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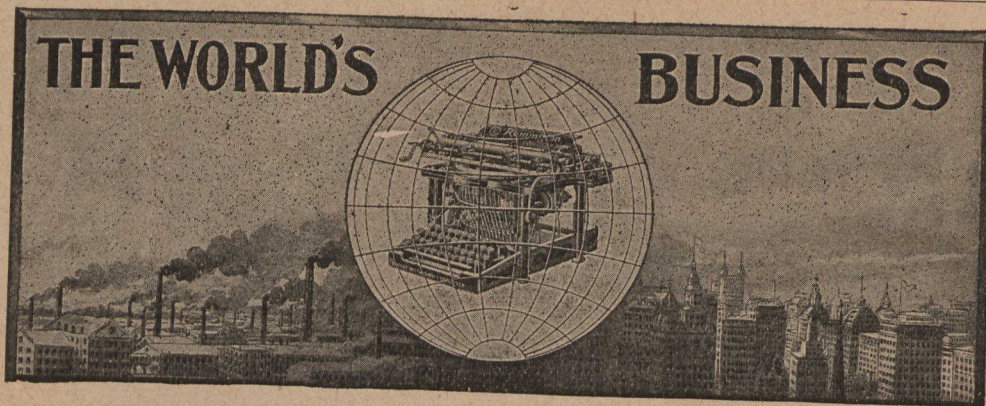


THE
NATIONAL
MONTHLY
 OF CANADA

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1903

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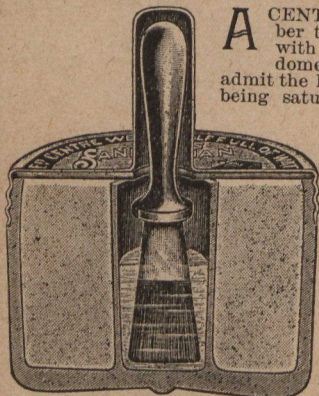
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THE NATIONAL MONTHLY OF CANADA.

VOL. III

TORONTO, AUGUST, 1903

No. 2

CURRENT COMMENTS

Tariff Reform at Home and Abroad

THE most important political and economic news of the world has been for the past two months a matter of the tariff. In Canada, in England, and in Germany a discussion of the tariff policy has been going on in various aspects, and the interest it has awakened goes to show that protection is throughout the world a question of the day. The political excitement which its discussion produces is an evidence of its economic importance.

In Canada a general revision of the tariff was asked for in the House by Mr. Tarte, who has taken a foremost place in the matter of tariff reform. Mr. Tarte claimed that Canadian industries stood in need of more adequate protection if Canada were ever to become the power in the business world which she should, and a general advance in our tariff was a pressing necessity. The arguments put forward by Mr. Tarte were practically such as have already been frequently presented in THE NATIONAL MONTHLY, and a logical summary of his former utterances. A short time previously Mr. Borden, leader of the Opposition, had moved that a specific advance be made in the iron and steel duties, in the interests of an industry which was of growing importance to Canada. Both Mr. Borden's and Mr. Tarte's motions were defeated, and

tariff reform is again at a standstill. That another year will find it a still more pressing necessity, and stronger in its demands, there can be no doubt.

The political situation in England was stirred up to a remarkable degree by Mr. Chamberlain's preferential tariff propositions. For England to give Canada and her other colonies a preference would mean that she should impose a tariff against foreign countries, and England has been so long a free trade nation that such a proposition must necessarily be slow of acceptance. Following Mr. Chamberlain's notable speech an amendment was proposed in the House of Commons in favor of the corn duties; it was overwhelmingly defeated, England being apparently not yet ready to forsake her free trade traditions. The significant feature of the situation, however, is that a protectionist element has arisen and the natural result will be that it will grow. The Government renounced its responsibility for Mr. Chamberlain's remarks, though it was believed that a ministerial crisis was impending, and Premier Balfour professes to himself have an "open mind."

In Germany the tariff forms a problematical feature of the fiscal system, which has been considerably endangered by the recent victories of the Socialist party in the general elections. The Socialists are strongly opposed to taxes or duties of any kind, particu-

larly on food, while the Government desires to maintain an effective high tariff against foreign countries. Germany is now protectionist, but the Socialists will likely take advantage of their recent gains to upset the fiscal system of the empire.

The Spread of Trade

CONTINUED successes are meeting the efforts to extend the trade of Canada in new directions. While the home market is always the best and the surest, commercial relations with outside countries are both desirable and necessary, and Canadian commerce is following upon wisely progressive lines in taking advantage of the new opportunities. In fact, what Canada might do in the world's markets is limited only by circumstances.

Trade with South Africa and Australia shows a steady increase; the recent exhibition at Osaka, Japan, at which Canada was admirably represented, has opened up a very likely market in the Orient for our flour and lumber; while England's demand for Canadian products may always be counted on. From another source, however, has recently come an offer, which, for various reasons, it would be to Canada's advantage to give heed to. That offer was from the island of Jamaica, and was expressed so tangibly as by the delegation to Ottawa of the Colonial Secretary of the Island, who came seeking better trade relations and improved means of communication. Canada's trade with the West Indies has of late years taken second or third place, owing in part to the unsettled condition of the islands; but now that political order has been re-established, the trade might very profitably be extended. Jamaica is a fellow-British colony, and what should give an additional incentive to Canada is the fact that unless we develop business relations with the British West Indies the reciprocal benefits will be picked up by the United States, which already has a strong commercial hold upon Cuba and Porto Rico. Jamaica will take breadstuffs, meats, fish, lumber, and various manufactured goods from us, which she is now buying largely in the United States. The reason why she buys the American

goods is largely because the American dealers have catered to the trade, and also because there is a more adequate steamship service to the United States ports.

On the other hand, Canada uses a large amount of West India produce, mostly fruit. The greater portion of this, instead of coming direct, as it should, is imported via the United States. Last year Canada's bill for oranges, lemons and bananas was a million and a quarter dollars, two-thirds of which was for United States fruit, or West India fruit sent through the United States. It is said that Jamaica is fully equal to supplying the whole demand of Canada along these lines, and would in return take a corresponding amount of Canadian produce. Another side to the matter is the imperial advantage which would result from such a commercial interchange. Imperialism may not appeal to the average man of business, but when we can help a sister colony by buying from her the things she has to sell, instead of buying them from foreign sources, and when that sister colony is willing to buy our own products, instead of those of a foreign country, it is a matter of both imperial and commercial advantage. It is worth Canada's while to meet the advances which Jamaica has made. The first step must be in the way of better steamship connection.

Canadian Bank Mergers

AMALGAMATION is one of the undoubted tendencies of the times. There is no disputing, on general grounds, the old adage that "in union there is strength," and within the past few years there have been many remarkable proofs of it. Banking institutions have caught the spirit of union and are merging their interests, not from lack of individual business, but because they will be stronger together. There has been of late a great increase of banks in Canada, and they are still being organized. Some of those most recently started are meeting with the most conspicuous success, and the period of progress upon which Canada has entered gives favorable opportunity for the expansion of financial institutions. But with the formation of new

enterprises there has been also a unifying of some of the older ones. The Royal Bank was greatly strengthened by the purchase of a large block of stock by a syndicate of New York and Chicago capitalists, and it has since opened a number of new branches. The Bank of Commerce a short time ago amalgamated with it the Halifax Banking Company, which had branches in various parts of the Maritime Provinces; the Bank of Montreal also strengthened its hold in Nova Scotia by the purchase of a local enterprise in the western counties; and the most recently proposed merger is that of a number of Maritime banks under the name of the "Alliance Bank," a charter for which, with a capital of \$5,000,000 has been applied for.

It is to be noted that all these deals were concerned with institutions in the east, the reason for which is not that the individual banks were not doing good business, but that the financial conditions in the Maritime Provinces could best be met, and business interests best be served by the amalgamation with firms that already had business connections all over the continent. The same thing is true in the Upper Provinces. Business nowadays is far-reaching, and banks must cover the largest possible area, while at the same time the union of the local interests with those of the larger concerns gives an undoubted advantage in the sense that larger connection always does. There are now in Canada, among the many, some five or six banking institutions which are known all over America and in Europe for their sound enterprise, and their extensive proportions. The smaller banks serve their local purposes equally well, but these larger institutions give visibility to Canadian finances in the outside world, and their expansion and development is, therefore, a matter of national significance.

Protecting Our Forests

IN the midst of general prosperity all over Canada the destruction of millions of dollars of forest value by fires was an unpleasant set-back. The drouth which prevailed for some five or six weeks in the spring was an unprecedented one, and

although abundant rains came in time to save the crops it was not until raging bush fires had swept over immense tracts of valuable timber land. The losses were most severe in Quebec and the Maritime Provinces, Nova Scotia losing some three million dollars, and New Brunswick suffering by the destruction of even whole villages. In the neighboring State of Maine it is estimated that 900,000,000 feet of timber was destroyed, at a loss of \$10,800,000.

Disasters of such proportions are very infrequent in Canada, and are not to be compared with the losses by floods which were occurring at almost the same time in the Western States; but they are sufficiently serious and a sufficiently constant menace to make some measure of forest protection a pressing necessity. The timber resources of Canada are very great, but they are not inexhaustible, and it will never do for us to permit the annual deforestation by lumbermen and fires to continue without some effort to provide against the loss. There is no doubt that a large number of the bush fires were started through wanton carelessness, and the country is thus constantly at the mercy of unthinking rangers and careless settlers. The most practicable remedy for this is more stringent laws providing a heavy penalty for setting such fires, and to enforce these laws a fire-police service would be necessary. There are admitted difficulties in the way of such a remedy, and probably the danger of forest fires cannot be entirely avoided; but the losses could be much reduced.

The re-forestation of the timber tracts that have been burned is another matter of great importance. Other countries have given considerable attention to the re-stocking of the wastes made both by fire and by the yearly operations of the lumbermen. The United States has established college courses in forestry with a view to making it a recognized science; while at the same time practical measures have been taken in the planting of new forests in various States. In Germany an admirable system of forest laws and instruction in forestry is in force, the results of which have been very satisfactory. It is very apparent that if Canada would preserve her timber lands,

one of her most valuable national assets, she must at once follow in the examples of these two countries.

Western Progress and Prospects

A HARVEST that will astonish the world is the report which comes from Western Canada. A greatly increased area of land was sown last spring in the prairie country, and with the best of weather conditions a record crop is expected. The wheat yield this year is estimated at 85,000,000 bushels, which means a surplus for export that will greatly increase Canada's prestige as the granary of the world. Record crops for three years in succession will, moreover, attract increased immigration to the West, for fertility of land and immunity from climatic disasters are the two great essentials of a successful wheat-growing country. Canada's claims to these conditions are being proven by annual facts.

Mention was made a short time ago in these pages of an important experiment in immigration which was being made by a band of English colonists under the management of Rev. Mr. Barr. The enterprise has since failed to work out in the way originally planned, and the colony as a distinct settlement has been disbanded. This is not, however, in any way an industrial failure, but is merely the failure of executive plans that subsequent experience proved to be unsuited to the conditions. The English colonists who came with the intention of forming a separate settlement of their own, self-contained and independent, were altogether unacquainted with Canadian methods and necessities, and their communal system was more theoretic than practical. It was, however, to their credit that they very quickly found this out, and with a discreetness that other foreigners would not have had, decided, after seeing, to abandon their colony plans and to cast in their lot with their fellow-British neighbors, the Canadians. About one-third of the number have taken homesteads at Saskatoon, the original site of the colony, and the remainder have settled in groups of from ten to forty families among Canadian settlers in adjacent sections of the country. Many of the

younger men have apprenticed themselves to Canadian farmers, to learn at first hand the secrets of success in a new land. Thus while the initial plans of the Barr enterprise have collapsed, the turn which they have taken will undoubtedly result better for both the colonists and the country. This will probably be the last attempt at "personally conducted" colonization; there is a strong feeling that such movements should in future be under the management of the Government and its agents, since it is essentially a Government duty to ensure the success of Canadian immigrants.

The National Capital

THERE is a movement on foot to make the Capital City of Canada a capital more worthy of the nation. Ottawa is at present an overgrown town rather than the dignified capital which the seat of Canadian Government should be, and it has long been felt that our national pride should more strongly assert itself in the way of improving the city's appearance. As cities go, Ottawa compares favorably with others of its own size, but as a capital it falls short. The Government buildings are a fine collection of well-built edifices, admirably situated, but in the laying-out of the city no definite plan was followed and the result is a capital in name, but not in appearance.

An improvement committee has now taken the matter up and has framed a general plan for beautifying the city and giving it an outward dignity. What is proposed is to lay out a series of wide boulevards radiating from the Parliament Buildings, with a number of new parks and gardens, and public squares, beautified with trees and fountains. The plan has not been as yet detailed, but in general the improvements will be patterned after those recently made in Washington, the American capital, where a magnificent series of radiating boulevards has been stretched to the city's limits. An expenditure of a million dollars will be involved, covering probably fifteen years. The plan will be carried out gradually, but with always one object in view—the harmonized beautifying of the Capital. The proposal is one which public-spirited Canadians will heartily endorse.

Good Roads

STEAM and electric railways have not yet done away with the necessity of the public highways. Indeed they form so important a part of the transportation system that practically every ton of freight moved by the railways must first be carried over the country roads. The extension and improvement of the railways is of vital importance to the nation, the future prosperity of our greatest industries depending upon the solution of the transportation problem which is now so seriously confronting both business men and statesmen. A network of railway lines covers the older provinces and even the newer sections in the West are having their needs met as rapidly as possible; but a greater network is spread over the entire country, in a thousand directions, by the highways which connect settlements and towns, and which form the first stage in the movement of nearly all freights. The improvement of these public highways is therefore a matter of fundamental importance.

Country roads in Canada are not altogether what they ought to be. In many places they are very inferior, constructed wretchedly and at certain seasons almost impassable. Some more favored districts have roads which nature has made good, with very little labor necessary on the part of man to keep them in repair. Of late years considerable progress has been made in the way of educating public opinion toward a better maintenance of the highways. Ontario has a Commissioner of Highways, whose seventh annual report, recently issued, states that an increasing interest is being taken in the matter in all parts of the province. The most careless and unsystematic work was formerly put upon the roads, but it is now recognized that there is a science in road-building, and improved methods of grading and bed-construction have accomplished a great deal in a number of districts. A part of the policy of the Government in this connection is to educate the people by means of public meetings and demonstrations, many of which were held during the past year. As a result the municipalities are awakening to the importance of the

Good Roads movement, and with the abolition of statute labor the expenditure of funds upon highway construction is taking a more business-like form. Better roads, then, may be considered one of the evidences of present-day progressiveness.

What Schools Cost

EDUCATION is not a cheap thing, although it is perhaps the best investment that can be made. The immense amount of money that is expended in the work of modern educational systems may be estimated from figures such as the following: Europe spent last year a total of \$246,000,000, with an enrollment in the schools of 45,000,000. The United States spent \$226,000,000, with an enrollment of slightly more than one-third of that of Europe. The yearly expenditure per pupil in the United States averages about \$22. In Ontario, which may be taken as the best example in Canada, the annual expenditure is nearly \$5,000,000, and the average cost per pupil about \$10. The expenditure in many American cities surpasses this. New York spends \$20,000,000, Chicago \$8,000,000, Philadelphia and Boston over \$3,000,000 each.

While the educational system in Canada has been developed along fairly progressive lines and is in most respects a very creditable one, the cause of education has never received the support which it undoubtedly merits. Our largest cities are expending sums ridiculously below cities of the same size in other countries, while even the whole Province of Ontario expends only one-quarter of the city of New York. In the matter of our colleges and universities, the lack of sufficient public support is even more apparent. Toronto and Queen's Universities are working with a very inadequate endowment, as is nearly every other college in the Dominion; they are doing excellent work, but they need better support to do the work that modern up-to-date colleges should do. McGill is in better circumstances and her greatness to-day is a testimony to how wisely such benefactions can be made use of. The cause of education has as yet taken an insufficient hold upon the sympathies of

the Canadian public, and its claims are deserving of fuller recognition by our men of means.

Newfoundland's Prosperity

IT is pleasing to note that a better day has apparently dawned for Newfoundland. A few years ago reports of hard times, financial disasters, and even destitution were periodic, but the news that has been coming of late is of an altogether different color. An era of development has begun, and industrial progress is being made in many directions. The fish market, which has frequently been a source of serious loss, is now in good condition, and a new industry is opening up in the form of factories for utilization of whale products. Important mineral deposits have been discovered in the interior sections of the island.

But perhaps the most notable signs of progress are the recent big lumber deals which have infused new life into the industrial interests of the colony. A syndicate of Boston and Nova Scotian capitalists, with a capital of \$3,000,000, have acquired nearly two million acres of the finest timber land, on which they will at once begin lumbering operations on a gigantic scale. A number of mills are included in the deal, whose yearly output will be more than doubled. A still more notable enterprise is that of the largest pulp and paper industry in the world, to be established in Newfoundland next year by the Harmsworths, the great London publishers. An investment of ten millions of dollars will be made in the establishment of a plant capable of turning out a thousand tons of paper per week. The proposed venture will give employment to as much labor as the entire existing mining and lumbering industries in the island, and will be the means of attracting increased attention to Newfoundland as a place of industrial possibilities. The future of the colony is much more hopeful than it has been for many years.

Affairs in Europe

THE news that comes from Europe is of a mixed character, but perhaps the most prominent feature during the past two months has been political unrest. The

elections in Germany have been already referred to, the remarkable gains of the Socialists constituting one of the most ominous signs of the times. Emperor William considers the Socialists to be the greatest enemies of Germany's progress, and between the Government, as now infused with the Kaiser's militant spirit, and the newly victorious reformers there is certain to be a political warfare of serious proportions.

Affairs have taken a still more forcible turn in Servia, where the King and Queen were assassinated in June and a new monarch from a rival dynasty placed on the throne with a little loss of time. The Servians had, it is true, considerable reason to be dissatisfied with the personal conduct and official misrule of King Alexander, who was both incapable and unprincipled, and the action of the army in summarily removing him has met with general approval. What seems to the rest of the world a revolting crime is regarded in Servia as a deliverance from an unworthy ruler, and it is believed that the new king will govern the State, which is a very prosperous one, with ability and prudence.

Russia continues to play her game for more empire. So skilfully have her plans been laid, and so systematically has she been carrying them out, that while ostensibly deferring to the wishes of other powers she has been permanently putting her hold upon the Manchurian provinces until now they are practically lost to China and deeded to Russia. The Siberian railway and its branches have been pushed on, defences have been placed along the rivers, soldiers have been quietly sent into the country, and even the customs-houses along the Chinese border have been secured by Russian officials. All this has not been accomplished without some Chinese connivance, for while making excuses to Great Britain the Chinese Government has played into the hands of the Russian bear, who has now turned Manchuria into "Russian China."

There is no lack of confidence on the part of business men and manufacturers in England. Despite the frequent cries of foreign invasions the English manufacturing interests seem to be holding their own, although they have found it necessary in order

to do so to revise their methods and adopt a more modern policy. England has had a waking-up, and now that the after-effects of the war have about run their course better times may be looked for.

The First Year of Free Cuba

CONTRARY to general expectation the Republic of Cuba has proved itself well equal to the privileges of self-government. A year ago it was believed that the freedom which had been given her would not be permanent, but as a New York paper puts it, "cast adrift to paddle her own canoe, Cuba has paddled it with skill and determination." Much of the credit for this belongs to President Palma, who is evidently a man of level-headed patriotism and executive ability. When the United States withdrew from Cuba there was in the treasury the sum of \$500,000, which has been increased in the first year to \$2,700,000. The public order has been admirably maintained, educational work has been vigorously carried on, and sanitation, which in the West India Islands is a problem of vital concern, has been continued along the lines established by the Americans.

The Cuban Legislature also grappled successfully with several questions of im-

mediate importance. A reciprocity treaty, a loan bill, and a tariff bill have been passed, and although it is necessarily slow-working, the legislature of the new republic is possessed with no little amount of statesmanship. Industrially also Cuba's prospects are bright. Trade is good, the crops have been satisfactory, and the investment of outside capital in one or two cases has given encouragement to local business men. In short, the first year of Cuba's freedom as a republic in her own right has been a very successful experiment, and the results have been a pleasant surprise to the rest of the world. Now that the experiment has worked so well, additional credit must be given the United States for having given Cuba so good a start; the reforms which have been carried on during the past year were a continuation of the policy initiated by the Americans during their occupation. The chief perplexity which is now confronting Cuba is the \$35,000,000 loan bill with which the veterans of the late war are to be rewarded. So large a sum of money was necessary to prevent widespread dissatisfaction, and although it will tax the little republic's resources to meet the loan, its newborn energies will doubtless prove equal to this too.

BRITAIN'S COLONIES

IT may be that India is the "brightest jewel in the Imperial Crown." We read of the splendors of the Durbars and take it for granted; the sentiment being merely a phrase for most of us who are seldom privileged to see the crown or its jewels. But Britons, as a rule, can never think of India as a permanent home, however convenient it may be for making money.

This applies also to South Africa, which, in the common estimate of most of us, is a country barren of beauty, unromantic (except for the fierce romance as was there the few years just passed), and, somehow, wholly alien in its atmosphere; spoiled by vulgar, soulless, muck-raking for diamonds

and gold, and suspected, rightly or wrongly, of being in the hands of Jews.

Australia and New Zealand come closer to the heart of the average Briton, but we think of New Zealand as too remote, and of Australia as unhappy in an arid climate.

But Canada, with her invigorating atmosphere; occupied for a century by our own race, and with a destiny balanced between industrialism and the pastoral life; Canada stretching from ocean to ocean, and at one point from latitude 41 to the Arctic, and with dominating climatic influences, differing so greatly that the more salient features can best be summarized by taking each province separately:

This is the "Golden West" of our youth,

“the new and happy land” of our fathers’ songs! When we see its name we think of the rich, rolling prairies, huge forests, vast cordilleras, great lakes, mighty rivers, sounding cataracts, the redskin, snowshoe, moccasin, rifle, wigwam, and trail, stock-house, and portage! Are not these infinitely more precious words than “Gympies,” “Jumpers,” and “Rands?”

A large portion of Ontario is as far south as Southern France, Northern Spain and Italy, and Southern Ontario is farther south than Rome—Halifax is 478 miles farther south than London, Montreal 418, and

Toronto 550, and some parts even of the Northwest Territories, districts of Manitoba, Assiniboia, and Alberta, are farther south than any part of England.

In all Europe there are only 21 varieties of trees, in Great Britain only 19, and in Canada 160, in her forest stretching 3,000 miles by 600 wide, from Labrador to British Columbia, and her bodies of fresh water, the most extensive on earth.

India may be her brightest jewel (whatever that means) but Canada is undoubtedly her freshest, cleanest, best and most attractive colony.

WHEAT CROP OF THE WORLD

NAME OF COUNTRY.	BUSHEL. 1899.	BUSHEL. 1900.	BUSHEL. 1901.	BUSHEL. 1902.
United States	547,304,000	522,230,000	748,460,000	670,063,000
Canada	59,960,000	51,701,000	90,212,000	98,654,000
Mexico	9,287,000	12,429,000	9,000,000	12,403,000
Total North America....	616,551,000	586,360,000	847,672,000	781,120,000
South America	125,141,000	120,546,000	84,845,000	75,984,000
Great Britain	69,380,000	55,981,000	55,581,000	60,065,000
France	364,414,000	326,083,000	310,938,000	352,716,000
Spain	100,759,000	92,424,000	117,765,000	123,440,000
Italy	137,912,000	133,741,000	156,755,000	131,102,000
Germany	141,369,000	141,139,000	91,817,000	143,315,000
Austria-Hungary	202,508,000	194,935,000	180,665,000	234,554,000
Roumania	26,064,000	56,663,000	72,386,000	76,220,000
Bulgaria	21,630,000	27,000,000	24,000,000	48,000,000
Russia in Europe	393,876,000	396,013,000	401,782,000	567,014,000
Total in Europe	1,520,971,000	1,495,145,000	1,484,213,000	1,798,963,000
Russia in Asia.....	93,411,000	62,131,000	61,149,000	81,693,000
Turkey in Asia	35,200,000	30,000,000	30,000,000	35,000,000
British India	236,679,000	181,803,000	252,587,000	224,335,000
Japan	20,771,000	21,688,000	20,000,000	20,000,000
Total Asia	404,061,000	314,022,000	380,936,000	376,428,000
Algeria	22,282,000	23,000,000	23,000,000	27,000,000
Egypt	13,000,000	13,000,000	12,000,000	12,000,000
Total Africa.....	42,373,000	43,600,000	43,400,000	32,000,000
Australasia	56,202,000	50,111,000	56,610,000	43,927,000
Total	2,765,299,000	2,609,784,000	2,897,676,000	3,124,422,000

ENGLAND WILL BE COMPELLED TO EMBRACE PROTECTION

FACTS, SAID TO BE INDISPUTABLE, ARE CITED BY A WRITER IN THE CHICAGO RECORD-HERALD, TO SHOW THAT JOHN BULL IN A FEW YEARS WILL EMBRACE PROTECTION

THAT Great Britain is hankering after protection in the mildest form is denied or doubted by good men here and by worthy politicians over there. The time has not quite come for any tactical political leader to speak out. Mr. Chamberlain's "feeler" has served its shrewd purpose. It is the warning rumble of the coming storm.

About twenty years ago a fair trade movement was set afoot by substantial men of business, who tried to convince the people that the shower of blessings that had fallen from the free trade heaven was about to cease. But John Bull was then too plump and jolly to listen to croakers. The movement died and was buried. Every now and then muffled groans have been heard in the gloom of hard times, rising to something like a shriek when heard through the Chamberlain megaphone.

The American people take more interest in English affairs now than ever, and this latest manifestation of old Tory audacity (for Chamberlain long ago got through the Unionist tunnel) has rather startled us. Our first impulse was to laugh at such rash talk; then we wondered if it meant anything, and now we incline to decide that whether it is a mere electioneering dodge or something else it has no serious interest for us, commercial or social.

SOME FACTS CITED.

Well, has it or has it not? Ignoring all dogmas and dreams, suppose we consult some undisputed facts and see by their light whether the English people as a whole have any grounds for giving the cold shoulder to their old love, free trade, and coquetting with her rich American rival, protection. And facts should not be looked at in the face

only, but from behind, above, below, inside as well as outside, so it is hoped that the few that are now adduced, almost at random, will be keenly examined by interested readers and demolished if they are wrong or misused. The grounds for discontent under the changed conditions of latter-day free trade must be sought farther back than commercial yesterdays. The English move slowly, and then only under pressure of slowly accumulating provocations.

Take agriculture, a mere glance. In 1893 wheat reached its lowest price in 150 years. As imports of foreign food increased—they almost doubled between 1867 and 1883—there was a proportionate decrease in arable land, millions of acres going out of cultivation. Ten or twelve years ago, and probably it is so to-day, a farmer living a hundred miles from London had to use an acre of land two years and a quarter to raise a newborn calf to the stage of marketable beef, and it fetched in the London market so much per pound. Nebraska farmers could, and did, put their beasts into the London market at a cent or more under the bare living profit of the Britisher, who paid English taxes, which the American escaped.

IRON AND STEEL TRADE.

Take trade. The iron and steel wire trade includes things besides wire. Between 1877 and 1884 the Germans had taken away from England one-half of her trade with her own colonies. Germany was beating the English in their home market, too, until English workmen consented to a substantial reduction of wages to save their industry. The Germans paid no toll to sell in English markets, but the heavily home-taxed Englishman had to pay stiffly to get into German markets. The then president of the Lancashire Cotton Spinners' Associa-

tion, representing a capital of \$187,000,000, stated before Parliament in 1884 that the trade was going down before European competition. India was selling her raw cotton to countries that now do their own manufacturing; the increase of exports between 1875 and 1881 to France was 21 per cent., to Italy 130 per cent., to Spain 170 per cent., and to Germany 517 per cent. The exports to the United Kingdom had decreased 50 per cent. in the same period. Since that time English capitalists have been building spinning and weaving mills in India, China and Japan, where they pay an average wage of \$1 a week and save sea freight charges.

When silk-making flourished in London 60,000 persons earned their living at it and 40,000 in Coventry. Free importation of French silks reduced this total in less than fifteen years to about 14,000. Between 1860 and 1883 English imports of raw silk dropped from 9,000,000 pounds weight to 3,000,000, but the imports of manufactured silks rose from \$16,000,000 value to \$52,000,000. A lady bought a French silk dress piece in London for \$5 a yard. In a month it was no good. A friend in the trade found the warp was weighted with clay to twenty ounces per pound, and the weft to thirty-two ounces. The actual silk cost \$1.33 per yard, so \$3.67 was plunder.

THE MACHINERY TRADE.

Foreign countries used to buy their machinery and locomotives from England. Then they tempted English experts to go over and show their people how to make those machines and engines. England sold them the iron and steel and coal to make the steam, and, having lost a big proportion of this trade, it has magnanimously continued to give those competitors a free market for the goods it used to sell them. German cutlery, for example, has long undersold English cutlery in the English market. The farmers of forty years ago grew 17,000,000 quarters of wheat to feed their then prosperous countrymen. In 1892 it had sunk to

about 7,000,000, and having less pocket-money to spend they buy the cheaper foreign stuff and growl at the policy that compels what to them seems an unpatriotic way of trading.

When the prosaic intellect of the typical middle-class Briton ponders over the glowing speeches of his brilliant political guides, as they assure him that the grand object of ideal government is to study the pocket of "the consumer," he looks at and into the matter after this fashion. "I am told," says he, "that this free trade law has brought all sorts of foreign-made goods within my reach, and a mighty sight cheaper than I used to get them. So far, so good, for me as consumer. But I am a seller, too, and I find that in recent years my foreign customers are buying less and less from me, while I am forced to buy more and more from them."

IT STAGGERS HIM.

He shuts himself in his counting-room for a season of examination and meditation. "Well, this is a bit of a staggerer, even to me, who am used to all sorts of business shocks. I have just been saving on Peter and losing on Paul. My dry goods, hardware, wine and food bills have certainly been a good deal lower than they used to be, but I see that the closing and removing to other countries of so many English industries must have thrown whole communities out of work, because my tax bills for pauperism, crime, drunkenness and lunacy have swelled out of fair proportion. Where, then, have I gained?"

This reflects the as yet unformulated sentiment of the mass of Englishmen. Political conviction and prejudice militate against its immediate frank expression. The first election appeal will uphold free trade; the second, following soon after, will emphatically condemn and revolutionize it. Many unfamiliar facts, national statistics and forgotten utterances of England's foremost statesmen can be quoted in support of this view, but not in this condensed communication.

THE ENSLAVING OF NIAGARA

By J. MACDONALD OXLEY, B.A., LL.B.

IN that marvellous picture-gallery which we call the Old Testament there is no more pathetic scene than the one in the life of Samson, the deliverer of Israel from the Philistines, when, after he has been betrayed by the guile of a woman into the power of his enemies, he is by them set to use his gigantic strength in the menial service of grinding in the prison-house.

Somewhat similar emotions to those stirred by a recalling of this history are what cannot fail to be awakened when one that knew Niagara Falls in the past now returns to feast his eyes once more upon the sublimity and beauty of the scene, for, on the Canadian side, at least, he will find his sensibilities sorely shocked by the transformation which has taken place.

Once the possibilities of electrical power became understood, and the fact that the cheapest and most convenient way to produce it was by the utilizing of falling water the pressing of Niagara's tremendous torrent into the employ of man was only a question of time, for no doubt ever since Father Ragenau, in 1648, wrote to his Father Superior concerning the "cataract of fearful height," which had inspired him with awe, the thought has been in minds innumerable "what a multitude of mills that vast flood would turn!"

Before the secret of the transmission of power to considerable distances was grasped, however, only a limited use could be made of the colossal energy that was going to waste. Mill-wheels could not be set beside or under the falls, and consequently the only way was to cut a canal through the solid rock, and so lead the water from a point above the falls to one near the edge of the gorge where machinery was set to harness it and make it grind as did Samson of old. In this way by the year 1885 about 10,000 horse-power had been developed.

But this, of course, was a mere fraction of the hundreds of thousands of horse-power which it had been computed could be ob-

tained without appreciable diminution of the natural beauty of the Falls, and, beginning in 1886 there was an active campaign carried on by those having faith in the enterprise until in 1889 it took definite shape in the Cataract Construction Company, an American corporation, whereof Mr. William B. Rankine, of New York, was the leading spirit, and had associated with him such men of money and brains as Francis Lynde Stetson, J. Pierpont Morgan, D. O. Mills, Morris K. Jessup, W. K. Vanderbilt and John Jacob Astor.

The plan adopted and carried out by this company was substantially that laid down by Mr. Thomas Evershed, an eminent engineer, who had spent half a century in the service of New York State, for the most part upon the Erie Canal, and whose interest in the hydraulic possibilities of Niagara Falls had always been very keen.

Generally speaking it comprised a surface canal 250 feet in width at its mouth, cut in the margin of the Niagara River, a mile and a quarter above the Falls, and extending inwardly 1,700 feet, with an average depth of about twelve feet, supplying water sufficient for the development of about 100,000 horse-power. The solid masonry walls of this canal are pierced at intervals by ten inlets, guarded by gates which permit the delivery of water to the wheel-pit in the power-house at the side of the canal. This wheel-pit is 178 feet in depth, and is connected by a lateral tunnel with the main tunnel, serving the purpose of a tail-race, 7,000 feet in length, with an average hydraulic slope of six feet in 1,000, the tunnel having a maximum height of twenty-one feet, and width of eighteen feet ten inches. Its slope is such that a chip thrown into the water at the wheel-pit will pass out of the portal in three and one-half minutes, showing the water to have a velocity of twenty-six and one-half feet per second, and a little less than twenty miles an hour.

Over 1,000 men were engaged continu-

ously for more than three years in the construction of this tunnel, which called for the removal of more than 300,000 tons of rock, and for the use of more than 16,000,000 bricks for lining. The construction of the canal, and especially of the wheel-pit, 178 feet in depth, with its surmounting power-house were works of corresponding difficulty and importance.

The means whereby the power is developed are comparatively simple, yet to be fully appreciated one must pay a personal visit to the huge power-house, and descend into the great wheel-pit where the turbines are whirling away ceaselessly. In brief, the method is this: The water is conducted from the surface canal into huge tubes, or "pen-stocks," as they are called, standing upright in the wheel-pits, down these pen-stocks it tumbles 140 feet, and falls with tremendous force upon the turbine wheels at the bottom, which whirl around at dizzying speed. This furious motion is transmitted by means of a rigid shaft back again to the surface where the generators stand in long rows, and in these generators is born the power which may then be sent out to turn machinery anywhere within a radius of 100 miles.

Each generator is good for 5,000 horse-power, and so with the ten of them going at full speed a total of 50,000 horse-power is produced while, of course, the limit of further production by means of additional machines is fixed only by the capacity of the canal to bring water to the turbines.

The production of the power being thus ensured the next question naturally is the delivery of it to the customers whose patronage must pay for the undertaking. In 1890 there were four different methods of power transmission in use in Europe and the United States, namely, by manilla or wire-rope, by hydraulic pipes, by compressed air, and by electricity. After a very careful consideration of all these systems the last-named was adopted, and has proven entirely satisfactory.

How far electric power may be transmitted at a commercial profit is a problem still open to discussion and experiment. Some high authorities are of opinion that it can be delivered at Albany (330 miles from

Niagara Falls) at a rate per horse-power cheaper than it can be produced there by triple-expansion steam-engines, and if the daring promise of Nikola Tesla be fulfilled it will be possible to place 100,000 horse-power on a wire, and send it 450 miles in one direction to New York, the metropolis of the east, and 500 miles in the other direction to Chicago, the metropolis of the west, and thus supply the wants of these mighty cities.

The problem having been so successfully solved upon the American side of the Falls it was of course only a question of a short time when corresponding enterprises would be inaugurated upon the Canadian side. Indeed there is good ground for the prediction that ultimately the development upon the Canadian side will exceed that upon the other for there is not only a vaster volume of water tending to the Ontario bank above the Falls, but nature has imposed upon the Canadian fewer engineering obstacles to overcome in developing this great unused power, and has provided a richer and more fruitful soil upon which to build attractive homes for a large urban population living under twentieth century conditions.

Although incorporated in 1892 under an Ontario charter the Canadian Niagara Power Company did not actually begin active operations until September, 1901, the questions of location, and of the plan to be followed having required long and careful consideration. The company has as its president Mr. W. H. Beatty, K.C., of Toronto; Vice-President, Mr. William B. Rankine, of Niagara Falls, N.Y.; Secretary and Solicitor, Mr. A. Monro Grier, K.C., and as directors Hon. L. Melvin Jones, of Toronto; Judge Nesbitt, of Ottawa, and Mr. Francis Lynde Stetson, of New York. The nominal capital is \$3,000,000, but the total investment will more than double that amount.

In view of the magnitude of the work, and of the undoubted skill and speed with which it is being carried out there is good reason for national pride in the fact that not only the urbane secretary, Mr. Grier, but the entire engineering staff engaged in the construction may be claimed as Canadian. Mr. Cecil B. Smith, the resident engineer, being a graduate of McGill University, as are also

three members of his staff, Messrs. Macarthy, MacPhail and Blanchard, while Mr. Rust hails from the Toronto School of Science; Mr. Scott from Queen's University, and Mr. Sherwood from the Royal Military College.

Co-operating with these gentlemen in a consulting capacity are the following American experts: Mr. H. W. Buck, electrical engineer; Dr. Coleman Sellers and Mr. Clemens Herschel, hydraulic engineers, and W. A. Brackenridge, resident engineer of the Niagara Falls Power Company, so that there is no lack of authoritative knowledge and experience.

In a general way the same scheme has been followed on the Canadian side as on the American. That is to say there is a feeder canal conducting the water to the wheel-pit, a power-house placed about the wheel-pit, and a tunnel taking the water away from the wheel-pit and returning it to the river at a point below the Falls.

But there is a great difference in the length of this canal and tunnel, and consequently a decided advantage to the Canadian establishment. The canal, for instance, is only 300 feet long, as against 1,700 feet, and the tunnel is 2,200 in length, as compared with 7,000 feet. The depth of the wheel-pit, however, is somewhat greater, and when completed to its full size, it will be decidedly larger.

The work was begun by the sinking of a shaft midway between the contemplated wheel-pit, and the portal of the tunnel, and when this shaft was sunk the men were able to tunnel both ways, and from the portal as well, which meant rapid progress.

As illustrating the wonderful accuracy of modern engineering it is interesting to note that although the tunnel between the portal and the shaft described a curve of 700 feet in length when the two parties working from the ends of the curve came together in the middle, it was found that the alignment met to a sixteenth of an inch.

The grade of the tunnel is seven feet in 1,000, and it is cut at a depth of about 165 feet below the level of the roadway in this part of Queen Victoria Park, and the discharge water from the portal enters the river

about 400 feet down-stream from the foot of the Falls.

The feeder canal, which is 300 feet in length by about 280 feet in width, and has a depth of thirteen feet at low water will when completed constitute a decidedly handsome addition to the beauty of the landscape instead of an unsightly blot upon it, as many feared. All the visible work will be faced with cut stone, and just inside the entrance a very graceful and solid stone arch-bridge will be thrown across it to carry the park highway as well as the electric car tracks.

In regard to the volume of water that will enter the canal it may be noted that the level of the Niagara Falls is varied, not by tides of course, but at long intervals by dry or wet seasons affecting the general level of the Upper Lakes, and at short intervals by winds prevailing on Lake Erie. Thus a continued west wind over this lake will raise the level of the Niagara River several feet at times, while a strong east wind will lower it correspondingly below the level. On two memorable occasions within the history of Canadian settlement on these banks the entire falls on both sides have been dry for several hours from this cause, so that a daring person might have walked across the edge of the precipice.

A great and still unsolved difficulty with which the power company on the American side have to contend is the formation of ice in the winter-time, and especially what is called "frazile ice," which chokes up everything it reaches. This same problem the Canadian Niagara Power Company has, of course to face, and in addition to the ordinary ice-rack at the inlets there will be an outer ice-rack designed to shear off big ice. This special rack will be composed of round steel rods two inches in diameter spaced one foot apart, and inclined from the bottom upwardly in the direction of the current so as to give a lift to the blocks of ice as they impinge on the rack.

Although this extra precaution is taken, however, it is not expected that there will be as much difficulty with ice here as on the United States side, as nature has favored the Canadian shore with a swifter current,

and deeper water, and less ice is thrown against the bank.

In order to work upon the feeder canal it was necessary to shut off the turbulent torrent, from the site, and leave it bare and dry. This called for the construction of a huge coffer-dam which was one of the most interesting pieces of work on the whole plant. Big frames each about twelve feet square, and full depth, were built of squared timber, floated out to position, and anchored in place with stones until they could be filled up with the same material.

Upon each frame being placed careful soundings of the river were taken, and the bottom of the next frame built to correspond. After some distance out from the shore had been made the cribs were constructed upon the top of the completed portion upside down, and then pitched into the river reversing as they fell so that they dropped right into place.

When it is borne in mind that the work went on day after day during the spring of last year in very cold and stormy weather, while the logs were wet and slippery with frozen spray, and that the scene of operations was a point on the river-bank about one-half mile above the Falls where the whole force of the current sweeps against the shore before the water takes its awful plunge, some of the danger of construction can be appreciated, and it is a matter for no small congratulation that the work was successfully completed without the loss of a single life.

An interesting circumstance in connection with the difficult piece of work was that at first the men employed upon it came from the neighboring localities, and it was observed that their wholesome fear of the great cataract so near them operated upon their nerves to such an extent as to materially hamper their work. The expedient was then hit upon of bringing up from Quebec a force of *habitant* lumbermen for whom rushing boiling waters had no terrors. They came, they saw, they conquered the situation. What was Niagara to them, but an extra "beeg rapide." In the very face of its surge and spray they sang and joked, and laughed as they toiled, regardless of danger, of wet,

and of cold, and their rate of progress was almost double that of their western brothers.

The great wheel-pit at present offers a most attractive spectacle. When complete it will be over 500 feet in length by 165 feet in depth, and eighteen feet in width, every foot of it cut out of the solid rock. This work is done for the most part by means of channelling machines which are slower than blasting, but much more exact and satisfactory. These machines drill holes in the rock into which dynamite cartridges are inserted, and exploded by an electric battery. The whole of the excavating plant is run by compressed air supplied by large steam-driven compressors, built by the Canadian Rand Drill Company.

Standing in the edge of the wheel-pit one looks down into a dark dripping chasm that inevitably suggests a department of the Inferno. Water gushes from the rock face on every side, and pours in ceaseless cascades upon the oil skin clad men who toil away so far below that they look more like gigantic water-beetles than human beings. A net-work of cables, ropes, and hose crosses and re-crosses the abyss, and only the trained eye of the engineer could by any possibility detect any well-defined purpose in the apparently aimless operations that are being carried on.

When all is in readiness for them the great turbines now being made by the eminent firm of Escher, Wyss & Co. of Zurich, Switzerland, will be set upon their foundations, and from them the big pen-stocks, and mighty shafting built up to the surface. Each pen-stock will be over ten feet in diameter, and the mouth-piece by which it receives the water no less than eighteen feet in diameter, and tapering down to eleven feet, a complete mouth-piece being thirty feet long, and weighing thirty tons.

When all is done the only parts of the immense and costly plant showing above the surface will be the power-house, which will be a handsome structure of cut stone six hundred feet in length by sixty width, and having two rows of large windows, although it will be all one vast chamber inside. Here will be installed the generators which being driven at tremendous speed by the

turbines far below will each develop 10,000 horse-power.

The first installation will consist of five turbines with corresponding generators of equal capacity, thus producing 50,000 horse-power, but the plans provide for the extension of the plant to double that product when the demand justifies. The electric power for long transmission will be carried to a transformer house on the hill about half a mile away towards Chippewa, where the company has bought a block of land upon which an industrial town will be created. This transformer house will be equipped with twelve transformers built by the Canadian General Electric Company, and from there the current will be transmitted at about 60,000 volts to Toronto, Hamilton, St. Catharines and other Canadian cities.

The expectation is that these works will be able to supply power by the summer of 1904.

While the Canadian Niagara Power Company is the first in the field it is by no means alone on the Ontario bank for two other companies, viz., the Ontario Power Company and the Toronto and Niagara Power Company are hard at work getting into shape for business. Of these the first-named is a purely American concern, and the second a purely Canadian one, Mr. William Mackenzie, of Mackenzie & Mann, Colonel Pellatt, and Mr. Frederic Nicholls being the leading spirits.

The Ontario Power Company first proposed to build an open canal from the Welland River, above Chippewa, to a point near Queen Victoria Park, and thence conduct the water in pipes laid underground to their power-house, which is situated at the foot of the cliff, not far below Table Rock, the used water then falling into the river directly without any tail-race tunnel being required.

This plan has, however, been abandoned in favor of an intake up at the Dufferin Islands, whence the water will be led in pipes around the park under the brow of the hill to the power-house, whose site remains unchanged.

The company intends to develop, at least, 100,000 horse-power, but its works can hardly be complete for a couple of years yet.

Finally there is the Toronto and Niagara Power Company, whose intake and power-house will be upon the same spot at a location about half-way between the intakes of the other two companies, while the tunnel to carry off the used water will be cut through the rock under the bed of the river until it comes out at a point somewhere beneath the Horse-Shoe Falls themselves.

Each of these companies proposes to develop 100,000 horse-power so that when all three are in operation, they, together with the company on the American side, will be drawings from the Niagara River an aggregate of nearly half a million horse-power. As the total power of the Falls, however, has been estimated at 4,000,000 horse-power, the subtraction of one-eighth of it for industrial purposes will evidently not appreciably diminish the sublimity of nature's spectacle.

Even if it did the proceeding would be justifiable, as Professor Crocker so forcibly points out in an appreciative article upon Lord Kelvin:

"I may quote Lord Kelvin's stated belief that the entire power of Niagara should be appropriated for the useful purposes of mankind, even at the sacrifice of the most beautiful and impressive sight on the face of the globe. He mentally pictures the rocks over which the waters now flow as covered with green grass. To him this is a more beautiful idea than the present grandeur of Niagara. The saving and distribution of four million horse power for the benefit of humanity is more to be desired than the mere scenic phenomenon which delights the eye and impresses the mind. His genius in this case undoubtedly enables him to see farther and more clearly than the ordinary person, and it is probable that the idea which now appears so radical will gradually become more and more general, and that the world will become reconciled to it—unæsthetic and utilitarian as it may appear at the present time."

The pilgrim of to-day to this world-famous shrine of beauty and sublimity who proceeds through Queen Victoria Park, beyond Table Rock, can hardly fail to be surprised and shocked at the scene of disorder

and debris which confronts him. Instead of smooth-shaven lawns, and well-kept paths there are endless heaps of broken stone, and deep-rutted muddy roads, with gaunt hideous derricks and great grey sheds standing here and there, while grimy men toil like ants amidst the litter and apparent confusion.

The feeder canal, and wheel-pit of the Canadian Niagara Power Company, and the vast trench being excavated by the Ontario Power Company wherein to bury their supply pipes, are still in process of construction, while on the water-side the coffer-dams of all three Canadian com-

panies project their ugly bulk out into the river, and offend the eye.

But by the end of a couple of years at the farthest these blots upon the landscape will have disappeared. The feeder-canal will become an attractive lagoon, the wheel-pit will be crowned with a stately power-house, the great trench will be hidden underneath a blanket of green turf, the coffer-dams will be removed, and the river-bank restored as far as possible to its former condition.

Thus will the problem of combining utility with beauty be happily solved, and in the meantime it behooves all lovers of the beautiful to possess their souls in patience.



GRAND RAPIDS OF THE NIAGARA

HAMILTON—THE BIRMINGHAM OF CANADA

BY MAX JESOLEY

“A POPULAR writer described Hamilton in 1858 as ‘the ambitious and stirring little city,’ and the name stuck; only ‘little’ she is no longer, being the third city in the Dominion, having a population of over 50,000, and her enviers have missed out the ‘stirring.’ So if you seek for news of Hamilton in the general newspaper you must look for it under the heading, ‘The Ambitious City.’”

Thus writes Lady Aberdeen, with her wonted charm and vigor, in “Through Canada with a Kodak,” and a more fitting introduction to our brief account of the city could hardly be desired.

From the point of view either of beauty or utility the situation of Hamilton is an exceedingly happy one. Placed at the western extremity of noble Lake Ontario, on the south shore of a superb bay bearing its own name, it spreads over the alluvial plain lying between the bay and the escarpment forming the outer rim of the lake basin. This escarpment, to which the citizens have given the somewhat unmerited title of ‘mountain,’ is the extension of the height over which the Niagara River plunges at the Falls, and from its crest a magnificent view may be had. The city lies immediately below, the squares in the centre as distinct as those of a chess-board; while in other parts the luxuriant maples, with which the streets are lined, almost submerge the houses beneath their billows of verdure. The broad blue waters of the Lake stretch away to the eastern horizon. To the northward the view is closed by a continuation of the height upon which you stand. In all directions, the smiling plain is covered with fruitful farms, and dotted with thriving villages. On a clear day the spires of Toronto may be dimly discerned, although forty miles away, and sometimes too the smoke of the Falls as it ascends unceasingly from the glorious gorge of Niagara.

“A century ago Hamilton had hardly begun to exist”—we are again quoting from Lady Aberdeen. “But the few who were then plowing up the land upon which the city now stands were of the stamp which makes nations to rejoice over their children. You will remember that after the war which resulted in the independence of the United States a number of the American people, who had remained true to the British flag throughout the war, resolved to give up their lands and their homes, and migrate to Canada, rather than dwell in a land which had revolted from the Crown to which they were so loyal. Canada right joyfully held out her arms to these noble-hearted refugees. Ontario was then unpeopled, and so 200 acres of land in this rich province were granted free to everyone of these United Empire Loyalists, as they were called.”

One of the earliest of these Loyalists was Robert Land, who pitched upon the head of the Lake, not so much on account of the fertility of the soil, as of the lovely scenery, and the abundant game which the neighborhood afforded, thereby showing that he had the instincts of a gentleman as well as of a faithful subject. The legend is that his first acre was ploughed with a hoe, sown with a bushel of wheat, and harrowed with a leafy bough.

Other settlers soon followed, and in 1813 came George Hamilton, who, taking a longer look into the future than his neighbors, presently laid out his fine farm in village lots, and so not only founded a fortune, but immortalized himself, for the town that grew up thought it could not do better than take his name.

Lying as it did so near the frontier, Hamilton had many anxious times during the war of 1812, and in 1832 it narrowly escaped destruction from a double visitation of fire and plague. But these trials only served to prove the fine mettle of her people,

and, perhaps, had something to do in bringing it about that now her streets are so broad and well-built, her drainage system so complete, and the provisions against fire so thorough.

Hamilton is peculiarly fortunate in her relation to two of the most important sources of prosperity and progress, viz., the farm and the factory. She is the chief city of the garden of Canada, of a vast fruit region that for the abundance and flavor of its products can stand comparison with any similar district upon the globe. Her open-air markets held weekly in the shadow of the City Hall, constitute a spectacle that lingers long in the memory, presenting, as they do, such a wealth of things that appeal most temptingly to the senses of sight, smell, and taste.

This may be called the poetical phase of her vigorous life, and then in the already numerous and fast-multiplying factories we have the practical side. It may, without undue assumption, be claimed for Hamilton that no other Canadian city has won for itself such industrial celebrity. She has often been called the Birmingham of the Dominion, and, although a comparison with the world's great work-shop in the English midlands may seem somewhat presumptuous, it is not by any means altogether unwarranted.

A place that within the memory of men still living, has been transformed from forest wilds can necessarily be compared in only a few points with the British manufacturing metropolis, but in one point at least the parallel holds good, for Hamilton resembles the much older, and vastly larger, hive of industry in her thrifty application of capital and skill to widely diversified industrial operations. This has been her distinguishing characteristic for at least a generation. Within that period manufacturing establishments on a scale and with equipments in keeping with the latest demands for cheap and efficient production, have multiplied within her limits. A simple list of them would require far more space than can be spared. They have steadily added to her population, and increased her wealth, and it would seem as if scarcely an

important branch of industry were left altogether unrepresented.

Thus in iron, steel, and other metal products there are the Hamilton Bridge and Tool Company, the Canada Screw Company, the B. Greening Wire Company, the Hamilton Forge Works, the Gurney Manufacturing Co., the Laidlaw Manufacturing Co., Burrow, Stewart, & Milne, the D. Moore Co., and the Ontario Rolling Mills, and Nail and Forging Works.

The Sawyer-Massey Co., after enjoying for many years a local monopoly of the manufacture of agricultural implements, will henceforth have a serious rival in the Deering Division of the International Harvester Company, which is now being built upon a scale that is intended to make it ultimately the largest implement works under the British flag. The Hamilton plant will comprise one hundred and twenty-five acres of ground, affording perfect facilities for shipping by land or water, and its entire product will be prepared from raw material, as the equipment comprises ore mines, blast furnaces, rolling mills, and 100,000 acres of timbered land, with two saw-mills in full operation.

Another establishment upon a vast scale shortly to be added to Hamilton's industries is a branch of the great Westinghouse Electric Company of the United States, which will employ a large number of men, and entail a big expenditure for material.

At the present moment the city may justly claim to be the "Hub" of electrical power in Canada, having long obtained the power required to operate her street and radial railways, to light her streets and houses, and to drive the machinery of her manufactories from the water-power at Decew's Falls, where the Beaver River flows over the Niagara escarpment, and when the vast power houses, now being built at Niagara Falls are ready with their output, Hamilton will, of course, be the first of the large cities to enjoy its advantages.

In the way of financial institutions Hamilton has reason to boast of being the birth-place of the Canada Life Assurance Company, the greatest of all Canadian assurance companies, and of the Bank of

Hamilton, one of the strongest and soundest banks in the Dominion. The Federal Life Company, a substantial and growing institution, also has its home in the city, while the Hamilton Provident and Loan Company is one of the most important of its kind in the country.

The wholesale grocery trade of Hamilton is one of the marked features of its business, and the big houses, such as Lucas, Steele and Bristol, the James Turner Company, Macpherson, Glassco & Co., and Balfour & Co., carry on a trade that extends throughout Ontario, Manitoba, and the North-West Territories, clear to British Columbia.

In the manufacturing of clothing the W. E. Sanford Company perhaps hold the premier place in the Dominion, and the largest boot and shoe factory in Ontario is that of John McPherson & Company.

The pork packing industry is also an extensive one, the establishments of F. W. Fearman and Thos. Lawry & Son producing a quality of goods that have extended their trade not only throughout the Dominion, but across the ocean. Another great establishment is that of the Tuckett Tobacco Company, which does an enormous business. In the wholesale dry-goods trade Hamilton held the lead previous to the railroad era, but since then has had to yield it to Toronto. The well-known house of Knox, Morgan & Co., however, still holds its own, and, in the manufacturing line, the Hamilton Cotton Company is a substantial enterprise.

And so the list might be extended to cover many pages, if it were possible to spare them, but we must pass on to note other features of the city.

Hamilton is notable as a railway centre, having direct connection with the following systems: the Grand Trunk, the Canadian Pacific, the Toronto, Hamilton and Buffalo, the Michigan Central, the New York Central, and the Lehigh Valley.

She is also the centre of a widespread system of radial railways, such as the Hamilton and Dundas, the Hamilton and Grimsby, the Hamilton and Burlington, and has within her own limits some twenty miles

of street railway that are being successfully operated.

In the matter of parks and pleasure grounds she is well provided. Dundurn Park, formerly the residence of Sir Allan MacNab, is a beautiful and spacious property; the Mountain, whose broad summit is so easily reached by the Incline Railway, offers abundant play-ground for all; the Beaches are within a short and pleasant ride by electric car; and all about the city there are sunny and shady places, such as Victoria Woodlands, North End, and other parks, where the children may play and the adults rest themselves, so that as a summer home or resort, Hamilton has no small list of attractions.

Passing from the material and practical to the higher interests of humanity, we find Hamilton amply equipped for the best development of the intellectual, moral, and religious life of the community. The church spires lift themselves above the embowering maples in every section of the city; there are public and private schools without stint; commercial colleges flourish; the Collegiate Institute, and Ontario Normal School, under the renowned Dr. McLellan, jointly occupy a noble edifice, the Public Library is one of the best in the country, and as a natural consequence, the whole tone of society is elevated and self-respecting.

The growth of a city is always a matter of interest, and the following figures showing the growth of Hamilton, for which we are indebted to Mr. John T. Hall, Assessment Commissioner, have their significance and appropriateness. In the year 1874 the value of the total assessable property was \$13,850,000, and the taxation thereon \$263,150. The population at that time being 32,000. By 1884 the population had increased to 40,000; the total assessable value to \$18,318,000, and the taxes to \$348,148. A decade later these figures were raised to 48,231; \$24,691,000, and \$491,000 respectively; and in 1903 they reached 54,035, \$26,910,000, and \$539,266, thus showing almost a full doubling in the whole period covered.

A unique feature of the municipal equip-

ment is the sewage system which presents an example that might well be followed by Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg, and other Canadian cities. Instead of the waters of the beautiful bay being polluted by the outpourings of the sewers, the whole sixty miles of pipes, large and small, lead into sewage disposal works, situated on the bay shore, where their contents go through a chemical process, whereby all the solid matter is removed and retained, while the liquid residue is let escape into the bay, having been made as clear as filtered water.

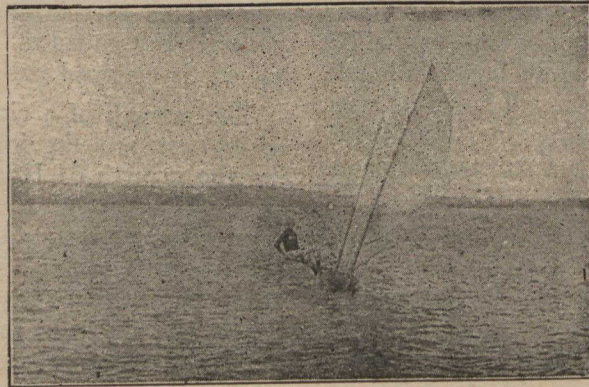
The Hamilton Fire Department is in a high state of efficiency, and some of its achievements have gained for it a continental reputation. There are seven stations scattered throughout the city in connection with a complete system of electric alarms.

The government of the city is under the control of the Mayor and twenty-one aldermen, elected at large, and all heads of de-

partments have permanent appointments, and are held directly responsible for the work under their control. The present Mayor is Mr. Wellington Jeffers Morden, who has earned the honor by twelve years of faithful and efficient service as alderman, and who has devoted himself to the public welfare of the city.

Hamilton is represented in the House of Commons by two Conservatives, Messrs. Samuel Barker and Frank C. Bruce, both men of note and standing, who pay close attention to her interests.

In conclusion, we may note that in the course of the present month the city purposes holding a Home-Comers' Festival, for which great preparations are being made, and which it is to be hoped will prove so successful as to realize the highest expectations of all who are promoting it, and thereby manifesting their active concern for the fortunes of the Ambitious City.



"HYKING"

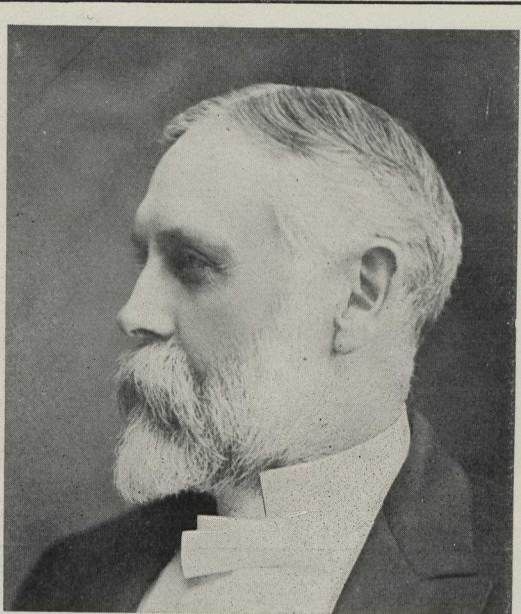


I ADVANCE

HAMILTON

THE ELEC
TRICAL

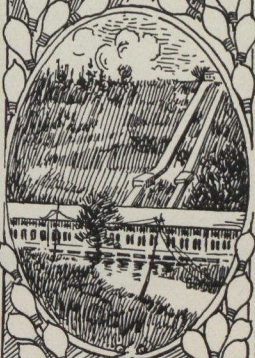
MANUFACTURING



CYRUS A. BIRGE
President Canadian Manufacturers' Association



CENTRE



OF CANADA



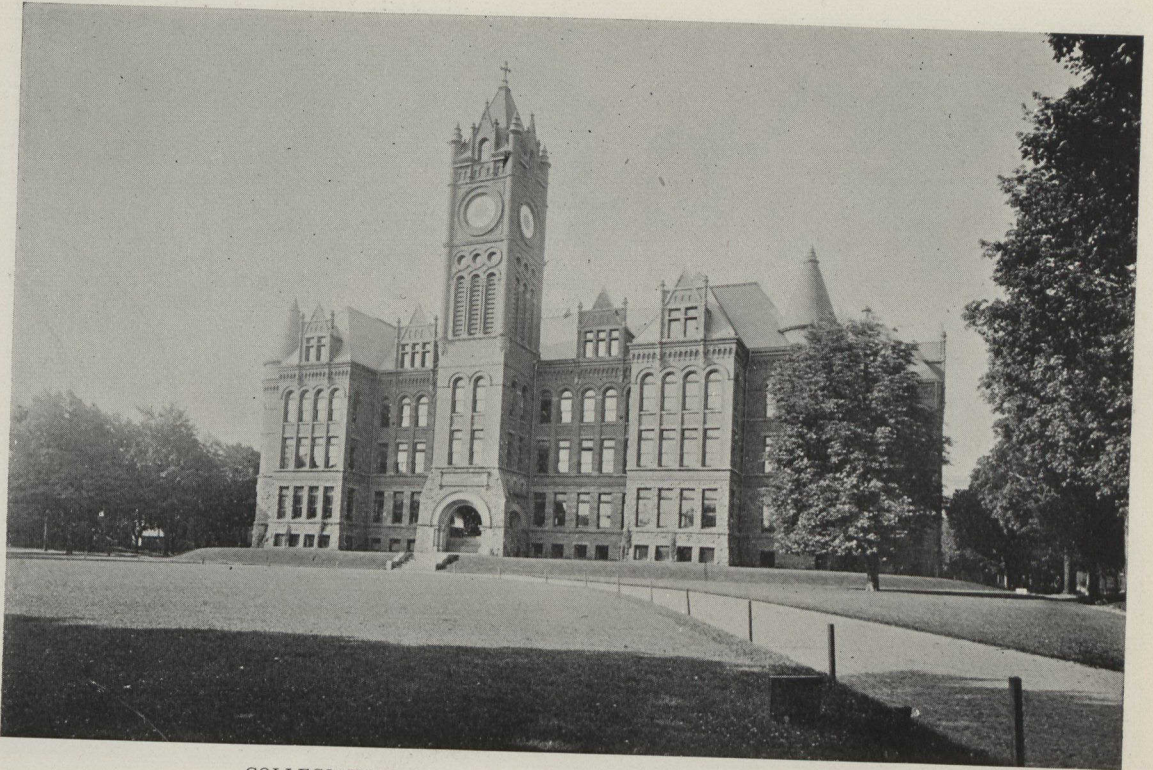
VIEWS OF HAMILTON



COURT HOUSE



THE GORE PARK EXTENSION



COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE AND ONTARIO NORMAL COLLEGE



KING STREET EAST



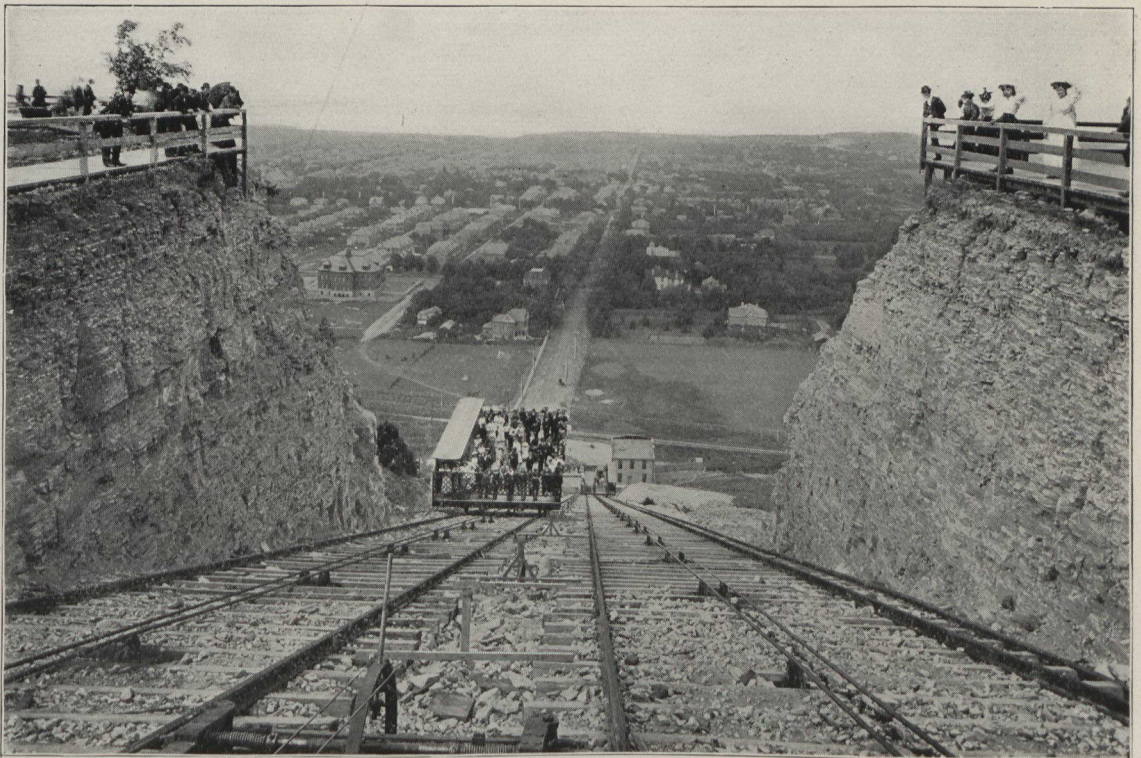
BECKETT DRIVE



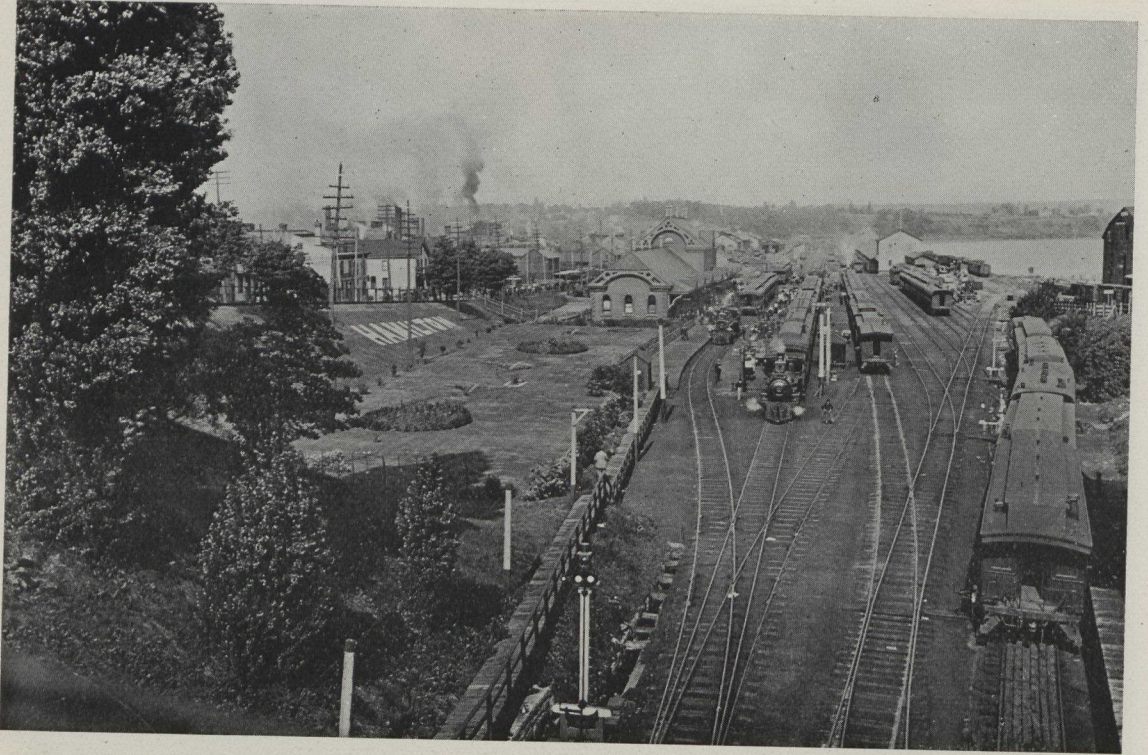
WATERDOWN FALLS



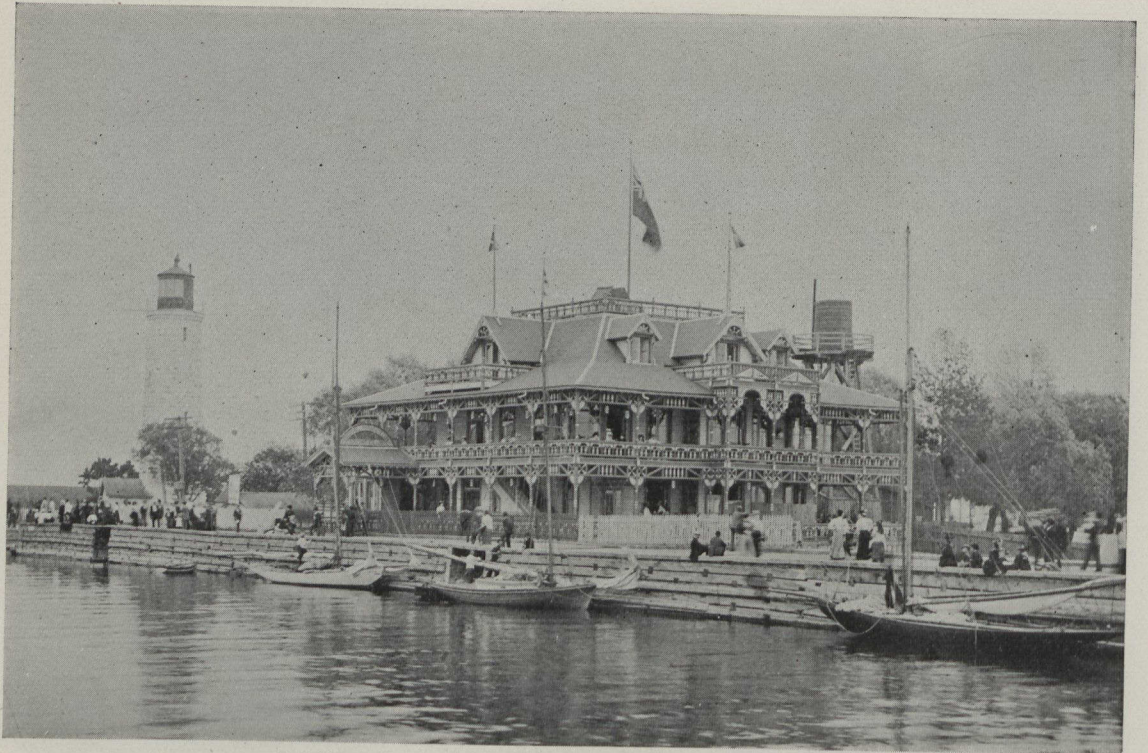
POPLAR AVENUE



EAST END INCLINE



GRAND TRUNK STATION



ROYAL HAMILTON YACHT CLUB



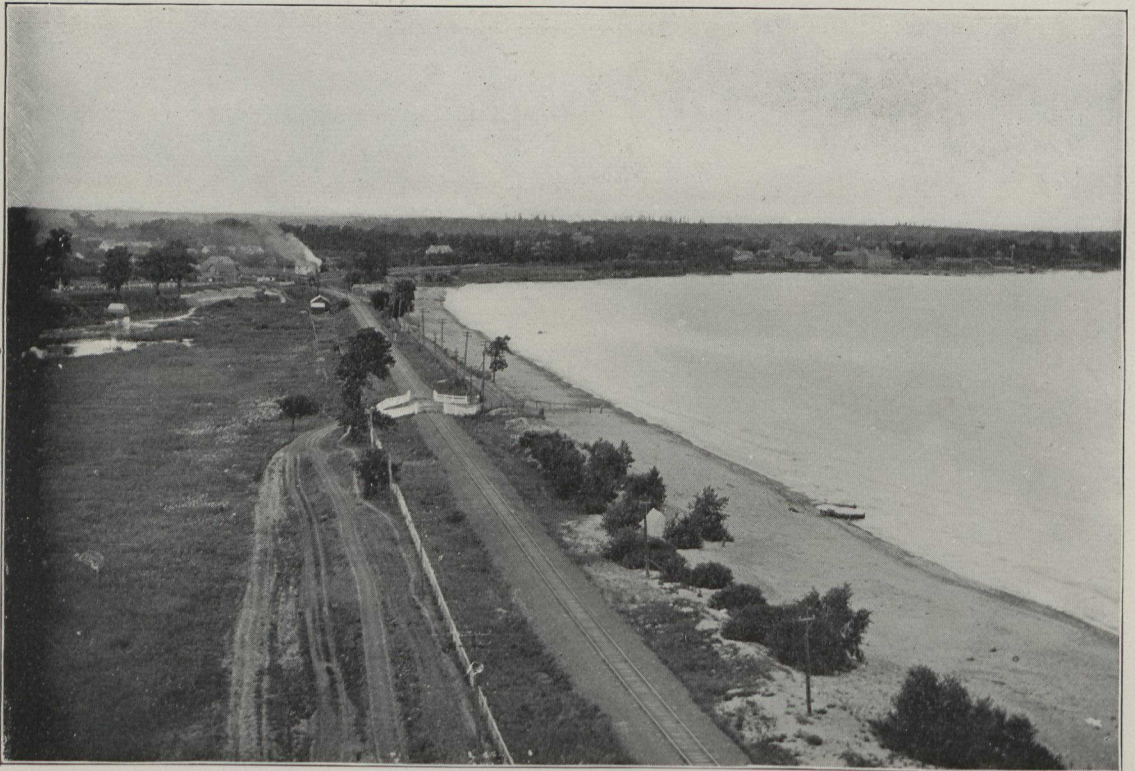
CITY MARKET



THE PIERS—HAMILTON BEACH



VIEW OF HAMILTON



BURLINGTON BEACH



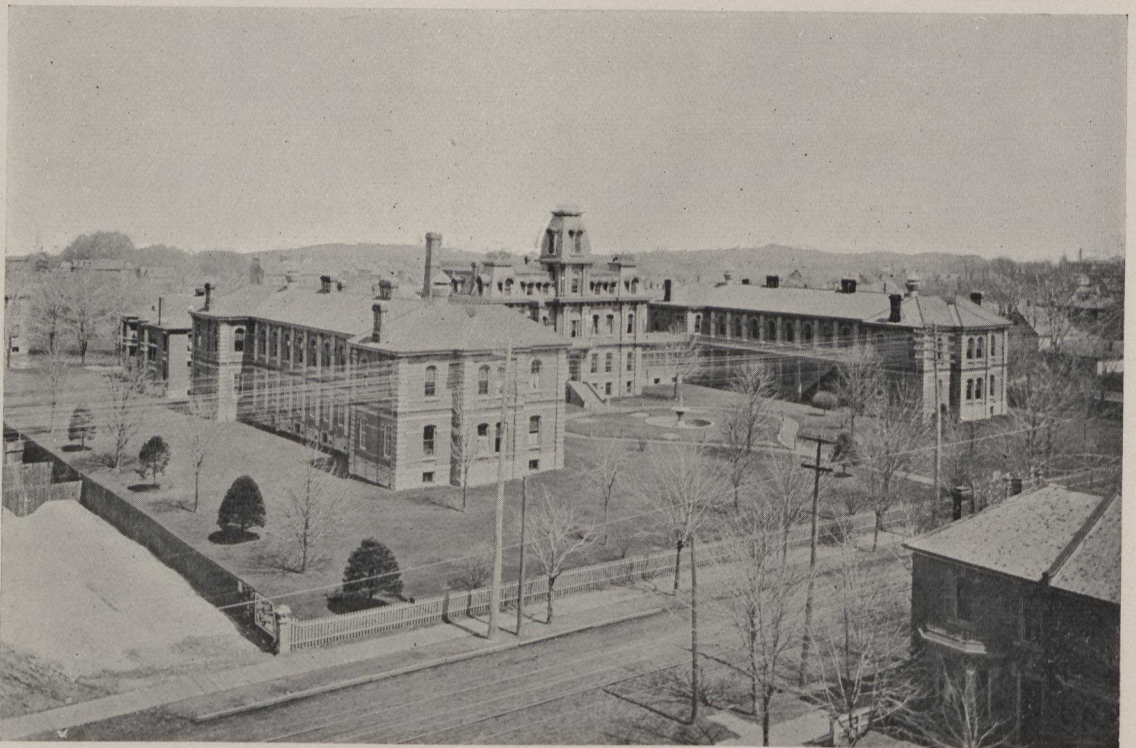
THE RESERVOIR



HAMILTON BEACH



RYERSON SCHOOL



CITY HOSPITAL



T. H. AND B. STATION



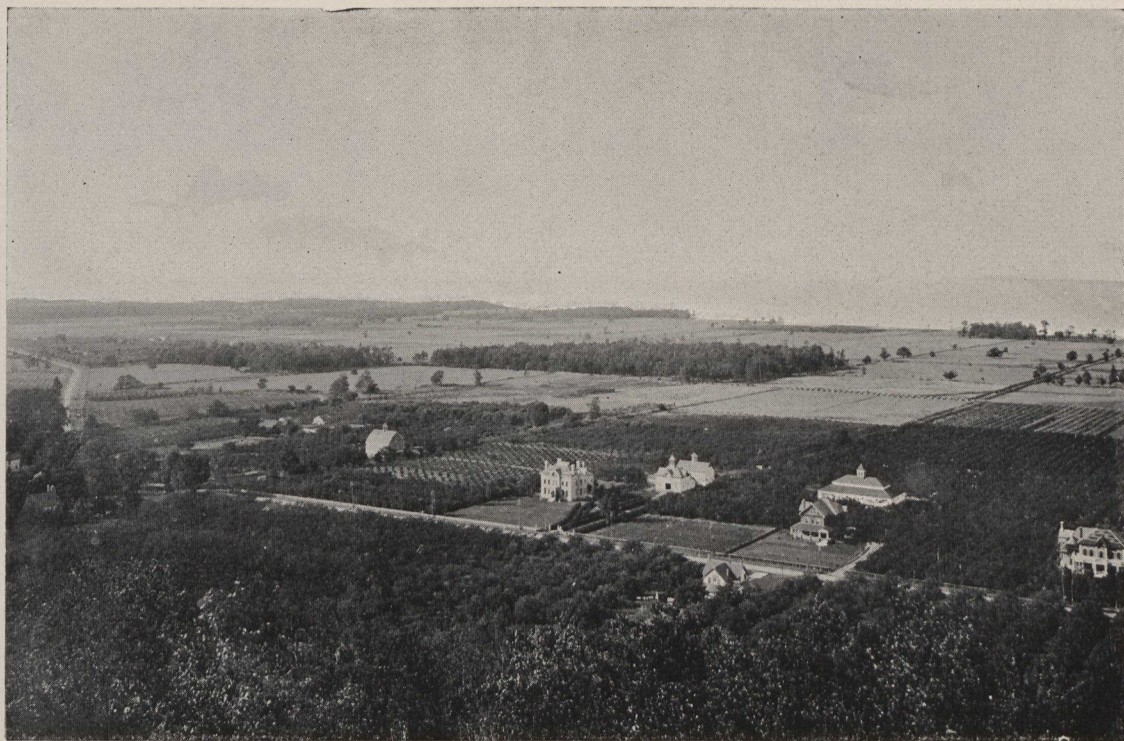
JAMES STREET, LOOKING NORTH



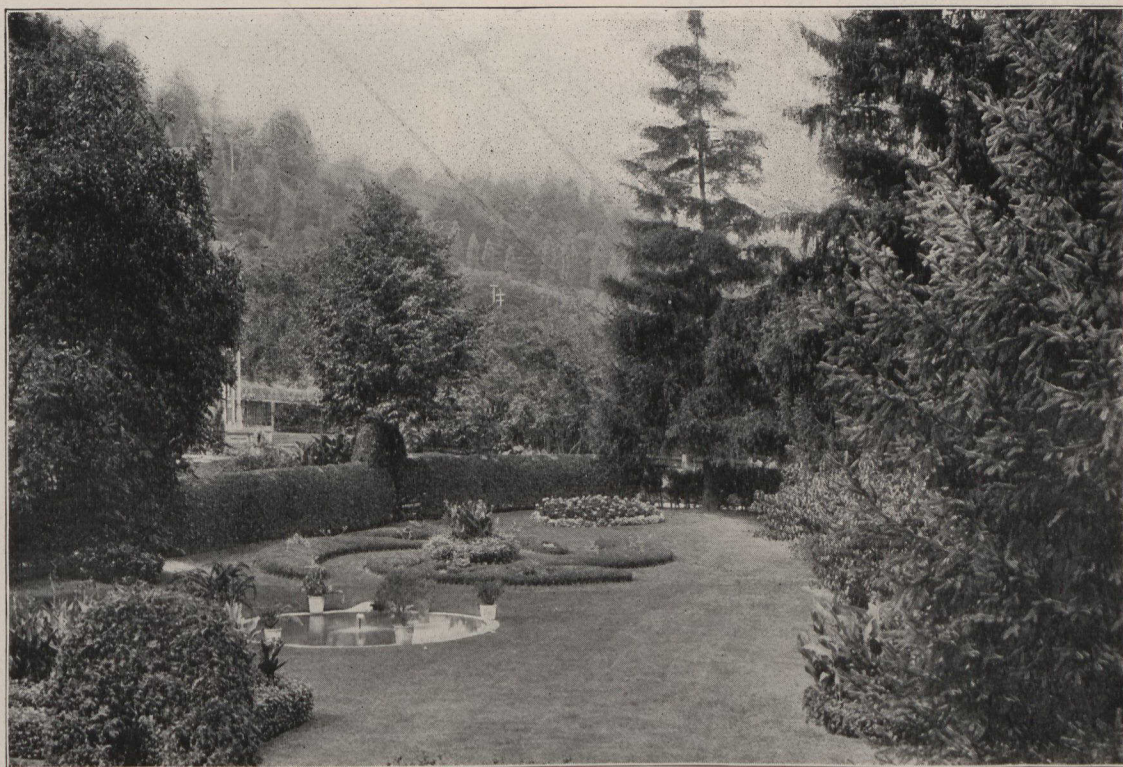
DUNDAS VALLEY, LOOKING TOWARD COPETOWN



EAST AVENUE, FROM STINSON STREET



FRUIT FARMS NEAR HAMILTON



RESERVOIR PARK



DUNDURN PARK



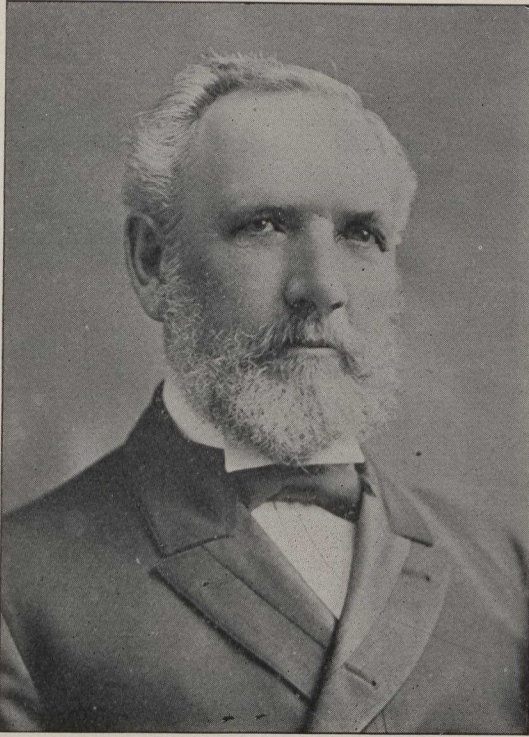
GENERAL VIEW OF PORTAL FROM TOP LANDING OF ELEVATOR



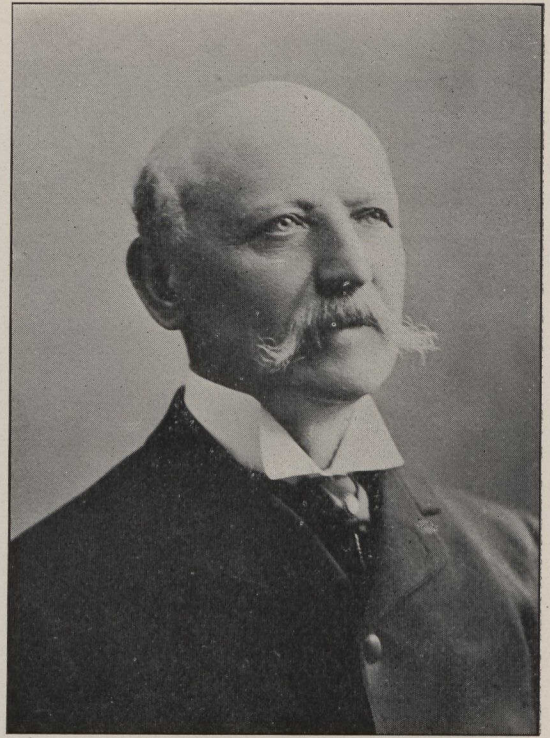
VIEW OF FOREBAY, LOOKING SOUTH



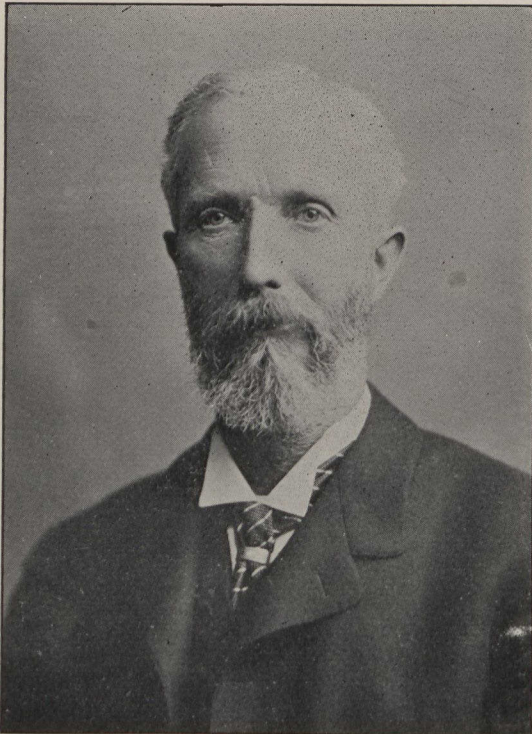
GENERAL VIEW ALONG INLETS FROM NORTH END OF PIT



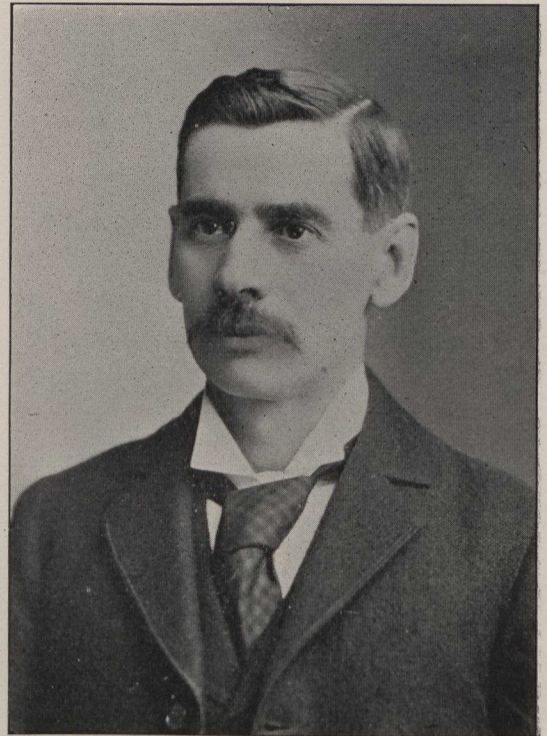
WELLINGTON JEFFERS MORDEN
Mayor of Hamilton



F. C. BRUCE, M.P.



S. BARKER, M.P.



JOHN T. HALL
Assessment Commissioner

AN OCEAN COMEDY

By MAX MOINEAU

DURING the summer of 1895 I was returning from Europe on one of the Inman Liners, after having walked the hospitals of London, Paris and Vienna ; and if I congratulate myself upon the knowledge I had gained, it was because of the possibility of creating a sensation among my *confreres* in Toronto, and the prospects of asserting my own superiority as a practitioner of the healing art.

On the afternoon of the third day out, however, my beautiful prospects were nearly eclipsed by an accident which might have proven fatal, had not fortune favored me.

I had just made the acquaintance of Mr. Percival Gaylord, whose distinguished appearance and melancholy air had attracted my professional instinct, and while chatting with him upon the subject of melancholia and liver complaint I had the misfortune to fall overboard.

We were at the stern of the vessel, and had been casually observing a strange craft in the distance, which in all probability would pass on the port quarter in the course of an hour. The vessel was sailing in the opposite direction, and was either a pilot boat or a fishing smack. Gaylord thought she might have been a pleasure yacht. At any rate, it was the appearance of this craft that interrupted our conversation, and while adjusting my binocle, a gust of wind blew off my hat—I have since worn a cap on ocean voyages—and lodged it upon the turtle deck of the steamer's stern, at a most provoking distance beyond the rail. Without thinking of the possible consequences, or without heeding my friend's admonitions, I stepped over the rail, and started cautiously down the sloping turtle deck. I had nearly reached my hat, when suddenly my feet slipped from under me, and I was precipitated into the sea.

Now to fall overboard in mid-ocean, from a liner steaming at the rate of twenty knots an hour, is rather discouraging to the best of swimmers, and although at school I had won the reputation of being the best aquatic

in my class (I state this with diffidence), I must confess, that my ardor was somewhat dampened when I found myself sinking into the briny deep, and almost bursting for the want of breath.

A few minutes after I had struggled back to the surface, shaken the water from my face and ears, and looked about to get my bearings, a head bobbed up serenely a short distance from me, and the owner immediately struck out in my direction. As the head approached, I discovered that it was Gaylord, and I wondered if I had pulled him over as he sprang to my assistance. I felt satisfied that we would be picked up shortly, and being, as I have already hinted, an expert swimmer (which statement my medals at home will certainly corroborate), I managed to keep a cool head while making every effort to get out of the turbulent water of the steamer's wake.

I could see that there was a commotion on board the steamer, and that a number of people were looking over the rail at us. I even heard the cry, "Man overboard!" and felt somewhat flattered that we had been missed. But the vessel soon got so far away that I could not distinguish any definite expression upon the many faces, and the waves ran so high that at intervals only the funnels and spars of our steamship could be seen. The sun was nearly at the water's edge, and a great flare of vermillion and gold was settling around us. Once or twice, as I rose on the crest of a wave, I caught sight of the strange vessel bearing down toward the liner. A life-preserver floated near me, and I struck out for it, just as Gaylord caught sight of me.

"Hello, Belcher," he cried, "can you hold out?"

"Yes," I answered, blowing out water like a sperm whale.

Gaylord continued moving towards me, and I could see that he had thrown off his coat. I perceived also that he was, like myself, an expert swimmer, and I was immediately con-

fronted with the fact that he had voluntarily plunged into the sea at the risk of his life.

"They are lowering a boat," he said presently.

"They would have done that anyway," said I, blowing out some more water. "You should not have jumped."

"Oh, that's all right," said he. "They'll pick us up soon. There's a life-preserver here somewhere. I threw one over before I jumped."

"I see it," I gasped. "It's over to my right. We can keep it in sight in case we need it."

Rising with the waves, I could see that a boat had been lowered, and that it was moving away from the ship. Presently Gaylord called out my name in a tone that startled me.

"Hello!" I called back. "What's up?"

"Cramp!" he answered, excitedly.

"Great guns!" I cried. "Are you going to die for me?"

"No, but get me that life-preserver, quick!" he answered.

I immediately struck out for the life-preserver and pushed it toward him. He grabbed for it, but sank. In a moment I had him back to the surface, and with the aid of the preserver, kept him afloat.

That this man, whom I had known only a few hours, should have risked his life for me, was something I could not understand. My experiences had led me to believe that all men were utterly selfish. I am sure I should not have jumped overboard for any living soul. But as I struggled to keep Gaylord afloat, realizing that he was there especially on my account, I became ashamed of my own feelings of self-preservation, and began to entertain a little more faith in human nature. I was getting anxious, too. As we bobbed up and down on the waves, I perceived that the steamer's boat was not steering in our direction, and I began to call out at the top of my lungs, with such startling effect, that a gull, just sweeping overhead, piped back a jeer at me, and hurriedly changed its course. Gaylord joined in, and for twenty minutes or more we shouted lustily, but to no avail. They had evidently lost sight of us. After a while, they gave up the search and returned to the vessel,

thinking, no doubt, that we had gone down to Davy Jones' locker, or some other likely place beneath the wave. When this fact dawned upon us, with all its startling effects, Gaylord and I looked each other in the face with wild eyes and sinking hearts. I was too frightened to say anything, and for a moment I nearly lost my senses, but Gaylord recalled me, with an exclamation so energetic as to reveal decided symptoms of hysteria.

"Look, Belcher, look! look! the yacht! the yacht! ha! ha! ha!" he cried.

The yacht was within hailing distance, and almost frantic with anxiety we both screamed:

"Yacht ahoy! Yacht ahoy! Ahoy! Ahoy!"

It was no wonder that the gulls floating near us took fright. Our cries were wild enough, and loud enough, and energetic enough to have raised the dead. Gabriel's trumpet will never equal them.

"Yacht ahoy! Yacht ahoy!" we yelled again and again. Then just as hope began to fail, the vessel's sails went flapping in the breeze, and we knew that our cries of distress had been heard.

"Yacht ahoy!" we yelled again, with a wild thrill of exultation.

Then we listened, scarcely breathing.

"Where away?" came faintly over the water.

"They hear us! They hear us!" I cried, joyfully. But Gaylord, who had a stronger voice than I, was shouting back:

"Here on the starboard quarter," and did not heed me.

Their boat was soon beside us, and we were taken on board, but I have only a vague recollection of the fact. We were told afterwards that I was unconscious, and that Gaylord was so drawn up with cramp that they had to work with him for more than an hour before he could straighten out again.

The yachting party were Americans from New York, and were obliging enough to go considerably out of their course, in order that we might land at Liverpool. We had a pleasant experience with them, and felt deeply grateful for their timely assistance. When they bade us adieu we felt that we had lost some very good friends.

Unluckily for Gaylord, he had left his letter of credit in his coat pocket, and that was now on board the Inman Liner. He had a little money with him, but not enough. I had my letter of credit with me, however, and made this serve us both. But I was greatly troubled over another matter.

Gaylord was in low spirits, and out of sorts physically. He had taken a severe cold, and seemed quite feverish. I wanted to prescribe for him, but he laughed at what he called my quackery, and declared that he would be all right soon. Once he said that it didn't much matter, for if the worst should come, it would be only one fool less. He said this in such a despondent tone, that it grieved me, and I told him so.

"Bah!" said he. "You mustn't mind me. It's just my way of looking at things. I'll be all right soon. Don't you bother now about me."

So I let him have his way, but not without considerable uneasiness.

Having each arranged to be home by a certain date, we lost no time in replenishing our wardrobes and securing passage on board one of the Allan Liners for Halifax. Gaylord was quite ill the day we went on board, and I put him to bed at once, then went on deck.

Here I was soon nearly overwhelmed with surprise at meeting my cousin, Helen Mortimer, and her mother, my Aunt Margaret. They had been travelling in Europe for a short time, and were now returning to Canada.

They were glad to see me, and were quite concerned over my recent experience. But when I mentioned Gaylord's name, Helen seemed to grow uneasy. I wanted to introduce him, but she demurred. She wondered if it was Mr. Percival Gaylord whose home was on Jarvis Street, in Toronto. I assured her that it was.

"Then," said she, emphatically, "you must not introduce him."

"Why not?" I exclaimed, surprised and half annoyed.

"Because I already know him," she replied.

"Well," said I, after recovering from the shock which her manner, rather than her

words, had caused me; "I'll stake my life that he is a gentleman."

"Oh yes, I quite agree with you there, he is certainly a gentleman," she answered, glibly enough, "but I am sorry you brought him on board this vessel."

"Indeed!" I exclaimed with a sneer, "and when did you begin the role of *Made-moiselle l'Exclusive*?"

"Your sarcasm is only wasted upon me," Monsieur Presumption," she retorted, with a stiff neck. "But please bear in mind, sir, that I do not wish to meet your Mr. Gaylord."

With this she left me, and for a moment I stood staring after her like an idiot.

II.

I looked after Helen's retreating figure until, with an imperious air, she seated herself beside her mother. My aunt spoke to her, but with an impatient toss of the head, and a disagreeable twitch of the shoulders, she began turning over the leaves of a book in a manner so decisive that I knew her irritation was now quite well established. My cousin's amiability was, like intermittent fever, unreliable as to time and duration, but underneath it all there was a kindly heart which usually prompted her to do good things when her better nature prevailed. After a moment's conversation with her, my aunt turned to look in my direction, but, without appearing to notice her expression of inquiry, I stepped to the rail and gazed out over the sea.

I have considered myself clever at solving enigmas, but this one was too copious for my diminutive comprehension, and candor compels me to admit that I was nonplussed. Nevertheless, I was determined to completely fathom the matter, and I immediately began a mental analysis of certain things which might serve as clues to the situation. I was anxious about my friend Gaylord, and I was annoyed at my cousin. I had often been annoyed with her, for a more whimsical girl I never knew. We had been chums the greater part of our lives; in fact, she was more like a sister than a cousin, and as I had never been blessed with a sister, I

had benefited considerably from Helen's company. Lately, however, lengthy intervals had passed between our meetings, and yet, since I still took a deep interest in her, it was not unnatural that the present state of affairs should arouse my curiosity.

Gaylord was not openly an egotist, so I knew nothing of his history, aside from the fact that he was an artist, returning home after a lengthy term of study in Europe. To me, his antecedents were as enigmatical as the mysteries of the future. He could be very reticent when he chose, and just now I regretted this characteristic because of my anxiety to learn the cause of Helen's aversion to him. I liked him; he was congenial; and his jumping overboard in my behalf had placed me under obligations to him, although when I mentioned it, he would have it that I had saved his life when I pulled him up to the life-preserver, after he had taken cramp. I thought a good deal over Helen's apparent discourtesy, and I determined to broach the subject again at the earliest opportunity. I had not long to wait. My aunt presently retired to her stateroom, and I went over to Helen and sat down beside her.

My cousin was pretty and gifted, but she had the great fault of being mischievous. Many a practical joke had she played at my expense, and many a prank had I perpetrated upon her in retaliation, yet it never disturbed our kindly regard for each other, and I think it made our relationship more of a *bon camaraderie*. Now when a chap has the good fortune to possess a cousin like that, he cannot help being interested, when there is another man in the question, so I urged her to tell me why it was that she did not wish to meet Gaylord. It was quite natural for her to demur, and I exercised more patience than was my usual wont.

"Dick," said she, finally, "Whenever I think of Mr. Gaylord, I am filled with chagrin and remorse."

"I always told you, Helen, that some day you would be sorry," said I, without thinking of how I might console her.

"And have *you* never been sorry?" she snapped back at me.

"Not lately," said I. "But we are digressing."

"For two pins I would not tell you a thing," said she, with a pout.

"Well, suit yourself," I answered. "But if you don't tell me, I shall bring you face to face with Gaylord, now see if I don't."

"Oh Dick! you must not! Indeed you must not!" she pleaded, earnestly.

I smiled complacently upon perceiving that I could compel her to divulge. It was always so with us. I could do nothing with Helen, unless I cowed her in some way or other. I felt satisfied that rather than meet Gaylord she would tell me all I wished to know. It was perhaps a mean advantage, but it was all to a good purpose. I wished to clear my friend of this possible stigma which Helen's manner and insinuations had cast upon him. So I insisted upon the revelation. Gaylord was my friend, and from his manner I judged that something had gone wrong with him. If my cousin was to blame, I was determined to know about it, and, if possible, set it right. If it was an *affaire de coeur*, I knew that I should have to threaten Helen before she would tell me, for I think I understand women well enough to know that when it comes to an affair of the heart, they are as reticent and non-committal as adamant. Believing that Helen would not dare face Gaylord, I hoped to make her explain matters, even though she did so reluctantly.

It was a beautiful afternoon, with clear blue sky, and emerald waters flecked with white-caps. Our seats were in a quiet nook, and we would not be disturbed. I drew Helen's rug more closely about her, gained her permission to light a cigar, then settled back to listen. She did not begin as I had expected, but looked out over the sea, in a preoccupied manner. My patience was finally exhausted.

"Well," said I, sharply.

"Oh, Dick," she answered, looking down at her hands, "this is mean of you."

"There is a very good reason for it this time," said I, blowing a cloud of smoke into the air, and knocking the ashes from my cigar.

Again she looked out over the sea, with

that preoccupied expression, which suggested a mental resume of what she was about to relate. Presently she began.

"About two years ago I met Mr. Gaylord at a military ball in the Gardens. We were together for three dances. He seemed—pleased with me (she said this reluctantly), and I found him to be very nice."

She looked up shyly, and smiled.

"Ah, I see," said I. "A romance in black and white; love at first sight, and all that sort of thing, eh?"

"Now, Dick that is horrid of you," she expostulated with a pout. "I shall tell you nothing more."

"Then you will compel me to introduce Mr. Percival Gaylord," said I, relentlessly.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, with fervor, "I just hate you!"

I made no reply to this, and in a moment she went on.

"He asked permission to call. I granted it. He came. I permitted him to call again—"

"And again—"

"Yes."

"Until—"

"Well, until I believed he was about to—well—to—propose."

Her cheeks were beginning to flush, and she looked out over the sea, with a smile parting her lips.

"And then?" I prompted.

"Well, then I played one of my pranks upon him, and he never returned."

"And you say you were smitten with him?" said I, not a little surprised.

"You see," she pursued, without heeding my remark, "Perci—I mean, Mr. Gaylord, had a theory that when he should meet the woman whom he should wed, he would know it instantly. His theory was founded upon phrenology, physiognomy, and physiology. He said that the woman suitable to become his mate should be the feminine counterpart of himself. There would be a resemblance of features, a similarity of tastes, a congeniality of disposition, and a perfect feeling of harmony and confidence between them. From other things he said I felt sure that his remarks were the preliminaries of a proposal, and I determined to upset his theories, and bring him to his

senses. He was too deliberate, too cold-blooded to suit me. It was all head and no heart with him. I did not care to be wooed in that way; but I have since studied his theories, and have come to believe that he was right. Fowler, the great phrenologist, you know, has written books upon these theories, and he claims that happiness is sure to accrue from such harmonious mating. The great George Combe, in his "Constitution of Man," also treats of these theories. I have read them both and am inclined to believe. However, I did not think so then, as you will see, for I determined to squelch my theoretical suitor at the earliest opportunity.

"And I'll wager you a box of creams that you succeeded," I exclaimed, with a laugh.

"You may be sure I did. You know my relish for acting. Well, one evening, I invited him to stay to tea. He accepted the invitation very readily. It was the first time he had been asked to take a meal with us. At the table I began by giving mother some impudence. Then I ate with my knife; poured my tea into my saucer; put my elbows upon the table; smacked my lips while eating, and finally, to cap the climax, I rose from my chair, and in the most uncouth manner possible, reached across the table for the butter. Unfortunately, the hand with which I supported myself upon the table slipped, and in the commotion which followed I precipitated a custard pie into his lap. Poor mother was horrified. He was horrified. I was horrified. We were all horrified. And the situation became so embarrassing that shortly after tea, my theoretical friend took an early leave, and I have not seen him since. Later I saw by the *Globe* that he had left Toronto to pursue his art studies in Europe."

I was highly amused, but my sympathy was still with Gaylord. Knowing Helen as I did, I was satisfied that she had made it interesting for him. It was just like her to carry out anything she undertook to a successful issue, and so far as she was concerned the disagreeable results would only be an after thought. Then she would see the awful side of the matter, and regret it exceedingly.

It was some time before I recovered from my merriment.

"Do you know," said I, finally, "that this same Percival Gaylord risked his life for me?"

"You have told me so," she replied, in a low tone. "I always imagined him to be brave."

"Well, Helen, because of his readiness to come to my assistance, he now lies in his stateroom with a raging fever."

She looked up quickly with an expression of deep concern.

"You did not tell me that, Dick," said she.

I remembered that I had not told her.

As I looked down at her, I perceived that she was not the girl I had known two years ago. She was a woman now, with a woman's heart, and a woman's dignity. The merry, mischievous girl was gone. I saw, too, that she had suffered.

"Helen," said I, "I believe you do care for him."

"He will never forgive me," said she, in a deep, earnest tone, that touched me to the quick.

I thought rapidly. I was sure she cared, and I was satisfied now that Gaylord's trouble was not liver complaint. It seemed to me that this matter could be straightened out. But it was a delicate subject to broach to Gaylord, and I was at a loss how to proceed. This falling in love according to set rules, however, was something I had never thought of, consequently I could not immediately grasp the idea. No doubt Gaylord understood it all right enough, but I had never heard him expound any of these theories, and as I had not even read Fowler, nor Combe, nor any other phrenological celebrity upon the subject, I could not quite understand my cousin's views of the matter. I had never been in love myself, at least not dangerously so, and I, therefore, knew comparatively nothing of the symptoms. I had always imagined, however, that a love affair was the result of platonic friendship, or something of that nature, which led people to believe they could not live without each other, until the minister gave them the privilege of finding out that they could not live with each other. But this theory business was a new phase of the question, which seemed quite probable enough, providing

"Barkis was willin'!" However, I determined that these two romantic individuals should not pine for each other any longer, if I could possibly prevent it, and I set my wits working to solve the problem of bringing about a happy reconciliation. In spite of my amusement, I felt annoyed at Helen, because I imagined that what she had done had been so disappointing to Gaylord, that his life had become embittered. To have one's pet theories knocked into a cocked hat all at once, is enough to take the conceit out of any man; and when this is done by the very idol of his heart, he is not to be blamed if he never looks at a woman again.

"I am afraid this is a very serious matter," said I, after a while. "Now, if it were a case of measles, or scarletina, I might be able to prescribe a remedy. But I have not read anything upon ailments of this kind, and am, therefore, pretty much at sea. However, I will do the best I can for you."

"Dick Belcher," cried Helen, as she sprang suddenly to her feet, with eyes flashing, and cheeks aflame, "you are as aggravating as ever. But I will have you understand, sir, that this affair is none of your business. I do not wish you to meddle. I am sorry I told you anything. I am sorry you came on board. Be good enough to let me pass. I am going to mother."

Saying which, she swept by me with a hateur that would have done credit to Catherine di Medici, and there was nothing for me to do but to seek the bedside of my friend.

III.

When I entered our stateroom, Gaylord greeted me with a look of enquiry.

"What's the matter?" he asked. "You look serious. Has anything happened?"

"I have just met my aunt, Mrs. Mortimer, of Toronto, and my cousin, Helen Mortimer," I answered, wondering what effect the announcement would have upon him.

He jerked himself to a sitting position, as if something had hurt him.

"Is she your cousin?" he cried, with an expression which would have wrung the truth from Anannias lively.

"Why, yes," I answered, pretending to be surprised. "Do you know her?"

His eagerness faded out, and he began to settle back in bed.

"Well, yes," said he, slowly. "That is, I—humph—I have met her."

Then he lay down, and turned his face to the wall. Now, when a man turns his face to the wall, it seems so pathetic, and so significant of forlorn hope, that in this instance especially I could not suppress a feeling of commiseration.

"It's a strange thing that she should be here," he muttered.

"Yes, it does seem strange," said I; "that is, strange that she should be on this very steamer with us. But there is nothing remarkable in the fact that she has spent the summer in Europe, and is now returning to Canada. But it is certainly quite a coincidence that we should find her here."

He remained with his face to the wall, and I changed my tactics.

"Poor Helen," said I, dolorously. "She is not the girl she used to be—not the girl I left in Toronto two years ago. She used to be so bright and happy. Now she is reticent and gloomy—often irritable. My aunt tells me that she has been disappointed in love, and she has been travelling for her health."

Gaylord turned slowly toward me. I saw that he was more than interested, and yet there was an expression of doubt in his eyes, a sort of what-do-you-mean expression, which makes a fellow explain whether he wants to or not.

"It seems," I pursued, "that about two years ago she met her fate at a military ball in the Gardens at home. The gentleman, whom I can scarcely believe was worthy of her, afterwards paid her some attention, and even went so far as to hint of that mysterious sentiment which has infatuated the mind of many a man, only to leave him at the mercy of woman. But just at the most important moment he suddenly became faint-hearted, and disappeared, and she has been pining ever since."

Gaylord's face had flushed to scarlet, and a peculiar expression came into his eyes, which made him look sheepish. I got up

and felt his pulse, and told him that I feared his fever was worse, and that I had better not talk to him any more. He said he did not feel any the worse for my talking, but I gave him a strong dose of anti-febrine, and told him to keep quiet. He made a wry face, but submitted without a word. After making him as comfortable as possible, I turned to leave the stateroom. My hand was upon the door-knob, when he cleared his throat as if to speak. I hesitated, and looked back.

"Did—er—did your aunt give you the name of this—er—chap?" said he.

"Well, no," said I, "I don't think she did—at least, if she did, I have forgotten it."

And I offered up a prayer for the Lord to forgive me for lying. He seemed relieved, however, then settled down and closed his eyes. I went out and strolled about the cabin.

Now, was ever a man in such a predicament? Here was I, with these two love-sick mortals upon my hands, racking my brains for some plan that would bring about a happy reconciliation. I believed that I owed Gaylord any service which I might happen to render him, and I was more than ever disposed to serve my cousin, because of the brotherly feeling which I had always entertained for her. I could not bear to see her unhappy, and I wanted to make some amends for having tormented her. She had learned a lesson that she would not soon forget, and I felt satisfied that if she were given the opportunity, she would make it so pleasant for Gaylord, that he would not regret the little misunderstanding. Then he could propound his theories to his heart's content. Towards evening a happy thought occurred, and I went back to Gaylord. He opened his eyes, as if expecting to hear something.

"Do you really feel better?" I asked.

"Oh, yes," he replied, cheerfully, "I think I shall get up to-morrow."

"You think you can stand my talking?"

"Talk ahead, old man, I believe it will do me good."

"That last dose has brightened you up a bit," said I, feeling his pulse. "You seem quite calm now."

"Oh, I'll be all right to-morrow," said he,

merrily. "I am dying for a smoke, but it is too close to smoke in here, and I must get outside."

I sat down beside him, and began to think. Then, as it was getting dark, I turned on the incandescent. With the light on, I could observe him to advantage, and know the better how to proceed.

"The fact of the matter is," I began, "I am in an awful quandary. I'm worried about my cousin. Now Helen has always been like a sister to me, and I cannot bear to see her unhappy. I want to help her if I can, but I am at a loss how to proceed. Now I thought that perhaps a suggestion from you would help me out, and I am going to tell you all about this affair of her's. Of course, this will be strictly confidential, you understand."

"You can trust me, Belcher," said he, earnestly. "I will never mention it."

"The worst of the matter—or perhaps the best of the matter—is that the man in this affair is on board this vessel, and Helen is making herself miserable in trying to avoid him."

Gaylord's face began to grow red again, and I made pretence to arrange my chair in a better position, that he might have time to recover himself. He made no comment, however, and presently I went on:

"Now, I do not wish to bore you, but fate has thrown us together in such a way, that I have come to look upon you almost as a brother. I really want your assistance. May I proceed?"

"By all means," said he. "And if I can be of service, command me."

Then I told him about Helen's disposition to tease and play practical jokes. I told him about the theories which this would-be lover of her's had entertained; how ridiculous they had appeared to her; how she had objected to being wooed in such a cold-blooded way, and how she had hoped to bring him to his senses. I told him that her manners were all that could be desired, and that she had had a refined education. I told him how deeply she regretted what she had done. I said I was satisfied she loved this man, but how to requite her puzzled me greatly. I said a great deal more than I should have, had I not been talking for a purpose. But I saw that he

was deeply interested, and I warmed up like a stump speaker on an election campaign.

"But you don't know who this man is?" said he, somewhat amused.

"I have my suspicion," said I, looking him squarely in the eyes, "and he will be a consummate chump, if he doesn't make it up with Helen. She is one of the best girls in the world, and at present the most penitent little sinner I ever saw. But if she knew that I was talking to you in this way about her, she would never look at me again."

For a time we were both silent. Gaylord was the first to speak.

"Supposing," said he, slowly, as if feeling his way, "it would be possible to let this man know the true state of affairs, just as you have me; supposing he would say that he forgave her everything; supposing he should wish to meet her again, do you think she would consent?"

"I am sure she would," I cried, taking him by the hand.

He looked at me a moment, with a merry twinkle in his eyes.

"Then you had better tell her," said he, with a pressure of the hand, which convinced me that he was in earnest, and that we understood each other.

I saw my aunt that night, told her what I had learned, and asked her to be the mediator, to which she readily consented. What she did, and how she accomplished it, I do not know, but the outcome of it all was, that before we reached Halifax, Gaylord and Helen had become happily reconciled, and were to be seen in each other's company so much that many of our fellow-voyageurs were disposed to pass jocular remarks at their expense. Gaylord has quite a musical voice, and I often hear him singing softly to himself:

"There is a heart which Heaven hath made for thee,
Go forth and find," etc.

And I am sure he believes the poet understood the matter. He and Helen have great faith in their matrimonial theories, but I often find my cousins much too brainy to be congenial. Nevertheless, I have yet to regret the part I played in helping them to a better understanding.

THE IMPRESSIONS OF JANEY CANUCK AT HOME

By EMILY FERGUSON

CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.)

WE are nearly out of the Territories, and already anticipate the return trip. It is a country one could grow to love above all others. On its wide-thrown shadowless plains, one might wander alone with God. In other lands we are confused by a multiplicity of details, suffocated with "the mad-d'ing crowd," and the vapid follies of display and dissipation. The complexities of philosophy, theology, and of living harass and hurt. But here, the world, material and spiritual, may be one, even as in Eden. Yet the West will change. Where the coyote snaps and snarls, the fox-terrier will bark. Things that are green and succulent will grow instead of things that are grey. Smoke that is thin will be superseded by that which is black, wide, and dirty. Unborn millions will turn their feet to this land that has lain idle since the world has known it. Passing out of its boundaries, I shut my eyes, and to the rumble of the train mentally sing the song of the Northwest, as it came hot from the heart of Moira O'Neill, in her home at the foot of the Rocky Mountains :

"Oh, would ye hear, and would ye hear,
Of the windy, wide Northwest?
Faith! 'tis a land as green as the sea,
That rolls as far and rolls as free,
With drift of flowers, so many there be,
Where the cattle roam and rest.

"Oh, could ye see, and could ye see,
The great gold skies so clear,
The rivers that race the pine shade dark,
The mountainous snows that take no mark,
Sunlit and high on the Rockies stark,
So far they seem as near.

"Then could ye feel, and could ye feel,
How fresh is a western night!
Where the long land breezes rise and pass
And sigh in the rustling prairie grass,
Where the dark blue skies are clear as glass,
And the same old stars are bright.

"But could ye know, and forever know
The word of the young Northwest!
A word she breathes to the true and bold,
A word misknown to the false and cold,
A word that never was spoken or sold
But the one that knows is blest."

CHAPTER V.

"THE MOUNTAINS OF THE SETTING SUN."

For a long time we pass through a billowy sea of foot-hills and river "benches," but approaching Kananaskis, the mist rises off the mountains like genii from the earthen pot, showing us that at last we have reached a "Mecca of the mind"—the great Rockies.

Speaking of this spot, the C. P. R. guide-book says: "Here the difference between an ordinary upland stream and a glacier-fed river is first noticed. Tumbling from great heights, the former may be foaming and tumultuous, but the latter is always milky green, with the sediment of glacial silt, infinitesimally fine particles formed by the grinding of the ice over the rocks."

Thus the life of the vegetable is the death of the mineral. Geikie, the geologist, has shown us that the valleys become enriched through the mountains growing bare and being denuded of their treasure. This impalpable glacial silt, the digested form of gneiss and barren basalt, will be swept down into the starving lowlands to stimulate and nourish them. It is a battleground between conservatism and progress. The lower dies that the higher may live, and in this way nature achieves her gifts vicariously and through vast expenditure.

When science tells us that the Rocky Mountains are of the Eocene Age and the Western ridges are Pliocene and eons younger, it does not help us much. These terms are only floating buoys on the illimitable ocean of time. They tell of its immensity, but do not sound or measure it. How many thousands of centuries are revealed in a single feature? Assuredly our ignorance is as overwhelming as our knowledge.

We have often heard of "hoodoos," indeed we have seen them, but not of the kind we spy out behind the station at Canmore.

Again, the guide-book explains. They are "isolated and curiously weathered conglomerate monuments called 'hoodoos'—giant earthen pillars, ten times the height of a man—some of them—composed of hard enough material to withstand the erosions that have played havoc with the surrounding bank."

At Anthracite, they produce the best coal in the world, as they do in several other places. Our course is along the bed of the Bow River, between vertical walls that rise in dizzy heights. These stupendous rocks, murky, hurtling, portentous, weigh upon one with a crushing sense of domination. They look like some Titanic religious pile, and when you have thought of all the great cathedrals you have seen, the mind rejects the comparison. To-night, we rest under the protection of the mountains. When we reached Banff, our Canadian Bethesda, a terrific storm was raging, and the savage rain hissed in the wind like a mad creature. Standing at the hotel windows, I watched the stalwart firs wrestle with the wind as they did with Sinis, the Palm-bender. Now and then, they gave tongue to their fury with a sound like surging foam. As night settled down upon the scene, the storm abated, but I felt an impression of loneliness and isolation. There were indefinable stirs of uneasiness, the noise of falling water, mysterious winds overhead, tree trunks grinding against each other, and sounds that I did not understand. I was a prisoner of the night, a child afraid in the dark. It had been easy to fill the blackness with malevolence and baleful spirits. Are these unaccountable impressions of fear in humanity the fountain-head of what are called "religious instincts?" We fear what we do not understand, and then worship. In the long perilous struggle for existence, fear inspired by mystery, came into our blood. Now, fear is an atrophied organ, which sometimes asserts itself and makes the heart shudder while the reason laughs.

Banff is not "of the earth, earthy." It is of the rocks, rocky. It has been aptly described as "The Rocky Mountains made easy." This show place is 4,500 feet above the sea, and from the base where we stand, the mountains spring up thousands of feet

into the sky, flying scuds of clouds kissing their hoary summits. So beautiful it all is, it might have been the gate to Paradise. The poet was wise and good, who wrote the lines, "Eternity draws nearer than we know, high on the hills."

There was an artist on the balcony this morning who talked of values, vistas, truth of space, chiaroscuro, mellowness of effect, and transparency of air. Perhaps he was right, but it seems to me when nature stretched her stone canvas in the Rockies, she did not trouble with the trivialities of pleasing prettiness or technical nicety. She brushed her colors in with a boldness of mass and outline, with an energy and expression that stagger. She used primary colors and never hesitated. There is no ambiguity about them. Royal purple, the orange light of fire, and the sickening red in which Tintoretto has painted the wounds of his martyrs, are only emphasized by the "cold white virgin snow" on the peaks. In the early dawn, the snow is livid and dull silver but soon it reflects the moods of the sky. In turn it is stone-blue, rusty-red, a clear yellow-like moselle, and then it takes on an auroral tint with shades that vanish.

The baths at Banff are highly sulphuretted, and said to be particularly virtuous in cases of asthma, skin diseases and rheumatism. The visitor may bathe outdoors in a natural basin of warm water, or he may, and probably will, prefer to bathe in "The Cave." This bath-tub of nature is the cone of an extinct geyser, and is about forty feet in diameter, and from five to ten feet deep. It is replenished every two and one-half hours with water, which bubbles up at exactly the right temperature to make toddy.

The cave is entered through an artificial tunnel, and the first view of the dim cavern with its stalactical formations and green waters recalls and materializes the fairy tales of childhood. The waters from the hot underworld have a subtle alchemy that makes even a robust Canadian long to imitate the effeminate Romans who spent days in the enervating baths of the Imperial City.

As the sick people wash their wasted hands in the warmth, we breathe a hope

that the angel may be troubling the water for them. As for ourselves, we cavort about like dolphins, and the Padre tries to drown me, but strange to say, I won't drown, for something thrusts me out of the depths. It is the strong spring that rises in the centre of the basin. When we have "paid't i' the burn" for nearly an hour, we dress and step out into the air feeling that we have left behind a burden of languidity and have taken instead a deep draught of vitality.

The weather is cold and "the oldest inhabitant" tells me they have only two seasons—nine months of winter and three of late autumn. The electric tension of the high atmosphere was so great that I found brisk exercise exhaustive, making me breathe quickly. This aerial electricity must have wonderful curative properties for certain disorders, and we wonder that physicians do not more often advise for nerve-shaken, over civilized people, a sojourn in these regions. A tranquility which is not sensual takes possession of you. It would be impossible to hold a grief or evil passion long in this region for the soul contracts something of the ethereal purity.

The park is twenty-six miles long and about ten wide. Parliament have set it aside as a pleasure-ground to the people of Canada and their heirs and assigns forever. Eight hundred acres of this park is devoted to the buffaloes, elk and mule deer. There are thirty-three buffaloes in the enclosures. We discreetly view them from behind a heavy paling, for at close quarters they are "ugly customers." They are by no means prepossessing in appearance. Coronada described them as "cattle of deformed aspect." In color they are a dirty tow. The beginning of these herd of bison were in the calves roped by cowboys. It is said that even a calf a few weeks old will tax the limit of a horse's speed and staying qualities, so that this small melancholy herd remain as a reminder alike of our national extravagance and individual hardihood. We saw, too, a buffalo bird, or what naturalists call a "cow troopial." These birds seat themselves on the animal's back and live on the insects which infect its hide. The animals are in charge of a cowboy, a typical Westerner, lean and muscular with wind

and sun, and handsome, too, according to a vulgar mould. He did not dismount to open the gates. His broncho cleverly opened and held them while we drove through.

It is a perfect pleasure, half spiritual, half physical to wander through the tangled paths and dim spaces of the mountain forests. There is a spiritual atmosphere which the soul drinks in as the nostrils does the air. These cloistered labyrinths tempt you to loiter, and loitering to call up forest fantasies, buskined nymphs, fawns, and even Pan with all his merry rout.

There are no flowers as yet, and vegetable life is almost dormant, but mingled with the vivifying perfume of the pines, there is a fresh stimulating odor that comes up from the earth. The pulse is quickening in the deciduous trees, and their tops are flushing with rose color. It is not strange that primitive men attributed to the wings of flying spirits the soft breathing of the wind in the trees. The mountain pines are sedate and lofty. They lift us up to them, but never condescend to us. We must bring ourselves into harmony if we would be their friends. Then are they open suggestive, and even tender. Then may we hear "the beatings of the hearts of trees."

At Devil's Lake, eight miles from Banff, there are whole stratas that are fields of death. Nature has locked them up on the hills in fetters and prisons of stone. It is God's grand geological library telling of lurid glares and dark nights that were centuries long; telling how milleniums and milleniums ago ice, fire, and flood bit, burnt, and washed Mother Earth. It is a huge tertiary volume with rough edges and full-page engravings.

Twenty miles to the South is Mount Assiniboine, which is known as the Canadian Matterhorn. It is nearly 12,000 feet high and presents on all sides a seemingly inaccessible front. The vertical face of the ice above the central cliff is 300 feet thick, and above it rises a mighty obelisk 3,000 feet, making it one of the most difficult ascents in the world. Edward Whymper, who had climbed the Matterhorn, and other Swiss climbers, were brought here by the C. P. R. to scale it, but were unsuccessful. The feat, with all its break-neck opportunities, was recently accomplished by Outram.

CHAPTER VI.

"THE BRIDGE OF THE WORLD."

Our black eagle laboriously climbs up the steep inclines, groaning like a suffering, sensate thing. A boisterous, asthmatic monster, belching forth black smoke, 'she hugs the sides of the forbidding rocks. With "madly whistled laughter," the wild thing of strength and savagery dashes into the heart of the mountains. What a tempting of fate it seems to rush into the blackness. Over twin strips of shining steel, we swing around frightful curves, creep over timber trestles more than a mile long, or rattle along huge causeways roughly formed by throwing up pieces of blasted rock.

It is a yachting trip on wheels, and at times we tack so hard that we are actually progressing backwards. There is no observation car, and your blood is on your own head if you stand on the aft platform. Ach! so let it be, we *will* see these sights even if the verdict be "justifiable foolicide."

Two hours west of Banff, at Stephen, we reach the railway summit of the Rocky Mountains. We are 5,296 feet above sea-level. This is the highest point at which the British flag has floated officially upon this continent. Here, at the foot of Mt. Hector, we have reached "The Great Divide." Within a short distance of each other in this glacial field, rise three great rivers that flow into three different oceans. The Athabasca or Mackenzie River flows to the Arctic, the Columbia to the Pacific, and the Saskatchewan to the Atlantic.

At this station, I chatted with a trapper who had just come in with his year's harvest of peltry. Bronzed, seamed, and grizzled, the record of his hazardous life was writ roughly all over him. He offered the stone-marten skins for \$12.50, and the ermines at 50 cents. We agreed with him that they were "cheap as dirt." The animals trapped to the north are beaver, mink, wolverine, fox, land-otter, racoon, sea-otter, skunk, and bear.

This gamester of the wilderness was accompanied by his mate-woman, a dusky Indian. He was "a squaw man," who had been married without the accessories of bell,

book, and candle. This kind of wedlock doubtless has its advantages—for the man. If he makes a mistake, he doesn't have to live with it all his life. He can rectify it by "marrying" again. The Mormons are said to march their wives abreast, the Gentiles in tandems.

At Field, we were given all the time we wanted for dinner at the C.P.R. Chalet hotel. And such "halesome farin'", too. There was crisp-fleshed salmon of such fine flavor that we knew we never tasted the real thing down East; turkey and cranberries; chicken livers with a dash of tobasco sauce, succulent asparagus, luscious, sweet-blooded cherries served up in dishes of mountain cedar, sweets, too, and *such* coffee. Ah! the C.P.R. *can* do it.

They say that up 2,500 feet there is a wonderful fossil bed "principally trilobites and agnostus." I had no ambition to climb. It would be preferable to lie down, look up, and take it all for granted. Besides, time and the train wait for no woman.

At Palliser, the train and river plunge together down a narrow gorge, the perpendicular walls shutting out the sunlight. The roar of the water and the discordant bellowing of the steam devil make this terrible canyon a never-to-be-forgotten experience. Out into daylight the train emerges, and ahead are the beautiful waters of the Columbia flashing with metallic lustre under the dazzling radiance of the sun. To the south, the Selkirks, with their forest-clad bases and ice-clad peaks come trooping into view. It is an out-of-door magic-lantern scene, an opalescent, sun-shafted fantasia. The mountains are very kaleidoscopes in that they never reflect the same combination of colors. A color that is coppery brown blends with a coral-red, or a "toned-down" purple melts into a yellowish green. Here the rocks have a muddy gold stain, and further on one murmurs enraptured at the subtle play of amber, crimson, and violet.

On this afternoon, we pass through several snow-sheds, which while they afford complete immunity from danger of obstruction, also entirely shut out the view. They are what the man-milliner in Dickens would describe as "dem'd, moist, unpleasant" places.

The scenery, through which we run, is as exciting as a theatre. When you are not looking at it you are buying 8 by 10 photographs. You mentally declare that each newly purchased picture will be your last—positively the last. Eventually, you buy out half the stock, at the same time making a laudable resolution to economize next week.

From Golden, a mining town of 500 inhabitants, we follow down the Columbia River to Donald. On the sides of the Selkirks, we observe soft green streaks, which we are told indicate the paths of avalanches. At Moberley is the oldest cabin in the mountains. It was inhabited by Walter E. Moberley, C.E., and government engineering party in the winter of 1871-2, while making a preliminary survey of the railway route. I confess to rarely being able to see effects, or sermons for that matter, in stones, but Mt. Tupper is pointed out to me as having a man and dog effect. The railway men will tell you,

“That’s Sir Charles Tupper,
Going home to his supper.”

The Illecillewaet (pronounced please, Illy-silly-wit) is a tiresome river. It seemed to wind all over the valley, and we must have crossed it a dozen times. The word means “swift current.” At Glacier House, we have supper, and say more nice things about the railway management. Thousands of feet up are vast plateaux of green ice. One glacier field in the Rockies is as large as all those of Switzerland combined, embracing as it does more than 200 square miles. It is difficult to comprehend the magnitude of these steady, long-living glaciers that are obedient only to the sun.

The ghost of day yet haunted the scene as we pulled out of Glacier. In the half-light, the nameless, imperturbable, hills with their darkened files of adventurous trees climbing the ridges, seemed like things of a dream. All is vague, dreamy and in uncertain silhouette. Now, we gingerly feel our way along some forbidding precipice, or in uncanny gloom dash down “an horrible pit,” across jagged gorges scarred by wild convulsions through intersecting ravines and across mountain-born rivers with their white-tusked hungry waters.

“On, on we speed as once the eagle sped
In wild free flight through the vast solitudes.”

Speed on, and still on where the white-capped mountains “Like Titian mothers sit aloft, nursing the baby clouds upon their giant breasts.”

During the night we passed through the station at Craigellachie, noted because it was here on November 7th, 1885, the last spike was driven in the C.P.R., the rails from the East and West meeting. This event was not a mere completion of a railway. It was something of greater import. It was not only the binding together of an Empire, but it was the binding of the old and new worlds by the hands of the new.

We are skirting along the Fraser when I awake. Here and there, in sunny spots, the Indians have hung salmon on poles to dry, much as we hang articles on a clothes horse. Further on, tubby little Chinamen are washing the auriferous sands. For the white man “pay dirt” has “petered out,” but not for the tireless, plegmatic Celestials. These Chinamen keep panning away, and at the end of the year have bigger “piles” than the miners in the diggings. Assuredly, these strangers within the gates are the modern Argonauts in search of the golden fleece.

John’s little garden is carpeted with thriving root crops. He has not time to lift his head and look at the passing train. He is weeding his cress row. It is not much of a picture. Only a patch of brown earth and rough green kitchen stuff, a gaunt dry little head bare to the sun, brown hands, brown as the clay, and a pinched husk of a body.

But it has a meaning. Love mellows and lends a lustre to it. This alien’s sweat is the oil in the lamp of love in some home altar in the far Orient. Under the stimulus of love, he endures, seeing things invisible. Love sweetens his toil, rests his weariness, and emancipates him from drudgery. He has “a god within.” A mean picture? hardly. This saffron colored Asiatic is no mere creature of circumstances, drifting indifferent, like a dead leaf on a current. He is a man solving the bread-winning problem.

It is in homage, John Chinaman, that I take off my hat.

FASHIONS



SUMMER STYLES

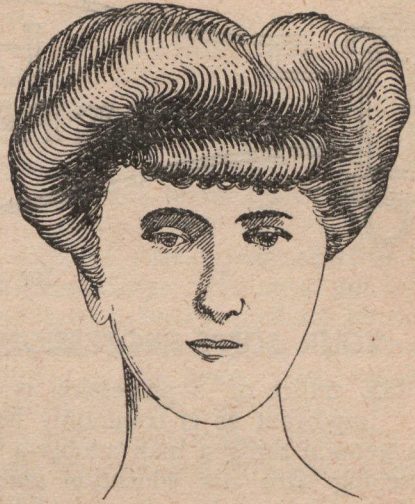
We Would Like to See One Pretty Woman

In Canada who doesn't know PEMBER'S ART HAIR GOODS STORE, and who has not seen the new fetching and beautiful Pompadour Bang made on a pretty shell pin, by all odds the daintiest, most stylish and most genteel hair creation ever produced.

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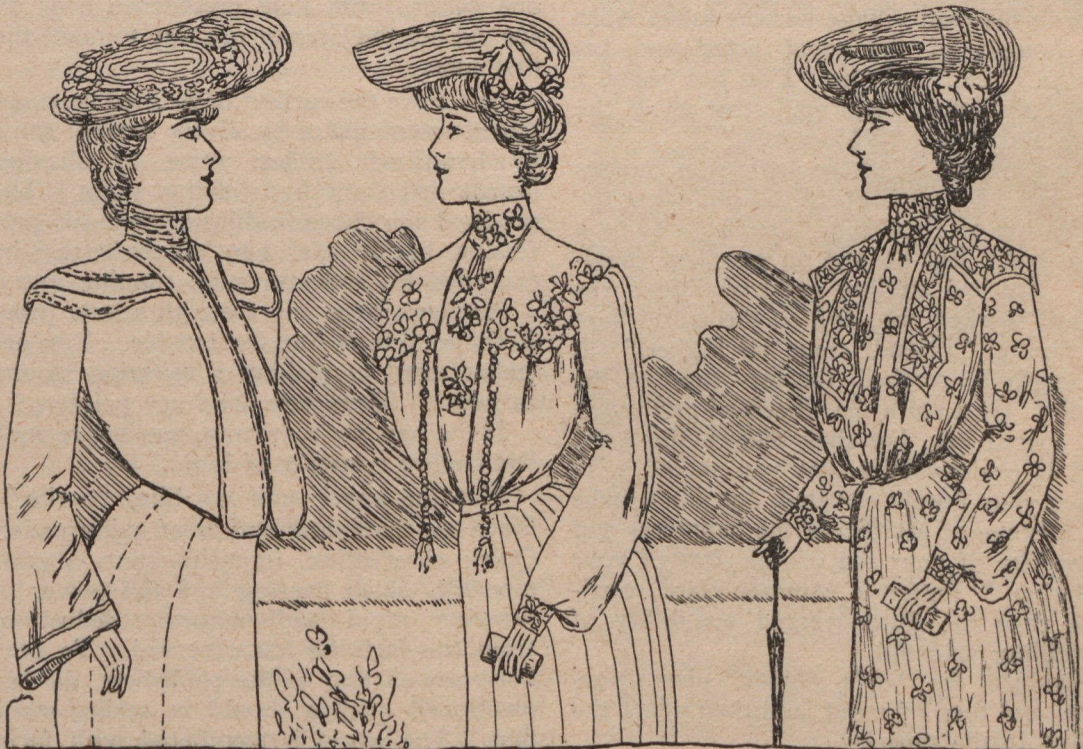
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SUMMER STYLES



HOME DEPARTMENT

BY JANEY CANUCK

YOUR SON'S PROFESSION

THE choice of a profession is not so important as is commonly believed. As a general thing a man adopts a calling in keeping with his education and social standing. It is only where some decided aptitude has marked itself out that men ought to be over-particular.

And "decided aptitudes" are not really very common. There are few who have the marked gift of Jediah Buxton, the famous person who could multiply nine figures by nine in his head. He was once taken to see Garrick act. When he went back to his own village he was asked what he thought of the great actor and his doings. "Oh," said he, "I do not know, I have only seen a little man strut about the stage and repeat 7,956 words."

As a general thing the profession chooses the man. James Garfield did not select the profession of President. He chose to be a canal-boy. But he was an excellent canal-boy. He had sterling good qualities; was a hard worker, too, and so the world kept on saying, "Friend, come up higher," till at length he reached the top rung of the ladder. Of a truth the wheels of promotion are geared low, but they seldom slip cogs.

It is praiseworthy that you should wish to see your family elevated, but don't make the mistake of sacrificing the happiness and prosperity of your son on the altar of your ambition. Better a common-place certitude than the flutter-winged possibility of something splendid.

Analyze the boy's ability, disposition, taste, and turn of mind, and then adapt the calling to the capacity.

And there are so many professions, and

they are all so old. The lawyers say their profession was first needed, when Cain killed Abel, but the doctors might as justly contend priority when Adam's rib was taken out. And when we have settled on this along come the tailors and dressmakers to assure us that their trades were called into existence when our first parents sewed fig-leaves. The horticulturists could claim prestige in the picking of the forbidden fruit. It looks as if the confidence-man has the best of the argument when he declares that his artful dodges began with Satan's deception of Eve. But the potter can "go one better," and take precedence over all for did not the Creator use clay to make the first man.

And since the earliest days, men have obtained maintenance by divers means; some by handicraft trades, some by shaving beards and some by shaving notes. The prodigal son chose feeding hogs as his profession, but be it said to his credit that he cancelled his indentures by running away.

And you have all these to select from. Perhaps, this is just the trouble. You are embarrassed in making a selection among so many. Then here are some pointers:

If the boy has a dreamy, meditative soul, don't make a lawyer of him.

Has the angel said to him, "write"? Here are the five essentials of a journalist: Quick observation, inquisitiveness, a good memory, quick hearing and the power of drawing rapid and accurate deductions from the facts he has observed. To be a hot-press darling of the publishers, the last mentioned quality should in reality stand first. The world is smothered with facts. People want to know what they mean,

want to get the blood out of them. if a writer cannot do this, his fate will be like that of

“Little Bo-Peepkin,
Who took her sheepskin
And went to the city to write,
She didn't know where
To find editors there
Though she hunted with all her might.

Don't put the boy into medicine on the grounds that it is a “nice” profession. The training, until one is hardened to it, is not only exacting, but disgusting—very far from “nice.”

A doctor must dabble in blood, bear foul odors, take snubs from cranky patients, and be willing to study every spare moment he gets, unless he wishes to become a back number. But, if on the other hand, the boy can stand it, he is performing one of the noblest services on earth.

Is he “called” to be a preacher? Look in and through his call sharply. You know he may think it a nice, clean, easy job like the colored man of whom Booker Washington tells us. He was at work in a cotton-field one hot day in July when he suddenly stopped, and looking towards the sky, said: “O, Lawd, de cotton am so grassy, de work am so hard, and de sun am so hot dat I b'lieve dis darky am called to preach.”

A youth who enters the ministry with this idea is apt to find that he has run his head against a pulpit. The only reason a man should enter the sacred ministry is because he *cannot* keep out of it.

But whether the youth be knight of the pill, or knight of the quill, to succeed, he needs courage, a clean heart and a clear head, these and health, for in the struggle for bread, the weak are thrust to the wall without remorse.

It was a wise man who said, “There is no such thing as a success tabloid.” Success is another name for hard work and hard head.

Max O'Rell tells of an Englishman who once wrote him after this style: “I have a son who is young, sober, clever, very steady, industrious, and courageous, and at whose disposal I could place a little capital. Do you think his prospects in the Antipodes would be good?”

“My dear sir,” replied the witty Max, “a man who possesses the qualifications that you name need not go to the Antipodes. His prospects are good and perfectly safe anywhere.”

A man who is carving out his path in life must expect competition and opposition, but the surest way to get rid of competition is to do his work better than the other fellow.

To do good work a man, must be lavish of his personality. He must put a great deal of himself into everything he does.

And there are three golden desiderata to be written on his heart: 1st, reliability; 2nd, reliability; 3rd, reliability. We have brilliant men, level-headed men, and pushful men, but comparatively few of the reliable kind.

Then, let the youth be as ambitious as he will, let him hitch his waggon to the stars; let him be the tadpole of an archangel, for in all this good round earth, there is nothing more engaging than the ambition of a hardy youth aflame with desire for the golden spurs.

FROM CUPID'S QUESTION-DRAWER

WHEN the subjects of matrimony and courtship were introduced into this department, it never entered my unimaginative head that I should be deluged by letters, masculine and feminine, written with J pens, or 242 Gilllets', on pink paper, grey paper, and black-edged note, criss-crossed, blotted, tear-soaked, and even perfumed, but one can never postulate anything about human nature when love enters the calculations. Of a surety, the Postmaster-General has no idea of the secrets entrusted to him every day.

Although I really want to write about mothers-in-law, widows, jealousy, love-letters, and other interesting matters I shall pigeon-hole them somewhere in my head for a more convenient season, in order that I may lift a few of my correspondents from the black, sticky slough of despond.

Maggie M.: No, my dear young Miss, if I were you, I wouldn't dwell on the idea of elopement. Every boy has a vague longing for buccaneering, or for a suit of armor, a

sword, a horse, and an enemy, just as every girl dreams of a gallant Lochinvar, handsome and brave—a bit of a dare-devil—who will bear her off triumphantly under the very nose of papa and mamma.

I would not dwell on it, because it is a fast-declining ideal in the female bosom. It is not even fashionable, besides there is very little romance about elopement in these prosaic days. It savors too much of the "bolting" of cheats.

I would dwell rather on a courtship that ends in the customary perfume of orange blossoms, and the usual collection of silver spoons and worked centre-pieces. It is the right thing.

Anxious Widow: So you are surrounded by very ardent and very unspiritual young men! The only advice I can give you is to be very cold and very, very spiritual yourself.

Helen of Troy: You art quite right. A man's conception of eternal love becomes somewhat narrowed down after he is married. It has often occurred to me that a company which would issue policies insuring the public against the accidents of marriage (children included for the United States) would find a real El Dorado awaiting them.

E. W. B., Vancouver: Well, suppose she isn't a brilliant woman—neither are you a brilliant man. Your letter bewrayeth you.

Don't let her know your opinions of her. There is no duty we owe to truth more imperative than that of lying stoutly on occasion. If you are married and have been disillusioned, lie about it every day sooner than tell the truth. The good angels will forgive you.

Clayton: Don't despair because you have been refused. If you are pensive, "pale and interesting," abstracted and distracted, she may take pity on you. No mite of a girl likes to see a great big man melting away before her very eyes all for love of her.

Bachelor-maidens: What is the old song about, "There never was a goose so grey?" Don't be too hard on the men. My own opinion of the matter is that any woman who is overflowing with love, cannot go through life unloved.

Jim: No! I don't believe in lover's quar-

rels. Courtship should be the brightest, sunniest spot on the wayside of life.

Ottawa: Come near till I whisper, Ottawa! You are jealous—very, very jealous. Ah, if she would only get her to a nunnery your agony would be diminished one-half. You don't want any other lover to have her.

Jealousy has been defined as "A loop of Hell whence a damned soul looks on paradise." Hoots, man! change your position and outlook.

Z. Z.: Off with you! if you didn't like my advice to wives why do you ask for more?

Mother Bunch: I do not believe in the French system of marrying off girls without their consent, but *mesalliances* should be prevented at any cost short of a premature death, and I am not so sure that this should be allowed as an exception. Marriages are made in heaven, but one thing is certain no wise parent ever acts on it. It is a lapse of duty and a violation of common sense to shift the business on the shoulders of heaven.

Ella: A widow should never complain of an ache or pain except a growing pain.

Tom and Maggie: Now, I'm in a corner. Here is a couple who are going to get married presently, and they want me to give them a maxim that will insure their matrimonial felicity for life. Surely a big order.

I have *never* given my own receipt before—never. It was worth too much, but the absolutely childlike faith displayed by Tom and Maggie in my discretion have at last dragged it forth. Here it is:

At every place, on every occasion, at every hour, always and absolutely *forget that you are married.*

A Girl Reader: You are too tender-hearted. There is an old story that Napoleon, as he paced the battlefield after a fight, looked on the countless strewn corpses and sighed, "Ah, well, if you would have an omelet you must break some eggs."

The moral is obvious.

All the Rest of You: I am sorry the Blue Pencil Man won't give me the whole magazine to answer your queries, but he is obdurate, and other unreasonable people want to write about books and finance, so perforce I must reluctantly consign you to the W. P. B.

PHYSICAL AND MENTAL HEALTH

PHYSICAL culture and the development of the muscles are only the means to an end. The end is health, beauty and *mental joyousness*. We have emphasized mental joyousness because nothing fosters buoyancy of mind and spirits more than a glowing beautiful body.

Our mental power is more largely dependent upon our bodily condition than we know. An upright position incites and spurs the body to action. For this reason it is good policy to offer an angry man a chair. A prone position has a weakening effect on the mental powers.

This is why the woman of intellect, enthusiasm, and daring soul is not of the weeping-willow type. Her features may not be regular, but invariably she has muscles of steel under her firm velvety flesh. She is lithe as a sapling, her hips are made for motherhood, and her bosom may rightly be styled "love's pillow."

The woman who takes physical exercise, fresh air, and sunshine grows graceful, vigorous, and supple. Her complexion becomes healthy and her eyes take on a sparkle. But this is not all, for unwittingly, the woman has done much to improve her mental powers. A good brain must ever rest on the foundation of a good body.

A thoroughly healthy woman is full of life and mental vivacity. It shines in her face and gives her what novelists call "the indefinable charm," which is just another term for magnetism—that subtle, elusive power which attracts every creature who comes within her influence.

To most of us the stumbling-block is that we do not know just how or where to begin our physical exercise. Perhaps our bodies may be fairly well developed, and in the slang parlance of the studio we may

"strip well," but on the other hand, we tire soon, our joints get stiff with work, and we do not walk with an equalized tread. Or it may be that our body lacks pliancy and the power of balancing.

Then, here is the starting point and the finish: The secret of grace, poise, and strength is to *make every joint bend all that it can*.

The flexibility of limb and remarkable sinuous glide of the Creoles have been at once the despair and delight of Northern women, yet the most ugly duckling may gain this pliancy by bending and twisting exercises.

Special attention should be paid to the left side of the body. To avoid awkwardness on the stage, actresses are obliged to give double practice to the left leg.

Don't expect to accomplish wonderful results in a couple of exercises. All you can hope for so soon is lameness, but persevere and verily you will have your reward.

A good deal of lameness may be avoided by rubbing sweet oil into the joints until it is thoroughly absorbed. This has long been the practice of Eastern women, and one we could adopt with advantage. The oil not only eases the strain, but is very strengthening, especially when rubbed into the spine.

If you do not like the smell of the oil, rub your flesh afterwards with a few drops of musk. Get French musk, it is more delicate than that prepared in England.

Some there are who say the use of musk presupposes a sensuous temperament. So does all perfume. But what of that? The full, warm, healthy blood peculiar to the luxurious physique is just what many delicate women need in order that they may be at their best both physically and mentally.

LITERATURE

THE FILIGREE BALL. By Anna Katherine Green.

THE author of this story of mystery and grisly horror is a mistress of the science of deduction, and has proven herself to be the peer of Lecocq, Dupin, and Doyle. The clan of the pen stand at salute.

Although the facts are given without unnecessary obfuscation, they are so startling and so adroitly handled that they arouse and baulk the curiosity to the last page, hailing the reader along with interest wrought up to an almost unendurable pitch. Of a truth, the sated, novel-reader will find *The Filigree Ball* fresh and thrilling.

Veronica Moore, in a girlish freak, is married in an old mansion in Washington, which she had inherited from her father, but which had stood unused for years because of the sudden and inexplicable deaths of two men, who at different periods, were found dead on the library hearthstone.

Just before the marriage service, a man named Pfeiffer, a self-bidden guest, unknown to anyone present, is found a corpse on the same hearthstone. The bride is kept in ignorance of the awful fatality till after the service, when the guests and waiters, terror-stricken, flee from the house of mystery.

Two weeks later, the youthful bride was found dead on the same hearth, shot through the heart, and with a revolver tied to her wrist by a white ribbon. Why had she come to the scene of these tragedies? Was it suicide? Was it murder?

It was proven at the inquest that she had quarreled bitterly with her husband two days previously and that he had visited the deserted house sometime between the quarrel and his wife's death. Did he kill her? Was it her sister who loved the bridegroom, and was traced to the house the night of the murder? Or was it her uncle who was heir to the property and was also proven to have been in the house at the moment of her death?

The author has riveted these incongruous links into a complete chain, and has given us a startling and entirely unexpected denouement. If the story has a moral, it is that there is only one thing to do always—the right thing.

The Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis.

THE CONQUERING OF KATE. By J. P. Mowtray.

THE author of this book is now known to be the late Mr. A. C. Wheeler, a journalist who wrote under the pseudonym of *Nym Crinkle*.

He tells us in the preface that the work is "a romance of a passing phase of American life written *con amore*, out of the imagination, but dealing as it passed with some mysteries of our human nature that are not passing phases, but abiding problems."

The plot throughout is well-imagined, well-constructed, well-sustained. It is full of life, action, and thrilling human interest.

The heroine, *Kate Bussey*, becomes engaged to a wealthy Englishman named *Journingham*, in order that she may redeem her estate, which is heavily mortgaged, thus pledging her hand while her heart was engaged elsewhere.

When *Journingham*, who is a London exquisite of the first-water, crosses the ocean to claim his American bride, he finds that she has already repented of her hasty acceptance, but is willing to sink her feelings to duty much to the disgust of her lively but practical sister *Sylvia* who tries to persuade her that she is not a worm to be picked up without a squirm by the first cock-robin that comes her way.

Journingham is eventually murdered by *Fol Heckshent*, a ruffian who reminds us of the fact that when God marked Cain, He did not throw the brand away. We think the author has treated *Journingham* too radically. It would have served all the purposes of the story equally well had he

married the Englishman to the little blathering nonentity *Penelly Seton*.

One of the best drawn characters is *Suke Turck*, a moonshiner's daughter, a full-pulsed, red-blooded girl—wild, primitive, masculine—but with a heart of gold.

We like *Aunt Sussex Bussey*, too. She is so delightfully impracticable and so divertingly susceptible on the point of "family."

The story ends just as the reader would wish.

The get-up of the book generally is tasteful and artistic.

Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.

AROUND THE WORLD THROUGH JAPAN. By Walter Del Mar.

IF you are looking for missionary information or anything along the line of Henry Drummond's works, don't buy this book, for while it is interesting and will doubtless prove instructive to intending travellers, it is by no means edifying to those who stay at home.

To be candid, it is a very bold, naughty book, one to be quarantined with a fence of spiked criticism.

The author is a "well-languaged" man and can observe foreign scenes and foreign types through clear, unbiased eyes, but he has marred what were otherwise a most readable book with flagrant descriptions that far out-rank Pierre Loti, Zola, or Max O'Rell.

Walter Del Mar "did" the world heavily, so heavily that he ought to have been washed, fumigated and expurgated before being allowed on a steamer.

From the time he left England till he returned, a period of nine months, he seems to have visited most of the brothels *en route*, and he tells us all his experiences and a great deal about "the profession," not even forgetting the rates.

In Japan, particularly, he set his affections on *Joro* dancers, but on the whole he does not seem to think much of the Japanese women either as a "wife" or in less regular relations—and he tells us why. Oh, fie upon him!

He warns English women on no account

to use hotel fans which lie around promiscuously, for twenty chances to one they are advertising the business of Nectarine or some other "only first-class house in Japan."

A. & C. Black, London.

KENT FORT MANOR. By William Henry Babcock.

THE secret of being wearisome," says a French proverb, "is to tell all you know." The author of this book does not err on this side. In truth, he takes too much for granted, particularly in the first pages of the book, and so presents his characters with absolutely no introduction, thus causing some slight confusion in the reader's mind. In everyday life, when anyone claims our acquaintance, we like to know who they are, whence they came, and what they want. The same applies equally to fiction. The author of this work had *thought* the characters out himself, but not so the public, hence the confusion.

Having cast this little stone of criticism, there remains nothing but praise for this book. The threads of the story are held by a clever hand, and are eventually woven out into a very pretty piece of texture.

The story deals with the period of the civil war and gives us some rattling riding, lively escapades, and grim scouting.

Roderick Clariborne, the central figure of the book, is well drawn, and rolls out some really well-made talk. Indeed the conversation throughout the book is exceptionally clever, particularly that of the negro servants.

One of the best bits of description in which *Kent Fort Manor* abounds is the lonely death of *Tagg Martin*, a young courier, who although fainting in his saddle from loss of blood, dashed madly on that he might deliver his despatch to some human hand, but alas! only to fall short of his goal, and to die miserably in a dismal swamp. Even the most casual reader will put down the book to moralize on the shiftlessness of life, the waste of her material, and the tragedy of unfinished labor. Of a surety, "There's something in this world amiss to be unravelled by and by."

Theories on the subject of an inherited memory play an important part in working out the plot. The author holds that "to the third and fourth generations" many things besides sins and punishments are quite obviously with us. In the preface, he quotes Sully on *Illusions*, and Bagehot's *Physics and Politics* as setting forth the fact of "general and deep ancestral impressions."

Taken all in all, the book is a delightful one.

Henry T. Coats & Co., Philadelphia.

ON SATAN'S MOUNT. By Dwight Tilton.

HERE is a book of pith, pathos, and power that should be read by everyone who desires to be informed on the methods of the "newly rich."

J. P. Norton, or "John Peter" as he was familiarly called by his associates, is a multi-millionaire, a modern Midas with a touch of gold. Indeed, it seemed that he could turn everything his way except the key to upper teldom, and this, after long and sore kicking against the pricks, he turns, too, when his horse *Capital* wins the American Handicap over the winner of the Derby and the Grand Prix of Paris.

The author has pictured vividly the beneficences and thefts of wealth; has shown us how the philanthropies of Midas may lend a lustre to an iniquitous system of brigandism of which the public is the victim. Now, he portrays John Peter giving orders that a hospital be erected for crippled children at a cost of two million dollars, and again, we see the magnate in almost the same breath wheeling about in his chair to outline a plan that will irretrievably ruin hundreds of families. When his secretary, *Philip Craig*, the hero of the story pleads for the men, their wives, their children, Midas brutally answers, "Pawns, Craig, pawns, to be swept from the board of life because they are in the way."

And there is a spice of truth in Midas' reasoning about gold that even the most

illogical cannot gainsay. "The almighty dollar," he argues, "is chiefly denounced by those who need it most," and again, "money may not sow the seed of happiness, but it is often a great fertilizer for it."

But the secretary's father, old *Angus Craig* had a different view of "the greed for gowd." "It makes the strong trample the weak," said this sturdy old Scot, "and the weak curse the weaker. It makes enemies o' brithers, and puts the de'il into the hearts o' babes, a'most. It sends the love o' God cowering back tae the heaven, and fill's the earth wi' rapine and tumult. It shakes the dice for the verra clothes of our Saviour, after it has betrayed him for the pieces o' siller."

In Philip Craig, we have the anti-type of the rich young ruler who went away sorrowful because he had great possessions. With a rare self-abnegation, we find this latter-day young man laying down love, ambition, wealth and fame for the one principle of simple honesty to find, alas, what others have bitterly found before, that famine and fear have a habit of crouching at the portals of Honesty even as they crouch at the gates of the Virgilian Hades.

And when as representative of Socialism, Craig became President of the United States, and felt deep down in his soul the latent passion for power, the headlong torrent of ambition that made him the arbiter of the destiny of others thus bringing him to the level of Midas who destroys in his efforts to create, it was given him to realize in almost a vision that he had been up on Satan's mount and had seen all the kingdoms of the world in a moment of time.

The book which throughout is vivid and engrossing is, nevertheless, a peculiar one, and will doubtless stir up a diversity of opinion by reason of its unusual trend of thought.

By all means read it.

C. M. Clark, Boston.

S U P P L E M E N T

of *The*

NATIONAL MONTHLY OF CANADA

THE MOON

THERE has always been a deal of chat about the moon and the man therein. I have always firmly held the opinion myself that the man in the moon was a woman because of his changeability, but since that person has deigned to come down to Toronto and edit *The Moon*, the question has been forever settled. He is a man alright—a gay, cynical old chap who runs to calf and heels, wears *some* clothes, but noticeably jester's bells, and an inverted columbine head-dress.

We wonder *why* he did come down anyway. Perhaps it was because he was tired of being reduced to his last quarter once a month. Or perhaps he was arrested by the Toronto police as a manufacturer of counterfeit silver. Everyone who has been married any time knows that they were young fools taken in by gazing on the moon. It is a bad half-dollar, so to speak.

Or perhaps he has come down just to contradict Mr. Zangwill who contends that there is no Providence, else he would have put hands on the moon instead of leaving it to stare at us with a blank, idiot face. Now, the man in the moon would have us know that he *has* "hands," and is the chronometer for all Canada.

Since *Grip* went to kingdom-come, our Canadian politicians have had their golden age, but it has abruptly ended since the moon man has arrived. This is where we humble folk emerge at the big end of the horn. We care for nobody, no not we, and nobody cares for us. "Cling to the peace of obscurity; they shall be happy that love thee."

The man in the moon knows all about everybody, and when he dips into biography

this is his style: "The Right Honorable Gilbert John, Earl of Minto, is the fourth Earl of Minto only because his father was the third Earl. I wish this to be clearly understood for his Lordship is not in any sense to be blamed; he could not help it, whether he Minto or not."

Oh, Mr. Moon Man, you *are* so funny!

ART IN GLASS

AS I stood one day recently and watched Mr. Robert McCausland working on a spirited cartoon of "The Walk to Emmaus," I recalled Wagner's definition of art. "It is," he says, "the realization of a permanent idea in an ephemeral form."

He who runs may read this hall-mark on Mr. McCausland's work. Each window stands for a definite idea, a thought that is clothed in color, just as music, its sister-art, clothes it in sound.

When we go away from home, we look at La Farge and Tiffany windows, and wonder why we cannot do similar work in Canada, while all the time we have something that runs them very close right here in Toronto.

But our cousins of the neighboring Republic to the south are not so slow to recognize this fact, and for some time the McCausland firm have been filling large contracts for Americans in spite of an almost prohibitive duty of 45 per cent.

And we needed Mr. McCausland to show us better things in Canada. Even yet, scriptural scenes are produced in glass displaying little else than criminality of color and barbarity of design. Most of us are familiar with some church window or other that all through the service-hour grates on our souls and sets our teeth on edge be-

cause of the splay feet, distorted heads, and goggle eyes of the saints. We don't want to be saints if there is any possibility of our ever looking like these sickly, knock-kneed creations.

Mr. McCausland, who is an enthusiast in his profession, has studied both in England and on the continent, and keeps in touch with the latest things in art matters. He is a walking encyclopedia on symbols and emblems, on legendary and mythological art, on the anatomy of pattern, and the application of ornament. It is precious little he does not know about mural painting, ceramics, Burne-Jones' draperies, the pictorial lives of the saints, Catholic worship, or the text of the four Gospels, which all goes to account for his refined and sympathetic treatment of the subject matter of his windows.

"If you would see his work, look around"—that is, go down to the Toronto City Hall and view his window on "Art and Industry." It is a work of unquestionable power, marked for boldness of mass and outline yet with no appearance of crowding.

My own opinion is that Mr. McCaus-

land's *chef d'oeuvre* is at Old St. Mark's Church, Niagara-on-the-Lake. It is worth a pilgrimage to see this window. The subject is *The Resurrection*, and is an adaptation of the Plockhurst painting in the Berlin gallery. The Magdalene with her beautiful glowing body and her tawny, sun-gloried hair breaking into gold at the tips is a picture that will linger long in your memory. Duplicates of this window have been made for churches in Pittsburgh and Memphis, Tennessee.

Mr. McCausland does a large business in furnishing bright-faced windows for our Canadian homes. Formerly, artists spent all their genius on castle or cathedral while the homes of the people were ugly, but thanks to the influence of Ruskin a new era of art has been introduced—a diffusive era, that sweetens life in even the cottage and gives no room to the tawdry or ugly.

We would like to delicately hint to Mr. McCausland that he should, some afternoon, invite those of us interested in art to his beautiful studio on Wellington Street, in order that we might have the pleasure of a private view of his cartoons, color designs, and finished glass.



SHADOW RIVER, MUSKOKA