Vol. 29, No. 3 JULY, 1907 25 Cents

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

Fortieth Anniversary of Confederation

The Fathers of Confederation
JOHN LEWIS

Vicereines of Canada
H. V. ROSS

Journalism at Confederation
J. E. B. McCREADY

Canada's Possibilities and Perils
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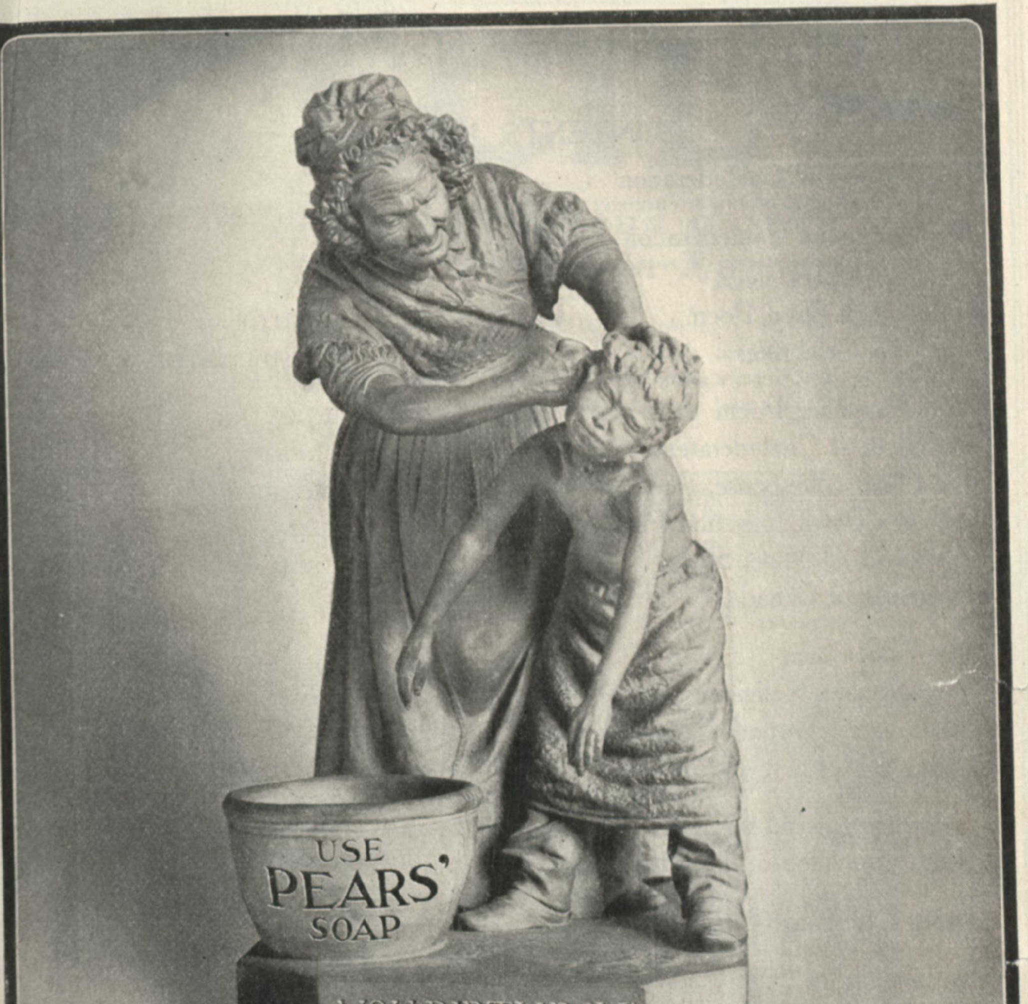

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VOLUME XXIX.
No. 3

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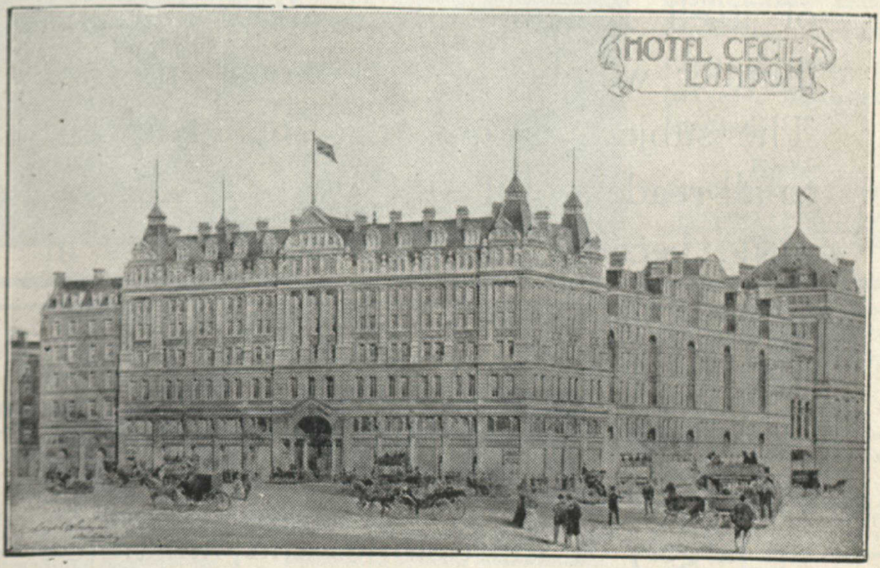

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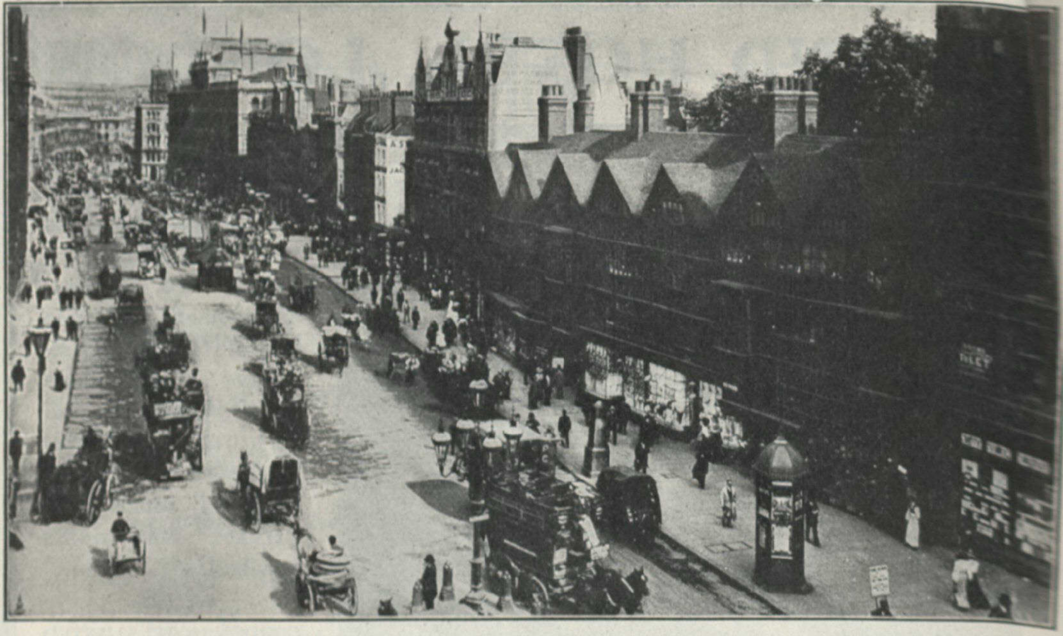

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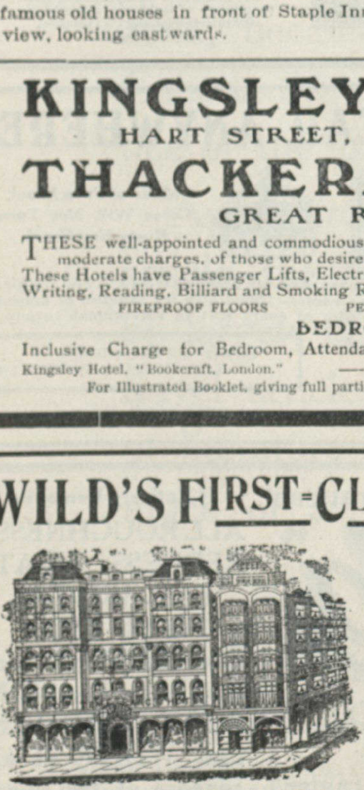

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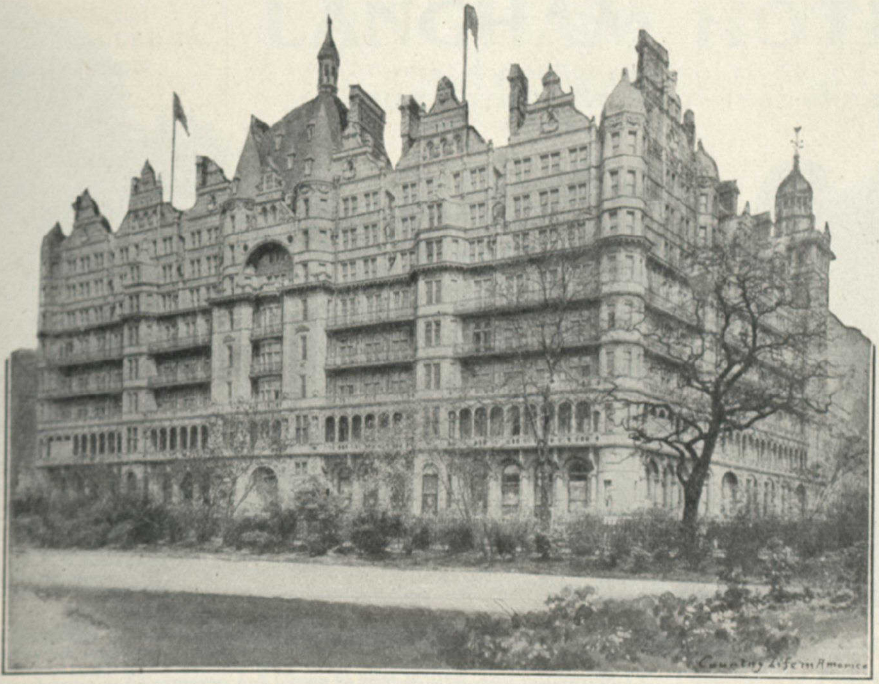

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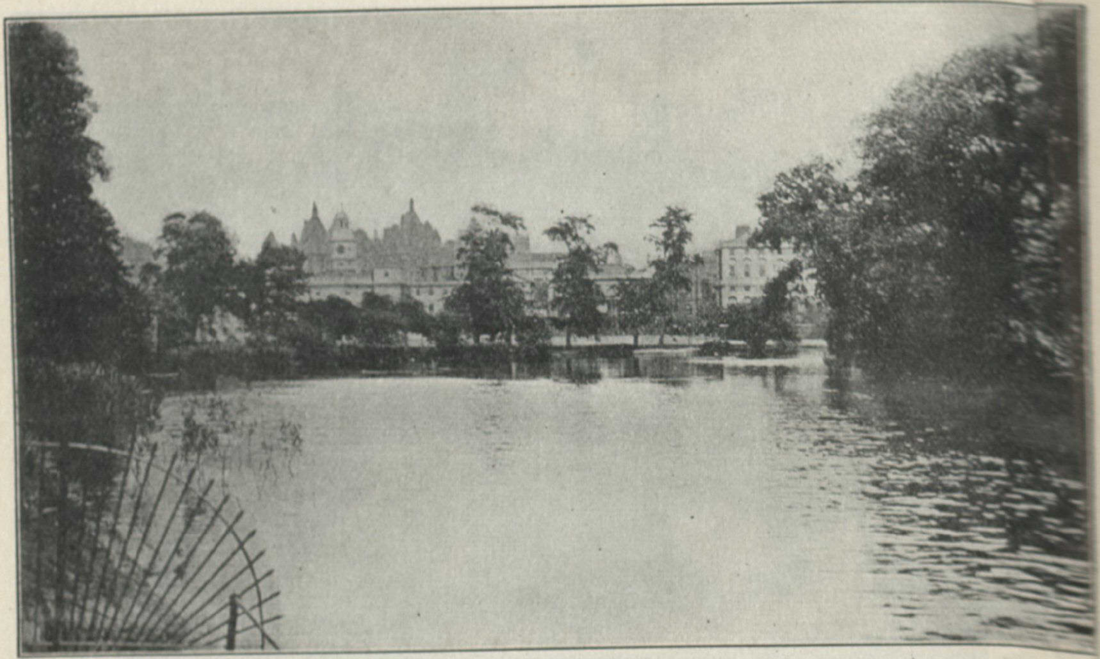

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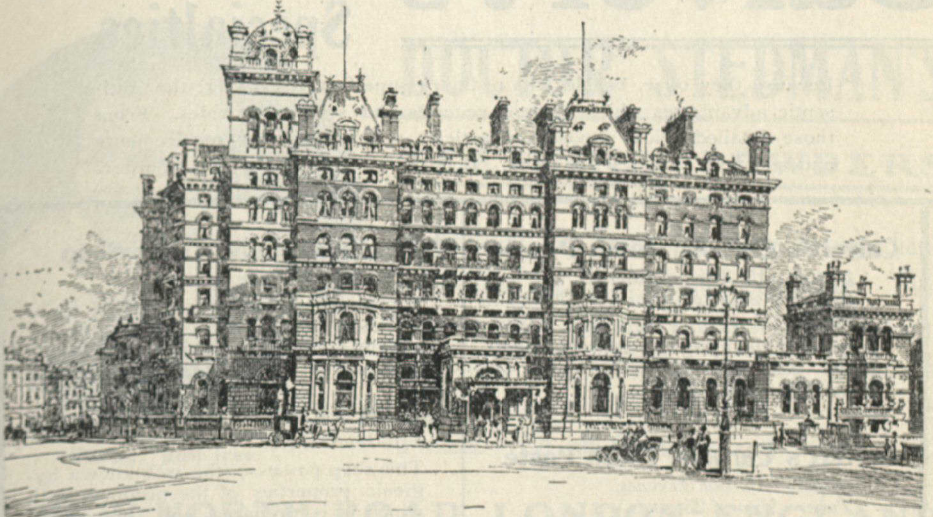

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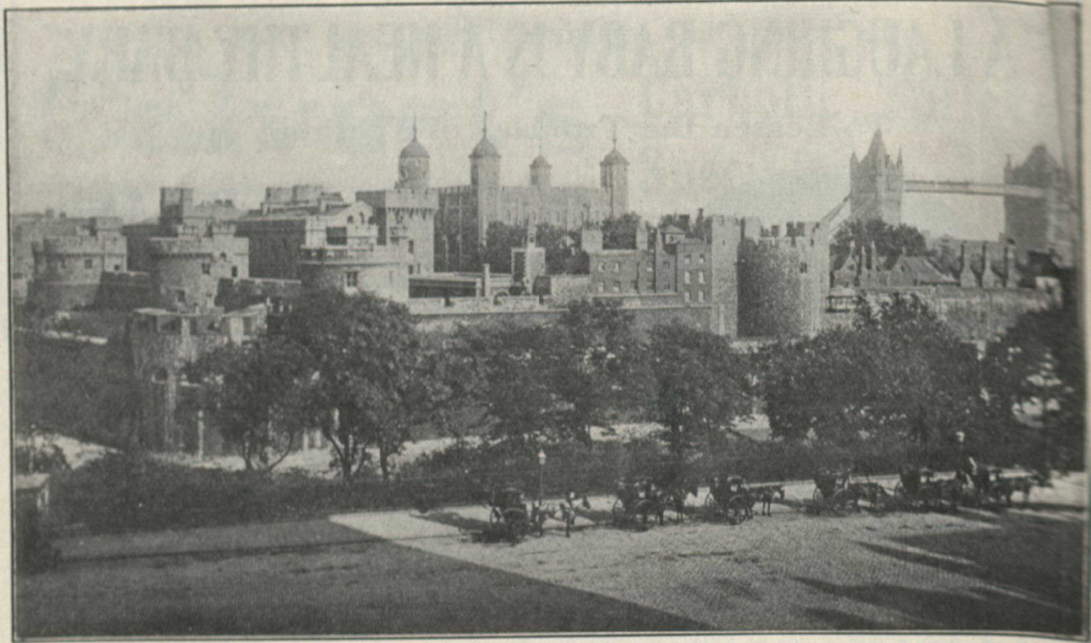

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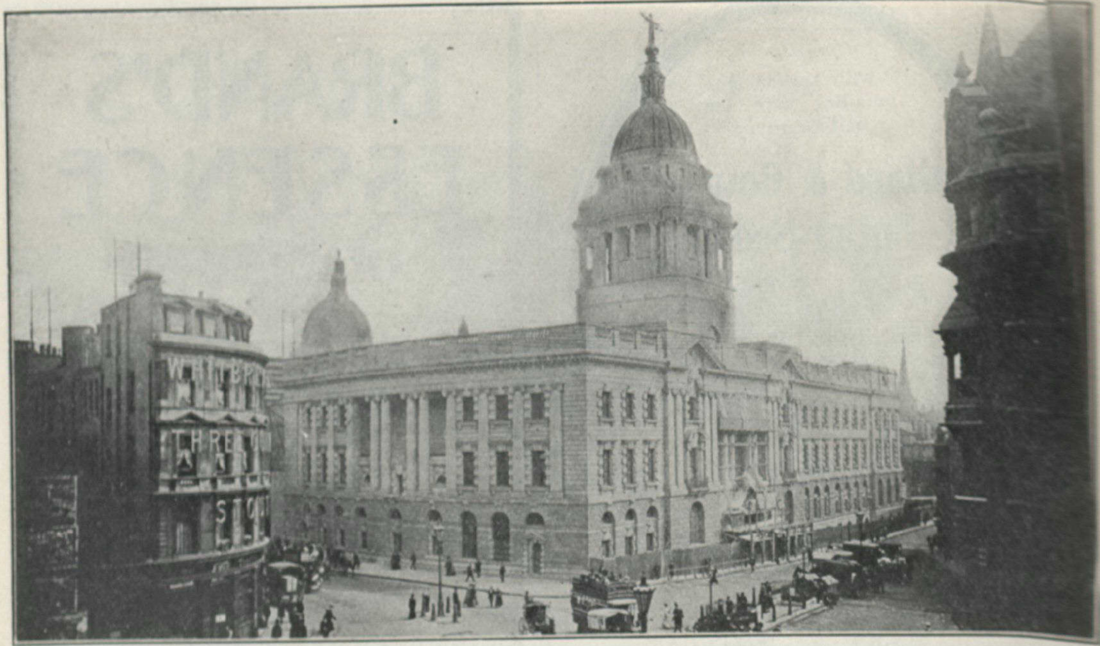

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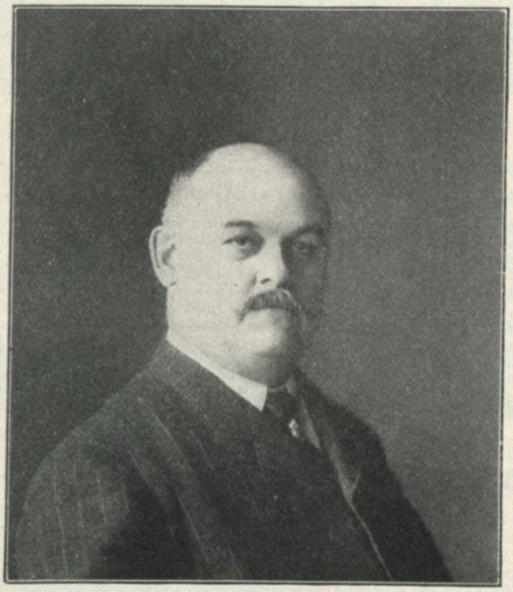

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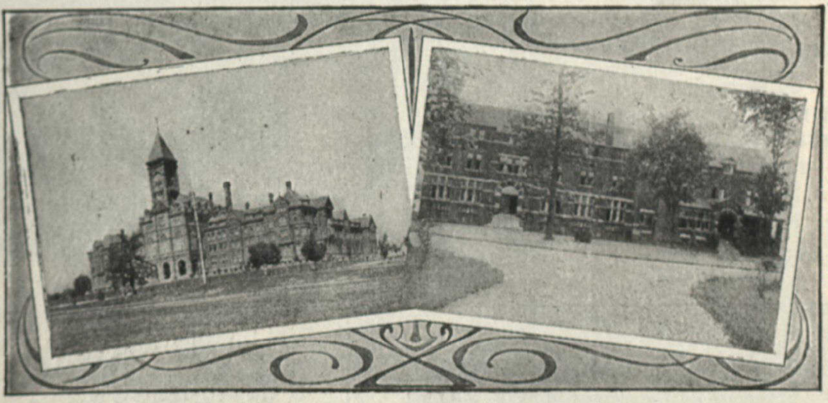

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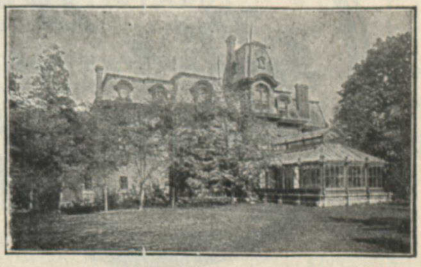

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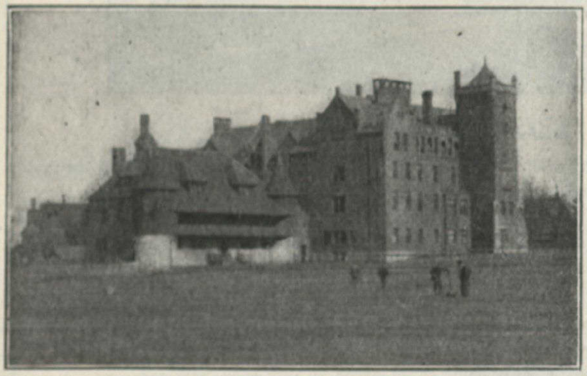

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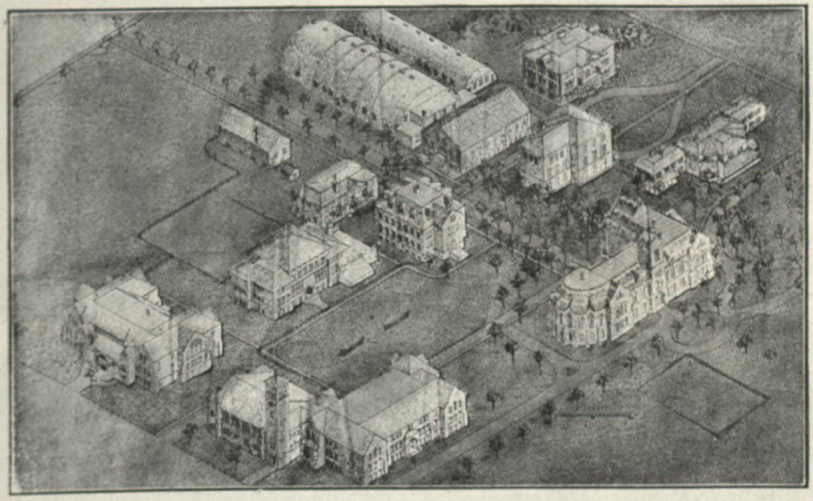

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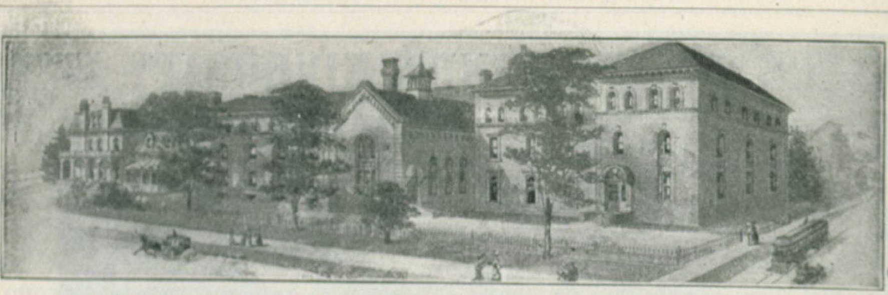

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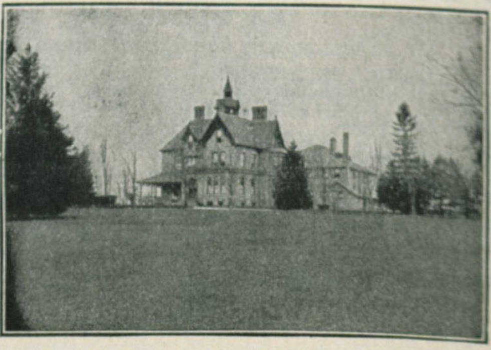

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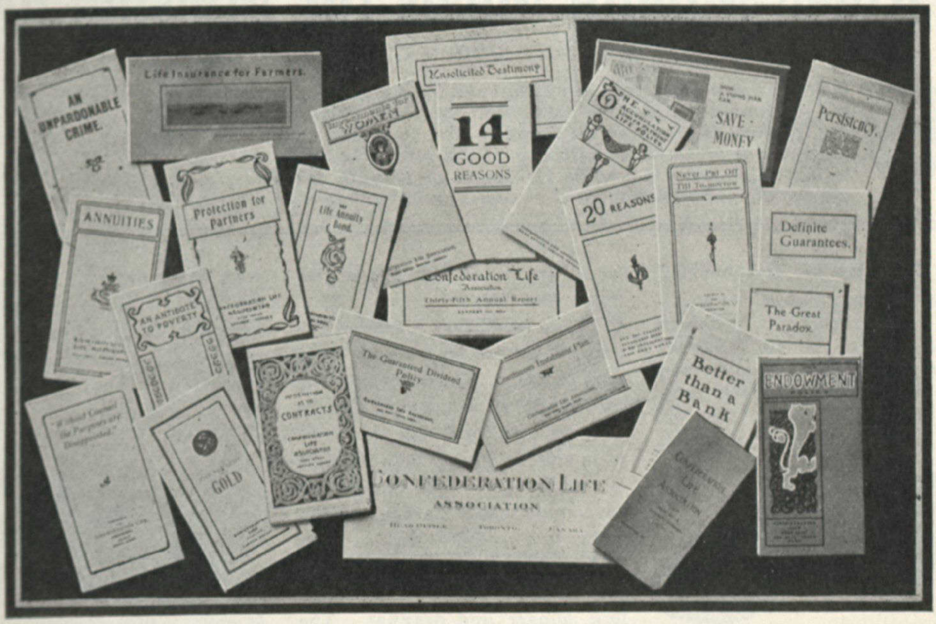
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Fifteen-Minute Meals for Midsummer

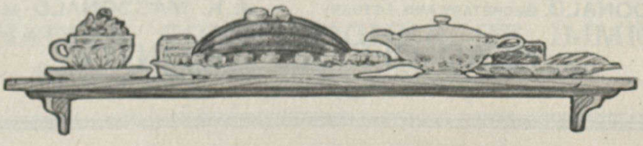
MARY JANE McCLURE

¶ When meal-time comes in midsummer, the housewife is seized with a langorous disinclination to go into the hot kitchen and cook. The mere thought of preparing the meal drives away the appetite. The up-to-date, commencement de siecle housewife is prepared for occasions of this sort. Her larder is stocked with materials which make it possible for her to prepare an appetizing meal on short notice, with never a thought of sweltering and broiling over a hot kitchen stove.

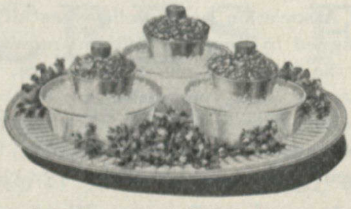
FROZEN BEEF DAINTIES

¶ One of the greatest secrets of quick-meal cookery is hidden in the little jar of Armour's Extract of Beef. It has proved to be one of the most successful beauty remedies on the market, for it smooths away wrinkles of worry and care more effectually than a massage roller, and replaces them with smiles of happiness which transform the woman before the stove into a laughing Hebe.

¶ American women do not place a proper value upon Extract of Beef. They consider it merely a part of invalid diet. They will cook a shin of beef for hours in an effort to secure the essence of it, when they could buy the soul of the shin ready to be transmuted into delicious dainties with the mere addition of hot water. Italian, German and French women give Extract of Beef the place of honor in their kitchen closet. They know that it doubles the resources of the woman who desires to have things taste a little better than "Mother used to make." A jar of Extract of Beef (if it is Armour's) is a necessary concomitant of things culinary—soups, entrees, roasts or vegetables. It is so concentrated from the richest and best of beef that it is spicy with the absolutely pure beef flavor. Just a bit of it on the tip of a spoon transforms an insipid dish into a gastronomical delight.



¶ I have found that Armour's Extract of Beef solves the summer soup problem. On a hot day the stomach rebels at the very thought of steaming dishes. One eats more from a sense of duty than because of real hunger. Iced bouillon or consomme teases the flagging appetite into activity and satisfies that gnawing feeling in the pit of the stomach which is at the same time hunger and disgust. The bouillon may be made in the morning and set away until dinner time is at hand. Make it this way:



ICED BOUILLON

Three teaspoonfuls of Armour's Extract of Beef.

Two quarts of hot water.

One sprig of parsley.

One tablespoonful of salt.

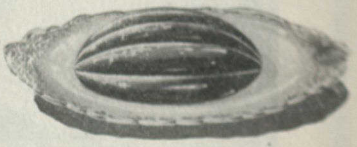
One-half bay leaf.

One-fourth tablespoonful of whole pepper.

One tablespoonful of butter.

One-fourth cup each of carrots, onions and celery cut in dice.

To the boiling water add the Extract, vegetables and seasonings; cook 30 minutes. Strain, and when cool add a small quantity of sherry or Madeira wine. Chill and serve cold. If the wine is not desired it may be omitted without detracting materially from the palatability of the bouillon; but it will be found to give a tantalizing flavor which will add greatly to its merits as a hot weather appetite-tempter.



¶ Frozen Beef Tea is another novel mid-summer tit-bit. Make it in the proportions of one-fourth teaspoon of Armour's Extract of Beef to each cupful of hot water. Season it with salt and pepper to taste. Add to it a small quantity of gelatine previously dissolved in water, and set the mixture on ice until it is jellied. Serve very cold in place of soup.

¶ Aspic Jelly seems peculiarly a part of hot weather cookery. To make it, take:

One teaspoonful of Armour's Extract of Beef.

One-half package of acidulated gelatine.

One pint of hot water.

One cup of cold water.

One-half cup of sherry wine.

Two teaspoonfuls of sugar.

Cover the gelatine with cold water; let it stand for five minutes, then add the hot water, sugar and wine. Strain and put into a mold until cold. Use as a garnish for salads or entrees.

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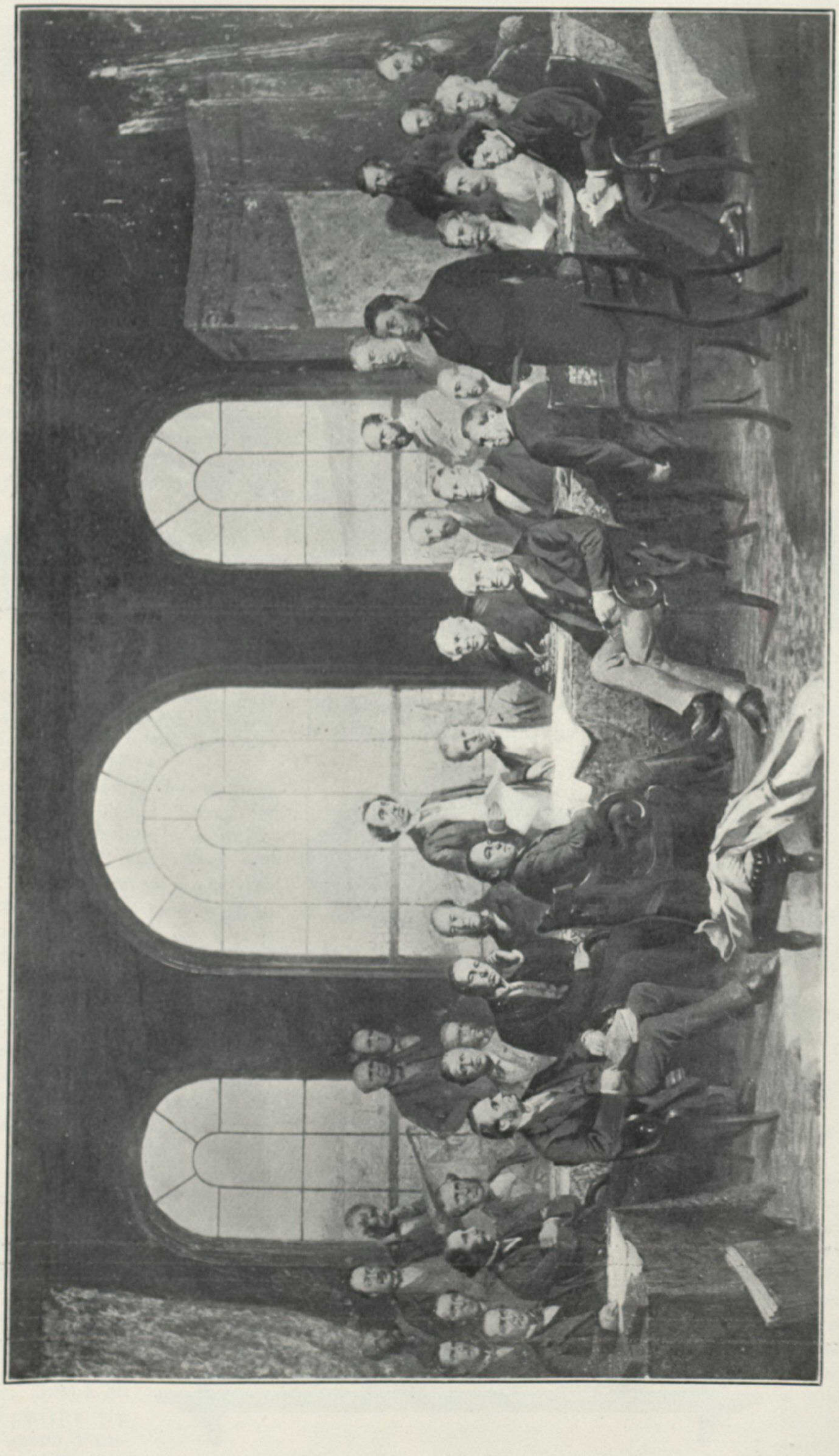


From the Painting by Robert Harris, R.C.A.

THE FATHERS OF CONFEDERATION

THE
CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XXIX TORONTO, JULY, 1907 No. 3

The Fathers of Confederation

By JOHN LEWIS
Editor-in-Chief, The Toronto Star

An interesting appreciation of some of the leading figures of a somewhat remarkable gathering, only two of whom still survive.

THAT Canadians are not a very demonstrative or self-conscious people would appear from their treatment of their national day. They still let off their fireworks on the birthday of Queen Victoria, and march in procession on the day of St. Jean Baptiste or the anniversary of the battle of the Boyne, while the birthday of the Dominion, though set aside for rest and pleasure, passes by as if it were not a landmark in the history of the nation. If we were given to celebration, we might have an excuse for marking in some way this fortieth anniversary of Confederation, when all the Fathers but two have passed away. Let us at least glance at the familiar picture of the conference at Quebec, which is reproduced on the opposite page from this, and try to brush up our memories of the times and the men.

All will recognise at once the faces of Macdonald, Brown, Tilley, Mowat, Tupper and Langevin, who took active parts in politics after Confederation. The chairman, Sir Etienne P. Taché, belongs to an earlier day. He was born five years before the close of the eighteenth century; he was a lieutenant in the Canadian *Chasseurs* in the War of 1812; he was a middle-aged man when he entered the first Parliament of the United Canadas, as member for L'Islet. From this time forth we find him holding office in ministries of all stripes of politics, yet without the least suspicion of mercenary motive or betrayal of friends. From 1846 to 1848 he was deputy adjutant-general under the Tories. When the Reformers won their great triumph at the elections of 1847-8, Taché entered the famous ministry headed by Lafontaine and Baldwin. Baldwin and Lafontaine retired. Hincks came in and was defeated; the Tory party was reconstructed as the Liberal-Conservative party; still Taché remained placidly at the helm, the leaders of both parties being glad to have his assistance. When he retired in 1857, Imperial honours fell on his shoulders; he was knighted; he was made honorary colonel in the British army, and *aide-de-camp* to the Queen, and he was one of the *suite* of the Prince of Wales in his tour through Canada.

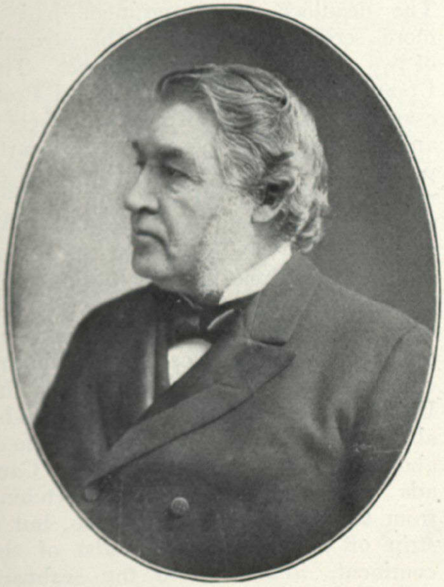
To say how he was recalled to political life is to tell a large part of the story of Confederation. In 1864, neither political party being able to command a majority in the House, the Governor-General, who was sorely troubled by the chaotic state of affairs, induced Sir E. P. Taché to lend his name and influence to a ministry. But the task was too great even for him; in three months the ministry fell, and chaos was imminent again, when George Brown made his famous proposal that the parties should sink their differences and endeavour to frame a new constitution, under which the quarrels of Upper and Lower Canada would be laid at rest. The joy and relief were as great as had been the tension occasioned by the difficulties and dangers of the time. Sir Richard Cartwright says: "On that memorable afternoon when Mr. Brown, not without emotion, made his statement to a hushed and expectant House, and declared that he was about to ally himself with Sir George Cartier and his friends for the purpose of carrying out Confederation, I saw an excitable, elderly little French member rush across the floor, climb up on Mr. Brown, who, as you remember, was of a stature approaching the gigantic, fling his arms around his neck and hang several seconds there suspended, to the visible consternation of Mr. Brown and to the infinite joy of all beholders, pit, box and gallery included."

But where was the man under whom Brown and Macdonald, personal as well as political foes, would consent to serve even for a great patriotic end? Sir Etienne P. Taché was the only man. He had, in the language used by one of the leaders, "ceased to be actuated by strong party feelings or personal ambitions," and he enjoyed the confidence and good-will of all. When he died, on 30th July, 1865, the war broke out again, and before the end of the year George Brown was out of the Government.

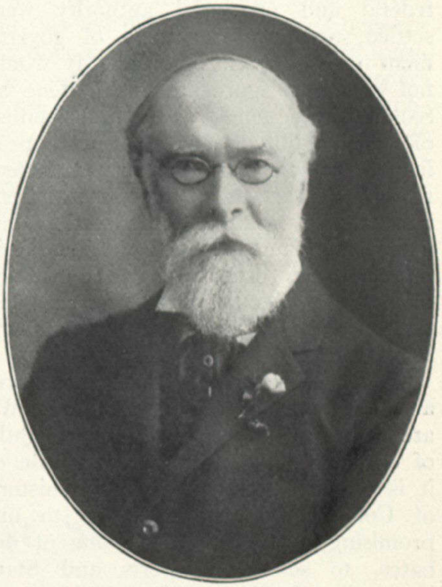
The face in the picture between George Brown and Sir Oliver Mowat is that of Sir A. T. Galt, to whom Sir Richard Cartwright assigns a large share of the credit of Confederation. As early as 1858 he moved in the Legislature a series of resolutions advocating the federal union of all the British North American provinces and territories, virtually on the basis that exists to-day. It is worthy of note that he then declared that questions relating to education and likely to arouse religious dissension, ought to be left to the provinces. He entered the Cartier-Macdonald Government after Confederation, and soon achieved a high reputation as a public financier. Through the negotiations that led to the formation of the coalition, his name appears as an intermediary below Brown and Macdonald. He was a member of the coalition until 1866, when he withdrew because he did not consider that sufficient safeguards were provided for the Protestant minority of Quebec. Later, on receiving assurance upon this point, he consented to be one of the delegates to Great Britain to complete the scheme of Confederation.

The figure to the left of Sir Charles Tupper is that of D'Arcy McGee, a brilliant Irishman, who in his youth was attached to the Young Ireland party, and took part in Smith-O'Brien's rebellion, fled to the United States, and afterwards came to Canada, where he became a thoroughly good and somewhat conservative citizen. His speech is perhaps the most literary in form of any of those printed in the debate on Confederation, and is a clear and compact account of the circumstances which made the change necessary. In 1865 he visited Ireland and denounced Fenianism, drawing upon himself the enmity of the organisation. In April, 1868, he was shot dead by an assassin while entering his house in Ottawa after the adjournment of the House. There had been a debate on the disaffection in Nova Scotia over Confederation, and McGee had made a conciliatory speech. "We will compel them," he said, "to come into this union. We will compel them by our fairness, our kindness, our love, to be one with us in this common and this great national work." The assassination of McGee was no doubt political, and due to his changed attitude on Irish affairs. Another of the Fathers, George Brown, was marked for the bullet of the assassin, but the act had no political significance, nor was it inspired by enmity for the victim. Bennett was undoubtedly insane.

One of the results of the movement for Confederation was to give Sir John Macdonald a powerful ally from Nova Scotia. In the *Nineteenth Century* for May there is an article on "The Problem of Empire," by one of the two survivors of Confederation, now eighty-five years of age. At Confederation Dr. Tupper was a man in early middle age, stalwart in person, having a voice like



SIR CHARLES TUPPER



SENATOR A. A. MACDONALD

The only Fathers of Confederation who are still living.

thunder, and all the equipment of "a first-class fighting man." He did notable work at this time, afterwards in Opposition, and again when the Canadian Pacific legislation was carried. I heard him some years later; though his language was sometimes violent and his denunciations terrific, one always got the impression that he was not really very angry, but was merely hurling these rhetorical rocks across the House as a matter of policy, by way of discouraging the enemy and comforting his friends. He made a good though a losing fight in 1896. It was characteristic of him to deliver the opening speech of the campaign in Winnipeg, defying the lightning of Manitoba's opposition to the remedial legislation restoring separate schools in that province.

The other survivor is Senator A. A. Macdonald, who was seventy-eight years of age last February. He represented Prince Edward Island at the Charlottetown conference on the union of the Lower Provinces, and afterwards at the Quebec conference. He has served his native Province in several capacities, as a member of its Legislature, as a member of the Charlottetown School Board and the Board of Education, as Postmaster-General, and, from 1884 to 1889, as Lieutenant-Governor. Since 1891 he has been a member of the Senate of Canada. He is attentive to his duties, but not given to speaking; is courteous, dignified and somewhat reserved in manner, and generally answers to the description of "a gentleman of the old school." His health has not been good for the last two years, but is improving. Let us hope that he and his colleague will live to see a good many more anniversaries of the Dominion whose constitution they helped to frame.

To whomsoever we may assign the chief credit for bringing about Confederation, two faces in the picture stand out as those of the men who had most to do with working out the system. They are Sir John Macdonald on the Federal side, and Sir Oliver Mowat on the Provincial side. Macdonald was at the head of affairs from 1867 to 1873, and again from 1878 to his death in 1891. Mowat was Premier of Ontario from 1872 to 1896. Those were formative years, years in which the bounds of federal and provincial authority were settled, and the machinery of government put in working order. It would not be fair to ignore the work done by Sandfield Macdonald as the first Premier of Ontario, but his face does not appear in the picture for the very sufficient reason that he was an opponent of Confederation. Before Confederation his name appears at the head of Liberal administrations. But it was at the instance of Sir John Macdonald that he accepted the task of setting the Ontario machinery in motion.

What difficulties did these men face, and what did they do for Canada? We are in some danger of thinking lightly of our own history, because so little of it is written in blood. For the history of Confederation we must go to unpromising sources; to a volume of debates, to sessional reports and State papers, to the musty files of old newspapers. At about this time, the neighbouring Republic was passing through the closing scenes of the agony of four years, a titanic struggle for existence. The roar of the guns sounded in the ears of our own public men, as they discussed the terms of Confederation in a calm and almost academic way. "We are striving," said one of them, "to settle forever issues hardly less momentous than those that have rent the neighbouring Republic, and are now exposing it to all the horrors of civil war." By Confederation and the acts which flowed from it, the feeble and isolated and distracted British colonies in North America were converted into the Canada that we know to-day. That this was done peacefully detracts from the picturesqueness of our history, for it would tax the powers of a Macaulay to make the report of a debate in Parliament as thrilling as the tale of Gettysburg. Yet there is something worthy of thought and study in the very fact that Confederation won for us in a peaceful way what other countries have won by civil war and wars of conquest—freedom, union and great expansion of territory.

In 1864 the failure of the old Legislative Union had been demonstrated. The deadlock in Government had a more serious aspect than the struggle of two sets of politicians for power. The Upper Province was English and Protestant, the Lower Province was French and Catholic, and the cleavage of party politics was too near to the cleavage of race and religion. There had been a narrow escape from war with the United States, and it was feared that the Union armies, when released by the close of the civil war, would be used for the conquest of Canada. During many years the trade of Canada had been built up on the basis of reciprocity with the United States; the treaty was about to be abrogated, and Canada had to look about for new channels of trade. Canada was not then a country stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific, but a strip of territory in the midst of the continent, isolated from the seaboard on both sides, and depending largely upon the United States for access to the Atlantic. Canada had been repeatedly warned that she must undertake a larger share of the burden of her own defence, and depend less upon Great Britain. These were the problems that pressed upon the minds of the statesmen of forty years ago. They were problems of real difficulty and magnitude; they have found, we may reasonably hope, a satisfactory solution. The country no longer feels the loss of the trade that grew up under the reciprocity treaty; its trade last year was $612,000,000, as compared with $131,000,000 in 1868. Immigration is coming in at the rate of 150,000 a year; business prospers, the railways have more business than they can handle, and it is apparent that there will be enough and to spare for three trans-continental railways. Of quarrels arising out of racial and religious differences less is heard every year.

That our new constitution, after forty years' trial, is working fairly well, is evident from the fact that so little is said about it. The constitution of old Canada lasted about a quarter of a century, and it was nearly always under discussion. At the outset, it had to be determined whether it was to give us responsible government; this was not decided until 1848, when Lafontaine and Baldwin took office under Elgin. At first Lower Canada was dissatisfied; then Upper Canada, stirred by George Brown, began to complain that it was dominated by Lower Canada. Some public men wanted to break the union; some wanted the basis of representation adjusted. It is no wonder that great constitutional lawyers were bred in this period, because the constitution was forever being pulled up by the roots and examined. After Confederation it was necessary to adjust the boundary between the federal and provincial powers, and this led to the famous duel between Macdonald and Mowat. But the questions were settled within the four corners of the constitution, and so it will probably be with similar questions that are before us to-day. It is difficult to interest people in constitutional questions such as occupied the stage fifty years ago. All this would indicate that we have at last got hold of a good working instrument of government, and if so, we are right in looking at the old picture of the Fathers of Confederation as one of real historic interest.

Baby's First Shoe

BY IVAN L. WRIGHT

OH, Little Shoe, with bow of blue,
And frail brown leather sole,
I wonder whither, whence you'll roam
Ere you have reached your goal?

Perhaps you'll tread the road that leads
To Babies' Land o' Dream,
Wherein all folk are fashioned fair,
And things are what they seem.

And may be, too, you'll toddle on
To where Life's portal opes
Upon a world in which is born
The first of childish hopes.

And then again (who knows?) you may,
With slow, unsteady gait,
Unknowingly approach the place
Where goblins always wait.

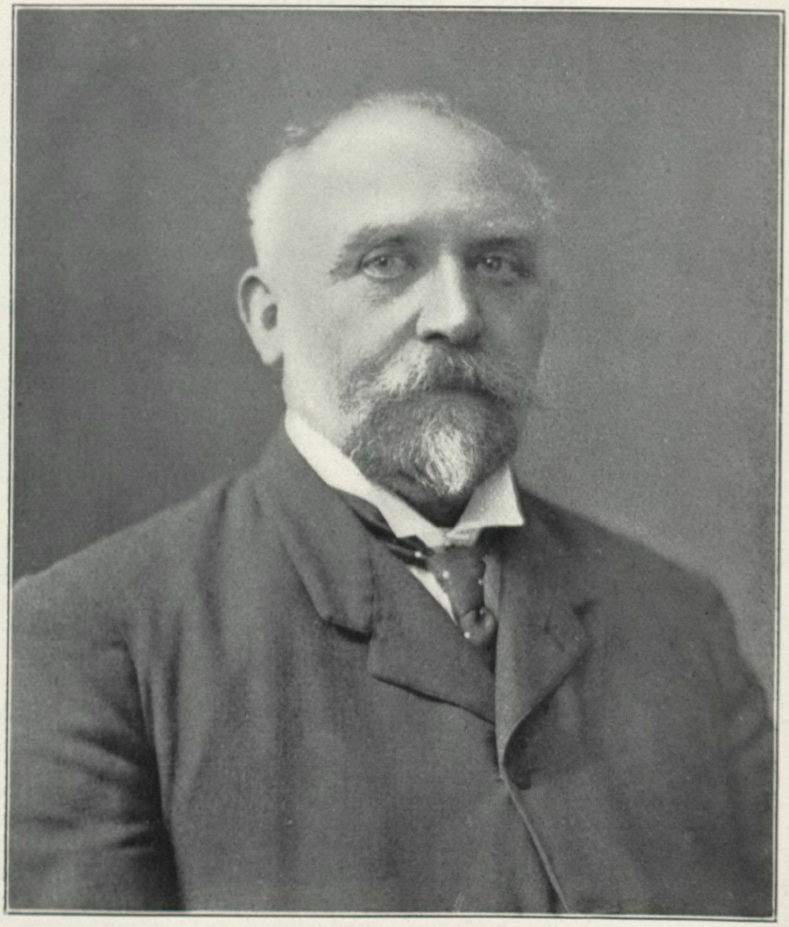
Of course you then will have to flee
To Mother's loving arms,
In which there'll be no need for fear
From spooks and fancied harms.

And without doubt, you'll learn to know
The path to Father's heart—
A land of love and tender care,
In which a King thou art.

Oh, Little Shoe of spotless white,
Roam on from clime to clime,
For soon you'll show, as all things must,
The wear and tear of time.

Search out the Isle of Restful Sleep,
The land of Heart's Delight;
Go forth unto the Gates of Joy,
And knock with all your might.

Where'er you go, you dainty bit
Of creamy white and blue,
Remember, please, that you are known
As baby's first *real* shoe!



Canadian Celebrities

No. 77.—DR. OTTO KLOTZ

FORTY years ago on August 16th, 1906, Otto Klotz, a lad attending Dr. Tassie's famous Grammar School at Galt, began to keep a diary. He has kept it ever since, and has not missed a single day. Stay—he did drop one date; it was the day he lost when crossing the Pacific in 1903. None of your little pocket diaries with a scant couple of inches for a day. This was, and is, a generous foolscap-page diary, in which you can content yourself with a line on a vacant day and write a ream on a full one. At a moment's notice he can turn up the twenty-odd volumes, and tell you where he was—what he was doing—as likely as not what he was thinking—on

A DIARY OF FORTY YEARS

any given day. There's a methodical man for you!

When Otto Klotz was married he began to keep account of his household expenses. Year by year, without a break, he kept this up, and now he possesses a record of prices, the economic history of a Canadian household, which the statistical people at the Department of Labour, when they cast eyes on this, will straightway covet. For a while, indeed, at the end of every year, he analysed the domestic expenditure and classified it under all sorts of heads. There were thirty-six such divisions, ranging from groceries and insurance to pocket money, charity, amusements and livery.

As a youngster Otto Klotz lived in Preston, and the grammar school at Galt was three miles away. He divided the road into four parts and kept account day by day of how much he walked, and of what portions he escaped walking by means of lifts. At the end of the term he could tell how many miles he had walked on his way to and from school.

This methodical personage has been methodically working along ever since those days, and at present is Astronomer in the service of the Dominion Government, and his address is the Observatory at Ottawa. He has an LL.D. to put at the end of his name; Toronto University gave it to him in 1904 to celebrate the completion of his *magnum opus*, the spanning of the Pacific Ocean, and the completion of the first astronomic girdle of the world. Also, it was a recognition of his services to the university in connection with the founding of the Alumni Association.

He has been nearly thirty years in the service of the Government. After he had finished with Dr. Tassie's school the young German-Canadian—have any of the particulars mentioned caused you to suspect that he is of German parentage?—entered Toronto University. Uncertainty as to his vocation, and the fact that he had taken a medical scholarship of $120, led to his taking the prudent step of tackling two courses simultaneously, the medical and the mathematical; after a while he fixed his affections on mathematics and science, and, as he found Toronto poorly equipped in regard to the latter, he migrated to Ann Arbor. There he stayed three years, there he graduated in 1872, as civil engineer, and thence he returned to Canada, a growing country which he was convinced would provide a place for him. For a while the place was private practice at Preston, the town where he had been born, and at Guelph.

Then in 1875 he went to the Northwest for the Dominion Government in a matter of surveys connected with the Mennonite settlement. That employment led to more, and since 1878 he has been continuously in the Government service.

For a long time it was surveys and exploration. In 1884, for example, he led a party overland to Hudson's Bay; on reaching that sea, he met Gordon's over-sea expedition in the *Neptune*. He travelled some 2,000 miles in a canoe; he was the first person to descend the Nelson in the nineteenth century, the Hudson's Bay Company having long given up that route for the less dangerous Hay River. During this expedition he reset two sun-dials, at Cumberland House and York Factory, which had been set up by Sir John Franklin. During all these years that diary was steadily being entered up, and it contains a vast amount about the Northwest Territories of those early days—historical, ethnological, climatological and what not.

Then in 1885 came the task which first set him on the lines of definite astronomical work. This was the inauguration of governmental transcontinental longitude work. British Columbia had granted to the Dominion the "Railway Belt," of twenty miles on each side of the Canadian Pacific; to determine it, a series of astronomical observations was necessary, and with its completion astronomical work was on a permanent footing. In 1898 he visited Russia on a special mission for the Canadian Government.

The spanning of the Pacific came with the British Pacific Cable. The Ocean of the Future is 8,000 miles wide; working east and west from Greenwich, positions had been accurately determined to Vancouver one way, to the eastern verge of Australia the other way; but the great 8,000-

mile gap intervened. For longitude work telegraphic communication is necessary; as soon as the cable was finished, Dr. Klotz, accomplishing an old desire, was at work. When his series of observations was completed, the results of the observations west from Greenwich over the ocean coincided with those already ascertained by working east to Australia to the fifteenth part of a second of time, or eighty-four feet. Toronto University was not the only institution to recognise this South Sea work; preceding its degree came an honorary membership in the New Zealand Institute—the said honorary members being limited to thirty, who must be outside of New Zealand. He is fellow and member of many scientific societies on both sides of the Atlantic.

Then there has been the Alaska boundary; Dr. Klotz had charge of the Canadian side of the astronomic work by which the initial point of the 141st meridian was determined. Beside that, he looks after the earthquake investigations, magnetics, and the pendulum or gravity work. So, if you wonder whether that shock you felt the other day really was an earthquake, you may write to him to ask what his seismograph records say; only, if you do so, he may enter the fact in that diary of his.

Two Thoughts

BY S. J. DUNCAN-CLARK

THERE came a thought—a little spark of Truth;
  Into an open mind by chance it fell;
It bore no label, nor, by any sooth,
  From whence it came could he who held it tell.

Like waiting tinder, the receptive mind
  First smouldered, then grew luminous with fire
That snapped the cords which, once, the soul did bind,
  And, in its furnace, purified desire.

Wrapt in its lambent heat, the man became
  No longer, in the march, one who kept time,
But, for all other men, a torch of flame
  That lit the way to summits more sublime.

There came a thought—a little drop of sin;
  Into a ready mind by chance it fell;
Disguised it was when first it entered in,
  Whence it came then, who knows, if not from hell?

Like some absorbent, the unhealthful mind
  Received its virus and the poison spread:
The vision of the soul was rendered blind,
  And hideous lusts within its chambers bred.

Beneath its loathsome spell the man became
  No longer one who dared to face the light;
His life, a ruin, and his future, shame.
  He plunged, despairing, in abysmal night.

Journalism at Confederation

By J. E. B. McCREADY

Dealing with the time when telegraph despatches were dear and scarce, but when big men in journalism were plentiful.

IT would be, perhaps, within the mark to say that when the Dominion was formed, no daily newspaper within its borders had a circulation of 15,000 copies. When Thomas D'Arcy McGee prepared his lecture on *The Mental Outfit of the New Dominion*, recalling the number of colleges, institutions of learning and newspapers with which the country was equipped, there were but few more than a score of daily newspapers in British America. Of these Ontario possessed twelve and Quebec eight. Daily newspapers in the Maritime Provinces, excepting a few spasmodic and temporary ventures, may be said to date from Confederation, or to owe their existence to the Confederation movement. But in the first seven years after the union, the number of dailies in Canada had doubled, the Maritime Provinces being supplied with eight in 1874. To-day the daily newspapers of Canada number over one hundred, while their aggregate circulation has doubtless increased fifteen-fold since 1867.

But Canadian journalism at the date of the union, despite the limited number and circulation of newspapers as compared with the present time, was a great power in the land. At no period since have there been more forceful writers or men of wider influence at the editorial desks of the leading journals than during the Confederation era. In Ontario, George Brown, William McDougall, John Cameron, James Beatty and Thomas White (Mr. White was first of the Hamilton *Spectator* and afterwards of the Montreal *Gazette*) have since had no successors of greater ability, and few equals as editorial writers. In Quebec, Edward Goff Penny, D'Arcy McGee and John Dougall wielded trenchant pens in English journalism, to say nothing of many vigorous writers in the French language. Nova Scotia had her William Annand, E. M. McDonald, and a galaxy of younger journalists in William S. Fielding (now Minister of Finance), John G. (afterwards Sir John) Bourinot, George Johnson, Martin J. Griffin and others. New Brunswick, with John Livingston, William Elder and Timothy Warren Anglin, as editors of her leading papers, and a number of younger men since of some note, under their tutelage, was enjoying the golden age of newspaper activity in that Province; while in Prince Edward Island, Edward Whelan, David Laird and Henry Lawson wielded the editorial pen with skill and ability. A number of those I have named figured at one time or another in the Federal or Provincial Parliaments, or Legislatures or Cabinets, of the sixties and seventies of last century. The list is far from complete, but it may be doubted whether the larger number of editorial writers in Canada to-day embraces so many names of eminence and distinction in the profession. Newspapers have been greatly enlarged and improved in many ways, while relatively the status of the leader-writer has declined. There is much less of the one-man power in journalism throughout America to-day than in the active days of Horace Greeley, Joseph Howe and George Brown.

At Confederation the leading journals of Canada were all strongly partisan; the independent newspaper had hardly yet come into being. The leading journals of Ontario and Quebec confined their parliamentary reports mainly to the sayings and doings of their party leaders and favourites. Political opponents were reported, if at all, with marked brevity.

There was no *Hansard* in those days and the scrap-book reports in the Parliament Library which afford the best record of the speeches, were each clipped from a journal favourable to the public man whose speech was recorded. The telegraph service was limited and costly, and very much less of the parliamentary reports was sent to the press over the wires then than now. Press messages from Ottawa to St. John and Halifax cost one cent a word for transmission, and the newspapers were less able to pay for extended reports than they are to-day, especially at such rates.

I remember well trying to condense into one or two hundred words an outline of some field night in the Commons in which Canada's greatest men discussed the weighty questions of the time. These telegrams were of necessity condensed to the last limit, and when they appeared in print, after being somewhat amplified by the night editor, the result was sometimes amusing, and at other times almost tragic. The names would often go wrong, for the rank and file of the Ontario and Quebec members were almost as unknown in the Maritime newspaper offices as are the names of the members of the Parliament of the Australian Commonwealth to-day. In the eastern newspapers, especially, letters supplemented or took the place of the present full telegraphic reports, while pen portraits of the leading Canadian statesmen anticipated the life-like plate pictures which have since made their faces familiar in every household. There were many letter writers in the press gallery. To those from Ontario and Quebec, the newly arrived Maritime Province statesmen sat unconsciously for their pen portraits. The Maritime men in the gallery in their turn sketched the Ontario and Quebec notables. It was a sort of general introduction all around.

And when the four new men from the breezy prairies came in 1871, and the six members from beyond the *Great Divide*, the letter-writers had also to introduce them to newspaper readers. They were indeed objects of no small degree of curiosity. Donald A. Smith and John C. Schultz, destined later for titular distinction; Amor De Cosmos, "lover of the universe"; big, burly Bunster, and long-haired, picturesque Thomson, of Cariboo, served as subjects of much more or less lurid description. They had come so far, by the circuitous routes of those days, that to some of their number the mileage exceeded the indemnity. Even one of the Ontario members, Simpson, of Algoma, was forced to travel hundreds of miles on snowshoes to reach a point where he could find the means of conveyance by team. These far-westerners came not only from a far country, but from a thinly settled one. There were few voters, indeed, beyond the Great Lakes in 1871. Manitoba's first four members, at their election, polled an aggregate of only 1,008 votes. Of the first six members from British Columbia two were returned by acclamation, and the four who went to the polls received altogether but 497 votes, not one of them getting 200. Contrast this with the last election to the Commons in Winnipeg, when Mr. Bole was returned with the support of 4,308 votes, while his unsuccessful opponent had more than 4,000. To read again one of those forty-year-old letters from Ottawa is to see portrayed many stately and commanding figures and some that had challenged attention from their oddity and grotesque appearance or manner—among them all Sir John looming large as a king, while great men supported him on the right and the left, and stalwart and conspicuous men of note filled the front benches opposite.

Is it true that in both journalism and politics the bigger Canada produces smaller men? We would all be reluctant to confess it were it true, and it is not true; but there was undoubtedly a larger share of Canada's really great men in the first Federal Parliament than are in that body to-day. We have multiplied our great railway men, our mine owners, our cotton kings, our coal barons, our steel magnates, our captains of industry and merchant princes, our patent medicine nabobs, our bankers, financiers, insurance managers, land speculators, our charter-mongers and contractors, and these callings have absorbed a host of our shrewdest and ablest men. At Confederation, statecraft was viewed as our greatest calling, and though Ministers served annually for

$5,000 and Members and Senators for $600, a seat in the Commons or Senate counted for more, relatively, than they do to-day, and attracted men of foremost ability, as they do not always now. Business is at present bigger than politics and millionaires are multiplying in the land. Who was there in all Canada whose private fortune was expressed in seven figures in 1867?

So there were great men and new men, and great and new questions as well, to furnish subjects for the pens of the gallery scribes and the editors at home in those days. There were three general elections in the first seven-year period, secession rampant in Nova Scotia and rebellion in the Northwest, occasional Fenian raids, the purchase of the vast Hudson's Bay Territory, the carving out of the first new Province therein, the bringing in of British Columbia and Prince Edward Island, the binding together of the whole fabric with bands of steel by the Intercolonial and the Canadian Pacific railways, the organisation of the federal services, the making of one Canadian tariff to replace the differing provincial schedules, the abolition of dual representation, the bringing in of the ballot, the settling of the serious quarrels with our neighbours to the south. Over these and other great questions our statesmen debated and deliberated as serious men who were conscious that they were laying the foundations of a great State. And their ability and earnestness lent a dignity to Parliament which it scarcely possesses to-day.

There was, on the other hand, a strong note of provincialism among the members from the different Provinces, which made it difficult to fuse the various elements that were brought together, and even to enforce party discipline. This cropped up strongly when the first tariff was brought in and sent some of the New Brunswick supporters of the Government almost into revolt. That a bread-tax and further taxes on our West India trade would be imposed by the Canadians if once they got us in their power, had been zealously proclaimed by all the anti-Confederates in the Maritime Provinces and as earnestly denied by those who supported the Union movement. To the dismay of the Maritime Unionists, a duty on flour and increased duties on sugar and molasses was now proposed. They were loud in their protests. How could they justify such an outrage to their constituents? And yet, almost before they could realise it, the odious taxes were being railroaded through the House in concurrence on the report of the Committee of Ways and Means. Charles Fisher, a former Premier and Attorney-General, seconded by his brother-in-law, Charles Connell, hastily scrawled an amendment to refer back to the committee with instructions to strike out the duty on flour and reduce the duties on tea, sugar, molasses "and several other articles." That was all he had time to write before the evil would be consummated. In an instant the yeas and nays were called. "Charles Fisher and 'several other members' will stand up," sneered Sir John, with mocking reference to Fisher's loosely worded resolution. Some very angry New Brunswick members rose to their feet, with others from Nova Scotia, only to be outvoted by a laughing House. Thereafter there was a duty on flour, much more irritating than burdensome to the people of the east, and it did not lessen the irritation when the gossip of the lobbies and smoking-room repeated other sarcastic references of Sir John to the "two Charlies."

The bread-tax, as it was called, long remained a sore subject in the east, but the incident serves chiefly to show something of the sectional feeling of the time and also as illustrating Sir John's method of imparting a lesson in discipline. He was always quite intolerant of any independent action among his followers. The newspapers of the smaller Provinces in their then brief and sometimes prejudiced reports of the proceedings in Parliament, seldom failed to record even a trivial matter such as that just mentioned, and these had their effect upon the public mind. It was not long till Mr. Fisher accepted an offered judgeship, and Mr. Connell gravitated to the Opposition. The Maritime people were quite provincial yet, and it was not pleasant reading for them that their public men should be, even at infrequent intervals, ridiculed across the floor, either from the Ministerial or the Opposition side. Hence when Alexander Mackenzie retorted to Mr. Tilley that "the honourable gentleman's logic was as bad as his grammar," or when D'Arcy McGee intimated that Mr. Anglin "sat there, not on a seat, but on a three-legged lie," the effect on the eastern mind was far more irritating than if the words had been applied by men of the same Province to one another. In not a few cases the men of the east and the west, like boys at school, formed their first acquaintance by an exchange of metaphorical hard knocks, only to become fast friends thereafter.

It happened once or twice in those early days that a newspaper man attending Parliament was assaulted by an aggrieved member whom the scribe had caricatured or criticised with undue severity. And many more were from time to time threatened with corporeal pains and penalties that were never realised. In the actual cases of assault there was no doubt considerable provocation, and the gallery was able always to make good either in the encounter or in the account of it, so that no member of the House had much to boast of. I was two or three times threatened, but fortunately escaped unbruised. The most trying ordeal, and it was more amusing than dangerous, was after having published a more or less graphic account of the fight between Bunster and Cheval in Room 13, incidentally referred to in an earlier number of these retrospective sketches. British Columbia had a very real grievance in the long delay which took place in fulfilling the terms of union, while the Pacific Railway was a bone of contention between opposing parties. The British Columbia members were quite right, as the Prince Edward Island members are to-day, in insisting that the union compact should be carried out to the letter at whatever cost. None the less their complaints were a weariness to the House. That fact afforded no proper justification for Cheval accompanying Mr. Bunster's robust, if rather disjointed, eloquence persistently, night after night, with the music of the mouth organ and the Jew's harp. Mr. Bunster was in some measure justified in resorting to summary proceedings, and would no doubt have got even with his adversary had not the door of the locked room been, most inopportunely for him, broken in, and the little Quebec man rescued just at the moment when he was able to bear away as a trophy a tuft of black beard torn from the bleeding chin of the man from the far west. When my account of the affair had appeared in St. John and had been transmitted to Ottawa, I was soon informed that a sound thrashing awaited me at the hands of Mr. Bunster. Cheval had escaped, but I should not be so lucky. The following day, in the forenoon, I was hurriedly completing a letter to be sent out by the noon mail and was alone in the writing room, my watch beside me on the table as admonitory of the speeding minutes. Thus writing against time, I heard the door open and a heavy step advancing behind my chair. A quick mental process decided that the new arrival was Bunster, and that about the best thing to be done was to keep on writing. Anyway, the letter was very nearly completed and might yet be finished in time should the interruption not prove serious. Surely my enemy would not attack from behind and without warning or parley of some sort. So the letter-writing went on. The footsteps came to a sharp halt close behind me. It was a rather tense moment, but I decided to continue writing and await further developments. It seemed an age, and several lines were added to the page before anything more occurred. Then a massive hand was slowly extended over my shoulder, and grasping my watch, removed it out of sight. Some sense of the grotesqueness, if not the humour of the situation, for the moment rather relieved the tension. Then a gruff voice broke out: "Does this watch lie?" I replied, calmly: "It keeps very good time, Mr. Bunster," and continued to write. He held the watch in his hand for perhaps a minute longer, then laid it down on the table again and walked out of the room without another word. I caught the mail.

The gallery had in the early days, from time to time, selected one from among the 181 members of the House, to whom was accorded by unanimous consent the bad eminence and also the title of the *Wicked-*

est Man in the House. It might be more difficult to make a selection for such a throne of state in these days, but at the time here referred to, which was some years after the episode last herewith related, the choice had fallen upon an Ontario member who, for the purpose of this history, may be called Blagdon. That was not his real name, of course, and very probably he was not more wicked than some of his fellow-members, who cheerfully accorded him a precedence in transgression. Be that as it may, he was endowed with a rasping, coarse voice, which distinguished him from most other speakers. The telephone was a new invention at that time and the first instruments were being installed in Ottawa. A room was fitted up in the Parliament Buildings and the men of the reporters' gallery were notified that half a dozen instruments would be placed there and connected with the Dominion Methodist Church, so as to give an opportunity to listen to the service on the following Sunday.

The gallery was well represented in the room when the time came round. Six of us sat down, each with two receivers, one at each ear, as was the equipment first in vogue. We waited. Soon the organ pealed forth an overture. Strangely solemn it was thus to hear for the first time sweet strains coming as it were from the unseen world. All felt the solemnity of it, and a hush that was almost intense fell upon our little company. We waited for the clear, reverent voice of the pastor, with whose tones most of us were familiar, to begin the opening invocation. Instead we heard a harsh, coarse voice of a stranger and it was not unlike the voice of the *Wickedest Man.* This was too much. Every one was at once seized with the same impression. One of the listeners blurted out, "Hades. It's Blagdon!" and a roar of uncontrollable laughter broke forth. There was no more solemnity in the service for the gallery men after that, and all may be pardoned if they have since retained some prejudice against the plan, since more in vogue, of listening to religious services by 'phone.

The Heart's Response

BY W. INGLIS MORSE

NE'ER can the murmur of the shell
Answer the sea
As I in my undoing
Respond fore'er to thee.
What choric cry, fair one, I give,
That thou mayest tell
The dull chimes offered in the house
Where Passion and Beauty dwell!

Canada's Possibilities and Perils

By JOHN MACLEAN

An appraisal of the Dominion's possibilities and disadvantages, with an optimistic outlook.

IT is very easy to assume the rôle of prophet when a nation is shaking off her swaddling clothes, and a man may be forgiven a bit of exaggeration when he sees the work of a century compressed into a decade. But something more is needed than a glance at the march of events, for there are hidden forces and undying principles beneath the surface which demand the vision of a seer, and he will be slow to predict the growth of institutions which are yet unborn. We have become accustomed to the phrases, the awakening of China, and the development of Japan, but with our eyes toward the Orient, we have failed to notice the birth of a new nation at our doors. To-day is the crisis time in the making of a new Canada, for the whole country is pulsating with a new emotion. There is no longer any east or west in the Dominion, for when we stand on the Pacific Coast we are joining hands with the lands beyond the seas, as Vancouver is the nearest white man's port to the Orient, and from it starts the shortest and best trade route between Europe and Asia, and when we look across the Atlantic, we are hailing brothers who send greetings in language, commerce and unity of aim. The currents of thought and feeling and ambition are uniting the nations in a great world relationship, till the problems of one become of undying interest, as they are the problems, of all.

When Jacques Cartier and Champlain with dauntless courage pursued their weary way along the rivers and over the lakes of New France, they found only a few arpents of snow, and the country was only a large Indian reservation, and a splendid game preserve, where gentlemen adventurers might hunt at leisure, and gather fortune from the pelts won by the hardships of the savages. Fifty years ago the fertile fields of the western provinces comprised a great lone land, significant enough in its solitude as the land of the trapper and trader to give a title to a once famous book, and Rupert's Land and Hudson's Bay Territory in the same area were suggestive of bears and buffalo, savages and eternal snow. Canada has been discovered again, and there is required an additional volume to Parkman's immortal works to complete the conquest and tell the story of New Canada. The greatness thrust upon us demands another vision, so as to widen our horizon and bring us in touch with the world outside, for during the years which lie behind we have been content with the curse of provincialism, which is the heritage of old lands, and is not wanting in some new countries. Optimistic in tone and statesmanlike in its grasp was the recent speech of Lord Grey, the Governor-General, at Vancouver, in which he called attention to the valuable trade pouring through the ports of Shanghai and Hong Kong and the advantageous position of British Columbia for capturing a large share of the traffic. Japan, Corea and Manchuria are treeless countries, and there is a great demand for lumber; the Japanese are substituting bread for rice as an army diet, and the people are forming the habit of using bread, and new relishes will be required with this change, in the form of butter, cheese and jam, and British Columbia and the provinces east can supply these demands. Canada has become the land of the endless trail, with great possibilities in her boundless resources.

With the quickening atmosphere of western Canada, the stride of the visitor is lengthened, and there follows an expansion of his vocabulary, for the wide outlook makes his languages commonplace, and he must needs use larger terms and phrases. The size of the Dominion is suggestive, and we must be modest in our claims, yet there is some significance in size. Canada has an area of 3,750,000 square miles, which is almost as large as Europe. It is nearly the size of India, and makes one-third of the British Empire. From the Atlantic to the Pacific is a stretch of about 3,000 miles, and from south to north it is upwards of 1,500 miles, which makes the Dominion larger than the United States, including Alaska, Hawaii and the Philippine Islands. It is eighteen times as large as Germany, and would make twenty Spains, while the sea coast equals half the circumference of the earth. The Province of Saskatchewan contains 159,038,720 acres, the greater part of which is suitable for mixed farming. The average width of the Province of Alberta is about 400 miles, while from north to south it is 900 miles, and its area comprises 161,920,000 acres. Either of these new provinces is double the size of Great Britain and Ireland, and is much larger than either Germany or France. A friend of the writer left Halifax a few days ago for Edmonton, and had he travelled the same distance east that he did going west, he would have landed in St. Petersburg.

Magnitude is small when there are few resources, but when we reckon the boundless wheat fields of the western provinces, the large orchards of Nova Scotia, Ontario and British Columbia, the mineral deposits and coal areas, the wealth of the fisheries, and the extensive forests, there is something in size. The wheat crop of the West is estimated this year at one hundred million bushels, and the land has only been touched. Indeed, it is expected that within the next ten to fifteen years, western Canada will be able to produce all the breadstuffs which Great Britain requires, and then will it step into its heritage as the granary of the British Empire. Westward lies a heritage of untold value, for the first foot of soil is of greater value than all the minerals in the land, and with the three feet of sub-soil, there is a foundation for an empire. And then there are the large cattle, sheep and horse ranches, which are a worthy adjunct in agricultural development.

Wherever there are large deposits of iron ore, there is a foundation for commercial ascendency, and there are few countries which have as much iron ore as the Dominion of Canada. In the great iron ore districts the assemblage of raw materials for iron and steel furnaces can be made at a lower cost than at Pittsburg, the cheapest centre in the United States. Canada's great opportunity as a producer of iron and steel, lies in being able to supply the home and foreign trade, as there is ore on the east and west coasts for the foreign trade, and on the lake coasts and centre of the country for the home trade. What is wanted to develop these resources is capital and energy, with ease and low cost of transportation.

The immense deposits of coal have only come to be appreciated within the past few years. Of a total annual output for the Dominion of eight million tons, the Province of Nova Scotia supplies five millions. But Nova Scotia is estimated to have seven billion tons within an area of six hundred and thirty-five miles, while the total coal areas of Canada, not including areas known in the far north, which are not developed, embrace ninety-seven thousand, two hundred square miles. Such an amount of hidden wealth, practically undeveloped, is prophetic of a great future. Of the immense quantity and variety of forest resources it is sufficient to say that in spruce alone the area of its forests commences at the eastern extremity of Labrador, westward to Ungava Bay, thence southwestward to Hudson's Bay, thence to near the mouth of the Coppermine River, and the greatest expansion of the Mackenzie River, and the area of these northern forests comprise 2,500,000 square miles. The spruce forests, with abundant water-power close at hand, are sufficient to supply pulp and paper for the whole world. There is no country which possesses such an inexhaustible supply, and while the great demand for pulp must remain constant and increase, there is a great future in store for this special industry. The large paper mills of the United States are in a great measure dependent upon the forests of Canada for their supplies, but it is evident that the industry itself must ultimately be transferred to where the supplies are to be found. There are large forests in New Brunswick, and in Quebec Province the supply is abundant for pulp. On the Manicougan River on the St. Lawrence, the forests are able to yield 100,000 tons of pulp annually for fifty years, and in the territory watered by the Aux Outardes, another branch of the St. Lawrence, the forests are able to supply 75,000 tons a year for forty years. Then in British Columbia there exists the greatest preserve for pulp industry in the world. The industry has not yet begun in earnest, and it cannot be developed without capital and energy, and railroads, but when these are furnished, even a prophet will fail to predict the growth of the country within the next fifty years.

The possibilities which are imbedded in the growth of population, can only be feebly grasped, even with what has already taken place in immigration. When we consider that by the first census taken in 1665, there were only 3,251 persons in Canada, which was increased by 1763 to 70,000, and at Confederation in 1867 there were only three and a half millions, and as many as that have gone from the Dominion to make homes for themselves in the United States, certainly the outlook was not promising. To-day there are, however, six and a half millions, with a steady growth. Canada began the twentieth century with the same population as the United States began the nineteenth, and it is estimated that with the rapid expansion, there will be by the end of the present century no less than from fifty to eighty millions. The Province of Alberta has a population of only 200,000, but it could hold 50,000,000 without crowding it. Last year there came into the Dominion 144,600 persons, half of these being from Great Britain; 35,331 came from Europe, 43,652 from the United States, and 200,000 immigrants are expected this year. There are forty countries and nationalities represented in the population, fifty languages are spoken or read, and scriptures in forty-five languages have been asked for in the Bible House in the city of Winnipeg. A vast procession is on the march westward, and the patriot stands and asks what the outcome will be. If Canada were as thickly populated as England, she would have one and a quarter billion people. Eighty-five per cent. of the people are Canadian born, with eight per cent. British born; seventy-three per cent. live in the country districts and twenty-six per cent. in towns and cities. The character of the population, however, is changing through immigration, as in the Edmonton district from June, 1905, to October, 1906, of twenty thousand persons who settled there, the majority were Americans, Scotch, English and Irish in the order named, while during the past nine years, of the total immigration, sixty per cent. was English speaking, and forty per cent. foreign.

The present is Canada's opportunity, owing to the increasing value in western lands, with a corresponding decrease in land values in some parts of the United States and Great Britain. James J. Hill, the railway magnate, is authority for the statement that between 1880 and 1900 the aggregate value of farm lands and improvements, including buildings, declined in every one of the New England and Middle States except Massachusetts, the total decrease in values for these ten States amounting to more than $3,000,000,000. Even the great and fertile State of Ohio showed a decline of more than $60,000,000. When we go to Great Britain we learn that there has been serious retrogression during the past thirty years, lands having been sold at little more than one-third of the prices they were bought for in 1870-75. Mr. Palgrave, an able statistician, stated recently before the Royal Statistical Society that in agricultural values, the average annual value of the United Kingdom was then £255,000,000, while in the period from 1898 to 1903 it had dropped to £174,500,000, a reduction of £80,500,000 yearly. He estimates the total losses of production in twenty-six years from 1877 to 1903 as £1,647,500,000, and £60,000,000 more for 1904. With the increase of population in western Canada there must follow a corresponding increase in the value of the land, which will ensure prosperity.

With the Canadian Pacific railroad crossing the continent, and three transcontinental railroads now in process of construction, rapid development is assured. The story of the growth of the towns and cities in the West reads like a fairy tale. Brandon, St. Boniface, Strathcona and some other towns have more than doubled in population in the last five years. In that period Moose Jaw has gone from 1,558 to 6,250, Saskatoon from 113 to 3,031, Calgary from 4,091 to 11,937, Edmonton from 2,626 to 11,534, and Winnipeg from 42,340 to more than 100,000. More than thirty languages are spoken to-day in the streets of Winnipeg, which has become a cosmopolitan city in character. Its building operations for the present year will go beyond the twelve million dollar mark, placing it sixth in the rank of cities on the American continent. The whole country is passing through an era of unbounded prosperity, the people are full of enthusiasm, and a great future lies ahead.

With so great material resources, and such rapid development, it is to be expected that serious problems will arise, and perils will lurk in unforeseen places. In the making of a new empire there will follow political, commercial, industrial, educational and religious problems, which will tax the common sense and good judgment, as well as the ability, of high-minded citizens. The greatest perils which, however, can befall any nation, are those of an individual and social nature, as the moral character of the people must ever rank as the best asset of the State. The foreign factor has awakened some alarm, because of its probable influence in politics, and as a force in civic life. West of Fort William there are 70,000 Galicians, which means that every twelfth man is a Galician; then there are 9,000 Doukhobors, 7,000 Mormons, 20,000 Mennonites, 20,000 Hungarians, 20,000 Chinese, with many people of other nationalities, and such a host is sufficient to cause reflection; yet with these in the country, ninety-five per cent. of the population of the Dominion is Canadian born, and that must secure for some years more than a balance of power. Capital is beginning to speak out, only to receive its answer in trades unions and strikes. The lust for power and position finds an echo in the prevailing corruption in politics. The farmers are reaching after luxury in the West, for wealth seeks ease, which is usually followed by rust. The average income of the western farmer in 1902 was $1,170 over and above living expenses, which is double that of 1892, and when we reckon the number who are incompetent and fail, there are many who are in affluent circumstances. Wealth brings a lust for power, the begetting of an aristocracy, which is not always noted for high thinking and noble living, and with a quest after larger fortunes, the home and family are neglected, and those in high station are ultimately doomed to a degenerate posterity. When wheat becomes of greater value than men, and materialism sways the will, and degrades the passions and the imagination, men will lose sight of their relations to their fellows, and forget the true destiny of empire. The greatest peril which Canada has to fear at the present time is the baneful spirit of materialism.

The country is in need of sound training in citizenship, through the public school, the press and the pulpit. Her greatest need is men of character, men of high ideals and sterling principles, who cannot be bought at any price, but ever hold themselves true to the best interests of their fellows, their nation and God. Canada is full of silent possibilities, her silence is that of unborn energies which will yet break out, and the hope of her loyal sons and daughters is that she may do her share in helping humanity to the best there is in the world.

Jimmy's Gold Mine

By C. LINTERN SIBLEY

Being an account of a practical joke played on desperate men, with an unexpected outcome.

TIRED of his companions' stories, and equally tired of euchre, Jimmy Dinwiddle rose and without saying a word to anyone, walked out of the hut.

The cool air, laden with the aroma of pine and cedar, was a welcome change after the smoky atmosphere which he had been breathing for the last hour and a half, so he thrust his hands into his trouser's pockets, took a deep breath, and threw out his chest.

All around him lay that wilderness of gray rocks and trees so characteristic of Northern Ontario. The hut was in a kind of natural clearing on the side of a hill, and he could look out over the tree-tops and see, like a great silver snake down in the valley, the creek where they sometimes caught brook trout to help out the eternal pork and beans.

Jimmy was impatient because his companions preferred to spend their Sundays in idleness. He was longing for action—for something to take him away from the listless lounging round the hut.

All at once a bright smile chased away the discontent on his face. He had an inspiration. A nugget of gold, weighing about an ounce, that he had in his possession, was partly responsible for his actions. His irrepressible love of mischief did the rest.

"I'll wake 'em up," he said to himself, and seizing a pick and shovel, he started off down to the creek. He followed the course of the stream for about a mile, and at length selected what he told himself with a grin was a likely-looking place for a gold mine.

Chuckling softly, he commenced to sink a shaft into the side of the hill, at a place where the rocks rose abruptly from the water's edge. At the end of half an hour he deemed the hole of sufficient depth for his purpose. Taking the nugget from his pocket, he rubbed some clay on it to dull its appearance, and rammed it into a small hole in a piece of rock. Then, leaving his tools beside the hole, he hurried back to the hut. He started shouting long before he came to it:

"Hello, there, Sandy! Hello, there, Harry!"

The three men came lazily out of the hut to see what was the matter.

At sight of them Jimmy held up the piece of rock, and waved it around his head. The men looked with the supercilious amusement of old hands at the young city-bred man.

"What's the matter, pard?" asked Sandy, the big, bearded Scotchman, as Jimmy approached.

"Oh I don't suppose it's anything, but I've found something rather curious in the rock, that's all." Holding out the piece of rock with the precious nugget in it, he said, in innocent but excited tones:

"I wonder if that's gold?"

Now, Jimmy was a greenhorn in the mining business, but his companions had been at it all their lives. The four of them had come to that place—which was about a hundred miles from Cobalt—to start preliminary work on a very speculative copper and nickel ore prospect that had a rather highly-capitalised company behind it. Personally none of them believed in the prospect, but that was none of their business. They were doing what they were paid for, and asked no questions.

As soon as the Scotchman saw the specimen that Harry held out, he seized it with the greatest avidity, and after working the nugget out of the hole with his knife, exclaimed excitedly:

"Holy Moses! Where did you get this?"

"Down there," replied Jimmy, pointing to the creek from which he had just come. "Got smacking at the rocks with a pick, and found it."

The other two, old-timers from the Yukon, who had been smoking their pipes and looking on nonchalantly, pressed eagerly forward to inspect the find.

They knew gold when they saw it, and from that time on excitement reigned.

Jack, a little, wiry, dark-haired Welshman, stared around the camp with instinctive caution, his eyes ablaze with passionate greed. He was fearful lest any other human being had seen the gold, and urged the boys in a hoarse whisper not to make so much noise.

"Ssh! boys. You never know who is about, and we want this for ourselves, mind—for ourselves!" he said. "Gosh! Our pile is made, boys! In six months' time, we'll be rolling in money."

Harry, a silent, sun-dried, lanky Californian, permitted himself one exclamation:

"Gee!"

Then he wheeled about, and rushed into the shed, to reappear a moment later with an axe.

"What are you going to do with that?" Jimmy asked.

"Don't we want some pegs to peg off the claims?"

"Holy Moses, yes!" exclaimed Sandy. "Come on, boys, get your axes!"

Only those who have been witnesses of a gold rush can have any idea of the eagerness with which the three, axes in hand, hurried Jimmy back down over the hill to his gold mine. They gave but a cursory glance at the hole Jimmy had dug, and then, their excitement at fever heat, began to chop pegs, and stake off the claims.

To save his face, Jimmy began to help them, but he did so with serious misgivings, for the excitement that they showed was far beyond what he had anticipated.

At length they had the whole four claims staked out, and then they gathered round Jimmy's little shaft, and began to inspect his handiwork.

"Now for it!" thought Jimmy, and he was wondering whether the men would take it with a laugh, or, as he began to fear, with an outburst of rage.

To his surprise, Sandy declared that there were signs of gold-bearing quartz, and began at once to plan the sinking of a shaft on a systematic basis. The others walked around making a minute inspection of the locality, and talking about the geological formation. A moment later, Sandy was swinging the pick, and enlarging Jimmy's mine.

Jimmy had a suspicion for a moment that they had turned the joke on him, but the idea fled as quickly as it came. There could be no mistaking their intense earnestness. The greed of gold possessed them like a fever. Their eyes glittered. Their faces twitched with excitement. The little Welshman talked incessantly. The lean, muscular hands of the Scotchman shook perceptibly as he untied the scarf that was about his neck.

Jimmy was frightened at the passions he had aroused, and he stood a little apart, watching the busy movements of his companions with a troubled face. All at once he called out:

"Hey, mates! Half a minute!"

The men stopped and looked round at him interrogatively, Sandy wiping the sweat from his brow with the back of his hand.

"Well?" said the excitable little Welshman, coming towards him with a piece of rock in his hand. "What is it? What are you looking so moonstruck about?"

Jimmy hardly knew how to break the news.

"The truth is, mates," he blurted out, after considerable hesitation. "The truth is———"

He stopped, at a loss for the right word; at a loss for the phrase that would discover to his hearers the humour of the situation.

The men stared at his blanched face wonderingly. There was a strained silence, broken only by the creek, as it rippled over its rocky bed.

"What is it?" demanded Sandy, throwing down the pick, and advancing towards Jimmy. His salient lower jaw was projecting more than ever, and there was an ugly look on his face.

"If you've got anything to say, spit it out!"

Jimmy found himself up against a situation that was too big for him. He knew by instinct that the cynical wit that served him so well in fighting the world when he was in the city was no use here amid primeval surroundings, and face to face with primitive passions. He looked into the cold, gray eye of the Scotchman, and wondered how long he could stand up against its owner.

The drawling voice of the Californian relieved the tension.

"Cal'clate," he broke in, "that what our young friend wants to say is that he diskivered the gold, and don't see why we should butt in on his prospect."

"Is that what you mean? Is that what you mean?" asked the Welshman excitedly.

"No, no, boys, it ain't that! If I'd found it, I'd say share and share alike. But I didn't find it! It's all a 'have'!"

"What!" roared Sandy. "What's that you say?"

"I say the whole affair is a 'have.' I put the nugget in the rock myself. I—I"—

"Go on! Finish the yarn," said Sandy, sternly.

"I—I—dug the hole just for a bit of fun. I didn't think you'd take it seriously."

How funny it seemed at the time! How pitiful it sounded now!

The Scotchman's sandy moustache twisted up to one side, and showed his teeth in an ugly sneer.

"And you took the nugget out of your pocket, where you've been carrying it for a long time and put it into the piece of rock yourself? Is that what you mean to say?"

Sandy spoke with bitter sarcasm.

"Yes."

The long right arm of Sandy swung backwards. With his huge fist clenched he advanced a couple of steps and looked down into Jimmy's scared eyes.

"You—damned—liar!" he hissed.

With that he turned on his heel.

"Come on, boys," he remarked in a quieter tone to the others. "The durned skunk ain't going to get us out of it like that. Let's have another smack at the hole."

He took up the pick, and the others took up the conversation. They directed their remarks at Jimmy, and said many biting things. Also from time to time they threw contemptuous glances at him.

Jimmy paused irresolute for a time. Then he muttered the word "fools" under his breath, and turned away, intending to go back to camp.

The Californian, who had been sitting on a slab of rock, minutely examining specimens that Sandy threw out of the hole, called out in his soft, drawling tones:

"Jimmy!"

"Well?" replied Jimmy, looking round sullenly.

The Californian rolled his quid in his cheek, and squirted out some tobacco juice.

"Cal'clate it wud be kinder more healthy ef you wus to stay right here."

"What's the good?" asked Jimmy. "I've said all I've got to say."

"Pardners," remarked the Californian. "Cal'clate we ain't durned fools enough to let him get the lead on us?"

"No! By gum, no!" thundered Sandy. "Jimmy, you stay right here. There's going to be no dirty business over this. We share alike, and you're not going to Toronto and rush this claim for yourself. You'll get your share—no more, no less."

"Oh, all right!" Jimmy replied, impatiently. And he sat down on a rock, the picture of misery.

The three men worked at the hole all afternoon, but found no more gold, though the Welshman, who, in his rough, untutored way, was a storehouse of general knowledge, pointed out that at that particular spot there was a junction of two different geological formations—always a likely place for the gold hunter.

That night, while Jimmy smoked sullenly in a corner of the hut, the three men talked over the matter, and formed their plan of action. They decided that Sandy should leave in the morning, and make his way to Toronto, there to take out patents for the claim.

The other two were to remain behind, and watch over the claim to see that nobody else jumped it. Also, they were to keep an eye on Jimmy.

Sandy made his preparations overnight, and all four got up before daylight, and had breakfast. As soon as it was light enough to see, Sandy strapped his pack on his back, and started off on the trail that led through the woods to Phantom Lake, where he could take the canoe that belonged to them, and soon make his way down through the chain of lakes that led to the railway.

Just as he was starting out, Jimmy went up to him.

"Sandy!" he said.

"Well?" said Sandy, turning on him with a snarl.

"As true's I'm standing here," said Jimmy earnestly, "I did that for fun. I've made fools of you all. I'd stake my dying oath......"

"Pshaw! Shut up, for God's sake!" sneered Sandy. "You make me absolutely sick, you mean cuss! Keep your eyes peeled, mates!" he called to the others.

And he was gone.

The next few days Jimmy spent in misery. He attempted no more explanations. His companions did not speak to him more than was necessary, but they never let him out of their sight. They took away his revolver, and wore their own on their belts aggressively. They let him know that he was not to attempt to get away, and they dropped a hint that they would stand no durned nonsense. Each day they spent down at the new diggings, compelling Jimmy to go with them, and taking it in turns to watch him, and to develop the shaft.

Jimmy spent most of his time sitting about on the rocks down by the new diggings, watching the others at their fruitless task of tunnelling. These two took the greatest interest in their work. They talked together in low tones, and spent a long time examining various specimens of rock, with their heads close together.

One day they talked together long and excitedly, looking every now and again across at Jimmy. Jimmy strove in vain to hear what they were saying. Presently the Welshman started crushing a specimen of rock with the back of his axe, and gathering up the powder in a spoon, the two went off down to the creek.

As Jimmy watched them, taking his silly joke with such deadly seriousness, the thought struck him that the angels, if they were looking down on these two men, must be screaming with laughter at such a pair of idiots.

Merely out of idle curiosity, he took advantage of their abstraction to steal up to the diggings and into the shaft, to see what sort of a working they were making of it. The rock, as far as he could see, was absolutely the same as when he started to pick a hole for fun.

He tossed his head in derision, and turned away—to meet the cold, crafty eye of the Californian fixed on him.

"Whatcher think o' the prospect now?" asked the latter.

"Same as I did at the start."

"We ain't discouraged none, either," was the reply.

Jimmy went back to his seat on the rock near by, and resumed his smoking. He had been wondering from the start how this thing was to end, and, from the revelation he had had of the character of the men, he feared their rage when they came to find out—as find out they must in the end—that they had really been fooled.

That night Jimmy lay awake in his bunk, staring at the lantern which they had kept burning at night in the sleeping-room ever since he had been looked on as a prisoner. He was revolving in his mind plans of escape before Sandy got back. He feared the return of Sandy.

A night or two previously, when he had got out of his bunk, he had heard the drawling voice of the Californian, and had turned to see the latter's revolver trained on him from the bunk where he lay.

"Cal'clate 'twould be more healthy ef you wus to get back into bed," drawled the Californian.

Jimmy got back.

Now, with no intention of trying to escape, he got out of his bunk to get the pipe he had left on the table, intending to while away the weary hours by smoking.

He looked at the two other bunks where his companions were sleeping.

They were breathing regularly, and made no movement.

Jimmy stepped lightly back to his bunk, gently gathered his clothes under his arm, and giving one fearful glance at the sleeping forms of the others, caught his breath and tip-toed towards the door.

Softly, and with infinite care, he raised the latch, and inch by inch opened the door.

Before he had got it wide enough open to get through, the hinges creaked, and he gave a start.

The others did not stir. Slowly he edged the door open, and, clad only in his shirt, stepped out into the night.

A big, horned owl that was flying round the hut, followed his white figure on noiseless wings as he hurried across the clearing. A moment later both he and the owl disappeared into the woods.

The miners slept on.

* * *

Three months later, Jimmy was a hired hand on a farm in Manitoba. One evening, after a hard day's work, he sat in the living room smoking, and the farmer's daughter said to him:

"Would you like to read the paper, Mr. Dinwiddle?"

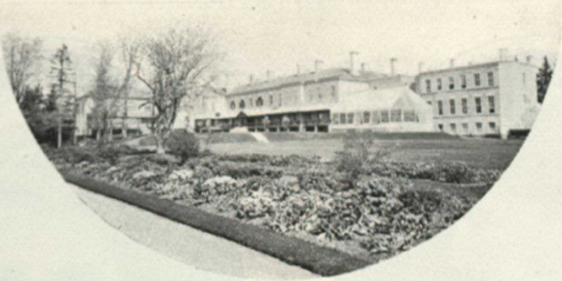
"Thank you," said Jimmy. He lit his pipe, drew up to the table on which a coal oil lamp was burning, and opened the big Winnipeg weekly. He began on the first page, and looked through column after column with little interest. Suddenly his grip tightened on the paper, and his eyes devoured the following announcement:

"A big discovery of gold has been made about five miles north of Phantom Lake in Ontario, in the same geological formation as that which passes through the famous Cobalt region. The discovery was made by three prospectors named Donald McGarth, Jack Llewellyn, and Harry Duggan. They brought into Toronto samples of ore literally covered with free gold, in nuggets ranging from the size of a pin's head to that of peas. Their claims were bought out for two million dollars by a powerful syndicate, who have already started working on the site, with most satisfactory results. The find promises to cause one of the biggest rushes...."

A red mist swam before Jimmy's eyes. A blind fury surged up within him. He sprang to his feet, and hurled the paper across the room, knocking two plates off the sideboard and smashing them. Then he stamped out of the house, muttering blasphemously.

"My!" said the farmer's daughter, looking after him in amazement, "I wonder if the man's gone crazy!"

LADY MONCK
1867



RIDEAU HALL, OTTAWA, RESIDENCE OF THE REPRESENTATIVE OF THE CROWN IN CANADA

LADY GREY
1907

Vicereines of Canada

By H. V. ROSS

Being sketches of the nine ladies who have led Canadian social life at Ottawa since Confederation.

NINE ladies of the British nobility, one of them a royal princess, have during the forty years of Confederation spent terms of varying length as mistresses of Rideau Hall, Ottawa, the residence of the representative of the Crown in Canada. In choosing colonial governors the wise old British Government has exercised great care that able statesmen should be sent to the important Canadian post; but, inasmuch as empires have been won and lost through a woman's smile, equal care has been taken to see that the men selected had clever, tactful and winsome wives. With, at most, one exception the wives of Canadian Governors-General have presided at Rideau Hall with unbounded success, and have left behind them memories fragrant with the breath of graciousness and good deeds. And more than one of them, by her charming personality and influence, has been a potent, though non-political, factor in the success of her husband's administration.

The pre-eminence attached to the position of the wife of a Canadian Governor-General is social rather than official. Her husband alone represents the Sovereign. This circumstance is by no means calculated to diminish her happiness in the Dominion, nor does it detract in the slightest from her social leadership and activity in charitable and benevolent works. As a matter of fact, few Canadians ever think of it. If Her Excellency is a lady of democratic sympathies and ample hospitality, interested in good works and personally fitted to shine as the first lady of the land, she can find in Canada a wide and responsive field for the exercise of all her graces and activities. Since Lord Dufferin's day, so many high traditions have clustered around Government House at Ottawa that it now requires a woman of more than ordinary endowments to live up to them.

The official residence of Canada, around which cling romantic memories of lovely and gentle women, is far from regal in appearance. A lumber king many years ago built it as his country mansion. From him it was acquired by the Dominion Government. As occasion has called for it the edifice, a two-story one, has been repeatedly enlarged by the addition of wings until it is now architectur-

LADY LISGAR
No. 2

LADY DUFFERIN
No. 3

ally a nondescript. Other features compensate for its lack of an imposing exterior. It stands in a pleasant park of about ninety acres, two miles from Ottawa on the Montreal road. The grounds are well laid out, well wooded and beautified with gardens; and from the windows of the mansion glimpses may be had of the distant Gothic towers on Parliament Hill, and of the picturesque scenery that abounds in the vicinity of the city.

But what is of far more importance than fine views, the old house interiorly is cosy, comfortable and homelike, from its handsomely furnished ballroom and dining-room to the many bedrooms that are yearly occupied by house parties who experience the delightful hospitality of the Dominion's chief executive and his lady.

To Rideau Hall, very different in appearance then to what it is now, and adjacent to a little lumbering town quite unlike the handsome, modern city of Ottawa, came Lady Monck in 1867, when her husband, an Irish peer, was made first Governor-General of the Dominion. But she preferred to live at "Spencerwood," in the ancient city of Quebec, and spent little of her time in the crude, new-fledged capital on the banks of the Ottawa. Her entertainments at Quebec were such as comported with her high position, yet they were far from being popular. Lady Monck, besides lacking the warmth and magnetism to make friends, was rather too much of a stickler in matters of formality to suit a democratic colony, and accordingly she was perhaps not so popular as the ladies who were to follow have been.

In the wife of a Governor-General popularity means success, and this was achieved in large measure by the next mistress of Rideau Hall—Lady Young, who became the Baroness Lisgar, on her husband being created a peer during his term as Governor-General. Many years have come and gone, and marvellous changes have taken place in Canada since the *régime* of Lord Lisgar, but there are many who still retain vivid and pleasant memories of his warm-hearted, handsome and hospitable wife. Lady Lisgar perhaps owed much of her success to the fact that she was Irish and affable, and a commoner—being the daughter of a County Meath gentleman named Edward Tuite Dalton,

PRINCESS LOUISE
No. 4

LADY LANSDOWNE
No. 5

but she also owed some of it to her previous experience, which developed in her those charming qualities as hostess that made her name known in many parts of the British Empire. Socially her *régime* at Rideau Hall was made remarkable by the visits of two distinguished personages—Prince Arthur, afterwards Duke of Connaught, and the Grand Duke Alexis of Russia. The visit of the Prince was celebrated by a grand State ball, the magnificence of which fairly made the simple-minded Canadians of that day gasp with delight. Lady Lisgar's activity did not stop with her social duties. She was a generous donor to worthy objects that claimed her aid, and she travelled much through the provinces, always with an eye to its beauty spots, many of which were sketched by her skillful pencil. Accomplished, bright, suave, generous, Lady Lisgar returned to England followed by the esteem and hearty goodwill of all who had come within the circle of her influence. She died at Paris in 1895, aged 74, having outlived two husbands, and was at the time of her death the wife of Henry Trueman Mills.

The next, the Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava, also of Irish birth, spent six years in Canada during the incumbency of her brilliant husband; and although she afterwards shared with him his life as Ambassador at St. Petersburg, Constantinople, Rome and Paris, and as Viceroy of India, she always looked back upon these years in Canada as the fullest and happiest of her life. Radiant with youth, proud of her husband and pleased with the domain in which he ruled in the sovereign's stead, she gave to life at the Capital a brilliancy and dash that eclipsed all traditions, and has perhaps never since been quite equalled. Her entertainments were lavish and superb. Glittering State balls, receptions, private theatricals, skating and tobogganing parties in quick succession were crowded into each festive year, and Rideau Hall glowed with social fellowship and good cheer. The climax was reached in the memorable fancy dress ball given at Government House in March, 1876, which cost, it is said, a cool hundred thousand dollars, and equalled the finest things of the kind produced by the gay court of the French Empire.

This gayety and magnificence pleased the people, who at bottom relished page-

LADY STANLEY
No. 6

LADY ABERDEEN
No. 7

antry and pomp, but nothing won them over more completely than the sweetness and urbanity of the Marchioness, whose cordial manner broke down all barriers between herself and those who were privileged to meet her. And many had this privilege, for with her husband she journeyed far and wide in the Dominion, her eyes observant of its life and her pen always ready to describe it for the benefit of friends across the sea. Her "My Canadian Journal," was written in this way to her mother, and it is still widely read for its clever and humorous portrayal of persons and places. In every way Lady Dufferin was a fitting helpmate to her great husband, and with the possible exception of the Princess Louise, is the most kindly remembered mistress of all who have graced Rideau Hall. In her declining years she treasured, in her Clandeboye home, many mementos of her six years' sojourn in Canada.

Lady Dufferin's successor was the Princess Louise, fourth daughter of the late Queen Victoria, and she accompanied her husband to Canada when, as Marquis of Lorne, he became Governor-General in October, 1878. The sagacity of the good Queen in sending her own flesh and blood to dwell over-seas was justified in the result. The compliment was deeply appreciated and helped to link her Canadian subjects closer to the Empire. The Princess possessed many of the qualities of her good and noble mother and, in spite of the handicap of her birth, exerted herself to benefit her fellow-beings in all ways possible to her. An unassuming and gentle manner, an intelligent and active sympathy marked her bearing. Joaquin Miller, once invited to a dinner by the Princess, declared afterwards he had never met a sweeter woman. "No wonder," he said, "that Canadians are proud of their Vicereine."

If the Princess entertained less munificently than her predecessor, she was, if anything, more active in those solid works that make for the lasting betterment of a country. Herself an artist of no mean ability in both oils and water colours, she instituted the Royal Canadian Academy of Art. Many of her own paintings of Canadian scenes were hung in its exhibitions.

The Princess was once highly amused (although the joke was on her) at a criticism passed upon one of her paintings by the son of the late President Arthur. The work was a superb painting of old Quebec, and it hung in the drawing-room at Rideau Hall. The young man, who was the Princess' guest, seemed charmed with the picture and expressed himself to her in terms of high praise. "The conceit was soon taken out of me, however," said the Princess, "when directly afterward Mr. Arthur observed, 'But, you know, I am no judge of such things.'"

As in painting so in sculpture this gifted woman excelled. One product of her chisel, a statue of the late Queen Victoria, stands today in front of the Royal Victoria College, Montreal. But apart from things social and artistic, no movement for the general welfare looked in vain to her for encouragement, as well as aid. During her stay in Canada she was patroness both in word and deed of various societies for the betterment of women, and when she left Canada to become in course of time the Duchess of Argyll, it was not to forget or be forgotten.

The Lady Maud Evelyn Hamilton, seventh daughter of James, first Duke of Abercorn, and wife of the distinguished administrator and statesman, the Marquis of Lansdowne, was the next queen of Rideau Hall; and queen it she did with the grace and domesticity of true womanhood, as well as with the dignity befitting a high position. But more did graciousness than dignity prevail. Her own excellent qualities, coupled with a valuable experience at Dublin Castle, saved her social *régime* in Canada from seeming bare and meagre in comparison with the brilliant terms of Lady Dufferin and the Princess Louise. Lady Lansdowne, as a girl, was the flower of the flock in a family of beauties who all became shining marks; and it was fortunate for Canadian life that her goodness equalled her beauty. Her good taste and tact were unexcelled, and to her valuable assistance her husband, at the expiration of his term as Governor-General, attributed much of the success that crowned his administration. The weight of the tribute can be appreciated when it is remembered that Sir John A. Macdonald pronounced Lord Lansdowne the ablest Governor-General Canada had had.

LADY MINTO

No. 8

With her husband Lady Lansdowne lived by times in the chief cities of the Dominion, and came in contact with many people who universally learned to regard her highly. In promoting outdoor pleasures and winter sports at the Capital she was especially popular with the young, and some of her happiest moments were spent in their midst. A unique occasion of the kind was the tea and entertainment at Rideau Hall at which she made 400 Sunday School children happy. Among her other characteristics it is remembered that Lady Lansdowne dressed simply and danced well.

If the Lady Lansdowne showed her womanliness by being fond of children, her successor at Rideau Hall possessed the highest possible title to be regarded in the same light. Lady Stanley, as she was known on coming to Canada, was the mother of eight sons and two daughters. Before her marriage in May, 1864, to Frederick, first Lord Stanley of Preston, second son of the fourteenth Earl of Derby, she was Lady Constance Villiers, eldest daughter of the fourth Earl of Clarendon, and a most beautiful young woman. For five years, from 1888, she lived in Canada with her husband who, on the demise of his elder brother, became Earl of Derby, towards the close of this period.

Lady Stanley lacked nothing of being an ideal hostess, a generous, large-hearted woman, whose very presence created the atmosphere of home. Better than the State balls and formal dinners over which she presided, she liked a quiet little party of friends who danced and drank tea and forgot about vice-royalty in the warmth of her womanly hospitality.

In her fondness for home life Lady Stanley did not shirk the larger responsibility and opportunity that come to a Governor's wife. Through her efforts were founded at Ottawa a Maternity Hospital, and an Institute for Trained Nurses, which perpetuates her name. In 1890 Lady Stanley had the pleasure of entertaining at Rideau Hall Prince George, now the Prince of Wales; and on the occasion of the Prince's marriage, she co-operated with the women of Canada in presenting to the royal couple an elaborate gift characteristic of the country from which it came. Unquestionably Lady Stanley was an efficient factor in the success of her husband's *régime*; and if that *régime* was not brilliant, it ended in mutual respect and goodwill.

Within the limits of this article one could hardly do justice to the many and varied activities which marked the five years' career of Lady Aberdeen, as Canada's next Vicereine. This masterful and intellectual, and withal womanly and handsome woman, may be said to have lived a three-fold life. She presided over Canadian society with infinite tact, grace and dignity; she applied herself with unusual diligence to movements of a reformatory and benevolent nature; and she cultivated the home life which, to her mind, is the sphere in which God and Nature intended woman most to shine. As wife and mother, as hostess, as leader of her sex, as platform orator and as writer, Lady Aberdeen made an impression on Canadian life that penetrated from its centres to its remotest corners. She went to and fro in the land, aiming to do good—and doing it. Her influence was felt by the lonely Yukon miner, by the isolated settler on the Northwest plains, by the shantyman in the backwoods of Quebec, and by the fisherman on the shores of Nova Scotia. It was her nature to be sowing seeds of kindness. The list of her beneficent deeds in the Dominion bears witness. Conspicuous among these deeds was her founding of the National Council of Women of Canada, whose purpose was to federate all the Women's Associations in their work of social amelioration. With the stimulus of her presence and voice this movement gathered way, and was enthusiastically carried forward by the women in all the leading cities of Canada, but somehow interest flagged with the departure of its inspiring spirit to the old land. But a greater and more lasting undertaking set on foot by Lady Aberdeen—the Victorian Order of Nurses—flourishes to-day, keeping perpetually green the memory of the noble founder in the hearts of thousands of the needy sick. Founded in commemoration of Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee, this splendidly humane organisation was designed to be co-extensive with the Dominion itself, and its original plan comprehended the establishment of cottage hospitals throughout the west and north. Much has been accomplished, and the ministering angels of the Order, equipped as trained nurses, have gone with help and healing to countless homes in the cities, and to rude shanties in the woods where sick or injured toilers wrestled for life remote from the advantages of civilisation. Than this beautiful work Lady Aberdeen could have left no better memento of herself in Canada.

But her thoughtfulness was not confined to the sick. The isolated settlers of the vast Northwest land appeared before her mind's eye as yearning for that closer touch with their fellows which, to them, might come only through the printed page. To meet this need, Lady Aberdeen, in conjunction with her husband, founded the Aberdeen Association for the distribution of all sorts of reading matter among the western settlers.

Although many Canadians manifested a shade of indifference to some of Lady Aberdeen's benevolent projects—a condition which arose largely through the comparative opulence and independence of the country—yet as a whole her kindly efforts moved the hearts of the people from one end of the Dominion to the other. For executive ability, active sympathy and zeal for good works, her name stands high on the roll of our Vicereines. In private life she and her husband were unpretentious and domestic folk; they were, moreover, so thoroughly democratic as to incur the criticism of a snobbish few. In recognition of her intellectual gifts and character, Lady Aberdeen was capped and gowned a Doctor of Laws by a leading Canadian University. Socially she gave distinction to her most successful *régime* at Rideau Hall by an elaborate Historical Fancy Dress Ball held in the winter of 1896. No more brilliant spectacle nor one better calculated to arouse the ardour and patriotism of Canadians was ever seen at the Capital.

When the charming Lady Minto became the *chatelaine* of Government House she returned to it as to an old home, having spent several years there in the time of Lord Lansdowne, to whom her husband was Military Secretary. All in all, Lady Minto was one of the most popular mistresses of Rideau Hall, and she succeeded in endearing herself to the Canadian people. Like her predecessor, she was a woman of complex activities, and she built enduring monuments to her name. Many societies and movements received her aid.

She encouraged the Capital's intellectual young ladies by attending the lectures and social meetings of their May Court Club. In connection with the Aberdeen Association, she instituted the Lady Minto Circulating Library and, assisted by her two lovely daughters, the Ladies Eileen and Ruby Elliott, packed many boxes of literature for distribution in the Northwest. But of greater import than this, by personal canvass in the large cities, she succeeded in raising an endowment of more than $100,000 for the work of the Victorian Order of Nurses and the Lady Minto Cottage Hospitals. For these hospitals, which are situated in remote parts of the country and have already done great good, Canadians owe a debt of gratitude to the Countess. Ottawans also owe her something for the beautifying of the capital, since it is to her unique idea that many of them trace their aroused interest in "the city beautiful." Lady Minto's idea took shape in a window flower and cottage garden competition. Any one might enter and prizes were awarded after judges had secretly examined the lawns and windows of the competitors. This competition was characteristic of Lady Minto, who loved all that pertained to the outdoor life. In fact, among Canadian Vicereines she might be described as the sportswoman. Canadian sports were her delight, especially skating, and during the winter seasons the Rideau Hall rinks witnessed many a gay party of enthusiasts on Saturday afternoons.

Socially the Minto *régime* was a marked success. Besides the regulation State functions, Lady Minto delighted in little informal gatherings, and during her stay Ottawans did not lack in bonfire nights, garden parties, fancy dress balls and other delightful functions that are associated with the presence of Viceroyalty at the Capital. The entertainments were marked by originality, and the exquisite taste of Lady Minto, whose own beauty, tact, broad-minded sympathies and gift of remembering names and faces, made her an ideal hostess. Generous and thorough in all she undertook, Lady Minto won for herself a large place in Canadian regard, and none look forward with more confidence to her success as Vicereine of India than her hosts of warm friends in the Dominion. During the Minto *régime* Government House had the honour of entertaining the Prince and the Princess of Wales in 1901, and Lady Minto accompanied them on their tour of the continent. Twice she visited the United States, and had the pleasure of meeting Presidents McKinley and Roosevelt. Among her graceful deeds is the work she did in connection with locating and marking the graves of Canadian soldiers who gave their lives fighting for the Empire in South Africa.

The present mistress of Rideau Hall is the Countess Grey, Lady Minto's sister-in-law. Before her marriage to Earl Grey in 1877 she was Alice, third daughter of Robert Stayner Holford, Esq., M.P., of Westonbirt, Gloucestershire, whose palace of Dorchester House in Park Lane is one of the show places of London. The Greys have one son and two daughters living, and two of the daughters reside with their parents in Canada.

From the first moment of their landing in Halifax, Earl Grey and his family have won golden opinions. All who come in contact with them are charmed with their democratic bearing, their kindly sincerity, and frank, cordial speech. The Countess and her charming daughters dress quietly, and are simple and unaffected in manner. The Countess herself is a very handsome woman, with the characteristic English pink and white complexion and large, regular features. She is considered an intellectual woman, although she never parades her cleverness, and is in all respects an admirable helpmate to her distinguished husband, who has more than once profited greatly by her wise counsels. Since taking up her residence at Ottawa, the Countess Grey has gained steadily in the favour of the people, and her *régime* cannot fail to be a success. Socially it has so far been quiet rather than ambitious; but none the less Lady Grey's hospitality is generous, her charity large, and her support of all good works equal to the high standard set by her noble predecessors.

The Tide

By OWEN E. McGILLICUDDY

THE tide sweeps in with sullen lunge and surge—
The primal leap of a leviathan—
Some sluggish thing that time till now outran;
That now wakes up with mindless, sudden urge,
To act the beast, the earth to lash and scourge
With its broad flukes, to smite with death-chill ban,
To overwhelm the place and life of man,
And all once more in chaos to submerge.

But mark the sequel of its brutish chase:
The shore is reached, earth 'neath its lust-grip sighs;
Yet see it shrink from its self-sought embrace!
Earth thrills it so with sense of human ties,
Of grief, joy, wisdom, won from time and space,
That, baffled, thought-dazed, at her feet it lies.

Browning as a Religious Teacher

By W. T. ALLISON

An exception to Benn's estimate of Browning as an unbeliever, with a strong case against it.

BROWNING Clubs have lately been thrown into a flutter of excitement by the assertion of Alfred William Benn, in his "History of English Rationalism in the 19th Century," a work published a few months ago. Benn has numbered Robert Browning among the unbelievers. In the beginning Browning was preoccupied with immortality. He believed in God. He not only believed in God, but in the divinity of Christ, taking his views of the Gospel entirely from the Johannine writings, especially from the 4th Gospel, which he regarded as an impregnable fortress of Christianity. Mr. Benn admits that Browning was an orthodox Christian until 1861, the year of the death of his wife. In 1864, however, his poem "A Death in the Desert" shows the first indications of sensible views, as Mr. Benn would say. In the above poem Browning began making concessions to criticism, rejecting miracles as poor evidence. By the year 1877, that is in the thirteen years preceding his last volume, the simple, joyous faith that once was his had been lost in the cold mists of modern doubt. Mr. Benn finds that the poem "La Saisiaz" rejects immortality, for a belief in future rewards and punishments would have a demoralising influence. Good is just good, and evil is evil, and all is according to reason. "He who could so write," says Mr. Benn, very exultingly, "had ceased to be a Christian." But Mr. Benn has misinterpreted "La Saisiaz." It is a very cryptic poem, a metaphysical creation, and even a rationalist might well go astray in digging out the real meaning, but as far as I can discover, there is no negation of immortality; in fact, the argument is really in favour of life after death. Browning believes in the existence of God and the Soul, and faintly trusts the larger hope. But Mr. Benn was too fast in shutting his Browning just here. I imagine that all the Browning Clubs will be busy very soon in advising Mr. Benn to read the last poems in Browning's last volume, a volume, by the way, which appeared on the day of his death, Dec. 12th, 1889. The poem "Reverie" is saturated with the hope of an immortal life:

Then life is—to wake, not sleep,
  Rise and not rest, but press
From earth's level where blindly creep
  Things perfected, more or less,
To the heaven's height, far and steep,

Where, amid what strifes and storms
  May wait the adventurous quest,
Power is Love—transports, transforms
  Who aspired from worst to best,
Sought the soul's world, spurned the worms.

And here are his last words to the world, his own epitaph, the conclusion of the whole matter:

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

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

This is Browning's last word, and it is the word of faith. The mere fact, however, that Mr. Benn or any of his ilk could lay claim to Browning, not as a convert, but as a pervert to stark, hopeless radicalism, to the sunless belief that this life ends all, shows that there is at least room for disputation respecting the religious teaching of Browning. In attempting to touch this subject (I say touch advisedly), I can hope to pick up only a few pebbles along the shore of this vast, heaving thought-ocean of the most verbose poet of all the ages.

In arranging these pebbles I shall follow the example of the theologians. For the sake of clearness, in the hope of reducing order out of chaos, allow me to use those great divisions of dogmatic theology, such topics as God, Christ, Man, Sin, and Things to Come.

I. GOD

What is Browning's teaching about God? As we have already seen, even the extreme Mr. Benn admits that Browning believes that God is and the soul is. The thought of God is ever present with Browning. He came of Puritan stock, and the Puritan, as we all know, had his mind ever centred on the Sovereignty of God. No poet, ancient or modern, has devoted more thought to "the Ineffable Name" than Browning. He is essentially a religious poet, because in nearly every page he makes mention of God. In his first published poem, "Pauline," he searches after God if haply he may find Him, and this is the cry of his soul hungering and thirsting after the divine,—

And what is that I hunger for but God?
My God, my God, let me for once look on
  Thee
As though naught else existed, we alone!
And as creation crumbles, my soul's spark
Expands till I can say,—even from myself
I need Thee and I feel Thee and I love Thee.
I do not plead my rapture in Thy works
For love of Thee, nor that I feel as one
Who cannot die: but there is that in me
Which turns to Thee, which loves or which
  should love.

Through all his moods, through all the years of an intense intellectual life, passed in an age of fierce questioning, when the very foundations of religious faith seemed to be tottering to their fall, from 1833 to the very close of the 19th century, the warp and woof of Browning's poetry retains this greatest of all themes, the adoration of God as Power and as Love. "I need Thee and I feel Thee and I love Thee,"—this is the religious note of Browning's whole life, of all the immense body of his poetry. As he began so he ended; after fifty-six years of pondering on the ways of God to man he has faith in his last poem to greet the unseen with a cheer, because God is good and infinite power is infinite love. What are probably the most familiar lines of Browning are a statement of his happy trust that the Power who sits at the helm of this world is beneficent, "God's in his heaven, all's well with the world." Many are the epithets which Browning applies to God. He is the "Right and Good and Infinite," "The Ineffable Name, Builder and Maker of Houses not made with hands." In Rabbi Ben Ezra, one of Browning's finest poems of adoration, God is called the Potter, who fixes men "mid this dance of plastic circumstance," who binds them to the wheel of Time and moulds them to His heart's desire. Innumerable references might be cited regarding God's work as the Creator of this beautiful, habitable world:

O world, as God has made it! All is beauty:
And knowing this, is love, and love is duty.

However, you're my man, you've seen the
  world—
The beauty and the wonder and the power,
The shapes of things, their colours, lights
  and shades,
Changes, surprises—and God made it all!

This God who made the beautiful world of Nature, in Browning's opinion, must be not only a great designer but infinite in his love:

For the loving worm within its clod
Were diviner than a loveless God
Amid his worlds."

With the single exception of Milton, no poet has mused more sublimely on the thought of God's power and creative energy and completeness, and in one of the most searching and striking of all his poems, "Instans Tyrannus," Browning has shown with vivid and massive force that this Infinite Power, whose arm stretches across heaven, is also a sheltering Father, who hears the despairing cry of the weakest of His children, and makes the wicked oppressor's heart to quake for fear. Says the awful tyrant about to crush the poor saint, the meanest, the weakest of his subjects, caught like a rat or toad in his creep-hole:

Just my vengeance complete,
The man sprang to his feet,
Stood erect, caught at God's skirts, and prayed!
So, I was afraid.

We may say, therefore, that Browning has an intense longing for God; he adores him as Creator and Preserver, as Moulder and Fashioner of human lives; he lauds Him as infinite in Power and Wisdom and Righteousness and Love, and teaches men, even the humblest of us, to pray to Him as to one who "owns the soul" and loves and cares for the meanest of His creatures.

II. CHRIST

In "Christmas Eve" and "Easter Day" we find not only much discussion of the attributes of God, as Eternal First and Last, but a frank statement of Browning's belief in the divinity of Christ. He confesses "How very hard it is to be a Christian!" But these poems are a trampling upon doubt, an able onslaught on the rationalism which denies the divinity of Christ, altogether a splendid acknowledgment of the claims of Jesus to be the Son of God and the loving Saviour of Men. The poem is inspired by a visit on a rainy evening to a non-conformist chapel where the poet takes shelter from the storm. Browning satirises the narrowness, ignorance and rudeness of the simple sectaries, but as he comes forth into the night he has a vision of Christ, "He himself with his human air on the narrow pathway just before." Jesus had been at the chapel fulfilling his promise that

Where two or three should meet and pray,
He would be in the midst, their friend;
Certainly He was there with them!

The poet felt a sense of shame that he had been despising Christ's friends, and learned his lesson, that it does not matter so much whether Christ is worshipped in a place of beauty, so long as he is worshipped in a spirit of love, for God

Disdains not His own thirst to slake
At the poorest love was ever offered

Carried to St. Peter's at Rome he sees the gorgeous worship of the devotees at mass, and although he is not blind to Rome's errors, above the error Browning sees the love. Christ also accepts this worship in the great Basilica because the worshippers there also offer the sacrifice of love, and in the inspiration of this thought Browning gives the world these immortal lines in token of his belief in the divinity of Christ:

Earth breaks up, time drops away,
In flows heaven, with its new day
Of endless life, when He who trod,
Very man and very God,
This earth in weakness, shame and pain,
Dying the death whose signs remain
Up yonder on the accursed tree,—
Shall come again, no more to be
Of captivity the thrall,
But the one God, All in all,
Kings of kings, Lord of lords,
As His servant John received the words,
"I died and live for evermore.

If anything more explicit were needed to define his position, Browning takes care to add that in this journey to different fanes of worship the only place which Christ refused to enter was the German lecture hall where the hawk-nosed, high-cheek-boned, pale professor in his sweet, though hoarse Christmas discourse, resolves Christ into a myth, a fable, a personification. No great poet has made so valiant, so reasonable a declaration of the faith that is in him as Browning in these long, involved but powerful poems, "Christmas Eve" and "Easter Day."

Browning returns to the charge on the critics who would resolve Christ into a fable or delusion in his wonderful poem "A Death in the Desert," where he puts modern arguments into the mouth of the dying St. John. I can scarcely begin to discuss the argument of this poem. Browning makes a concession to the critics in admitting that while miracles were needful in the first century, we are dependent upon them no longer. But he says that even if we waive them altogether we can still accept Christ as very man and very God. I can commend to all believers in Christ who, like Browning, find it hard to be a Christian and have to battle for their faith against modern doubt, Browning's five poems, "Saul," "Christmas Eve," "Easter Day," "The Epistle of Kharshish, the Arab Physician," and "A Death in the Desert," for serious and prayerful reading. Both of these latter poems ought to help any struggling soul to a sure acceptance of Christ as the Son of God and Saviour of the World. No matter how few may be Browning's references to Christ, or how silent he may be regarding Christ in subsequent poems, or how evident his drift to theism, we cannot believe that he rejected Christianity after writing these great passages, these triumphant and immortally beautiful tributes to God in Christ. I quote first the conclusion of the weird and fascinating poem, "The Epistle of Kharshish":

The very God! think, Abib; dost thou think?
So, the All-Great, were the All-Loving too—
So, through the thunder, comes a human voice
Saying, "O heart I made, a heart beats here!
Face, my hands fashioned, see it in myself!
Thou hast no power nor mayst conceive of mine,
But love I gave thee, with myself to love,
And thou must love me who have died for thee!"

And from "A Death in the Desert," these words supposed to issue from the lips of John the Beloved, are really the heart-creed of Browning the Believer:

I say, the acknowledgment of God in Christ
Accepted by thy reason, solves for thee
All questions in the earth and out of it,
And has so far advanced thee to be wise.

III. MAN

In "Sordello" Browning enunciates one of the leading articles of his poetic faith:

Would you have your songs endure?
Build on the human heart!

From his earliest to his latest work God and Man were Browning's kindred themes of inspiration. He knew the human heart and all its hidden secrets good and bad, and with the skill of the modern surgeon he understood the heart's trepidations and dilatations; he heard the regular, happy, healthy heart-beat or the sobbing of the blood through the diseased valves. Browning was interested in all kinds of men and in every aspect of human life; nothing human was alien to him, and this universal interest is shown in his innumerable character-sketches and dramatic monologues. He knew humanity from Dan to Beersheba, from the river unto the ends of the earth. He ransacked the history and literature of Greece, Palestine, Italy, Germany and England for types of the evil and the good. He drew forth strangest characters with weirdest names from obscure corners: Caliban, Sludge, Paracelsus, The Old Grammarian, James Lee, Rabbi Ben Ezra, The Pied Piper, Saul, St. John, Mandeville, Bubb Doddington, The Duchess, Pippa, Mary Wollstonecraft, Evelyn Hope—they are all here, and they smile at us or frown upon us in their immortality of youth. Browning was equally at home with Aristophanes, Ned Bratts or Pacchiarotto. He was reckless in his use of queer-sounding names. A lady who conned over the little "Pacchiarotto and How He Worked in Distemper," thought Pacchiarotto was the name of a dog, an Italian dog, whom no attacks of canine disease could keep from the fulfilment of his duty. But Browning considered names to be mere accidents; he found human nature to be pretty much the same beneath the Grecian, Jewish, Italian, or English skin. He has devoted a great deal of attention to the relations of the human soul to God; has puzzled over the problem of evil; finds that good and evil are fairly well mixed in humanity, that men are going to school here in this life and are on trial; weighed down by the desires of the flesh, still they are gifted with fugitive gleams of the spirit, and it is theirs to reach after the heavenly.

And so I live, you see,
Go through the world, try, prove, reject,
Prefer, still struggling to effect
My warfare.

Human life is figured by the poet not only as a noble warfare, but also as a course of evolution. It would be interesting to trace Browning's complete teaching regarding man's development, physical and spiritual. It is one of his strongest and best-loved themes. Browning

Finds progress, man's distinctive mark alone,
Not God's, and not the beast's: God is, they are,
Man partly is and wholly hopes to be.

If a man could reach perfection in any art he would find himself unhappy; Andrea del Sarto attained and although he had acquired the faultless touch, he was unhappy and cried:

A man's reach must exceed his grasp
Else what's a heaven for.

Unsuccessful in his quest for Beauty, Knowledge, Love and Power, still man in his nothing-perfect is led up to God, who is all-complete and all-good and all-loving. It is this view of man's struggles and failings that enables Browning to trace even beneath the hate of men their love. He sees the beginnings of divine wisdom even in the vices and follies of the flesh. With his splendid optimism our great fighter

Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake.

His philosophy of life and the sum and substance of his teaching regarding man in his relation to God, who fixes us on the wheel of Time and moulds us as He wills, is to be found in the noble expression

Then welcome each rebuff
That makes earth's smoothness rough.

Even in the Paris morgue, as he looks upon human wrecks who took their lives in despair, he can still believe in man and trust in the mercy of God—

It's wiser being good than bad;
It's safer being meek than fierce:
It's fitter being sane than mad.
My own hope is, a sun will pierce
The thickest cloud earth ever stretched;
That, after Last, returns the First,
Though a wide compass round be fetched;
That what began best, can't end worst,
Nor what God blessed once, prove accurst.

After all, it is because Browning can say through Andrea del Sarto:

Love, we are in God's hand.
How strange, now, looks the life He makes us lead;
So free we seem, so fettered fast we are!
I feel he laid the fetter: let it lie!

and because in all his keen analysis of human hearts of all races and climes he still believes in the love of God, that he can look upon the brotherhood and trace everywhere yearnings after the divine, a modicum of good, a touch of nobleness. Perhaps the grandest lesson we can learn from Browning is a wider humanity, more tolerance, more love, more charity for the weaker brethren:

To see a good in evil, and a hope
In ill-success; to sympathise, be proud
Of their half-reasons, faint aspirings, dim
Struggles for truth, their poorest fallacies,
Their prejudices, and fears and cares and doubts,
All with a touch of nobleness, despite
Their error, upward tending all though weak.

IV. SIN

Humanity is weak and sinful, but there is hope for man in his hunger after God. Browning believes not only in sin and the awfulness of sin, but also in salvation. In a brief treatment of these topics let me point out that scarcely in any poet since Dante has there been such an exposure and pillory of sin. Only in the depths of the Inferno will you find such representations of selfishness, cruelty, hate, craft, envy, avarice and sensuality as in the pages of Browning. If a minister wishes to learn the most fitting phrases in which to reveal the sinner to himself let him study diligently the faces and hearts in Browning's rogues' gallery. His dramatic monologues, such a masterpiece as "The Last Duchess," for instance, are microscopic studies of the awful depths of sin. Although Browning has a certain frank admiration for a thorough villain, and prefers a forceful bad man to a colourless weak man, who is good because he lacks the courage to be bad, he is a firm believer in original sin. In "Gold Hair" he says:

Evil or good may be better or worse
In the human heart, but the mixture of each
Is a marvel and a curse.

He concludes the poem by declaring that he holds Christianity to be true because

'Tis the faith that launched point-blank her dart
At the head of a lie—taught Original Sin,
The corruption of Man's Heart.

In "Pauline," there is an account of how Sin gains possession of the Soul who, "girt about with hell's dress," made "sin's familiar friend," appeals to Christ to save from sin. Although Browning has much to say in a plain, hearty way about the devil, whom he describes as "the laughing fiend and prince of snakes," who has entrance to the human heart, he has little to predict regarding future punishment. He firmly believes, however, in the death of the soul, and in the "Death in the Desert" shows that when a man shuts his eyes to God's truth, when he gathers darkness from light, ignorance from knowledge, and lack of love from love made manifest, that man has turned round on himself, and the soul dies. He concludes the poem by declaring that unless a man accepts God's truth in Christ and calls Christ, then, the illimitable God, he is lost. Browning's clearest teaching of the meaning of salvation is to be found in the conclusion to "Saul":

Ay, to save and redeem and restore him, maintain at the height
This perfection—succeed with life's dayspring, death's minute of night,
Interpose at the difficult minute, snatch Saul the mistake,
Saul the failure, the ruin he seems now—and bid him awake
From the dream, the probation, the prelude, to find himself set
Clear and safe in new light and new life—a new harmony yet
To be run and continued and ended—who knows?—or endure!
The man taught enough, by life's dream, of the rest to make sure;
By the pain-throb, triumphantly winning intensified bliss,
And the next world's reward and repose by the struggles in this.

V. THINGS TO COME

The theologian turns his attention last of all to Future Things, Death and the Hereafter. So in our review of Browning we ask of what religious significance are his views on these great subjects? What is his attitude toward Death? Does he believe in the immortality of the soul? Mr. Benn would have us believe that Browning came to the final conclusion that death ends all and that for the soul there is no bright forever. We dare to assert that Mr. Benn has deluded himself by an examination of one poem, "La Saisaiz," in which Browning is in a dubious mood. Our poet is a creature of moods, and it would be unfair to hold to the conclusions of his dark hour and ignore the brave and sunny hopefulness of nearly every poem that he wrote. Browning is the poet of hope, of good cheer. Dark as is the face of Death, and grim though the fight in the dark with the giant may be, he fares forward brave as his peers, the heroes of old, eager for the last fight with the Arch Fear, for he believes that the conflict with Death will last only for a minute.

For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave,
The black minute's at end,
And the elements, rage, the fiend-voices that rave
Shall dwindle, shall blend,
Shall change, shall become first a peace out of pain,
Then a light, then thy breast,
O thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee again,
And with God be the rest.

In the marvellous poem "Childe Roland to the Dark Tower Came," we travel through the land of the shadow of death with his spectral shapes and sights and sounds, and at long last the castle of death, lonely, terrible, grim, confronts the pilgrim. He must not doze like a dotard after a life spent training for the sight; the supreme moment has come; the pilgrim must enter in though hell itself gape from the frowning heights, so, with a last effort, with well-nigh superhuman fortitude

Dauntless the slug-horn to my lips I set
And blew, "Childe Roland to the Dark Tower Came."

Darkness and clouds are round about Death; his aspect is majestic and terrible, but hope on, be unafraid, for Death, though dark his form, is the light-bringer,

And then as, 'mid the dark, a gleam
Of yet another morning breaks,
And like the hand which ends a dream,
Death with the might of his sunbeam,
Touches the flesh and the soul awakes.

First there will be darkness, then light, then "the solemn and strange surprise of the change," finally the mystic union of soul with soul in deathless love:

Think when our one soul understands
  The great Word that makes all things new,
When earth breaks up and heaven expands,
  How will the change strike me and you
In the house not made with hands?

Browning's mention of heaven and of eternal life is not confined to the above reference to "the house not made with hands." His references to heaven are well-nigh countless. The hope of heaven inspires him in countless songs of good cheer; heaven is the logical outcome of man's welcoming each rebuff and fighting the good fight here and now; eternal life is the objective-point of evolution, that which places us on a higher plane than the animal world, and encourages us to strive to learn how to use our tools:

Earn the means first—God surely will
  Contrive use for our earning.
Others mistrust and say, "But time escapes,
  Live now or never!"
He said, "What's time? Leave Now for
  dogs and apes!
  Man has forever."

Browning's loftiest teaching of immortality is expressed in his poem entitled "A Grammarian's Funeral" (from which I have just quoted), his sweetest and simplest in "Easter Day":

  Be all the earth a wilderness!
  Only let me go on, go on,
  Still hoping ever and anon
  To reach one eve the better land!

His most Christian statement of the faith that is in him is embodied in one of the grandest of his religious poems, "Saul," wherein he teaches that Christ is the Way, the Truth, and the Life, and that through the merits of Christ we are to enter the gate of the New Jerusalem:

O, Saul, it shall be
A Face like my face that receives thee; a
  Man like to me,
Thou shalt love and be loved by, for ever:
  a hand like this hand
Shall throw open the gates of new life to
  thee! See the Christ stand!

But you will be tempted to say these passages all indicate that Browning fought a good fight, but did he keep the faith? You will say that you admire his last poem with its cheery note, the poet's bidding to greet the unseen with a cheer, his cry to "Speed, fight on, fare ever there as here," but you will wish to be assured that Browning still retained his faith in Christianity and in the Immortality of the Soul. To banish the dark doubts which the short-sighted Mr. Benn may have raised, allow me to quote part of a letter which Browning wrote down near the close of life, two years before he died. He and his sister went to live at a little hotel in Llangollen, and spent hours together drinking tea on the lawn. He writes: "Another term of delightful weeks, each tipped with a sweet starry Sunday at the little church." Evidently Browning still delighted to worship in a Christian church. In another letter written at this time he asserts vigorously his belief in immortality: "Death, death, it is this harping on death that I despise so much. In fiction, in poetry, French as well as English, and I am told in American also, in art and literature, the shadow of death, call it what you will, despair, negation, indifference is upon us. But what fools who talk thus! Why, *amico mio*, you know as well as I, that death is life, just as our daily, momentarily dying body is none the less alive, and ever recruiting new forces of existence. Without death, which is our church-yardy, crepe-like word for change, for growth, there could be no prolongation of that which we call life. Never say of me that I am dead." It is interesting to observe that this was the farewell message of two of the greatest apostles of God's truth in the nineteenth century. Like Browning, almost in the same words, Dwight L. Moody said: "Some day they will tell you that Moody is dead. Don't you believe a word of it."

The Greatest Writer's Story

By HELEN E. WILLIAMS

In which the simplicity of a child reveals a tragedy in a great man's life.

HE laid down the letter the postman had left a few minutes before, and took up one of the clippings which had come in it. As he read, his eyebrows drew together in a quick frown.

"As usual, the weak places extolled," he muttered, dropping it to take up another. He ran through that quickly, and after a cursory perusal of one or two others, swept the little heap with disgusted energy into the waste-paper basket, and lit a cigar.

"It would have pleased me better as a hope, than as an actual grace it can at all," he murmured reflectively.

Then abruptly he leaned over and rummaged in the basket, and finally smoothed out one of the clippings on the table before him, and read beneath a review of his latest book:

"Hayward has succeeded because he is wedded to his Art; because he has formed himself upon life, saturated himself with life; because he possessed a divining-rod of his own, and was not content to scratch at the same hole, whose treasure has been exhausted by the great minds of ages ago; because he was resolved to describe what he observed and knew, not what one of our modern writers, in satirical trope, calls 'the ideal grasshopper, the heroic, the impassioned grasshopper, the conventional, self-devoted, adventureful, good old romantic, card-board grasshopper.' In this, struggling writers would do well to—"

He dropped the paper. Someone was climbing the stairs outside his den with slow haste, one step at a time. He listened, speculating as to the identity of his visitor; then pushed back his chair, as the first timid rap continued with increasing volume till he flung open the door.

The hand still extended in the act of knocking dropped, as a small voice interrogated, "The Greatest Writer?"

"The what?" he stammered.

"There, now you have spoiled it!" reproachfully. "You *should* have said, 'At your service. And will you do me the honour to enlighten my ignorance.' Then I could say, 'Her Highness,' you see, and we would be in'duced. But now—" struggling with evident chagrin.

"I am very sorry."

In the ensuing pause the blue eyes under the clustering brown curls looked at The Greatest Writer so hard that he suddenly recollected himself, and said hastily, "Won't you come in?"

There was the faintest flicker of relief in the blue eyes.

"Oh, yes," said the small voice graciously, "for a little while." Then dimpling, "I came to come in, you know."

"Oh! Won't you sit down? That is a very comfortable chair there by the window."

"Yes," pursued the small voice as its owner climbed into the chair and looked approvingly round the room, "yes, I might have gone to lots of other places, but I came here."

"I feel deeply gratified."

"I came to help you with your first story," Her Highness further explained.

"My first story?" echoed The Greatest Writer blankly.

"Yes, the one that was never published, you know—do you write all your books out of that ink-bottle over there?"

The Greatest Writer followed the pointing finger.

"Yes," he said; "yes, most of them."

Her Highness slipped down and examined it, first with evident awe, then deepening disappointment.

"It's just like papa's," she announced accusingly, "and he only writes business letters out of his."

She sighed, and climbed into her chair again.

"P'raps we had better begin on that story now," brightening.

"I am afraid I don't quite understand. The story?"

"Yes, I told you about that before. You see, first I heard them all talking about you at home. Mamma said you had reached the highest pinnacle of fame."

"Good Lord!" ejaculated The Greatest Writer softly.

"And papa said he had heard you sent your first story to everyone, but they all sent it back again. And everyone told you you could never write, and scolded you for trying, and told you it would be much better to do some common thing. Did they?"

"Something like that," murmured The Greatest Writer.

"So I thought I would come over and tell you the mistakes in your story, and you could send it after all."

"It is very good of you."

"Yes, I s'pose it is. You see my nu—, 'panion was going to ta—, had asked if she could go for a walk with me. And sometimes she gets me ice cream, or cute little pink mice I can jump up and down by a rubber, and eat afterwards."

"It's too bad to miss that," suggested The Greatest Writer.

"I'll go to-morrow. My 'panion is funny; she wants me to take her walking most every day."

"Won't your mother be anxious about you?"

"Oh, she is at Uncle Charlie's! There's no one at home 'cept my 'panion, and I s'pose," in a studiedly indifferent tone, "she is hunting for me now. Do you know," with a sudden burst of confidence, "I sometimes get tired of my 'panion. She likes me so much she always wants to stay with me."

The Greatest Writer glanced uneasily at the clock. He was expected to fill the leonine rôle at a social function that afternoon, and the hour for his departure was near. The absurdly small figure in the big chair was arranging her blue frills carefully.

"I s'pose we had better begin that story now," she said.

The Greatest Writer rang the bell, and gave a few instructions to the man who answered it.

"Now I am quite at your disposal," said he, with a most delightful bow.

Her Highness bobbed her curls gravely, then gave a sudden little wriggle in her chair, and laughed.

"You *are* nice," she said.

"Nice?"

"You act as if I were a real—what did you call your story?"

The Greatest Writer looked disconcerted.

"Let me see—treacherous thing, memory—well, well—"

He looked apologetically at Her Highness, who waited, politely expectant.

"The," he floundered, "no, one—One of Nature's Freaks," he brought out triumphantly.

"That sounds good."

"So I thought. But how shall we write our story? You see I have always written alone before."

"It's much better to have two, isn't it?"

"Much!"

"Well, you tell me what you wrote, and I'll tell you how to change it, and you can write it down."

"I understand."

"Well, why don't you begin?"

"Oh, yes! Let me see. Dear me! It was so long ago I almost—there! I have it. A boy comes home from college to visit his family in the country. He has not written nor been home for a long time, and they think him much changed, and it makes them very sorry."

"What changed him?" interrupted Her Highness.

"Well, they think it is living in the city among fine people. They think he is ashamed of them and their simple ways."

"And is he?"

"Wait and you will see. He doesn't

play all the old tunes he used to, on the piano, and he has forgotten the horse's name, and he talks flippantly—"

"How did you write their talk down? Did you have some lines narrow, with just an 'oh!' or 'indeed!' on them?"

"No, I wrote the talk all in with the rest, and filled every line full, so it wouldn't use up so many pages. Pages weigh so much, you know, and I didn't have many stamps then."

"Oh, you shouldn't have done that! You ought to have had the lines all raggly, so people could read them easier. No one likes the other kind."

"So I found. Well, I wrote a lot about how dreadfully the mother and father felt. And how they sat up after he had gone to bed, and told each other just how he had looked and talked when he was a little boy, and how sure they had been he would help them when he grew up. And the fire went out—I wrote two or three pages, telling how cold and dreary the ashes looked, and how they thought their future life would be just like those dead ashes. And they couldn't go to sleep—"

"Were they poor?" whispered Her Highness.

"No, but they thought they might be."

"I s'pose we all *might* be."

"That's so. Well, his sister Elizabeth, who was a couple of years younger, didn't feel like her father and mother, for she liked him lots better. She laughed at all his college jokes. I won't tell them now, they were very long, and only scolded him a little, when he said she was much prettier than Dorothy Norton—the girl he was engaged to. But when night came, he seemed nicer. He took his littlest sister, Pauline, on his knee, and told her stories—you wouldn't care to sit on *my* knee, would you?"

The blue frills slipped from the chair.

"I sometimes sit on my 'panion's lap," said Her Highness, with an engaging smile, as he lifted her up. "Now go on. Let's not write out the story?"

"All right. There isn't much more. Arlington, that's what I called him, Arlington West, went away the next day, and Elizabeth was very lonely. He didn't write for two weeks, and then what do you suppose he said?"

"I don't know. What?" And Her Highness sat up very straight.

"He wrote that he had not come home at all. He had been sent to British Columbia on a very dangerous, scientific survey, and being afraid they might worry about him, he had sent out his friend, Arthur Wentworth, who looked just like him."

Her Highness clapped her hands.

"How did you ever think of that?"

"It *was* rather a novel plot, wasn't it?" and The Greatest Writer smiled oddly.

"Weren't they all very glad?"

"Yes, except Elizabeth; for he wrote that he was safe, and had made a lot of money, besides gaining immense honour."

"Why wasn't Elizabeth glad?"

"Well, you see it made her angry, for she thought Arthur Wentworth had only come to have a good time, and would laugh at them and their ways behind their backs."

"And he didn't, did he?"

"Not a bit of it. Besides, he was—er—in love with Elizabeth."

"Mamma was in love with someone before she knew papa," volunteered Her Highness with cheerful loquacity, "for once papa said, 'You don't regret him, Madge?' and mamma laughed her ripply laugh and said, 'You silly Ted. You know he never really cared for me—only for his work, his fame.'"

The Greatest Writer started. For a moment a long-forgotten scene swam between him and the room. Another, a low, pained voice, was saying: "*No. You believe that; but you have never really cared for me—only for your work, your fame.*"

"Go on, 'in love with Elizabeth.'"

"He tried to make it up, but she said, 'Never, never, never,' to some question he asked," went on The Greatest Writer dully. "And now we skip two years."

Her Highness gave a little snuggle.

"You *do* tell it beautifully," she whispered.

"Oh, they always skip in real books, you know."

Papa says you have a real genius for leaving stupid parts in the ink-bottle."

"Oh!"

"Yes, and *mamma* says she always feels when she reads your books as if a wonderful world of new people was just opening, and she was living in all of them—the people, I mean."

"Dear me!" dubiously. "But as I was saying, a ship is leaving for England, and who do you think is on the deck?"

"Elizabeth," cried Her Highness excitedly.

"Yes, Elizabeth, and who else?"

"Pauline," suggested Her Highness, a trifle doubtfully.

"No, not Pauline, Arthur Wentworth. They were married at last, and the music from within came to them, I quoted from some book, 'in such a soft, floating, witchery of sound as twilight elfins make, when they at eve voyage on gentle gales from fairyland.' Then I wrote *Finis* at the bottom, and that was all. How do you like it, Highness?"

She slipped from his knee.

"I think it is beautiful," she said, but there was a tiny horseshoe on her forehead.

"What is the matter?"

She drew herself up proudly.

"I would send it back to those people, and make them sorry that they did not keep such a *beautiful* story. I *would*—if I were you."

"Oh, no," soothingly, "not if you were me."

The sound of a bell came faintly from below, followed by a few words with a questioning inflection. Her Highness' attitude instantly changed.

"It's Nancy," she faltered, "my, my 'panion, you know?"

The Greatest Writer nodded. She gave him a suspicious look.

"Your companion," he echoed, gravely.

"Did they take your second story?"

"My sec—oh, I didn't write any more for a long time."

"But when you did," insistently, "did they take it?"

"It was not a story exactly, only a story about a story, only a criticism, you know? But, yes, they took it."

"Oh," disappointedly, "good-bye."

"But you will come again?"

"I don't know. I am very busy. Are you ever busy?"

"Sometimes," said The Greatest Writer with an apologetic glance towards his desk.

"I do twenty things a day—sometimes."

"That's a great many."

"Yes. Good-bye."

Steps were heard outside, approaching.

"You may kiss me if you like."

The Greatest Writer instantly stooped. As two short arms encircled his neck, there came a rush of whispered words.

"I guess I'll have time to come again, an' I'm not a really, truly, Highness, an—" the small voice choked with the mortification of it—"an' Nancy is my—nurse."

He watched, while with one hand on the banister, the other tightly clasping her "'panion's" hand, the little figure went down the stairs, one step at a time. When the last vestige of blue, and the bobbing brown curls had disappeared, he went back and sat for a long time in the silent, book-lined den. Once he looked about him, and laughed aloud. "Fame." And once he cried "Margaret!" softly, below his breath. The sunlight dappling the book shelves faded. Long shadows crept stealthily into the room, then, gaining courage, took possession of the place. Someone came to the door, and after knocking, went away again.

Night fell.

Among Relics of the Past

By W. S. WALLACE

Showing the charm that attaches to things which link the present with the long ago.

IN the museums and libraries of England and Scotland, and in the British Museum especially, the mountains of vellum and old paper which constitute the MSS. wealth of the country are accessible not to the general public, but only to a few privileged scholars, who go in and pore over documents that perhaps no one has read for a century. But in most of the museums it is generally the case that all letters and papers of general interest are exhibited to the public in show-cases, and in the British Museum, for instance, anyone—

Rich man, poor man, beggar man, or thief—

may go in and gaze on the faded ink that flowed from the pen of Oliver Cromwell or Walter Scott.

It is the British Museum, that repository of a nation's antiquarian wealth, that has the richest collection in nearly every line of MSS.—royal autographs, historical autographs, charters, literary autographs, autograph literary works, Greek and Latin MSS., Anglo-Saxon chronicles, illuminated MSS., deeds, seals, bindings. There are show-cases after show-cases of almost priceless documents, on which one may regale one's eyes unmolested from eight a.m. till evening.

Apart from the art of reading character from handwriting, or any such nonsense, it is interesting, and at the same time genuinely instructive, to examine these collections with a view to comparing the ways in which different writers transfer their thoughts to paper. Take some of the literary documents. In one show-case is a bit of the MS. of Carlyle's "French Revolution," so hacked up and revised with blue pencil, black ink, and black lead pencil as to be almost undecipherable. The manuscript of Pope's translation of the Odyssey shows endless polishing, pruning, and correcting. On the other hand, Gibbon's "Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire" is written in a neat flowing hand, without any erasures or carets; and all corrections are made in the margin, as if the copy were printed proof. Elsewhere again is shown the first and final draft of Scott's "Kenilworth," written straight ahead in a blank manuscript book with hardly a correction or erasure to spoil the beautiful appearance of the page.

"Though wild as cloud, as wind, as gale,
Flow forth, flow unrestrained, my tale,"

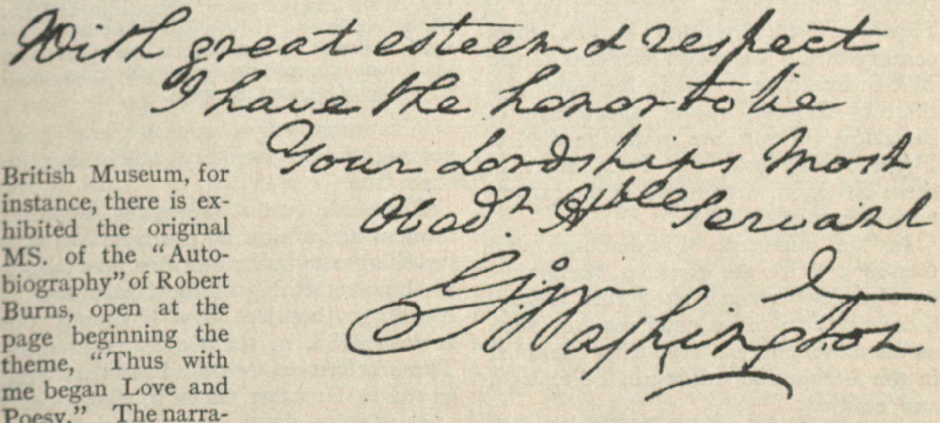
Scott once sang; and his novels, as well as his verse, are a monument to the sentiment. Ruskin, who himself owned the original copies of several of Scott's novels, has somewhere remarked that "it is a pleasure to look on his pages."

There are so many manuscripts that one can only touch on some of the most striking. The handwriting of Frederick the Great is tiny—almost infinitesimal. So also is that of Charlotte Brontë, though hers is really hand-printing. The letters of Oliver Cromwell look as if written with the slow haste of a man not at home with the pen. On the other hand, Robert Burns's autobiography is written in an easy, straightforward hand not unlike that of a lady, almost as regular as copperplate. The writing of Bonnie Prince Charlie is unformed and scrawling, like a child's; while the poems of Thomas Chatterton, "the boy poet," are written in a firm, vigorous hand, and are correctly and carefully numbered for the glossary at the foot of each page. The letters of John Knox are in a spidery, monk-like script intelligible only to the expert.

In the National Portrait Gallery in London there are also some interesting

MSS. There are two pages from the original of Lord Macaulay's "History of England," two big sheets of blue account paper (on which it seems Macaulay always wrote when composing), mercilessly scored and scratched up. Tennyson's "Idylls of the King" are also exhibited. They are in a beautiful, original hand, and are of course a final draft. Tennyson usually composed his poems in fragments, and wrote them down on whatever was nearest. He did his revising in his mind before he committed his lines to paper.

Many of the MSS. are interesting for their subject-matter. Almost all of them are in print somewhere, but not all of them are in books generally accessible. In the British Museum, for instance, there is exhibited the original MS. of the "Autobiography" of Robert Burns, open at the page beginning the theme, "Thus with me began Love and Poesy." The narrative tells how Burns fell in love with one of the farm girls, who sang very sweetly and whom he had heard sing a love song written by a farmer lad of the district; and how in emulation he began to write songs too, set to popular tunes, without any idea of "competing with men who knew Latin and Greek." Another interesting MS. is the diary of Chinese Gordon, at Khartoum, open at the last page, and ending with, "I have done my best for the honour of our country. Goodbye. C. G. Gordon." In another case is the last letter of Charles Dickens, written the day before his death, in the same sprightly vein as ever. Side by side are the Commonplace Book of John Milton and his Bible, the latter open at the fly-leaf, showing the names and birthdays of the Milton family.

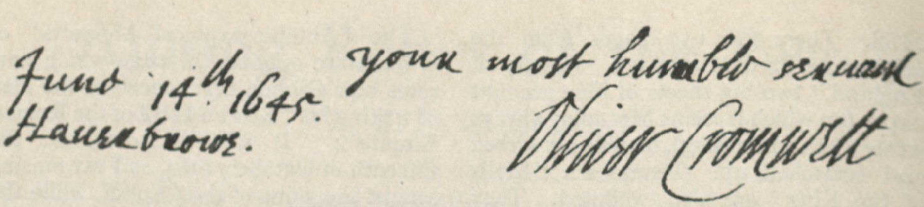


With great esteem & respect
I have the honor to be
Your Lordships Most
Obdt. Hble Servant
Go. Washington

THE HANDWRITING OF GEORGE WASHINGTON

The "Autobiographical Memoirs" of Gibbon are open at the page which narrates how Gibbon first conceived the idea of writing his "Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire": "It was at Rome, on the fifteenth of October, 1764, as I sat musing amidst the ruins of the Capitol, while the barefoot friars were singing vespers in the temple of Jupiter, that I conceived the first thought of my history." Nearby are Harvey's notes for his lectures on Universal Anatomy, in which for the first time the circulation of blood was demonstrated.

There is a melancholy letter from Lady Jane Grey to a noble of the realm, commanding him to render allegiance to "Jane the Quene" and dated "the first yere of our reign." Beside it is a letter in French from Mary Queen of Scots to Elizabeth, complaining of the rigour of her imprisonment. There are a couple of letters from Oliver Cromwell, one to the speaker of the House announcing the victory of Naseby, and another to his wife ending "Pray for mee, truly I doo daily for thee." There is a letter of George Washington's laying down the foreign policy of the United States, viz.: "To be little heard of in the great world of Politics," and "to have nothing to do with the political intrigues or the squabbles of European nations; but on the contrary, to exchange commodities and live in peace and amity with all the inhabitants of the earth." And there is the last letter of Nelson, written two days before



June 14th 1645.
Haurebrowe.
your most humble servant
Oliver Cromwell

SIGNATURE OF A GREAT WARRIOR

the battle of "Traflagar" (as he writes it), and ending "May God Almighty give us success over these fellows and enable us to get a peace."

In another department of the manuscript room, there is a fragment of Homer's Odyssey, written in a graceful uncial hand of the early part of the first century, probably the earliest extant MS. of any portion of the poem. Near it is part of Plato's Phaedo, written in the third century B.C., the oldest classical Greek MS. in existence. And in the same case there is also the will of Aphrodisius of Heraclea, an unknown man who died in Egypt in the year 225 B.C. Both of these last MSS. were found in the cartonnage of a mummy-case.

In the museums of Edinburgh and Glasgow, which are excellent, the majority of the MSS. relate to Scottish history. Some of them make good reading, such as the Covenanting Declaration exhibited in the Antiquarian Museum, Edinburgh, and entitled:

> The Declaration of a poore, wasted, misrepresented Remnant of this suffering, anti-Popish, anti-Prelatick, anti-Erastian, anti-Sectarian, true Presbyterian Church of Christ in Scotland, united together in general correspondence.

Or such as the quaint charm for toothache shown in the same museum:

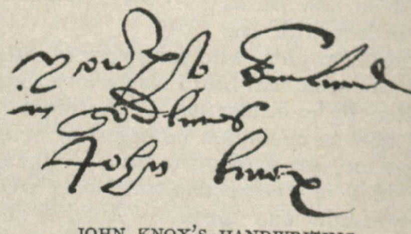
> Petter was Laying and his head upon a marrable ston weping and Christ came by and said what else (ails) thou Petter. Petter answered and sad Lord god my twoth Raise thou Petter and be healed and whosoever shall carry these lines in my name shall never feel the twothick.

Sir Walter Scott once said that the Scots tongue was nearer the "well of English undefiled" than modern English was, and in some of the old MSS. of Scotland is to be found fine, nervous English, with more than a touch of style about it. John Knox, in a letter, inveighs against "wily Winchester, dreaming Durham, and bloody Bonnar." And in another letter, written to the French Ambassador after St. Bartholomew's Eve, he delivers himself thus:

> Go tell your master that sentence is pronounced against him, that the Divine vengeance shall never depart from him or from his house, except they repent; but his name shall remain an execration to posterity, and none proceeding from his loins shall enjoy his Kingdom in peace.

This is not only a superb piece of invective, but a prophecy which literally came true.

These are just a few notes taken at random and almost *ad aperturam* from a travelling note-book; but they may suffice to show something of the fascination of spending "hourless days" among the ancient MSS. of the English museums. There before one are the lines that were traced in far other times by those dead men we read of in the histories. The handwriting is there, though the writers are "all silent, like the echoes of the old nightingales that sang that season, like the blossoms of the old roses." In a peculiar way, in a way not possible with the printed book, these old MSS. seem to touch one from out of the past.



Your lovinge frende
in Godlines
John Knox

JOHN KNOX'S HANDWRITING

An Instance of Industrial Arbitration

By J. F. MACKAY

Business Manager, The Globe

Showing that it is possible to settle labour disputes without the possibility of a strike.

TO the daily publishers of the United States and Canada and their employees belongs the credit of having shown the way to the world in the matter of the voluntary arbitration of labour disputes.

During the past five years a strike or a lockout has been practically impossible in about three hundred of the leading newspaper offices of this continent, employing almost fifty thousand men, nor will one be possible in any of these offices for the next five years. This happy state of affairs is creditable alike to the liberal-mindedness of the publishers and to the intelligence of the employees engaged in the various mechanical branches of newspaper production. It shows at once that while the newspapers have been diligently urging a more conciliatory spirit between the rival camps of capital and labour, they themselves have not been idle in finding means for the peaceful solution of the differences that must inevitably arise under our present industrial system. In the interests of both humanity and economy the press of Canada and the United States, almost without exception, has persistently advocated conciliation or arbitration rather than more warlike means in the settlement of industrial disputes. The renewal for another term of five years of what is probably the most sweeping arbitration agreement in the industrial world proves that the publishers are not proclaiming a doctrine which they themselves fail to put into practice.

It is almost needless to say here that the happy condition just referred to is based upon a fundamental and complete acknowledgment by each party of the right of the other to organise. Without this mutual concession an agreement could not have been brought into existence. At first thought it might seem that such a concession meant the final wiping out of that long cherished doctrine of the personal relationship between employer and employee. A little more reflection will prove that the reverse is the case. Under the "individual" as opposed to the "organised" condition, it is the thought that at some time, probably in the very near future, the relationships of the parties may be strained, which breeds separation and distrust. The workman fearing that he may shortly be locked in deadly combat with his employer is not likely to cultivate feelings of friendship or co-operation. Under an arbitration contract, the fulfilment of which to the letter is guaranteed by powerful organisations, the knowledge is always present that, come what may, peace is bound to prevail. Thus, no excuse exists for entertaining and cultivating other than feelings of the utmost harmony and good-will.

To Mr. A. A. McCormick, Editor of the Indianapolis *Star*, is due the conception and to a large extent also the development of the idea of this arbitration agreement. Like many important matters, it had a small beginning, simply a decision on the part of both the American Newspaper Publishers' Association and the International Typographical Union that for one year they would settle any differences over existing contracts by arbitration. Notwithstanding many difficulties and much dissatisfaction during these first twelve months, the result was that at the end of the year an agreement was ratified by both bodies to the effect that for a period of five years all disputes arising as to "wages and hours" should be settled first by conciliation if possible, failing this by a local board of arbitration, consisting of two men representing each of the disputants and a fifth appointed by these four. If the decision of this board was not satisfactory to either party, an appeal might be had to a national board, which consisted of three, the odd man being appointed as in the case of the local board. The term covered by this agreement expired on May 1st of the present year, and on the same day a new and greatly extended agreement came into force for another term of five years, the same having previously been ratified by the American Newspaper Publishers' Association, as well as by the International Unions representing the printers, the stereotypers, the pressmen, the mailers, and the photo-engravers.

The main feature of the agreement now in force is that it provides for arbitration not only on matters affecting wages and hours, but on "working conditions" also. The compact, it will thus be seen, has nothing of the mushroom character about it, but on the contrary has been a matter of growth and development, so that in the words of Mr. James M. Lynch, the respected President of the International Typographical Union, "the settlement of industrial disputes has been brought to an ideal plane." Not the least interesting feature of the new contract is the omission of the odd man, both on the local and the national boards. Experience has shown that the odd man was frequently selected by the parties more because of his neutral qualities than for any special fitness for the work, and this being the case, his judgment was very often swayed by trivialities and side issues; his judgments were generally of the "hit and miss" variety, without any guiding principles. Just how satisfactorily this will work out remains to be seen, but it is another step in the development of confidence between the publisher and mechanic. The *Inland Printer*, the organ of the employed printers, says of this innovation: "And now, the new agreement eliminates entirely the arbiter. This is a great step forward. It means that hatred, fear and mistrust and arrogance and haughtiness are being put in the background. It indicates the birth of a new *régime* in which there is a good understanding of the major essentials, and a feeling that if the reasons and desires of one can be made plain to the other—if both can be given understanding—there will surely be found some common ground of agreement."

As far as one can judge, both sides are pleased with the experiences of the past few years and with the prospects of the future. The employees have received higher wages and uninterrupted employment, while the publishers have not been harassed by costly and wasteful strikes, for it must not be forgotten that there is probably no industrial institution so little able to fight a strike as a daily paper. An evidence of the perfect working of the system was afforded a few weeks ago in the office of the New York *World*, when the pressmen employed there determined to quit work without the formalities provided by the agreement. The President of the I.T.U. was communicated with by long distance telephone, and he promptly assured the publishers that if the men went out he would have their places filled in five minutes, and that not one of the men deserting his post would be allowed to again carry a union card. It must be said to the credit of both parties that in six years there has not been a single disagreement which has not been amicably adjusted. The full importance of this is only realised when it is remembered that four-fifths of all newspaper labour in Canada and the United States is at present employed in offices covered by these agreements.

Both publisher and printer have learned by adversity. It would appear to-day, however, that the agreement briefly outlined above will mark a new era in the march towards industrial peace.

CLIMBING THE SUMMIT OF MOUNT VICE-PRESIDENT IN THE CANADIAN ROCKIES

The Alpine Club of Canada

By FRANK YEIGH

An account of the Club's inaugural camp on the roof of the Rockies.

NOWHERE is there so rare a spot for a tented home as a mountain summit.

So one thought as the first glimpse was had through the forest aisle of the inaugural camp of the Alpine Club of Canada. A group of fifty canvas cottages, arranged in avenues and crescents, stood out in all their startling clearness of white against the green of mother earth and protecting trees; against the gray of the higher peaks; against the indescribable medley of colours that marked the surface of Summit Lake with every passing breeze, or the sailing overhead of every vagrant cloud.

The haunts of men, with their artificialities of civilisation, had been exchanged for the haunts of the mountain goat and bear—the Alpine realm of bird and beast. The farthest-reaching echo of the locomotive whistle had been lost, and only the sounds—and silences—of nature were left.

Here it was, in the heart of the Rockies, an enchanted area of crags and canyons, and on the saddle-back between Emerald Lake and the Yoho valley, eleven miles north of Field, that the company of Alpinists met, in July of 1906, and constituted the first camp gathering of the Alpine Club of Canada. It proved to be the largest and most successful camp ever held, so far as known, under the auspices of a mountaineering organisation.

The Alpine Club, which was formed in

Winnipeg in March of 1906, does not exist merely to give its members an annual mountain outing, though in doing that it is rendering a valued service. Its aims are lofty, like the hills it seeks to make known; its objects are patriotic.

It is felt by many that as Canadians we have not begun to realise the value of our mountain asset—not from a commercial point of view alone, based on the timber wealth of their slopes or the hidden mineral wealth of their veins, but rather from the scenic standpoint. In Rockies and Selkirks, in Gold and Coast Ranges, we have a glorious heritage of hills, as vast in area as they are sublime in height, but has the Canadian grasped the fact?

It is also true that not a little of the scientific and pioneer climbing work in Canada's mountains has been done by United States, British and foreign Alpinists, and it is just to acknowledge the service they have thus rendered. In this connection, however, the excellent work of the Canadian Topographical Survey should be recognised. Mr. Arthur O. Wheeler, F.R.G.S., the head of the Survey, has a notable list of first ascents to his credit, as have Messrs. J. D. McArthur, H. G. Wheeler, M. P. Bridgland and other officials. Professor A. P. Coleman, of the University of Toronto, also deserves mention for his geological contributions to the study of our great Cordillerean range.

But the fact remains that, outside of this commendable Government activity, and the work of a few individuals, Canadians have as yet paid comparatively little attention to their sea of mountains.

The newly-formed Alpine Club is therefore not only patriotically national in its intent, but its very existence has in it a touch of Empire. For we would have our fellow-Britishers know that they need not leave the bounds of the Empire to find mountain peaks to conquer as alluring in their altitude and as inspiring in their grandeur as the Ossas and Pelions, the Matterhorns and Jungfraus of lands foreign and farther afield.

While this is one of the unconcealed objects of the Club, its membership is open to the world. A welcome awaits the mountain lover wherever he may hail from, for the mountains of the Dominion are no close preserve. Among the active members already enrolled are not a few honoured names of Alpinists who have long since qualified for active membership by their achievements among the British Columbian peaks.

The objects of the Club are manifold, including the study of glacial action. Among the first steps taken in this department was the marking of the walls enclosing the Wapta glacier, at the northern end of the Yoho valley. Accurate measurements of the flow of this vast ice river may thus be made in succeeding years, rendering a scientific service similar to that given by the markings at the Illecillewaet glacier, which has receded seven hundred feet since 1887, or an average of thirty-six feet per year. Glacial recession ranges according to the summer season. In the cold summer of 1898, the Illecillewaet glacier fell back sixteen feet, followed by a recession of sixty-four feet in 1899.

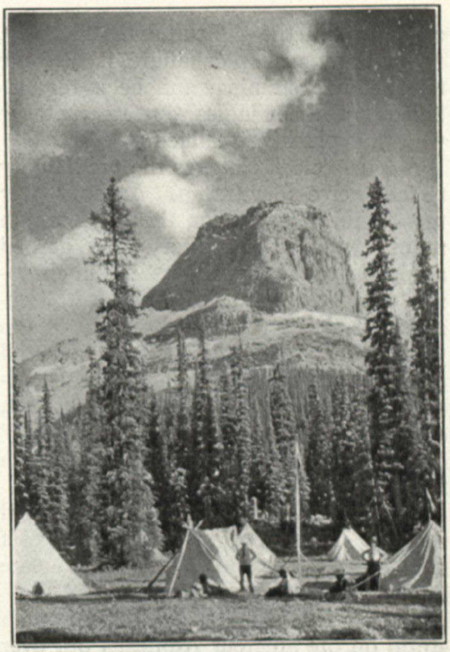
The scientific section of the Alpine Club will, moreover, be able to specialise more than is possible under the Topographical Survey. The geology of the mountains, as well as the flora and fauna and botany, will also receive attention. Both Rockies and Selkirks are specially rich in these respects, and much remains to be done to supplement the creditable work of Prof. Macoun, Mrs. Henshaw, Mrs. Schaffer and others. Prizes will in all probability be awarded by the Club in these branches of study, as well as in painting and photography.

The new organisation will, in addition, seek to assist the Canadian Government in its laudable efforts to make the mountains more accessible by the building of trails and bridges and the bringing into effect of other improvements in the great areas comprising the two national mountain parks. Protection from forest fires is a further vital necessity, if the scenic beauty of the mountains is to be preserved.

In addition to all these objects, the Club will seek to advertise the Rockies to the world—and to Canadians, to make more widely known one of the greatest and grandest mountain regions yet discovered.

The camp lasted for a week. Each

CLIMBING ALONG THE EDGE OF A PRECIPICE OF SNOW



PART OF THE ENCAMPMENT—MOUNT WAPTA IN THE DISTANCE

day, and each evening, too, yielded delights and experiences that will not soon be forgotten by the lucky participants. For there was the joy of life—the free, untrammelled, full-breathed life of God's out-of-doors, amid His everlasting hills. There was the "fellowship of kindred minds." The magnet that attracted was the Mountains. There followed, too, the deepening acquaintance with the sublime heights as they were lived among, and gazed upon, and surmounted.

There was the revelation of the many-sided life of a snow-sheathed peak; now its nearness, then its farness, as the atmosphere played tricks with the sense of sight. Now its peaceful quiet under the caressing clouds of a summer day, or under the watchful stars of the night; then the change as the mighty bulk becomes a storm centre, the echoing thunders bombarding its palisades, and the vivid lightning illumining its towering pinnacles. For the storm seems to challenge the supremacy of the hills. "I am higher than thou art," the Storm cries. "I play upon thy summit from the loftier habitation of the clouds." But the Mountain makes no reply. It remains, when the storm is only a memory. Even the rainbow aftermath, transcendently beautiful in its colour arch silhouetted against a black sky, the bow that rested far beneath us in the vale of the Yoho, soon melted away as mysteriously as it had been born, and the Mountain remained.

It is truly remarkable what can be accomplished on porridge. The forty "tenderfeet" who essayed the climb of Mount Vice-President, and thus qualified for active membership in the Club, did so largely on a physical basis of oatmeal, and because of the virile diet, not one failed! It was good, old-fashioned mush that was served up at the 4.30 a.m. breakfast.

The Vice-President is a fine, four-peaked mountain, over ten thousand feet high, dominating Emerald Lake, the Yoho valley and the neighbouring Van Horne Range. Its ascent involved all kinds of climbing, and provided genuine tests of nerve and strength and self-control. That such a large proportion of the camp enrolment—forty out of eighty—should overcome all the difficulties in the way, without any mishap or failure, is a tribute to Canadian stamina, and be it remembered that fifteen ladies were among those who thus pluckily qualified.

A four-o'clock call was the preliminary to the twelve-hour tramp. An hour later the climbing party for the day, ten in number, lined up in military order, garbed according to the regulations, in full climbing canonicals, and provided with ice-axes and alpenstocks. Edward Fuez, the young Swiss guide, with a frugal lunch and a coil of rope slung over his broad shoulders, led the single file procession that, after the roll-call, at once "hit the trail" and disappeared in the spruce and balsam forest environing the camp.

For the first hour or more, the path led through moss-carpeted woods and past meadow stretches of purple and white heather.

This initial up-hill stretch soon put a strain on the amateur Alpinists, but over against fatigue and breathlessness, nature provided a compensating air, wonderfully exhilarating and bracing. Above the tree line, a long and wearisome way led at steep inclines over boulders and rocks and rotten shale, alternating with cliffs and ledges that were an earnest of what lay ahead. At last, the ascending path became so steep as to require the first roping together, with an occasional bit of level rock floor serving most acceptably as resting places. Peering over the edge of one, a sheer drop of a thousand feet or more to the Emerald glacier tested head-steadiness and cool nerves—a cliff "whose high and bending head looks fearfully in the confined deep." A group of campers climbing the glacier looked like little black specks amid the white sea.

In a northwesterly direction Fuez guided his party across gravel moraines and over snow-fields to other and narrower ledges. Pinnacle after pinnacle was successfully negotiated, each one loftier than the other, until the highest point of the mountain was reached and the Vice-President stood conquered, the event being celebrated by adding some stones to the cairn and by singing the National Anthem.

There on the roof of the Rockies a beatific vision was unfolded of two hundred miles of mountain peaks. For fifty miles in every direction, the eye took in the mighty sweep of the hills. Northward, the upper Yoho River raced to its destiny. Beyond, and beyond, range upon range sloped to the sky, where the continental watershed feeds the sources of the Columbia, the Athabasca, the Saskatchewan, and many another life-giving stream.

Eastward stretched the Yoho valley, with its tumbling Niagaras and its canyon depths; southward, the overshadowing Cathedral Peaks formed a boundary of granite, while westward, the kingly crown of Sir Donald, in the Selkirks, proclaimed its majesty by its supreme height. Under the spell of the sight, the mind recalled the lines of Goldsmith:

> Even now where Alpine's solitudes ascend,
> I sit me down a pensive hour to spend;
> And, placed on high above the storm's career,
> Look downward where a hundred realms appear;
> Lakes, forests, cities, plains, extending wide,
> The pomp of kings, the shepherds' humble pride.

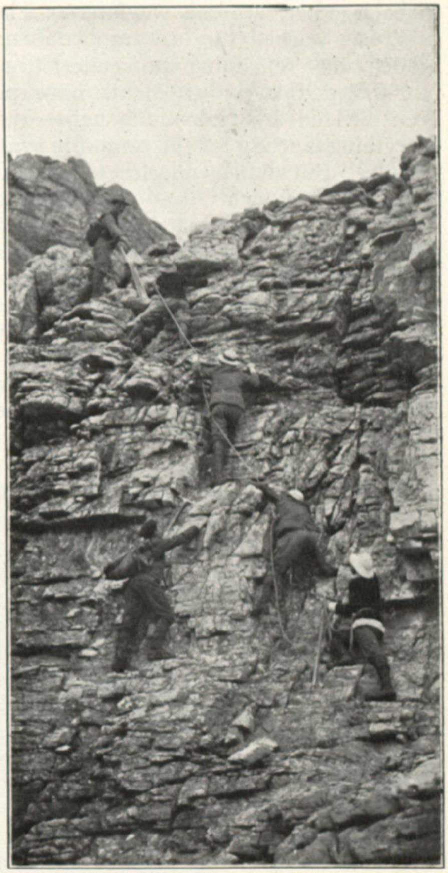
The homeward journey was made in half the time taken in the ascent. Glissading down steep snow slopes followed, till the glacial sheet was reached, with its dangerous crevasses and treacherous snow bridges. It was the time and place to recall the President's directions to implicitly obey the guide, and this every one was ready to do, as Edward carefully cut a series of ladder-like steps in the ice face and as carefully showed his followers how to creep down hill gracefully. Rivers of water flow over the river of ice, as well as under, while trickling green-blue streams make their musical way through green grottoes and deep ice caves into deeper wells.

At long last, the tree line is again reached, and it is just supper time when the proud mountain conquerors halloo their return to camp, where the welcome accorded them by the stay-at-homes is no less appreciated than the joy of a safe return and the happy consciousness of having attained.

A two-days' trail trip up the Yoho valley was one of the attractive programme features of the camp. Our party comprised ten club members, with guides, cooks, ponies and food supplies. The path from camp led by the shore of Summit Lake, the eye detecting the bubbles from the spring that feeds the little body of water. A corkscrew descent of nearly two thousand feet ensued, charming glimpses of the valley being revealed at many a turn of the road. At one of the open spaces, the first thrilling sight was had of the famous Takkakaw Falls, though echoes from its tumbling waters had already been heard. The sight of this king of Canadian Niagaras, with its series of white flood leaps, is a never-to-be-forgotten one. Emerging from the caverns of the Daly ice-field, the Takkakaw makes an initial plunge of two hundred feet, to try itself, as it were, and after a moment's breath, gathers its waters for the great plunge of nearly a thousand feet to another platform of rock, whence it hastens on in an ever-broadening mass over the shelving rocks to the river of the valley bed, itself hastening through cleft and canyon on its journey to the sea.

Unforgettable, too, were the glimpses of the other gigantic cascades in this wondrous temple of nature. The Laughing Falls leap in seeming joyous abandon from a narrow-walled gorge into a wild freedom of space that ends in a wilder cauldron, e'er it speeds like a race-horse to the same river that swallows up all its sister streams. Further north, the Twin Falls tumble from their rocky clefts over a precipice five hundred feet high, to a rock-encased flume. The bridge we crossed over this flood is often under water, and from it a trail pony had recently been swept by the irresistible tide. The body of the poor beast was found hundreds of feet below, and the saddle that went with it on its wild journey of death hangs in the little shelter shack by the upper trail.

The night's camp on the Yoho trip was more primitive than at headquarters. We were closer to nature than ever before, even to the invasion of tents by prying porcupines, who seemingly have a well-developed taste for boots and hats. At the bottom of a vast well we seemed to be, when the opalescent twilight had given place to the stars. The Yoho walls towered hundreds of feet above us, the nearby forest giants growing infinitesimally small when measured by the dizzy heights, and dwarfing the invading campers into even smaller units. But when the night crept down the valley, and the visible world shrunk to the little area illumined by the crackling camp-fire, we foregathered as by instinct, as did the pack-horses too. Fire worshippers we became; fire is the magnet now in lieu of mountains, and human intercourse seems to count for most.



SCALING THE FACE OF THE ROCK

More wood, boys! More of those balsam boughs that emit such a merry crackle as they die in the fire; higher leap the red forks of flame; farther spread the red reflections as our little world in the woods is lit up by its own torches.

Huddled close to the blazing pile, and

to each other, are the wayfarers. The cook has washed the last tin plate and hidden the remaining provender from four-footed thieves; the tents have all been bedded by resinous boughs—and everything is ready for the camp-fire symposium. But all the tenderfeet tales count for little, when Jack Otto—our guide, our handsome, whole-hearted, honest-eyed guide—starts on a yarn route. It was not so easy to bring to pass, for the mountaineer is not given to much speech, less to self-boasting. It taxed the diplomacy of more than one charmer-in-knickerbockers, but finally Jack got under way; at last the stories came, genuine tales of the big hills, of escapes narrow and otherwise, of struggles with grizzlies and silvertips, of precarious climbs for mountain goats and big-horned sheep, of thrilling experiences in storm and flood, in landslide and avalanche. We knew Jack spoke truth, for did we not look into his deep black eyes, and did we not later see the skin of the very grizzly at Field, of which he told us, with nearly a baker's dozen of bullet holes ventilating his hide? There was, however, a drawback to Jack's entertainment, for dreams ensued, dreams marked by more terrific encounters than ever mortal knew—but happily far less dangerous!

As late rising is counted a crime in a mountain camp, an early start was made for the second day's travel. No sooner had the cavalcade moved than a halt was called, for the Yoho had reached a flood volume that carried away the log bridges, overflowing banks and spreading between the tree trunks up to and beyond the trail. But a cayuse is equal to any such emergency as that. Wiser little animals never used four legs, and if the less wise animals on two legs will only give them free rein and not try to control the situation, the pony will do the rest. The rest in this case involved their transformation into portable bridges, as they carried us over, one by one, dry shod, so long as feet were well tucked up beside the saddle pommel. Cautiously the little beasts picked their way through and over submerged brush and logs, carefully they stepped into the raging torrent, wading diagonally down and across stream to lessen the force of the current, until, in returning in zigzag fashion, the opposite bank was climbed, another delta waded through and a dry bench land reached. All went well until the lead horse espied a pair of boots by the trail side, placed there by a barefooted camper who wished to make sure of dry footwear, but catching sight of the unwonted object, an exhibition of broncho-busting followed that threatened to undo the owner of the unoffending boots.

Northward was the trend of the winding trail, through cathedral aisles of stately trees, up foothills that would have qualified as mountains elsewhere, and amid a riotous wealth of wild flowers, heather and ferns. Nature does nothing by halves in her mountain gardens.

As many a mile was covered, discussion became keen as to the real length of a mile in the mountains, the unanimous conclusion being that it has no relation to one on the level. We all thought guide Jack the essence of honesty thus far, but the negotiation of the final three miles to the Wapta glacier—three, according to Jack—compelled us reluctantly to have our doubts.

When the northern end of the fifteen mile valley was traversed, there came with it one of those dramatic revelations of nature that often reward the mountain visitor. Emerging from the dense forest, with its path alive with fat porcupines, the eye caught in a flash the entire front of the Wapta glacier, glittering in all its icy glory, thrusting its nose deep into the valley, and sending forth its frosted breath. Thousands of feet in depth, miles in width at its ridge, and sloping thirty miles northward, the Wapta is one of the great remnants of the ice age. What an inconceivable marvel it is that such a frozen mass should yet move—move with the leisurely slowness of eternity, for a thousand years in the sight of a glacier is as a day in the sight of brief-spanned man! And as it slowly slips valleyward to its death, it is shrinking to its death as well. The Wapta has receded seventy-six feet in the last five years alone.

Spellbound we gazed upon the frozen monster, majestic, silent, overpowering in size, when measured by the venturesome kodaker who dared to peer under the deep blue beams of its frontal arches and into the measureless depths of its green-walled fissures. Would that our restricted language were adequate to the true word-painting of such a scene, producing the real colours of the gleaming façade and of its supporting columns, beside which the pillars of Karnak or Thebes would be as toys. Some scenes were better left to the silent imagination, and there let us leave the wondrous Wapta, guarding the portals of the equally wondrous canyon.

And now for the return journey. Hasten we must if Summit Camp is to be reached before nightfall, for it is up and up, and still up, on the homebound trail—up above the track of the valley floor, up above the Yoho canyon, up above forested benches and mountain tarns, up ladder-like paths cut in the black cliffs, up to heights where, in the language of Stevenson, the open air drunkenness grows upon one. According to another writer, there are people to whom intercourse with the world of nature becomes sacramental. It ministers to the soul's need of height in life, and mountain and trail climbing begets within one the passion for height on its physical side, the *Excelsior* spirit is kindled, and will not be satisfied till the loftiest rock is made a platform to stand upon.

PACKING ACROSS A MOUNTAIN STREAM

This upper trail of the Yoho had as many surprises as it had charms. Mountain meadows were hidden between forest stretches; these were in turn succeeded by extensive boulder beds and glacial moraines where rock slides could easily have been started, and where countless torrents of melted snow from the overhanging Emerald glacier gave no little trouble in their crossings. Angry they were in their untrammelled sweep, too wide and deep to be trifled with. This new difficulty only served to reveal Jack in a new rôle, that of a bridge and dam builder, dexterously placing great stones in mid-stream, so as to provide safe passageways for man and beast, where a mis-step might have led to a down-hill slide of a quarter-mile.

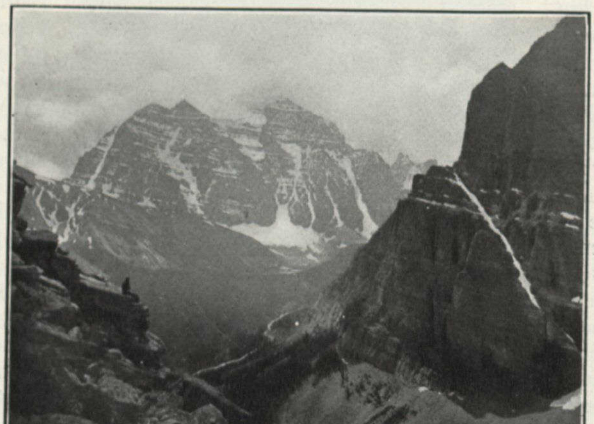
The upper trail is, moreover, marked by many look-out points. From one such spot was revealed the entire sweep of the Yoho valley, as a vast cleft among the hills, with its green carpet of trees and blue roof of sky, with its widespread coatings of ice and its singing cascades, and with yet more distant mountain ranges walling in the scene. It was a replica of the Naerodal of Norway, of the Schlennan Gorge of Switzerland, of the Yosemite of the United States. Surely the wide world, with all its scenic marvels, has nothing more wonderful to meet the gaze of a mortal than Canada's marvellous Yoho! Such a vast canvas it is on which the Mountain-Maker has spread the scene; such a wonder box of colours has been used in its painting, producing such a picture as only a God can portray.

But even enthusiastic members of Alpine Clubs cannot live for long on scenery. Thus it chanced, on the race into camp at the end of the Yoho trip, that the objective point was Ping-Pong's kitchen, and this cheerful, rubicund Mongolian successfully met the attack! It had been a long spell between meals that Yoho day. True, we chanced upon a lonely mountaineer, in his picturesque eerie, who had not seen a fellow-human for many days, and who was also shortened as to supplies, but bannock was speedily baked as if his larder were full, and a generous pail of tea soon cheered the tired and thirsty pilgrims of the trail.

That night—ah, that is one more night that must long have a memory corner to itself—around the big fire, when the whole camp family was present, and every member thereof cast restraint and dignity to the same winds that blew smoke and cinders in our eyes. Men sang who never sang before, and should never sing again; others made speeches, and were forgiven; yet others gave modest recitals of their Alpine feats, the while the ladies stood it all heroically, and applauded, too, the make-believes!

But the Vice-President and Emerald glacier ascents came to an end, as did the Yoho trail journey and the climbs up Wapta and Burgess and Collie, as did the camp itself. Early on the morning of July 16, the temporary home among the clouds and the hilly crests was reluctantly deserted, and the members thereof, no longer tenderfeet, descended via the Burgess trail to the Kicking Horse Valley and to the routine life of the world we had left behind for a few blessed days. Thus ended the first camp of the Alpine Club of Canada.

The camp of the Alpine Club for 1907 will have for its location Paradise Valley, near Lake Louise. There is probably no more wonderful mountain arena in all Canada than this, with an array of mighty peaks enclosing the vale and making it a deep well between the hills. From the camp, climbing excursions will be made to some of the highest summits of the central Rockies, amid the sublimest scenery.



PARADISE VALLEY, WHERE THE CANADIAN ALPINE CLUB WILL CAMP THIS MONTH

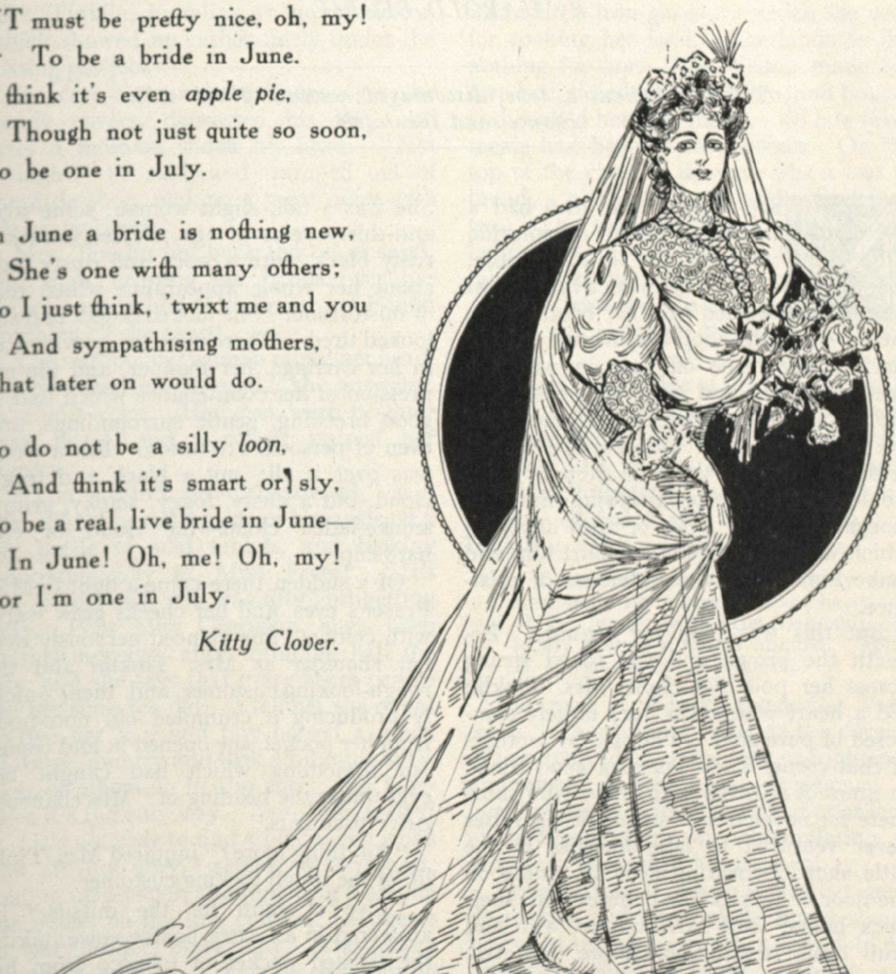
"Better Late Than Never"

It must be pretty nice, oh, my!
  To be a bride in June.
I think it's even *apple pie*,
  Though not just quite so soon,
To be one in July.

In June a bride is nothing new,
  She's one with many others;
So I just think, 'twixt me and you
  And sympathising mothers,
That later on would do.

So do not be a silly *loon*,
  And think it's smart or sly,
To be a real, live bride in June—
  In June! Oh, me! Oh, my!
For I'm one in July.

Kitty Clover.



She Gambled a Stamp

By HAROLD BEGBIE

Telling of how a lone, discouraged woman flirted with chance, and the result.

MRS. TINKLIN, who had a mother-of-pearl complexion with a scarlet tip to her nose, and always wore a little shawl crossed over her breast when she served in the shop and whose strip of black fringe came off and on with the most charming and surprising ease, was supplying a tough-looking customer with five cents' worth of tobacco; she looked in the gas-light of the little shop as if she would rather have been serving him with vinegar, or nitric acid, or with anything which would sting him and hurt him and make him realise the bitterness of existence.

But this was only her manner. Beneath the brown and red shawl strung across her poor flat chest, Mrs. Tinklin hid a heart which was very largely composed of pure gold. The shabby mothers of that corner knew her as a good friend in times of adversity; the boys who came there for novelettes or sweets or cigarettes never ventured to take liberties in the little shop, forbearing even to scuffle on the floor or to kick the counter with their thick boots; and Miss Fraser, who had until quite recently, for more than two years, taken regularly a paper every secular day of the week, and had occasionally even subscribed to some of those colossal works of information issued by philanthropic publishers at five cents, was now, in the hour of her need, enjoying the hospitality of Mrs. Tinklin free of charge and proving that acid-looking lady to be a real friend in distress.

Miss Fraser was standing before the side counter in this little newsagent's shop, turning over the advertisement pages of the newspapers, and running down the long columns of small print with tired eyes and a trembling forefinger. She was a tall, slight woman, some five-and-thirty years of age, dressed in rather rusty black, with a worn and dusty look about her whole appearance which told of misfortune. She looked faded, and she looked tired. There were many evidences in her carriage, her manner, and the expression of her countenance which told of good breeding, gentle surroundings, and even of personal attraction. But a cloud was over it all; not a black and tragic cloud, but a dusty, foggy, smoky, grimy, smoke-laden cloud—the cloud of city hardship.

Of a sudden there came a light in Miss Fraser's eyes, and her cheeks grew warm with colour. She glanced nervously over her shoulder at Mrs. Tinklin and the rough-looking customer, and then, quickly producing a crumpled old note-book from her pocket, she opened it, and copied out something which had caught her eyes under the heading of "Miscellaneous Advertisements."

"Anything more?" inquired Mrs. Tinklin of the rough-looking customer.

"Five of snuff for the missus," he answered in an extra hoarse voice, taking the twisted packet of tobacco from her hand and stuffing it into the pocket of his corduroy waistcoat.

"How is Mrs. Pawsley just now?" asked Mrs. Tinklin, as she turned to take up the snuff-tin.

"Middling," he answered.

"The weather's so trying; that's what does it," sighed Mrs. Tinklin.

"Yuss. The weather and the wittles. Tinned salmon ain't what it used to was. More'n that, her stomach's that delicate." He paused to take the packet of snuff; the money he had already thrown down on the pile of novelettes in front of the counter. "Thanks," he said, hitching his tool-basket on his shoulder.

"No literatoor this evening?" inquired Mrs. Tinklin, fumbling at the novelettes, which showed up rather finely under the hissing gas-jets.

He cast a connoisseur's eye over the gaudy covers, depressed his lips, and after a moment shook his head. "Not to-night," he said, and tramped out of the little shop, making a great noise with his heavy boots.

Mrs. Tinklin put back the tin of snuff, and then, crossing her hands over her waist, approached Miss Fraser. "Found anything?" she asked.

The sad-looking woman raised her head.

"Nothing very hopeful," she answered in a soft voice. Her eyes were brighter than usual, and a colour stained her cheeks.

"You mustn't get disheartened," said Mrs. Tinklin, resting one of her arms on a big bottle of acid tablets, and looking sympathetically at Miss Fraser. "It's not so bad as if you was fifty and getting gray. Poor Miss Chapman, she's been in this morning, after tramping half the city, and she says that everywhere people tell her she's too old. I tell her she ought to dye her hair and buy herself a pinch of rouge, and try and look a bit more spry. Lots of others do it, I'm sure; and I believe it's the only way. Yes, I do, reely."

'It's not easy to find a place even when you are not gray," replied Miss Fraser, folding up a paper, and replacing it among the others on the side counter. It seems to get harder every day. Too many people, I suppose. This place is getting so big."

"You'll be all right," said Mrs. Tinklin cheerfully. "You'll get something soon. I'm keeping my eye out for you; don't you forget that, now. We'll find you something presently."

Miss Fraser thanked her, as she had thanked her once every day for the past three months, and saying that she should never be grateful enough to Mrs. Tinklin for permitting her to come and look at the newspapers free of charge, made her way out of the tiny newsagent's shop into the twilight, and hurried away through the poorest streets.

She lodged in a small back room, furnished with only a bed, a chest of drawers, and a washstand. Resting in the fender was a little iron gas-stove which she used for cooking her food. The landlady did nothing for her. Miss Fraser made her own bed, tidied her own room, and bought and cooked her own meals. Of late those meals had been of the poorest. On the top of the chest of drawers was a loaf of bread, a piece of cheese, and a packet of tea. The tragedy of a lonely woman lodger out of employment told its own tale in that miserable food exposed on the chest of drawers. In a single word, Miss Fraser was living on the verge of starvation.

She sat on the edge of the bed, and without taking off her worn gloves, produced the crumpled pocket-book, and read what she had just written in it. Once again her eyes brightened nervously, and her cheeks—so faded and thin—flamed with timidity. This was what she read:

> To a lonely woman. A lonely man, who finds no pleasure in the happiness of the many, desires the friendship of a lonely woman similarly minded. Apply R. B., Box Office, 1375, etc.

She read it slowly, pondering every word. There was a smile at the corners of her lips and the same look of frightened amusement in her eyes. It seemed to her that she was doing a wicked or at least an indelicate thing in contemplating an answer to this bold advertisement.

Besides, was it possible that her great destitution and terror of the future should be ended by marriage, when she could not even get a place as typist? If ten and twenty women answered advertisements for typists, surely hundreds, and thousands, would reply to this covert offer of marriage.

Yes, it meant marriage. She felt sure it meant marriage. And now, after ten years' cessation from that thought, ten years of loneliness and self-dependence, ten years of struggling to live and keep up appearances, ten years of a loathed and most unwilling egoism, the poor faded woman experienced a sudden overwhelming yearning for the protection and the strong friendship of a man. She had become of late like a child frightened of the dark; she was afraid of the future, the future that grew darkly with every day of dwindling savings and failure to find work. There was no one to help her. Starvation was creeping towards her out of the dark. Marriage! She thought of it not as she had once contemplated it, with passion and pride, but with humility and a sad, wishful longing for deliverance from penury and ruin.

She did not go to the glass, as a younger woman might have done, and contemplate her image there with trembling and misgiving. She sat on the bed's edge, wondering whether she should venture a precious postage stamp on so forlorn a chance, and perplexing herself as to how she should word her appeal to this lonely man.

And as she sat there, the depression of the little gloomy attic and the dreadful loneliness of her situation overwhelmed her with a panic feeling of desperate desire for escape. Remember that this poor lady was living on the verge of starvation. Yes; she would write. She would write and say:

> I am very lonely. I am very unhappy. I want a friend.

She would venture a postage stamp. It should be the reckless stake of a beaten gambler. A penny.

And it was this message of despair that she presently wrote—on poor, cheap gray-coloured paper—and it was this forlorn cry of a despairing heart which she dropped with a guilty hand into the mouth of the scarlet pillar-box at the end of a sullen little street.

The poor famished creature nearly reeled and fell when, two days later, Mrs. Tinklin gave her a letter. It was very brief, but the writing gave her a sense of comfort and hope. It was strong, and clear, and kind: "Will you meet me tomorrow evening," it ran, "at five o'clock by the fountain in Battle Square on the river side?"

That day she looked in the glass and considered her visage. "It will be dusk at five o'clock," she said gratefully, with a little sigh for her faded beauty. Then she went to the chest of drawers and examined her best black dress. It was dreadfully rusty when considered from this new standpoint. There was a dispirited look about it. It was evidently a garment which had been out into the battle and had been folded up and put away by hands which had been beaten down from victory. He would see that! He might even be ashamed to speak to her, so sorry a figure she would make in the centre of Battle Square.

She opened her purse and considered. Dare she risk a few shillings? A pair of gloves and a little lace tie for her neck; these would make a great difference. But next week's rent and next week's food! Dare she?

It came to her that she had already risked a penny on the die. That first stake had brought her luck. Yes; she would be bold. She would go on with the game; she would risk her all on the chance.

And so just before five o'clock on that evening you might have seen, walking to and fro on the broad pavement opposite the National Gallery, with her gaze frequently wandering to one of the big fountains down below in the Square, a tall and slight woman dressed in black, with a lace tie round her neck, which covered the shabby front of her blouse, and with a small fur boa hanging loosely over her shoulders.

She was afraid to descend into the Square. She would wait until the man appeared. She felt that it would look bold and unwomanlike for her to be first at the place of their strange tryst.

But when Big Ben boomed the slow, measured strokes of the hour, she became anxious and feared that he might be standing somewhere in the crowds by the omnibuses waiting for her to stand by the fountain.

And yet how she hated to go there—poor, famished soul.

How cold were the lights of the town! How vast the spaces about her! How tall and stately all the buildings! The people, too, filled her with a sense of loneliness. She felt that everyone was hurrying past her, hastily seeking certainty of happiness. Lovers laughed as they went by; men's voices came to her gaily; there was not anywhere a note of sympathy and unselfishness; nowhere even a slow and peaceful step.

She stood there by the balustrade for a desperate moment, looking before her over the deserted Square, a pathetic figure in the midst of all that hurry, with the pillars of the National Gallery for a background. The broad vista in front was speckled with the jolting lights of vehicles. The chemist's shop at the corner of the street showed red and green lights in the window. In the gloom of the far distance the light from the tower above Big Ben shone like a yellow star in the violet sky. An advertisement flashed in and out from the roof of a building, and the streets were filled with people—people going back from the city, and people going out to the theatre and the music-hall. Everybody seemed to be in a hurry; these to get home, and those to get into the queue at pit and gallery door. The violet sky above the breathing lights of the streets was filled with a dull roar of haste and business. It seemed to her that the very pavements vibrated with the traffic of the town.

She felt very lonely and friendless.

At last a man appeared from behind the huge dark plinth of the column. He was a tall man, and wore a good thick coat buttoned over his breast, and carried an umbrella under his arm. He looked like a man of commerce—a successful solicitor, perhaps, or a doctor. But whatever he was, he was big and imposing, a man from whom she might expect a stool in his office, but never a place in his home. Surely not. In a moment she was convicted of foolishness, and despair seized upon her breast.

He walked over to the statue, and stood looking at the inscription—the only man in the Square.

The lights fell upon the water in the splashing fountain, and the pavement of the Square shone like ice. He stood there, a statue beside a statue—tall, lonely, dignified and cold.

She could see that he wore a beard and moustache, which were graying. She realised that his eyes were dark and melancholy. She guessed him to be a man of over fifty. She knew him to be unhappy. It came to her that he was rich, and that he would rescue her soul from the terror of the future.

She descended the flight of steps, stooping her head against the cold wind, and entered the Square. On the balustrade above her, cabmen were leaning with newspapers in their hands, and talking among themselves in loud voices. She heard words about horses. They were gamblers, too.

Down in the wide Square she felt her stature dwindle. The bigness of the place frightened her.

She approached the fountain, and was wondering whether he could see her when she heard a step at her side, and then a voice saying: "You have answered my letter; you are very kind."

It was a strong voice, and she did not feel afraid. But she felt horribly mean, and feared to raise her head.

"Yes," she answered.

"Your reply seemed to be an echo rather than an answer to my cry," he said quietly, standing in front of her. "It seemed to express exactly the loneliness, the failure to make friends, which makes my life very poor and sad."

Her eyes were fixed upon the water in the fountain. She saw the broken lights on that rippled surface, the cold white lights from electric lamps, the yellow lights from gas-lamps and roof advertisements, and the almost purple middle-lights created out of shadows. Above it all, she felt the sense of the stars, and the great shaft of the Column striding up into the misty night from its base, which was as black as iron.

She tried to speak but she could find no words to utter. His voice was soothing and kind, but there was a tone in it which seemed to raise up a barrier between them, something indefinable in it which made her conscious of an intellectual inferiority. She accused herself of imposture.

"May I tell you," he said, resting a hand on the fountain's edge, "why I asked in the newspapers for companionship?"

"If you please," she said.

She had not raised her eyes, and did not know how he looked; but her first and distant view of him was present to her mind, and she knew that under the hat's brim dark eyes were studying her stooping face with a close and eager curiosity.

"I seek," he said, "a friend. I ask nothing better than friendship. I want nothing better. I wanted to discover by advertisement what I had failed to discover for myself, whether in this big city there is just one woman who will be loyal to a man's friendship. Someone who cares nothing for the conventions of society; who will come and go with her friend, read and think with him, be his intimate and only friend. I have not done violence to your sense of delicacy by asking you to come here to inspect a suitor. I have asked you, because you are lonely to come here and tell a lonely man whether you will honour him with your friendship. If you are lonely as I am lonely, our friendship should be natural, and I think it may make us both happy."

It was as if all the broken lights in the fountains were the eyes of demons and imps laughing and mocking her.

"May I tell you now," he went on, "why it was I answered your letter?"

"If you please," she murmured.

"Because there was in it something which none of the other letters contained—a dignity of simplicity which pleased and answered my own desire. In all the other letters there was the same note which I have found in conversation with women in society: a pretentious pose of sympathy, a garrulity of disinterestedness which failed to obscure self-seeking and a vulgar end, I felt disgust as I threw them to the fire; I felt as if I had contaminated myself by making public my loneliness. But your letter—it was an echo of my own pain, and now that I see you I know that your letter was sincere. All my life I have been longing for sincerity. Never to fear deception! Always to feel perfect trust!" He paused and drew a little nearer to her, as if he would gently edge her away from the fountain, and cause her to look at him.

People passing across the Square glanced at them curiously. Two factory girls watched them and gossiped about them. They attracted people's eyes—the tall man bending down a little to the tall woman who stood with bowed head between the fountain and the gas-lamps in the midst of the loneliness of the Square.

"One thing more I must tell you," he said, in a difficult and somewhat less gentle voice, as though he was forcing himself to utter distasteful things. "I ask my friend to let me be the purse-bearer of our companionship. I ask her to let the business part of the day—the food, the fares, and the amusement—be my charge and mine alone. In all other things I desire a perfect equality. She shall be free to come and go as she wishes; to write to me and talk to me as often or as seldom as she pleases. I wish her to feel herself mistress of her own days, and merely to admit my friendship into that privacy as something over which she has power of direction and from which she can never suffer either inconvenience or unhappiness."

She raised her face and looked at him with all the pathos of her disheartened hopes showing in her poor, sad eyes. The light of the gas-lamps fell full upon her face. She felt how worn she must look; how he must shrink from the sight of her tired eyes and wasted charms. But she hoped that he would see something else—see that she was hungry.

"I was like the rest," she said, quietly and very sadly; "I came for something else."

He looked at her, his heart stirred with pity at sight of such complete unhappiness.

"I must not claim," she whispered, bowing her head once more, "to have read your cry with finer feeling than those others who wrote to you in a different way. My answer was only sad and real, because I felt it to be a hopeless gamble for what I seek." She raised her face and hurried forward: "I must tell you what I seek. It is work. I want employment. I have been searching for it in vain, and marriage suggested itself to me as a last flicker of all my foolish hopes. Don't let me appear to you to be modelled on a noble plan. I am made prosaic and selfish by the difficulty of getting, not a husband—but a living."

It seemed to his quick imagination that he could see the whole existence of this lonely woman, trembling on the verge of destitution in the midst of the great, heartless city; it struck like a knife to his heart that this quiet and so graceful woman with the grave, tired eyes should be so friendless and so breadless. And then after this sense of pity there came to him a feeling of relief and of joy. He had found one whose need was greater than his own, one to whom his friendship would surely come with all the force and satisfaction of an answer to prayer.

"I could desire," he said, "no better friend than you. You have suffered. You must be kind. Will you be my friend? Your needs can be satisfied at once. Will you satisfy mine?"

Once more she raised her eyes, and this time there was a sad smile in them. The sweeping white light of a motor-car flashed across her countenance, and she knew that he must see now how faded and lined and tired she was; but she did not stoop her head, did not try to hide from him any more the sad ravage of time and trouble. Let him see her and pity her.

"I will be your friend," she answered, "and a grateful friend, indeed, if you can find me the means for earning my living. But I am afraid that I am scarcely to be your friend. Trouble came rather early into my life. I went into an office ten years ago. I have forgotten almost everything that came before that. Whatever I had of culture—I expect it was little enough—has gone. I am a wage-earner."

She smiled sadly as she spoke, and he thought that a wonderful loveliness shone gradually from her eyes till her whole countenance gleamed and was transfigured with a divine tenderness.

She saw a light that was not pity in his eyes, and felt a strange satisfaction at her heart.

"We do not ask for accomplishments from saints," he said, with a little smile, speaking very sincerely.

She shook her head wearily, and glanced away from him into the seething tide of traffic. He watched her with growing admiration.

"Well," he said, "we will be friends. Let us begin now. We will go and seek dinner, and after dinner we will talk about the future. All your troubles shall be cleared away."

The thought of sitting by his side in a public restaurant filled her with a sense of dread. He did not realise in the night, she told herself, how shabby were her garments. She even taunted herself with having forgotten in her loneliness how to eat like a civilised mortal. She would be awkward and stupid and self-conscious, and he would be ashamed of her.

The poor, timorous creature flung away his friendship in this sudden and childish sense of unworthiness. The famished condition of her body made her sensitive and excitable.

"No," she said hurriedly. "It is all a mistake. I would rather go. I am not very well to-night. Thank you for offering to help me. You are very kind, and I am very grateful. It will be better for me to seek work in my own way." She held out her hand, conscious even then of the new gloves, and met his gaze. "Good-night," she said, "I have made a mistake. Forgive me."

"At least," he said sadly, holding her hand, "let me drive you back."

"I would rather not," she answered, drawing away her hand. "I shall go back by omnibus. I don't think you quite understand. I ought not to have come here. I ought never to have written to you. I am quite a shabby person."

"I cannot let you go," he answered. "Be my friend. Stand by me. I am very unhappy."

"I can give you no happiness."

"Indeed you can."

"No, no; I cannot really. You do not understand how very down I am in the world. I am frightfully near ruin. Well, I will tell you. Listen, and look at me. *I am starving*. You are offering your friendship to a shabby beggar, a needy mendicant."

"There is no greater depth of need than my own loneliness," he replied quickly, his heart wrung by this terrible announcement. "I beg you not to leave me to my wretchedness. Think! We are two people, friendless and alone. It is wise that we join forces. It is madness for us to part. And I want your friendship so much." He stopped, and suddenly laid a hand upon her arm. "No; I want something more than that," he said huskily. "I want your love. You have worked a miracle in my heart. I want your love. Give me that."

How wonderful it seemed to her at that moment—the magic word which touched the night with glory and filled the whole city with beauty. Love—he spoke of love. He was asking her for love. And there was entreaty in his voice.

She turned her eyes to him, and felt suddenly worthy of him. He had come to her with the offer of friendship, and she had felt herself not meet to accept his gift. Now he was crying to her for love, and looking on the tragedy in his eyes and feeling in his voice the loneliness of his life, all the pent maternity in her poor heart awoke and answered his sad cry. Lo, here was one whose need was greater than hers. She asked only for bread. She had no love hunger. But here was one crying for love. He was so unhappy, and she could give him the boon which would make him happy. He was asking for something—something which she alone could give him. He was suing for her love. He was entreating her. She was his equal.

There came suddenly into her excited brain a gentle calm.

"Let us go and talk together," she said, looking into his eyes.

"You will give me your love?" he asked, bending forward to her.

"Let us go and talk together," she said again, her eyes still fixed on his.

"I will win you," he said. "I know I can win you, because I want you."

She looked back at the fountain. A little wind was blowing the water to the shining rim, and all the lights were ruffled on the surface. Then she came forward out of the gloom of the Square, and with the man at her side joined the happy crowd of pleasure-seekers.

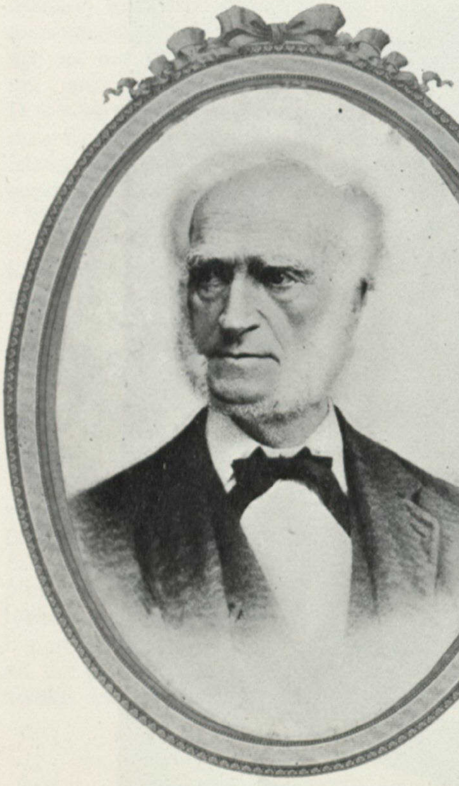
HEAD OFFICE BUILDING, THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE, TORONTO

A Distinction in Banking

By RANDOLPH CARLYLE

Affording a comparison of the growth of a large financial institution with the development of the country.

IT is a well-known fact that the material welfare of a country is closely connected with its banking facilities. Canada to-day, after forty years of Confederation, is better equipped in this respect than any other country of corresponding conditions in the world. But it was not always so. Men who still live remember the hard, lean years of the decade before Confederation, when there was a succession of poor crops, when the Bank of Upper Canada and the Commercial Bank were obliged to close their doors, when money was scarce and the return for industry small. The Government of the Union had reached a deadlock. Discontent was rife. Secession and annexation were common topics of discussion, and the whole outlook was one rather of pessimism than of optimism. Confederation became the cry, the last resort of baffled



HON. WILLIAM McMASTER
First President, The Canadian Bank of Commerce.

almost grim humour in the words as we repeat them now, knowing that The Canadian Bank of Commerce, after a modest beginning, has gradually extended its sphere of operation until at the present day its facilities are enjoyed in all parts of the Dominion from Halifax in the East to Vancouver in the West, and to Dawson City in the far-away North. But at the time when this Bank commenced business, at the time of Confederation, the Dominion of Canada was comparatively small. Upper Canada and Lower Canada, now Ontario and Quebec, were really all that could then be counted on, for the Maritime Provinces were not eager to throw in their lot with what were then regarded as the far-western Provinces. But they came in, and later, also, came Manitoba and British Columbia. Then came the acquisition of the vast territories controlled by the Hudson's Bay Company, which was but one more great step in the growth of a great undertaking, the latest instance of which has been the administration of a hitherto unknown and inhospitable tract, so soon to be known the world over as the Yukon Territory. Throughout all this extension of the Dominion, the progress of The Canadian Bank of Commerce can be traced, step by step, until now, were its capital stock to be reduced to one dollar bills placed one in front of the other, the line would stretch across the continent from Halifax to Vancouver three times, with enough left over for a side-line up to Dawson City.

Methods and conditions have greatly changed since The Canadian Bank of Commerce first began to do business. But even then they were far in advance of what the earlier years of the century had seen. Some interesting relics of early practices are still in existence. For instance, at the head offices of The Canadian Bank of Commerce at Toronto, there is a case containing the pouch and keys that

politicians; and yet it is to those uncertain pre-Confederation days, to those days of unrest and struggle, that we must look for the birth of an institution that has attained a national standing, an institution whose doors were first opened for business almost simultaneously with the birth of the Dominion forty years ago—The Canadian Bank of Commerce.

In the original charter of this banking house, granted in 1858, nine years before the Bank opened to the public, there is a clause of historic significance, in which it is claimed that the establishment of the Bank in the City of Toronto "would be conducive to the general prosperity of the country thereabouts, and greatly facilitate and promote the agriculture and commercial growth of the said locality." Of course, those lines were written about ten years before Confederation, when only a very limited appreciation of the opportunity ahead was possible. Still there is belonged to the head office of the Halifax Banking Company, which was acquired by The Canadian Bank of Commerce in 1903. These keys are very large and clumsy, but in their day, so it seems, they served their purpose very well. One of them is in the shape of an iron bolt, which performed the function of a secret lock on the cash vault. Every night at closing time this bolt was dropped into a hole drilled for the purpose through the floor of an upper vault, and then the cavity in the floor was carefully filled in with a piece of plaster so as to avoid detection. It is recorded that once this bolt prevented burglars from breaking into the vault. After the bank was closed every evening, the keys were placed in the pouch and delivered with some ceremony at the President's residence. Whenever it was necessary for any of the clerks to return to do night work, two of them were obliged to go to the President's house for the keys, which had to be taken back there by 10 o'clock. The difference between the equipment which afforded protection in those days and the intricate time locks on the great safety vaults in the basement of the head office of The Canadian Bank of Commerce is at once striking and amazing.

But other changes, more significant than improvements in devices for protecting valuables, have taken place.

Here is an instance:

	June 30, 1867.	Dec. 31, 1906.
Total amount of money on deposit in all the banks in Canada	$28,704,326	$669,517,537
Paid-up Capital..	29,467,773	95,509,015

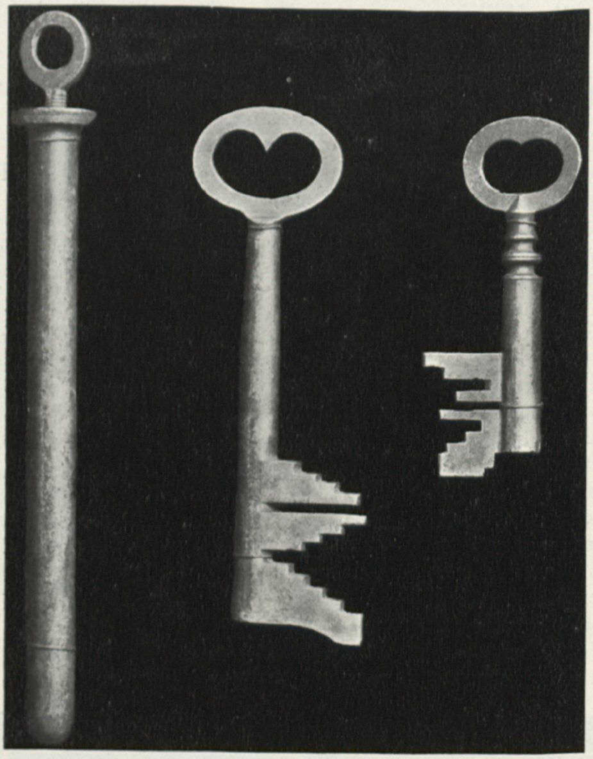
More striking comparisons still are available, as, for instance, the following figures which apply individually to The Canadian Bank of Commerce:

	1868.	1907.
Capital..........	$ 961,359	$ 10,000,000
Deposits.........	1,302,480	87,152,536
Circulation.......	702,388	9,199,204
Current Loans....	1,894,294	88,304,623
Assets....	3,075,650	113,545,960

It may be seen, therefore, that during the forty years of Confederation all the

MR. BYRON E. WALKER

At his desk in the President's Room at the Head Offices, Toronto.



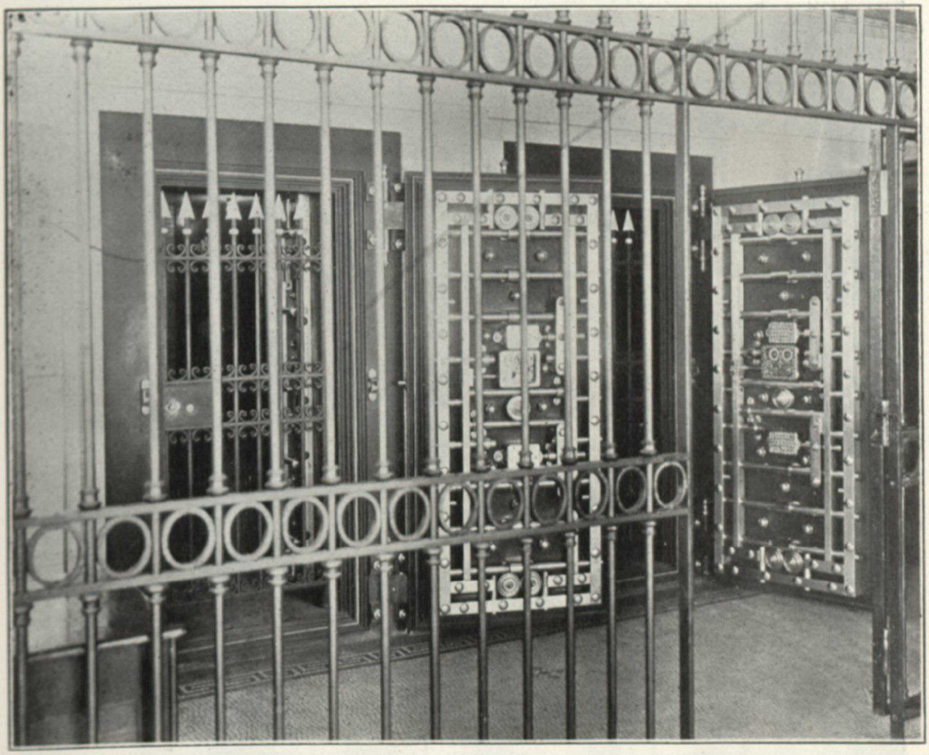
KEYS AND BOLT THAT WERE USED AT THE HEAD OFFICES OF THE HALIFAX BANKING COMPANY

THE POUCH THAT HELD THE KEYS

capital invested in banking in Canada has increased a little more than three times, while that of The Canadian Bank of Commerce has increased ten times. The total deposits in all of the banks have increased about twenty-four times, while the deposits in The Canadian Bank of Commerce have increased almost sixty-seven times.

So it is only fair to observe that the business of The Canadian Bank of Commerce, according to the capital required to conduct it, has increased, compared with the average bank, at the ratio of three and one-third to one. The confidence and preference of the public, as indicated by the amount of deposits, has increased, when compared with the average, at the ratio of almost three to one. The Canadian Bank of Commerce has, therefore, during the forty years of its life, kept pace with the progress of banking three times over, until now it takes rank as one of the very few great banking institutions of the country.

In the number of its branches in Canada The Canadian Bank of Commerce takes first place. That is in itself a distinction, for to a country like ours the practice of branch banking is of much importance, because for the people as a whole it provides the best of banking facilities; in other words, it enables persons in outlying districts, away from the large centres of trade, to avail themselves readily of the services of the strongest financial institutions of the country. Under our banking system, also, the bank notes which form the every-day medium of exchange, pass without discount in all parts of the Dominion, and an admirable monetary balance is maintained, the banks receiving deposits wherever there is an accumulation of money, and making loans wherever financial assistance is required. The branch bank has caused, in



DOORS OF SAFETY DEPOSIT VAULTS, SHOWING TIME LOCKS AND BOLTING MECHANISM

no small degree, an equalisation of interest charges, perhaps the best instance of this result being seen in the Canadian Northwest, where only a few years ago the rates of interest usually charged on loans made on excellent security were extremely high. Even yet in isolated settlements, which the banks are unable to serve, the rates of interest charged on ordinary loans are comparatively high. However, the branch banks are seizing the opportunities offered, and the money that is accumulated in any part of the country is distributed wherever it is needed, with the result that there is a beneficial equalisation of conditions.

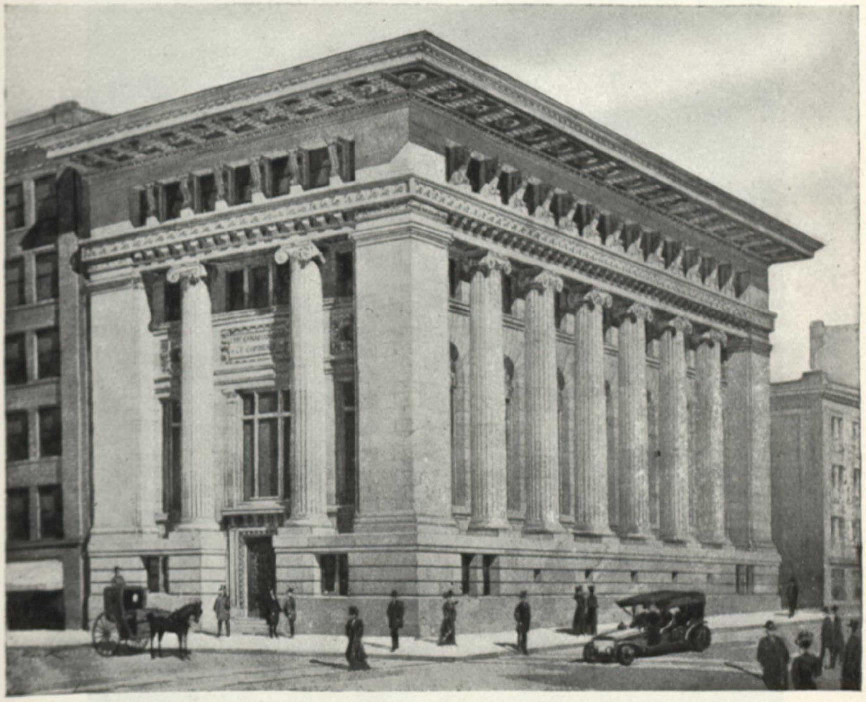
The number of branches in Canada of The Canadian Bank of Commerce is 167. When it is considered that these branches are located in all Provinces of the Dominion, going as far east from the head office at Toronto as Halifax, as far west as Vancouver, and as far north as Dawson, a good idea may be formed of the large share a bank like this one must have in the commercial activities of the whole country.

Conspicuous as has been the place The Canadian Bank of Commerce has filled in the financial history of the Dominion, its inception was nevertheless fraught with the usual difficulties, and it was about ten years after the charter was first granted in 1858, that the bank was able to open its doors for business. At the time the charter was taken out, as it has already been remarked, trade in general was very bad, and so the fact that the promoters undertook the business at all is evidence of much enterprise and courage. The Bank of Upper Canada and the Commercial Bank had failed. Trade was languishing. As a matter of fact, it was no easy matter just then to raise the required sum of $250,000, the amount of capital stock which had to be paid up before the bank could begin business. Bad harvests aggravated conditions, and a period of depression followed. In 1866 the charter passed into other hands than those of the

BRANCH OF THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE NOW BEING ERECTED ON ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL

original incorporators and the act of incorporation was amended, changing the name from the Bank of Canada to The Canadian Bank of Commerce, reducing the authorised capital from $3,000,000 to $1,000,000, and the minimum amount to be paid up before beginning business to $100,000. This was an important move, for soon thereafter the doors of the bank were opened for business. As soon as organisation was completed, branches were opened at London, St. Catharines and Barrie, and these were the beginnings of a system that has been built up by degrees until in recent years it has been extended to almost every city of importance in the Dominion.

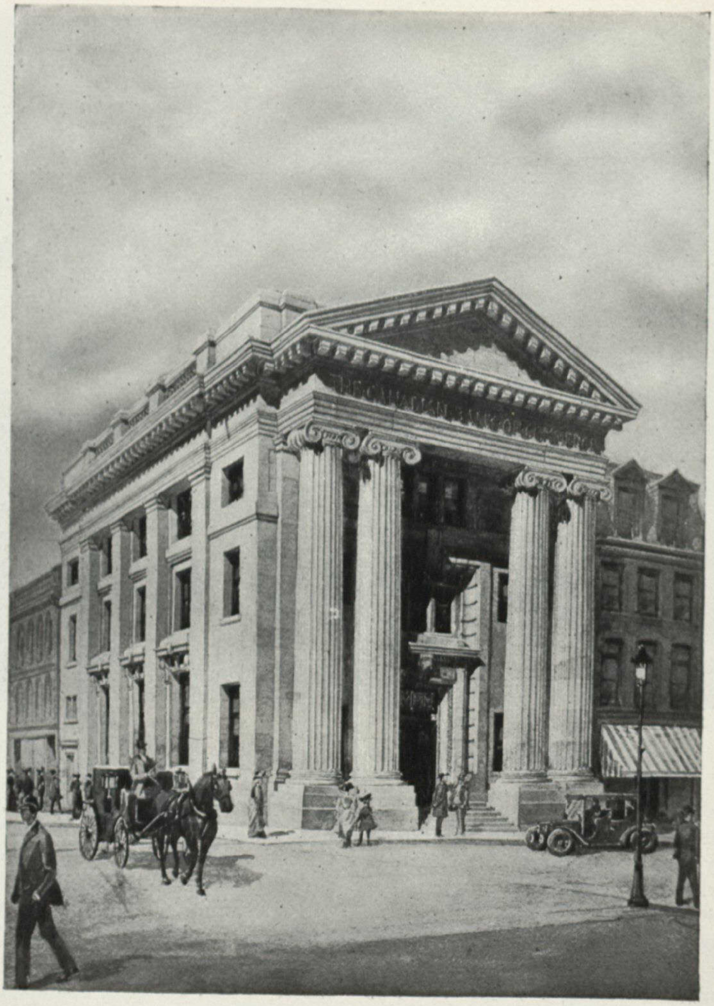
In 1870 the Gore Bank of Hamilton, one of the oldest in the country, was absorbed into The Canadian Bank of



THE VANCOUVER BRANCH, NOW UNDER CONSTRUCTION

Commerce. It was founded in 1835, and was the last to survive of the banks incorporated by the Province of Upper Canada. The experience of The Canadian Bank of Commerce has not been one of uninterrupted prosperity, for, in common with all business concerns in the country at the time, it suffered during the lean years of the seventies, but more than recovered when the tide of prosperity seemed to turn in the eighties. Yet, notwithstanding this, it is extremely satisfactory to note, and especially so from the shareholders' point of view, that the bank has to its credit from the very day of commencing business an unbroken record of dividend payments. It was before the effects of the depression had entirely passed away that Mr. Byron E. Walker, who is now President, became General Manager. Mr. Walker, shortly after taking charge, instituted an investigation into the assets of the bank, which was followed by a revaluation, with the result that the Rest Account was reduced to $500,000. From this time on the progress of the bank has been steady; in fact, so rapidly did its business and requirements increase that it was found necessary to obtain new premises at Toronto for head offices, and the construction of the present building at the corner of King and Jordan Streets was begun. The space occupied by the Bank in this building has been increasing ever since, and it is expected that soon the entire edifice will be required solely for the Bank's purposes.

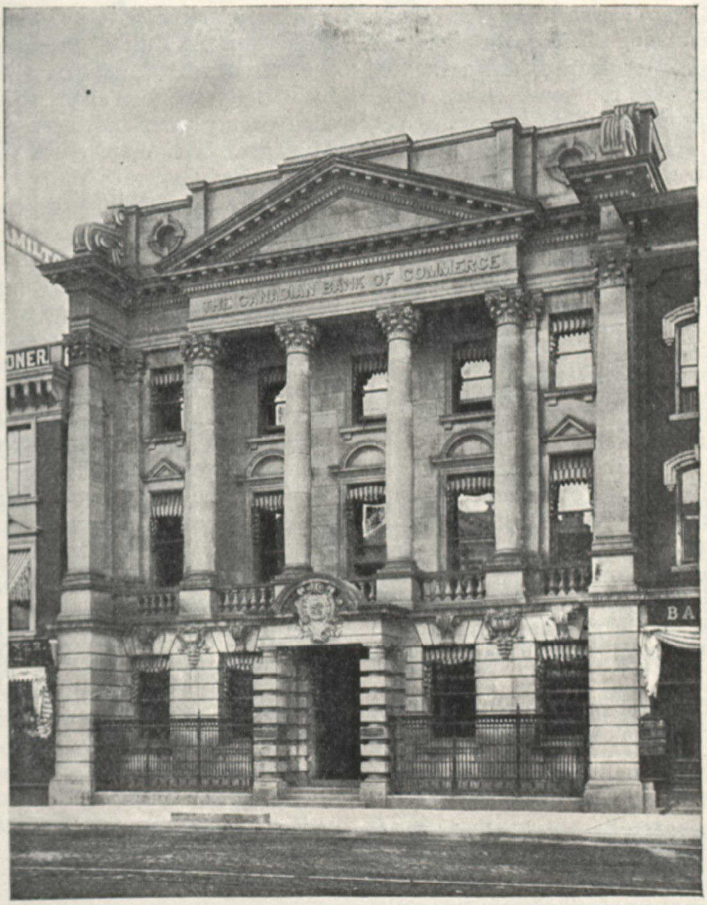
The year 1893 began an era of great significance in Canadian banking, because it marked the entrance for the first time of The Canadian Bank of Commerce into Western Canada, by the establishment of a branch at Winnipeg. Ever since then this Bank has been establishing branches at various points throughout Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, and in that way has been in close touch with the unprecedented development that has been seen in that part of the Dominion. In 1898 a branch was established at Vancouver, which was followed by one at Dawson City and another at Seattle,



THE NEW BUILDING OF THE HALIFAX BRANCH, NOW BEING ERECTED

Washington. As in the case of Winnipeg, each of these branches marked the advent of the Bank into a new field, and considerably increased its range of operation. Several other branches were soon established on the Pacific Coast, and about this time the Bank of British Columbia was absorbed, giving The Canadian Bank of Commerce the advantage of its important connections in that Province, besides its head office in London, England, and branch offices at Portland, Oregon, and San Francisco.

The Canadian Bank of Commerce had now pretty well covered the West, and so the attention of the management was directed towards the Maritime Provinces. Early in 1903 the first branch opened in Canada east of Montreal was located at Sydney, N.S., and in May of the same year a purchase was made of the business and assets of the Halifax Banking Company. This bank had head offices in Halifax, with fifteen branches in Nova Scotia, and two in New Brunswick, including St. John. For three years this constituted The Canadian Bank of Commerce's representation in the East, but in 1906 the Merchants Bank of Prince Edward Island, which had headquarters at



THE WINNIPEG BRANCH

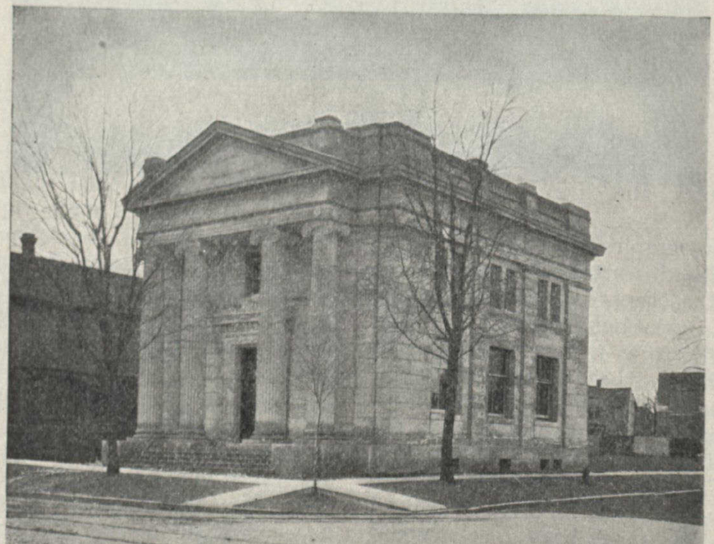
Charlottetown and five branches, was taken over.

The photographs reproduced in connection with this article are intended to illustrate the class of buildings that are erected by a great banking institution, and also to indicate to the eye the immense progress that has been made in banking, the difference between the keys used by the Halifax Banking Company and the intricate time locks on the safety deposit vaults of The Canadian Bank of Commerce being very significant. It will be noticed that even the branch banks are splendid specimens of architecture, and that they have an appearance of magnificence as well as of solidity. When the branch at Montreal is finished it will undoubtedly be the finest branch bank in the Dominion. Genuine interest attaches to the acquisition of the property, which stands next to the Canada Life Building on St. James Street, Montreal, a street that is noted for its fine bank buildings. The building that was recently torn down to make way for the branch of The Canadian Bank of Commerce was erected by the trustees of the St. James Methodist Church, with the result that the Church ran into debt and was forced to appeal through the General Conference for aid from Methodists at large throughout the Dominion. The property on St. James Street was proving to be a veritable "white elephant" on their hands, until Senator Cox, who was then President of The Canadian Bank of

Commerce, purchased it for the Bank, the intention being to erect a branch bank on the site, after tearing down the old building. That is now being done. Although property on St. James Street, Montreal, is very costly, the premises under construction will be used exclusively for the Bank's own purposes. As may be seen by the drawing, it will present a classic appearance, and it is understood that the interior will be unusually attractive. The splendid appearance of the branches at Halifax, Winnipeg, and Vancouver is worthy of note, while the last illustration of all shows the type of building that is erected even in towns of but a few thousands in population.

The photograph of the President was taken in his private office especially for THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE. Unfortunately, very little of the room and the decorations are shown. However, the objects that decorate the President's room show that Mr. Walker has an eye for things beautiful as well as for things financial.

One of the most recent events of interest in connection with The Canadian Bank of Commerce was the retirement of Hon. Geo. A. Cox as President early in the present year. Mr. Cox was succeeded by Mr. Byron E. Walker, who for more than twenty years had been the General Manager. Mr. Walker was in turn succeeded as General Manager by Mr. Alexander Laird, who had been assistant General Manager. It is a noteworthy fact that ever since its inception, this Bank has been directed by gentlemen of commanding personality. The first Board of Directors was composed of Hon. William McMaster, M.L.C., and Messrs. William Alexander, Henry S. Howland, John Macdonald, M.P.P.; William Elliott, John Taylor and T. Sutherland Stayner. Mr. McMaster was the first President, and Mr. Howland the first Vice-President. The present Board of Directors is composed of: B. E. Walker, President; Robert Kilgour, Vice-President; Hon. Geo. A. Cox, Matthew Leggat, James Crathern, John Hoskin, K.C., LL.D.; Joseph W. Flavelle, A. Kingman, Hon. L. Melvin Jones, Frederic Nicholls, H. D. Warren, Hon. W. C. Edwards, Z. A. Lash, K.C., and E. R. Wood.



THE WALKERVILLE BRANCH

A typical branch building in an Ontario town.

Current Events

By

F. A. ACLAND

MR. BIRRELL, the Irish Secretary in the Imperial Cabinet, has been particularly unfortunate in his legislation. First, his Education Bill is annihilated by the House of Lords, and now his Home Rule Bill is ruthlessly strangled by the Irish party before it has come fairly before the House of Commons. Certainly, as a measure of home rule, the Birrell Bill was timidity itself, and could not have been expected to satisfy the Irish party. If the present Government of Great Britain and Ireland conceded the principle of home rule, it should have gone further in its legislation. The difficulty is, of course, that it is not a unit on the question of the principle, and the only legislation that would not cause a rupture in the Cabinet was this which the Irish members have treated with such contempt, because of its inadequacy and feebleness. We shall probably hear no more of the bill, for, obviously, it is of no use passing a measure intended to conciliate when that measure is greeted with open derision.

* * *

One point that has figured in arguments on the subject of home rule of late, and which is worthy of reference, is the comparison between South Africa and Ireland. England's generosity in her treatment of the Transvaal has astonished the world. Why, ask some onlookers, should not Ireland receive similar treatment? Even in our own press it has been stated confidently that Great Britain, having conceded home rule to the Transvaal, cannot long withhold it from Ireland. Of course the cases are not parallel. Ireland is not a colony at all, much less a colony situated thousands of miles from the Mother Country. It is a sister kingdom with England and Scotland, situate at the doors of both, and the view of the people of the larger and more populous of the two islands containing the three kingdoms is, and has been, that the safety of the people of the two islands depends on the government of one having control, in all essential respects, of the affairs of both. There is an element of selfishness in the view, of course, but it is the enlightened selfishness of the statesman and the patriot, and it is a view that must prevail as long as England remains more powerful than Ireland.

* * *

Ireland's lot as a nation has been, undoubtedly, a sad one, but one may as well look facts in the face. Few of us succeed in getting all we want in this world, and the Irishman must in the end abandon his dream of establishing a second parliament with real powers within the shadow of Westminster, of re-establishing in fact the Irish nation. As to South Africa, it is another story. The Boers have been wise in their leaders. Botha and his colleagues began to preach conciliation the day they stopped fighting. One does not hear such doctrines from Mr. Redmond. But, in addition, the Transvaal is many thousands of miles from Britain, and should the latter become involved in a European war, the attitude of the legislature on the Rand would not be vital to the interests of the Mother Country; on the other hand, a powerful parliament sitting at Dublin, unless in harmony with that at Westminster, would be in a position, practically, to destroy the people of the sister kingdoms.

* * *

It may be said that it is not fair to assume such a contingency, the reply to which is that it rests with the Irish people themselves to convince their fellows in England and Scotland that such a contingency is an impossible one. It is a vexed and interminable question, in which one's sympathies are being turned continually from the side of prosaic commonsense to that of sentiment and poetry, and some day with a swinging of the pendulum a little far in the direction of the poetry and sentiment, Ireland may find herself endowed with a parliament, as she came near being in the time of Gladstone; but common-sense will return and the parliament will disappear, and on the whole it seems not unreasonable to urge that the Irishman should try to content himself now, as he will have to content himself ultimately, with the enjoyment of equal rights and privileges with the Englishman and the Scotchman.

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One of the strongest illustrations that used to be cited by Mr. Gladstone of the ease with which two kingdoms might exist with separate parliaments and a common crown, was that of Norway and Sweden. The two kingdoms did not really enjoy ideal relations, even at that time, but, being to a large extent isolated from the rest of the world, without distant possessions, and practically without voice or share in the councils of Europe, the friction passed almost unobserved. Now, for a year or two, the two nations have been absolutely separated, each with its own king. At the moment they appear to be on friendly terms, but who would undertake to say this condition will continue? The dual empire of Austria-Hungary was also cited a score of years ago as a precedent for an English-Irish kingdom. The Austria-Hungary empire continues yet, but by general consent it hinges on the life of the aged Emperor Francis Joseph. Permanence and solidity will be found in unity rather than in duality.

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The mutterings from India grow more ominous and one wonders whether the half-century since the great mutiny is to be marked by an outbreak that may even distantly resemble that of 1857. Probably not; the railway and the telegraph have incalculably strengthened the position of the British since those days. There may be many scattered risings, but those who know India well insist that there can never be again a concentrated, organised rebellion—that is, of course, while the two races occupy their present positions with respect to each other. There is, however, the possibility that, following the lead of Japan, the eastern races may emerge from the lethargy of ages and rise to a level in mental activity with their rulers, and in that case it is difficult to believe that the fragment of a white race could control the many nations of Orientals who dwell in what we call India. But this will be a work of years, if not of generations. There is a certain peril threatening now, under the rule of Mr. John Morley and Lord Minto, and though it may not be one that will seriously endanger British supremacy, it would be remarkable and deplorable if any calamity occurred while the destinies of India are controlled by a statesman like Mr. Morley, who is inclined to go far beyond most of his predecessors in recognising the aspirations and hopes of the people of the eastern Empire.

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There is some talk of secret machinations between the people of Japan and the leaders of the new movement in India, but it is safe to disbelieve that official aid has been given by Japan to any such intrigues in a dependency of her ally, Britain. Whether Japan's conversion to Europeanism is thorough and genuine or not, it is premature to say, but it is probable she will live fully up to her bargain and to any bargain she may make for the present. Opportunism is the key-note of the modern Japanese policy, and it is expedient for the islanders of the eastern world to-day to keep faith with those of the west. How far the influence of the Japanese awakening may have affected or may yet affect the people of India and China is another matter, and one to which the people of Japan have no doubt given the fullest consideration.

◆

An Indian writer named Prithiofal Singh, probably the same who recently visited Canada and made many speeches and gave many interviews setting forth his view as to the impermanence of British rule in India and minimising the good results of that rule in the past, has been once more dealing with the problem in the Hindustan *Review*, and has dwelt particularly upon the "frowning gulf of social intercourse that lies between the two communities." What he means, no doubt, is the "frowning gulf that prevents social intercourse between the two races." On this he enlarges greatly and with much feeling, and pictures a situation as between the English and the Indian, which resembles that of the southerner, the negro on this continent. That such a situation is a painful one to an Indian of culture and refinement is natural. The Indian of culture and refinement, of reading and travel, is out of place in a country ruled paternally by a foreign race, no matter how beneficial may be the results. As to the gulf in social intercourse, that is not new. The moment the Englishman admits that the Indian is his equal, English rule is ended. His rule must be absolute and unqualified, or it must cease. A sort of kindly brutality, if such a phrase may be permitted, will alone enable the Englishman to remain in India. The condition to-day is but little changed from that of seventy years ago, when Macaulay wrote home to his sisters: "They are, in truth, a race so accustomed to be trampled on by the strong that they always consider humanity as a sign of weakness." British methods in India simply make the best, or almost the best, of a bad situation, and if time in due course evolves better methods, we should not regret the disappearance of the former; but we should be sure the newer ones are better ones before we bid them welcome.

* * *

The Campbell-Bannerman Government is being condemned in many quarters for the lack of sympathy it has displayed with the cause of Imperialism, and it is quite likely that the present British Premier would gladly have avoided the recent Imperial Conference had it been possible to do so. But one must give credit where it is due, and one excellent illustration of practical Imperialism has been furnished by this "unimperial" Government in the Imperial guarantee of a loan of £5,000,000 to the Transvaal Government for development purposes. On the whole, General Botha will have profited well by his visit to England. It is not the first time a self-governing colony has ever received assistance of this kind, and that stout Unionist journal, *The Outlook*, which in season and out of season advocates the institution of the preferential tariff for the colonies, is under some misapprehension when it asks what answer the Imperial Government will make "if, say, the Commonwealth of Australia asks for similar assistance when at any future time it needs money?" Canada itself has been a beneficiary of the Imperial Government in this manner on several occasions in the past; but precedent or not, there is something very practical about this bit of Imperialism, which tends directly to the promotion of unity and good feeling within the Empire.

* * *

The British Government has taken a step of the greatest importance to the journalists of all countries, for all countries must be directly or indirectly affected by a decision to muzzle the press in war time. This is the meaning, put plainly, of how Tweedmouth's declaration, recently, that the Government proposed drafting a bill for the better regulation of the press in time of war and when war is imminent, and that the bill, when drafted, will be submitted to a representative committee of journalists. That some such regulation would be desirable in the event of a war with a European power, cannot well be doubted, after the experience of the South African and the Russo-Japanese wars. It mattered little to Great Britain what its press published concerning the first war, so distant was the region affected, and so entirely lacking so far as concerned the actual campaign was the direct influence of sea-power; had England, however, been engaged with Russia and Japan it would have been a hopeless campaign for her unless her newspapers had refrained from chronicling every detail of the movements of ships and troops that could be procured by the most lavish expenditure and the most eager enterprise. English newspapers themselves have usually a full sense of the dignity and responsibility of journalism, and few of them would seek to score a profit on advantage at the expense of their country. Ignorance of what is best to publish at a period of crisis may well work as great harm as deliberate intent to injure. The Newspaper Society of Great Britain, therefore, appointed a committee a year ago to discuss the whole question with the Imperial Defence Committee. As a first result of the conference that followed, it was decided to place an embargo on all military and naval news whenever the government of the day decided that a crisis of sufficient gravity had arisen, unless the same had been supplied or censored by the government. This was reformation with a vengeance, and the newspaper proprietors of Great Britain decided that something less stringent would do. In consequence of representations made, the Government has drafted a bill which will be submitted to Parliament after it has been approved by representative journalists. To make the benefit of such a measure more certain, there should be international action. It would be of little use suppressing news in London if it were published in New York or Paris, and an international agreement as to the publication of news in war-time would not seem unreasonable. Possibly the Hague Conference might put the subject on its agenda!

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President Roosevelt, who is always showing a new side to the public, has started a topic of decided interest by his interview in *Everybody's Magazine* to Edward B. Clark, on the modern school of nature writers. We know the President generally as a man who is fond of the fields and the streams, a keen sportsman and a gallant rider. He shows himself also to have been a close student of the habits of the denizens of the wild. As to whether he is wholly right in his condemnation of the writings of Dr. W. J. Long, whom he singles out among others whom he criticises as being the worst offender against the truth, is a matter we may well leave to the experts. Many of us have read the story of the fight between the great wolf-dog White Fang and the bull-dog, as told by Jack London, and perhaps most of us wondered that the wolf-dog had not torn the bull-dog to pieces. That the battle should really have gone as Jack London made it go, in favour of the bull-dog, is, the President assures us, "the very sublimity of absurdity. In such a fight the chance for the dog would be only one in a thousand, its victory being possible only through getting a throat-grip the instant that the fight started. This kind of realism is a closet product." Evidently there are few things and few men the President is afraid to tackle.

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Meanwhile Dr. Long is not taking the President's criticism quietly. He challenges the President to disprove the statements criticised and otherwise to withdraw his criticisms and apologise. Decidedly President Roosevelt has raised a hornet's nest about his ears, but as a lover of nature, he will hardly object to this.

◆

The German Navy League takes small account of the armament reduction talk of the more pacific of European statesmen. While Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman proposes that Britain and Germany shall each build fewer ships—though, to be sure, that would leave Germany far in the rear, the German Navy League, true to its mission, declares the present rate of naval construction to be much too slow, and further that it is "the urgent desire of the entire Navy League to place in the hands of the Emperor as soon as possible a squadron of 18,000-ton ships." This aspect of German militarism was voiced by a German prince lately, and is doubtless acceptable to the ardent soul of the Kaiser. The only difficulty, of course, is getting the money, but the recent defeat of the Socialists puts the Kaiser in better shape in this respect than he has yet been, and we may see the provision for the squadron of Dreadnoughts made to mark the year of the Hague Peace Conference. But we must not forget that Britain can build twice as fast as Germany; she can afford to give Germany a long start, therefore, in the building of these leviathans, and still overtake her, should it become necessary, and that is what the British Navy League is urging that Britain should do. It is a plan that has some elements of canniness about it, and has the special merit that it costs nothing.

WOMAN'S SPHERE

EXILED

GREEN banners just unfurled,
  Summer comes apace;
There will be a new world
  At the old home place;
Scarlet wing will flash by,
Meadow-lark will soar high—
O, and that is where I
  Turn my longing face.

Never days like those days,
  Never joy like mine;
All the world a soft haze—
  All the world a shrine!
Overhead, the blue sheen;
Underneath the new green;
I with beating heart between
  Finding life divine.

Ah! and how the birds sang
  Every sunny day,
All the fields and woods rang
  With their ecstasy;
How my wanton pulse thrills,
How my homesick heart fills,
Thinking of those green hills
  Dear and far away!

—*Helena Coleman.*

* * *

AN HISTORIC OCCASION

IN the year 1901, some broad-minded English women formed the organisation known as the Victoria League, with the object of drawing closer the bonds between the Motherland and the British Dominions beyond the Seas. The society is thoroughly non-political and is now a flourishing club of progressive and loyal women. One of the most interesting features in the recent entertainment offered visiting colonials was the Victoria League luncheon to the ladies of the colonial party. The president, the Countess of Jersey, presided, and the vice-president, the youthful and charming Countess of Crewe, seconded the speech of Lady Jersey, proposing the toast of "Our Colonial Guests."

The account of the luncheon given by *Lally Bernard*, the English correspondent of the Toronto *Globe*, is highly entertaining, but there is one paragraph which makes us realise how inferior most Canadian women are to either Englishwomen or Australians, when it comes to a matter of intelligible and polished speech. Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, was present and the duty of proposing her health would naturally fall to a Canadian. But it was Mrs. Pember Reeves, the wife of the Agent-General for New Zealand, who made a few happy remarks in a speech, complimentary to the Princess, who was hostess at Rideau Hall nearly thirty years ago.

The correspondent makes this suggestive comment: "Possibly a pang was experienced by some Canadians present that this pleasing duty did not fall to the lot of one of their countrywomen, but it was whispered that some of the representative ladies of the Dominion had been approached on the subject, and that as the women of Canada are not accustomed to the ordeal of proposing toasts . . . . . their distrust of their own powers forbade their accepting the honour."

It is mortifying, to say the least, that on such an occasion, where no imputation of "public" speaking could be made, inasmuch as a ladies' luncheon is a private and feminine affair, no Canadian woman present was capable of saying a few graceful and self-possessed words in praise of a daughter of Queen Victoria. Mrs. Pember Reeves, Mrs. Deakin, wife of the Premier of Australia, and Mrs. Humphry Ward, who is among the opponents of woman suffrage, spoke with admirable clearness and vigour. But the premier colony was not represented, because no Canadian woman, of the score among the guests, was equal to the occasion. It is about time that the women of Canada should cease to be petty and provincial, and should learn something of the self-control and ease that characterise the most influential women of England and the United States. It is to be hoped that by the time the next colonial conference arrives there will be some representative Canadian women to be placed with the President of the Victoria League and the fair Australians in this matter of effective address. Speaking on the public platform may not be desirable; but to fail to represent the leading British colony at a "loyalists' luncheon," is to play an ineffectual part.

A NEW CURE

A LONDON (England) paper announces that seaside mud is an elixir of life. Those who are enjoying a holiday on the coast are advised to find the muddiest spot near the shore and walk along this charming stretch of dampness for hours every day, as nothing is equal to the ozonic exhalations of sea-deposited mud as a health-restorer. This does not sound very cheerful, but no doubt many seekers of health and youth will hasten to try the mud-and-brine mixture in the hope of its accomplishing marvellous results for the liver and the complexion. Currants have enjoyed a great vogue, carrots have also been a popular cure, but the mud promenade is the latest fashionable youth-restorer.

THE TROUBLESOME SLEEVE

WHILE Canadian women are wearing short sleeves and long gloves, those who are really in the fashion declare that Parisians are wearing sleeves that fairly scrape the knuckles. It seems as if there were no happy medium in the matter of sleeves. But most of us will be ready to agree that the short sleeve is not for the office or the street. Nothing is prettier than a short-sleeved gown for the afternoon or evening at home. But for the street it is a nuisance, since the long gloves look untidily wrinkled and frequently fail to make satisfactory connection with the retiring and ascending sleeve. In the office, a short-sleeved waist looks like an attempt to unite pink teas with business life. After all, the only sensible, satisfactory sleeve for everyday use is that which reaches the wrist in comfort. But if one wishes to be truly up-to-date, the sleeve hanging languidly over the fingers is the only kind to wear.

AN APPRECIATED ACTRESS

THERE is no more highly-esteemed artist on the stage to-day than Miss Julia Marlowe, who, with Mr. E. H. Sothern, has recently been delighting English audiences at the Waldorf Theatre in London. The Shakespearean plays, especially, have won popular favour, *Hamlet* and *Romeo* and *Juliet* being received with an approach to enthusiasm. Mr. Percy Mackaye's play, *Jeanne d'Arc*, has also been well received. But not even Miss Marlowe or Mr. Sothern can render endurable *When Knighthood Was in Flower*, a Tudor farce based upon a trashy novel, written by a United States fiction-purveyor. One critic writes thus of the last-mentioned production: "This play is stupefying. It is a nightmare. If an imaginative man supped heavily off lobster *a la Neuberg* and took Gilbert a Beckett's *Comic History of England* to read in bed, he might dream a wilder story than *When Knighthood Was in Flower*."

But with the exception of this impossible play, the course of Miss Marlowe's English visit has been all that her American admirers might wish. Mr. Louis V. De Foe, a New York critic, has recently contributed to a Chicago magazine an interesting article on this prominent actress, in the course of which he declares that the American stage in tragedy has not known her equal since the days of Mary Anderson, and that in England to-day there is no one to approach her. One is not surprised to learn that Julia Marlowe is merely a stage name and that the actress was known in early life as Sarah Frances Frost. She is English by birth, having been born in Coldbeck, Cumberland, in 1865. For more than twenty years she has been devoted to her art and has come triumphantly out of her fight with those managers who consider that Shakespeare is not in public demand. Her earliest appearance in Canada was about 1889, when she created great enthusiasm by her playing of *Rosalind* in *As You Like It*. She and Mr. Sothern paid Canada a visit last year, when her maturer genius made again a deep impression on a public which sees too little of such artists.

MISS NORA CLENCH

A Canadian violinist who has won distinction abroad.

A CANADIAN VIOLINIST

THAT Canada is prospering greatly, may be seen by the number of new publications which are being issued. Among these, *Musical Canada*, edited by Mr. E. R. Parkhurst, a monthly journal of musical news, comment and gossip, for professionals and amateurs, is of unusual interest and calls for best wishes for its success. "Yorkshire Chorus Singing," by W. H. Breare, is the most interesting article in the May issue, which, in addition to describing the work and methods of the famous Sheffield Chorus, aims to give the Mendelssohn Choir of Toronto some indication of the basis on which it will be judged in England.

There is also a brief article on Miss Clench, the well-known Canadian violinist who has for some years made her home in London, England. The writer of this sketch says: "Miss Nora Clench has founded a quartette of lady players, of which she is the leader, and of which the other members are Miss Lucy Stone, Miss Cecilia Gates and Miss May Mukle. The quartette has now for some time given a series of interesting concerts in London and the provinces, and its performances have been the subject of most eulogistic notices in the London papers. Miss Clench, in arranging her programme, has always paid great attention to novelties and to the works of little known composers, and hardly a concert given by her quartette goes by without some such composition being included. For instance, at their last concert, Max Reger's quartette in D minor was played for the first time in England.

"The Nora Clench quartette has concluded a successful tour in the North of England, visiting such important places as Birmingham, Sheffield, Bradford and Glasgow, and next year there is a possibility of a concert tour in America being arranged. Miss Clench is now playing on a fine violin by Joseph Guarnerius del Jesu, a recent acquisition."

WIGS OF GLASS

THERE have been innumerable songs and sonnets about a woman's hair. Mr. Alexander Pope, of Queen Anne memory, wrote a perfect epic on the subject and he, or some equally polished writer, is responsible for the statement that "Beauty draws us with a single hair." A much older writer, also a bachelor, says a few kind words about a woman's hair being a crown of glory. The short-haired woman is not popular, but the long-haired man always has a large following of would-be artistic women. Why the football hero, the minor poet and the musical genius should cultivate a chrysanthemum style of coiffure cannot be explained. Both economy and art seem to demand it, however.

But no poet, however daring, has said a word in favour of false locks. There is something deadly prosaic about the removable "rat" and the manufactured curl. An English authority sends the alarming information that the enormous feminine demand for artificial coils and puffs is leading to a famine in human hair. Formerly, Swiss, German and Hungarian girls supplied the world of fashionable women with luxuriant locks. But it seems that the Government of the country (Governments are worse than grandmothers) has in some cases made it illegal for a girl to sell her hair, or for an agent to buy it. The supply in consequence is running short, and the price of real hair is becoming shamefully high. But there is always a way out of an extravagant emergency. A series of successful experiments shows that spun glass is a most effective substitute for human hair. Wigs made from glass are wonderfully light and fine and the texture soft and beautiful.

Think of the revolution this fashion will work!. A novelist will have a whole set of new expressions. He may talk of the heroine's prismatic locks. The eyes were once called the windows of the soul, but now the heroine's abundant tresses may become the stained-glass windows of the brain. A careless movement may precipitate a favourite switch to the floor and break the radiant mass into several thousand fragments. Already the spun glass manufacturers have won favour and America will soon follow the fashion, introducing the *toupeé* with a high mirror finish.

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THE COMIC SUPPLEMENT

THE kindergarten teachers have made public their unfavourable opinion of the comic supplement, as seen in our Saturday newspapers. This is a matter which concerns most women throughout the country, and their views on the subject should be expressed in such a form and with such frequency as to influence editorial policy. Most of this comic "stuff" is bought from United States syndicates and is yellow journalism for juveniles. Ridicule of the aged, the infirm and of those in positions of authority is expressed in the coarsest and most pernicious form. Slang and vulgarity are the unvarying qualities of the comic supplement. Clean fun and decent sport are not to be found on the pages on which "Buster Brown" and kindred barbarians disport themselves. Of course, those who dislike these vulgarities will be accused of a lack of humour. Heaven help the citizens who find the Saturday supplement a fount of amusement! If a man is known by what he laughs at and what he encourages his boy to laugh at, then Canadian wit is in danger of serious deterioration, judging by the circulation of the comic supplement. The best Canadian journals have not yet adopted these sordid features, but there are so many lesser publications which have made Saturday night hideous with them, that the action of the kindergarten teachers is highly necessary. Fun must be provided for the small person, but it need not be associated with bad art and worse morals.

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THE SPANISH PRINCE

THE small heir to the Spanish throne has been burdened with a whole paragraph of names, but he will probably be referred to by the public as Prince Alfonso. It really seems hardly fair to inflict such high-sounding titles on a tiny mortal, but the infant is said to be a sturdy little chap, in spite of his honours, and to be a Saxon rather than a Spaniard. The grand-daughters of Queen Victoria have a *penchant* for thrones, and most of them appear to lead fairly peaceable lives, except, perhaps, the Czarina, who cannot enjoy the doubtful splendours of her rigidly-guarded palaces. It was generally understood that King Alfonso and his bride were fond of each other in a good, old-fashioned way, while Madrid and the world outside sunny Spain have taken unusual interest in the princelet who gives that long-disturbed kingdom assurance of a royal succession.

Jean Graham.

AT THE FRONT WINDOW
WITH
THE EDITOR

SUGGESTIVE STORIES

OUR mothers and grandmothers often say that the young people of to-day are much more immodest than the young people were of fifty or even twenty-five years ago. Perhaps what they say is true. At any rate, there is no general mock modesty in this age. But the desire not to make a mockery of modesty can be very easily carried too far, and as a result we frequently see young girls and young women submitting to conditions that would have been regarded as indignities a generation ago. To some persons who have passed through the rigid school of propriety and decency the perfect *sang froid* with which young people listen to suggestive dialogue on the stage and read even worse off the stage is amazing. Of course, it must be admitted that it cannot be said with absolute certainty that openness in these things is wrong. An ingenious person has said that a suggestive remark cannot harm one who is too young or too unsophisticated to understand it, while, on the other hand, the one who does understand its significance is proof against its sting. But whether the general effect is for good or for evil, there are some places where one might reasonably feel free from encountering anything that one would not care to see or repeat in "mixed" company. Among these places might be mentioned the church, the high-class newspapers and periodicals, and the magazines that pretend to be fit for the home. If a man goes to a theatre, no matter with whom he goes, he may expect to hear subjects discussed that he would not care to discuss at home, unless he has attended the same performance before and knows that nothing objectionable will be heard. But the theatre has a reputation for that kind of thing. So have some magazines and some newspapers. But when a man buys a magazine like *The Ladies' Home Journal*, he expects it to contain nothing that any member of his family need fear to read aloud. But even in this outstanding instance of where decency might reasonably be expected to prevail the brand of immodesty can be found. In that journal there is a department called "That Reminds Me." It contains stories, jokes and anecdotes that have "gone the rounds," and is a first-rate idea. But when its columns contain stories or alleged jokes that should *not* remind one, particularly in the family circle, it is no wonder that some of the subscribers complain. We should not concern ourselves in this way if *The Ladies' Home Journal* did not make exalted pretensions, or if it did not have a good circulation in Canada. Perhaps suggestive stories and anecdotes are in good form in the best families in the United States, but they have not yet reached that distinction in Canada.

It is not a pleasant duty to accuse in this way so generally excellent a publication as *The Ladies' Home Journal*, and some persons might regard this as a good free advertisement, but all who read the department referred to know that it frequently contains the kind of joke that is relished in the clubroom but that is not tolerated in the home. It is almost unfair to merely generalise and to not give a sample of the objectionable joke, but to give a sample would be a repetition of the offence. However, in the June number, for instance, there is a story of a woman who left her sleeping apartment in a railway car, and who was to locate it again by the guidance of her husband's foot sticking out beneath the curtain. The rest of the story is well known in the clubs and hotel corridors. It might be said that it is absurd to cut hairs in this way, that the story is all right. If the story is suggestive, it should not be given to unsuspecting readers. If it is not suggestive, then, it has no point, and therefore no excuse for publication.

If in high-class publications we cannot escape the weaknesses of the day, where can we escape them?

STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE

As the season for strawberry shortcake is about to open, it might not be out of place to make a few observations on the prospect. It must be admitted that every one is interested in strawberry shortcake, especially the June brides, for to them it will be the first real test of their domestic capabilities. It must be admitted also, and everybody knows it, that strawberry shortcake is an extremely fickle quantity. It can be very approachable and responsive one day and very crusty and stony-hearted the next. In most cases it is a misnomer. It really should be called cake shortstrawberry. That, at least, would be a good name for it on the bills of fare in the restaurants. To the June bride that name is recommended for contemplation. If the June bride wishes to make a good impression at the outset, immediately on the return from the honeymoon, she should go long on the strawberries and short on the cake. She should actually steep the cake part in the strawberry part. She should do even more than that; she should smother it, literally obliterate it. Then she could sit back and admire the smile on the indulgent husband's countenance. But if she thinks she could balance the thing, make it even a half-and-half concoction, she is walking on the edge of a precipice. Because there is no neutral ground in the strawberry shortcake. There is no sitting on the fence, like there is in a political contest. It must be for or against. In other words, it must be strawberry shortcake or cake shortstrawberry. The safer to try is the former, of course in its original meaning, because any man, single or married, can buy the latter at a restaurant. Any man can sit down and smack his lips over the bill of fare, and then see the thing brought in. We confess that we do not expect to notice much change in it this year from what it was last year, unless the June brides should take our advice. But it matters little to us, after all, whether they do or not, because we are outclassed anyway, not being in the June bride class. So we shall have to resort once again to the restaurant and regard with accustomed lassitude the deep layers of indifferent cake, with sticky icing on top to keep the row of half-cooked strawberries from falling off —in short, to pay the price in the hope of getting something different from cake shortstrawberry.

TWO CASES IN COURT

We have seen of late before the courts in Ontario at least two cases that have made possible the publication in the daily press details of revolting practices and lamentable procedure. The one was at Cayuga, where a woman was dismissed on a charge of having poisoned her husband by giving him strychnine when he was ill in bed. The other was at Orangeville, where a man was allowed to go on suspended sentence after he had pleaded guilty to criminal responsibility for the death of a woman whose shame he and she both wished to hide. There was a tendency to criticise the first case because of a feeling that the Crown servants had been too eager to convict, while the second case aroused a great deal of comment because it was alleged that the servants of the Crown had been too ready to let go.

The evidence in the first case certainly does show that some of those who worked for the Crown were not sufficiently conscious of the fact that a woman's life was at stake, and that extreme measures were being taken to convict her on circumstantial evidence of a very uncertain character. It is admitted by the medical profession that the symptoms of strychnine poisoning might vary greatly, that there might be similar symptoms from various causes, and that had not the woman been able to engage what is regarded as the cleverest counsel in the Province, she very likely would have been found guilty, although she is now regarded as innocent. In this case, therefore, we see that owing to professional zeal an innocent woman was subjected to a most trying ordeal and that she barely escaped a terrible fate.

The other case is exactly opposite: A man who admitted guilt was allowed to go because of some pre-arrangement with the officers of the Crown, or because of some influence that had been brought to bear on them. There is also another point in this case: A druggist who was accused of complicity in the crime escaped trial because of a technicality. His own evidence showed that he had had some connection with the affair, but because he had given his evidence before the grand jury in the case of the first man charged with the crime, it was decided that he could not be brought to trial himself on the same charge. This is serious business, and it tends to shake public confidence in what we have been proud to refer to as the majesty of the law. It merely helps to convince that wherever there is an influential purpose, guilty persons can escape penalty. Money is regarded as the most potent factor in cases before the law. But there seems to be other influences besides money. Money can in most cases bring up a technicality, a thing that is in law either a great curse or a great blessing. Poor men, or those who have no influential friends, have no resort to this legal refuge, because they cannot employ lawyers astute enough to locate it and influential enough to cling to it. At any rate, if, according to law, a guilty man can escape because he happens to give evidence before the grand jury on a parallel case, the law should be changed, and without delay. The thing is absurd, while its possibilities are monstrous. There is also the other point in this case, the pre-arrangement with the officers of the Crown. We see a good deal of that kind of business. How often a case is dropped because what is called the prosecutor does not want to prosecute, when, as a matter of fact, the Crown is the real prosecutor, and must be so held and regarded by the people. If a man commits a theft he is responsible to the Crown, and not to the person from whom he steals. Whether the person from whom he steals has personal feelings in the case or not, there has been an offence against society, and society must look to the officers of the Crown to do their duty.

* * *

NEXT DOOR TO A CRANK

IT is unfortunate for anyone in a city or town to live next door to a crank, especially if it happens to be a rainy season. Grass will grow faster during a rainy season than ordinarily, but no matter how fast it grows the crank will always keep his lawn, back and front, cropped down close, without even the skeleton of a dandelion in sight. That places a terrible responsibility on the unfortunate neighbours. It is necessary in order to "keep up appearances," to rise of a morning just as early as the crank, to do just as much cutting and just as much digging and just as much sweating. It would not be so bad if the crank did not go to undue pains in trimming the whiskers around the edges of the lawn and sidewalks. The trimming takes almost as much time as the main cutting. Anyway, it would look fairly well just as it is if the crank would only let his go too. But the crank is continually and incessantly thinking out some new way to improve his front and "fix up" his back. He is never satisfied to let well enough alone. He paints his steps, and of course we have to paint ours. Then he goes at the window frames and the eaves. In fact, it is a very dry day when the "wet paint" sign cannot be seen somewhere about his premises. Paint and close-cut grass are all right in their way, but when it comes to fancy receptacles for garbage and to wild cucumber vines on the back fence, we begin to feel that he is carrying the lead a little too far. We admire his wish to keep his place looking spick and span, but he really should have some consideration for his neighbours. A sugar barrel has always been good enough for our garbage. Then why not let it be a sugar barrel? But, no, the crank must get a fancy receptacle, perhaps a patented affair. Any person could see the position that places us in. We are quite satisfied as it is, but we are not going to be put in the shade like that just for a dollar or two—it is not just the place yet to draw the line. We have kept up with him so far, but now we do draw the line: we refuse to compete with him in the raising of fancy chickens in the cellar. If we all had a shed each, the possibilities of the fancy chicken competition would be very attractive. As time went on we could enliven the neighbourhood by introducing some pheasants and guinea fowl. Of course, the lack of a shed precludes further consideration of that, except perhaps to observe that only a crank would be willing to turn his cellar into a hen coup.

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A NEW MUSICAL JOURNAL

MR. E. R. PARKHURST, the well-known musical critic of Toronto, has widened the scope of his publication heretofore known as *The Violin*, and a new number has appeared under the name of *Musical Canada*. The change has effected a decided improvement, and it is expected that the new publication will soon be regarded as an authority on musical subjects in Canada. Mr. Parkhurst has exceptional qualifications for conducting a journal of that kind. *Musical Canada* will appear monthly.

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THE CONFEDERATION NUMBER

IN this number of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE is seen the result of an effort to mark the passing of the fortieth anniversary of Confederation. Several of the articles bear directly on the event. Mr. John Lewis, who contributes an appreciation of the Fathers of Confederation, has been for many years a leading writer in Canadian journalism, and therefore his observations are interesting as well as informing and timely. Mr. H. V. Ross, who sketches the nine ladies who have presided over the gubernatorial residence at Ottawa since Confederation, is a Ph.D. of Harvard, and a journalist of excellent standing in Saskatchewan. Mr. J. E. B. McCready, who writes on Journalism at Confederation, is well known to those who read THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE. He is one of Prince Edward Island's oldest and ablest writers. The article on banking deals with the growth of a leading financial institution which was founded contemporaneously with Confederation.

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THE PENALTY OF RELATIONSHIP

THE case that has been before the courts at Boise, Idaho, for some time comes home rather pertinently to Canadians when it is learned that the self-confessed murderer, the inestimable villain of the whole outrage, hailed from an Ontario town. But it is no disgrace to the people of Canada, it is no reflection on them. It gives opportunity, however, for the hounding out of relatives of that man and the making known of their names and the places where they live. That is one of the lamentable abuses of relationship, and it is seldom counterbalanced by the merits of the same connection. If some man commits murder, why should his brother, or his son, or his father be singled out as marked men? But they are more likely to be singled out than they would be if the relative had saved a man's life or performed some other heroic act. Is it a weakness of some newspapers? Or is it an inherent weakness of the people who like to read such things? Whichever it is, no pride should be taken in it. The person whose relative has gone astray usually finds it hard enough to carry his sorrow secretly or before his friends, but when the newspapers proclaim his kinship to the criminal the burden is increased ten-fold. It is gratifying to know that some newspapers do not stoop to so low a level in order to pander to a vulgar taste, and it is to be hoped that others will join with them.

THE WAY OF LETTERS

THREE books of more than passing interest by Canadian writers have come to the reviewers during the month. One is a novel by Mr. Wilfred Campbell, entitled "Ian of the Arcades." Mr. Basil King contributes "The Giant's Strength" to current fiction, while Mr. Peter McArthur presents a book of poetry entitled "The Prodigal and Other Poems." These volumes are well worthy of attention.

MR. CAMPBELL'S NOVEL

MR. WILFRED CAMPBELL, who has a national reputation in Canada as a poet and descriptive writer, is now bidding for place as a popular novelist, having recently published a romantic Scottish tale entitled "Ian of the Arcades" (Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Company, Cloth, $1.25 net). Perhaps, unfortunately for one of his temperament, he has selected the romantic, chivalrous style of novel, taking the North Sea coast of Scotland in the time of Robert the Third as his scene of action, but nevertheless the result ranks him, if not with the first novelists of the day, at least with distinction among the increasing group who make of the picturesqueness of hand-to-hand combat, a fair maid, gallantry, honour and the sword, opportunity for the transposition of common property and for the entertainment of those who enjoy the excitement of daring and danger, spiced with mystery. "Ian of the Arcades" is told in the first person, and is, therefore, the self-told experiences of one who, although of noble birth, lives during the most formative years in obscurity and simplicity, but who suddenly comes face to face with humiliation of the most trying kind, with rebuffs and stinging reflections, the result of which, instead of firing him to revenge, kindles within his breast a spirit of admirable toleration and stupendous self-sacrifice. The account is made simply, as by one who has no wish to arouse interest by fine words and glowing pictures, and it is in that respect that it will likely have distinction in its class, the distinction of restrained diction and conception rather than of great popularity. In many ways, however, it is a story that will appeal to popular favour. "Ian of the Arcades" is the name that goes with the earldom of Girnigoe. When the story begins the castle is held by a man who, on an unwarrantable excuse, prompted by an intriguing priest, set aside his lawful wife and married another, letting the first go away to rear in obscurity the son who should be, and who in turn is proved to be, the rightful heir to the large estate at Girnigoe. This outcast scion of a great race tells the story, starting it at about the time of his mother's death, when he, but a mere lad, accidentally meets in with his own half-brother, Lord Hugh of Girnigoe, and is by him escorted to the castle, where he is tolerated to remain with a standing that allows him to sit at table barely "above the salt," or a step higher than the hired retainers. Hereafter the recital affords an intimate acquaintance with life at the stronghold of a feudal lord in those days, and reveals the sufferings and humiliations of a sensitive nature in the midst of cruelty, intrigue and deadly combat. Between the intruder and Lord Hugh develops an almost brotherly affection, and the romance appears when it is seen that both are in love with a charming maiden of the nobility, Lady Margaret Seton, who had been carried off to Girnigoe Castle from a neighbouring castle that had been stormed and sacked by the older Ian of the Arcades. Shortly after the storming of this castle the Earl of Girnigoe dies, and Lord Hugh succeeds him. Soon it is announced that the new earl is betrothed to Lady Margaret, and young Ian has to nurse his love in secret. Before the marriage takes place Girnigoe Castle is captured in the King's name, and the new earl is taken prisoner and condemned to death. Ian, out of love for Lady Margaret, secretly takes his half-brother's place in prison, and barely escapes the death penalty. But in the end he returns to Girnigoe Castle as the recognised Ian of the Arcades. The estate is restored to him, and he wins also the love of Lady Margaret. While this story, as told by Mr. Campbell, has many excellent points, one cannot help regretting the loss of so good an opportunity to produce an extraordinary novel.

"THE GIANT'S STRENGTH"

MR. BASIL KING, who is a Prince Edward Islander, has had his third novel published under the title "The Giant's Strength" (New York: Harper & Brothers. Cloth, $1.50 net). The giant proves to be none other than a great American coal baron, the richest man in the world. The scene of the story shifts back and forth between Paris and Monte Carlo, the giant, Paul Trafford by name, and his family, having found it more pleasant to live abroad than to stay at home and be at the mercy of those whom the giant has ruined financially. One of Trafford's commercial victims was Roger Winship, whose son goes to Paris to pursue his art as a portrait painter, and there he makes a good reputation. The daughter, Paula, of the multi-millionaire Paul Trafford is introduced by her betrothed husband, the Duke of Wiltshire, to the artist, and when she learns of his history and of the part her father had to play in his father's ruination, she attempts to make some reparation by having young Winship paint her portrait for eight thousand francs. As a result of the sittings for the portrait the artist and his patron fall in love, and as the engagement with the duke had already been agreeably broken off, Paula promises to marry the son of her father's one-time greatest enemy. A series of intensely dramatic situations follow; first, when the giant hears of his daughter's choice, and again when the struggling artist refuses to marry the girl unless she will go to him penniless, because he regards as blood-money the dower that her father would bestow. The rigidity with which the young couple cling to what they believe to be honourable conduct in the circumstances, and the final subjection of the giant, afford opportunity for good work. Although the work is scarcely brilliant, it is of absorbing interest, and sanely conceived and carried out.

A VOLUME OF GOOD POETRY

"THE Prodigal and Other Poems" (New York: Mitchell Kennerley. Cloth, $1) is the title of a collection of verse by Mr. Peter McArthur, a Canadian who has been living "across the line" but who has been kept in mind by his occasional contributions to the magazines. His book was looked forward to with a good deal of interest by reviewers on "this side," and it proves to be a noteworthy collection of fine, limpid poetry. But poetry is something that cannot very well be described; it is in that respect like a pudding. Therefore it is worth while making a quotation from Mr. McArthur's work:

THE PRODIGAL

Last night the boy came back to me again,
  The laughing boy, all-credulous of good—
Long lost, far wandered in the ways of men,
  He came and roused me with an olden mood.
He came the lover and enthusiast,
  Shook off my years and with enlightened eyes
Smiled at the shadow that the world had cast,
  And looked at life with all the old surprise;
And I, the slave of patience, took him in,
  Gave him my heart and bade him welcome home,
Thrilled with his dreams of all I yet may win—
  Allured again in golden paths to roam,
And now I know life has no greater joy
  Than, having lived, to be once more a boy.

ANOTHER BOOK ON LABRADOR

ALL who have read "The Lure of the Labrador Wild," by Dillon Wallace, will be interested in knowing that the author recently completed a second volume dealing with the work that the indomitable explorer, Leonidas Hubbard, was unable to complete owing to his death by starvation in that inhospitable land. The title of the new book is "The Long Labrador Trail" (Toronto: The Fleming H. Revell Company. Cloth, $1.50 net). It will be remembered that Mr. Wallace accompanied Mr. Hubbard on the first expedition, and it may therefore be seen how exceptionally well equipped he was to write about Labrador, particularly as after the first expedition failed, he returned and completed the work that he and Mr. Hubbard had undertaken. That work was to penetrate the Labrador Peninsula from Groswater Bay, following the old northern trail of the Mountaineer Indians from Northwest River Post of the Hudson's Bay Company, one hundred and forty miles inland from the east coast, to Lake Michikamau, thence through the lake and northward over the divide, where he hoped to locate the head waters of the George River. It was his intention to pass down this river until he reached the hunting camps of the Nenenot or Nascaupee Indians, there witness the annual migration of the caribou to the eastern sea coast, to be present at the "killing," when the Indians, it had been reported, secured their winter's supply of provisions by spearing the caribou while the herds were swimming the river. The caribou hunt over, he was to return to the St. Lawrence or retrace his steps to Northwest River Post, whichever might seem advisable. Should the season, however, be too far advanced to admit of a safe return, he was to proceed down the river to its mouth at Ungava Bay, and return to civilisation in winter with dogs. The foregoing is the plan that Mr. Wallace adopted, and the pages of his extremely interesting book are intended to show the success that attended his efforts. The book contains more than three hundred pages and it contains many full-page illustrations reproduced from photographs taken during the expedition.

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"GHETTO COMEDIES"

ISRAEL ZANGWILL, the great interpreter of the moods, ambitions, degradations and deprivations of the widely scattered branches of the Jewish race, is so generally read just now that the mere announcement of another volume from his pen entitled "Ghetto Comedies" (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada. Cloth, $1.50) should be sufficient to interest all who are acquainted with this writer's subtle technique and clever diction. After all is said and done, the Jew is a wonderfully picturesque personality. His whole history is full of dramatic possibilities, of even tragic realities. The greatest of writers have made use of him, but it was left for one of his own to become his real interpreter as he is in our modern day. Mr. Zangwill calls his latest output comedies, but while there is in this series of short stories much that is comical and grotesque, there is much also of the tragedy that distinguishes the work that first brought the writer into prominence. One might naturally suppose that Mr. Zangwill, being a Jew himself, would be inclined to hide the failings and shortcomings of his race, but that is not so, for he draws his likenesses from real life, and, being a true artist, he does not omit the shadows. His work is something more than mere stories; it is a study of the great problems that confront the Jewish race.

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A SOUL STRIPPED BARE

IN the great mass of fiction that is rolling from the presses nowadays one turns with gratification to the work of so splendid a writer as Signor Antonio Fogazzaro, whose trilogy of great novels has made his name famous all over the world. This trilogy made appearance in the following order: "The Patriot," "The Sinner," and "The Saint." "The Sinner" just recently came out in Canada (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company. Cloth, $1.25). The three volumes comprise a study of the life of a single individual, Piero Marioni, but any one of them is in itself a complete exposition of a particular stage of development, and can therefore stand alone. The one to which attention is now being drawn is entitled "The Man of the World" (The Sinner), and it purports to show Marioni's life while he was subject to the besetting passions of human kind. "The Saint" deals with this character after the higher aspirations have mastered degrading desires of the flesh. There is more in these novels than mere entertainment; there is the minute dissection of a man's inner self, a baring of the secret processes of the soul. Perhaps the work is too far above the ordinary to ever become popular. From a careful perusal of the pages, it is apparent that the author is hoping to arouse the leaders in the Roman Catholic Church to an appreciation of modern thought and modern insight into the teachings of Christianity, and by adopting a liberal policy to stem the tide of skepticism that is threatening the Church at its very fountain head. There is also an insight into Italian political life and the methods by which the public men override the common people. The story, apart from its connections, is that of a young man, Marioni, unhappily married to a woman who has been committed to an asylum for the insane, and a young woman who has lived but six months with her husband. Between these two there develops a fierce and almost consuming passion, but we see in Marioni a fight between his ascetic nature and his sensual nature. The young woman believes that she is not an evil influence in Marioni's life and that their love is innocent and pure. From so great a temptation as that Marioni flies to a monastery, and thus we have the last link in the trilogy, "The Saint."

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MEREDITH NICHOLSON'S LATEST

"THE Port of Missing Men," by Meredith Nicholson (Toronto: McLeod & Allen. Cloth, $1.25), is the work of an American writer who came suddenly to the front as the author of "The House of a Thousand Candles." It deals with the adventures of a young Austrian of exalted lineage who, having lived in America, in Western Canada to be precise, for some years, returned to Vienna and at once became an actor in a drama of politics and intrigue, beginning in Austria and ending in Virginia. The succession to the Austrian throne is in jeopardy, and the hero of the tale, having become Americanised and having assumed the name of John Armitage, carries the scene of action to America, because he, as well as the chief intriguer, are more than ordinarily concerned about the disposition of an American girl named Shirley Claiborne. The young man's identity and the mystery that surrounds all his actions are so well controlled by the author that the story becomes decidedly interesting, even if not at all convincing. Although it is tight full of absurd situations, it could scarcely be attacked on that ground, because the author himself openly avows that it is the result of unbridled flights of imagination. Its very lack of substantial qualities makes it an attractive novel to take on a holiday trip.

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THE JEWISH RACE

WITHOUT doubt one of the most interesting branches of humanity either in modern or ancient times is the Jewish race, which is also one of the least understood. Much interest therefore attaches to a book written by Dr. David Philipson, and entitled "The Reform Movement in Judaism" (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada. Cloth, $2 net). Dr. Philipson is the author also of "The Jew in Modern Fiction," and he seems to be thoroughly in sympathy with the picturesqueness and importance of what might be called the phenomenon of the modern Jewish movement. He traces the movement to what he considers to be its source in Germany, and discusses its development in that country as well as in Hungary, Austria, England and the United States. He finds that it has reached its highest development in the United States. The volume is large, making about 600 pages. The material first appeared in a series of articles published in the *Jewish Quarterly Review*.

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A NOVEL OF TREMENDOUS ACTION

ONE of the most absorbing and best contrived stories of its kind is Louis Joseph Vance's latest novel entitled "The Brass Bowl" (Toronto: McLeod & Allen. Cloth, $1.25). That is not saying that its kind is the best. Like many novels that are being published in the United States just now, it is extremely melodramatic and full of intensely exciting action. There is an affinity between it and the play called "The Lion and the Mouse," but the book has the play outdone in some respects. A young New York gentleman of much wealth, Daniel Maitland, is warned by his attorney that a celebrated burglar named Anisty is at large and that it would be well for him to remove the family jewels from the antiquated safe at his country residence. Maitland decides to go out that very night, and arrives at the house shortly after midnight. He is just in time to surprise a burglar in the act of examining the safe, and when he suddenly turns the electric light on he comes face to face with an extremely captivating young woman in whom he had already had occasion to take more than usual interest, although he had no knowledge of her identity. She mistakes him for Anisty, the burglar, and he to gratify the whim of the moment, passes as such. Together they begin to rifle the safe, having extinguished the lights. While they are at work they hear a suspicious noise, and turning on the lights behold the real Anisty standing in the very room with them. Anisty and Maitland resemble each other so closely that even the servants are deceived, and so the possibilities of so clever a beginning may be imagined.

A PECULIAR PEOPLE

A SECOND edition of Aylmer Maude's book, "A Peculiar People: The Doukhobors," has been published (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company. Cloth, $1.50 net), and it shows a considerable improvement on the first edition. Mr. Maude has made a special study of this unusual communistic people ever since his book first appeared, and as a result some of the impressions he gave then have been modified. As most Canadians know, the placing of 8,000 peasants from the shores of the Black Sea on the free lands of Saskatchewan has been the subject of a good deal of discussion and criticism both in private and in public, and it is safe to say that much of the criticism was not based on a sound understanding of the case. Mr. Maude's book purports to show the Doukhobors just as they were and are and to tend to break down the barriers of prejudice that have been raised against them. It is a valuable book to Canadians, particularly to those who wish to study the problem of the assimilation of the races on our soil. It is well illustrated.

A ROMANCE OF GREECE

MR. WILLIAM STEARNS DAVIS, who has been referred to as the legitimate successor of Gen. Lew Wallace and Sienkiewicz, has written a novel that is attracting a good deal of attention. It is entitled "A Victor of Salamis" (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada. Cloth, $1.50). This is his sixth novel, and it is easily his best. It deals with one of the most radiant periods of history, that of classic Greece, and is marked by excellent romance and stirring action. The principal character is a young athlete who wins the wreath of victory at the Isthmian games, and the exciting contests, in which he meets the champions of all Greece, is vivified with remarkable and exciting distinctness. Later, the athlete, through the machinations of enemies, is driven forth from Athens, and the scene shifts to Persia, where the book glows with all the colour and warmth of the Orient at the period of Xerxes' greatest power. This power is turned toward the subjugation of Greece, and gives the hero an opportunity to redeem his name by manly feats of courage at the battle of Salamis and elsewhere.

THE ROYAL SCOTTISH ACADEMY

THE special spring number of *The Studio* is undoubtedly one of the finest productions of the kind on record. It deals exclusively with the Royal Scottish Academy, and besides giving a history of the academy, there are portraits of distinguished artists whose names have been connected therewith. The number contains a great many full-page reproductions in colours, all of which are extremely fine examples of what can be done in that kind of work nowadays. Most of them seem to contain all the qualities of the originals. The number without doubt shows the highest art of the London engravers. The history of the Royal Scottish Academy is particularly interesting.

What Others are Laughing at

AT BRIDGE

SHE still sits at bridge at midnight
  As the clocks are striking the hour;
Nor thoughts of her home or her family
  To move her have the power.

How often, oh, how often,
  Summer and winter through,
Has she sat thus, at bridge at midnight—
  Aye, sometimes till one and two.

And how often, oh, how often
  Through the golden hours of day
Has she striven with others like her
  For purse or prize at play!

And forever and forever,
  While this fad our fair land sweeps,
Will she bridge the interval daily
  'Twixt the time she wakes and sleeps.

So, she sits still at bridge at midnight,
  And pride in her bosom stirs,
For she holds the best score of a series
  And the tournament trophy is hers!

—*Caroline Mischka Roberts in Life.*

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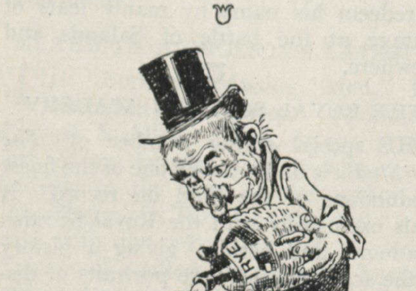
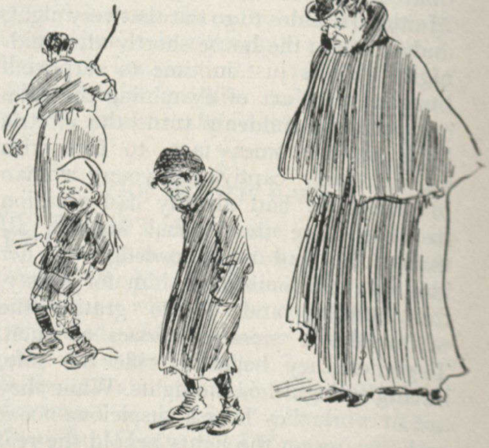


CHANGING THE NATURE OF THE CASE

—*Life.*



"What is the trouble with him?"
"Same old trouble—er woman at de bottom of it."—*Selected.*

◆

SUPPOSE SHE HAD BEEN OUT?

"WHAT day was I born on, mother?"
"Thursday, child."
"Wasn't that fortunate! It's your day 'at home'."—*Harper's Weekly.*

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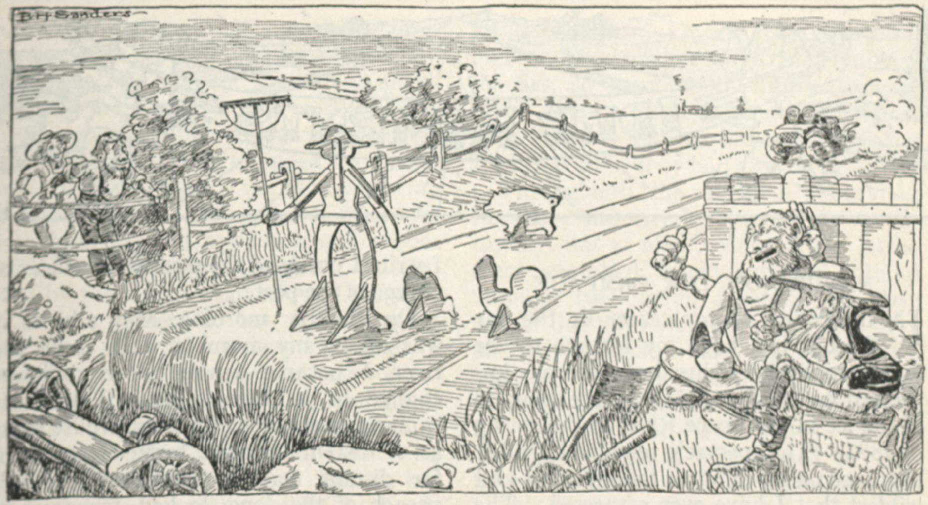
THE EVILS OF TIGHT LACING

"DEAR Sirs,—Will you please send me, on receipt of this, one pair of '——' Corsets. I want no other. I have worn a pair for nearly two years, and only one bone broken."—*Natal Mercury.*

◆

MACDONALD'S PRAYER

GOD bless a' ta Macdonalds, and her sons' sons and her daughters' daughters for a thousand years lang syne. Be gracious to send us mountains o' snuff and tobacco, and rivers of whusky—ta very finest whusky. Bless ta wee steer and



DECOYS—SPORT AT TURNIP CENTRE

—*Life*

mak him a big coo again Martimas; ta wee soo, too, and mak him a big hog likewise. Send us barley, kale, and corn prodeegeous. Bless you, Rory, and you, Lauchie, and you, Peter. And, O Lord, if ye hae onything mair to gie, dinna gie it to ta Irish, but gie it to thine ain chosen people, the Scotch, and thine shall be ta glory for evermore. Amen.—*Selected.*

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ONCE WAS ENOUGH

A GOOD Samaritan, passing an apartment-house in the small hours of the morning, noticed a man leaning limply against the doorway.

"What's the matter?" he asked. "Drunk?"

"Yep."

"Do you live in this house?"

"Yep."

"Do you want me to help you upstairs?"

"Yep."

With much difficulty he half dragged, half carried the drooping figure up the stairway to the second floor.

"What floor do you live on?" he asked. "Is this it?"

"Yep."

Rather than face an irate wife who might, perhaps, take him for a companion more at fault than her spouse, he opened the first door he came to and pushed the limp figure in.

The good Samaritan groped his way down stairs again. As he was passing through the vestibule he was able to make out the dim outlines of another man, apparently in worse condition than the first one.

"What's the matter?" he asked. "Are you drunk, too?"

"Yep," was the feeble reply.

"Do you live in this house, too?"

"Yep."

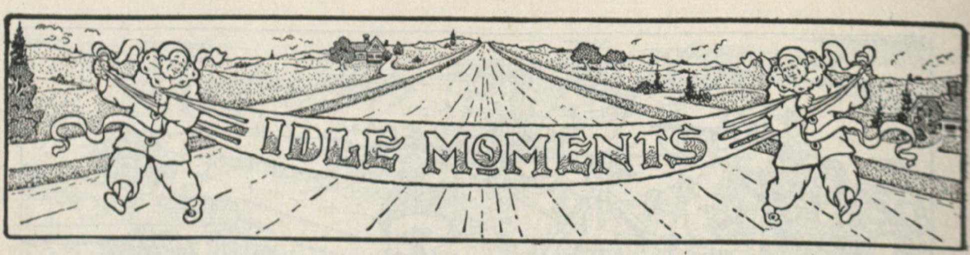
"Shall I help you up-stairs?"

"Yep."

The good Samaritan pushed, pulled and carried him to the second floor, where this man also said he lived. He opened the same door and pushed him in.

As he again reached the front door he discerned the shadow of a third man, evidently worse off than either of the other two. He was about to approach him when the object of his solicitude lurched out into the street and threw himself into the arms of a passing policeman.

"For heaven's sake, off'cer," he gasped, "protect me from that man. He's done nothin' all night long but carry me upstairs 'n throw me down th' elevator shaf'."—*Everybody's Magazine.*



NATURE ON THE RAMPAGE

IN the course of my career in the far West it has been my fortune to see many wonderful sights, but none has impressed me so strongly as the breaking up of the ice in the Peace River in the spring of 1888. The spectacle remains indelibly engraved on my mind as the grandest and wildest that I have ever witnessed. The spring of that year was the latest recorded in the annals of Fort Vermilion. Throughout the month of April there had been a constant succession of cold easterly winds, which bore in their breath no promise of coming warmth, and the first day of May dawned on a landscape white with the snows of winter, and on a river held fast in the grip of the Frost King. The ice, indeed, varied from four to five feet in thickness and was far sounder than it had been in the middle of December. Notwithstanding these gloomy conditions, signs had not been altogether wanting that a change was at hand. For some days streams of water of a milky colour had been trickling slowly along the margins of both banks, whilst the sub-glacial mutterings, which ever and anon awakened echoes in the silent hills, gave audible evidence of the contest which was being waged between the forces of the rival seasons. In the far West climatic and physical changes arise with amazing force and rapidity, but, watchful as we were for surprises of almost any description, we were scarcely prepared for the terrific spectacle which was so soon to confront us.

Fort Vermilion, it may here be mentioned, has been an established post of the Hudson's Bay Company since the early days of the 19th century. It is the seat of the English Church Bishopric of Athabasca, and also contains an important Roman Catholic Mission, and the Irene Training School. At the time of which I write I occupied the position of officer in charge of the post.

On Sunday morning, May 7th, as I was taking my morning walk along the river, I became aware of an ominous change in its appearance. Water was running freely along its sides, whilst roars as of distant thunder, borne down from far distant reaches, betokened the approach of the long looked for freshet. My previous experiences, however, led me to expect no immedate danger, so I sauntered slowly homewards and told my clerk to go to church whilst I stayed to look after the Company's property.

I was somewhat astray in my calculations. About 11 a.m. a tremendous uproar arose down the river. It was as if innumerable batteries of artillery had discharged their pieces simultaneously. Scarcely had the echoes died away before right below me, and as far as eye could see on either hand, the river heaved and surged with tremendous concussion, and the ice began to move. Truly, it was a magnificent spectacle. Breaking up as if by magic into gigantic floes, which immediately tilted on edge, they moved majestically on, but gathering impetus every moment, until the big disc-like rollers, some of them fifty feet in height, were tearing down stream at the rate of fifteen miles an hour, revolving like circular saws, and sweeping everything before them in their resistless fury. Cottonwood and spruce trees were cut down and splintered into matchwood; huge boulders rolled along like playthings, whilst everywhere along both shores great gaps were made in the banks by the dread engines of devastation. For about the space of half an hour the wonderful procession swept on, and then, all of a sudden, there was a slackening in the advance, the turmoil grew less in volume, the rolling of the ice-floes slower in velocity. At last came silence and a complete halt—the ice had jammed. Silence, but only the silence of a moment, for with an angry roar, the floes began to pile on top of one another, until within an incredibly short space of time they overtopped the banks and dammed back the down-pouring waters. Within thirty minutes the water rose thirty-five feet, approaching to within one foot of a level with the plain. Fascinated by the sight, I had allowed the time to slip by unheeded, but, awakening at last to a sense of my responsibilities, I rushed back to the house and cried out to my wife to take the children and fly at once to the hills. Hastily snatching up such articles of clothing as she could find, she started off, carrying one child on her back and leading two more by the hand. The servant followed, carrying the others. Meantime those in the settlement who had gone to church were quite unaware of the trend of events outside. The building stood on lower ground than the fort, and before I had time to warn the worshippers of the impending danger, the whole of that portion of the settlement was completely inundated. A stream of water quietly creeping under the door and meandering up the aisle was the first notification that the bishop and congregation received as to the state of affairs. The sermon was hurriedly finished, and clergy and people waded as best they could through three feet of ice-cold water to places of safety in the near-by hills.

Luckily at this juncture the jam burst, so that by the next morning the water had receded from the plain, leaving however a pleasant memento of its visit in the form of a rich deposit of mud from three to six inches in depth. But the worst was yet to come. The ice was still piled up in places as high as ever, and fully expecting another flood which might create complete havoc in our establishment, I had the furs, food and ammunition of the Company removed at once to the higher ground. By nightfall there was nothing of value left in the Hudson's Bay Company's premises. Whilst engaged in this task I had not been unmindful of the missionaries, who, I was convinced, suspecting no further danger, would return at once to their homes in order to make them habitable for the women. During the preceding night they had made a rough camp amongst the firs, so I proceeded thither to warn them against returning too hastily to their houses. On reaching there I found I was too late—they had already departed.

Throughout the daylight hours of Monday, the river continued to recede rapidly, but at night, when all the settlement was abed, it suddenly and without warning rose again, flooding the plain deeper than ever and bearing on its bosom an indiscriminate mass of tree-trunks, logs, and ice-blocks, which swayed and bounded madly hither and thither in the fell grip of the tremendous torrent. Terrible enough if experienced by daylight, the horror was increased ten-fold by the darkness of the night. Mr. E. J. Lawrence, of the Irene Training School, being the lucky possessor of the only canoe in the settlement, was enabled to convey his own family and a few others to places of safety. But many encountered difficulty and danger in escaping on that eventful night. Perhaps the worst sufferers were the Rev. Malcolm Scott and his family. Forced out of their dwelling by the encroachment of the flood, they stepped out boldly into the waste of icy waters, never knowing at what moment they might be hurled to destruction by impact with an ice-floe or an uprooted tree. Wading in water which sometimes reached to their waists, and even to their arm-pits, they at last managed to reach the Bishop's house. Yet, even there they were by no means secure. Numb with cold and exhaustion, without fire and without light, they crouched together through the long vigil of that dismal night, listening to the grinding and crashing of the floes and timber as they were hurled in tumultuous fury past the house. Who could tell at what moment the capricious current might launch its gigantic bolts at their temporary shelter and carry it away bodily to swell its ever-increasing load? Yet, wonderful to relate, they and everyone else in the settlement escaped scot free. Not a life was lost, not a building destroyed, and within two days the waters had again completely subsided, leaving, as before, in every residence, their unacceptable gift

THE CHINESE FISHING CORMORANTS

These wonderful birds, obtained with great difficulty, being practically Chinese Government property, catch fish, under the direction of their native trainers.

of mud. Many articles of value were destroyed. An organ, which for safekeeping Mr. Scott and his family had lifted on to a table, was found by them, on their return, lying on the floor, having been floated off its perch by the flood. Across the river greater havoc was recorded, buildings having been swept away and cattle drowned in the unexpected rising of the waters.

For several days after the final subsidence of the river a great band of ice was to be seen completely encircling the church and the residence of the bishop. Not one block of this large mass touched either building, and it seemed as though the very hand of God had set it there as a bulwark and as a mark of His loving watchfulness over the lives of His saints in that remote vineyard.

W. E. Traill

BETWEEN COURSES

By D. J. O'D.

SERVIAN MAIDEN: You say your grandfather was keeper of the king's jewels?

SERVIAN YOUTH: Yes, he was a pawnbroker.

* * *

McDUFF: Why was Samson like a flapjack?

McSNUFF: Because Delilah did him to a turn, I suppose.

THOROUGH PRECAUTIONS

"WELL, Jones, what do you do on Sundays?"

"Sundays? Oh, I chain up the dogs, lock up the cattle and the missus and the kids, and after that I go to the 'Purple Pig.' Then the motor-cars can't hurt any of us."

UNANSWERABLE

"YOU certainly told me to embrace my privilege."

"Well, but I didn't tell you to embrace my daughter."

"No. But to embrace your daughter is a privilege."

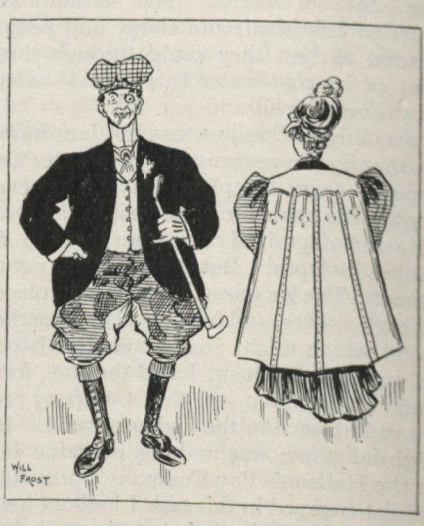
A GENIUS

"HOW on earth did Hunker get out of his engagement with Miss Elder after he fell in love with Miss Scadds?"

"It was done by a judicious selection of a birthday present."

"What did he send her?"

"He sent her a book entitled 'How to Grow Old Gracefully,' and she sent his letters and ring back immediately."



AS OTHERS SEE US

HE: What an awful sack!
SHE: What terrible bags!

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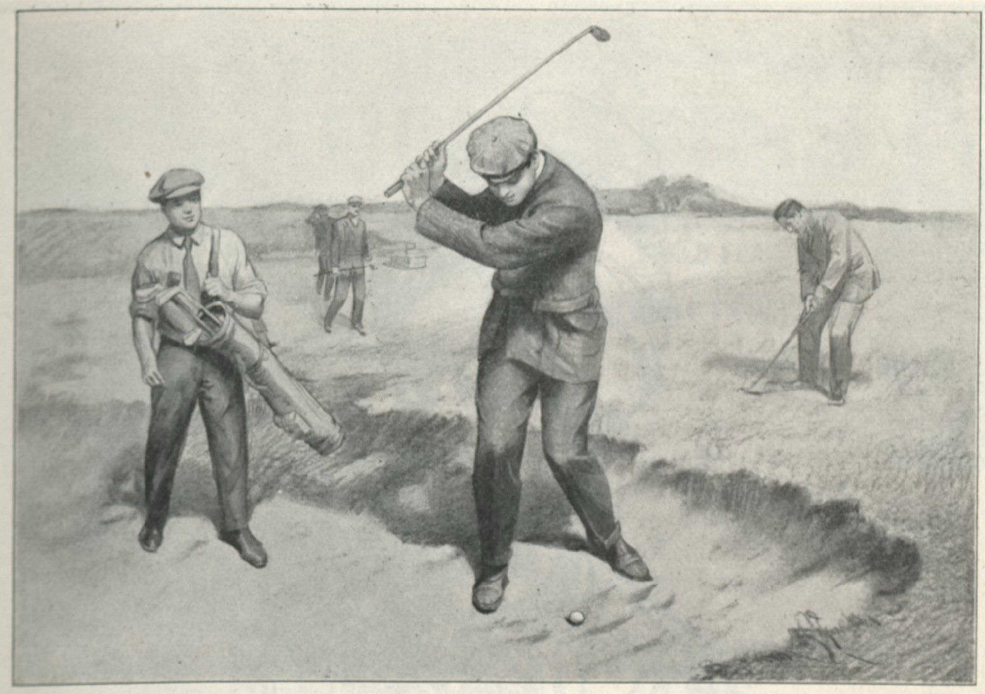

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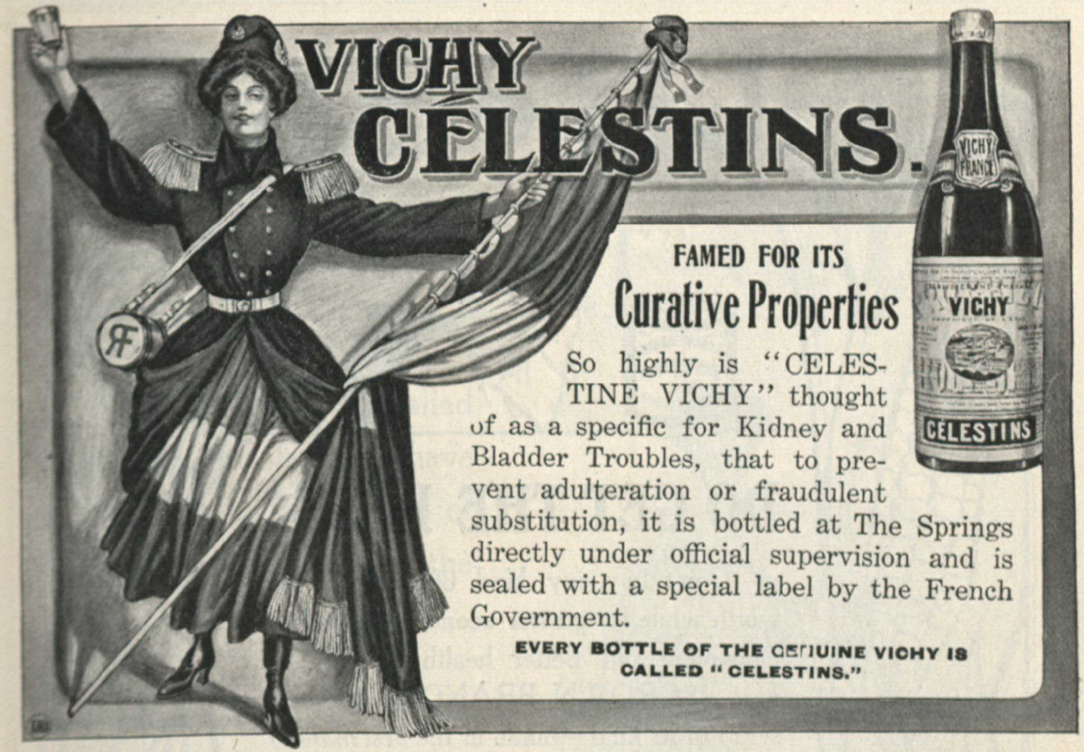

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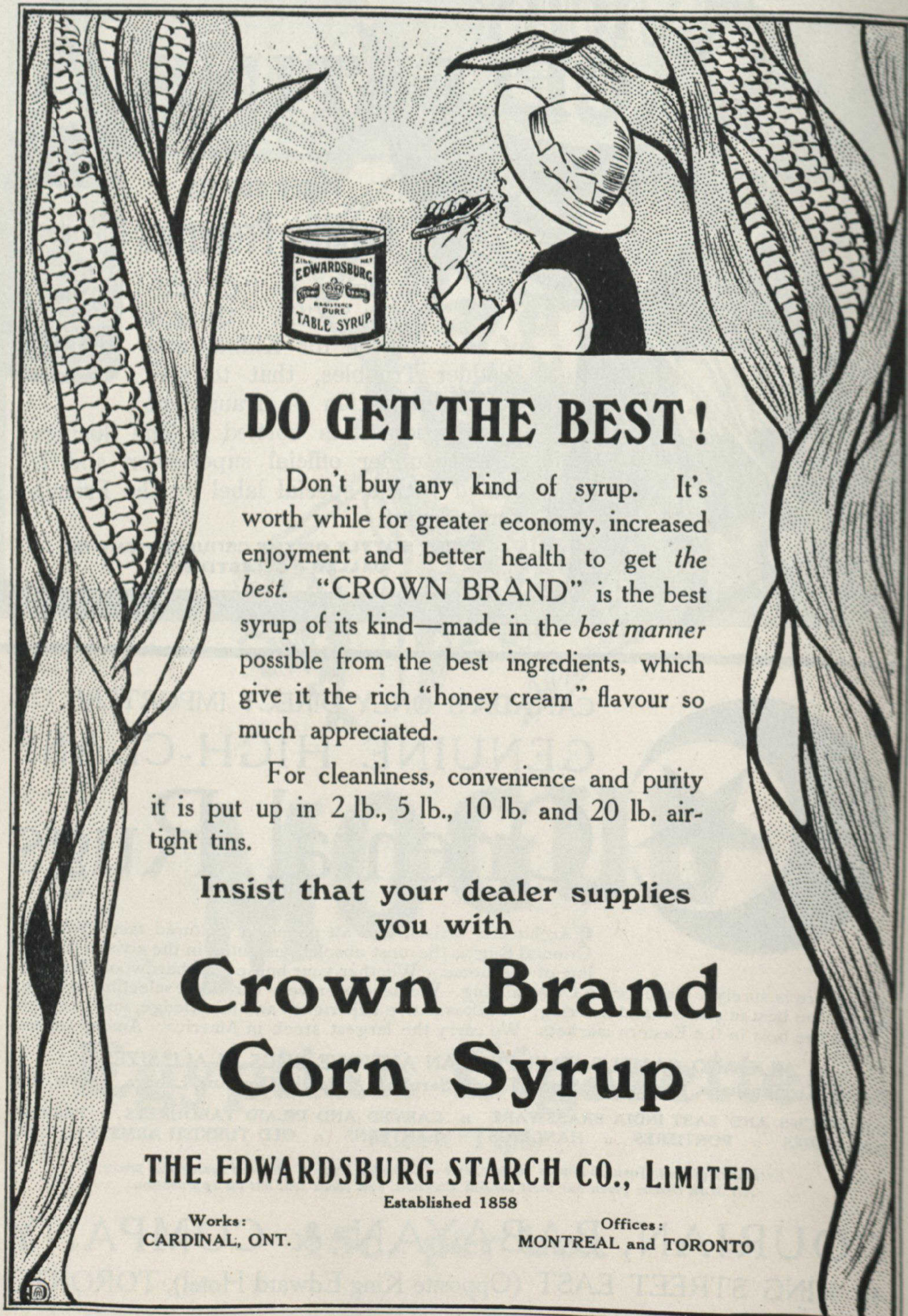

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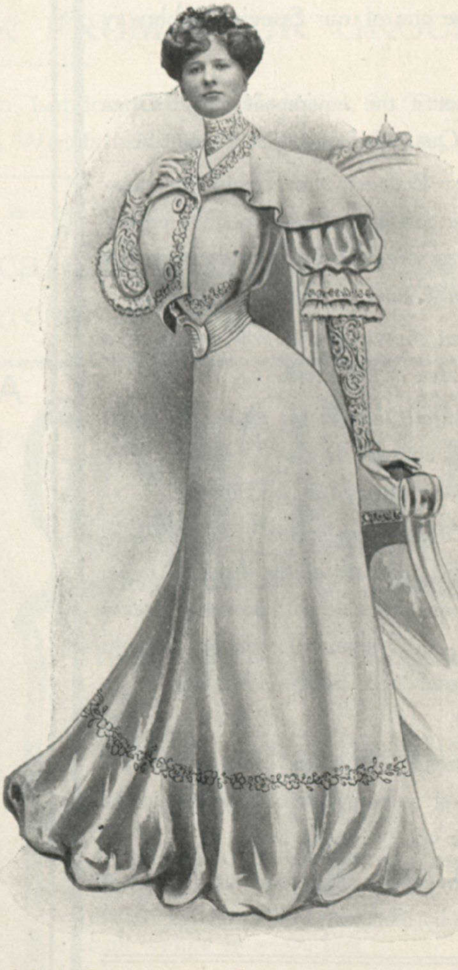

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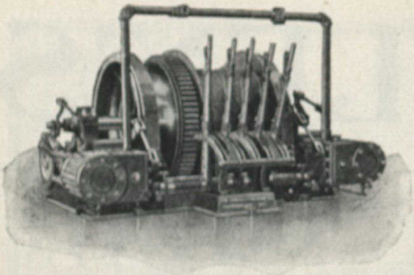

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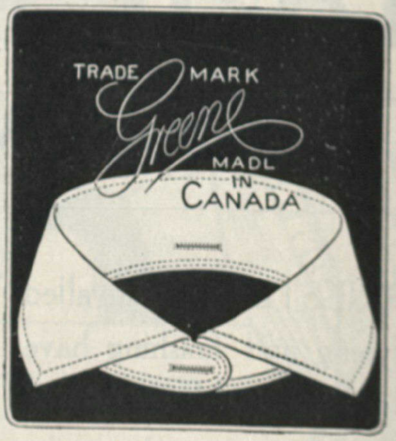

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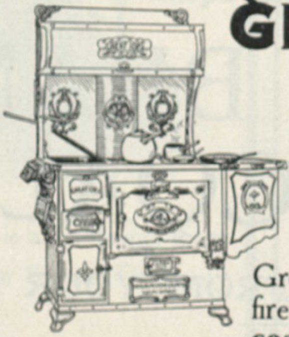

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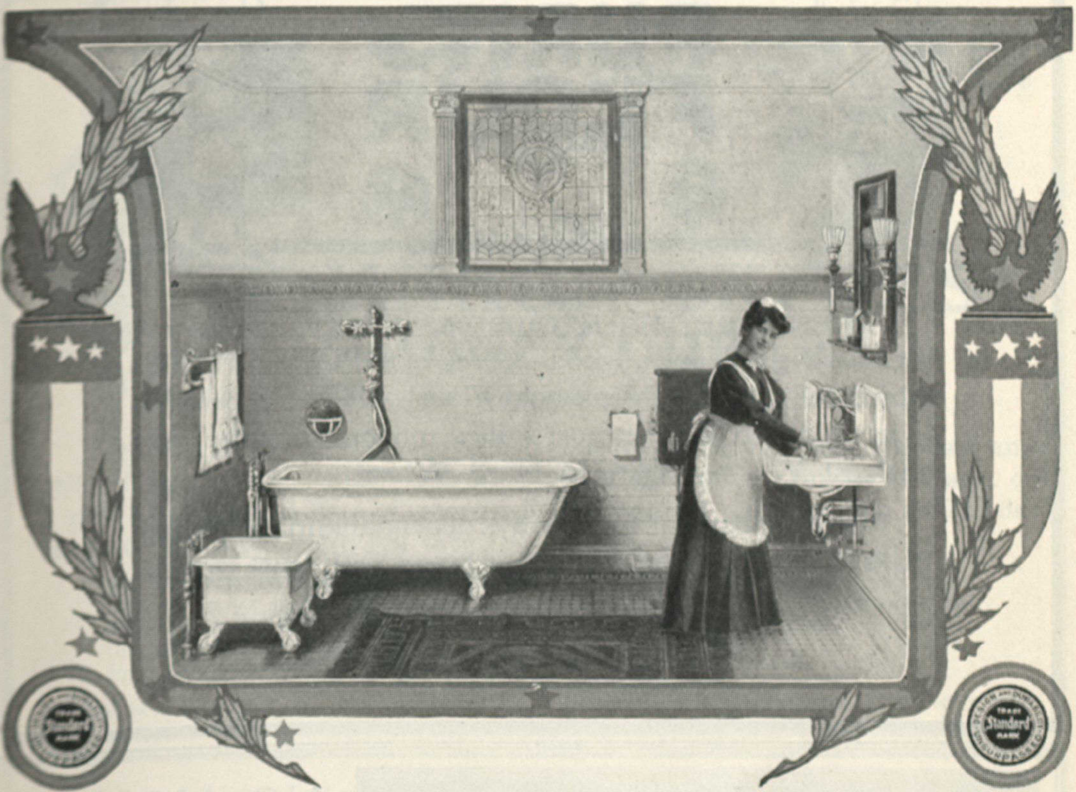

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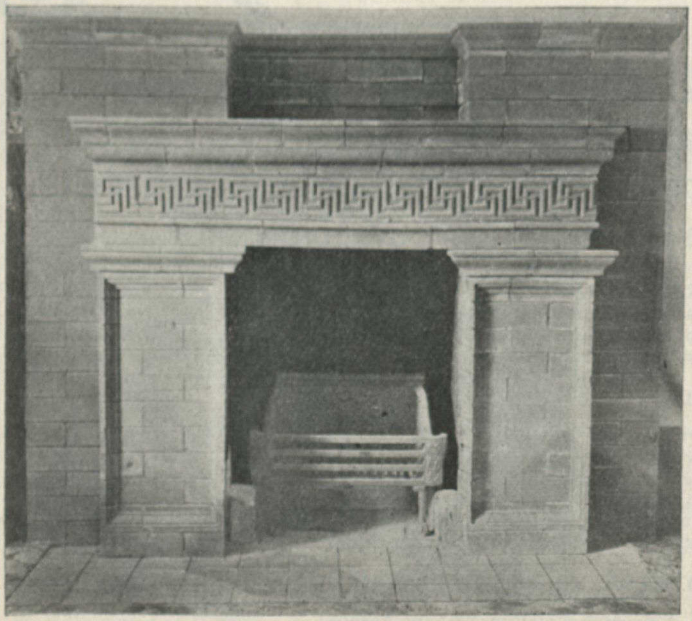

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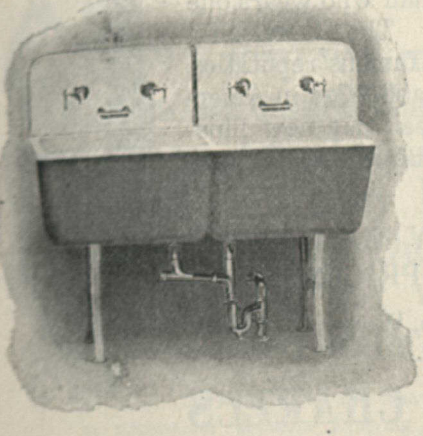

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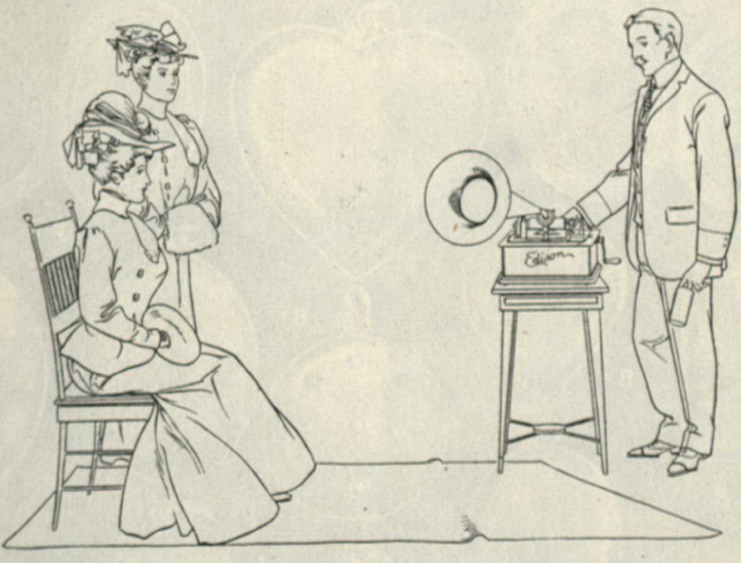
THIS renowned hunting and fishing territory takes on increased popularity yearly. Dates for hunting and fishing may be applied for at any time. Increased accommodation will be provided for sportsmen by 1st September, 1906, in the great Caribou Barrens. For information of any kind re sport

ADDRESS

The Hon. Minister of Lands, Mines and Fisheries
QUEBEC, P.Q., CANADA



THE EDISON PHONOGRAPH

and Edison Gold-Moulded Records

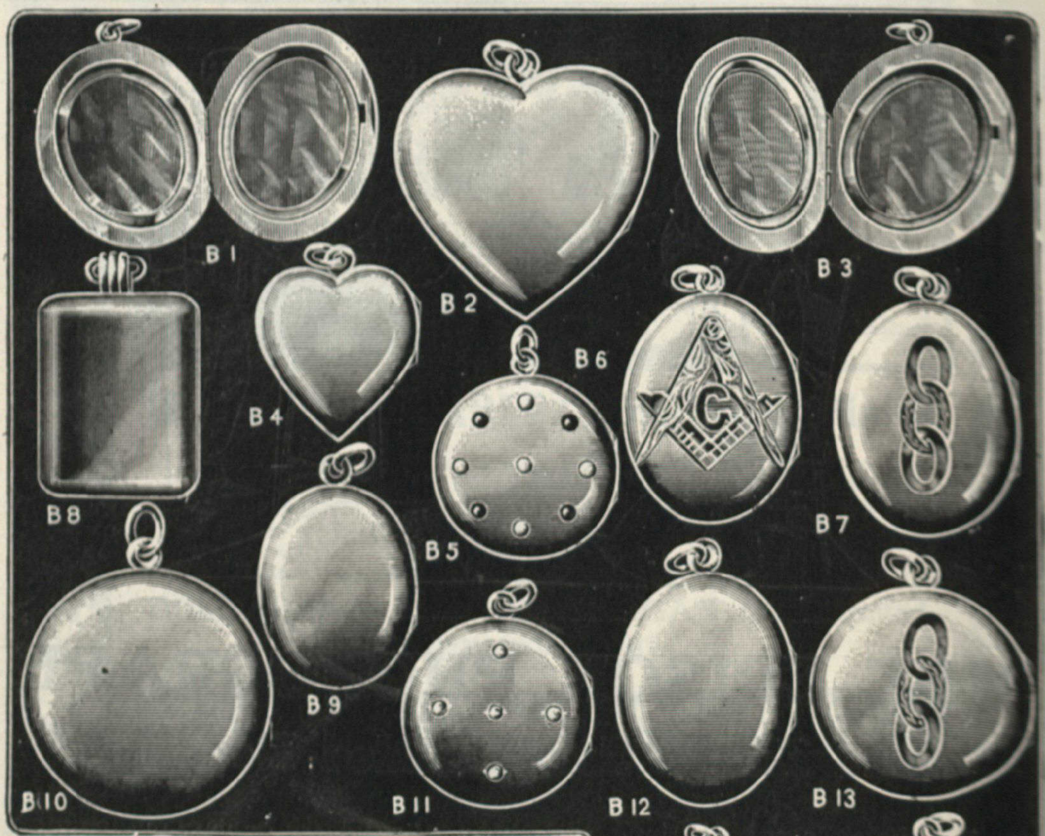
bring the concert hall, the grand opera, the theatre or vaudeville stage and the bandmaster's stand all to your centre table. If you have not yet heard it, you are missing two things: What science has done in the way of perfecting sound-producing instruments, and the chance of a little real entertainment in your home when you feel like it.

New records are produced every month. Hear them at your dealer's and pick out those you like to take home with you. All the new music of the world that is good is reproduced as fast as it appears.

National Phonograph Company

6 Lakeside Avenue ORANGE, N.J., U.S.A.

Live dealers in any line who have a store and an established trade on other goods, are wanted to take up the agency for the Edison Phonograph in towns where we have no dealers now. Write to us for full information as to terms, discounts, etc.



2,000 GOLD-FILLED LOCKETS

REGULAR VALUE UP TO $3.00

NOW OFFERING AT 98c.

THESE LOCKETS were purchased by our Jewelry Department direct from the manufacturer. They are such Lockets as he makes for regular jewelry firms to sell at about $3.00 apiece. In solid gold exclusive dealers get $10.00 to $15.00 for the same designs. These are gold-filled, but they are guaranteed by the makers and by this store for ten years.

We took 2,000 of them—that is a big order for any jewelry manufacturer to receive. We got very special terms on that account.

There is room for two pictures in each Locket as shown in cuts B1 and B3. Some of them are set with fine Oriental pearls.

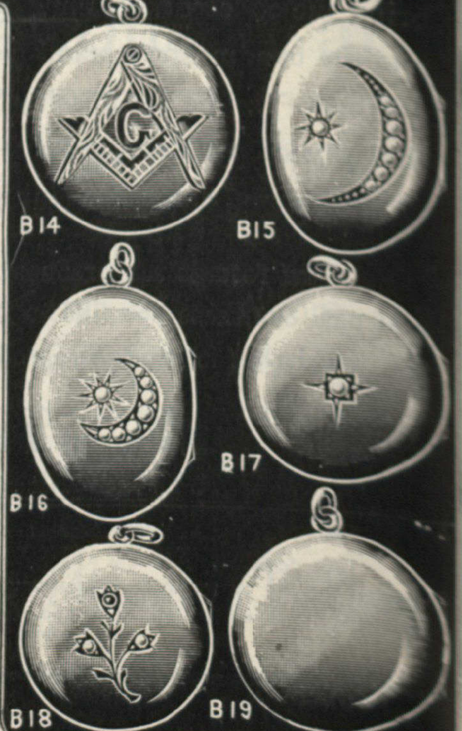
Now, what do you think we are going to ask for these Lockets?

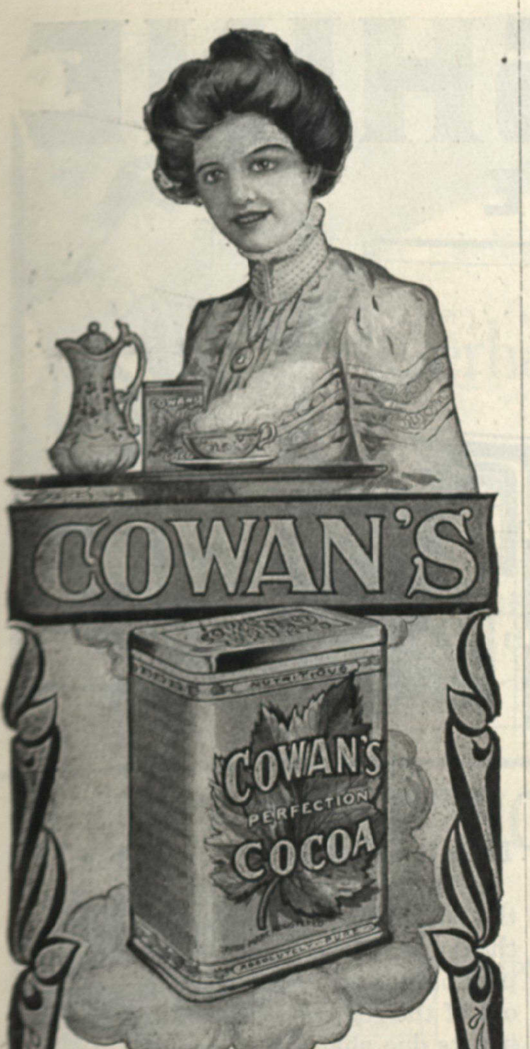
Ninety-Eight Cents

It is an extraordinary occasion this. Order quickly. Write now. Don't let it slip from your mind until you have made sure of one of these pretty Gold Lockets at...... **98c.**

THE ROBERT **SIMPSON** COMPANY LIMITED

TORONTO, CANADA



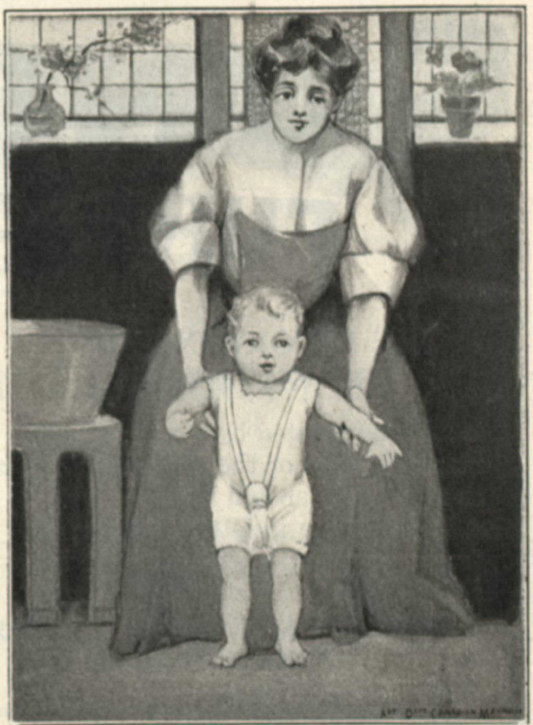


Such dainty and delicate Confections are

COWAN'S

Milk Chocolate,
Croquettes, Wafers,
Cakes, Medallions, Etc.
Chocolate Cream Bars

ART DEPT CANADIAN MAGAZINE 08



MOTHERS

THIS WILL INTEREST YOU

You know the trouble you have with the old style of Infants' Bands. Look at our *Infants' M Bands* illustrated and you will be convinced that these are the only satisfactory bands on the market. These bands are knitted. The narrow tapes running over the shoulder are sewed on, the wide woven tab to which the diaper is pinned is attached to these tapes front and back. *Knitted tabs stretch and tear*, these tapes and tabs will not, they hold the diaper in place and carry the weight to where it belongs, to the shoulder. These bands are made in fine cotton, fine wool and silk and wool.

Price 25c. and 50c., at all first-class dry-goods stores.

THE
TURNBULL
M
BAND
PATENTED 1905-6
TRADE MARK

MANUFACTURED ONLY BY
The C. TURNBULL CO.
LIMITED
GALT, CANADA

SUNSHINE FURNACE

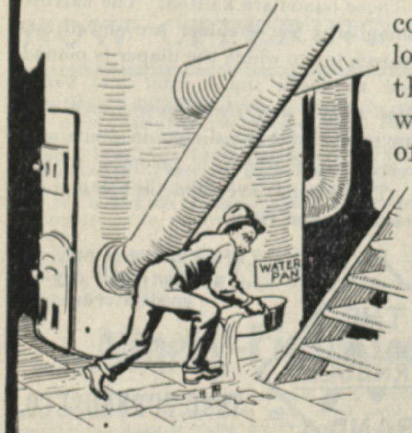
THE IMPORTANCE OF THE WATER-PAN

is not appreciated by many furnace manufacturers or the general public as much as it should be.

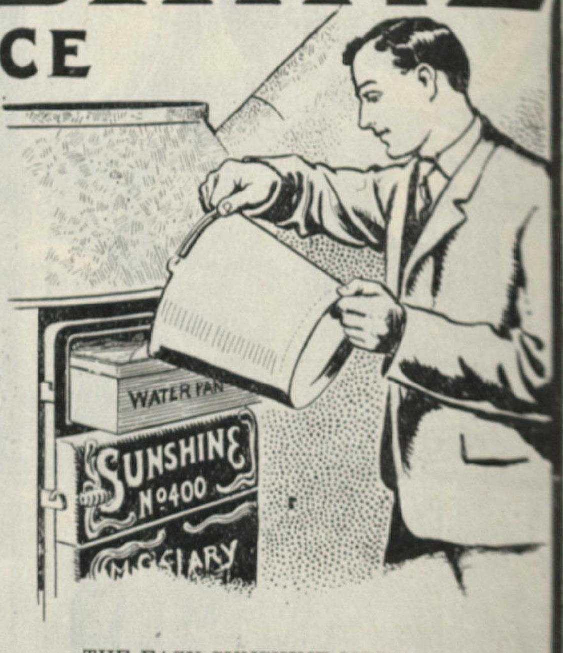
Without the moisture evaporated from the water in the pan, the hot air distributed throughout the house is dry and dusty. Cracks and opens up the furniture—is not fit to breathe into the lungs.

Yet, mind you, some furnace makers place this important water-pan where there is not enough heat to evaporate the water. Put it out of sight in an awkward position at the side or back, where it cannot readily be filled without being removed—and when filled it would take a juggler to replace it without spilling a big share over himself.

Note the convenient location of the large water-pan of the Sunshine—just above the fuel door.



THE AWKWARD COMMON WAY



THE EASY SUNSHINE METHOD

Takes but a moment or two to fill it.

It is placed right in the path of the hot air as it circulates around the dome of the furnace. It is impossible for any heated air to pass out of the registers before extracting its due share of moisture from the water-pan. That means you breathe healthful, clarified air, free from dust and dryness.

For the sake of your furniture, your own health and peace of mind, you should decide on the Sunshine.

If your local dealer does not handle the Sunshine, write direct to us for FREE BOOKLET.

McClary's

LONDON, TORONTO, MONTREAL, WINNIPEG, VANCOUVER, ST. JOHN, N.B.

ESTABLISHED NEARLY 50 YEARS

The

Gerhard Heintzman Piano

holds the place of honor among
Canadian Pianos

GERHARD HEINTZMAN, Limited
97 YONGE ST., TORONTO

Hamilton Salesrooms: 127 KING STREET EAST

WEIR PATENT HOUSE WARDROBE

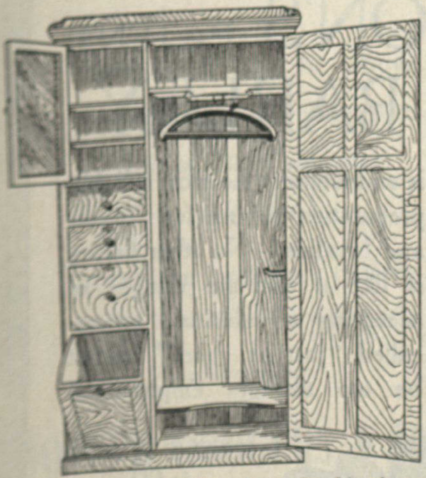
COMBINATION

Fitted with Extension Slide and Hangers

FOR MEN'S OR WOMEN'S USE

This style, made in Birch Mahogany or Kepple Oak. Each wardrobe has capacity for 10 complete suits or costumes and is also fitted with Bevel Plate Mirror in upper door of chiffonnier with extension dressing slide, 3 large drawers and a soiled clothes bin. Price complete . . **$35.00**

F.O.B. MOUNT FOREST



Showing interior of Wardrobe Combination No. 2.

The above is one of 20 different designs made by us and sold direct from factory to user. Write for Catalogue. (Illustrated.)

WEIR WARDROBE CO. OF
CANADA, Limited
MOUNT FOREST - ONTARIO

D & A Corsets

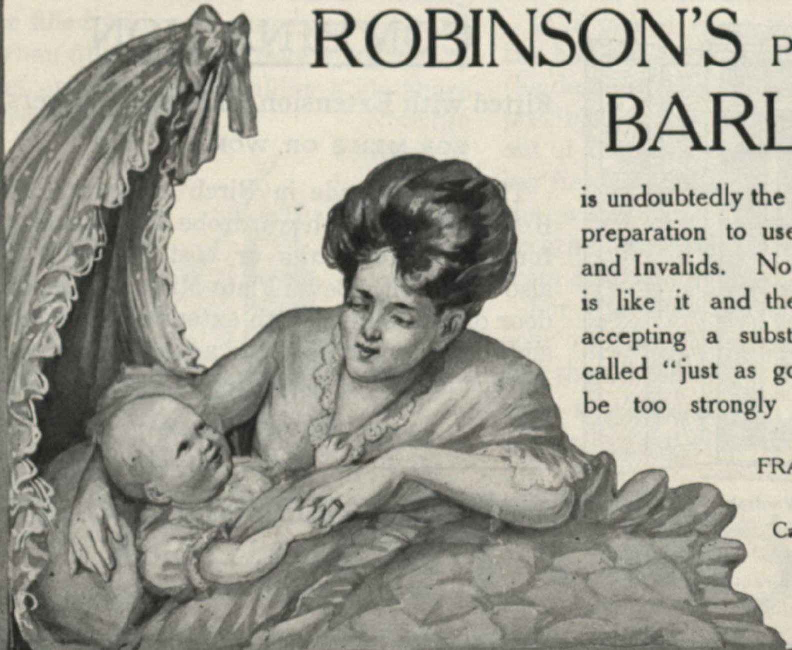
Present day fashions require for the ideal figure an upright poise of the shoulder, long sloping bust with straight-front, tapering-waist lines, and a graceful curve over the hips.

D & A correct-form corsets will assist to secure this ideal, and providing a suitable model be selected, will fit comfortably to the figure, delightfully easy, and luxurious to wear.

1907 Brochure of styles, artistically illustrated, free on request.

DOMINION CORSET MFG. CO., QUEBEC

Prices $1.00 to $6.00



ROBINSON'S PATENT BARLEY

is undoubtedly the most reliable preparation to use for Infants and Invalids. No other barley is like it and the danger of accepting a substitute or so-called "just as good," cannot be too strongly emphasized.

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& CO.
Canadian Agents
MONTREAL

REGISTERED TRADE MARK. GRANTED 1682

To Obtain

the highest quality, greatest durability and most satisfactory service, get

Rodgers Cutlery

Guaranteed by the above trademark to be made from the finest Sheffield steel—the best of its kind.

Insist on getting cutlery with the above trademark.

JOSEPH RODGERS & SONS
LIMITED
Cutlers to His Majesty
SHEFFIELD, ENGLAND

The Autonola

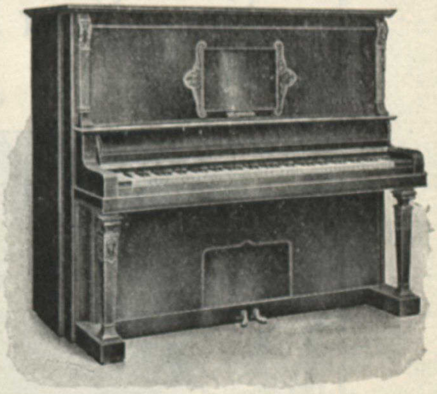
PLAYERPIANO

can be successfully played by anyone without any musical knowledge, and any musical composition can be rendered on it in a most artistic way.

(Ready for use with Music Roll)

SIMPLICITY AND DURABILITY

characterize the Autonola in its every part. The player mechanism is the latest and best, while the piano itself is the well-known **BELL.**

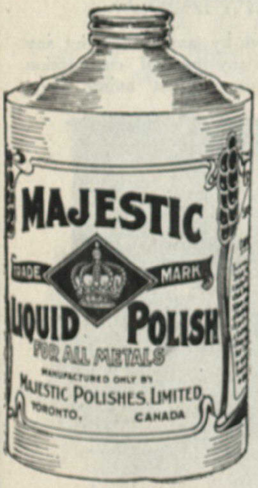


(The Autonola—closed—is a handsome Piano and may be played by hand in the usual way)

SEND FOR DESCRIPTIVE BOOKLET C

The Bell Piano
AND ORGAN COMPANY, LIMITED
GUELPH, ONTARIO
TORONTO, OTTAWA, and LONDON, ENGLAND

MAJESTIC
LIQUID POLISH



Will give a bright, quick shine to any kind of metal and will not rub off. Especially adapted for Brass Signs, Silverware, Bathroom Fittings, etc., etc. Ask your dealer or write

Majestic Polishes, Limited
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Windsor Salt

FINE AND PURE.

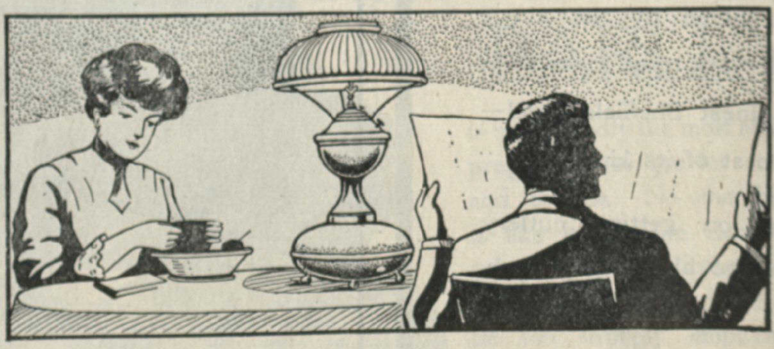
Salt is as necessary as fresh air. 57% of the blood consists of it—it is indispensable to good digestion. Being constantly discharged through skin and kidneys it must be replaced. Of course you want to replace it with the best—Windsor Salt has been proved without equal.

Ask your grocer.

176

THERE IS NOTHING LIKE **K.D.C.**
FOR NERVOUS DYSPEPSIA
HEADACHE, DEPRESSION OF SPIRITS, Etc.
FREE SAMPLES K.D.C. AND PILLS. Write for them.
K.D.C. CO. Ltd., Boston, U.S., and New Glasgow, Can.

Save Your Eyes By Using a Beck-Iden Acetylene Lamp



Over ninety per cent of all eye troubles are due to the use of unnatural artificial lights,—

And any light which contains yellow or red rays is unnatural.

The only natural light is a pure white light, absolutely free from yellow or red rays.

This is the kind of light that the Beck-Iden Lamp gives.

The light produced by the Beck-Iden Lamp is the only artificial illuminant that resembles sunlight.

It's absolutely impossible for the Beck-Iden Lamp to explode.

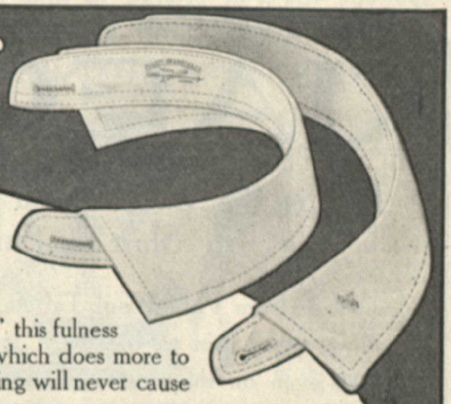
Makes an ideal light for country homes.

For full descriptions, cost of light per hour, etc., write for booklet.

Beck-Iden Acetylene Lamp Co., 86 Notre Dame St. West, Montreal.

8

Why an Arrow Collar is Smooth



If the outer and inner plies of a collar have been unevenly shrunken it loses correct shape because of unequal "pulling" of the different fabrics.

To restore form to the collar it is necessary to "scatter" this fulness by careful starching and heavy ironing—an operation which does more to destroy the collar than weeks of wear. Washing and ironing will never cause

ARROW COLLARS

to warp or show crooked lines, because the fabrics of which outside and inside are made (the finest ever woven for collar making) have each been *completely* shrunken by the Clupeco process before the cutter's knife touched them. This makes the exact quarter size possible, and insures the smooth, even appearance which characterizes all Arrow Collars.

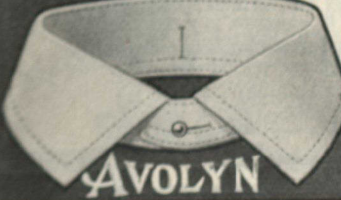
Ask your dealer for the Arrow—the collar that "makes good."

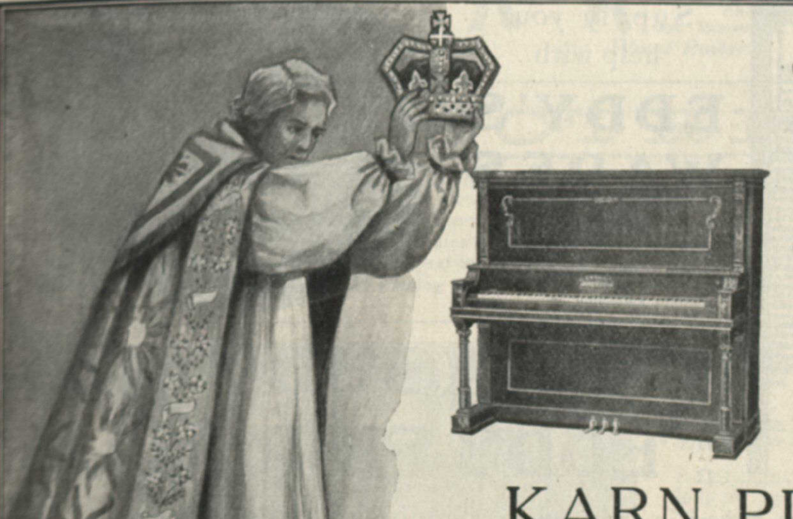
20 CENTS EACH; 3 FOR 50 CENTS.

Send for the Man's Book—"WASH AND WEAR"—What to wear—When to wear it—Cravats and how to tie them.

CLUETT, PEABODY & CO., 471 RIVER STREET, TROY, N. Y.

Makers of the Monarch Shirt—
the shirt that fits.





The Crowning of the King

Long before King Edward was crowned the

KARN PIANO

was King of all Canadian Pianos. It occupies this proud position from the artistic standpoint and is the recognized representative of the highest development in Piano making. No other Piano embraces so many points of exclusive merit.

Karn Piano & Organ Co., Woodstock, Can.

JAEGER Pure Wool

This is the Coolest and Most Comfortable Shirt for Summer

Made from Pure Wool Taffeta with fold-back cuff. It allows your skin to breathe. It keeps you fit, cool and fresh even on the most oppressive days. Neat enough for business wear—easy and comfortable enough for outing wear. In the latest shades and most stylish patterns. Write for a copy of Health Culture by Dr. Jaeger and our illustrated catalogue. They tell you how to keep cool in Summer.

DR. JAEGER CO., Limited

316 St. Catherine St. W., Montreal 286 Portage Ave., Winnipeg

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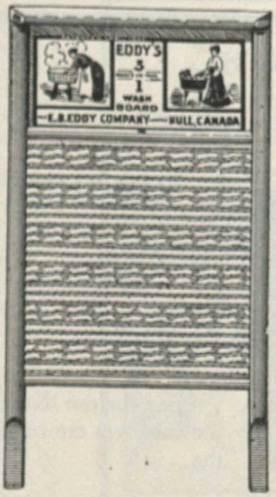
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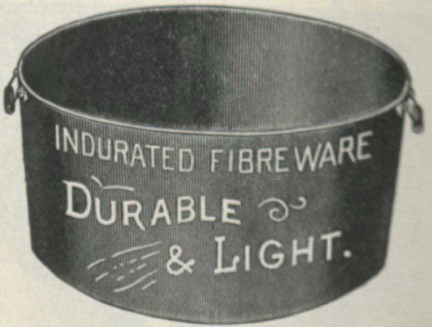
3
1
WASH
BOARD
E.B. EDDY COMPANY — HULL, CANADA

Supply your
help with

EDDY'S WARES



and make life
worth living.
With a

3 IN 1 WASHBOARD

and an **EDDY FIBRE TUB**

washday labor is reduced to a minimum and comfort to the worker is correspondingly enhanced.
See that you are well supplied with

Eddy's Washboards, Tubs, Pails, etc.

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"

$3 a Day Sure

Send us your address and we will show you how to make $3 a day absolutely sure; we furnish the work and teach you free; you work in the locality where you live. Send us your address and we will explain the business fully; remember we guarantee a clear profit of $3 for every day's work, absolutely sure, write at once

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INDIGESTION CONQUERED BY K.D.C.

IT RESTORES THE STOMACH TO HEALTHY ACTION AND TONES WHOLE SYSTEM.

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. On its virtues it has stood the test of 59 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. Sayer 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 skin preparations.*" One bottle will last six months, using it every day. At Druggists.

Also Poudre Subtile removes Superfluous Hair without injury to the skin. $1.00 per Bottle by Mail.

GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL TOILET POWDER

For infants and adults, exquisitely perfumed.
Price, 25c. per Box, by Mail.

FERD. T. HOPKINS, Prop'r, 37 Great Jones Street, N. Y.

Stewart Hartshorn

HARTSHORN SHADE ROLLERS

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

Wood Rollers *Tin Rollers*

Stewart Hartshorn

HARTSHORN SHADE ROLLERS

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Get "Improved," no tacks required.

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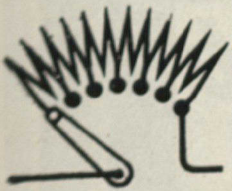

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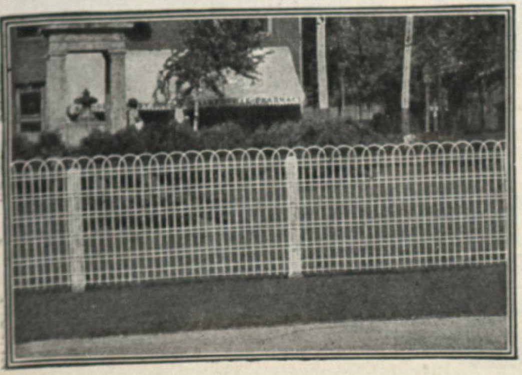
THE BLISS ELECTRICAL SCHOOL is the oldest and best school in the world teaching ELECTRICITY exclusively. Theoretical and practical course complete **IN ONE YEAR**. Students actually construct Dynamos, Motors and electrical instruments. Graduates hold good positions throughout the world. *Fifteenth* year opens September 25.

Apply for Catalog to **L. Denton Bliss, Pres't, Station G, Washington, D. C.**



PAGE ACME White Fences

Any height to 8 ft. Any length you say. From 16 cents a foot. Gates to match, from $2.25. Last longer. Easy to put up. Get booklet.

PAGE WIRE FENCE CO., Limited

Walkerville - Toronto - Montreal
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ORANGE MARMALADE
UPTON'S
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PURE
ORANGE MARMALADE

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Jams, Jellies and Orange Marmalade please the most particular people.

YOUR GROCER WILL SUPPLY THEM

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Canada Club
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Recommended as a healthful and invigorating Tonic. Kept by all dealers.

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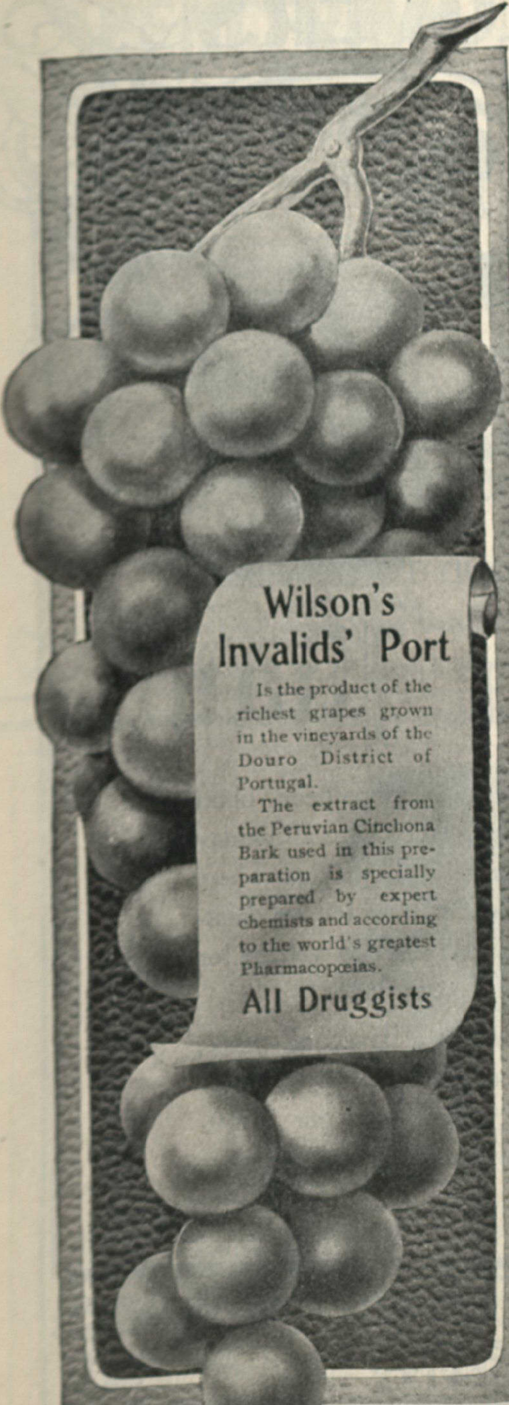

Wilson's
Invalids' Port

Is the product of the richest grapes grown in the vineyards of the Douro District of Portugal.

The extract from the Peruvian Cinchona Bark used in this preparation is specially prepared by expert chemists and according to the world's greatest Pharmacopœias.

All Druggists

Hall's Hair Renewer has been sold for over sixty years, yet we have just changed the formula, the style of bottle, and the manner of packing. As now made, it represents the very latest researches, both at home and abroad. A high-class and thoroughly scientific preparation.

Falling Hair—As perfect a specific as can possibly be made.

Dandruff—Removes dandruff; prevents further formation.

Ask for "the new kind"

The kind that does not change the color of the hair.

Formula: Glycerin, Capsicum, Bay Rum, Sulphur, Tea, Rosemary Leaves, Boroglycerin, Alcohol, Perfume.

R. P. HALL & CO., NASHUA, N. H.

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LINIMENT
TRADE MARK
REGISTERED
KING OF
PAIN
THE GREAT
INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL
REMEDY
FOR MAN & BEAST.
Price 25 cts. per bottle.
MINARD'S LINIMENT CO.
LIMITED
SUCCESSORS TO C. C. RICHARDS & CO.
YARMOUTH, N.S.

The
Original
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Genuine

Beware of
Imitations Sold
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**MINARD'S
LINIMENT**

ALL LOVERS OF MUSIC

WOULD BE PROUD TO OWN A

Gourlay Piano

If you are a musician, the sympathetic bond between you will be strong indeed, for a Gourlay piano responds to every mood of the player. There is a crispness and delicacy of tone for the daintiest improvization and a richness and volume for the most exacting bravura passages.

If you are not a player, but a lover of music, the pleasure in your friends' enthusiasm will more than repay you for the amount of your investment, to say nothing of the extra years of service over an ordinary piano.

GOURLAY WINTER & LEEMING

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279 DONALD ST.
WINNIPEG

ART DEPT CANADIAN MAGAZINE

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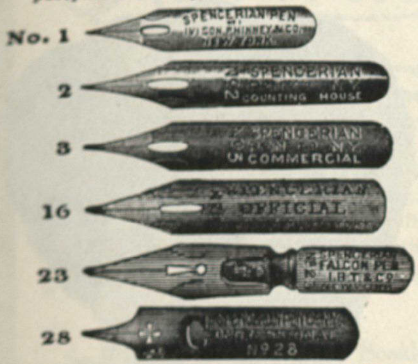
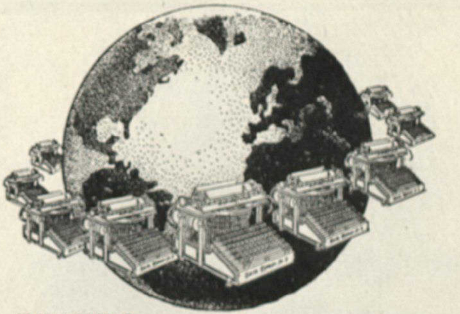
STEEL PENS

The Standard American Brand for Fifty Years.
PEN WORKS, BIRMINGHAM, ENGLAND
The leading numbers for Canada will be sent postpaid on receipt of Canada stamp.



SELECT A PEN FOR YOUR WRITING
Sold by all Stationers in Canada and United States.
For Samples apply to the Proprietors.

SPENCERIAN PEN CO., - - New York City



WHEN a country becomes civilized it demands typewriters. When it becomes posted on comparative values it demands

The Smith Premier Typewriter

The fact that the Smith Premier Typewriter is used in every civilized country on the globe is not so important as the further fact that the demand increases year after year.

The reputation of the Smith Premier is world-wide. World-wide use has made it so.

THE SMITH PREMIER TYPEWRITER CO.
SYRACUSE, N. Y.
Branches Everywhere

Underwood

The Underwood is the best typewriter. That fact is generally recognized, but even the best typewriter would be of little value without an operator.

In buying a typewriter it is well to keep this fact in mind. All the best commercial schools in Canada teach the Underwood only, and scientific typewriter operation to-day can be learned only under proper instruction.

Stenographers come from the schools. The schools are training Underwood operators, not operators of other machines. With any typewriter other than the Underwood you stand a very poor chance of getting a competent stenographer.

United Typewriter Company, Limited

7 ADELAIDE STREET EAST, TORONTO

ART DEPT. CANADIAN MAG.

Standard Silver

It Lasts a Lifetime

The selection of *Silverware* is too important a matter to be left to the discretion of another. Make your own selection and see that the above *trademark* is stamped on every piece you buy, *it's a guarantee of quality*. It is always artistic in design and proportion, and because of its long wear, affords unbounded satisfaction.

THE STANDARD SILVER CO.
LIMITED
TORONTO, CANADA

JOHN PALMER & SON

Limited
105 Notre Dame Street West
MONTREAL

Woman's Crowning Glory—HAIR

Wigs *and* Coiffures

IN EVERY STYLE and
SUITABLE TO EVERYBODY

Years of practical experience, combined with every modern appliance and the highest class of operators procurable, enables us to produce results not found elsewhere.

Our stock of hair is always complete and of the very finest quality in every shade, including gray or white for elderly people.

Our new creation, The Coronet Fashion Curl, designed for Opera, Dinner and Social functions, deserves special mention, being a very simple and most becoming mode of hairdressing.

Write for our new illustrated catalogue

IN THE COMFORT OF THE VACATION DAYS OF SUMMER
The Outing Shirt plays a conspicuous part.

Monarch
SHIRTS

are the ideal for ease and appearance. The care they receive in the making, the originality in the design of the patterns and the guaranteed fit of each garment give to Monarch Shirts a unique distinction.

$1.50.

Send for the Monarch Shirt Booklet.

CLUETT, PEABODY & CO.,
471 RIVER ST., TROY, N. Y.
MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS ARROW COLLARS.

They all say the same about

St. George's Baking Powder

"Dozens of my best customers have put St. George's to the test."

"They have tried it for Biscuits and Doughnuts—for Cakes and Pies—for Muffins and Pancakes."

"And they agree that St. George's can be depended on—that when they do *their* share of the baking right, St. George's makes the lightest, whitest, tastiest pastry and cakes and biscuits—in a word, that it is the *best* Baking Powder they ever used."

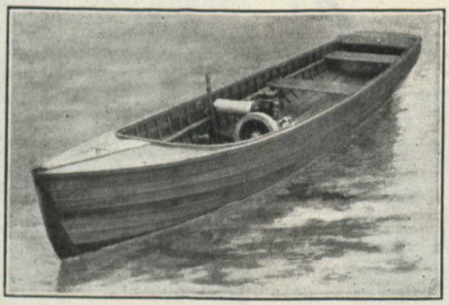
"And my customers are pretty fastidious people, too."

You will find our new Cook Book a ready help every day. It contains all sorts of recipes and useful hints for Good Cooking. Write for a free copy. National Drug & Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Montreal.

MOTOR BOATS

THAT REALLY ARE WORTH BUYING

The only kind of Motor Boat we build is the only kind the man of taste can really afford to buy—a boat built for him, fitted to suit his wishes, suited exactly to his tastes. The ordinary motor boat, factory built, answers to none of these essentials.



We build (but only to order) every size and model of motor craft that is wanted by any man who prefers more for his money than the best ordinary builder can give him. Yet we get no more for our boats than you must pay for the ordinary kind.

If your order is given NOW—at once—we can build YOUR boat in time for most of this summer's fun on the water. Visit us, or write to

NICHOLLS BROTHERS, Limited

LAKE STREET (FOOT OF YORK STREET), TORONTO

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2 AND 4 CYCLE ENGINES

SINGLE AND MULTIPLE CYLINDER ENGINES

Complete Launches

HAMILTON MOTOR WORKS
Limited
HAMILTON, ONTARIO

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MADE IN CANADA

CHARLES GURD & CO.
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GURD'S

"The Best"

GINGER ALE
SODA WATER
APPLE NECTAR
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AWARDS

Gold Medal, Paris	1900
Gold Medal, Ottawa	1889
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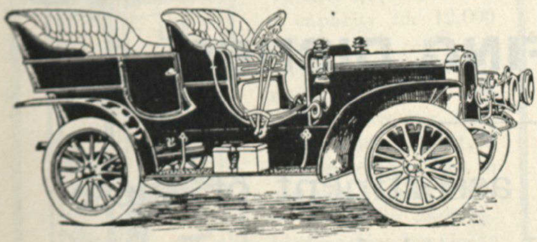
"MAGI" CALEDONIA WATER LEADS

LUBY'S GIVES NEW LIFE TO THE HAIR

THE "CHATHAM"



is the MOST HANDSOME and UP-TO-DATE MOTOR CAR BUILT IN CANADA. Light weight construction, very best material, at the same time substantial strength, simplicity, power and perfect comfort, making it a high-class car at a moderate price.

Four Cylinders, 25 H.P. Touring Car, Seats Five People, $2,500

We want the RIGHT PARTY in each town in Canada to introduce one of our cars. It will be WORTH WHILE. WE MEAN IT. Catalogue telling all about it cheerfully sent on application.

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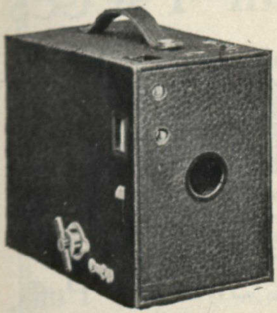
THE CHATHAM MOTOR CAR CO., Limited

CHATHAM, ONTARIO

A NEW BROWNIE



The No. 2 A

Price $3.00

PICTURES $2\frac{1}{2}$ x $4\frac{1}{4}$ INCHES

This new Brownie Camera loads in daylight for 6 or for 12 exposures, has fine meniscus lens, Eastman Rotary shutter that is always set, three stops, two finders, two tripod sockets, and is perfectly adapted to **snap shots** or time exposures. Well made in every detail.

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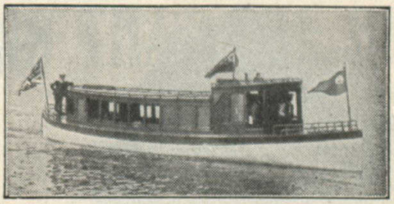

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Rowboats and Canoes

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Superior Hair Pieces

Being the oldest manufacturers of Art Hair Goods in Canada, we enjoy the distinction of being looked upon by the women of Canada as the leaders in all matters pertaining to Hair, whether in the fashioning of

Transformations, Wigs, Switches, Puffs, Curls, or the arrangement of Coiffures

If you live out of the city write to us for our illustrated circulars for ladies

Dorenwend's Patent Toupee For men who are losing their hair or are bald, there is no other Toupee that so completely takes the place of your own hair. Write us for our circular "Baldness." It contains full particulars also how to order a Toupee by mail. Write for it.

The DORENWEND CO. OF TORONTO, Limited
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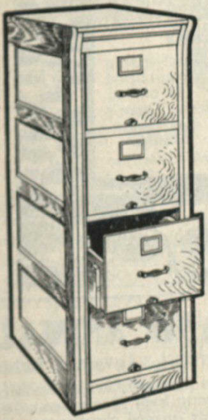

This four-drawer Vertical Letter File has a capacity for 12,000 letters.

All the correspondence, the letters and replies, with one firm, or upon one subject, is filed in order of date in a strong Manilla Folder, which is filed behind a projecting Guide and indexed Numerically, Alphabetically or Geographically, whichever provides quickest reference.

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BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER

"YOU'RE SAFE" in the hands of the little captain at the helm,— the "complexion specialist," whose results are certain, whose fees are small.

MENNEN'S
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TOILET POWDER

protects and soothes, a sure relief from **Sunburn, Prickly Heat, Chafing,** etc. Put up in **non-refillable boxes** — the **"box that lox"**—for your protection. If Mennen's face is on the cover it's **genuine** and a **guarantee** of purity. Delightful after **shaving.** Guaranteed under Food & Drugs Act, June 30, 1906, Serial No. 1542. Sold everywhere, or by mail, 25c.

SAMPLE FREE

G. Mennen Co., Newark, N.J.

Try Mennen's Violet Borated Talcum Powder It has the scent of fresh cut Parma Violets.

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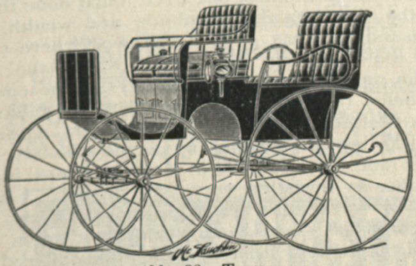
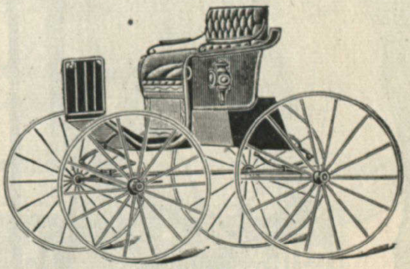
BORATED TALCUM
TOILET POWDER

ONE GRADE ONLY AND THAT THE BEST



No. 96. Trap



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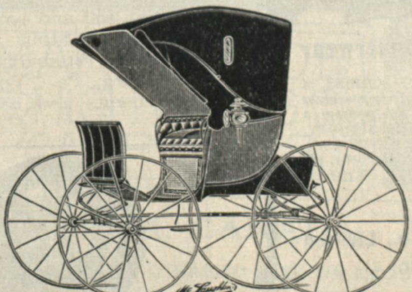
The high standard of excellence established over forty years ago is still maintained in all our vehicles. See our agents before purchasing and have them explain the merits of "the line that leads."



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BRANCHES:
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McLAUGHLIN CARRIAGE CO.
LIMITED
Head Office and Factory:
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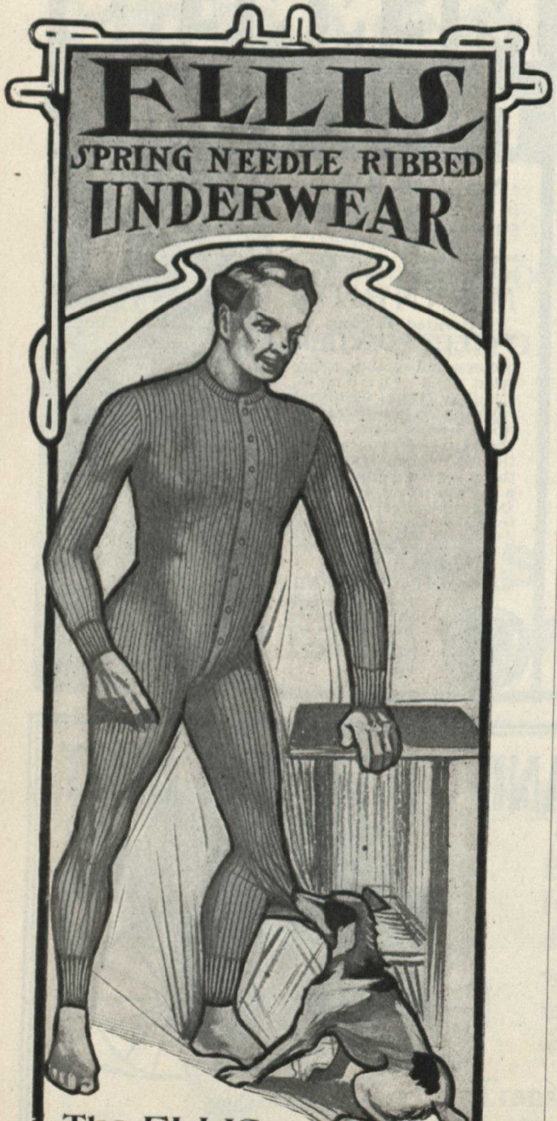

The ELLIS
Spring Needle Ribbed Underwear

is knit on SPRING NEEDLE RIBBED MACHINES, of which we are SOLE USERS in CANADA. These machines will knit ONLY THE FINEST YARN and produce a finished fabric of the most REMARKABLE ELASTICITY. Garments of this fabric fit EASILY and NATURALLY. They yield readily with every movement of the body, yet ALWAYS retain their original ELASTICITY. Write for Free Booklet.

Sole Makers in Canada:
The ELLIS Manufacturing Co., Limited
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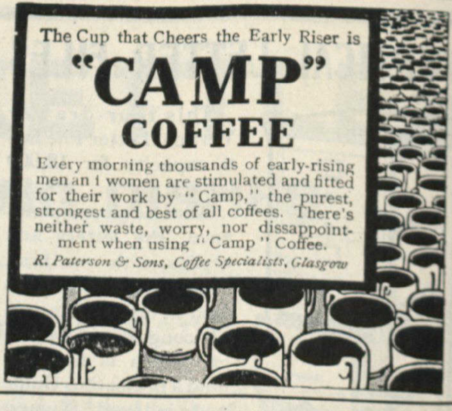

The Cup that Cheers the Early Riser is

"CAMP" COFFEE

Every morning thousands of early-rising men and women are stimulated and fitted for their work by "Camp," the purest, strongest and best of all coffees. There's neither waste, worry, nor dissappointment when using "Camp" Coffee.

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The wonderful art of **Taxidermy**, so long kept secret, can now be easily learned right in your own home.

WE TEACH BY MAIL how to properly mount **Birds, Animals, Game Heads, tan skins, make rugs,** etc. A delightful and fascinating art for men and women. Easily, quickly learned during spare time. Enjoy your leisure hours. Decorate home and den with your fine trophies. Or increase your income selling mounted specimens and mounting for others. Latest methods, reasonable rate. *Success Guaranteed or no tuition fee.* Endorsed by thousands of satisfied students. **Write to-day** for full particulars.

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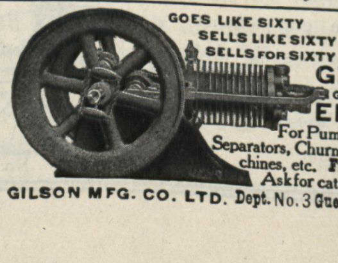
A Sure Chance to Make Money

I read of Jack Marston's lucky experience in Mexico, and visited the Zavaleta gold mine, near Oaxaca, Mexico, to see for myself. I have examined several famous mines, but have found none that excel the Zavaleta in magnitude and wealth. The thousands of tons of rich ore everywhere visible, and the glittering gold, with which the plates in the mill are covered, certainly inspire one with the belief that it is easy to become a millionaire. Jack Marston, with only a few dollars, made over $20,000, but there are many people who have made much more than $20,000 in Mexican mines, in a few months, by investing very little money. I had no idea of investing when I visited the mine, but I bought 3,000 shares, and would have taken more, had I the money. I have already been offered twice what I paid for my stock. I have a friend who invested $30 and sold his stock, in less than three months, for $150. If you want to make money, address the Pittsburg-Oaxaca Mining Co., Block 721, Pittsburg, Pa. You can rely absolutely on their statements and can make money quick and sure.

JAMES MACK.



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SELLS FOR SIXTY **$65**

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For Pumping, Cream Separators, Churns, Wash Machines, etc. FREE TRIAL
Ask for catalog—all sizes

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CHILDREN TEETHING

THE BEST OF ALL AND

For over sixty 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. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures diarrhœa, 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."

A FOUNTAIN OF DELIGHT

FRAGRANT, REFRESHING AND OF PERENNIAL SWEETNESS.

THE GENUINE

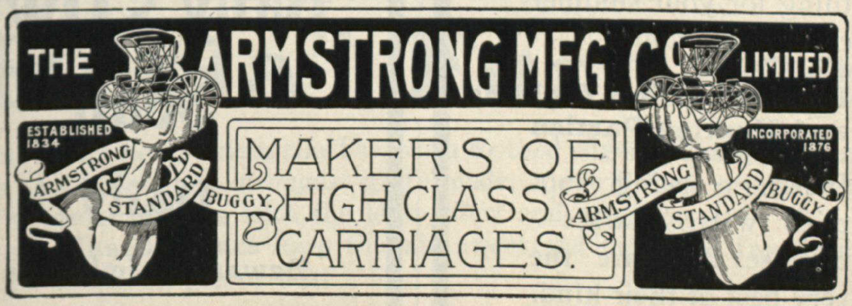
MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER

"THE UNIVERSAL PERFUME"

FOR THE HANDKERCHIEF, TOILET AND BATH.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS AND SUBSTITUTES.

LADIES' Stanhopes and Phaetons.
GENTLEMEN'S Bike Wagons and Road Wagons, Pneumatic, Solid or Cushion Tired.
FAMILY Surreys, canopy top, extension top or open.
FARMERS' Buggies, Democrats or Carriages.
RANCHERS' Ranch Wagons.
MOUNTAIN Buggies and Wagons (specially built for Western Trade.)



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ARMSTRONG STANDARD BUGGY.

MAKERS OF HIGH CLASS CARRIAGES.

ARMSTRONG STANDARD BUGGY

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LUNCH TONGUE
W. CLARK

Madam!
Clark's
Canned Meats

Are the very best of their kind

They are carefully prepared from the best materials in the most appetizing manner possible.

They are just the thing for your summer cottage or camp.

For Picnics For Yachting and Hunting Parties

Insist on being supplied with Clark's—because they are the very best of their kind.

Wm. Clark, Mfr., Montreal

BABY'S
OWN
SOAP

No soap like "Baby's Own" for improving the complexion and keeping the skin clear and smooth.

Use
"Baby's Own" Soap
Daily

Beware of imitations

**ALBERT SOAPS, LTD., MFRS.
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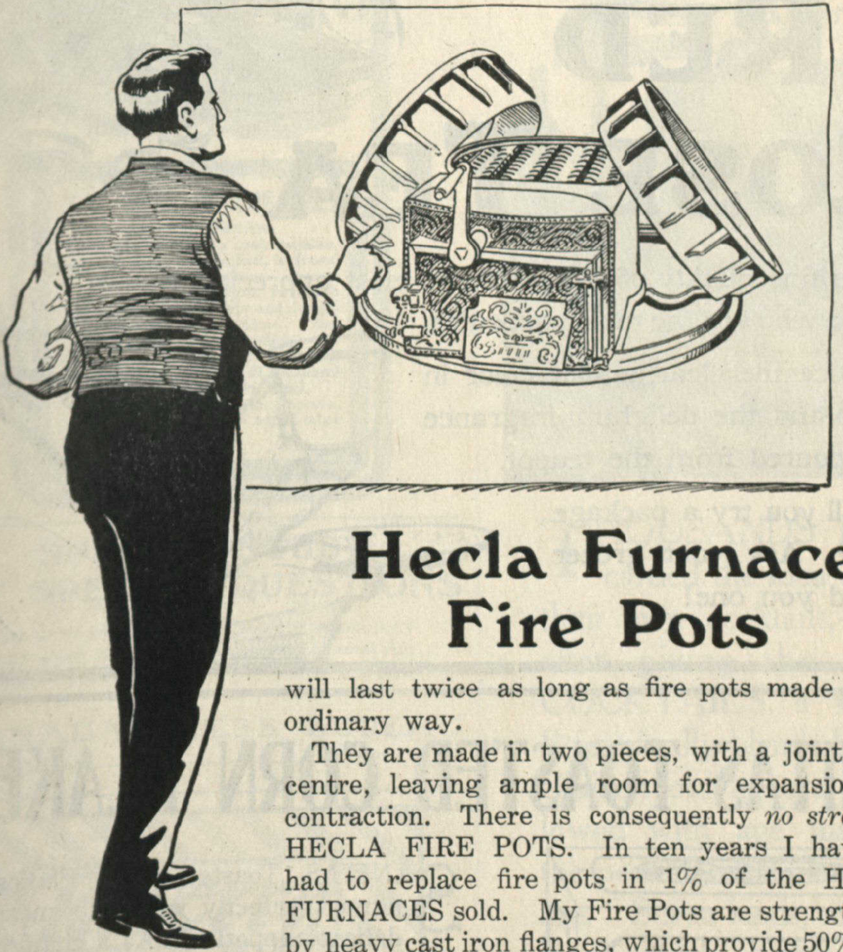


Hecla Furnace Fire Pots

will last twice as long as fire pots made in the ordinary way.

They are made in two pieces, with a joint in the centre, leaving ample room for expansion and contraction. There is consequently *no strain* on HECLA FIRE POTS. In ten years I have not had to replace fire pots in 1% of the HECLA FURNACES sold. My Fire Pots are strengthened by heavy cast iron flanges, which provide 50% more radiating surface than plain pots.

"Hecla" Furnace

Grates are heavy triangular bars with toothed edges. The triangular bar is the stiffest and strongest grate made, and will keep a fire clean and free from clinkers with the least effort and attention.

Hecla Fused Joints keep the air sweet and pure, and free from all taint of smoke, gas or dust.

For further information, consult our local agent or write the Clare Furnace Builder for a catalogue and a free estimate.

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

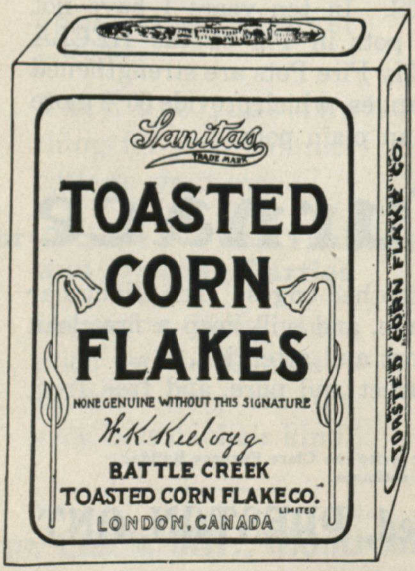
RED ROSE TEA

The fine quality of Red Rose is most appreciated by those who are the most particular.

Notice the clear, amber color in the cup and the delightful fragrance when poured from the teapot.

Will you try a package to-day? Ask your grocer to send you one!

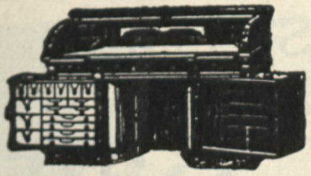
SANITAS TOASTED CORN FLAKES


Sanitas
TRADE MARK
TOASTED
CORN
FLAKES
NONE GENUINE WITHOUT THIS SIGNATURE
W. K. Kellogg
BATTLE CREEK
TOASTED CORN FLAKE CO. LIMITED
LONDON, CANADA
TOASTED CORN FLAKE CO.

SANITAS Toasted Corn Flakes agree perfectly with the most delicate appetite. As a change for the better, try it with milk, cream or fruit juices to-morrow morning. It is a food for the sweet tooth of youth—for everybody. And the difference from other breakfast foods is that you will never tire of it—it always tastes good to you no matter how much you eat. One package will convince you.

ALL GROCERS SELL IT

THE FLAVOR THAT GROWS IN FAVOR



THE DESK OF THE AGE.

Every Device necessary to make a desk reliable, labor saving, economical, is found in those we manufacture. In material and construction, in finish and utility, in durability and design they lead all other makes. They make an office a better office.

☞ Our Catalogue goes in detail.

Canadian Office & School Furniture Co., Limited.
PRESTON, Ontario, Canada.
Office, School, Church and Lodge Furniture.

SPECIAL STUDY OF SPECIAL QUESTIONS

Let us know what subject you are particularly interested in and we shall be glad to send you sample clippings from Canadian newspapers.

CANADA PRESS BUREAU
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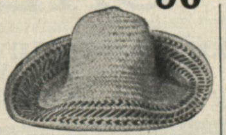
Teaberry

A pure, delicious and antiseptic Dentifrice in a powder form that exercises a decidedly preservative influence on the teeth, as well as keeping them free from all tartaric deposits, germs, etc. The fresh, grateful aroma of the Teaberry leaf is an agreeable finish for your ablutions. "Teaberry" is a favorite Dentifrice of many years' standing—if you once try it you will use no other.
At all druggists, 25c. per bottle.

FOR THE TEETH.

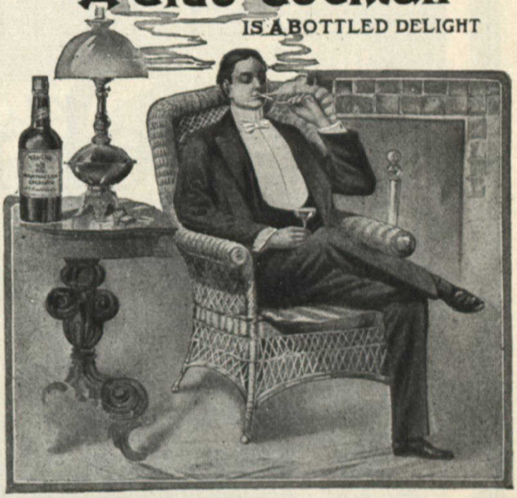
Mexican Palm Leaf Hat 50c



Hand woven by Mexicans in Mexico from palm fiber. Double weave, durable and light weight, with colored design in brim. Retails at $1. Postpaid for 50c. 2 for 90c., to introduce our Mexican hats and drawn-work. Same hat, plain, 40c; both for 75c. Large, medium and small sizes. Fine for fishing, outings and gardening. Art Catalog of Mexican Sombreros free.

THE FRANCIS E. LESTER CO., DEPT. CL. 7, MESILLA PARK, N M.
Largest Retailers Indian-Mexican Handicraft in World.

A Club Cocktail
IS A BOTTLED DELIGHT



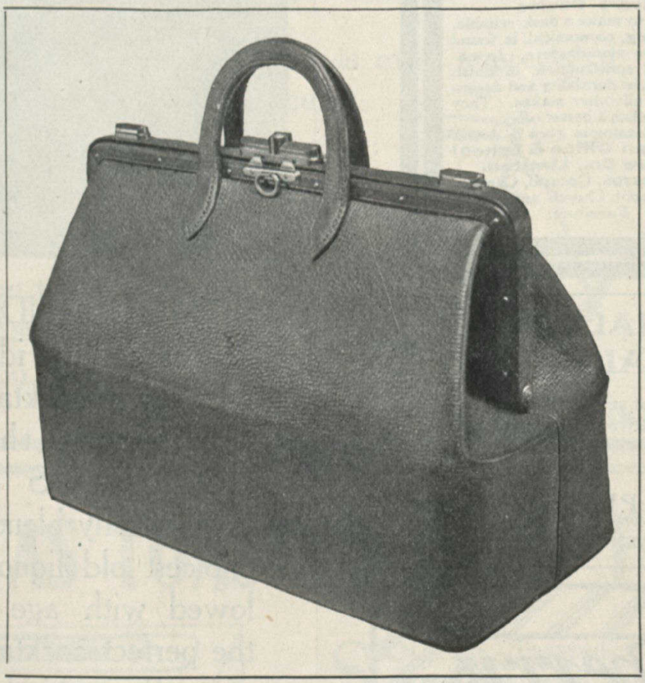
THOUSANDS have discarded the idea of making their own cocktails,—all will after giving the CLUB COCKTAILS a fair trial. Scientifically blended from the choicest old liquors and mellowed with age make them the perfect cocktails that they are. Seven kinds, most popular of which are Martini (Gin base), Manhattan (Whiskey base).

The following label appears on every bottle:

Guaranteed under the National Pure Food and Drugs Act. Approved June 30th, 1906. Serial No. 1707.

G. F. Heublein & Bro.
SOLE PROPRIETORS
Hartford New York London

DISTINCTIVE STYLES
IN
Traveling Bags

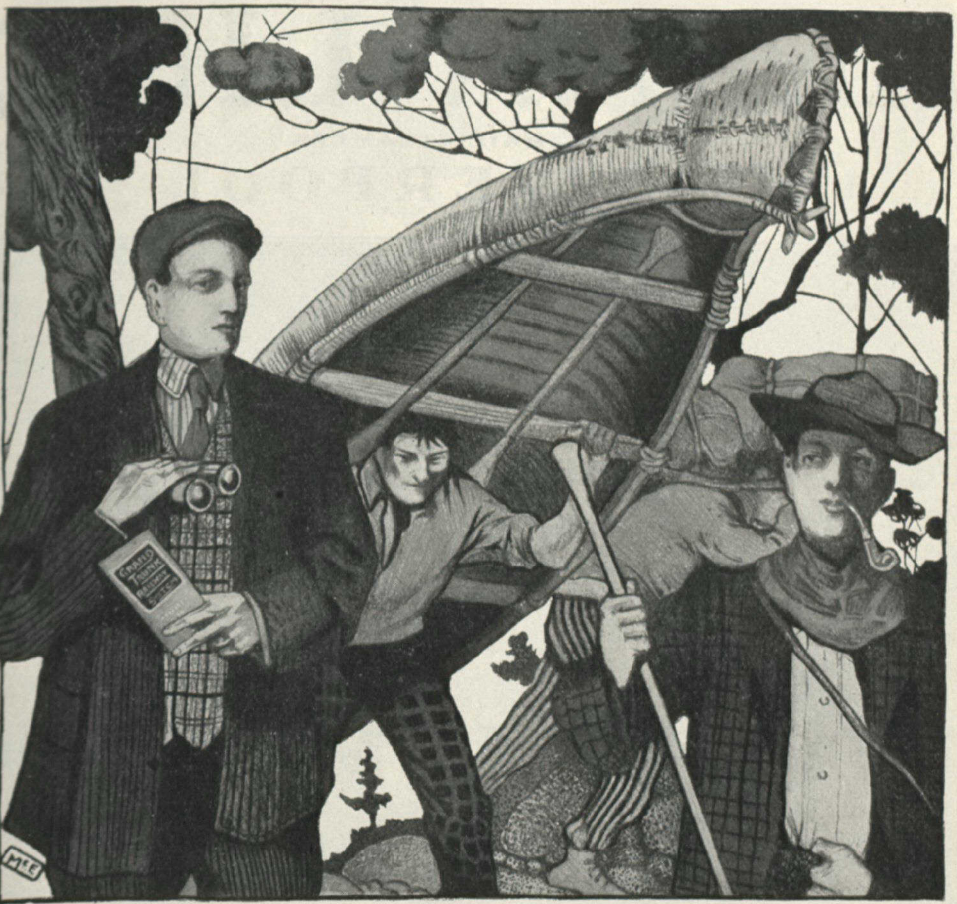


The handsome bag illustrated is the best selling style we make for lady's use. It looks different from the ordinary bag and is made from the finest natural grain leather in Black, Brown and Tan. Full leather lined.

16 in. size, $8.50 ; 18 in. size, $9.50

Catalogue C of Traveling and Leather Goods is worth having. We pay express charges in Ontario and make liberal allowances to all other parts.

THE JULIAN SALE
Leather Goods Company, Limited
105 King Street West, Toronto, Canada



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A LAND OF LAKES AND RIVERS

A peerless Region for the Tourist, Camper, Canoeist, Angler and Sportsman, reached by the

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

A new territory now accessible by rail and offering the best fishing and shooting in America. Scenery unexcelled, hay fever unknown, magnificent canoe trips. Black bass, speckled trout, lake trout, wall-eyed pike in abundance. Moose, deer, bear, partridge and other game during hunting season.

Handsomely illustrated book, telling you all about it, sent free on application to
J. D. McDONALD, Union Station, TORONTO, CAN.

W. E. DAVIS, Passenger Traffic Manager
MONTREAL, CAN.

G. T. BELL, Gen'l Passenger and Ticket Agent
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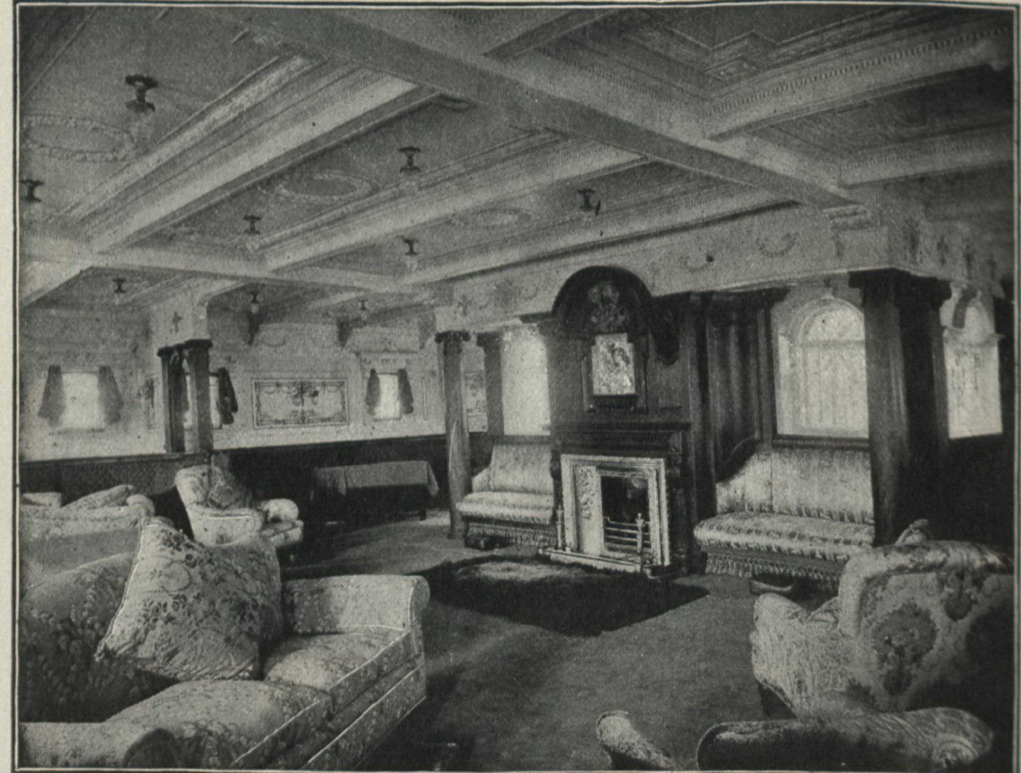
ALLAN LINE

ROYAL MAIL STEAMERS

TO LIVERPOOL



DRAWING ROOM—ROYAL MAIL STEAMER VIRGINIAN

FAST ELEGANT SAFE STEADY

THE above picture may convey an impression of the beauty of the decorations of the new Allan Line Steamers; it does not, and can not portray adequately this apartment when its dimensions are illuminated by the clusters of artistically arranged electric lights. The smoking room, library, children's play room and the grand Saloon are all of the same order, differing only in the purpose for which each is planned. The promenade decks—there are three—are each 260 feet long and 60 feet wide at the widest part. The steamers are floating hotels of the highest class, combined with speedy and practically unsinkable ships. They are built of steel and in 22 separate water-tight compartments. The Turbine Engines give them steadiness of motion with entire freedom from vibration. His Royal Highness Prince Arthur of Connaught and suite crossed on the "Virginian," and expressed themselves as delighted with the steamer and her accommodation. Two new steamers now building, "Corsican" and "GRAMPIAN," will be added to the fleet for the summer of **1907**. "Virginian's" record passage is **5** days, **14** hours.

For sailings, rates, etc., apply to any agent or

H. & A. ALLAN, Montreal

CANADIAN NORTHERN ONTARIO

SHORT LINE
TO
THE MUSKOKAS—PARRY SOUND

FAST SERVICE TO CENTRE OF LAKE DISTRICT

The Most Convenient Way

ALL INFORMATION, TICKETS, ETC., APPLY TO AGENTS
TORONTO OFFICES: CORNER KING and TORONTO STREETS, and UNION STATION
Telephone Main 5179

¶ Sleepers, Diners, Parlor Cars, Day Coaches, Time of Trains, Road-bed—all are best on the

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

The new road to far-famed

MUSKOKA

¶ If you are wise you will travel to beautiful Muskoka this summer on fast trains of Canadian Pacific's new line. It's the last road built, therefore most up-to-date and comfortable. Being a section of transcontinental track it is built to last; 80 lb. steel, heavily ballasted. It all means smooth-running trains, and high speed with maximum of safety.

¶ C.P.R. is the DIRECT short line to Bala, the western gateway to the Lakes, where connections are made by every train with fast steamers for all points on Lakes Muskoka, Joseph and Rosseau.

FOUR FLYERS DAILY

NORTHBOUND—Lakeland Limited and Sunrise Express
SOUTHBOUND—Queen City Flyer and Twilight Limited

There are also local trains

Low Summer Tour Rates

Let us send you further particulars of trains, summer rates, and illustrated descriptive literature. Gladly furnished by

C. B. FOSTER
District Passenger Agent, Canadian Pacific Railway
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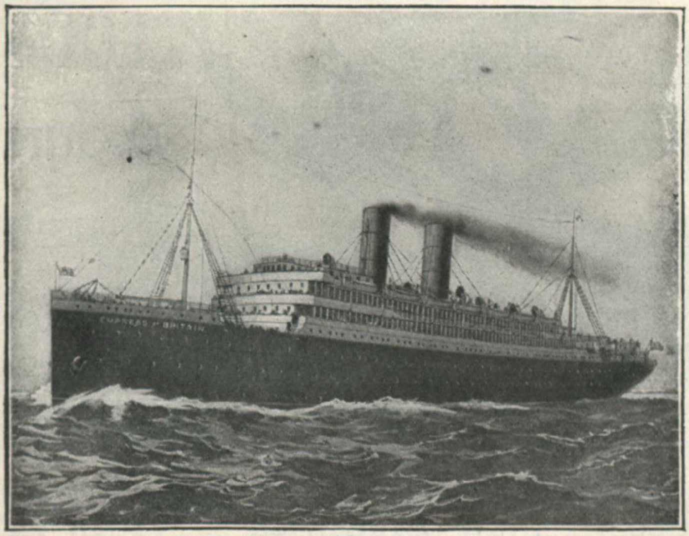
Canadian Pacific Railway Co.'s
ROYAL MAIL Steamship
Lines

THE "EMPRESSES"

— ATLANTIC SERVICE —

FINEST



FASTEST

"EMPRESS OF BRITAIN" AND "EMPRESS OF IRELAND"

AND 14 OTHER MODERN ATLANTIC LINERS

For rates, sailings and other information apply to any Steamship and Railway Agent, or to G. McL. Brown, C. P. R., Rooms 3, 4 and 5 Board of Trade Building, Montreal.

DOMINION LINE ROYAL MAIL STEAMSHIPS

WEEKLY SAILINGS

MONTREAL TO LIVERPOOL
IN SUMMER

PORTLAND TO LIVERPOOL
(Via Halifax in Winter)

S. S. "CANADA" *S. S. "KENSINGTON"* *S. S. "DOMINION"*
S. S. "SOUTHWARK" *S. S. "VANCOUVER"* *S. S. "OTTAWA"*

The S.S. **"CANADA"** holds the record of having made the fastest passage between Liverpool and Canada. The S.S. **"CANADA"** and S.S. **"DOMINION"** have very fine accommodation for all classes of passengers. Passenger accommodation is situated amidships, electric light and spacious decks.

To Europe in Comfort At Moderate Rates

Per S. S. "KENSINGTON" S. S. "SOUTHWARK" S. S. "VANCOUVER" S. S. "OTTAWA" (formerly the White Star Line S. S. "GERMANIC")

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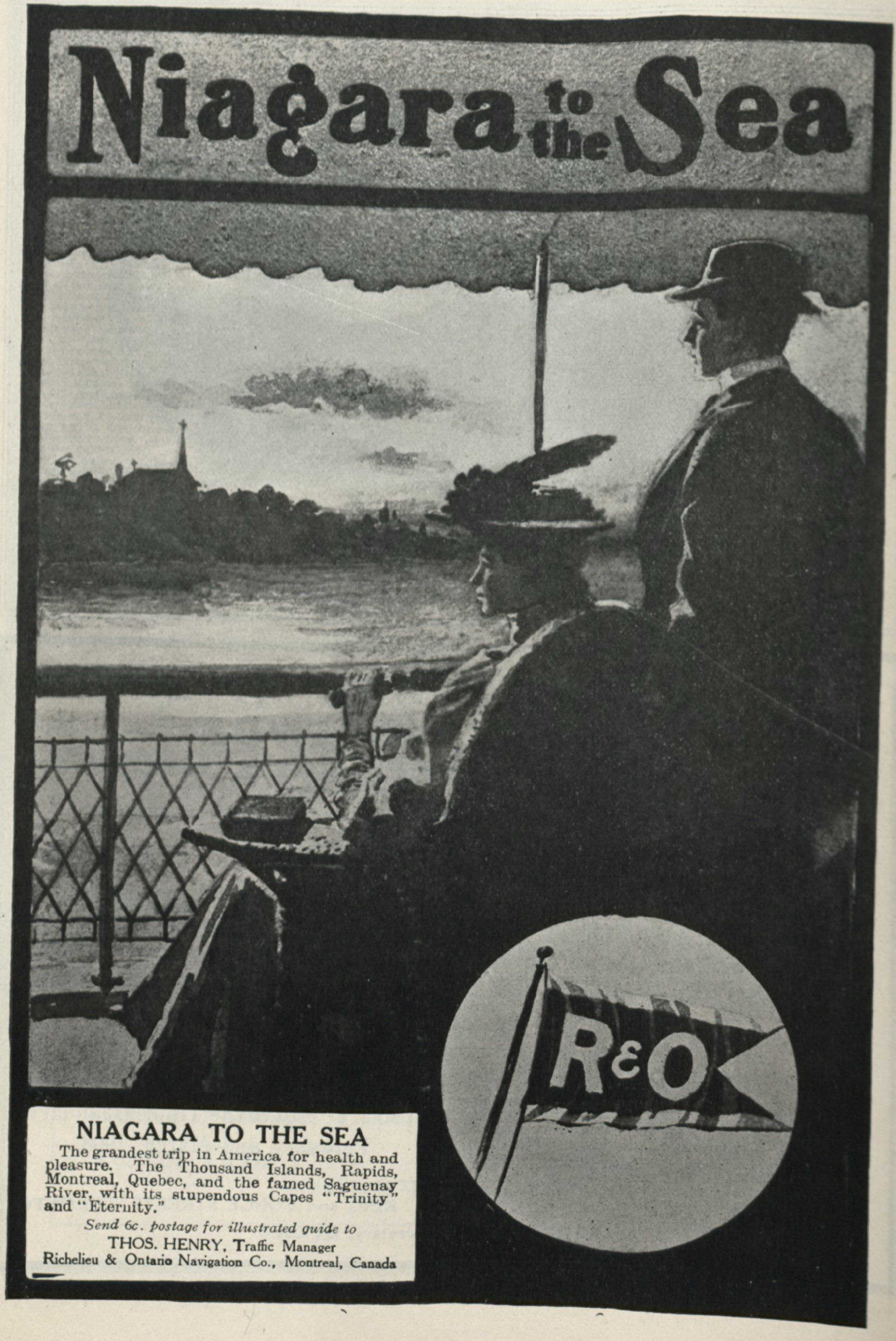

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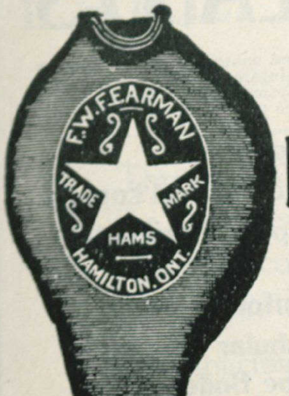

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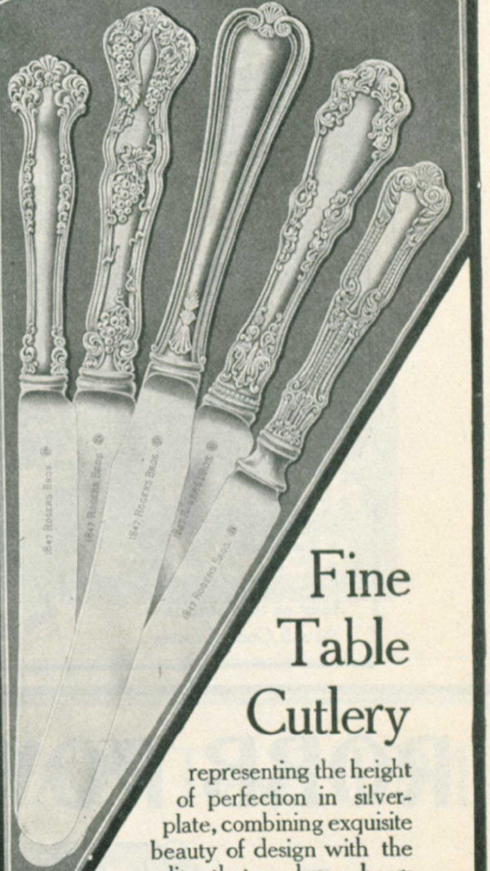
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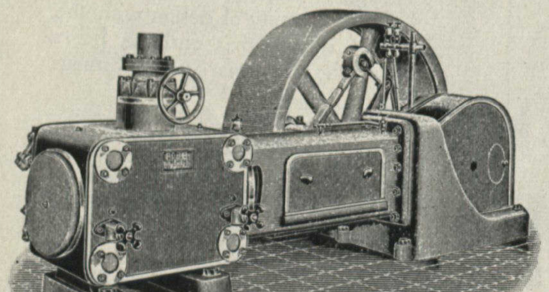

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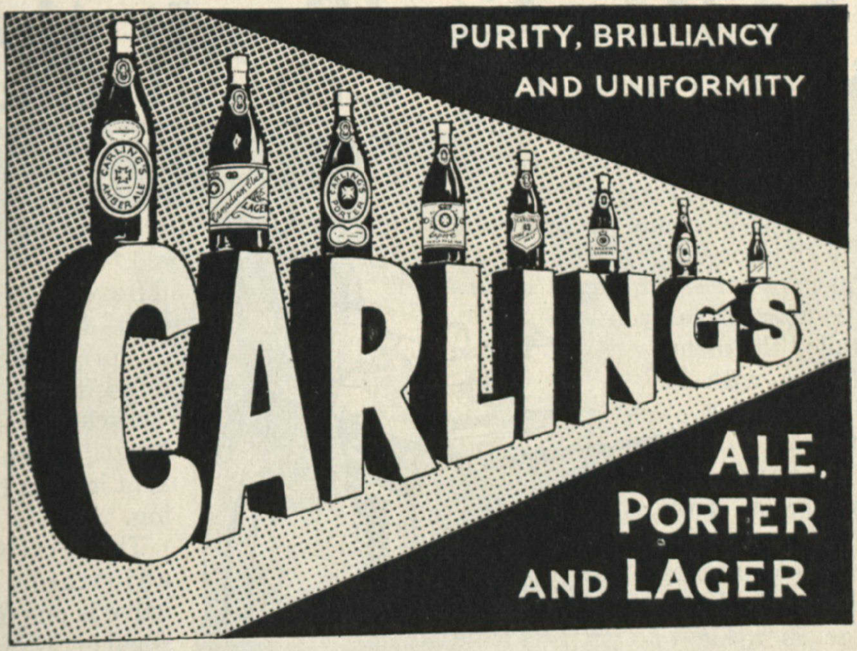
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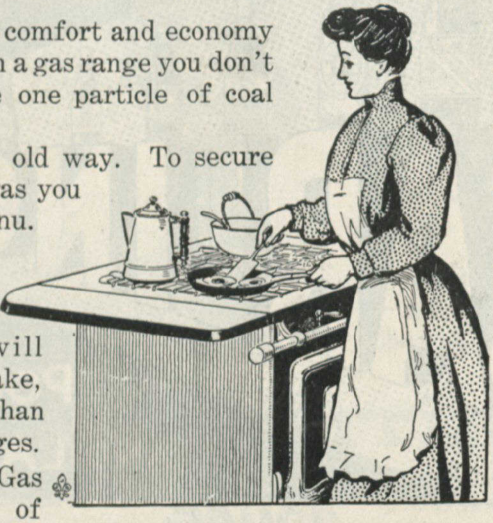

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That was the old way. To secure the comfort of gas you curtailed the menu.

Not so with the Oxford Gas Range.

This range will toast, roast, bake, broil, fry, better than many coal ranges.

The Oxford Gas Range is made of heavy-gauge, cold rolled steel throughout—won't crack, warp or leak.

The oven is a most excellent baker. Ventilated so all the fumes of the cooking are drawn off. Lined throughout with asbestos millboard and with a double back wall—all the heat your gas generates stays in the oven to do your cooking instead of leaking out into the kitchen and cooking you.

All Oxford Gas Range burners are in two pieces and may be removed for cleaning without aid of tools.

Each stove is equipped with giant and simmering burners.

The oven door, which drops down and forms a firm, solid shelf, is operated by self-closing spring hinges which prevent it from banging.

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This excellent gas range with 16 inch oven costs less than many a poorer one—and when it costs you no more why shouldn't you have the best?

The Oxford Gas Range is also made for the use of natural gas, which requires special features. So now you can bake, broil and roast with natural gas with the same excellent results you get with the artificial gas.

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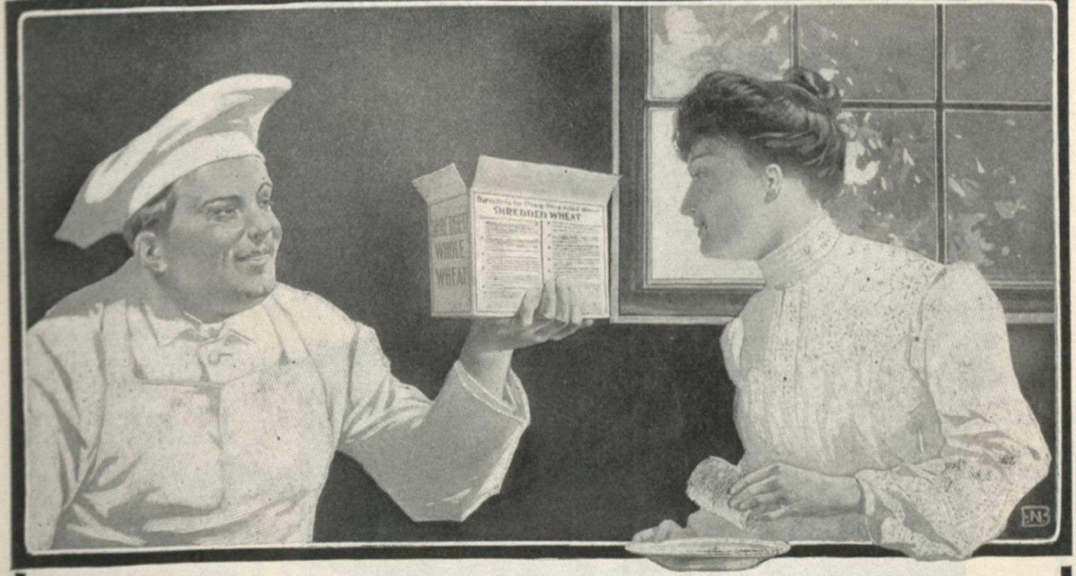

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She will say: "A Shredded Wheat Biscuit, heated in an oven and eaten with hot milk every morning, keeps the children healthy and strong and supplies me with all the energy needed for a day's work."

Ask the Chef:

He will say that he can make hundreds of wholesome, nourishing and appetizing "dishes" out of Shredded Wheat.

You do not have to be a chef to enjoy Shredded Wheat Biscuit. It is ready-cooked, ready-to-serve. Delicious for breakfast or for any meal in combination with fruits, creamed meats or vegetables. Contains all the muscle-making, brain-building elements in the whole wheat grain, made digestible by steam-cooking, shredding and baking.

An ideal summer food—not so heating as corn or oats; contains more nutriment and is more easily digested.

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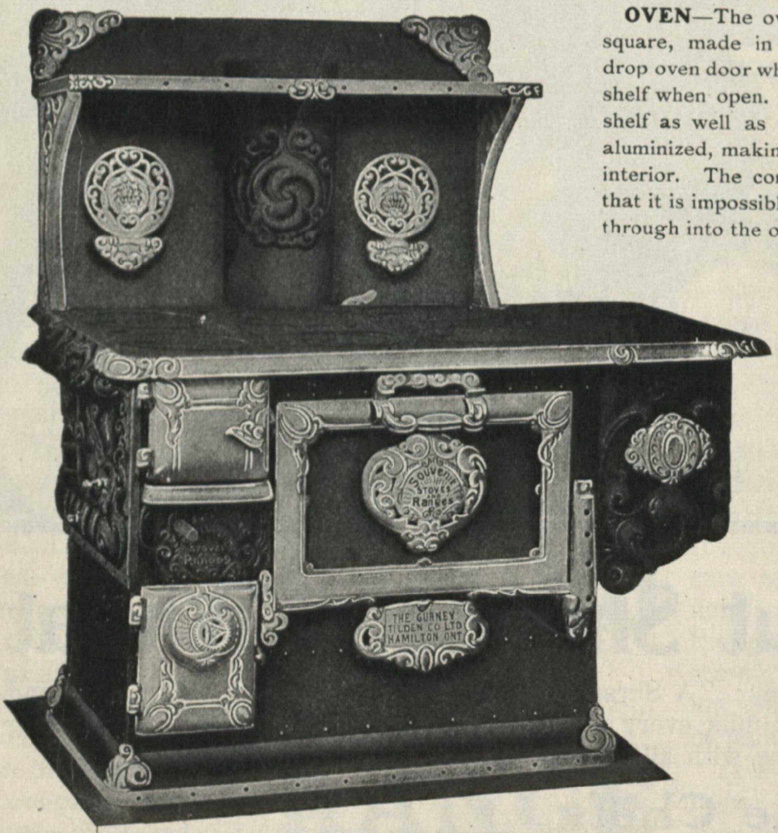
Souvenir Steel Plate Range

Here Are Some Points of Interest in Our Newest Steel Range


Souvenir STOVES AND Ranges
STOVES AND RANGES
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OVEN—The oven is large and square, made in three sizes with drop oven door which forms an oven shelf when open. The inside oven shelf as well as the oven door is aluminized, making a bright, clean interior. The construction is such that it is impossible for ashes to leak through into the oven.

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