and have been distributing them to their customers.

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#### A NOVEL OF RECONCILIATION

An interesting character in Stanley Portal Hyatt's new book, entitled, "The Marriage of Hilary Carden," is *John Allington*. A man of stronger personality, however, yet one who is kept more in the background, is *Cuthbert Lestrangle*. The former was a "transport-rider" in South Africa before the Boer war, and naturally had a fondness for his oxen, carts and the loneliness of life on the veldt. He, therefore, became opposed to any headway in the construction of railroads. *Lestrangle*, boss of the Marvel mine, worked in the interests of the country and supported railroad schemes. *Allington*, who misjudged *Lestrangle*, for various reasons hated the mine, and thought that its boss tried to forestall his plans at every turn. Just before the war, *Allington* returned to England and married

*Hilary Carden*. This was the outcome of a friendship formed while the girl was travelling in Africa and had to ride in his carts. Married life for them in England was not overly pleasant, and, immediately after the war closed, they returned to the scenes of the husband's earlier struggles. Disappointment faced him everywhere till he met his oldtime rival *Lestrangle*. These two persons finally learned that they had much in common; and *Lestrangle*, instead of being an enemy, was a great factor working to effect a reconciliation between *Allington* and his wife. (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada. Cloth, \$1.25).

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#### A LITERARY HEROINE

The story told in Frank Danby's "Sebastian" is one of somewhat unusual tensity. The heroine is a writer, whose devotion to her work leaves her little sympathy with a plodding, elderly husband, and whose ambition, aside from her literary career, is centred in her son. The latter proves a great disappointment when he abandons Eton to assist his father in business life; but, through the boy's struggles and failure, the mother is brought to a realisation of the real trials and conflict of life and develops a vitality which transforms her into a genuine interpreter of human experience. The novel is the best which Frank Danby (Mrs. Frankau) has written and shows an increasing strength of purpose and a more artistic use of material. There is something reminiscent of John Oliver Hobbes in the light yet penetrating quality of this latest work and the reading public will anticipate further development. (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada).





## Within The Sanctum

FOR the sake of imaginative humanity, it is to be hoped that neither Doctor Cook nor Commander Peary actually reached the Pole. Failure like Nansen's or Abruzzi's would be better, for now we seem about to be deprived of one of the greatest of modern speculations. To the North Pole we have always attached a vast amount of mystery, and we have wondered and wondered just what it would be like to be there. Romance has also been connected with it, and our flights of fancy have pictured it as a land of enchantment, as at least a place entirely different from any other place in the world. Undoubtedly our crudest conception of it was an ordinary wooden pole sticking up from the centre of a large mound of snow or ice. Then we have imagined the earth coming to a point at the North Pole, a point so well defined that one could stand upon it, tip-toe, and let the whole world spin around underneath. No great stretch of imagination is required to follow as far as that; but we have not stopped there: we have extended the area and by some fluke of the elements we have located there a veritable paradise. Instead of ice and snow and utter desolation and uninhabitableness, we have pictured a land of wonderful sunshine, of magnificent flowers, of a people of fair and marvellous countenance, of delights unknown to us—in short, a land of so rare and enchanting climatic conditions that no mere inhabitant of

the nether world could gaze upon it and live. We have even thought that perhaps there might be something worth clinging to in the theory of the Hollow Earth Club—the theory that the earth is tunnelled from pole to pole and that on the inside of the tunnel lives a people under conditions almost opposite from ours.

We give the palm to the Hollow Earth Club for real, mature imagination. The idea of the tunnel is excellent, and if the person who first thought of it is as good at enlarging as he is at originating he would people that tunnel with human beings who would be pretty near perfection. He would have them able to eat without fear of the result as much strawberry shortcake and huckleberry pie and walnut *sundaes* as they might desire, and he would also give them a vast capacity for liquid refreshment—and no temperance regulation. They would have no garbage barrels in their neighbours' backyards, no burst pipes in the cellar. Peaches would grow at one end as well as at the other, and perhaps a little better. There would be no brilliant literary eras, no Elizabethan periods, no unproductive modern times; but there would be instead a law against bookmaking—not at the track but at the bindery—and a long close season against any intrusion upon the sanctity of the home. There would be no giving or taking in marriage, no getting up at night to soothe teething youngsters. Outside seats on street cars would be abolished, and

taxes would be paid by the State. Working for pecuniary emolument would be an unpardonable offence, and bell-ringers and performers on musical glasses at ten-cent theatres would be cast in a different mould. It would be quite within the law to buy a meal or a cigar down town on Sunday, and gambling would not be a vice, because everyone could afford to lose. Marriage with a deceased wife's sister would be *entre nous*, and shovelling snow off sidewalks would be *honi soit qui mal y pense*. Farmers would have to make more maple sugar and grow fewer whiskers. Grocery stores would never close. German bands and hurdy-gurdies would be assembled in one grand pile and the torch applied as soon as they would be dry enough. No one would have the temerity to invent a graphophone, and the comb as a musical instrument would be barred from polite society. Dogs without collars and tags would be preserved as curiosities by antiquarian societies, and all persons who write to newspapers and sign "Constant Reader," "Pro Bono Publico," or "A Disgusted Liberal" would be parboiled in ink and then transported to Central Africa. Green hats on men would be pitied. Tips to waiters would be admitted, if accompanied by the givers, and all favours would be honoured at par. Persons going outside the tunnel on exploration trips would have to procure an antidote against contact with ordinary mortals of the outer world.

How would they light that tunnel? Now, that is just like us, just like human nature, to want to start in right away and argue about some detail, because, after all, light is merely a detail. Arguing seems to be the chief pleasure of some persons. Men frequently sit up at night in the hope of engaging in a dispute or arousing a controversy. They love to be at it, hammer and tongs, on some abstruse problem, and they dislike most bitterly for an intruder to bring about a satisfactory solution. What they

want is argument, not settlement. If we were of their kind we could insist that the lighting problem in the tunnel would be a very grave one, and we could refute most stubbornly the opinion that imprisoned sunbeams could be carted into the tunnel and distributed along all the main channels of communication. Or it might be said that the inhabitants of a tunnel like that would possess senses of which we have no conception, senses that laugh at light and that look upon seeing and hearing as nothing more than vulgar attributes.

But why trouble about these things, now that Doctor Cook and Commander Peary say that they have stood upon that far northern point and found it nothing more than a sea of ice? A sea of ice! Well, we are coming more and more to the conclusion (we have to come to it) that this old world is, after all, prosaic and commonplace and mundane, that it is of the earth earthy. Do we not know the fate of the illusions of the centuries? Do we not know what has become of Aladdin's Lamp, of Mother Goose, of Jack and the Beanstalk, of Santa Claus, of the Short Route, and of all the elysiums and El Dorados and fountains of youth and lands flowing with milk and honey? What is left? There seems to be very little left to discover, very few illusions to destroy. If we search the world over, so it seems, we find nothing supernatural between the North Pole and the South Pole.

We had almost forgotten all about the South Pole, and no doubt it will be the next point of geographic interest. Of course, we could let our imagination run rampant over it, but Lieutenant Shackleton has gone so close to it as to dispel any illusions that might be entertained. But the South Pole has never seemed to appeal to the fancy in the same way as its antithesis. For one thing, there haven't been so many explorers after it. Be that as it may, the North Pole has

always appeared to be the king bolt of the whole system. Edgar Allen Poe has endeavoured in one of his blood-curdling narratives to give an impression of the regions bearing down upon the south, but it is quite different from what we have received from Lieutenant Shackleton.

So it looks as if man must now look to occultism, or to Mars, or to something away beyond him, in order to entertain his indomitable craving for adventure, for the unusual, for great mystery. The centre of the earth is still left, now that the explorers have upset the Hollow Earth Club, but man doesn't greatly fancy that. What he wants is something that is almost within reach, but never quite.

Psychic phenomena promise to be the saving grace, because, even if Mr. Stead and Mr. Funk think that the dead live, there is reason for doubt. The great thing about psychic phenomena is that those who believe absolutely in the possibility of communication with spirits have nothing tangible with which to substantiate their belief. They themselves have admirable faith, but some of their friends are very stiff-necked and perverse. It is comparatively easy for us to believe the reports of Lieutenant Shackleton and Doctor Cook and Commander Peary, but can we as readily come into full sympathy with Professor Hyslop when he tells us about communications with persons who have been dead for years?

Nevertheless, psychic research promises to afford no end of entertainment. Mostly, so far, communication has been had with somebody's dead relative. If they could ever manage it so that an ordinary mortal could commune with some spirit that is not "in his family," one might be tempt-

ed to take what is known as "a sporting chance" at it—go away back into the back rows and get from Adam an opinion on the continued popularity of the apple as a household delicacy. There might be a chance of starting a flirtation with Anne Boleyn and arousing the spiritual ire of the eighth Henry; and surely no offence could be taken if one were to ring up Antony and ask him whether he has yet had a chance to thank Swinburne for saying that his world-renowned romance with Cleopatra was away ahead of Romeo's with Juliet.

We readily believe whatever seems to us to be in harmony with the workings of nature as we know them, but when it comes to believing in something that is quite contrary to ordinary practice and experience we hold back. Nevertheless, we must bear in mind that the existence of these uncertainties is the very thing that will protect human existence from becoming stale, colourless and unprofitable. There is good reason, therefore, why we should encourage the occult sciences and, indeed, endeavour ourselves to consider them intelligently. Because, if the occult falls, where are we? But the occult will not fall. So long as man lives he will be peering into, or trying to peer into, the unseen and the unknown, and that will keep him interested and away from other more mischievous pursuits.

Meantime Doctor Cook or Commander Peary seems to have destroyed a pet illusion, but let us hope that no one will ever be able to bring ghosts into subjection or reduce us to a positive existence, leaving nothing of a negative or uncertain character about which we may speculate.

*The Editor*



## WHAT OTHERS ARE LAUGHING AT



### HIS RELATIVES

"Are you my nearest relative?"  
Said Johnny to his ma.  
"Yes, dear," she smilingly replied;  
"And the closest is your pa."  
—July Lippincott's.

✱

### CHURCH ADVERTISING

Pastor—"I was so sorry for your wife during the sermon this morning, Doctor. She had such a dreadful fit of coughing that the eyes of the whole congregation were fixed on her."

Doctor—"Don't be unduly alarmed. She was wearing her new hat for the first time."—*Fliegende Blaetter.*

✱

### NO RECOMMENDATION

"Mary, after the week is out I shan't need your services," the boarding-house keeper told her cook; "your cooking doesn't suit me."

"But the boarders seem to like it,  
"Yes. That's why I must get another cook."—*Bohemian.*



THE HUMMING BIRD:—I say Mr. Tree-Toad, when does this place open up? I want to get a drink.  
—*Life*

### APPROPRIATE

A clergyman went to have his teeth fixed by a dentist. When the work was done the dentist declined to accept more than a nominal fee. The parson, in return for this favour, insisted later on the dentist accepting a volume of the reverend gentleman's own writing. It was a disquisition on the Psalms, and on the fly leaf he had to inscribe this appropriate inscription: "And my mouth shall show forth thy praise."—*Harper's Weekly.*

✱

### SHE MIGHT HAVE HELPED

He—"It was a frightful moment when I received your letter telling me of the insuperable obstacle to our marriage. I would have shot myself, but I had no money to buy a revolver."

She—"Dearest, if only you had let me know."—*Simplicissimus.*

✱

### SHE WAS TOO QUICK FOR THEM

There were three at the little table in the *café*, a lady and two men.

Suddenly the electric lights went out, and the lady, quickly and noiselessly, drew back.

An instant later there was the smack of a compound kiss. As the electric lights went up each man was seen to be smiling complaisantly.

"I thought I heard a kiss," said the lady, "but nobody kissed me."

Then the men suddenly glared at each other, and flushed and looked painfully sheepish.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

## IRISH BULLS

Michael Macdonagh says that Ireland's bulls are still as numerous as her snakes are not. Mr. Macdonagh was over on the Emerald Isle not long ago, trying to do for Ireland what Dean Ramsay's "Reminiscences" did for Scotland. In his "Irish Life and Character" (Thomas Whittaker) he tells about the first Irishman he met there. He was a hair-dresser in Kingstown.

As I was leaving, the man tried to induce me to buy a bottle of hair-wash. "What sort of stuff is it?" I asked. "Oh, it's grand stuff," he replied. "It's a sort of multum in parvo—the less you take of it, the better."

Then Mr. Macdonagh proves himself no true son of Erin by explaining what the barber really meant. A few days later, the writer was walking with a friend over the Wicklow Mountain, where they met a "character."

"Well, Mick," said my friend, "I've heard some queer stories about your doings lately." "Och, don't believe thim, surr," replied Mick. "Sure, half the lies tould about me by the naybours isn't true."

The following notice Mr. Macdonagh saw posted in a pleasure-boat on the Suir:

"The chairs in the cabin are for the ladies. Gentlemen are requested not to make use of them till the ladies are seated."

And this he clipped from a Kingstown newspaper:

"James O'Mahony, Wine and Spirit Merchant, Kingstown, has still on his hands a small quantity of the whisky which was drunk by the Duke of York while in Dublin."



"James, as I passed the servants' hall to-day I saw you kiss one of the maids."

"Yes, my Lady—when would that have been, my Lady?"

"About four o'clock."

"Oh, yes, my Lady—that would have been Jane, my Lady."

—Punch

The turning off of bulls seems indeed to be infectious from Irish air. Englishmen succumb to it when on the island. Witness the annual report of the Commissioners of National Education, where this information appears over their august signatures:

"The female teachers were instructed in plain cooking. They had, in fact, to go through the process of cooking themselves in turn."—*Catholic Fortnightly Review*.

\*

## SHOULDN'T HAVE GONE HOME

A western despatch tells of a woman killing her husband with a baseball bat. The foolish man should never have gone home. He should have stayed at second or third.—*The Kingston Standard*.



FARMER—"Hey! Ye can't ketch fish that way! Ye only scare 'em!"

PROFESSOR—"On the contrary, sir: I inspire their confidence by mingling with them, thus showing them they have nothing to fear, for I am one of their own kind."

FARMER—"Oh! Fishin' for suckers, are ye?"

—*Montreal Star*

#### PRACTICAL MIND

"Think of the glories of ancient Rome."

"I've seen 'em," answered Senator Sorghum. "It's terrible to me to consider the graft they must have contended with in putting up all those improvements."—*Washington Star*.

\*

#### DARLING LITTLE WILLIE

Little Willie was missed by his mother one day for some time, and when he reappeared she asked:

"Where have you been, my pet?"

"Playing postman," replied her pet.

"I gave a letter to all the houses in our road. Real letters, too."

"Where on earth did you get them?" questioned his mother, in amusement.

"They were those old ones in your wardrobe drawer, tied up with ribbon," was the innocent reply.—*London Opinion*.

#### WIT AND WISDOM

Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be married.

Lots of people who know what not to say haven't sense enough not to say it.

One-half of the world doesn't know how the other half can afford automobiles.—*The Montreal Star*.

The latest invention is a gun that reloads itself. What many men would like would be a bottle that would reload itself.—*The Guelph Mercury*.

There have been drops in some recently active New York stocks and see-sawing price movements, a sharp rise following a quick fall, and a quick fall coming after a sharp rise. The shears open and close, as it were, and the lamb is without its fleece.—*The Gazette, Montreal*.

\*

#### OUR FIVE FEET OF SUMMER BOOKS

Nansen's "Farthest North."

William Winter's "Old Friends."

Whittier's "Snow Bound."

Mahaffy's "The Frieze of the Parthenon."

Saxe's "Nothing to Wear."

A. B. Frost's "American Types."—*New York Mail*.

\*

#### A DIFFERENCE

"I see that our friend still entertains the idea of running for Congress."

"Not exactly," answered Farmer Cornloss. "The idea entertains him."—*Washington Star*.

\*

#### THE DIFFERENCE

"Will you walk into my parlour?"

Said Miss Spider to the fly.

"Not I," his flyship answered,

As he winked his other eye.

"For your dinky so-called parlour,

Well, it isn't in my line;

It's nothing but a dining-room—

So none of it for mine."

—*The Montreal Star*

## BOVRIL the Best Invalid Food.

BOVRIL is recommended by physicians and nurses the world over as the best food to bring invalids back to health.

It is acceptable to the invalid and is quickly and easily assimilated. Try a spoonful in a glass of hot milk.

It is wonderful how soon the reviving effects of a cup of BOVRIL are noticed.

In serious cases of collapse there is no better reviver than an egg stirred into a cup of hot

# BOVRIL

2-9-00

## GOLD MEDAL



FOR

## Ale and Porter

AWARDED

## JOHN LABATT

At St. Louis Exhibition  
1904

ONLY MEDAL FOR ALE IN CANADA

"A MAN IS  
KNOWN BY  
THE CANDY  
HE SENDS."



Our  
Candies  
are made  
on the  
premises

## Both Necessary for the Thanksgiving Dinner

*Snyder's* WORLD FAMED  
CANDIES

When near our store a Glass of Soda or a Cup  
of Hot Chocolate will refresh you.

130-132 YONGE ST. TORONTO, Ont.  
Open Evenings



## Bar Soap

probably Kills as many Women as Bar-rooms do Men. Why isn't this Habit of Overwork at the Washtub—the most Unwomanly, Unnatural, Unhealthy kind of Labor—why isn't this Denounced like the Drink Habit? If you're opposed to needless Hard Work for Women, join PEARLINE'S crusade against it. First, use PEARLINE to help yourself. Then, having satisfied yourself as to the Ease—Quickness and Economy of PEARLINE'S Way, help others by getting them to use it.

**PEARLINE** Loosens all Dirt Without Rubbing  
Lengthens the Life of all Fabrics



## LACES CLEANED

Lace robes, waist and gowns should be trusted only to experts for cleaning. You can send your costliest and rarest family lace to us with perfect security. Lace on gowns cleaned without removing. Write for booklet and any other particulars.

**R. Parker & Co.** Toronto  
Canada.

Canada's Greatest Dyers and Cleaners

BRANCH STORES AND AGENCIES IN LEADING CITIES AND TOWNS OF THE DOMINION





## “You Remember

I told you last week to quit coffee and give your heart a chance.

“Now you come for help again and admit you have continued the coffee habit.

“Some persons (really a great many) are unpleasantly affected by coffee, and in many cases the heart feels it. That smothering, sinking sensation is directly traceable to the drug—*caffeine*—found in coffee.

“What’s the use slugging your heart which really is one of your most faithful and hard-working friends.

“Now suppose you wake up to the facts, quit coffee and get well. It’s easy if you have well-made

# POSTUM

“There’s a Reason”

Postum Cereal Company, Ltd. Battle Creek, Mich., U.S.A.

# INGERSOLL CREAM CHEESE

## Spreads Like Butter

Sold only in 15c. and 25c. blocks.  
For sale by all grocers.

Manufactured by  
**THE INGERSOLL PACKING CO.**  
Limited

Ingersoll, Ontario,  
Canada.



# Good Cheer Stoves.



A LINE OF  
**STOVES, RANGES and FURNACES**  
OF THE BETTER CLASS  
SOLD ONLY THROUGH THE TRADE  
Your Local Dealer can supply you

**THE JAMES STEWART MFG. CO.** LIMITED.  
WOODSTOCK, ONT. AND WINNIPEG, MAN.

# Old Dutch Cleanser



**Cleans *Better*, Scrubs *Easier*,  
Scours *Quicker*, Polishes *Brighter***

than old-fashioned, dangerous caustic and acid cleaners—and works *mechanically*, not chemically.

A boon to women during housecleaning time.

**Large, Sifting-  
Top Cans (At  
All Grocers)**

**10<sup>c</sup>**

**CUDAHY  
Omaha, Neb.**

*(Branch for  
Canada, Toronto)*

**Chases  
Dirt**



# CROWN BRAND

# CORN SYRUP

# MAN IN THE MAKING

Build your child's body and brain well—if you want the future man to be well.

"CROWN BRAND CORN SYRUP" is a food that makes sturdy bones, healthy tissue, good nerves. It is the best thing to give children with their porridge, cereal or bread.

"CROWN BRAND" is an absolutely pure syrup—made as good as syrup can be made—with a rich flavor that makes the youngsters and grown-ups ask for more.

Your dealer has it in air-tight tins, 2-lb., 5-lb., 10-lb., and 20-lb.

**THE EDWARDSBURG STARCH CO., Limited**

ESTABLISHED 1858

Works:  
CARDINAL, ONT.

Offices:  
MONTREAL AND TORONTO.



# PALL MALL

## London Cigarettes

THE proprietors take pleasure in announcing that they have concluded arrangements with LA REGIE FRANCAISE which will enable their English and Canadian patrons travelling or residing in France to procure these famous cigarettes at all the principal Hotels and Cafés, and at

**44, Boulevard Haussmann, Paris.**

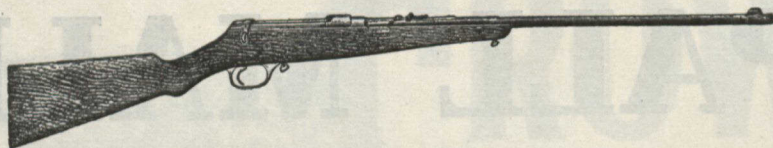
This is but another acknowledgment of the superior excellence of PALL MALL London Cigarettes, for LA REGIE FRANCAISE (being the French Government Monopoly, and having its own favored brands) accorded this splendid compliment only in deference to a most insistent demand.

Especially convenient for our patrons automobiling in France are the boxes of fifty. Also packed in the usual attractive boxes of ten.



*“A Shilling in London—  
A Quarter Here.”*

**IN FRANCE — 1 Franc, 30 Centimes.**



*No firearm ever had such a triumphant vindication as*

## THE ROSS RIFLE

It has been assailed in every quarter. The attacks have come from opposition manufacturers, from hostile newspapers and from honest sceptics.

All is changed and those who pinned their faith to the ROSS RIFLE have had their judgement fully justified.

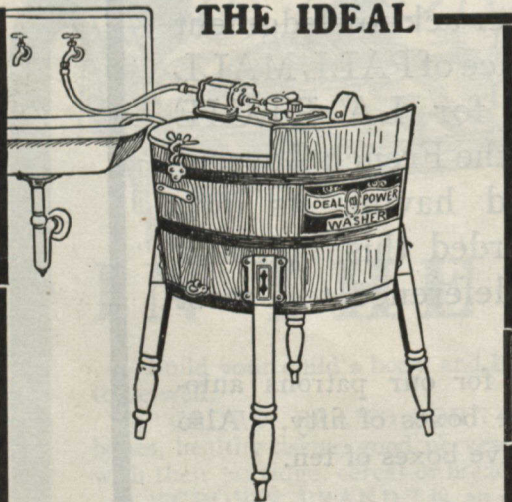
THE ROSS SPORTING RIFLE is the embodiment of every essential and desirable features of the modern gun.

If your local dealer is without a supply of the ROSS RIFLE write us direct

PRICE \$25.00 AND UP.

THE ROSS RIFLE CO.,                      -                      -                      Quebec, P.Q.

### THE IDEAL



### POWER WASHER

The only work you do is to put soiled clothes in the washer—and, ten minutes after take out the clean clothes. City water pressure operates the motor, which washes the clothes.

Write for information.

DOWSWELL MFG. CO., Limited  
Hamilton, Ont.

44 A



The  
Original  
and  
only  
Genuine

Beware of  
Imitations Sold  
on the Merits  
of

**MINARD'S  
LINIMENT**

# IVER JOHNSON

Safety Automatic

## REVOLVER



is not a revolver for you to make temporarily safe by throwing on or off some button or lever, but a revolver that we have made permanently and automatically safe by the patented exclusive Iver Johnson construction.

Our Free Booklet, "Shots," tells the whole story. Send your name on a postal—it will be mailed free with our full catalogue.

**Iver Johnson Safety Hammer Revolver**

Richly nickled, 22 cal. rim-fire or 32 cal. center-fire, 3 in. bbl.; or 38 cal. center-fire, 3 1/4 in. bbl. Extra length bbl. or blued finish at slight extra cost. **\$7.50**

**Iver Johnson Safety Hammerless Revolver**

Richly nickled 32 calibre center-fire, 3-inch barrel; or 38 calibre center-fire, 3 1/4-inch barrel, Extra length bbl. or blue finish at slight extra cost. **\$8.50**

Sold by hardware and Sporting Goods dealers everywhere, or sent prepaid on receipt of price if dealer will not supply. Look for the owl's head on the grip and our name on the barrel.

**Iver Johnson's Arms & Cycle Works, 145 River Street, Fitchburg, Mass.**

New York: 99 Chambers Street    Hamburg, Germany: Pickhuben 4

San Francisco: Phil. B. Bekeart Co.,  
717 Market Street

# Club Cocktails

## A BOTTLED DELIGHT



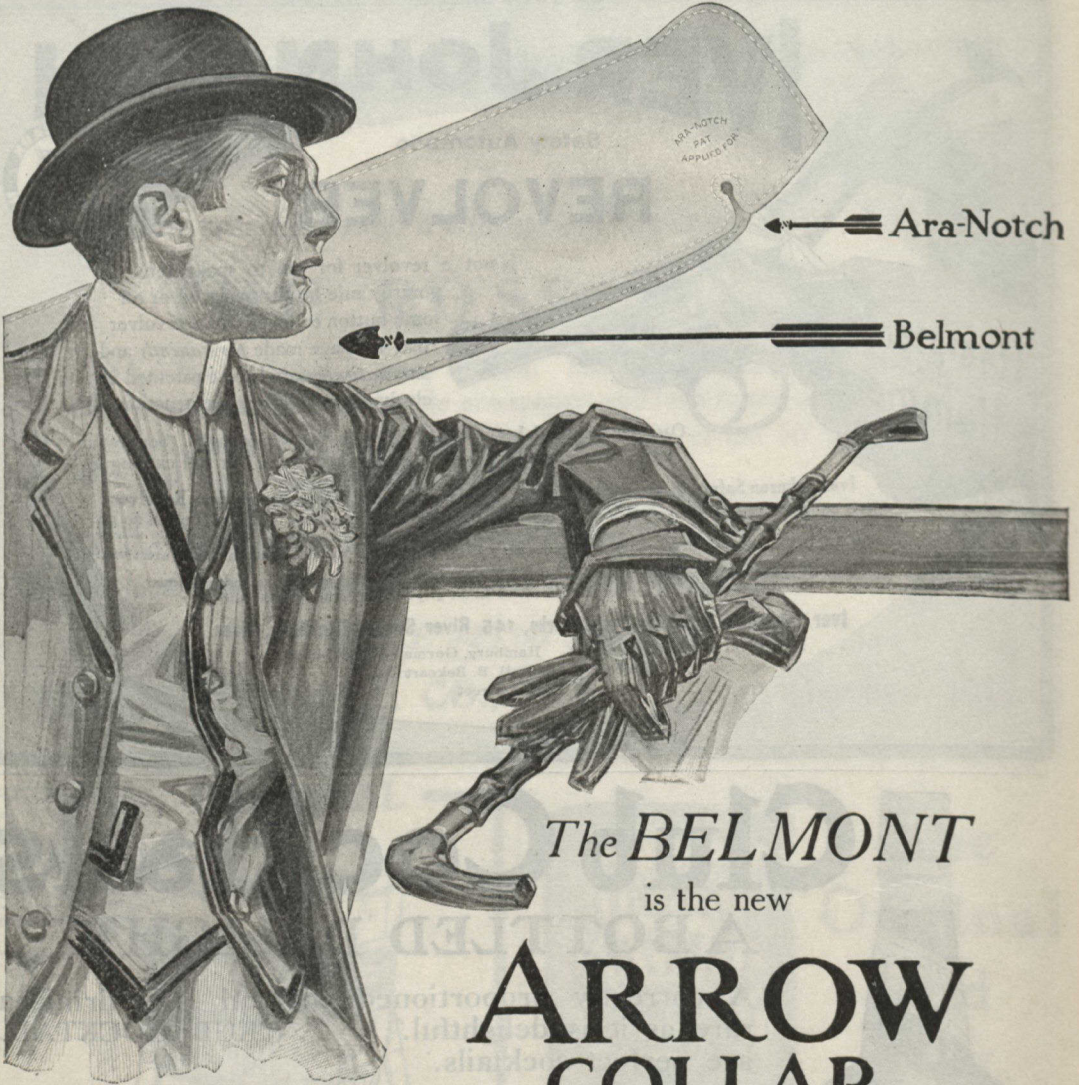
A correctly proportioned cocktail is a drink as rare as it is delightful. CLUB COCKTAILS are perfect cocktails.

They're an expert blend of fine old liquors, measure-mixed to exact proportion. No chance-mixed cocktail ever made can duplicate their even exquisite flavor.

Seven kinds. At all good dealers. Manhattan (whiskey base) and Martini (gin base) are universal favorites.

**G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO.**  
Hartford    New York    London





The *BELMONT*  
is the new

# ARROW COLLAR

with the "Ara-notch" which takes the place of that buttonhole that caused so much trouble in folded collars. It does away with sore fingers, torn buttonholes and metal buttoners. It sits perfectly and stays right. It is the easiest collar to put on and take off.

20 CENTS, 3 FOR 50 CENTS  
ARROW CUFFS 30 CENTS A PAIR

Send for "Proper Dress"

CLUETT, PEABODY & CO., 441 River St., Troy, N.Y.



**Don't Worry About the Rain!**

of the snow or sleet of good wildfowling weather, or the twigs and rushes of the duck blind, or the drifting sand of the goose pit—nothing can get into the action of a

# Marlin

## Repeating Shotgun

The *Marlin* shotguns shoot hard and close and are built with an eye to overcoming weaknesses of the average "pump" gun. The breech is completely closed in by the bolt and the top of the breech block is solid, so that no snow, sleet, twigs or any foreign objects can clog the action. This solid top prevents water from running down into the magazine and swelling the shells—one of the most aggravating things that can happen with a repeating shotgun.

With one-third less parts than any other repeater, the simplicity and strength of mechanism insures perfect operation; double extractors pull any shell, and automatic recoil safety lock removes all danger from hang-fires, making the *Marlin* the safest breechloading gun built.

Send to-day for our 136-page catalog, describing the full *Marlin* line. Enclose 3 stamps for postage.

*The Marlin Firearms Co.*  
74 Willow St. NEW HAVEN, CONN.



# Barley Purity

The best malting barley in the world is grown in certain favored localities of Western Ontario.

All the barley used in Carling's Ale is grown in these districts, and the best crops are selected each year by Carling's own experts.

Before being used it is put through special machinery which separates all the impure and foreign substances.

Ask for Carling's Ale — accept no other, because no other is quite so good.

# Carling's Ale

The Ale That's Always Pure

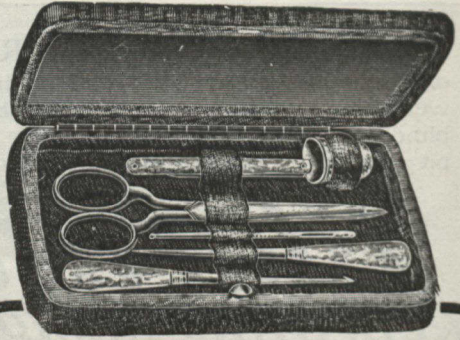
# Everything

in Silverware that is required for the home is manufactured by this Company, both useful and ornamental. Because of their artistic merit they have quickly superseded others. Discriminating buyers realize that this



trademark instantly identifies them as the best, *But* be sure that they *hear* this stamp.

*The Standard Silver Company, Limited*  
TORONTO, CANADA



# Tested and Guaranteed

The trade mark shown below and stamped on Rodgers' Cutlery means that it has been thoroughly tested and is guaranteed in every particular. Isn't it worth while to see that the cutlery you buy bears that

"Mark of Guaranteed Quality"

# RODGERS CUTLERY

Used in the Royal Households

Joseph Rodgers & Sons, Ltd.

Cutlers to His Majesty  
SHEFFIELD, ENG.





**I**F typewriters were machines run by mechanical means instead of human hands, you would find that, *with a given amount of power*, a Monarch could be run at a higher maintained speed than other typewriters.

Run by "girl power," you find that the Monarch is run at a higher all-day average speed than other typewriters, and without a "tapering off," from fatigue, toward the day's end. Both these truths are due to the fact that

# Monarch *Light Touch*

lightens the draft, uses power more economically, eliminates the waste of energy that typifies the heavy-touch machines. This in turn means increased production per machine and decreased cost of typewriter work per folio.

While Monarch Light Touch and the Monarch Rigid Carriage are exclusive Monarch features, every other important feature of the modern typewriting machine, such as Back Space Key, Two Color Ribbon Shift, Contained Tabulator, etc., etc., will also be found in the Monarch.

Let us give you a demonstration of Monarch Light Touch and other Monarch advancements.

**Write for Illustrated Descriptive Literature**

**THE MONARCH TYPEWRITER COMPANY**

Executive Offices: Monarch Typewriter Bldg., 300 Broadway, New York

Canadian Offices: Toronto, Montreal

Branches and dealers throughout the world





## THIS PICTURE TELLS A TALE

EVERY Ancient Greek home that pretended to culture and social dignity had a rhapsodist to charm the ear and stir the emotions with the beauty and verbal music of Homer's lovely poetry. The 20th century symbol of culture in the home is the possession of a

# Mason & Risch Piano

Its beautiful tones hold its hearers entranced with a sweet song-like purity,—a deep, full sonority in the lower registers, and a clear luscious sensuousness in the upper register. Even to the sympathetic touch of the amateur, the Mason & Risch Piano will thunder as a storm or whisper sighingly like the winds in the trees.

## For Home—For Studio—For Concert

IT IS ESSENTIALLY THE ONE REALLY ARTISTIC PIANO MADE IN CANADA. ELEGANCE OF FINISH, PERFECTION OF MECHANICAL STRUCTURE, TONAL MELODIOUSNESS, AND AN UNRIVALLED REPUTATION MAKE IT THE STANDARD.

MASON & RISCH PIANO CO., LIMITED  
HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO

You will miss a lot of good things if your

# Edison Phonograph

is not equipped to play

## Amberol Records

All Edison Phonographs made since the invention of Amberol Records are equipped to play both the Standard or two-minute and the Amberol or four-minute Records.

All Phonographs made before this time play only Standard Records, unless they have been equipped with the Amberol attachment.

This attachment can be put on any Edison Phonograph by your dealer or by yourself, making available an already large list of four-minute selections.

For a small sum—\$5.00 or \$7.50, according to the style of your machine—you practically get an entirely new Phonograph out of your old one, one that is able to play the world's best music, reproduced on the longest Records ever made and the most perfect playing Records.

While the Standard list has the best

selections that can be given in two minutes, there are many pieces of music that cannot be reproduced in this time at all, and are only available for the longer Amberol Records.

Your present Phonograph will give you three times as much pleasure as it does now if you will arrange for the Amberol attachment—three times as much, because an Amberol Record is twice as long and more than twice as good as a Standard Record.

See your dealer about it to-day.

If you have never heard Amberol Records, hear them played upon an Edison Phonograph with the Amberol attachment at the dealer's.

Ask your dealer for a list of Amberol Records, and see what wonderful pieces of music you are now losing for lack of a simple attachment.

Edison Phonographs are the same price everywhere in Canada - - \$16.25 to \$162.50.

Edison Standard Records, - - -	40c.
Edison Amberol Records, - - -	65c.
Edison Grand Opera Records, - - -	85c.

NATIONAL PHONOGRAPH CO., 6 Lakeside Avenue, ORANGE, N. J., U. S. A.



# THE SIMPSON SHOE FOR MEN

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**\$4.00 A PAIR**

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Here is a shoe at a popular price, which by rights, classes up with the \$5.00 and \$6.00 Shoes.

We own it and control it. No other store sells Victor Shoes. It's our own brand.

No middle-men.

No commercial travellers.

No expensive round-about retailing.

We sell it with only one profit added to the cost of its making.

That's why you can get a good stylish, manly, up-to-date boot for \$4.00 if you buy the Victor.

All popular styles, widths and prices.

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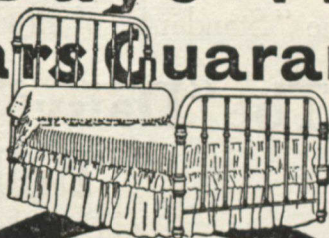
**\$4.00 A PAIR**

THE  
ROBERT

**SIMPSON**  
TORONTO

COMPANY  
LIMITED

# 30 Days Trial 5 Years Guarantee



## No other Bed has an offer like that behind it

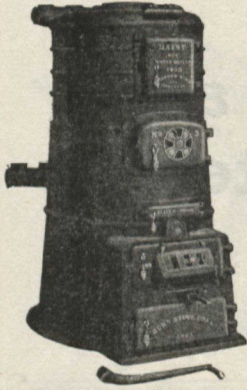
**W**HAT do you think of that offer? Doesn't it sound good to you?—and doesn't it show that there must be a great difference between Quality Beds and any other? And it's on the square, too. There's no strings attached to it—no red tape—no loopholes for you to catch your foot in. We give you a guarantee that you can use the Quality Bed in your own home for 30 days, and that you can return it to us at the end of that time if you don't like it.

And we do more than that—we give you a 5-year Guarantee. If your Quality should not prove to be what you thought, you get a brand-new one, without extra cost, if we can't repair the other one.

Our handsomely illustrated free catalogue, called "Bedtime," shows the great variety of Quality Brass and Enamel Bedsteads. It tells all about the make-up of Quality Beds, and helps you to buy the best Bed made, without taking any fellow's word for it—then you won't get fooled. It gives the details of our 30 Days' Trial and our 5-year Guarantee, and tells how to get a Quality Bed through our dealer in your town.

Don't buy a Bed till you get "Bedtime,"—it's great reading, and means much to you. Will you kindly drop a card for it now—before you forget?

**QUALITY BEDS LIMITED**  
MANUFACTURERS WELAND CANADA



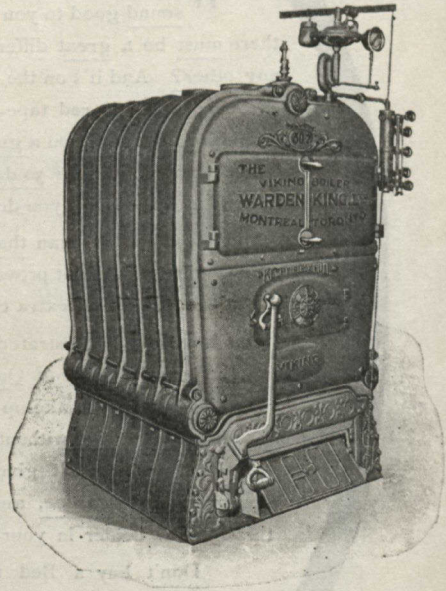
The Boilers made by Warden King Limited have been before the Public for over twenty-five years and are still acknowledged as the "Standard" of all such heating appliances.

## The "Daisy" Hot Water Boiler

stands in a class by itself, imitated, but never excelled. There are thirty thousand of them in use, a fact which speaks louder in their praise than anything which may be said in print,

## The Viking Steam and Hot Water Boilers

have always given entire satisfaction. Made in several sizes for churches, schools, hotels, private dwellings and public buildings. Gives an equal heat and represents an economy in the cost of heating. Are made to burn Wood, Steam Coal or Hard Coal.



# Warden King Limited

### AGENTS:

King Radiator Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.  
Crane Orway Co., Winnipeg, Man.

Jas. Robertson Co., Limited, St. John, N. B.  
Mechanics Supply Co., Quebec, Que.

Wm. Stairs, Son & Morrow, Limited, Halifax, N.S.

Warden King Limited Works: Maisonneuve. Stores: 151 Craig St. West, Montreal





## Think of you children's health when you install a heating system.

You may be able to live in the burnt-out air of the house heated with a furnace, but remember what it means to the growing children. It is a sure cause of colds, coughs and Grippe. Let your children breathe the pure, fresh, evenly-warmed air of a house heated by the hot water system operated by a

### Daisy <sup>Hot Water</sup> Boilers & King Radiators

This system will keep fresh, warm air throughout the home—free from the dust and dirt of hot air heating, and the ashes and labor of stoves.

There will be no cold rooms in your home when heated by a Daisy Boiler and King Radiators, for the warm water is kept continually circulating through the system, the hottest water being naturally drawn to the part of the house most exposed to the cold.

The fire pot and the fire travel of the Daisy Boiler are designed to get all the heat out of the fuel burned—

none is lost up the chimney.

King Radiators are designed on most artistic lines, and, at the same time so constructed that the water has a free passage through them.

Each King Radiator is, before and after it is assembled, subjected to a test of one hundred pounds cold water pressure. No possible imperfection can pass that test.

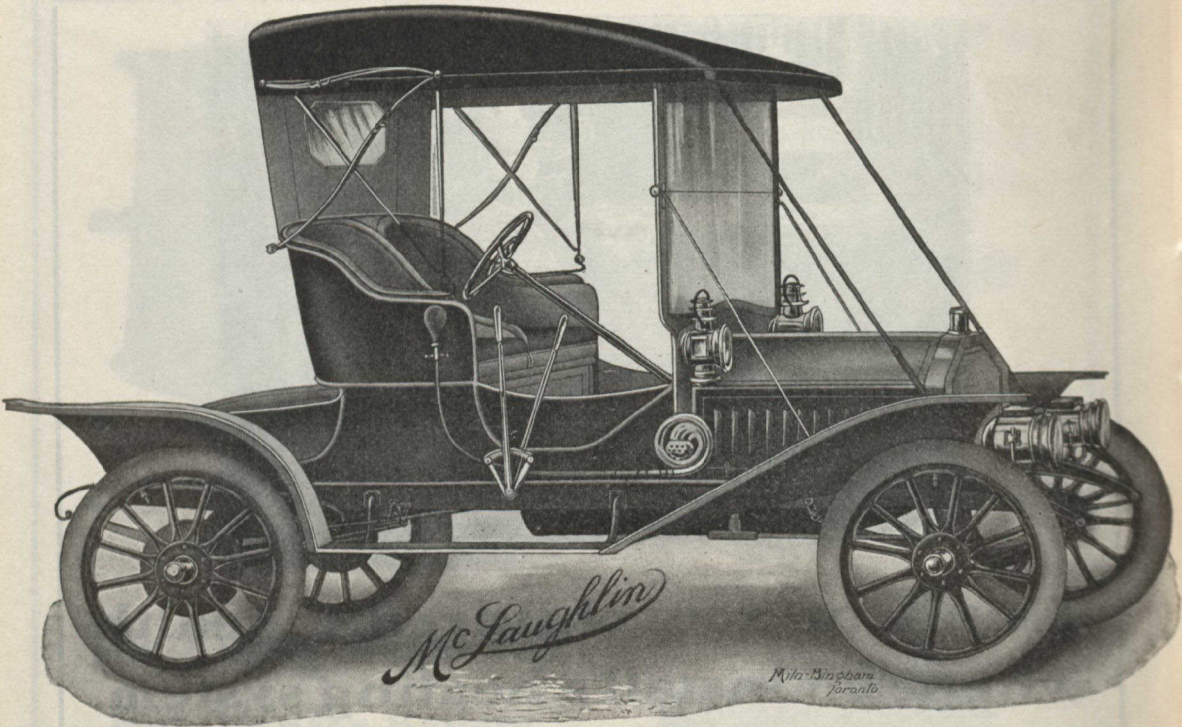
We would like to send you a copy of our booklet, "Comfortable Homes." It will tell you that you should know about heating homes.

## The King Radiator Co., Limited

Head Office, St. Helen's Avenue.

TORONTO

Salesrooms, 21-27 Lombard St.



Model 10—\$1100!Top and Windshield extra.

## McLaughlin-Buick Motor Cars Always on the job.

**5 Models Touring Cars and Roadsters.  
Staunch and Defendable on Road.  
Invincible on the Track.**

A great many physicians have purchased the above model in different parts of Canada this season and are adding to their practise and revenue through its use and doing it with greatly increased physical Comfort.

### McLaughlin Motor Car Co., Limited

Head Office and Factory,

OSHAWA, Ont.

# Williams' Shaving Stick

"The kind that won't smart or dry on the face"



The lather of Williams' Shaving Stick acts like an application of cool, rich cream to the irritated or sunburned face.

It soothes, refreshes and comforts, and makes shaving a pleasant feature of the morning toilet.

The nickeled, hinged-cover box is the acme of convenience and elegance.

Also in leatherette-covered metal box as formerly.

Williams' Shaving Sticks sent on receipt of price, 25c., if your druggist does not supply you. A sample stick (enough for 50 shaves), for 4c. in stamps. Address

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY  
Dept. A, Glastonbury, Conn.

Makers of Williams' famous Shaving Stick,  
Jersey Cream Toilet Soap, etc.



**A  
Serious Question Settled**

When You can Get

**MATTHEWS**

Rose Brand

**Hams and Bacon**

The Favorite for 40 Years

**“CEETEE”  
UNDERWEAR**

**COMFORTABLE  
UNDERCLOTHING**

If you have been wearing cotton underwear because you dread that irritating tickling in ordinary woollen underwear, just once try “CEETEE” Pure Wool Underclothing, and you will never wear any other make.

Our secret shrinking process removes all that irritating foreign matter and makes “CEETEE” soft and velvety to the skin.

“CEETEE” fits perfectly, being knit (not cut and sewn), to the form, and is absolutely unshrinkable. It is made from only the finest Australian Merino Wool and Silk and Wool, and is the most comfortable underclothing on the market.

“CEETEE” in medium weight is the right underwear for this season.

We manufacture in all sizes for men, women and children. Ask your dealer to show you “CEETEE.”

**The C. Turnbull Co. of Galt  
Limited**

GALT,  
ONTARIO

Established 1859  
1861



# What is the Mark

TEA SETS, CANDELABRA  
TRAYS, ETC. SHOULD BE  
STAMPED:

MADE AND  
GUARANTEED BY



\*\*\* ROGERS BROS.

## On Your Silver?

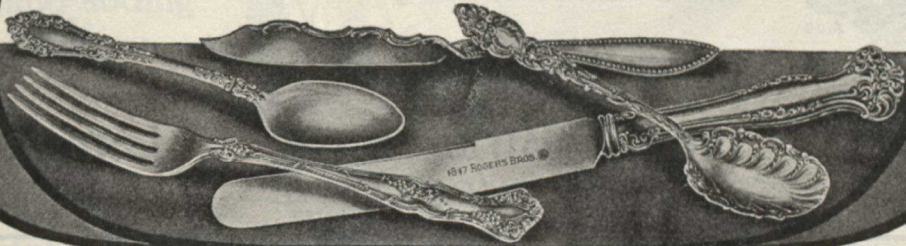
If your spoons, knives, forks, etc., bear the "1847 ROGERS BROS." trade mark, and your Tea Sets, Candelabra, Trays, etc., the MERIDEN B. COMPANY mark, as here shown, you have the assurance that they are the best made—*"Silver Plate that Wears."* These marks stand for the highest quality in silver plate.

Additional pieces to match any design in these goods can always be supplied by local dealers at any time. Write for our New Catalogue "41" showing all new and leading patterns.

**MERIDEN BRITANNIA COMPANY, HAMILTON, CAN.**

SPOONS, KNIVES,  
FORKS, ETC. SHOULD  
BE STAMPED:

**"1847  
ROGERS  
BROS"**



## Ask Yourself

Of what value is Purity to You?  
Every Brand of

# EDDY'S TOILET PAPERS

is Guaranteed Chemically Pure.  
It's worth considering.

Always Everywhere in Canada Ask For  
**EDDY'S MATCHES**



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☐ THE firm's display of Diamond Engagement Rings is the most varied and comprehensive selection ever assembled in Canada by an individual company.

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Selections will be sent to responsible persons for approval and comparison.

**Henry Birks & Sons, Limited**  
MONTREAL

All Rings 18 kt. Gold.



## Newcombe Pianos

**Built for Music and Built to Endure**

Awarded Medals and Awards at many international expositions, including Paris, Chicago, London England, Jamestown, etc.

**"The Finest made in Canada."**

Write for Catalogue of designs and prices.

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Your questions carefully answered  
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to do combined writing and adding is on a combined writing and adding machine



The  
New  
Model 11

of the

## Remington Typewriter

with Wahl Adding and Subtracting Attachment is the only general writing machine which adds. It is the only adding and subtracting machine which writes. It is the only machine which affords the maximum of labor-saving in combined writing and adding work.

Remington Typewriter Company

(Incorporated)

New York and Everywhere



If you had a cup of Red Rose Tea in this delightfully cozy booth at the Toronto Exhibition, you will understand why so many who had, exclaimed, "My what delicious tea!" and you will know why people everywhere have come to speak of Red Rose Tea as "good tea." The delicious quality of the tea served in the Red Rose Tea booth was due to the fact that it was good tea and properly made.


Would it not pay you to try a package of Red Rose Tea when next you buy.

**In sealed lead packages at all grocers.**





## Yes, Madam! This is Crex,

the floor covering you hear so much about. You will notice that each rug or roll of carpet of the genuine CREX always bears the  trade-mark, which is the customer's protection against the light-weight and loosely woven imitations.

CREX is the most popular floor covering we sell, and we hear nothing but praise for its excellent wearing qualities, and I would recommend it for being exactly what you want, especially for your up-stairs rooms and halls

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The Superiority of the STAR CONVEX FLEXIBLE BLADE SAFETY RAZOR over all the other thin or wafer blade razors is that it has a guard with no metal obstruction between the cutting edge and the beard which permits a clean, smooth shave, and the convex curve which holds the blade firm produces the diagonal movement or stroke which cuts clean and will not scrape or irritate the skin. Even if the face is sharp or wrinkled the Convex Razor will shave clean, impossible with any other razor. Our FLEXIBLE BLADES are positively uniform in quality, as we take the utmost care in hardening and tempering. They will retain their keenness without stropping longer than any other wafer or thin blade razors on the market. Catalogue mailed free on request. Sets \$2.50 and \$3.50.

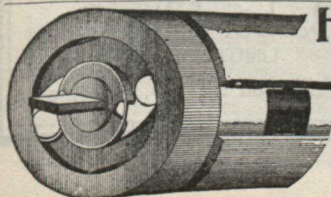
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**WANTED** —Ladies to do plain and light sewing at home, whole or spare time; good pay; work sent any distance; charges paid; send stamp for full particulars. National Manufacturing Company, Montreal.

### Help Wanted.

Intelligent man or woman to distribute circulars and take orders. \$2.00 a day and commission. Permanent.


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## Hartshorn Shade Rollers

Wood Rollers

Tin Rollers

Bear the script name of  Stewart Hartshorn on label for your protection.

Get "Improved," no tacks required.

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EITHER ELECTRIC  
OR  
STEAM DRIVEN

We build them in all sizes, single or double drum pattern, with or without reversing motion.

In the design and construction of our Hoists the purpose for which they are used is thoroughly taken into consideration, and the designing and proportion of all the parts are the very best that can be procured.

There is nothing omitted that can be applied and brought into use for attaining the best results.

THE  
**Jenckes Machine Co.**  
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Sherbrooke, St. Catharines, Cobalt,  
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Works :

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will always find the Society Note Papers of the Barber = Ellis make at the stationers who are catering to the best classes. Three of the most popular are :

" FRENCH ORGANDIE "  
" IRISH LAWN " and  
" SHAMROCK LINEN "

**The Barber-Ellis Co.**  
LIMITED

63-71 Wellington St. W., Toronto

**No Doctor but OXYDONOR for 15 Years**



*Hercules Sanche*

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colics; and I have had not only with them but also with the grown up portion of my household the most brilliant results in every case with my OXYDONOR, so that in all these years I have not had a doctor in my house for any disease.

I find it will cut off short any acute disease if applied immediately, or will cure it incredibly quickly if applied even late."

Working according to Nature's laws, discovered by Dr. Hercules Sanche, causing the body to absorb an abundance of Oxygen, OXYDONOR cures every disease by re-vitalizing the system. OXYDONOR induces such intense vitality that disease is driven out, and vigorous health restored.

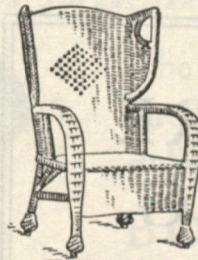
Write to-day for Free Booklet about OXYDONOR and its wonderful cures.

**DR. H. SANCHE & CO.**

**354 St. Catherine Street West, MONTREAL**

Mr. B. E. Sparham writes from Smith's Falls on Jan. 16 last—

"This is to testify that for about fifteen years past I have used an OXYDONOR Victory in my family, which consists of six children, my wife, myself, and much of the time two others also. My children's ages are now from ten years to twenty-one. They have gone through all the diseases peculiar to children, including also inflammation of the lungs, colds and



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**Direct From Nature's Home To Yours**

The most beautiful, artistic and graceful designs in all styles of chairs, couches, tables, etc.

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Made in over 400 original designs.]

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NEW YORK



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**"STAR BRAND" HAMS**

The Standard of Epicurean Taste

cured and sold by us for over 50 years, unsurpassed for flavor and quality. Try them, boiled or fried, they will please you.

For sale by all leading grocers.

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Limited

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Our goods are known all over the world for quality; we know what the people want and produce the goods.

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**Send today** for full particulars of this big paying business, our profit sheet and special stock list and let us show you how you can make **big money in Feathers.** Write today for full particulars.

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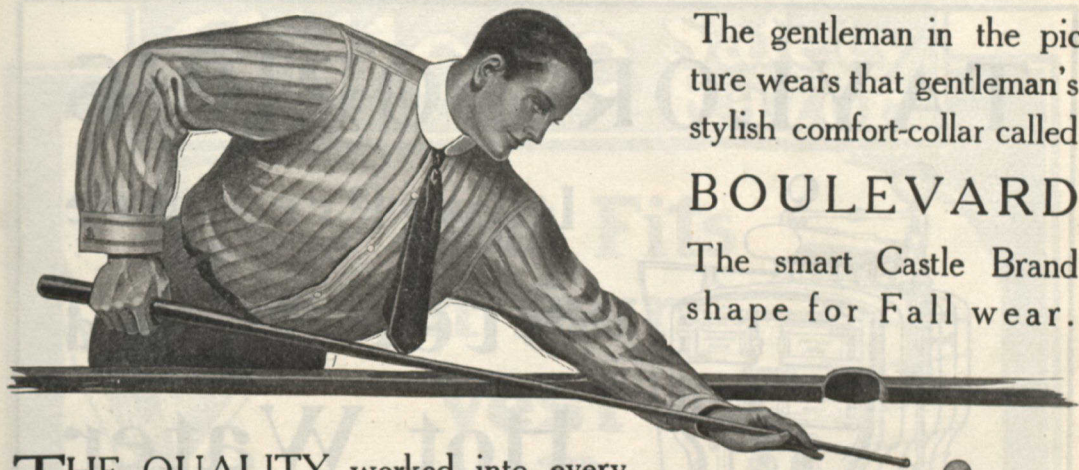


## IF I WERE A QUEEN

I would eat gelatine,  
And I'd order it home  
by the car lot,  
By the Cross of St.  
George,

But I'd stuff and I'd gorge  
Of the kind that they call

"LADY CHARLOTTE"



The gentleman in the picture wears that gentleman's stylish comfort-collar called

**BOULEVARD**

The smart Castle Brand shape for Fall wear.

**T**HE QUALITY worked into every W.G. & R. Collar and Shirt not only gives you the utmost value and service for the price you pay, but assures you that no man of your acquaintance wears better linen.

TRADE  
W.G. & R. MARK

BERLIN

MAKERS TO MEN OF TASTE



Recreation is essential to every Professional and Business man.

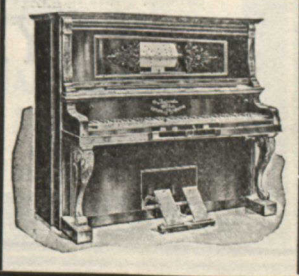
Few things will divert the mind from daily cares more quickly than Music.

There is no method by which one can more readily or effectively produce the best of Music than by using that charming instrument

# The Autonola

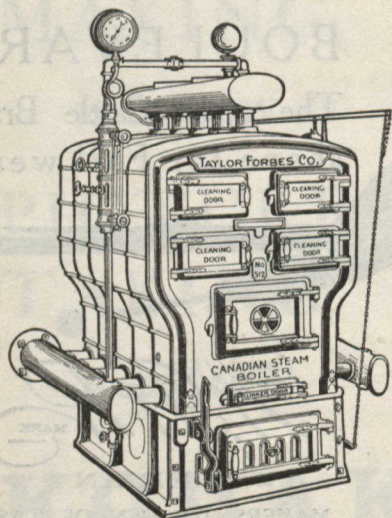
It is the modern Playerpiano. Anyone can play it. Everyone who uses it appreciates the simplicity with which it can be operated. A handsome instrument.

Send for free Booklet C to the makers.



The BELL PIANO & ORGAN CO., LIMITED GUELPH, ONT.  
TORONTO LONDON, ENG. OTTAWA

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## Low Pressure Steam and Hot Water Heating

The CANADIAN STEAM BOILER is built on the unit principle. Each section is complete of itself. This facilitates installation and expansion of boiler to provide heating for after additions to a building. Any accidental injury to one section does not cripple the whole apparatus and leave a building without heat. Taylor-Forbes boilers give permanent service.

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# Gillette Safety Razor

NO STROPPING NO HONING



That Fits  
in Your  
Vest  
Pocket

A great welcome has been given our New Pocket Edition. Men everywhere are talking about it.

Hundreds are buying it. Live dealers everywhere are showing it. It is *convenience*, that counts most with men who use the "Gillette" — they regard it as a remarkable invention. It meets a world-old necessity in a new and better way.

The pocket case is heavily plated in gold, silver or gun metal. Plain polished or richly figured. Handle and blade-box either triple silver plated or 14K gold plated—the blades are fine. Prices \$5 to \$7.50. You will see Gillette signs in every store where the razors are sold—

**THE GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR CO. OF CANADA LIMITED.**

Office  
and Factory,

63 St. Alexander St.,  
Montreal, 77M



KNOWN THE

WORLD OVER

# PANDORA

## RANGE

### Larger Broiler Door

Open the Broiler or toasting door of the Pandora and you'll find an opening much more generous than on ordinary ranges.

It's both wide and deep, so that you can easily place a big steak right over and almost touching the red-hot coals, where it will broil quickly. And it's only by rapid broiling that a steak will retain its natural flavor and rich, juicy tenderness.

Pandora is the range that cooks things right.

*This broiler door can also be used for feeding the fire without disturbing the pots, etc., on the top.*

If your local dealer doesn't sell the Pandora, write direct to us for

**Free booklet**



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# H&R ARMS CO



## Isn't It a Beauty?


It's our latest production. A high-grade, small bore, double barrel hammer gun. Just what the sportsman has always wanted for small game. Ideal for ladies.

28 gauge, 28 inch barrel, standard factory loads,  
black or smokeless powder, weight about 5¼ pounds.

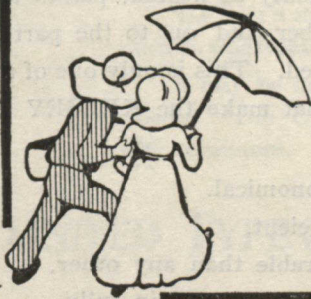
44 caliber, 26 inch barrel, 44 W. C. F. shot cartridge  
or 44 X. L. shot cartridge, weight about 5¼ pounds.

All the best features of high-priced guns, including checked imported walnut stock and fore-end. Sold by first-class dealers. Price, \$16.00. If your dealer will not supply, order from us direct. Write to-day for detailed description and illustrated catalogue of other guns and H & R revolvers.

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If your grocer does not handle "Seal Brand"  
Coffee, it is worth a walk to the next town  
to get the genuine



## CHASE & SANBORN'S

"SEAL BRAND" COFFEE

In 1 and 2 pound tin cans,  
—never in bulk.



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← FOR INFANTS AND INVALIDS →

## Robinson's Patent Barley

☞ The best food for Infants and Invalids, the only reliable preparation of its kind. ☞ It is quickly and easily prepared, and renders milk easily digestible. ☞ But insist on having **ROBINSON'S**

**FRANK MAGOR & CO., Canadian Agents, MONTREAL**



VIRT DEPT CANADIAN MAGAZINE



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THE  
JAMES SMART MFG. CO.,  
LIMITED  
BROCKVILLE, ONT.

WESTERN BRANCHES  
Winnipeg, Man.      Calgary, Alta.

# The Cellar Cool The Living Rooms Warm

One outstanding feature of the Kelsey System is that no heat is lost by radiation in the cellar or basement.

All air, as quickly as heated, passes through the hot air chamber and on to the part of the building to be heated. This is only one of the distinctive features that make the KELSEY like no other Heater.

It is more economical.

It is more efficient.

It is more durable than any other.

Write us and let us explain fully.

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To write on ruled paper or special forms, press the variable line-spacer key. It brings the lines of type-writing to any position on the paper. One of the 28 features of the easy-action, light-running

MODEL 10

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Circular about this and other features sent free.  
THE SMITH PREMIER TYPEWRITER CO., INC.  
Syracuse, New York, U.S.A. Branches everywhere



A Skin of Beauty is a Joy Forever

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

Purifies  
as well as  
Beautifies  
the Skin  
No other  
cosmetic  
will do it.



REMOVES Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rash, and Skin diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test of 60 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.

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Removes superfluous Hair

Price \$1.00 by Mail

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## Oshawa Galvanized Steel Shingles

You can't afford to roof a thing without Oshawa Galvanized Steel Shingles. Good for a hundred years. Send for the free booklet.

### PEDLAR People of Oshawa

Montreal, Toronto, Halifax, St. John, Winnipeg, Vancouver



# Underwood



In buying a typewriter, it is well to know something of the mechanical facilities of the firm handling the machine.

We have a staff of twenty-seven expert typewriter mechanics, who repair and re-build typewriters of different makes.

It may be noted that only two of them repair Underwoods. The Underwood has but a speaking acquaintance with repair-men.

## UNITED TYPEWRITER COMPANY, LIMITED

TORONTO

AND IN ALL OTHER CANADIAN CITIES.

# JAEGER

## DR. JAEGER'S SANITARY WOOLLEN SYSTEM

### What is it ?

A Reform of Clothing and Bedding.

### What are its distinguishing features ?

The use of materials of Pure Wool *throughout*.

Rational construction, so as to preserve the body at an equable temperature and allow the skin to freely exhale, while the weight of the clothing is much reduced.

### Why does Dr. JAEGER recommend Animal Wool ?

Animal Wool, which is akin to Hair, has been evolved by natural selection as the fittest covering for an animal body; and DR. JAEGER'S special investigation and experiments have established that Animal Wool is the most healthy and "sympathetic" covering for the human body.

### What are the hygienic advantages of using Pure Wool only ?

1. The vapour incessantly exhaled from the pores of the skin escapes freely through covering which consists solely of porous pure wool materials; thus the tissues are drained of superfluous fat and water and are *hardened*.
2. Pure Wool is a slow heat-conductor, and has therefore less tendency to chill the skin, even when damp.
3. Covering of Pure Wool, by stimulating the circulation of the blood, assists the skin to throw off noxious matter which, if retained in the body, injures the health.
4. Pure Wool and Camel-hair (especially when undyed) remain sweet and wholesome much longer than linen and cotton, as they do not retain the emanations from the skin (otherwise the race of wool-bearing sheep could not have evolved and survived).

## THE JAEGER PURE WOOL UNDERWEAR.

### How does this differ from ordinary Underwear ?

1. The material is Pure Wool and of the best quality.
2. The color is "Natural," *i.e.*, free from dye.
3. The JAEGER Stockinet web is specially porous, allowing freedom to the skin to exhale. This porous quality is retained, as Stockinet does not harden like flannel after repeated washing.
4. The JAEGER Stockinet is soft and elastic, causing, after a very short trial, no irritation to even a sensitive skin.
5. The construction is draft-proof, and is specially designed to protect from chill the more vulnerable parts of the body.

### Is the JAEGER Underwear [guaranteed in respect of shrinkage?

A guarantee is given that any JAEGER Natural-coloured Stockinet Undergarment spoiled by shrinkage will be replaced.

THE JAEGER Company maintain a Laboratory fitted with every requisite for testing chemically and microscopically the purity of Woollen materials, by the Company's own analyst, an experienced scientific chemist.

The JAEGER NAME and TRADE-MARK GUARANTEE PURE WOOL, in place of Wool frequently mixed with from 25 to 27 per cent. of Cotton or other cheap and inferior adulterants; it also guarantees that the *Stockinet underwear* is made of *undyed* Natural yarn, in place of yarns dyed to resemble the "Natural" colour.



# JAEGER Pure Wool Wear.

## MEN'S UNDERWEAR



QUALITIES	Light	MEDIUM		Warm	HEAVY		Ex. Warm	X
	K	N	KK	B	V	S	F	
<b>VESTS</b> —Sizes 34 to 42 inches								
Double Breasted, Long Sleeves	2 40	2 25	2 90	2 90	....	3 75	3 75	....
Single " " "	2 15	1 85	2 65	2 65	3 00	3 50	3 50	2 50
<b>PANTS</b> —Sizes, 32 to 40								
Single or Double Fronts .....	2 35	1 90	2 85	3 10	3 25	3 75	3 75	2 50
<b>COMBINATION SUITS</b>								
Double Breasted								
Chest sizes, 33 to 42 inches ....	4 25	....	5 25	5 25	....	....	6 50	....
<b>NIGHT SHIRTS</b> —Double Breasted With Collar and Cuffs or Neckband .....	4 75	....	....	6 00	....	....	....	....

Larger Sizes, 50c to 75c extra

## LADIES' UNDERWEAR

Chest Sizes, 32 to 40 Inches



Single Breasted

QUALITIES	GAUZE		LIGHT		MEDIUM			Warm
	E	E White	K	K White	O	O White	KK	B
<b>COMBINATIONS</b> —High Neck, Long Sleeves								
Single Breasted, Knee Length	3 25	3 50	4 00	4 25	....	....	....	....
" " Ankle Length	3 50	3 75	4 25	4 50	4 00	4 25	5 00	5 00
Double Breasted " "	....	....	4 75	....	....	....	5 50	5 50
<b>VESTS</b> —High Neck, Long Sleeves								
Single Breasted .....	2 00	2 15	2 50	2 70	2 25	2 40	3 00	3 00
Double " .....	....	....	2 75	....	....	....	....	3 25
<b>DRAWERS</b> —Waist, 25, 27, 29, 31, 33 inches								
Knee Length .....	2 35	2 50	2 75	....	2 60	2 75	....	3 60
Ankle Length .....	2 60	2 75	3 00	....	2 85	3 00	3 50	3 85
<b>NIGHT DRESSES</b>								
Chest 34 to 42 inches								
Single Breasted .....	4 00	....	....	....	4 50	4 75	....	....
Double " .....	....	....	5 00	5 50	....	....	....	....

## CHILDREN'S UNDERWEAR

Combination Suits, Vests, Drawers, Sleeping Suits, Night Dresses

PRICES ACCORDING TO SIZE AND QUALITY

See 36 Page Illustrated Catalogue—Free.

MONTREAL  
316 ST. CATHERINE ST.

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10 ADELAIDE ST. W.

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364 PORTAGE AVE.

# JAEGER Pure Wool Wear.



Long Scarf  
75c. up



Golf Coat  
from \$4.00



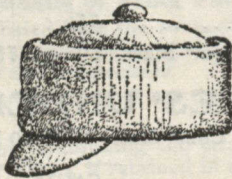
Hand-Knitted Spencer  
\$2.00



Fancy Waistcoat  
from \$4.00



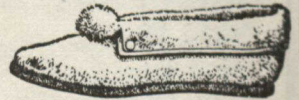
"Albert."  
Fleece Lined  
\$1.50



Fleecy Knitted  
\$1.00



Knitted Neck Wrap  
\$1.00



"Teck"  
Fleece Lined  
\$1.50



Dressing Gown  
from \$1.00



Neglige Shirts  
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from \$4.00



Men's Dressing Gown  
As illustrated - \$16.00  
Plain Styles from 9.50

Send for 36 page Illustrated Catalogue

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364 Portage Ave.



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No matter how new or how old your gun, it needs "3 in One." Trigger, shell extractor, hammer, break joints—every action part of any gun works easier, surer, truer, if oiled with "3 in One." It cleans gun barrels inside and out, removes residue of burnt powder, black or smokeless. Positively prevents rust in any climate or weather. Will not gum or dry out. "3 in One" also cleans and polishes stock.

**FREE** Try this good oil on your gun at our expense. Write for sample bottle and booklet—both free. Library Slip in every package. **3 IN ONE OIL CO., 50 B'WAY, NEW YORK CITY.**



## FOR GUNS

"3 in One" Oil Has No Equal for oiling trigger, lock, every action part. Does not dry out quickly like heavier oils, gum, harden or collect dust no matter how long gun stands. "3 in One" cleans out the residue of burnt powder (black or smokeless) after shooting, leaving the barrel clean and shiny. It actually penetrates the pores of the metal, forming a delicate permanent protecting coat that is absolutely impervious to water or weather. No acid.

**Free** A test will tell. Write for sample bottle. **50 B'way**

**3 IN ONE OIL CO. New York, N.Y.**




## Hall's Hair Renewer

Perfectly satisfied with your hair? Good. But if it is falling out, keeps thin and short, looks dull and lifeless, what then? Here are the ingredients that will stop the falling, destroy the dandruff, and give new life to the hair. Ask your doctor all about these ingredients. His advice should always be final. Would you like to have rich, heavy, luxuriant hair?

R. P. HALL & CO., Nashua, N. H.

Ingredients: Glycerin Sulphur Capsicum Boroglycerin Tea Alcohol Rosemary Leaves Water Bay Rum Perfume

**DOES NOT COLOR THE HAIR**



Some beautiful designs in  
**VIENNA ART METAL**

Stock patterns in  
**CAULDON CHINA**

**WILLIAM JUNOR**

**88 West King Street, Toronto**

## Ten Years in a Night

is how one lady describes the improvement in her appearance after using **MADAM FULLER'S WRINKLE TREATMENT.**

It smooths away the lines of care, worry, illness or advancing age, improves the complexion, restoring the softness and plump, firm, delicate texture of early youth.

Its effects are simply wonderful.

Mailed free, *packed secretly*, on receipt of \$2.00 bill or money order.

Sole Distributors for Canada:

**E. P. STANFORD & CO., VANCOUVER, B.C.**



## ARTISTS COLORS.

No true artist ever risks a poor color on a picture. He buys only

### Winsor & Newton's

Oil and Water Colors

because he knows they are the standard throughout the world. They are not dear.

For sale at all Art Stores.

**A. RAMSAY & SON, MONTREAL.**  
Wholesale agents for Canada.

# Beauty and Solid Comfort



do not always go together. You get the combination in our brick fire places, which are artistic and give a room a very cosy appearance. All up-to-date houses have them. Buy a good Buff Milton Brick when you build your house.

Send for Catalogue

## Milton Pressed Brick Company Limited

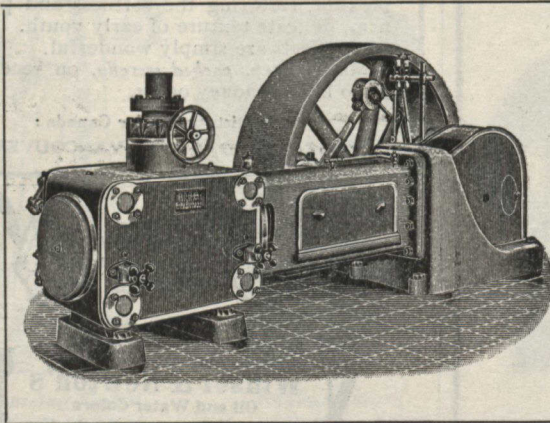
TORONTO OFFICE:

75 YONGE STREET

WORKS AND OFFICE:

MILTON - ONTARIO

# Robb Power Plants



## ENGINES

Corliss, Slide Valve,  
Horizontal, Vertical.

## BOILERS

Water Tube, Return  
Tubular, Internally  
Fired, Portable.

**ROBB ENGINEERING CO., Limited, AMHERST, N.S.**

District Offices:

709 Power Building, Montreal, Watson Jack, Manager  
Traders Bank Building, Toronto, Wm. McKay, Manager  
Union Bank Building, Winnipeg, W. F. Porter, Manager  
Calgary Block, Calgary, J. F. Porter, Manager





## Our Parquet Shops

are very busy scenes at present. Anticipating an early season we have on hand a large stock of seasoned woods which are ready for turning into fancy floors. When you think of wall paper, floors or fine furniture may we enter you thoughts.

**ELLIOTT & SON,**  
LIMITED

79 King Street West, Toronto

 An advertisement for Ganong's Chocolates. On the left, a woman in a long dress and a white bonnet stands on a path. In the background, a village with several houses and trees is visible. The text "Ganong's Chocolates" is written in a large, cursive font across the middle. Below it, the text reads "EVANGELINE" ART BOXES and other attractive packages. A small circular logo with "G.B." is visible. At the bottom right, it says "GANONG Bros. Ltd. St. Stephen, N.B."
 

*Ganong's* **Chocolates** (G.B.)

"EVANGELINE" ART BOXES and other attractive packages.

GANONG Bros. Ltd. St. Stephen, N.B.

Delicious Creams, Nougatines, Caramels, Fruits and Nuts  
covered with a smooth, rich chocolate

LOOK FOR THE "G.B." STAMP ON THE BOTTOM. IT IS ON EVERY "G.B." CHOCOLATE  
GANONG BROS., LIMITED, ST. STEPHEN, N.B.



# Dressing Bags

for

## Presentations and Wedding Gifts

This handsome bag is made from the finest natural grain leather which we have specially tanned for these bags. Every toilet article is of the best quality and the brushes genuine ebony.

**Price 18 inch \$23.00 20 inch \$24.00**

Express charges paid in Ontario.

Catalogue illustrating other styles and our leading lines of Traveling and Leather Goods sent free.

---

The **JULIAN SALE**

**LEATHER GOODS CO., Limited**

105 King Street West, Toronto

## The "WAWA"



A new hotel  
in the wonderful mountain and  
lake country of Canada—1,000 feet above  
sea level—every up-to-date comfort in the heart of  
the north woods

### Norway Point, Lake of Bays "Highlands of Ontario"

Unsurpassed fishing, canoeing, sailing, the finest bathing beaches—while in  
this high altitude and pure air, hay fever is unknown.

The "Wawa" is electric lighted throughout, with hot and cold water in  
every room, and is supplied with fine mountain spring water. Accommoda-  
tions are for 200 guests. Rates are reasonable—and there is good steam-  
boat service around the lakes.

Send for the handsome booklet that describes this territory. Free on  
application to

J. D. McDONALD, D. P. A.  
Union Station, TORONTO

J. QUINLAN  
Bonaventure Station, MONTREAL

W. E. DAVIS  
Pass. Traffic Manager  
Montreal

G. T. BELL  
Asst. Pass. Traffic Manager  
Montreal

**GRAND  
TRUNK  
RAILWAY  
SYSTEM**

# White Star-Dominion Line

WEEKLY SAILINGS ST. LAWRENCE SEASON

From MONTREAL and QUEBEC to LIVERPOOL

## FLEET FOR SEASON 1909

The new steamers S. S. "LAURENTIC," of 14,892 tons, triple screw, combination  
of turbine and reciprocal engines, also the S. S. "MEGANTIC," twin screw, 14,878  
tons. Largest and most modern steamers in the St. Lawrence, with accommodation for  
First, Second and Third Class passengers. The S. S. "CANADA" will also be oper-  
ated, with accommodation for three classes of passengers.

### Moderate Rate Service—One Class Cabin (called Second Class)

To meet the growing demand especially from those engaged in educational work, it  
has been decided to continue the One Class Cabin Service. The S. S. "DOMINION"  
and the S. S. "OTTAWA" have been placed on this service, and will meet the demands  
of those who desire the best that the steamer affords at a moderate rate.

For all information apply to Local Agents or Company's Offices.

MONTREAL, 118 Notre Dame St. West. TORONTO, 41 King St. East. WINNIPEG, 205 McDermott Ave.

# Allan Line Royal Mail Steamers

WEEKLY SERVICE  
 MONTREAL TO LIVERPOOL  
 MONTREAL TO GLASGOW MONTREAL TO HAVRE & LONDON



MUSIC ROOM, S.S. VIRGINIAN

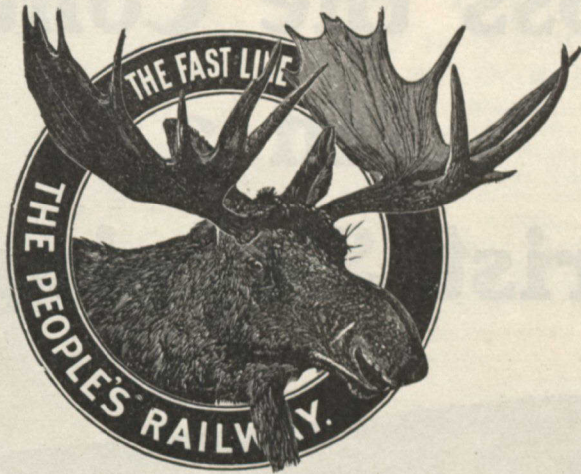
## THE RECORD PASSAGE

### From Liverpool to Montreal

R. M. S. VICTORIAN the first Transatlantic Turbine Steamer sailed from Liverpool Bar Lightship at 6.42 p.m. on Friday, August 6th, and arrived at **Rimouski** and landed mails at 8.43 a.m. Thursday, August 12; adding 5 hours difference in time, the Mails were on board **5 days, 19 hours and 1 minute**. The Steamer arrived at **Quebec** at 7.20 p.m. Thursday. Time from **Liverpool to Quebec**, inclusive of 1 hour and 20 minutes delay at **Rimouski**, **6 days, 0 hours and 38 minutes** apparent time. Left **Quebec** at 1 a.m. Friday, August 13th, and arrived at **Montreal, Allan Line Wharf**, at 11.45 a.m. same day. Apparent time from **Liverpool to Montreal**, inclusive of delays, 6 days, 17 hours, 03 minutes or deducting delay at **Rimouski**, 1 hour 20 minutes, and at **Quebec**, 5 hours, 40 minutes—7 hours 0 minutes and adding 5 hours difference in time, the actual time of passage from **Liverpool to Montreal** was **6 days 15 hours 03 minutes**, equal to a speed of 18.4 knots per hour.

Send for Sailings and Rates

THE ALLAN LINE, 77 Yonge St., Toronto, or H. & A. ALLAN, Montreal



# MOOSE

OPEN SEASON

New Brunswick, Sept. 15---Nov. 30.

Nova Scotia, - Sept. 16---Nov. 16.

Quebec - - Sept. 1---Dec. 31.

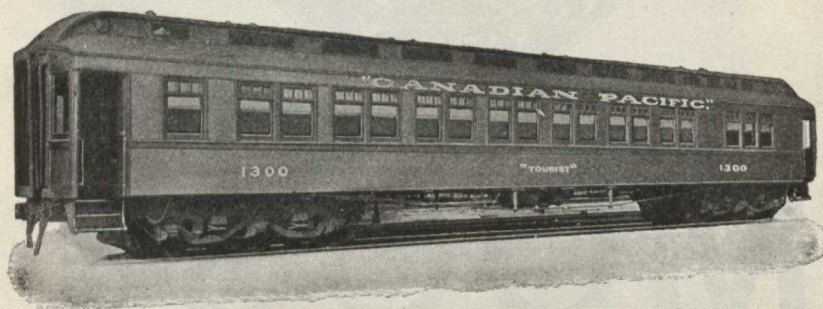
Write General Passenger Dept.

## Intercolonial Railway

Moncton, N. B., for Pamphlets

“Fishing and Hunting” “Moose in the Micmac Country”

# Across the Continent in a Tourist Sleeping Car



**Q** A roomy, airy berth in a bright and well ventilated car, the snowiest of linen, and a uniformed porter, affording exactly similar service to that of the palace sleepers—a cool and comfortable seat during the day, perfect toilet appointments and a cooking range at the disposal of any one who would prepare their own meals.

**Q** THE ITEM OF ECONOMY is important for those contemplating an extensive journey—the berth rate in a tourist car—and it comfortably accomodates two adults—is but half the rate in a palace sleeper.

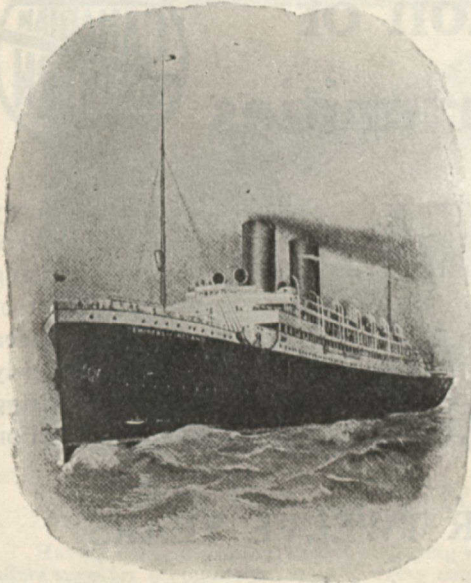
**Q** The only tourist cars operated in Canada are those in service on the Canadian Pacific Railway. Through tourist car from Toronto for Vancouver leaves Toronto every day at 10.10 p.m., enabling passengers to travel through to the Pacific Coast without change of cars en route.

For berth rates, train time and any information ask any Agent or write

R. L. THOMPSON

District Passenger Agent, TORONTO,

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY COMPANY'S ROYAL MAIL STEAMSHIP LINES



# THE EMPRESSES

## AND 14 OTHER MODERN ATLANTIC LINERS

AN OCEAN RECORD is a strong point in favor of a ship; it proves its superiority. Our **Empresses** have made and broken all records between Canada and the Old Land—5 days, 23 hours, dock to dock. Quick, isn't it? Prices very moderate, too.

East	SAILINGS	West
Sept. 24,	Empress of Ireland .....	Sept. 10
Oct. 2,	Lake Champlain .....	" 15
" 8,	Empress of Britain .....	" 24
" 16,	Lake Erie .....	" 29
" 22,	Empress of Ireland .....	Oct. 8

All vessels equipped with wireless, and all modern appliances for safety and comfort of passengers.

For rates and other information apply to any S. S. and Railway agent

OR TO

S. J. SHARP

West. Pass. Agt.

71 Yonge St., TORONTO

W. G. ANNABLE

Gen. Pass. Agt.

MONTREAL

EMPRESS OF BRITAIN and EMPRESS OF IRELAND

# A New Place to Shoot and Fish



## Temagami

Northern Ontario, Canada

—a new territory now reached by rail—the country of the canoe, the camper's paradise.

Fish for black bass, speckled trout and lake trout—the gamiest fish that swim. Shoot moose, deer, bear, partridge and other game during the hunting season.

Bring your camera—the scenery is wild and magnificent.

In this pure, pine-perfumed air, hay fever is unknown.

*A booklet telling you all about it, handsomely illustrated, sent on application to*

J. D. McDONALD,  
Union Station, Toronto, Ont.

J. QUINLAN,  
Bonaventure Station, Montreal  
G. T. BELL, G. P. & T.A., Montreal,  
W. E. DAVIS, P.T.M., Montreal.

# A Re-Creation of Business Opportunities



The commercial opportunities opened up by the Canadian Northern Railway System are unequalled in the British Empire. In 1897 the Canadian Northern operated 100 miles of railway. It now controls 5,000 miles in the most promising parts of the country. Hundreds of new townsites have been created west of Lake Superior and many new enterprises have been made practicable in Nova Scotia, Quebec, Ontario, Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta. All these newly developed territories are bristling with business opportunities for the enterprising and they are clearly described from the commercial viewpoint in the new edition of the publication—

## A MILE A DAY FOR TWELVE YEARS

a copy of which is free for the asking from the Information Bureau, Canadian Northern Head Offices, Toronto.

## The Winter Vacation

**S**OON you will be planning your trip for the winter. Have you ever thought of the British West Indies? Perhaps you do not know that the Pickford & Black steamers are the finest on the route, that they leave Halifax every twelfth day for the most delightful trip of six weeks imaginable. We have lots of information to give you. Ask for it.

The ROBT. REDFORD CO., Ltd.  
Montreal

**PICKFORD & BLACK**  
HALIFAX

R. M. MELVILLE  
Toronto





## LA CASA GRANDE HOTEL

PASADENA - - CALIFORNIA

Having the best location in this charming winter resort, this attractive and well kept house offers superior accommodations and every comfort and convenience to the winter tourist at moderate rates. Extensive improvements made during the past summer leave nothing lacking that could add to the attractiveness of the house. Illustrated booklet and rates sent on request. Address

**C. A. FERRISS, Manager.**



## St. Denis Hotel

Broadway and Eleventh Street  
NEW YORK

European Plan — Convenient Location

WILLIAM TAYLOR & SON

The Convenient Location, Tasteful Appointment, Reasonable Charges, Courteous Attendance, and Cuisine of Exceptional Excellence are Characteristic of this Hotel, and have Secured and Retained for it a Patronage of the Highest Order.

## HOW TO GET RID OF CATARRH

**A Simple Safe, Reliable Way,  
and it Costs Nothing to Try.**

Those who suffer from catarrh know its miseries. There is no need of this suffering. You can get rid of it by a simple, safe, inexpensive, home treatment discovered by Dr. Blosser, who, for over thirty-five years, has been treating catarrh successfully.

His treatment is unlike any other. It is not a spray, douche, salve, cream or inhaler, but is a more direct and thorough treatment than any of these. It cleans out the head, nose, throat and lungs so that you can again breathe freely and sleep without that stopped-up feeling that all catarrh sufferers have. It heals the diseased membranes and makes a radical cure, so that you will not be constantly blowing your nose and spitting, and at the same time it does not poison the system and ruin the stomach, as internal medicines do.

If you want to test this treatment without cost, send your address to Dr. J. W. Blosser, 722 Walton Street, Atlanta, Ga., U.S.A., and he will send you by return mail, from his Canadian Distributing Depot, enough of the medicine to satisfy you that it is all he claims for it as a remedy for catarrh, catarrhal headaches, catarrhal deafness, asthma, bronchitis, colds and all catarrhal conditions. He will also send you free an illustrated booklet. Write him immediately.



## FOR CHILDREN

you cannot get a soap **too good** or **too pure** for the use of children and young infants. Much of the chafing and soreness of the skin is due to poisoning by highly scented and colored soaps.

Baby's Own Soap is an absolute necessity in the nursery. Made from carefully refined and fragrant vegetable oils, it gives a rich creamy lather, which preserves the soft, smooth texture of the skin.

# Baby's Own Soap

*Refuse substitutes—insist on having Baby's Own.* 14-09

ALBERT SOAPS LTD., Mfrs. - - MONTREAL.

THE NEXT TIME YOU NEED MILK IN COOKING TRY

# BORDEN'S PEERLESS BRAND EVAPORATED MILK

(Unsweetened)



1 part Peerless Milk to 5 parts water, or any degree of richness you may desire—the result will please you.

Convenience, Economy and Pichness are good reasons for trying it.

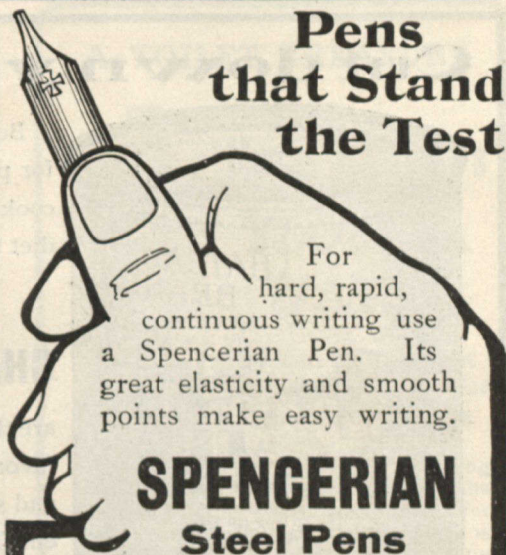
BORDEN'S CONDENSED MILK CO.

"Leaders of Quality"

Est. 1857

New York

## Pens that Stand the Test



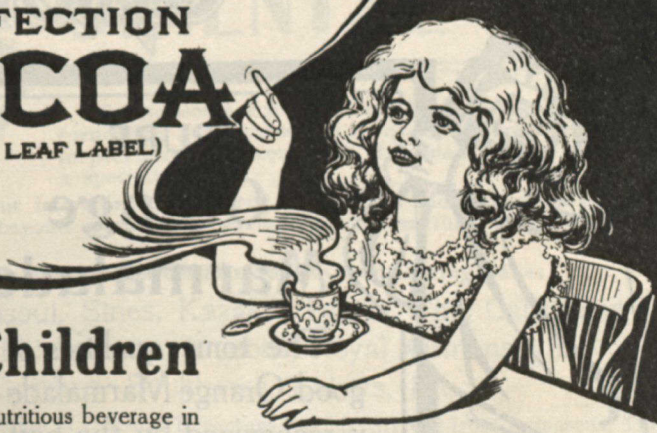
For hard, rapid, continuous writing use a Spencerian Pen. Its great elasticity and smooth points make easy writing.

## SPENCERIAN Steel Pens

outlive others because of the fine workmanship and the high quality *Spencerian Pen Steel* from which they are made. Sample card of 12—all different—sent for 6c postage.

SPENCERIAN PEN CO., 349 BROADWAY, N. Y.

# COWAN'S PERFECTION COCOA (MAPLE LEAF LABEL)



## Give the Children

The best and most nutritious beverage in the world—Cowan's Perfection Cocoa.

It assimilates with food—helps digestion—and makes children strong and healthy.

It is an absolutely pure Cocoa of the finest quality. It is nourishing and healthful for young and old.

Mothers know the economy of Cowan's Cocoa. It goes so much further than any other.

THE COWAN CO. LIMITED,

TORONTO

## Cut down your Meat Bill



Beans cost one third as much as beef and pound for pound are more nourishing. When properly cooked they are as safe and perhaps a better diet than meats.

### CLARK'S CHATEAU BRAND BAKED BEANS

are the perfection of cookery, done under the most favorable conditions, and at a heat more intense and sustained than can be had in your own kitchen. The beans are hand picked, plump and white.

Get a tin (10c. 15c. 20c.) at your grocer and judge for yourself.

W. CLARK - MONTREAL  
MANUFACTURER OF  
HIGH GRADE FOOD SPECIALTIES

## Upton's



### PURE Orange Marmalade

The tonic qualities of good Orange Marmalade is recognized by the best physicians. Insist on having UPTON'S.

"It's Pure  
That's Sure"



## A RECORD OF OVER SIXTY-FIVE YEARS

For over sixty-five years MRS WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by mothers for their children while teething. Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. The value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhoea, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP." Guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act, June 30th, 1906. Serial Number 1098.

## A TOILET TREASURE



## Murray & Lanman's FLORIDA WATER

Without exception the  
best and most popular  
Toilet Perfume made

**I**N the Bath it is cooling  
and reviving; on the  
Handkerchief and for  
general Toilet use it is  
delightful; after Shaving  
it is simply the very best  
thing to use.

Ask your Druggist for it  
Accept no Substitute!



## The Only Headquarters for ORIENTAL RUGS

Connoisseurs of Real Eastern Rugs, and those building and furnishing new homes, are invited to visit our Art Rooms and inspect our magnificent stock of Persian Rugs, which we make a specialty.

We are quite confident in stating that our rug stock is the most complete and finest in Canada and our prices beyond competition, averaging 50% less than they are sold in the United States.

Our latest importations comprise besides many others the following makes:

Antique Mousoul, Sines, Kazaks, Tabriz, Fine Cabristans  
Sarukhs, Mushgabats, Ardebils, Royal Kirmanshahs  
Gorvans, Boukharas, Lahors, Etc.

Also a beautiful collection of Oriental Brassware has just arrived from Damascus, Turkey; Jaypor and Benares, India. Also Antique Arms and Bric-a-Brac and Oriental Kimonas, etc., etc.

All out of town orders given our careful attention. We have patrons in every State and Province on the American Continent.

**COURIAN, BABAYAN & CO.**  
40-44 KING ST. EAST, TORONTO  
(Opposite King Edward Hotel)



## WINDSOR TABLE SALT

**"You are very lucky girls to have Salt like this**

"When I was just starting housekeeping, the only good thing about the salt we had, was its salty taste.

"But you girls can get

## Windsor Table Salt

—that excellent salt which stays fresh and dry in all kinds of weather—and never "cakes" or "hardens." You will never have any trouble with Windsor Table Salt."

14



## "Black Knight" Stove Polish

does away with all the dirty work of keeping stoves clean. Nomixing—no hard rubbing. "Black Knight" is always ready to use—shines quick as a wink—and puts on a bright, black polish that delights every woman's heart. Equally good for Stoves, Pipes, Grates and Ironwork.

If you can't get "Black Knight" in your neighborhood, send name of dealer and 10c for full sized can.

**The F. F. DALLEY CO. LIMITED,  
HAMILTON, Ont. 10A**

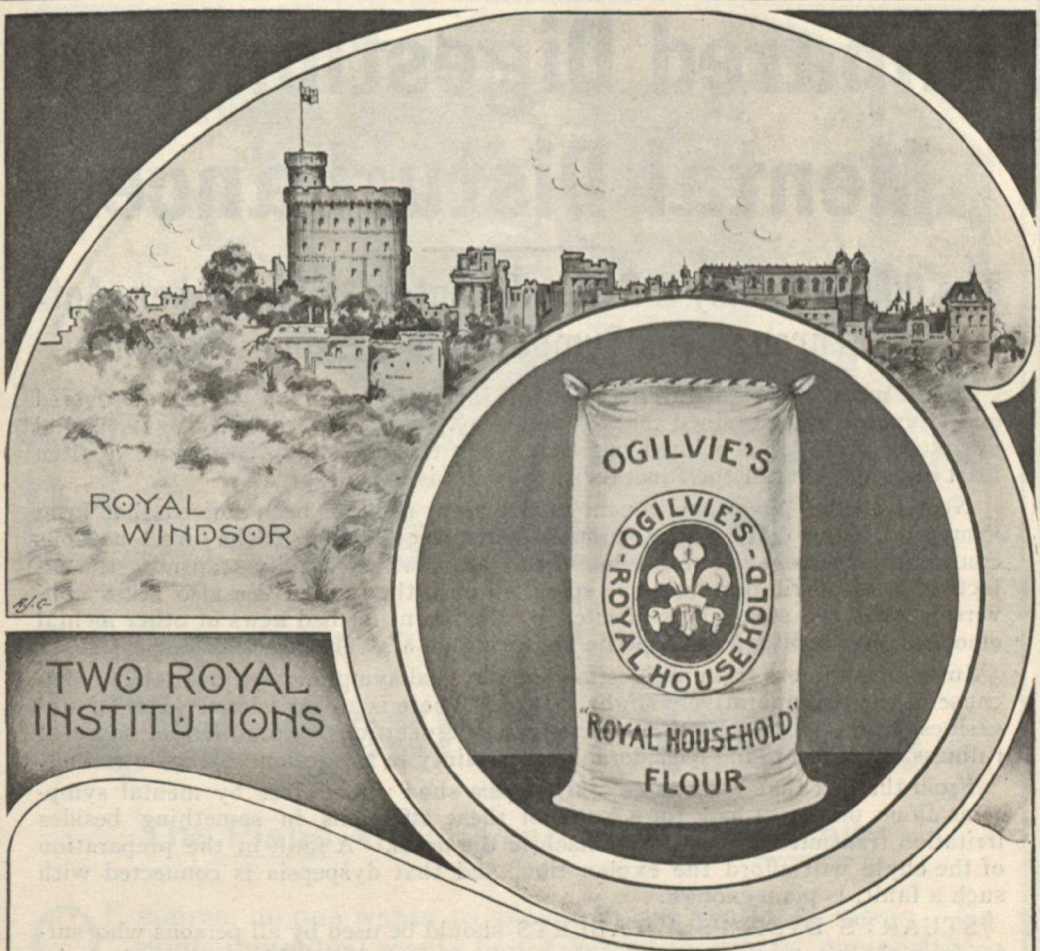
**PRICE  
\$1.50  
AND UP**

# STAR SAFETY RAZOR



The STAR SAFETY RAZOR is the only one that gives entire satisfaction. The fact that it has a FORGED BLADE like the old style razor which can be STROPPED AUTOMATICALLY and will LAST INDEFINITELY, proves that there is no need of continually buying blades and guarantees the Star to be the BEST and most INEXPENSIVE razor on the market that gives universal satisfaction. Five million users in the past thirty years are positive proof of this statement.

No ROUGH EDGES to IRRITATE the FACE; the blade is guaranteed to shave the HEAVIEST BEARD without causing irritation or discomfort. A quick, comfortable and enjoyable shave is assured the user. Catalogue on request. KAMPFE BROTHERS, 25 Reade St., New York City.



ROYAL WINDSOR

TWO ROYAL INSTITUTIONS

# “Royal Household” Flour

is the whitest and finest flour made. It makes fully one-third more bread to the pound than any soft wheat flour and is more dependable in every respect.

“ROYAL HOUSEHOLD” also makes the lightest, tastiest Cake, Pies and Pastry.

Your grocer can supply you.

OGILVIE FLOUR MILLS CO., LIMITED, MONTREAL

# Impaired Digestion And Mental Disturbance

## The One is Usually A Reflex Symptom of the Other, Acting Through the Sympathetic Nervous System

Credit must be assigned to the late Dr. James Johnson for having discovered and strenuously maintained that dyspepsia may often be recognized by its mental symptoms alone. He pointed out that when the digestive disturbance is often least apparent that of the function of the mind is usually greatest.

Nearly all the physicians concur in this view, as it has been noticed that head symptoms follow closely upon stomach disturbance, owing to the direct nervous connections between the stomach and the brain, which readily transmits the effects of gastric irritation from the epigastrium to the head. We also know conversely that the stomach is affected by the brain, for bad news or other mental emotions may spoil a good appetite and bring on a severe attack of dyspepsia.

In many sufferers from indigestion the physical symptoms are overlooked, because of their comparatively slight nature. There is an occasional sense of uneasiness in the stomach with tasteless watery eructations, a pronounced sense of fullness or bloating, and considerable uncertainty in the action of the intestines.

From the fact that some cases of dyspepsia show themselves by mental symptoms alone, one must look for a cause of these affections in something besides irritation transmitted from the stomach to the brain. A fault in the preparation of the chyle will afford the explanation, and that dyspepsia is connected with such a fault, is plain enough.

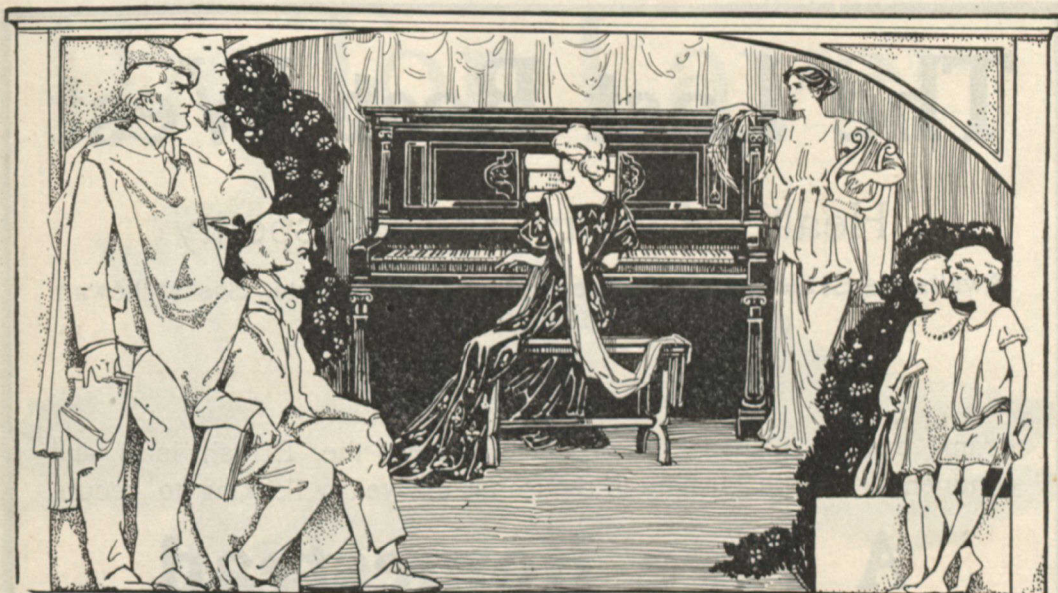
STUART'S DYSPEPSIA TABLETS should be used by all persons who suffer from the mental symptoms resulting from stomach troubles, even when the more direct and pronounced manifestations of dyspepsia are not in evidence.

In most cases, however, there are, besides the mental disturbances, various other indications of stomach trouble, which prove positively the existence of indigestion. Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets digest all the food in the stomach because they supply that overworked and much abused organ with the same digestive juices in ample quantity, which it should and would be secreting and supplying itself if it were in a healthy condition. These powerful little tablets also contain besides these digestive substances, various other ingredients which give tone, strength, increased power and digestive ability to the stomach, so that in a short time it recovers fully its former capacity and capability.

Dont misinterpret the mental disturbance and various head-symptoms resulting from dyspepsia, or imagine you are threatened with insanity, as many dyspeptics think. Correct the stomach trouble at once by using Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, and both the direct symptoms of indigestion, and the nervous and mental phenomena will be removed and cured in a relatively brief period.

Purchase a package of these tablets from your druggist and overcome your stomach diseases ; also send us your name and address for free sample package. Address F. A. Stuart Co., 150 Stuart Bldg., Marshall, Mich.





You are able to do your own playing on

# The Gourlay-Angelus

The Piano Anyone can Play Artistically

**O**F course, no one wants to play *all* the available music. No single individual would be interested in *every* composition. Musical tastes are too varied, even in the different members of the same household. The point is, that with this tremendous repertoire—classic, popular, operatic, dance, sacred—every conceivable taste, every changing mood even, can be amply satisfied through the Gourley-Angelus.

And above all, you will enjoy the intense satisfaction of doing your own playing in your own way.

¶ You can now have this wonderful instrument on very easy terms, or we will make you a liberal allowance on your present piano and take it in exchange. But whether or not you are ready to purchase, you should make it a point to hear this instrument at your first opportunity. Come in to-day and play it yourself. No obligation.

## GOURLAY, WINTER & LEEMING

188 YONGE STREET, TORONTO

# The Last Best West

Health, Liberty and Prosperity

Awaits the Settler in the Prairie Provinces of Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba.

From eastern Canada, the United States, the British Isles and continental Europe farmers in thousands are yearly flocking to secure

## A Free Homestead of 160 Acres

which the Canadian Government offers to every man over 18 years of age able and willing to comply with the homestead regulations.

The Construction of hundreds of miles of new railways has brought millions of acres within easy access of transportation facilities and provided employment at remunerative wages for those desirous of engaging in such labour while waiting for returns from their first crop. Thousands of free homesteads yet available. First comers have first choice.

### INFORMATION AND ADVICE

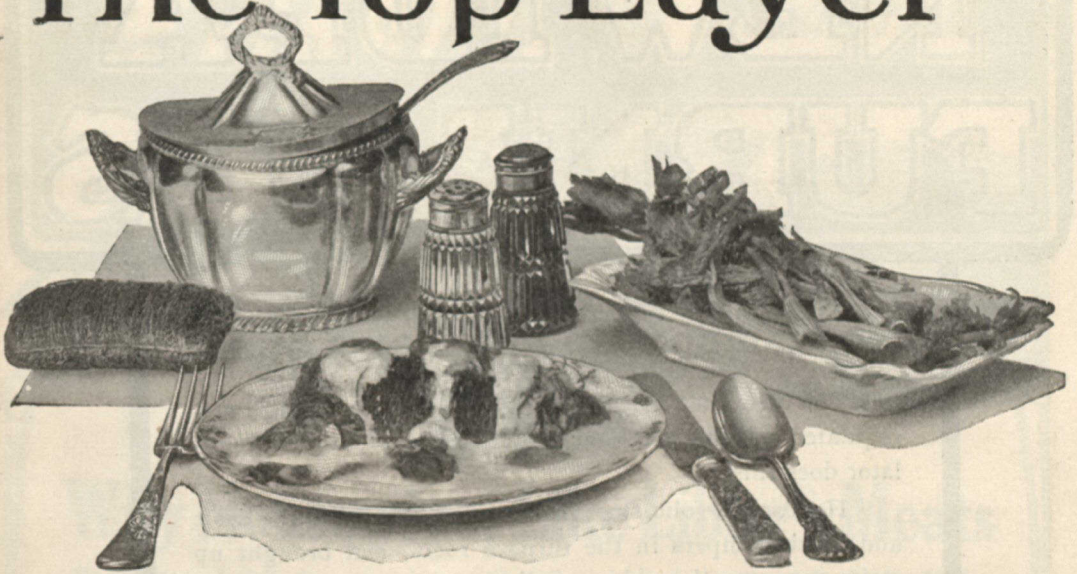
may be freely obtained from

**W. D. SCOTT, SUPERINTENDENT OF IMMIGRATION,**  
OTTAWA, CANADA.

**J. BRUCE WALKER, COMMISSIONER OF IMMIGRATION,**  
WINNIPEG, MANITOBA, or

**J. OBED SMITH, ASSISTANT SUPERINTENDENT OF EMIGRATION**  
11-12, CHARING CROSS, LONDON, S.W., ENGLAND.

# The Top Layer



The top layer in a barrel of apples is generally the best in the barrel. The "top layer" is always the best in everything—except in a

## SHREDDED WHEAT BISCUIT

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