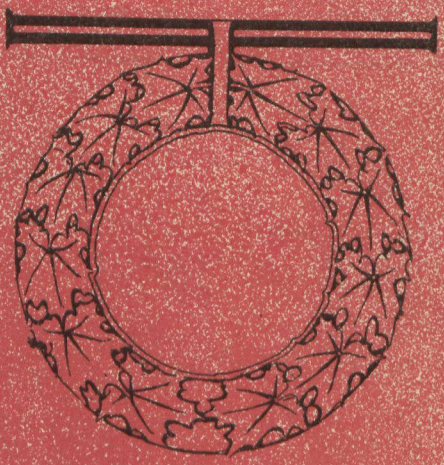
MARCH
1909

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

Vol. 32 No. 5



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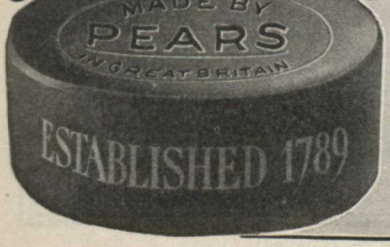

OF ALL SCENTED SOAPS PEARS' OTTO OF ROSE IS THE BEST.

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOLUME XXXII. No. 5

CONTENTS, MARCH, 1909

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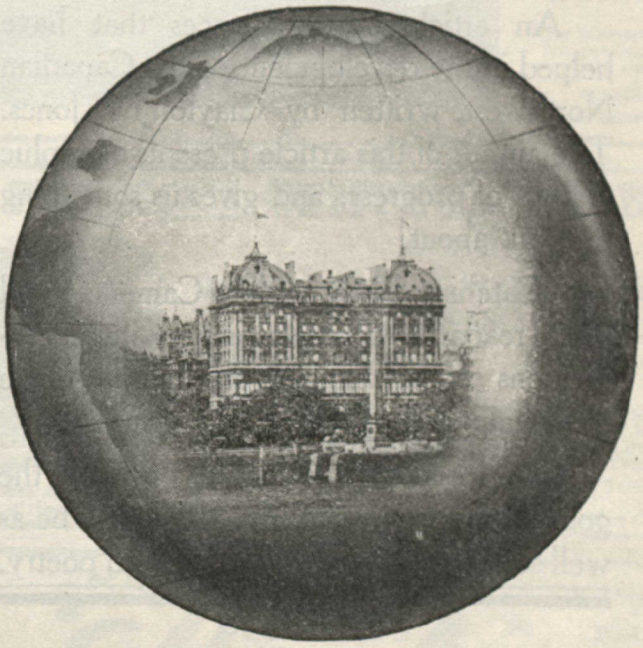

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The April Number

Features of the April Number will be:

"Labour and Socialism," by Goldwin Smith. This article was announced for the March Number, but it was unavoidably delayed. It is a very important and interesting contribution.

An article on the forces that have helped in the development of the Canadian Northwest, written by Clayton M. Jones. The author of this article presents a graphic picture of progress, and gives us something to think about.

"Catching Birds with a Camera," will be a readable spring article, with reproductions of a number of unusally fine photographs.

The foregoing are only a few of the good things to be offered. There will be as well some strong notes in fiction and poetry.

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

TORONTO, CANADA

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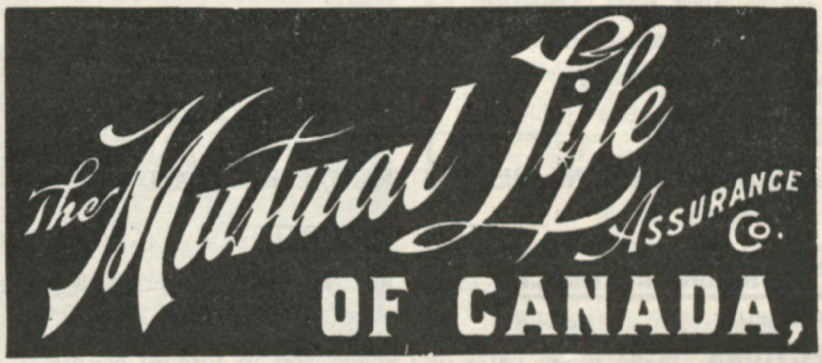

been any exception to the general rule, it having met with a most gratifying measure of success during that pericd, as will appear from the following figures :

YEAR	INCOME	ASSETS	SURPLUS	BUSINESS IN FORCE
1898	923,941	4,126,132	256,941	23,703,979
1908	2,546,141	12,959,777	1,852,016	54,693,882

Here are a Few of the Gains in 1908:

In Assurance in Force	$3,602,035
" Assets	1,329,098
" Reserve	948,268
" Income	302,571
" Surplus	348,296

Notwithstanding the increase in amount of new insurance written
And the large gains in other departments, the ratio of expenses to income is smaller than it was in 1907, showing that the greatest economy has been exercised in the management of the Company's business.

Standing of the Company
in periods of five years from 1873 when it got fairly under way, up to and including the year 1908 :

YEAR	INCOME	ASSETS	SURPLUS	BUSINESS IN FORCE
1873	16,436	23,145	5,624	701,000
1878	59,278	142,619	29,150	1,885,311
1883	199,183	533,706	43,762	6,572,719
1888	393,075	1,313,853	90,337	12,041,914
1893	626,209	2,593,425	226,120	17,751,107
1898	923,941	4,126,132	256,941	23,703,979
1903	1,591,070	7,283,158	601,153	37,587,551
1908	2,546,141	12,959,777	1,852,016	54,693,882

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W. H. RIDDELL, Assistant Manager. CHAS. RUBY, Secretary.

NORTH AMERICAN LIFE

ANNUAL MEETING

REPORT FOR THE YEAR 1908

The Twenty-eighth Annual Meeting of the North American Life Assurance Company was held at its Home Office in Toronto, on Thursday, Jan. 28th, 1909, when the following report of the business of the Company for the year ended Dec. 31st 1908, was presented:

Cash Income.

The cash income for the year from premiums, interest, etc., was $1,897,078.28, showing the satisfactory increase of $81,980.59.

Reduction in Expense Ratio.

The business has been conducted on a conservative basis, as is shown by a further reduction in the ratio of expenses to premium income, thereby placing the North American Life in the front rank of economically managed Canadian companies.

Payments to Policy-holders.

The amount paid on policy-holders' account was $654,,991.05, and of this sum $367,831.76 represents payments for Dividends. Matured Endowments and Investment Policies.

Assets.

The Assets increased during the year by the sum of $854,762.01. and now amount to $9,590,638,09. The Assets continue to be, as heretofore, invested in the best class of securities available; a detailed list of these will be published with the Annual Report for distribution.

Net Surplus.

After making ample provision for all liabilities and paying the sum of $124,771.26 for dividends to policy-holders, the net surplus was increased to $876,214.15.

Insurance.

The policies issued during the year, together with those revived, amounted to the sum of $4,465,224.00. making the total insurance in force $40,341,091.00.

Audit.

A monthly examination of the books of the Company was made by the Auditors, and at the close of the year they made a thorough scrutiny of all the securities held by the Company. A committee of the Board, consisting of two Directors, made an independent audit of the securities each quarter.

L. GOLDMAN, Managing Director. J. L. BLAIKIE, President.

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A MOUNTAIN STREAM PROTECTED AND REGULATED BY STANDING TIMBER

THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XXXII TORONTO, MARCH, 1909 No. 5

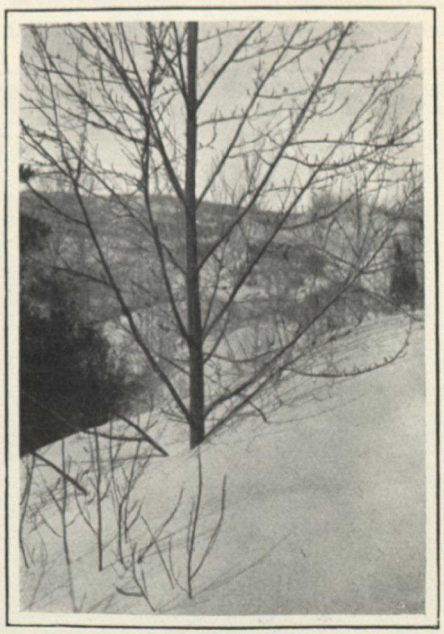
OUR VANISHING BIRTHRIGHT

BY A. H. D. ROSS, M.A., M.F.,

FACULTY OF FORESTRY, UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

THE effects of the forest upon its surroundings are so important and far-reaching that it may well be likened to "*Nature's Balance Wheel.*" Its importance does not consist merely in the immediate output of lumber, ties, timber, fuel, pulpwood and other forest products; but also in its regulation of the stream flow, the prevention of soil erosion, the formation of a good game cover and its ameliorating influences upon climate. By retarding evaporation, checking the drying effects of winds, rendering the soil more porous and fertile, retaining the moisture favourable to agriculture, and regulating the flow of water in the streams, it is of the highest importance in the general economy of nature. Through mighty cycles of time vegetable growth and tree growth have wrought incessantly to clothe the rocks with life and beauty and to prepare the earth for the habitation of man. Wherever man has disturbed the nice balance that exists between the forested and non-forested areas he has been severely punished, but where he has restored the proper balance his efforts have been generously rewarded by better climatic conditions, increased fertility of soil, and a more equable stream flow.

Almost everywhere in the great characters in which Nature writes her chronicles there are indications that Egypt, Syria and Persia were formerly densely wooded and traversed by streams which are now dried up or shrunk within narrow bounds. Once the garden spots of the world, where nature rewarded the labours of the cultivator with lavish profusion, they are now largely desolate and infertile



TREES BEING KILLED IN LAMBTON COUNTY, ONTARIO, BY MOVING SAND DUNES

DESTRUCTIVE LUMBERING—A BAD FIRE TRAP

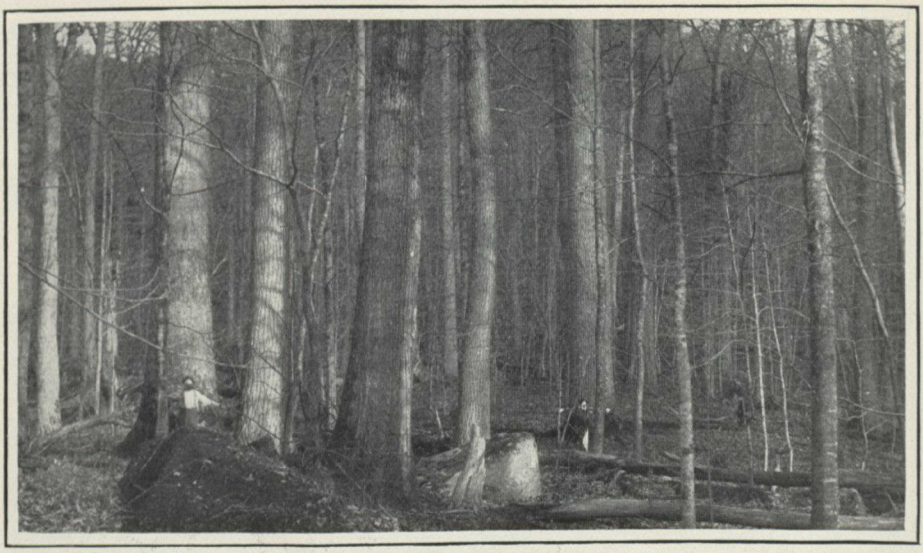
regions incapable of supporting a tithe of their former populations—the once mighty Persian Empire being reduced to an average of only fourteen inhabitants to every square mile. British India, Turkey, Spain, southern France, and parts of Italy and Russia also know to their cost that a disturbance of *Nature's Balance Wheel* means a reduction of soil

A MAN-MADE DESERT. EFFECT OF FIRE AND FLOOD ON STANDING TIMBER

MATURE TIMBER MARKED FOR FELLING—GERMAN METHOD

fertility, the general impoverishment of the people and a constantly diminishing population. Not until it has disappeared does mankind seem to realise that the preservation of the forest is just as indispensable to civilisation as tilled fields. In southern France, the destruction of the forest, just after the Revolution, resulted in violent floods, which in a few years

BED OF A MOUNTAIN TORRENT THAT DRIED UP AFTER TIMBER HAD BEEN REMOVED



A FINE FOREST OF TIMBER ON LAND THAT IS COMPOSED ALMOST ENTIRELY OF BOULDERS AND THAT WOULD BE USELESS FOR AGRICULTURE

rendered eight million acres of fertile land unfit for cultivation. Already the French Government has spent $40,000,000 in an effort to reclaim the agricultural land destroyed by erosion, and it is estimated that fully $100,000,000 more must be spent before the work is complete. In this one instance, alone, the restoration of *Nature's Balance Wheel* will cost the French Republic $140,000,000, plus the value of the crops which *might* have been grown on 8,000,000 acres of fertile land during all these years, plus the value of the timber crop which *should* have been growing on the denuded areas. Only slowly does it seem to dawn upon the public mind that the loss of our forests, without adequate restoration, will be the deadliest imaginable blow to our future progress and prosperity. A prosperous nation cannot be built up in a desert, nor can a people continue in power and affluence when the territory from which they draw their sustenance shall have receded into barrenness by the ruthless destruction of the forest cover—by the removal of *Nature's Balance Wheel.*

The water powers of Canada vastly excel those of any other country, and have been estimated to be equal to forty per cent. of the total water power of the world. The preservation and proper utilisation of this great national asset for the development of electric energy, for irrigation in the West, and for navigation in all parts of the Dominion, depends upon the preservation of the forest on all lands known to be unsuitable for agricultural purposes.

There can no longer be any doubt that electric energy is to be the great motive power of the future, and that in many metallurgical operations it will play a leading part. It should be remembered, however, that the efficiency of a stream for power purposes depends upon the amount of energy it is capable of developing at the time of low water. Here we have an additional reason for the preservation of the forest cover. Without it we will have the destructive spring freshets and the long summer drought. With it we will have a much more equable stream flow and the development of plenty of electrical

A MAN-MADE WASTE. EFFECT OF FIRE ON STANDING TIMBER

energy for industrial purposes. With the electrification of our railways we would largely eliminate the fire peril —especially in the exceedingly inflammable spruce forests of the north country, through which the Grand Trunk Pacific and other railway lines are to run.

Still another reason for the preservation of the forest on all non-agricultural lands is the protection it affords to fish and game. Without forests we cannot have a constant supply of pure, sweet water in our streams, and without such water in abundance we cannot have fish. A board of fish commissioners once asked a Scotch game warden why the salmon were no longer running up a once famous river, and to their surprise were answered: "Ye canna hae feesh when ye hae stoppit the water." There is the whole story in a nutshell. In a recent address before the Toronto Canadian Club, Mr. Cy Warman said: "Protect your forest while you have it, for when it is gone you will be utterly helpless . . . Destroy your forests, and your game will go; your rivers will dry up; your fish will die, and desolation will brood over this land that God has made so fair."

All over Canada, huge tracts of woodland and timberland are annually devastated by fire, involving the loss of millions of dollars' worth of property which might easily be prevented by the exercise of a little care on the part of settlers, prospectors, hunters, and railway employees. The lumberman pursues a legitimate business, and in time will learn to conduct his operations so as to secure another crop, and in many cases a better crop. from his cut-over areas; but the man who is responsible for the destruction of forest property, public or private. is a positive menace to the well-being of the country. In the Labrador Peninsula I have seen great stretches of country which were burned over by the Indians to clear the ground for hunting. Members of the Geological Survey of Canada who have travelled the country west of Hudson Bay and north of the Saskatchewan River tell me that forest fires are of very frequent occurrence. Lumber enough to build whole cities, ties enough to supply complete railway systems, and enough fuel-wood for the entire popu-

A GAME COVER IN NORTHERN MANITOBA

lation of the Dominion are annually swept out of existence by the fire fiend, without exciting the slightest interest.

The careless burning of brush by settlers is also responsible for many forest fires. By prohibiting the burning of brush and stumps in very dry weather and the exercise of a little common sense, almost every fire started in this manner could be prevented. Other fires are caused by the carelessness of campers, the deliberate firing of the woods to facilitate the work of prospecting for minerals, and sparks from railway locomotives. Danger from the latter source can be almost entirely eliminated by equipping the locomotives with suitable spark arresters, as is shown by tests made during last summer on the lines of the Alberta and Irrigation Company, and during the last two years on the Quebec and Lake St. John Railway.

What we need in Canada, above everything else, is a thorough understanding of what the disappearance of the forest would mean to us as t nation and the cultivation of a strong public sentiment to back the enforcement of laws designed to prevent forest fires. The deliberate firing of the woods is a criminal offence that should merit the same punishment as setting fire to a building in a crowded city; and the man who is careless about the use of fire in the bush is an absolute menace to the welfare of the whole country.

Hitherto our forests have been regarded by the pioneer as a foe, by the lumberman as a source of wealth, and by the Government as a means of revenue. Since Confederation our export of unmanufactured and manufactured wood products has reached the enormous value of $1,139,360,534—the average for the forty-one years being $27,789,281; rising from $19,651,706 in 1868 to $49,507,528 in 1908. This is about one and a third times the value of the agricultural products exported during the same period, and four times the value of the fish exported.

During the last five years the average annual revenues derived from the

forest lands controlled by the Federal and Provincial Governments have been as follows: Dominion, $335,289; Ontario, $2,082,878; Quebec, $1,217,795; British Columbia, $463,077; New Brunswick, $230,098; Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island, not stated. This gives a total of $4,329,137—say, four and a half million dollars for the whole Dominion. From these figures it will be seen that our forests have been a great source of wealth in times past. Unfortunately, however, this rich harvest cannot be reaped much longer unless prompt measures are taken for the economic use, protection and reproduction of our woods. For years we have been talking about "Canada's inexhaustible timber resources," without knowing whether the statement was true or false. During the last ten years, though, enough information has been obtained to show that the amount of our standing timber, of commercial sizes, is very much less than we fondly imagined it was. The accessible saw-log timber is estimated by Dr. Fernow at six hundred billion feet, board measure—enough to supply the United States for fifteen years. Unquestionably we have very large quantities of pulpwood; although this, also, has been greatly over-estimated. If properly managed, the revenue derived from our pulpwood should be quite as great as that obtained from the sale of our saw-log timber. The whole civilised world is looking to Canada for a supply of pulp and paper, as well as lumber, and if we are wise in our day and generation we will carefully husband these resources.

Every year our forest areas are being steadily drawn upon for the production of sawn lumber, railroad ties, construction timber, fuel, pulpwood, telegraph and telephone poles, fencing, lath, shingles, cooperage stock, and other forest products. According to the census of Canada for 1900, nearly nine million cords of firewood, 668,034 cords of pulpwood, 12,000,000 cubic feet of square, flat and wany timber, 300,329 pieces of piling, 255,000 telegraph and telephone poles and 17,000,000 fence posts were cut. Expressed in board measure, this amounts to a trifle over ten billion feet. With our constantly increasing population, the amount is sure to increase, and it is now somewhere in the neighbourhood of eleven billion feet

The latest available figures indicate that the following amounts of sawn lumber are now being produced every year: Ontario, 1,335,000,000, board feet; Quebec, 1,292,000,000; British Columbia, 657,000,000; Nova Scotia, 294,000,000; New Brunswick, 291,000,000; the Dominion lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, 141,000,000; Prince Edward Island, 6,000,000—a total of 4,016,000,000, or a trifle over four billion feet per annum. During 1907, the amount of sawn lumber produced in the United States was forty billion feet.

For the maintenance of our railways alone, we will require enormous amounts of timber every year. At present we have 27,517 miles of track in operation or under construction The average number of ties being about 3,000 per mile and the average life of each between six and seven years, it will be seen that over 14,000,000 ties — 392,000,000 board feet—will be required every year to keep the tracks in repair. For the construction of bridges, station houses, etc., the railways also require large quantities of timber—probably 200,000,000 feet a year. Altogether, the Dominion is using somewhere between fiften and sixteen billion feet, board measure, per annum of lumber, fuel and other forest products; or 2,818 board feet (235 cubic feet) a year for every man, woman and child in the country. For lumber alone it is 730 feet.

When we remember, too, that nearly seven hundred feet of timber remains in the woods for every thousand taken out, it will be seen that the

actual consumption is much higher than I have indicated.

In the past our timber interests have been closely identified with those of the United States, and in the near future they will be even more closely identified. Mr. Gifford Pinchot, chief of the United States Forest Service, says that their forests are being chopped down three and a half times as fast as they are growing, and estimates that they will be exhausted in about twenty-five years, unless immediate steps are taken to prevent the enormous waste due to forest fires and destructive methods of lumbering. President Roosevelt regards the conservation of the timber and mineral wealth of the Republic as their most serious internal problem, and recently sent Mr. Pinchot to Ottawa to invite the Canadian Government to send three delegates to Washington to confer with three appointed by the Mexican Government and three representing the United States. The findings of this joint commission will unquestionably be that the whole North American Continent has very much less timber and mineral wealth than is generally supposed.

During the fiscal year 1908 Canada exported forest products and manufactured wood products to the value of $49,000,000, $31,000,000 worth going to the United States, $13,000,000 worth to Great Britain, and $5,000,000 worth to other countries. As the United States timber becomes exhausted, our exports will increase very rapidly. During the last five years the general cost of wood used for mechanical and chemical pulp has more than doubled in the Eastern States, which has resulted in the importation of large quantities of pulpwood from the Maritime Provinces. In 1904 we exported 479,238 cords of pulpwood; in 1905, 593,624 cords; in 1906, 614,286 cords; in 1907 (9 months), 452,999 cords; and in 1908, 902,311 cords.

In his evidence before the Ways and Means Committee of the United States Congress, Representative Clark, of Missouri, expressed the opinion that free trade in lumber would tend to prevent the devastation of American forests, and it did not matter whether Canada did devastate her forests!

This is certainly a very candid statement of the present condition of affairs.

The best informed of our American cousins frankly tell us that in the reckless cutting and burning of their timber they have lost what cannot be replaced in a couple of centuries and then only at a cost of billions of dollars. If, therefore, Canada only remains true to herself and properly protects her forests she will reap the benefit of their mistake and yearly draw from their pockets many millions of dollars.

In the Province of Ontario the export of pulpwood cut on Crown Lands is prohibited, and the result is that a large number of pulp and paper mills are being erected and giving employment to a great many workmen at good wages. In Quebec the export duty is only twenty-five cents a cord, which is not sufficient to build up a large industry within the borders of the Province. Besides this, the high prices offered by American buyers are resulting in the stripping of all pulpwood timber from private holdings, thus turning many parts of the Province into "man-made deserts." In New Brunswick there is now a strong agitation for the imposition of a prohibitive export duty on pulpwood. In the opinion of the writer, the proper thing would be to entirely prohibit the export of pulpwood from Canada. The result of such a measure would be to build up a very large pulp and paper industry, give employment to thousands of skilled workmen and enable us to command the pulp and paper trade of the world. In Newfoundland the export of pulpwood is entirely prohibited. The result is the erection of two of the largest pulp and paper mills in the world, and the

probable establishment of others in the near future.

In his address before the Ottawa Canadian Club a few weeks ago, Mr. Pinchot said: "In dealing with the common problems for the common good of the people of the United States, we are trying to use business common-sense. As a people, we are trying to handle our affairs with the same prudence that every man in this room would exercise in the conduct of his own private affairs. We are the trustees for the future of the people of the twentieth and twenty-first centuries. What we do now with the resources on which they are to depend for their life when they come will control the kind of life they will live . . . We are at the parting of the ways, and if we do not make the right decision soon the flight of time will make it for us and make it wrong."

Sir Dietrich Brandis, the father of the present system of forestry in British India, in a letter written to the Dominion Superintendent of Forestry, some two years ago, said: "I cannot sufficiently urge upon you the necessity of concentrating all your energies upon one point, and that is the constitution of as large an area of State forests as possible . . . Norway and Sweden are cutting more timber than their forests annually produce and must soon cease to export. The United States now export little timber to England, and Canada is the only country from which a permanent supply of coniferous timber can be expected. All this means that prices will rise steadily, and it is for you in Canada to now seize the opportunity and lay the foundation of a magnificent future development of your forest wealth. Hence it is necessary that you should form as large an area as possible of State forests, and that you should place them under efficient, systematic management, so as to secure ample regeneration of the species you want."

It is interesting to notice that Sir Dietrich has charge of 200,000 acres of forest land in India, much of which has been burned over repeatedly by the natives and is in very bad condition. So far he has managed to efficiently protect 30,000 square miles of it from fire, at an annual average cost of half a cent an acre. The net revenue derived from the whole property is almost three million dollars a year, and will rapidly increase as more and more of it comes under proper management.

All history proves that while the private individual makes the best farmer, the State makes the best forester, and perhaps the only safe forester. Being a permanent institution, it can exercise its providential function and make provision for the future. In Germany the scientific treatment of forest properties has reached its highest development. With her rapidly increasing population, Germany needs land for her people to settle on much more than we do, yet she carefully preserves the forest on all the principal hills and other rough spots. France is perfecting a most practical and effective system of forestry. Norway and Sweden have practically eliminated forest fires and are working towards the preservation of their timber wealth. In Japan the national Government has employed a German forester (Dr. Mayer), and her intelligent, industrious people are rapidly restoring her forests to their former condition. In Australia, New Zealand and Cape Colony, State forestry has already made some advance. In the United States some 171 Federal forest reserves, containing 175,000,000 acres, or 273,437 square miles, have been created and placed under management. In Canada, the Dominion Government has set aside 5,391 square miles of forest reserves and 18,467 square miles of national parks, situated in the four western provinces. In Ontario, the Provincial Government has established 16,308 square miles of forest reserves and the Algonquin National

Park of 1,930 square miles. In Quebec a great forward stride has been made by the setting aside of no less than 166,795 square miles of forest reserves and 4,592 square miles of national Parks. New Brunswick and Nova Scotia have as yet no reserves.

So far very little has been done to place these Canadian reserves under management. Obviously, the first important duty is to protect them from fire and timber thieves. The next will be to classify the land outside the reserves, retaining the good land for agricultural purposes and setting aside the poor land for the growing of timber. In Ontario, for example. we should have at least 90,000 square miles of reserves. The next forward step would be for each Government to regulate the cutting of its own timber in such a way as to give the young growth a chance to reach maturity. Our people are sufficiently patriotic to support any government which looks well to the future and takes the necessary steps for the establishment of a far-sighted forestry policy based upon a scientific and permanent basis.

From the foregoing it is surely evident that the conservation of our forest wealth—the retention of *Nature's Balance Wheel* — means the possession of plenty of wood for various purposes, a perpetual revenue from the sale of our forest products, and the consequent lessening of our taxes, the building up of wood-working industries, the assurance that navigation will always be possible upon our principal rivers, the extension of our irrigation schemes in southern Alberta, the development of cheap power in all parts of the Dominion, the retention of the soil moisture necessary for agriculture, the preservation of our fish and game, and the tempering of our climate.

THE CHINOOK

By S. A. WHITE

Sweet wind of God, thou Chinook breeze!
The crocus blooms, the willows burst
Where mothers, with their trembling knees,
Went stumbling at the winter's worst.

Dumb silence held the cursed land,
And man and horse were equal brutes;
But lo! last night the mallard band
Came whistling, sweet as southern flutes.

The rolling prairie's all a-steam;
The gladdened cattle hillward drift;
In bluest skies the white clouds dream,
And water flows by bank and rift.

Winter's keen smart and weary ride,
The sodden brown of last year's grass,
Are gone like smoke, for far and wide
The range is greening as we pass.

The pinto strikes fresh gopher-mines
Upon the Chinook's fragrant path,
And we forget, in spring's sweet signs,
We ever knew the winter's wrath.

THE WOMAN AT STEWART RIVER

BY N. DE BERTRAND LUGRIN

THE stage, two days out from Dawson, was making very slow progress. The roads were fit neither for waggon or sled. It had been intensely cold, but there had been little snow, and there were miles of stage line where the ground was bare except for the heavy frost, and the glare ice of some glacier or frozen waterfall.

Parry, a tall fellow, in the seat with Graham, the mining man, stood up as the stage came to a stand-still at the top of a hill, while the panting horses had a brief rest. He squared around with his back to the driver's high seat.

"Did you see the notice at Lindlay's?" he asked, his dark eyes on Smith. "He just got word as we were leaving. An extra two thousand has been offered by the Commissioner for the capture of Seville."

"Go on!" Smith sat up straight. "It's like you to keep mum about it all this time. It's five hours since we left the last road-house and that damned tinned rhubarb. Why didn't you tell us before and give us something besides our empty stomachs to think about?"

"Oh, your police are a 'jim dandy' lot," Monteith in the back seat sang out. "What's the good of 'em?—that's what I'd like to know."

"They aren't through yet," said Graham quietly.

"Well, they've been all summer after the sluice robbers."

. Monteith was looking at Parry. He evidently expected the latter to agree with him in his opinion of the North-west Mounted Police. "They know pretty well that no one's going to get the reward. That's why they offer such a big one."

"Say," said the driver, who had returned after a short survey of the road ahead where it ran across a glacier—"Say, it's an eternal shame about Hamilton. He's been about a year building his place, and now they're going to change the road and cross the river a couple of miles farther down."

"Is Hamilton's the next stop?" asked Gresholm, the architect, as the horses took up their journey.

"You bet!" Monteith said, drawing in his breath ecstatically through his thin pursed-up lips. "Hamilton's is the next stop, and the home of the beauty of the Yukon. Why, say! Mr. Parry and I heard of Mrs. Hamilton up at Indian River! Didn't we Parry?"

Parry had sat down. He looked over his shoulder with a brief smile.

"Graham knows all about the woman at Stewart River, eh, Graham?" he asked.

"I know enough to keep my mouth shut," Graham said, shortly, with a look of openly-expressed dislike at Monteith. "Mrs. Hamilton's a lady, and it's not likely any of you fellows will see her."

"Oh, Lord," Smith chuckled. "Do you think you are going to be the only favoured one? How's that for conceit, Parry?"

Parry was sitting sideways on his seat. "They say Hamilton's in a pretty bad way," he said to Graham.

"It's his heart. The country's killing him."

"And a lucky thing for Mrs. H.," chirped Monteith. "What'd she want to marry the old fool for? I'm told he's simply N. G."

The early darkness was closing down, and the stars were showing dimly. Suddenly the road took a sharp curve and then dropped abruptly over the side of a steep hill. Below lay the river, and across the river the twinkling lights of the long, low road-house.

"Thank the Lord!" grunted Smith "My left foot's frozen, and I'm in the last stages of starvation."

Hamilton came out to help the passengers with their luggage. They would stop there all night. He was a pale, care-worn looking man, with a face that expressed a hopelessness that was almost despair, and eyes that hurt one by their pathetic wistfulness. He tried to infuse cheerful welcome into his words when he spoke.

"How do you do, gentlemen," he said. "Glad to see you. Supper's all ready. Step inside. That's right, sir. Let me help you with that suit case."

His hands shook in his eagerness to act the part of jovial host.

The interior of the road-house was a revelation to the passengers. The walls were covered with cheese-cloth, hiding the unsightly timber, and there were pictures everywhere. A red-hot heater was at the back of the room, rustic chairs were around it, chairs that Hamilton had evidently made with his own hands. A long table with a white cloth was spread in the centre of the room. The china was finer than any on the road, and there were napkins, real napkins, instead of bits of Japanese paper. At one end of the table was a platter of smoking grouse, at the other a haunch of venison. Plates of hot biscuits were scattered about, and a white-frosted cake was the centre-piece.

"Say, Hamilton," said Smith, putting his hand on the man's shoulder, his voice trembling with fervour. "In all my life I never saw a more beautiful sight than that table. I'm going to say grace. Gentlemen!"—he raised his voice, the others were all standing about, eyes sparkling, mouths watering—"I'm going to say grace."

A laugh went round, but Smith was as good as his word.

"Is it true that they're going to change the road, Mr. Hamilton?" asked Graham, after everyone at the table had eaten in absolute silence for fifteen minutes.

"I'm afraid so," said Hamilton, coming in from the kitchen with a hot mince pie.

"Well, by Jingo!" said Graham, "if I'd known that before I left Dawson, I wouldn't have come away until I'd looked into the matter. This place must have taken a year to build."

"It did." Hamilton was leaning his two hands on the table; his face was flushed, his eyes bright. In the lamplight he looked handsome. "It took fourteen months off and on," he added.

"Well, it's a damned shame," Smith interrupted. "The idea of side-tracking a place like this. I suppose you'll come outside then, eh, Hamilton?"

"I don't know," Hamilton replied, biting his lip. "For me it doesn't much matter.' Then he laughed quickly. "More coffee, Mr. Parry? Yes, that's right; give me your cup, sir."

"No, thank you," said Parry, looking thoughtfully at his host. "This is the best meal I ever ate, sir," he added, folding his napkin carefully in the creases; "I don't know what your charge is, but I know I've eaten ten dollars' worth," and he laid a gold piece beside his plate.

Monteith had been burning with a desire to ask after the hostess ever since he came into the road-house. He now said, kicking Graham under the table.

"You've got a good cook, Hamilton."

The man addressed looked at him.

"I'm glad you think so, Mr. Monteith," he said quietly, as he walked out into the kitchen.

Graham followed Parry's example, and left a gold piece beside his plate. Monteith rather reluctantly followed suit. Smith did likewise, and the other men all doubled or trebled the real price of the meal. When Hamilton came in later to clear the table his fine face flushed crimson. The others were all smoking around the stove. He went over to them, the money held in his hand.

"Gentlemen," he began nervously, biting his lip hard after each word, "you are too generous."

"Now, then," cried Smith, jumping up, "not a word, Hamilton. The meal was worth it. We ain't going to take it back, not a cent of it. Come on, Parry, lend a hand at clearing up."

Parry and Graham walked over to the table. The four men began to gather up the dishes, when there was a sound of someone running up the outside steps. Then men turned to the door, which opened quickly, and Mrs. Hamilton entered the room.

Everyone instinctively stood up. The woman was wonderfully lovely. The beauty of her golden hair, and her deep fearless eyes, her white skin with the bright flush upon it, her scarlet mouth half open, for she was breathing hard, the grace of her tall, slim figure—all of these charms combined made the men hold their breath suddenly, and let it go again in an ecstacy of admiration that had in it a reverence that made them tongue-tied for a minute. Even Monteith could do no more than stare. Then she spoke, and no one but Hamilton paid any attention to the words, they simply listened to the low sweetness of the voice.

"Gregory," she said to her husband, "will you come with me, please?"

Hamilton, his face expressing surprise, took down his coat from the door and followed her outside. The men within recovered. Of course, Monteith was the first to speak.

"Holy Moses!" he ejaculated, and then he stopped and looked at Parry. The latter was holding one end of a dish towel clenched in either hand, and was staring at the closed door, as though his eyes were fixed.

"Struck dumb, Parry?" asked Smith, laughing.

The other started, looked swiftly at the speaker, and laughed too.

"I don't wonder," Graham said earnestly, coming over to the table from the fire. "I never saw anything likt it. When I was in Dawson—"

The opening of the front door interrupted him. Hamilton entered quickly, followed by four tall men, their great fur coats covered with snow, their caps hiding their faces.

"Hulloa!" whispered Monteith to Graham, "what's up? It's the Police."

"The usual proceeding, I suppose," Graham answered back; then suddenly, going over to the shortest of the newcomers and holding out his hand, "Hulloa. Sergeant, I didn't know you were at this station."

"I wasn't until last week," the Sergeant replied, as the four, having divested themselves of their outside garments, walked over to the stove. He shook hands heartily with Graham, who at once introduced him to Parry, then to Smith, and lastly to Monteith.

"I have heard of you, Mr. Parry," the Sergeant said. Sergeant Fielding of Dawson is a great friend of yours, he tells me. He and I were in Africa in the same regiment. Fine fellow, Fielding."

"He is, indeed," Parry returned heartily. "He was with me at Indian River. We did a record-breaking tramp coming home."

"Yes, I know. Your matches gave out," the Sergeant laughed. "Fielding told me, and of how you jumped in the river after the dog."

"I never heard of that," Monteith began fussily, pushing himself in between the two men. "Another experience, Parry?"

No one answered him. Hamilton at that moment called the new-comers into the kitchen. The Sergeant went over and locked the outside door, taking the key and putting it in his pocket; glanced at the heavily-barred window, and then followed his host.

"Say, what does that mean?" Monteith asked, nervously. "What the devil did he lock us in here for?"

Smith roared with laughter. "Have you got those stolen nuggets in your suit-case, Monteith?" he asked. "Ready to take back what you said about the police, ain't you?"

"Ah, shut up!"

Monteith walked to the window with his hands in his pockets.

"Can't get out that way?" asked Graham.

"They're taking every precaution, aren't they?" Gresholm said to Smith. "Going to look at all our luggage, d'ye suppose?"

"It's only a bluff, I guess," Monteith said, coming back and looking around questioningly.

Hamilton came in from the kitchen.

"They tell me the fellows have got away from Dawson," he said in an undertone to the eager circle of men that gathered about him. "They have absolute proof of it. Got away with nearly twelve thousand dollars' worth of dust, stolen from the sluice boxes, from six claims on Bonanza, and three on Eldorado. It's a baffling bit of robbery."

"There's a charge of murder, too, isn't there?" asked Gresholm.

"No," Hamilton shook his head, "the guards at three and five are pulling around all right."

"What are those fellows going to do, anyhow?" asked Monteith. "Search us?"

"They'll take a look at your luggage, probably," Hamilton answered him, smiling a little. "They won't bother you again while you are on the road. They came up very quickly to-night, and quite frightened Mrs Hamilton, who had walked down towards the river." He added this last quietly to Parry, turning and walking over to the table.

The Sergeant entered at this moment.

"Gentlemen," he said, "whatever stuff you have here get out and open, please,"

His instructions were followed, and after a cursory glance at the open cases, he spoke again. "I am sorry to have to put you to the trouble of coming outside, but I must have a look at the luggage in the stage."

All donned their great coats, grumbling, with the exception of Parry, who stood with his back to the fire.

"Coming out, Mr. Parry?" asked the Sergeant.

"No," that gentleman returned, unfastening a little key from his watch chain, "I've got nothing there but my box of samples. If you would like to open that, here is the key."

The Sergeant laughed. "I do not expect to open anything," he said He unlocked the door and, followed by the others, went outside.

In the little kitchen off the dining-room against the half-open door that was partly hidden by a dark hanging, Mrs. Hamilton stood looking fixedly at Parry. She saw him give a quick glance about the room, then put his hand in the pocket of his Norfolk jacket and bring out a small revolver. He filled the four chambers with cartridges from another pocket, and held the weapon loosely in his hand, looking at it critically. Finally he slipped it in the belt under the coat. Mrs. Hamilton caught her breath suddenly. It was a very faint sound, but Parry heard it. He went over to the door, pushed the curtains back and stepped into the kitchen, while the woman, with a soft cry, shrank back against the table, on which a tallow

candle stood, sending a pale smoky gleam about the room, lighting up her wonderful hair and eyes and the little line of white teeth between her parted lips.

Parry faced her, his pale face whiter than ever, his mouth smiling.

"You remember me, Alice?"

He spoke very gently.

"Oh, yes."

She was holding the edge of the table in her two hands and looking at him across the candle-light.

"It is ten years since I saw you," the man went on. "You have not changed at all."

"In the daylight I have," she returned; "I have grown much older, much—"

"No," he shook his head; "you have not changed. But he, your husband, is different."

"Oh, yes."

She pressed her lips together hard, and then continued:

"I don't know why my face stays as it is, like a doll's face expressing nothing, nothing of what I have gone through. And yet, I do not mind for myself, but to see him, day by day—oh!—almost hour by hour, getting thinner and whiter and older! Ever since we left Australia it has gone from bad to worse, and now I think it is very near the end."

She pressed her arm up across her eyes, then dropped it and looked at him again. Her lips trembled into a smile.

"And you," she said wistfully, "you have been very fortunate, haven't you?"

"No," he returned, quietly, "not fortunate, for I have never been able to forget.

"Oh, Phillip," and the woman's eyes clouded, "I am sorry."

"I know you are. You always were, bless your heart." the man smiled upon her. He paused. The others were coming back into the other room. "I want to help you Alice," he whispered, leaning over the table "For his sake you will let me, will you not?"

She shook her head, the hot colour flooding her face.

"I could not, Phillip," she replied. "It would hurt him if he ever knew, and—and I could not keep it from him."

"Where's Parry? Hulloa, where's Parry?"

"Gone to bed likely."

Everyone was talking at once in the other room. The sergeant was saying good-bye to Graham in his loud brisk voice, and Monteith was reiterating insinuatingly over and over that he wondered where that sly dog Parry had taken himself. The two in the kitchen heard everything and smiled at each other. Then Hamilton came through the outside door into the little room. He didn't remember Parry, he said, though he had heard his wife speak of him years ago. Parry sat with them in the kitchen for another hour, when he asked Hamilton if it were possible for him to have a sleeping place by himself.

"You will all have that," the host returned. "The bedrooms are up aloft."

At ten o'clock every man was in his little box-like compartment, in which was a single bed, a wash-stand and a mirror. Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton slept in a larger room off the kitchen.

*

It must have been twelve o'clock. The wind had risen, bringing the snow with it. It sang round and round the house, and beat against the windows. Mrs. Hamilton could not rest. Her husband lay like a log, sleeping the sleep of utter exhaustion. He had worked far beyond his strength during the day, cutting wood down by the river to complete the shed in the rear of the house. By the light in the draft of the heater in their room, she could see his face, white and drawn and weary upon the pillow. The mother-heart of her overflowed, and she bent above him, her eyes filled with tears.

A creaking of the boards in the next room attracted her attention. She sat upright, then noiselessly slipped from the bed and over to the door, peeping in through the curtain. She could see nothing. It was quite dark within, but she distinctly heard someone moving about. Then very quietly the front door was opened and closed.

Immediately an idea took shape in Mrs. Hamilton's mind and was acted upon. She dressed herself hurriedly, putting on her husband's fur coat over everything. Then, without a moment's hesitation, slipped from the house through the outside kitchen door. Ever since the stage had come in, instinct had told her that something was afoot. She was sure of it now and she was afraid. Nevertheless she obeyed what her instinct prompted her to do, almost in spite of herself. Keeping close to the house she walked to the end of the wall and turned towards the front, where from the other door a road with high timber upon either side led down to the river. She felt the wind now, blowing up from the valley. It was snowing a very little and quite dark. She was sure that whoever had come out of the house had gone towards the barn, when to her utter surprise someone caught her roughly from behind, pinioning her arms tightly to her sides. She kept perfectly still, not uttering a sound. Her captor spoke in a quick whisper.

"What are you trying to do?"

The woman's heart stood still for a second at the sound of the voice.

"I don't know," she faltered.

"Alice!" Parry turned her around to him, in his own voice fear, surprise and incredulity. "For God's sake, why are you here?"

Again she could only whisper: "I —I don't know."

"Where is Hamilton?"

"Asleep."

"Go back instantly," he whispered sternly. "Go back instantly to bed, and don't move from your room. Do you understand?"

"Yes," she said, slowly.

He took her up to the door.

"Don't awaken anyone," he said; "remember that. I thought I heard the horses in trouble," he went on. "One of them is sick. That is why I am up." He tried to speak reassuringly. "You remember, don't you, my old love for horses?" he said in a whisper, laughing. Quite plainly he regretted his rough tone of a moment before. He put her in the front door, and closed it noiselessly.

For a moment Mrs. Hamilton stood perfectly still. The wind had increased. It blew icy cold through the cracks and keyhole of the door against her. She listened intently. There was not a sound in the house except the deep breathing of the sleepers. She buttoned her husband's coat tightly around her, then very softly went out again into the night.

The sound of feet crunching against the snow made her flatten herself close against the house. The steps passed her, going towards the barn. There must be two men, she told herself, and all of a sudden the realisation of things swept over her. She knew now. Lying there, sleepless, a while ago, she had heard the faint echo of a husky's midnight call. She knew the dogs did not howl unless the moon was up. It was pitch dark to-night. Just after that someone had come downstairs and gone out. And now two men had passed her walking towards the barn, evidently carrying something heavy by the sound of the crunching snow. Parry was one of them. She had seen him. And Parry was afraid. She had never seen him afraid before, and she had known him all his boyhood and all his young manhood. She remembered swiftly how he had loaded his revolver a while back there in the road-house, and his stealthy look around the room as he did so. For a moment a swift fear almost turned her back into the house, and then again came that impelling force that had moved her at first, and she ran

silently over the snow towards the barn.

The faint sound of voices came from the stage, that had been left up against the outbuildings to the right. Mrs. Hamilton, holding close to the wall of the barn, moved around to the back, along to the end, and then peered about cautiously. She could see now, quite plainly. From this point, the road-house was hidden and a small lantern sent a faint gleam out into the night, showing her the black, bulky outline of the stage, and the forms of two men, one on either side, at the back seat. The lantern-light fell upon the sable lining of Parry's coat, as the wearer lifted some bits of rock from the box in the stage and handed them to the man opposite him, who, placing them on the snow at his side, in his turn took from another box a poke, so heavy that he grunted in lifting it, which he handed to the other, who deposited it somewhere in the stage in front of him. Again the latter lifted some rock, this time a small tray full, and passed it to the outside man, who repeated his part of the performance, giving the other a heavy leather poke.

Mrs. Hamilton had seen enough. Parry was then at the bottom of the great robbery—Phillip Parry!

This other man was his partner, who had driven out after him from Dawson, bringing the booty with him. They were putting it in Parry's ore box now, and the other man was disposing of Parry's much-talked of specimens. The gold-dust then would not be touched, Parry's box having been examined. The woman wondered for a moment if she had not better go to him, and ask him to let the other man take back the pokes. Once there was a time when he would have done more than that for her, and a little while ago he had said he had not forgotten. It hurt her more than anything had hurt her in her life to know that Parry was a thief. Then suddenly she remembered the reward. Five thousand dollars would mean life to Gregory. It would mean good-bye to the Yukon and a return to her mother and the home they loved. Her friendship for Parry was lost sight of in the love she bore for her husband.

She walked away from the barn, moving as silently as a shadow across the snow to the house, and around the house to the drive, and down the drive to the river. It was snowing harder now, and the wind drove the snow cuttingly against her face. Suddenly she realised she had no cap and that her forehead felt numb. She put her hand in the pocket of the coat she wore and took out a muffler, tying up her head. Somewhere down there at the river were a horse and sled. Heaven send she find it quickly! She had been at the police station before and she knew her way. She stumbled about a few minutes in the snow to the right of the road, where a thick growth of timber made an intensely black shadow, and suddenly almost fell against the warm body of a horse, which shied a little and then stood still. All of her old training came back to her. Soon she was in the sleigh and down upon the river, the horse flying along through the thick-falling snow, the sled runners making no sound. It was three miles to the barracks. The horse could easily do it in twenty minutes. The storm was in her face, but she did not feel it. Many times the sleigh swerved and swung upon a bit of glare ice and almost upsetting, but she threw her balance instinctively upon the right side and took no thought of danger. The rough wind loosened the scarf about her head, and the driving snow swept in amongst her hair. Her hands grew stiff around the reins they held. She caught her lip in her teeth, and bent her head to the storm. She was driving to save a life, her husband's life. She kept telling herself that over and over again. Surely when so much was at stake there should be no room in her mind

for more than that one thought. If they stayed in the Yukon Gregory would die, and this ride through the storm meant freedom for them both, freedom to go into the great "Outside" again, back to the warm hills of home, back to the love of her mother, back to the wide house with the sun-filled windows that looked out upon the sheep-runs and the paddocks, the broad belt of trees and the dancing sea.

"Oh, God," she prayed, "let me not think of anyone but him, but him I love. Let me forget everything else. Dear God, let me do this thing and save him."

Oh, the tortures of the conflicting emotions within her, the agony of suppressing that which was forcing its right upon her, the right of a friendship that was as old as her life.

"I am doing it to save my husband, to save Gregory," again she prayed. But that which she endeavoured to suppress arose at last triumphant, triumphant because it was born of the nobility and the integrity that were her birthright. And the terrible result to this other man, to Parry, her lifelong friend, flashed before her in all its hideousness. She was driving to save Gregory's life, but at what a cost! She knew that imprisonment could not matter to Parry, death itself could not matter to him as would the knowledge of her betrayal of him. A while ago, back there in the roadhouse, his eyes alight with kindness, his voice soft with tenderness, he had offered to help her, to help Gregory. And yet Gregory had been the cause of Parry's lifelong unhappiness, the loved cause, for she adored him with the devotion of a mother and the tender passion of a wife. She caught her breath sharply. Now that she had permitted the thoughts to come, old memories came with them, surging memories that blotted out the present and made the long-ago past the vital reality. She was a girl again, and Phillip Parry, the eager-eyed youth who had confided to her all his hopes and dreams, was with her. They were riding on the hills in the tender gloaming. She could hear his voice now, hushed with the magnitude of his boyish thoughts of the great future. Again, she was a woman and Gregory had come, beautiful, appealing, patient Gregory, and all her love had gone out to him while Phillip had bravely, unquestioningly, stepped aside. It was only when he had said good-bye that she had guessed the depth of his love for her, a love that had had its birth in their childhood and had grown stronger and deeper and fuller with the years, until, at the last, it had become the one passion of the strong man's heart. And, because he could not bear to stay in the home that had held so much and promised so much, he had gone away, and she had not seen him again until to-night. To-night—she threw up her head and the sting of the storm was in her face. To-night—and it was the Yukon. The old days were dead, and she was going to the police to betray him, to betray her friend, sinful, criminal perhaps, but still her friend. See, ahead there now were the lights of the barracks. If she shouted, the police could hear. They would come out to her and they would all go back together. She would point Parry out to them and she would say: "He is the thief; take him and give me the reward." She knew how Phillip would look at her, quietly, silently, just as he had looked on that night long ago when she had tried to be gentle in breaking his heart. With a sudden low cry, she checked the horse, a hot shame for what she had been about to do almost overwhelmed her. With numb fingers she pulled the line and the animal turned. They were speeding back, back upon the river, away from the barracks, away from the sin of betrayal, away to warn him, to plead with him, to save him if it were in her power.

About halfway between the bar-

racks and the road-house the river is narrowed by a blunt pensinula that juts out upon the right. She had reached this point when she heard a low call from the bank farthest away. She pulled the horse up instinctively. For the first time fear for her own safety assailed her. She hesitated whether to turn back or go forward. Suddenly a voice spoke close beside her:

"Why didn't you give the signal?"

The voice was familiar. She leaned forward quickly and slapped the lines across the horse's back. The animal reared but did not go ahead. Someone had laid hold of the bridle. Mrs. Hamilton spoke sharply:

"What does this mean, Sergeant? It is I, Mrs. Hamilton. I am in a hurry."

The man, who was in the act of getting in the sleigh, paused with one foot on the ground.

"Mrs. Hamilton!" he said, his voice vibrating in his consternation. "Uncover the lantern, Will."

The light was flashed upon her face. It showed her white-cheeked and white-lipped, with her glorious hair loose about her.

"Good heavens!" ejaculated the Sergeant, stepping into the sleigh and sitting beside her. "Couldn't he have sent anyone but you? Climb up behind, Will, and wave the lantern as we near the cabin. I'll take the lines, Mrs. Hamilton. Thanks. Why, you have no gloves; your hands must be frozen. I can't understand this. Why didn't you give the signal?"

The woman's brain was in a whirl. She could not think. She started to speak, but her voice choked in her throat. The Sergeant turned his head toward her.

"You must be half dead with the cold," he said, with gruff gentleness. Will, help Mrs. Hamilton to wrap the rug around her. I'm beginning to see now, to understand why he sent you. But it was a risky thing to do. You've got no end of pluck you know; I don't care what the reward is. There isn't another woman in the Yukon that would have dared to do what you have done to-night. There's rough work ahead, perhaps."

She laid hold of his arm.

"Let us go back," she said; "or let me get out here. I can take the short cut through the woods, and reach the house before you come."

"No," the Sergeant's voice decided. "Sit still and don't talk. We'll leave you at the cabin, you'll be safe there. I don't anticipate any trouble unless Parry—Whoa," he broke off to speak softly to the horse. "We're here sooner than I thought. Wave the lantern again, Will."

The cabin stood well under the shelter of the bank, just before the turn in the road that led up from the river. The other policeman held the horse while the Sergeant assisted Mrs. Hamilton to alight, and piloted her through the deep snow to the log hut, through one small knothole of which a glimmer of light shone forth. Within were two more policemen. Mrs. Hamilton was told to sit down upon the bunk and keep perfectly quiet. The candle that stood on the table was extinguished.

"Fordham will stay out on the road," the Sergeant said. "Don't be afraid if you hear any shooting. There'll be no one hurt if we can help it."

The minute she was alone Mrs. Hamilton ran to the door and lifted the wooden latch noiselessly. She must reach the house before the policeman. She would take the trail through the timber. If she died for it she would find Parry and warn him, hide him perhaps, try in some way to save him from the fate that was overtaking him. She stepped out into the storm. She could hear Fordham as he waded through the deep snow to his post on the road. Then there came a sudden noise from the bank, and someone ran around the cabin, brushing against her as he passed on the way to the door. The next moment she felt herself roughly

seized, and Phillip Parry spoke to her in a swift whisper.

"You might as well submit quietly, Monteith. The Police are here."

She took no heed of the import of his words. It was Phillip, that was enough. She tried to draw back from him and see his face. She spoke his name softly, and felt him stagger back as he heard her voice; but he did not let her go altogether.

"Alice, Alice," he said hoarsely.

She began to speak rapidly, standing on tip-toe and lifting her face to his.

"Yes, it is I, Alice. I saw you back there by the stage, you and the other man, and I found the horse and was going to drive to the barracks to tell the Police. I thought of the reward and what it would mean to Gregory and me. I got nearly all the way there, but in the end I couldn't bring myself to betray you. I turned to come back and find you and beg you to give the gold dust up, to leave it here, and after you were safely away we could turn it over to the police. But, Phillip, it is almost too late. Someone else knows, for the Police were in hiding waiting for a signal. They stopped me and now they have gone on up there to the house to find you. I was to stay here. But as soon as they had gone I ran out. I meant to take the short cut through the woods to warn you. Listen, listen, Phillip: Straight along the river-road, opposite the peninsula, there is the old *caché*. No one, not even the Police, knows of it. I will show you the way now and you can stay there for days if needs be. I can bring you what you need. To-morrow—"

"Who's there?" Fordham's voice rang out sharply. Phillip seemed about to speak. Mrs. Hamilton put her hand over his mouth. The policeman had run across the snow and was standing close to them beside the door of the cabin.

"Leave it to me, Phillip," the woman whispered in his ear, then aloud: "It is my husband, Fordham He has come down here looking for me. I have been from home a long time."

"Better go inside," said the policeman, opening the door; "it's warmer here and safer."

Phillip moved the fingers from his lips. "Let me speak, Alice," he said gently, as he drew her into the cabin

"No, no," she breathed close against his cheek—"no, no; if you give yourself up it will kill me, Phillip. Don't you see that if I had not gone. O, God——"

The policeman had lit the candle. The dim light flooded the tiny room and showed Parry's face drawn and white with an ugly wound across his forehead. Mrs. Hamilton flung her arms around his neck, drawing his face to her shoulder.

"He is my husband," she cried, her wide eyes upon the policeman's stolid face. "He was so afraid for me. You can understand, perhaps. He is not strong. You know he is not strong. Leave us here together, Fordham. Oh, surely, surely—"

A hoarse voice shouted from outside the door, and the Sergeant ran in choking for breath.

"Come out, Fordham," he cried; "that little rat of a Monteith has gone up the river. Grey says he's done for Parry—Why, God bless my soul, here you are!"

A dozen different emotions chased themselves over the Sergeant's face as Parry turned and confronted him.

"I'm not hurt much," Parry said quietly. "You and Fordham go ahead. I'll look after Mrs. Hamilton. She's had a hard night of it."

As the policemen went out, Parry turned to the woman, his eyes alight. She looked at him unseeingly for a moment, then she swayed a little. He sprang forward in time to catch her in his arms as she fell.

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The wide front room of the road-house was alight, and the fire roared

in the heater. The room seemed very full of people who were all curiously quiet. These were the facts that first impressed Mrs. Hamilton when consciousness began to return. The Sergeant was carrying her across the room towards the kitchen. As he felt her move he asked her if she wanted to walk, and set her down gently. Gregory was close beside her, so he put his arm about her. She turned her head towards the other end of the room. The three policemen were standing there and behind them in Hamilton's homemade chairs sat three other men, all of whom had their wrists manacled. One of the men was Monteith, and he still wore Parry's sable-lined overcoat.

They went into the kitchen, she and Gregory, the Sergeant following.

"Where is Phillip? Where is Mr. Parry?" she asked, as her husband placed her tenderly in a low chair. She leaned forward ,conquering the faintness that threatened her again.

"Mr. Parry's washing up," the Sergeant answered, briskly, and, smiling upon her, continued: "He'll be in here presently. There's a plucky fellow for you. Although Monteith had given him enough to knock out a man, he held the three of those other fellows at bay until he got our signal, and then when Monteith started to foot it, he was hot after him. That's when you met him and mistook him for your husband. Parry wrote me from Dawson to be on hand to-night, but I never thought we'd nab the lot. If you hadn't had the pluck to come down the river for us the chances are we wouldn't have got any of them They saw Parry before he intended, and he couldn't leave. Well, it's ended all right," and he laughed easily. "I told Mr. Parry that you and he should share alike in the reward. but, bless me, he refuses to touch a cent of it; laughed at me for suggesting it. Well, he don't need it and you do. And so I'll be glad to hand it over to you, and I'll send a rattling good account of you to headquarters."

Parry came in looking very white but smiling cheerfully. His head was bound up. Hamilton hurried to him and took his hand. He was too moved to speak; he had been trying to conquer his emotion, but his lips trembled in spite of himself. The Sergeant, seeing how matters stood, began to tell about some ludicrous accident that had happened to Fordham. He took Hamilton's arm, drawing him over to the stove.

"Phillip," whispered Mrs. Hamilton brokenly, as he bent above her. "You know I can't let you do this for me. Remember, how I thought of you—I believed you guilty."

"And believing me guilty," he answered, gently, his eyes upon hers, "remember what you would have done for me, Alice."

RETURN

BY LOUISE C. GLASGOW

A little perfumed flower of joy to one who joy did crave,
A tender bud of sympathy, were all the gifts she gave.
Lo! see her lap is brimming o'er with garden treasure trove,
And in the midst a jewel rare—a glowing heart of love.

A NOTABLE JOURNALISTIC CAREER

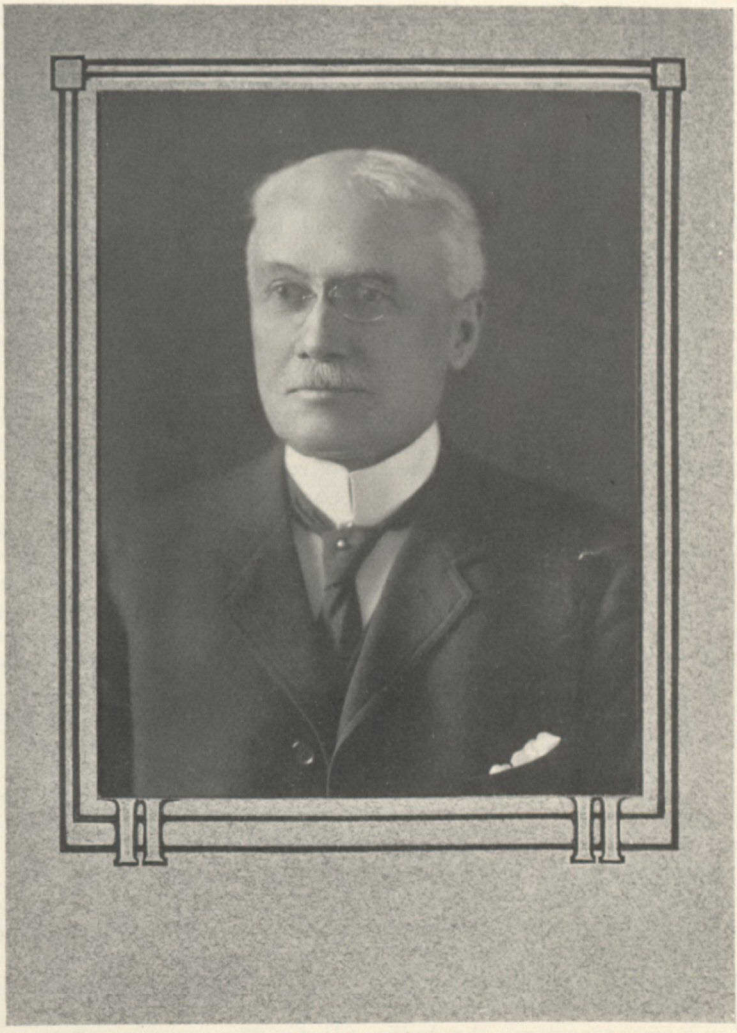
BY GEORGE MURRAY

SIR HUGH GRAHAM, the first Canadian journalist to be knighted, has had one of the careers of magic success which are the real romance of this New World, a career that should be an encouragement to young men to persevere under difficulties. He carried to Montreal, as a country boy, nothing but a common school and academy education and an alert brain. To-day he is a millionaire newspaper owner, a much besought leader in philanthropic financial enterprises, and a Knight Bachelor. Probably no other Canadian can show greater achievements from extremely modest beginnings.

On acquaintance Sir Hugh impresses you as a man of reflection and ideas, though there is an entire absence of assertiveness in his manner. He is retiring to a fault, and excessively modest about his work, never going further with any undertaking than to admit that it was a "moderate success and more due to the splendid men with whom I have been surrounded than to myself." But you soon realise that there is a powerful human dynamo behind it all. Sir Hugh had excellent training, to begin with, from a shrewd and far-sighted father, Mr. R. W. Graham, of Huntingdon; and his early experiences as a fighting journalist, endeavouring to establish a paper on nothing but sheer merit and pluck, brought his father's teachings into play, and gave his mind a finer edge and a truer temper. His constant readiness to acknowledge the debt to his father is one of many likeable characteristics.

It need hardly be said that a man who founded a paper in a much smaller Montreal than we now know—with three successful rivals already in possession of the then narrow English-speaking field, and with less than a hundred dollars of capital—and made of that paper the most successful in Canada, is a master of methods and of resources. To-day people seek his advice on all sorts of enterprises; and it is more valued than his cheques, which, for good works, are never small nor grudged. One would think that he could have made a success of any business to which he might have turned his hand. It is merely by accident that he is a big newspaper man. If he had begun as office-boy in a wholesale house, or a manufacturer's office, it is more than probable that he would have worked out his career in these lines of endeavour just as surely.

As it was, the record stands thus: Office-boy in the Montreal *Evening Telegraph* at the age of fifteen, under his uncle the late Edmund Henry Parsons; one month later, assistant bookkeeper; five months later still, bookkeeper; four months later, business manager. Three years later, he went to the Montreal *Gazette*, where he met Lanigan, a brilliant writer, to whom he proposed the next year that they should start a paper of their own. In 1869 they launched the *Daily Star*, with less than a hundred dollars in the treasury—but with George



SIR HUGH GRAHAM

T. Lanigan's telling pen, and an unlimited amount of pluck.

The fight to set that paper on its feet would afford material for a journalistic epic. Before very long, the two partners differed. Lanigan, backed by a local capitalist, wanted to advocate annexation with the United States, presumably in order to attract attention to the paper. But Graham objected; his father had taught him better than that. So Lanigan withdrew, and Graham went on alone. An offer from his principal creditors to give him, as sole proprietor, a clean sheet was refused; and the young proprietor announced his determination to pay every cent of the overwhelming debt of his paper with interest. And this he did, but not until he had tasted every experience that comes to the man who insists upon making bricks without straw. He had no working capital, and the concern was staggering under a huge load of debt, while he was increasingly harassed by lawsuits, writs of attachment, and all sorts of litigious pro-

cesses. During his struggles he had some ninety-three libel suits on his hands, and he lost only three, which is a fair indication that his papers were generally engaged in righteous causes. His credit became so low at one time that he had to buy his coal by the bucket-ful, and send the office-boy for it. He had to pay for his paper day by day with the street sales of the evening before. What seemed like the last straw on his load of trouble was the refusal of his neighbour to continue the supply of steam power that was furnished by means of a shaft through the wall, unless arrears were paid up—a proceeding that would have meant suspension. Graham wired to the country for a horse power and a horse. These arrived during the night, and for several days a big white horse was on the pay-roll. The horse-treads were erected in a corner of the press-room, and the motive power walked into the office every morning, through the little counting house, to the press-room, which was equipped with a flat machine capable of printing only one side of a sheet. The irregularity of the animal power created a perfect pandemonium. When the press was stopped every few minutes to get relays of white sheets, the animal would start galloping on the mill. This becoming unendurable, a caloric engine was installed, but proved inadequate. It needed help, and every afternoon the bookkeeper, a clerk, and two reporters, the bulk of the staff, could be seen helping the Erricson motor by tugging at the piston rods—a spectacle as near to that of absolute despair as it was possible to see. But Graham never despaired, toiled early and late, and, with wonderful resourcefulness, contrived means for attracting attention to his little paper, pushing it steadily up the hill past its competitors, until many years ago it became the most widely read journal, not only in Montreal but in Canada. The King, however, does not often knight men for business success. This distinction implies that Sir Hugh did more than build up a great newspaper property and a fortune, and herein lies the secret of his Imperial honour. He at once began to use his newspaper, his fortune, and his own splendid abilities in the public service. The list of projects that he has undertaken and carried through is formidable. You can hardly mention a striking public need of the last three decades which did not find Hugh Graham endeavouring to the best of his ability to meet it. When the famine broke out in India, for instance, that was far enough away; but its horrors appealed to Sir Hugh, and he set on foot a movement to raise a relief fund in Canada, to which finally one hundred thousand people sent in contributions. The Boer War aroused his patriotic fervour in like fashion. When it seemed doubtful whether Canada would rush to the assistance of the mother country, as the rest of the Empire was spontaneously doing, Sir Hugh stood amazed at the hesitation shown in high quarters. To feel indignation at such paltering was to act; and he hit upon the ingenious journalistic device of repeating the cablegram, telling of the action of New Zealand in sending troops to aid the motherland, to every mayor and prominent militia officer in Canada, and to leading public men throughout the Dominion, asking if they thought that Canada should do as New Zealand had done, or stand aloof. The response was overwhelming, and swept the doubters off their feet. There came a perfect outburst of indignation from every Province. The despatches filled several pages of the *Star* newspaper, and within forty-eight hours the first contingent was being assembled for embarkation.

In order to encourage enlistment, Sir Hugh insured every man in the contingent against death and accident, the policies totalling a million dollars. It was not known at the time that the citizen who paid for this insurance was the proprietor of the *Star*; but the fact has transpired. It was known

to certain people, however, in official circles: and the late Queen Victoria expressed her admiration, with the result that there came at that time a suggestion from London that Mr. Graham should be honoured with some distinction. As an active journalist, he discouraged the idea; and has only now consented to accept knighthood as coincidental with his practical retirement from active journalistic direction. His services during the Boer War, however, did not stop there. He also appealed through his powerful papers for a Children's Patriotic Fund for the families of British soldiers stricken in the struggle; and to this one hundred and fifty thousand children subscribed. His Imperial services of this character—as distinguished from his more local labours—have been very numerous. Not the least among them was the help he gave towards making a success of the tercentenary celebration of the landing of Champlain, to which the Prince of Wales came, and which served to show the French-Canadians how loyally English-Canadians honour their great men and their anniversaries.

Of local services the list is too long to be even intelligently summarised for the reading of strangers. The best we can do is to cite a few cases. Just now, Sir Hugh is raising through the *Star* a fund for a new Children's Memorial Hospital. A few years ago he saved one of the most prominent churches in Montreal from going under "the hammer." He initiated, organised, and for nearly twenty years gave strong financial support to the Fresh Air Fund, by which over one hundred thousand working mothers and children have been greatly benefitted. Lately he presented them with a large summer home and grounds. His campaigns for civic betterment have been endless. He has gone so far as to organise a company of judges, business magnates, and citizens generally, to clean the streets, with the assistance of the *Star*, when the aldermen conspicuously failed to do their duty; and he succeeded in shaming the authorities into action.

On one occasion his zeal, energy, and courage played a leading part in saving Montreal from the greatest disaster that ever threatened her. This was in 1885, when the dreaded smallpox seemed to hold the city hopelessly in its grasp. The city authorities were paralysed and helpless. People were refusing to be vaccinated, and there was no adequate place to isolate victims. Moreover, in many cases, the frightened relatives would not permit their sick to be removed from their homes. Mr. Graham personally organised an influential demonstration at the City Hall, composed of leading men in all branches of commerce, with the result that he himself and six of his associates were immediately named on a civic health committee, which there and then entered upon a vigorous campaign of vaccination and isolation. An army of vaccinators and isolators was employed, and did duty for several months. Sir Hugh did not hesitate to go himself into houses where the sick lay, and to explain to their relatives how necessary isolation and vaccination were, and thus to encourage the vaccinators and isolators in their dangerous work. (This I have on the authority of men who worked with him). But there was still an adequate place of isolation to provide. Mr. Graham perceived that the Exhibition buildings were the only available structures. Unyielding opposition to their use was offered by the Exhibition authorities. This, however, did not daunt Mr. Graham. He secured a requisition to call out the troops, and marched at their head to the Exhibition grounds. Here he found the gates barred against them, but he climbed the high fence, and himself wrenched the fastenings from the gates, when the troops marched in. Within twenty-four hours the great building was turned into an isolation hospital, with a corps of nursing nuns in charge, and a procession of

smallpox patients going into it. It is not too much to say that Mr. Graham's courage and promptness on this occasion helped greatly to save Montreal from a most costly set-back from which it would have taken years to recover, for the opening of these great isolation buildings was the beginning of the end of the memorable smallpox epidemic.

Sir Hugh Graham, while keen in business, and a man of conspicuous discernment in the selection of his employees, is most considerate to those who have helped him to build up his papers. He has in his employ several men who have been with him a quarter of a century. He is extremely fond of golf and billiards, both of which games he plays only fairly well, but enthusiastically—all the time admitting he is a "duffer" at them. He has repeatedly been asked to become a member of joint stock directorates, but has invariably declined. Those who are intimately associated with him say Sir Hugh's forte in business is planning, controlling and directing, and that he abhors detail.

Sir Hugh has his own view of titles. I wrote congratulating him, and in his reply he said: "It would be the merest affectation to say I am not proud of the honour received from His Majesty; but it is one thing to appear to be deserving, and another to prove it by one's after life. I incline to the belief that this is not always so easy to do as might appear."

He has been in scores of political fights, local, provincial and federal, making enemies, of course; but it is truly said of him that he maintains no personal animosity towards even his bitterest opponent, being as singularly free from vindictiveness as any man I have ever known.

At school, I am credibly informed, he excelled in only two branches—arithmetic and grammar, but in these he was nearly always either "*dux*" or second in his class.

When the news came to Canada on the King's birthday that Mr. Hugh Graham was knighted, there was a universal chorus of approval. His fellow journalists were especially enthusiastic, seeing in the decoration of their admittedly most successful *confrère* an honour to the craft. In Montreal citizens talked of the many public enterprises in which he had been engaged, and agreed that seldom had a title been more honourably deserved. The rest that he now proposes to take, after his forty years of strenuous endeavour, has surely been well earned.

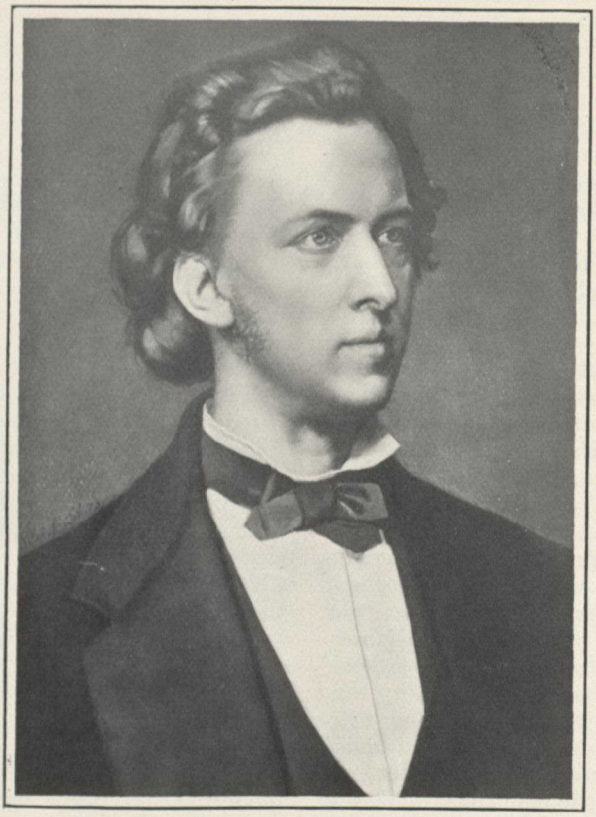
THE CHOPIN CENTENARY

BY MRS. J. W. F. HARRISON

("SERANUS")

IN a "mean little house," according to Professor Niecks, Frederic Chopin, the only son and the third of four children of Nicholas and Justina Chopin, was born on March 1, 1809, in a Polish village, about twenty-eight English miles from Warsaw. The description of the dwelling does not necessarily imply defects in the family; they may have been poor, but they were not ignorant, Nicholas Chopin having been at one time bookkeeper in a tobacco manufactory, and again a teacher of French and tutor in a noble house. Indeed, although the home influences were quiet, austere, and no doubt frugal and self-denying, the existence on every side of caste supplied that picturesque element which tinged all of Chopin's future life. His godfather was a Count, Frederick Skarbek, a pupil of his father and part owner of the village. Details of biography reveal a French origin in the family of Nicholas Chopin, a fact which evidently precipitated Frederic's interest in Paris and his wish to be heard there. His education progressed naturally and pleasantly, his father possessing many friends distinguished in literature, science, and art, and Professor Niecks has recorded the fact that the favourite composer enjoyed the greatest of blessings that can be bestowed upon mortal man—being born into a virtuous and well-educated family, united by ties of love. The three daughters of Nicholas Chopin all manifested more or less taste for literature and the composer's mother is described by one who saw her in her old age as "a neat, quiet, intelligent old lady, full of an intense energy which served but to accentuate the languor of her son." So, from the small beginnings of artistic endeavour in an obscure village to the homage of the entire world, the name and fame of Chopin have steadily advanced till in the present centenary year adequate honour is being rendered to his memory in Europe and Great Britain, in the United States, and, no doubt, in our own Dominion

It is a far cry from the little vallage outside Warsaw to the large modern cities, alive with commercial and utilitarian ideas, of England and America; and, to trace the secret of this composer's tremendous popularity, we must first go back to the origin of his inspiration; the woes and suffering of his country, the deep gulf between rich and poor, the struggles from mediæval conditions through a period of unhappy revolution to higher ideals, the stirrings of an early passion which proved abortive and unfulfilled. At the age of twelve it was evident that Chopin must be and could only be a musician, and thenceforth his course was clear, hampered only in its early stages by lack of sufficient funds to enable him to carry out certain plans of travel and study and to publish his works. Gradually, however, the charming address and wonderful talents of the young *virtuoso* prevailed. He made rich and powerful friends, and began to give successful concerts in Warsaw, Mu-



FREDERIC CHOPIN, THE GREAT COMPOSER OF MUSIC, WHOSE CENTENARY IS BEING CELEBRATED THIS MONTH

nich, Vienna, Stuttgart, and finally Paris, the goal of his dreams. Later on London was added to the cities where he made friends among the great musicians of the day, such as Mendelssohn, Hiller, Liszt, Berlioz, Franchomme, Schumann, and many others. By his twenty-fourth or twenty-fifth year he was recognised as a unique, fascinating, and highly gifted pianist and a composer of extraordinary ingenuity and attractiveness. It is indeed with the latter phase of his work that we are mostly concerned. While Mendelssohn for some years has been almost neglected by artists and students at home and abroad, and although Schumann, Beethoven, and Liszt, are frequently played and still much loved, it is the music of Chopin that is decidedly the most popular among all earnest pianists and even among average audiences. It is rather astonishing to reflect that his compositions, at one time considered as sickly, sentimental, and effeminate, are played by everybody, have been arranged in a thousand different ways, and show no sign of failing in their capacity to interest the public. Some writers have accounted for this on the ground of the universal culture and spread of knowledge by which men are not, truthfully speaking, made "children of light and joy" but rather are converted to beings of a sober and perhaps a gently melancholy temperament, having eaten of the tree of knowledge and seeing life in a chastened, saddened sense. The peculiar quality in Chopin's music, called "*zal*" by his bio-

MME. GEORGES SAND, THE FAMOUS FRENCH NOVELIST, WHO EXERTED A STRONG INFLUENCE OVER CHOPIN

graphers, and a kind of *morbidezza* by others, is, however, greatly exaggerated. There is much that is virile and healthy, much that is purely romantic and poetic; there are some martial strains, other religious and imaginative motives, but the true Chopin is really much more diverse and versatile than he has been pictured. Apart from this, there is to be taken into consideration the never-failing beauty of these compositions, so varied yet so similar, so rich in absolutely new progressions, so masterly in conception, and so melodious even when apparently most intricate, that it becomes a pleasure to study them.

To return to the facts of Chopin's career, it may be said here that nature always exacts a penalty for such precocity, and Frederic was not destined for either commonplace success or commonplace happiness. Certain constitutional mental traits of irresolution, over-fastidiousness, and melancholy began to assert themselves, and, by and by, the physical life, originally so gay and normal, became infected. Concert-giving, teaching, and composing, all three, did not bring him in any large sums of money; and, by nature somewhat extravagant, a habit probably engendered by the elegant company he kept, especially in Paris, from time to time he suffered from straitened circumstances. Unlike Liszt, whose physical strength was enormous, Chopin was unfit for the concert-room, and, although he played in public up to a comparatively short time before his death, he never became a successful travelling virtu-

oso. His nervous, susceptible nature rendered him exquisitely keen and alive to all shades of artistic and intellectual endeavour, and his meeting with the famous novelist Mme. Georges Sand certainly marked the turning point in his life. Had a more conventional attachment presented itself, and could he have had that rest and sympathy he so ardently longed for and which a well-ordered home might have afforded him, he could not have written more beautiful music, but he might have lived longer and under healthier, happier conditions. The influence exerted upon him by the powerful brain and strong character of the great novelist can hardly be over-estimated and should not be difficult to understand, but what was natural and easy for her and for the other members of the gifted circle that surrounded her in her *château* at Nohant or in the literary quarter of Paris was never easy or natural for Chopin. One thinks of him as in the grip of an influence he would fain shake off but cannot, as the brilliant coteries form, dissolve, and form again around the person of the great enchantress, whose friends were Liszt, the Countess d'Agoult, mother of Liszt's children, Heine, De Musset, and many other persons of genius allied to unconventional living. Chopin was, literally, not strong enough to cope with a scheme of existence which always seems to call for unusual elasticity and hardness on the part of those addicted to it.

Mme. Sand was a person of vigorous physical health and able to endure what most persons would collapse under; of this, the famous sojourn in the South of Europe, undertaken by her with Chopin for the latter's recovery, is a proof. Chopin there manifested the dangerous symptoms which eventually carried him off, but added to this was the conviction that his companion was tiring of him and of his society. It is the punishment of such relations as theirs, that ordinary conditions are absent and ordinary distractions fail to soothe. Chopin, unfitted to reside again with the members of his own family, had given up much to be with Mme. Sand. She, on the contrary, in the circle wherein she moved, appeared to have lost nothing by her ambiguous relations with him and others, and thus the situation became strained and embittered. Abruptly, according to Chopin, their intimacy ended, and from that moment his strength visibly declined. The young and ardent soul, originally pure and honourable as well as gifted, may have realised too late that despite his rank among the world's greatest musicians he had missed the best things of life: the following up of a happy, innocent childhood by other normal and consecrated ties of marriage and high friendship. His end was pathetic, and the mere perusal of his last moments almost moves one to tears. He died a true and believing Catholic, and had only good to say for all he had met in this world, including Mme. Sand.

It is certain that Chopin was a character possessed in the beginning of much that was sweet and pleasant and even high-minded, and those who unite to commemorate his memory should remember this fact and set it against that of an unfortunate affection which very nearly ruined his life. His other friends were unusually devoted to him. His pupil Gutman, who was with him constantly before his death, was a person of deep and sympathetic feelings, and seems to have almost consecrated his time and energies to watching over Chopin during the weary months which preceded the latter's death. Certain it is that while some other composers, famous enough in their lifetime, are now forgotten or partially neglected, the fame of Frederic Chopin is every day more and more secure. The two great piano concertos, the Preludes, Etudes, Scherzos, Waltzes, Mazurkas and in lesser degree the Rondos and two piano sonatas are works which have become perfectly familiar to all classes

of music lovers and concert-goers, notwithstanding their intricacy of form and general character of melancholy detachment. His "Funeral March," part of a sonata for the piano, is now a general favourite and is played at all important funerals, as well as those by Handel and Beethoven. His Ballades and Studies, the Mazurkas and Waltzes, are on every programme of merit or distinction, and we have recently heard in Toronto the wonderful Piano Concerto in F minor played by the gifted De Pachmann accompanied by the Symphony Orchestra, a new and flourishing local organisation. These are facts which speak for themselves and prove that there is virility, magic, and beauty in these compositions, and that the feeble and at times morbid Chopin has become one of the world's favourites and speaks to us now as sympathetically as when in this world and taking his rightful place among the musicians of his own day. The finest tribute probably ever paid him was from a brother artist and man of genius, the late Anton Rubinstein, who asserted more than once that in Chopin modern music, with all its revelation of chromatic harmony and rich device of ornament and fancy, reached its highest point and that the development of piano technique, as shown by Chopin's compositions, has also attained to a perfection which can scarcely be improved

Chopin died painlessly between three and four in the morning of October 17, 1849, but the funeral did not take place till the thirtieth of the month. He lies at Père Lachaise, near Paris, with most congenial surroundings, being near Cherubini, Pleyel, members of the Erard family, and others. His heart was, however, taken to Poland and is preserved in the Holy Cross Church at Warsaw, where also a handsome monument was unveiled in October, 1850.

WHOM LOVE HATH LEFT BEHIND

By LOUISE C. GLASGOW

Across the dewy grass they came,
And she was wet and still;
They laid a cloth upon her face
When resting on the hill;
For they could not bear to see her eyes,
Which made their blood run chill.

Oh, bright and fair the water's face
When Love is young and kind;
But, a sullen look, and black it wears
When Love hath proved unkind;
And a soft, sweet bed it makes for some
Whom Love hath left behind.

IN MARCONILAND

BY ALBERT R. CARMAN

AUTHOR OF "THE PENSIONNAIRES," ETC.

MR. ROBERT MARSHALL sat looking at his private Marconigraph operator.

"For the fourth time, Jaggers," he said, "those Arabian people have been informed of our plans."

"Do you suspect—" Jaggers began, red with anger because his voice would shake.

"I suspect no one," said Mr. Marshall curtly. "That last affair was Marconigraphed only; and our operators are not fools."

Jaggers looked relieved at the compliment. He know that it was sincere. The Consolidated Sunshine Syndicate, of which Mr. Marshall was President, confided in the honesty of its employees because it had demonstrated its willingness to spend a million dollars to detect and punish a theft by one.

"It is not through treachery that our plans leak," went on Mr. Marshall. "Some one has duplicated our instrument. We will have a new one made."

It was to this practical basis that the Marconi discovery of wireless telegraphy had "shaken down." The whole atmosphere was found to be a medium of electric communication between like instruments. Make a half-dozen Marconigraphs of the same kind and distribute them about the earth as you please, taking care only to have them out of doors and well up in the air, and a message written with the key of any one of these would be promptly clicked off by all the others. They were like six old-time telegraph instruments on one wire; and it made no difference that one was on a Marconi tower in New York, another in Cairo Egypt, another in San Francisco, and the rest in European capitals.

So, of course, the great Consolidated Sunshine Syndicate had its own instruments on its own Marconi towers wherever they were needed; and they were guaranteed by the Syndicate's own electrical expert to be like none other on the round earth. The chief sunshine packing plant of the Syndicate was located in the Sahara Desert near Egypt, where they compressed the dazzling, moistureless sunshine of that rainless land which was then shipped to all parts of the world to be "laid on" in sick rooms during cloudy weather, to light the houses of extravagant people at night, to be supplied to garden parties on foggy days in London, to enable artists to work steadily regardless of the weather and season, to replace "flashlight" for night photography, and to serve many another purpose. The chief rival of the Syndicate was a company with a plant on the Arabian desert; but the Egyptian article was thought to be a little the clearer and was altogether the proper thing in preserved sunlight. Many wealthy people always used it for out-of-doors fêtes whether the paler native product was available or not. A North Cape Nightless Co. was formed, but sunshine compressed at so low a temperature evaporated very rapidly in spite of all precautions when brought south. It could, however, be served promptly from iced chambers built into the holds of vessels; and iced Norway sunshine was the tit-bit of the trade. The Syndicate tried to meet it with a superfine "Sphinx"

brand, for which they charged quite as much; but the public suspected that the alleged scarcity was artificial and were not to be caught by anything not really costly.

On Mr. Marshall's Marconi tower there were a number of instruments. Beside that of the Syndicate was one belonging to the European Art Gallery Combine which proposed to "circuit" the art galleries of Europe, moving the pictures about among the best paying cities, including those of North and South America and Australia; and there was, too, a family instrument with which he could talk privately with the old folks on the New Hampshire homestead or his married daughter travelling in Europe with a Marconigraph in her trunk.

Inside of a week the new Sunshine Syndicate instrument was in place, duplicates having been sent at once to all the Syndicate stations. It was an entirely new thing in Marconigraphs, being constructed on a novel principle which the Syndicate's expensive expert thought to be his choicest invention, and one not likely to be hit upon by another man in a thousand years. He had put his soul into making it unique, for Mr. Marshall had told him that if this was duplicated, he would be in need of another situation. But he filed this instrument with a mind at ease. The man who should invent a door-bell which would tell whether it was your dearest bore or the "best fellow in town" with his finger on the button, could not feel better satisfied with himself. Now, at any rate, the secret messages of the Syndicate would be inviolable.

This might have been quite true, had it not been for one of those outlandish pranks which frisky chance is so fond of playing. Miss Muriel Marshall, the second daughter of the billionaire, had a lover of whom "Poppa" did not approve. She had an odd dozen or two whom he would have accepted with her endorsement; but there was only one who seemed a big Norse god in her eyes, and he was merely an unpromising newspaper reporter in her father's eyes. His name was Helder—August Helder; and the city editor of the New York *Tomorrow* would give him nothing but "dust bin assignments," so named because the news accumulated in them and did not have to be chased. Even with these, he was always missing editions, getting news in for the "six o'clock" (which had to be on the street at four-forty) that ought to have been in the "five o'clock special" (issued at four sharp). But he was as faithful as a Newfoundland dog and never got drunk, and he could "do" an afternoon with the distributors of a coal charity with so true a pathos that the fund actually made money by the day's lavishness. His "special" on a sunrise trip from Long Branch crowded the early boat for weeks; and his little book of essays, called "The Journeys of the Sea," ran to five editions.

Now August Helder was also an electrician—for the same reason that he was a student of the higher criticism and a specialist on early German art. These things interested him, and he took time from his "dust bin" slavery to satisfy the hunger of his mind respecting them. One day it occurred to him that, as he and Muriel could no longer see each other except on fugitive occasions, he might construct a secret Marconigraph with which they could communicate, she on her father's tower and he on that of the *Tomorrow*. They were to meet by chance on Broadway that day, and he told her of it. She was delighted. She already could operate one slowly, having practised on the family line; and she would go in now and get up her speed. Nothing thrills the passion for romance in a young girl like a clandestine meeting with her lover—the witless world outwitted, and they two alone and together. Thus now could she and August meet nightly, with only the city of New York between them, and the click of their own, own instruments "dash-dot-dashing" of their love.

Helder put a week in thinking out an absolutely new Marconigraph, and hit upon the precise principle already used by the expert of the Syndicate. It was a happy afternoon when the Norse god met the dancing-eyed Muriel "quite by accident" as she was driving in Central Park, and slipped into her hands an instru-

ment that "had only one mate in the world"; and that was his.

"So like us," said Muriel. "Made for each other and no one else."

"Yes," replied August, touched to his heart by the thought. "And this communion," he went on magnificently, "will not be broken into by that sun-less Sunshine Syndicate."

Muriel sat silent. She did not think the Syndicate too bad, except when it seemed to keep August from calling. That it made her difficult to woo was rather a virtue on its part.

"I shall be on our tower to-night at nine," he said as he left her; and she promised to keep the tryst on hers, two miles away across the twinkling city.

Just at nine August Helder, prompt for once, sat at his private instrument on one corner of *Tomorrow's* tower, and joined in the Bedlam of nervous metallic chatter that came from the score and more instruments about him. The *Tomorrow* took no chances on having its despatches bled. It possessed several absolutely secret pairs of instruments; and whenever a man was sent out on a mission that promised to be at all important, he took a member of one of these couples with him and the other was installed at the proper time on the tower with a trusted operator. It was a dull night, in a news sense, when several of the twins were not banging away together at a furious rate. Then, of course, each news agency had its instrument which was at work; and there was the line from Washington, that from London, another from Paris, from Albany, from Boston, from wherever there might be a regular or a special correspondent. Consequently the modest, monotonous clicking of August Helder passed unnoticed. Any one seeing him there would think that he had been entrusted with the reception of an important private "story."

But all he was doing was writing over and over and over again his private call for Muriel. But Muriel was not at the trysting-place—a trysting-place of Marconi romance, with the twinkling electric lights overhead and the spangled night city below. What to this is a canopy of twinkling stars and the rutted roadway of a country lane?

The reason why Muriel was not where she could hear her "call" whispered electrically in the magic dark, was that she was engaged in a delicate diplomatic mission—a task that delighted her feminine love of intrigue to its last coil. The European Art Gallery Combine had met an unexpected obstacle at Dresden where the reigning head of the Saxon house refused to permit the gallery in the Swinger to be "circuited." Now an Art Gallery Combine without the Sistine Madonna was—as Mr. Marshall put it—like the "play of Hamlet with Romeo left out." So they simply had to bring the Dresden gallery in.

"They know they've got us cornered," he stormed. "They've got the corner lot on our block, and they know we've got to have it at any price—so they're in to do us, and to do us good."

The King had declared that his Saxons "would form a thousand deep around the Swinger, and defend its treasures while life-blood in them flowed."

"That's his way of shoving the price up," growled Mr. Marshall. So finally he asked the young heir of the house, who was the art specialist, to run over to New York and talk it out with him. This proposal was nearly as dumbfounding as the plan to "lease" the gallery, and a series of communications set in that threatened to outlast the Combine; but Mr. Robert Marshall cut it all short by sending an agent to the court who gingerly hinted the billionaire's willingness to pay all the expenses of the trip, and to show the young man America into the bargain. "I'm a busy man," he said; "and that young man has time to consume in a gas-saving burner."

So the young Prince had come, and Muriel was teaching him Americanese that evening; and, at the same time, getting him to see that there were more people worth the pleasing than his impractical Saxons.

"Starlight! Starlight!" called August; and then waited for an answer. Starlight was Muriel's Marconi "call." But the Marshall tower was empty. Nowhere in

the wide world would an instrument have responded to his, if the Egyptian agent of the Syndicate had not just installed his new Marconigraph, received that day from New York; and he and his operator were still looking curiously at it.

Suddenly it began to talk, but the signal meant nothing to them. Over and over again, what was apparently a "call" was repeated, and then it would stop.

"Perhaps there is a new code coming by the next mail," suggested the operator.

"They said nothing of it," said the agent; "but you'd better write this down anyway." So for an hour the operator sat there, and at intervals wrote "slt, slt," never suspecting that it stood for "Starlight," poor Helder's Marconigraphic pet name for the starry-eyed Muriel. Starlight was the light of love; sunshine the shameless slave of a sordid Syndicate.

Then the instrument began to talk German, and, when it had ceased, the operator carried the result to his chief. The busy man took it eagerly, started, showed open amazement, and then broke out—

"Great Rameses! But this is a German love poem, with a hint of suicide in it. Call them up as soon as you can tomorrow for an explanation."

But it was not explained. Muriel's absence was, however; for the *Tomorrow* printed an elaborate account of the manner in which the Saxon Prince spent the evening at the Marshall mansion, illustrating it with a picture of his schloss at Meissen (where he never lives), with a view of the Royal Opera House at Dresden, a picture of the Prince shaking hands with Mr. Marshall in the Marshall drawing-room, and a series of diagrams showing how Robert Marshall could carpet the entire Saxon kingdom with dollar bills and still have enough to spare to paper every house in Dresden. Besides this was a "story" of a former secret morganatic marriage of the Prince, winding up with the delicate conjecture that the Marshalls would probably pension this wife off handsomely in case Muriel wedded the young man.

August went down to the office, determined to see the Managing Editor, pour out his scorn on him, and resign; but the city editor saw him first and hustled him off to report a conference of esoteric cannibalism which was beginning at Marblehead, Massachusetts.

It was four nights later before August could again sit on the *Tomorrow* tower and call for "Starlight." But he had only written the "call" twice when someone "broke in" on him. He waited to read Muriel's response. It should have been "Thor." It was—

"Dry up, will you?"

He obeyed. It was quite like Muriel at her maddest; but what was the matter? The Saxon Prince had gone for a trip to Philadelphia that very day—But his machine was talking ahead.

"—has a scheme," he read, "for imprisoning starlight on clear nights and then keeping it until it is ready to go to Europe and shine there. How does that strike you?"

August was so excited that he almost moved quickly. "Starlight," could mean but one thing to him, ticked out on this private instrument; and all this veiling language meant that some one might be listening on the Marshall tower. What should he say back that would not betray them both? How long had Muriel been waiting for him to call? Poor little girl! The pathetic thought of her waiting, waiting for him, kept his mind from working as quickly as he wanted it to—with her still waiting, and he not knowing what to answer.

"They cannot imprison Starlight," he finally wrote back.

"That's my theory," came the prosaic response; "and I furthermore think that Europe does not want it."

"I am not so sure of that," said the loyal Helder, thinking of the Saxon Prince. Surely he was not fool enough to miss seeing that Muriel was the first Princess of the world!

"They have starlight of their own," came back quickly; and then—"Will Berlin please keep its chin out of this?"

August sat back in despair. Was "Berlin" a new name for him?

"I have been wanting to say," the instrument went on, "that I think starlight

can be imprisoned and that Europe will be mighty glad to get it."

"But—" August began.

"Keep out! Keep out!" came in an impatient clatter. Then "Thor! Thor!" repeated several times, like a "call"; and then—silence!

August leaned over and wrote "slt" twice and waited. But there was no response. He thought of this long and consecutively, trying to put together a theory that would explain it. But, finally, logic failing him, he fell back on instinct. Muriel was in trouble; it was something about "imprisonment" and "Europe"; and she had ended by calling "Thor! Thor!" They were probably planning to marry her to the Saxon Prince, and were keeping close watch on her in the meantime, lest she should communicate with him. This was a mediæval conception of the situation; but Helder was more mediæval than New York-y. He was more of a poet than a reporter. He should have been on the staff of *Yesterday*.

The true explanation was, of course, that the Syndicate were discussing a new scheme for compressing starlight, to sell as a side-line to sunlight, and the New York and Cairo men thought that Helder's interruption came from the Berlin agent, whose views they were not seeking just then. As they were closing, Muriel had come out on the tower, gone to her instrument and called "Thor" on the chance of his being back from Marblehead; and was amazed and frightened to hear her call repeated on the Syndicate instrument near her. So she went quietly back down stairs, and the Syndicate people gave up the struggle for the night. Apparently the "wires" were crossed in some way.

Muriel was Marconist enough to know that the repetition of her "call" upon the Syndicate instrument meant that, by some curious chance, August had hit upon the same principle as the Syndicate expert, and that all August had to do was to sit by his machine to hear all the Syndicate's private despatches. This put her in a nervous flutter; for she wanted to betray neither their sweet trysting place to her father nor the secrets of the Syndicate to a *Tomorrow* reporter. She went to bed quite undecided; and the next day the Saxon Prince came back from Philadelphia, when her diplomatic duties kept her too busy to think of anything else.

The city editor of *Tomorrow* heard of the Prince's unexpected return, and said to August:

"Go over to Marshall's office, Helder, and ask him if it is true that the engagement of his daughter Muriel to the young Saxon sprig is about to be announced."

August first thought of telling his city editor to go to the final home of all sensational journalists; but he was not an impulsive youth and he waited for the inevitable second thought which, in this case, reminded him that this was just the piece of news he was most anxious to know the worst about himself. He would be simply using the prestige of the *Tomorrow* to extract information which personally he was not likely to obtain. So he went; and his card admitted him to the presence of the great man without delay.

"What can I do for the *Tomorrow*?" Mr. Marshall enquired genially as August entered.

"We wish to know," said August, "whether it is true that your daughter Muriel is engaged to the Saxon Prince."

Mr. Marshall's lips smiled, but his eyes looked curious. He knew that Helder had been a suitor, and he wondered if his jealousy had prompted the putting of this question. Still every vagary of the mighty *Tomorrow* was always to be treated with respect. So he said:

"You may tell your editor that it is not true, but that I should prefer not to have the contradiction published. It might seem to give too much importance to the report. If your paper will oblige me in this, I promise to send for you first when I have any such engagement to announce. In fact, I will give you a first lien on all our family matrimonial news."

August reported this to the city editor who ratified the compact. It was later than usual that night before he could get to his Marconigraph on the tower; and, when he did, it was chattering away.

He sat down and listened. It was talking about "starlight" and "imprisonment" again.

"Do you know anything of a 'green vault' at Dresden?" it suddenly asked him.

"Yes," he clicked back; and immediately afterwards his instrument added—"Sure"—on its own account.

"Well," it went on, "it will be necessary for us to supply sunshine in perpetuity for it, whatever it is." There was a pause and then—"Pretty costly, isn't it?" and it sounded as if a slower hand were on the key. Then it struck him for the first time that this was very fast Marconigraphy for a novice like Muriel. But the faster hand was again writing—"Rather. But it is that or starlight in the schloss; and we don't know yet whether we can deliver starlight."

August sat back, his mind whirling. "Why not promise starlight?" the slower hand said. "Those Europeans are used to delays in delivery."

"That will never do. We want to get him to complete the bargain while he is here. When he gets home again, he will probably think starlight a poor exchange for his Madonna."

"His Madonna!" Now August understood. They were bargaining with the Prince for his Raphael; Muriel being the price to be paid; and, in some way or other, their talk was reproduced on his instrument. But how had they come to hit upon "Starlight" as a name for Muriel? How had they come, for that matter, to duplicate his private instrument? Muriel could not have told them! He felt sure of that. And, moreover, if they knew they had duplicated it, they would not have talked secrets in the hearing of his Marconigraph. He sat long by his instrument, but it talked no more that night; and though he called "Starlight" again and again, he got no response.

The next night, he went up on the tower and sat listening in silence. After a time, he was rewarded; for his key began to clatter—but to clatter nonsense. He knew the trouble in a moment. They were using a private cypher. Laboriously he took it down, hoping that his German patience wou d enable him to work it out; for it might concern the "sale" of "Starlight."

As he passed the city editor's door on his way out of the office, that gentleman called him in.

"Helder" he, said. "Do you never hear anything new?"

August stood in silence.

"Whatever made you think news-gathering was your vocation?" the city editor went on brusquely. "You are mentally deaf and blind. You have never brought me, in three years, one scrap of news. I can send you for a parcel of it, neatly tied up and labelled, and you'll bring it back quite safely about an hour after we have gone to press. But you never seem to hear anything. You are immune from the contagion of novelty. You are vaccinated against occurrences of interest. You are out of the stream of events. Now, see here! Unless you can bring me something pretty sensational in the next forty-eight hours, you will have to get another office to moon about in. Now, that's your assignment. I'll give you nothing else. Go and hear something new for yourself—and chase it in here pretty lively."

August went off home with an even mind, and sat down to unravel the Syndicate's cypher. He took no interest in what the city editor had said, except that it gave him two days' uninterrupted leisure to work at the puzzling rigmarole. It never occurred to him that it might contain an item of news. But it did. On the afternoon of the second day, he sat looking at the sheet on which he had written the result of his work, and he thought he must be mistaken.

The Prince, he learned, had suddenly jumped up his price for the Dresden gallery. Nothing would do him now but to be made Emperor of Germany. It seemed that Muriel had put that idea in his head, in the course of her diplomatic "jollying," by asking him why he did not try for it. She told him that it was a common thing for Governors of States over here to get to be President. No American, she said, thinks there's any-

thing too good for him; so he just goes in and gets it. "Now you've got what is nearly as good as a Governorship just by being born." she went on enthusiastically. "You should be ashamed of yourself to think of staying there all your life, doing no better than your father did. No American young man would have so little ambition. You ought to give that Hohenzollern family a run for its money." Of course, this was not all in the cypher despatches, but it is what happened.

So the Prince mentioned the matter to Mr. Marshall; and Mr. Marshall, who had a glass or two aboard, said—"Why not? I'll subscribe to your campaign fund." The Prince took all this as seriously as a German does an opera; and now said to Mr. Marshall.

"When you get me the Crown of Germany, you shall have the Dresden gallery." And Mr. Marshall, after ten minutes' thought, had closed with the offer; and was Marconigraphing instructions to his European agents to open the campaign.

"We've made governors and senators and judges, and helped to make Presidents before this," he said. "What's the matter with making an Emperor?"

The beginning of the plan of campaign was outlined in the despatches. "Spot cash" was to be used freely, and promises of increased glory and profit under the new regime made to all open to that kind of argument. Dozens of trained emissaries were to be sent out at once to feel the public pulse. Members were to be elected to the Reichstag; and an effort made to put the control of the army in the hands of the different minor Princes.

August, as the magnitude of the plot developed itself before his mind, thought first of the city editor. Here was an item of news that would save his job for him. Then he thought of Muriel. With this in his hands, Mr. Marshall dare no longer refuse him leave to woo. But a rising volcanic passion of indignation burst upon his consciousness, and buried both these ideas from sight. This was an infamous plot against his beloved Emperor. "Job" or "no job" be Muriel his or a Saxon Princess, he must save his Emperor or die!

Long he sat and thought as to how this might best be done. An obvious way was to print the whole plot in the *Tomorrow*, but the proper authorities might not take it seriously. Another plan was to lay his proofs quietly before the German Consul and the American Government; but this would probably ruin Mr. Marshall—and Muriel was his daughter. He should, at least, give the billionaire a chance for his life.

So what he did was to write out a concise story of the plot and leave it in a sealed envelope with his landlady to be forwarded to the German Consul in case he did not ask her for it within two days; and then he went to the Marshall mansion and asked for Mr. Marshall.

"None of my family are engaged to be married yet," observed the great man pleasantly, as he shook hands with Helder.

Not even the prospective Empress?" returned August quite as pleasantly.

Mr. Marshall's eyes contracted. "Not even the prospective Princess," he said slowly.

"I said 'Empress,'" corrected August.

"Is 'Empress' to be your wife's *nom de plume?*" Mr. Marshall enquired satirically.

"I shall have no wife," replied August simply, "if you make your daughter Empress of Germany."

"What do you mean?"

"This," and August handed him the translation of his cypher despatches.

Mr. Marshall read them quite through; and then he looked at August. "Where did you get this?" he asked as if enquiring about the weather.

August told him.

"How did you make out the cypher?"

"I took two days to it, and worked it out," said August; and then added—"Unless I stop it personally, a copy of that will be in the hands of the German authorities in two days' time."

"How much?" asked Mr. Marshall laconically.

"Not a cent—nothing except your promise to give it up," was August's answer. "Look here, Mr. Marshall," he went on, "you don't understand this.

You could never buy the German throne. It is not for sale. You would have to conquer Germany to get it. It would be easier to invade Germany and carry off the Dresden gallery itself than to displace the Emperor. I would go over myself and die in his defence. Some one has steered you into a blind alley."

"H'm," said Mr. Marshall, and for two minutes he thought hard. Then he said—"I'll give it up. I'll leave Dresden out of the Combine. I'll found art journals to write down the Sistine Madonna. I'll prove that Raphael never saw it. I'll sidetrack the whole kingdom of Saxony, and put 'em out of business."

"Very well," said August. "I'll burn my story of the plot."

"So you made a Marconigraph like ours and you read our cypher in two days," observed Mr. Marshall. "Are you wedded to journalism?"

"If I was, I could get a divorce on the ground of desertion," said August sadly. "Our city editor says that I never hear any news worth printing; and I get the 'sack' to-night at eleven o'clock."

"You can take a desk then to-morrow at nine in my office," Mr. Marshall continued. "The *Tomorrow* is not as swift as I thought it was. It ought to have known how to use a man like you."

There came a tap at the door; and then Muriel's face shown through a swiftly-made opening. "Oh, I beg your pardon, Poppa," she cried. "I did not know you were engaged."

"You know Mr. Helder," said the great man with a welcoming gesture towards the young German.

"Sure!" said Muriel, coming in. "That is, unofficially," she went on with merry eyes, but there was a blush on her face as she gave her hand to August.

Her father laughed. "Mr. Helder," he said, "has a trick of knowing things unofficially."

Muriel looked at him enquiringly. "Oh, I mean nothing, you puss! I never do. Only, now that I have introduced you to Mr. Helder, you must let me have that private Marconigraph of yours."

"All right," said Muriel, and she was not quite so puzzled as she had been.

When August went into the office of the *Tomorrow* that night, the city editor said:

"Well, have you heard anything worth printing in two days?"

"No," said August.

"I knew you wouldn't," the man of lightning decision shot back. "You may call on the cashier for your salary."

"Thank you," said August.

"If you do ever happen to hear anything new," continued the city editor, "try to endure it. It won't happen again."

CANADIAN JOURNALISM

BY ROBSON BLACK

(FREDERIC ROBSON)

THERE is a town in the West which once upon a time maintained two newspapers, owned by one man. In the *Tory Banner* this man's interest was admitted, and his name stood proudly at the top of the editorial column. Across the road, at the office of the *Grit Breeze*, only the business manager knew where those fat bundles of copy came from, denouncing each week, the policy and persons of the *Tory Banner*, calling its editor a traitor to all honest ideals and a poltroon of the basest sort. But John Blank, the dual author, knew, and laughed about it each Monday, as he ground out the base calumnies of the *Banner* from eight to nine, and the baser calumnies of the *Breeze* from nine to ten.

And this warfare went on for just one year.

One day a letter came to the editor of the *Tory Banner* which read: "What do you think the editor of the *Breeze* deserves at the hands of a loyal Conservative?" And the answer came, in all innocence: "A drubbing, my friend, that will make him repent his political sins." Just two hours later a police call was sent in from the office of the *Breeze*, but it was too late, and for many days John Blank, the dual editor, lay in the violent ward of the local hospital, talking brokenly to the doctor and nurses. As far as I know that was the Alpha and Omega of dual journalism in that Western town. The story is recounted here only to prepare the way to less Quixotic phases of Canadian journalism.

This article is set forth, not as a carping, pessimistic, one-man view, but it reflects, as I have taken care to ascertain, the belief of many of our most wide-awake, experienced Canadian newspaper men, those who have had opportunities to look into fields other than their own.

In every Anglo-Saxon community the newspaper has been long accepted as a most desirable thing. You will find it verified so well in our own West. Some land-seeker reaches an untouched part of the wilderness, cuts four sods from the prairie, and plants there the posts of his cabin. Another human lines up beside him. Two months later come a general store, a long moustached land-agent, and an implement dealer; and you can count about eight months before the neighbouring town sheets get a request to place the new Alberta City *Vindicator* on their exchange lists.

And down in the big cities it is much the same in spirit. The afternoon paper has become the only means of gratifying a craving curiosity; it is our cheapest and most effective means of learning at a glance what our neighbour's left hand doeth Which all is intended to emphasise that the Canadian public looks upon its press as a first rate form of entertainment, in the absence of something better.

Once upon a time a notion was held by editors that a newspaper came

into being by the connivance of some editor and the power of Final Good, and was carried on as an educational force in the community. That has long ago been exploded. A newspaper is a commercial enterprise, pure and simple, to make money, or help some man or party to political or other preferment. This is borne out by the fact that the greatest newspapers on the continent claim to be nothing else than large corporations to give the public something they desire in return for the dear public's money. And may it not be quite a sound foundation this, and quite in keeping with the purpose a paper should serve in a community? It is questionable whether the founders or present controllers of the New York *Evening Post* or the Boston *Transcript* at any time whirled in their brains visions of journalistic messiahs or turned their thoughts through sleepless nights upon the uplifting of the American people by the city editor. No, there was a divorce long ago of the newspaper from that indefinite thing called moral purpose. Newspapers are probably doing more good now through an intelligent supervision of news matter, from a knowledge of what the people want, than by preaching morality and aestheticism in every item of the police reporter. In our smaller cities, the assumption of this missionary spirit on the part of budding reporters still leads to the occasional remark in the "local happenings" column that "a man who would beat his wife like Joshua Jeckyl did last night should be publicly horsewhipped, as such characters are no credit to the town." But that sort of thing passes away with the bursting from the local cocoon and, as the "metropolitan idea" gets a firmer hold, the padding falls away, and the news of the day is given without additional moral deductions.

The power of the press has always been hugely exaggerated by the papers themselves. Is it not true that the average Canadian election, for instance, is decided pretty much on the policies and records of the parties and in spite of the marvellous cavillings of one section of the press or another? In every town and village of Canada may be found two papers of opposing political views, and during elections the bulk of their space and brains is taken up with stories of the enemy, which the writers well know are the output of misjudgment and childish nagging. Even with this, how often, how very often, does the public strike a sensible average of truth? Yet we need not go far afield to find cities and towns in Canada where a powerful paper practically controls the working of municipal machinery, dictates the legislation of the council, appoints whom it will to offices, and cheers the people on, or reviles them out of their senses when the current of feeling toward a certain by-law suits its desires or runs counter.

After we have granted that Canadians like their press and the press likes Canadians, after we have granted the very considerable advancement made by Canadian newspapers in so young a country, it is still apparent that they are hampered to an extent which, if unremedied, will continue to bar all progress as the population grows more discriminating and demands something better. There are, it seems to me, several needs in Canadian journalism that strike the American journalist with particular force; the lack of a news-gathering system corresponding to the American Associated Press; the absence of men in control of papers who are as big as their opportunity; over-preponderance of political news; subversion of the "human interest" element of news to recitals of bald fact.

Though it might not at first strike the casual reader of a Canadian paper, the methods of getting news in Canada are with some exceptions haphazard and inadequate. We lack a full-grown Canadian Associated Press which could be worked just

like the American method. The Associated Press of the United States is one of the most complicated, yet simplest, machines for the gathering of news that could be imagined. It is an association of publishers of newspapers to cover the happenings of the whole world, and for the service of all members of the association. Four or five of the largest newspaper owners are elected to office, and they appoint or re-appoint a general manager each year. As an indication of one branch of their service, there are between eight to ten men employed in the city of Washington alone, and these have an entree to news centres of the Government that are not open to other correspondents. They have almost exclusive privileges at the White House, and, in return, are bound by hard and fast rules to observe the proprieties desired in all the Government's transactions with the newspapers. So perfect on the part of the newspapers taking the "A.P." service is the obedience to these rules, that such an important document as the President's Message to Congress is sent out a week or more in advance of its oral delivery, and on no temptation would a reputable journal use a line of it. On one memorable occasion an unwise editor inserted his "Message" a day ahead of time. He was fined $500, and he had to pay it, too. In every hole and cranny of the United States, in most centres of Canada, and throughout the other continents, the Associated Press has its correspondents.

One might ask why such a service, shared in by our own journals, would not make them qualified to rank, as their name implies, papers giving the news of the whole world, not of their own back yard and the first ten feet of their neighbour's. The answer is simple. The arrangement under which even the largest Canadian paper works allows only a re-vamped, carelessly-edited pot-pourri of what one man in Buffalo thinks Canadians would be interested in. It works out in this way: The Associated Press splits up the States into Eastern, Western, Southern and Central districts, and Buffalo is the main distributing point for Canada. Through that city comes all the Associated Press news that reaches Canada, and what that "all" means is decided by one man with a blue pencil, who cuts out of the dish anything he thinks Johnny Canuck might choke on. Moreover, it means that all British and foreign news, nearly all of it, shall come through United States channels, and how much British sentiment do you think the Stars-and-Stripes enthusiast will let stay in it as it leaves Buffalo? At its best, the service that Canada gets through the American Associated Press is both lacking in extensive news value and destructive of true ideas of British thought and progress.

Someone might say that we have our own subsidised cable, but telegraph editors between Victoria and Halifax do not groan beneath the weight of important matter throbbing through that same Canadian cable, though doubtless it sometimes gives us good British news that would not otherwise reach us.

Outside the Buffalo service, the manner of filling the papers with Canadian happenings is most wonderfully varied. A few of the big papers can afford to have their own correspondents in most of the important towns of the Dominion, who work when they like and as accurately as they like, with small chance of detection in news faking. They are under a standing order of their paper to supply only stories of important happenings, such as a murder, a disappearance, or such other event that shows humanity going off at a violent tangent. Then, too, there are the regular correspondents in each town for one or two of the abbreviated news services, and they find a certain amount of patronage from papers. In the West there is the Western Associated Press, which does a fair day's

work, but gets a niggardly service from some of the most important Eastern news centres. Owing to the expense of the telegraphic services and of setting the matter up, a makeshift arrangement sprang into existence in Toronto whereby an agency each night makes six or seven columns of stereotyped plates of the news brought through the office of a morning paper. Many of the smaller Ontario papers manage to get along on such a crutch, but the service is unequal to the deserts of a progressive town, and makes a dead-looking paper.

To carry the examples of lack of uniformity still further, some morning papers work on an arrangement with New York dailies whereby they share in the cable service. These variations in methods are duplicated in part in the United States, but as a back-ground they have the most efficient news-gathering means in the whole world, the American Associated Press, and this brings their standard of efficiency to a point far beyond ours.

In contrast with conditions at Washington, our Ottawa despatches are too partisan and mostly too long. The narrower and more violent the policy of the paper, just so restricted will be the Ottawa news that you see. There is in Ontario, though it is hard to confess it, a journal that keeps a man at Ottawa to supply stories of the great speeches orated in the House by members in its own district, and to elaborate on legislation affecting—Canada? Never—just the people of the few counties in which its circulation lies. What the Premier is planning for the present or future of Canada, no matter, as long as the new wharf is to be built next spring at Bing's Ferry.

With an associated press, five or six men could do all the work necessary at Ottawa. There would be fifty per cent. less violent colouring, and a service altogether beyond comparison in news value and broad, patriotic spirit.

A remedy for prevailing conditions was attempted a few years ago, but, alack, the fall thereof!

Mr. John Ross Robertson, proprietor of the Toronto *Telegram*, with an eye to broadening out and improving Canadian journalism, made a serious attempt to get newspaper proprietors together and duplicate, as nearly as possible, the associated press achievement of brother journalists across the line. But he was blocked, not by the little fellows behind secondary papers, but by those in whose hands lay the fortunes of great publishing concerns. One Montreal publisher said in very plain language: "We have built up a news service by appointing correspondents throughout the country. It has cost us lots of money and time Do you think we are going to strengthen our weaker neighbours by throwing all that we have done into a common pool?" Until there is some improvement on this two-by-four spirit in the craniums of some of our metropolitan newspaper managements the Canadian press will stick where it is, and we shall continue to bewail the lack of a single Canadian newspaper approximating national standing.

*

There was once upon a time a journalist in a town of less than twenty thousand whose name we shall say was "X." He was a man of energy, close-fisted, and dealt honestly by the patrons of his paper, so that in time he gained much money and placed it in a strong box as a sinking fund against future ambitions.

At the age of thirty-five he left the small city and bought a controlling interest in a metropolitan journal. The property had been a financial failure when he took it over, but under his genius for close financing it soon reached a paying basis and began to move up hill. But, although he worked early and late, and puzzled his brains till they revolted, he failed

to produce anything better than an enlarged edition of the four-sheet of his early years. His ideas of journalism had long since lost their elasticity, and in place of a great ideal for his hands to work up to, there was a crystallised copy of the small town sheet hung forever before his vision.

That man was one of a somewhat large class in Canadian journalism, who have forgotten to leave the tanbark of the village behind. These men, of course, are fatally handicapped; there is no hope. Perhaps a more deplorable illustration of the point is the editor or proprietor with the consuming personal ambition, who uses his paper as a chess pawn to suit the game he is playing. This pandering to interests that may give political or social honour, this salaaming with thirty point headings and suave introductions—it is all very pretty, but generally misses what it aims at. It will keep Canadian journalism just where a great part of it is to-day—helplessly weighed down with policies that are provincial to the core and unfit for the present day in Canada, where abundance of facilities are offered to produce good journalistic results.

This is what a managing editor of one of the largest United States papers had to say about Canadian journalism, and his remarks were founded on a wide experience in the very field he criticised: "The reporters on Canadian journals have just as good stuff in them as their American comrades, but they fail to show up because their training is prosy. Bright and scintillating copy is not at a premium. Your interviewers insist in writing copy in the third person, instead of letting the subject talk direct to the reader. To improve Canadian journalism to the point where you will have one or more really national newspapers there will have to be a different class of newspaper chiefs, the men who set the pace for the staff, and then you may get a Canadian Associated Press."

To touch upon another detail, too much space is given to politics by the Canadian press. Why on earth will our larger papers persist in printing three columns of a near-great politician's rehashed speech? Not five per cent. of the readers go further than the head lines, and the proof-reader is about the only one who follows the great man's remarks closely. Half or three-quarters of a column will generally suffice to contain the gist of a three hours' oration of any but a foremost orator. I believe that if one were to look for the reason of all the large and small defects in Canadian papers, it would simmer down to this: That the centre of authority in a publishing company under whose direction comes the general design of the paper, the amount and character of its contents, etc., fails to quit his desk occasionally and take the place of the man or woman, tired from a day's work, glancing over the pages of the paper to find a "piece" that interests. This brings us naturally to the neglect of the "human interest" element of news, as shown in the treatment of matter by both reporters and news editors.

Let us again illustrate: Cardinal Logue visited Montreal a short time ago, and the city, which is three parts Catholic, figuratively fell upon the great primate's neck with joy and bade him a hearty welcome. There was an immense turnout at the station, a big parade, profuse handshaking; the Archbishop of Montreal, with his clergy, were present, and men cheered till they were hoarse. The Cardinal apparently was a very genial man, very human, very susceptible to the graceful courtesies showered upon him. He visited this place and that, in fact, spent several days in Montreal among his own people, blessing them and smiling upon their warm-hearted serenades. What a chance for a big warm-blooded story, one might say. Just so, but the Canadian newspapers during the entire time of the Cardinal's visit in

Canada spoke of it as they would the erection of a new bank building—very respectfully, very accurately, but without any human atmosphere. Staid and formal narratives of just what happened. But the readers of newspapers want something more, they want the spirit of the occasion; they want impressionism in place of cataloguing, not canary-coloured journalism, mind you, but clever descriptive "human interest" sketches—stuff that pulsates. The man who interprets the atmosphere of a court-room where a murder trial is going on is worth ten of his dull-souled fellow, who writes down lines of verbatim evidence only, the kind of journalist who sees the yellow primrose by the river's brim, as one primrose—not even a yellow one.

That phrase, "human interest" story, has been worn almost threadbare by indiscriminate usage and now applies in careless conversation to everything, even to a good dog fight; but it is what the people want Cardinal Logue (and I cite his case because it is recent and the most glaring) is far more interesting, and does more interesting things than get off a train and shake hands with a bishop. But because the mass of stay-at-home people never got near the dear old man in the articles written about his visit, he passed from sight soon and was forgotten.

Now notice a contrast. The Cardinal went to New York He was far more a stranger there than in Catholic Quebec, and one might think he would prove of far less interest to newspapers. Not so. They gathered about him respectfully, in excellent humour and sympathy, and treated him always as a great prelate of a great church. His Eminence saw fit to go to Coney Island one day, and there to spend his five cents in a shooting gallery, like any schoolboy. Was not that a chance for a human interest touch? Naturally, and even the staid old New York *Evening Post* unbent to tell its readers about this dear old man, with the dignity of the Pope upon his shoulders, arguing with his fellow-churchmen that he could hit the clay pipes oftener than they.

To call up another illustration where Canadian newspapers would appear to have "tumbled" (and it is not given as an unrelated anecdote, but rather to prove the existence of a chronic fault shared in degree by all). In a Canadian city a short while ago society turned out *en masse* to a benefit given by a local charity at the leading summer resort near the city. Men and women of exclusive social sets thronged to the public rendezvous where gaieties flourished brilliantly for the greater part of the afternoon. It happened that the certain resort was to that city precisely the same as Coney Island is to New York. But had New York society suddenly trooped over to Coney Island for an afternoon of charitable nonsense, how long would a New York paper have been in seeing the opening for a big "human interest" story? Not long, I warrant you. But with a corresponding event in this other city one might have searched the papers long into the night without finding more than a brief and prosy paragraph of introduction and (most horrible) a list of names.

Here is the motto of the New York *Evening Post*, printed every day at the head of the editor's column: "The design of this paper is to diffuse among the people correct information on all interesting subjects, to inculcate just principles in religion, morals and politics, and to cultivate a taste for sound literature."

That is a pretty solid code of newspaper ethics—but it was formulated, not to-day, but in 1801, the date being carefully attached to the *Post's* preachment.

If this were your model of ideal journalism, could you find one Canadian paper toeing the mark in one single clause? No, nor to any other code which contains in its body an

expressed adherence to a broad news-service or an all-Canada spirit.

In what has been said before little reference has been made to any other than the chief city dailies, for the reason that they are the mould in which the smaller journals are fashioned. An idea once flaunted in journalism, whether in make-up, advertising schemes, or judgment of news importance is quickly imitated throughout the country. All hope of improving the tone of Canadian journalism must lie in an awakening of the big fellows.

But a journalistic sleep, especially if the creditor is not pinching, holds many fond dreams—dreams that bring only wind-blown fairies who murmur "All's well, all's well." The waking-hour in Canadian journalism will be well worth waiting for.

WALL STREET

By J. D. LOGAN

Thou siren, loathsome yet exceeding fair,
  Procuress to the gaping jaws of hell,
  Whose million-million victims by thy spell
Lie foully strangled in thy flaming hair,
Like flies enmeshed within the spider's snare,
  Oh! by what wiles, satanic, subtle, fell,
  Dost thou the avid human horde impel
To proffer thee their most perfervid prayer!

Thou art that darkest, deepest, foulest Lie—
  Half truth, half falsehood, a monster strong to thrall
    The grasping, clutching beast in human kind,
    So doth men's eyes consuming Passion blind
  Until to Avarice a prey they fall;
And duped, and broken, gladly will to die!

MOUNTAINEERING IN THE CANADIAN ROCKIES

BY FRANK YEIGH

"The joy of life in steepness overcome
And victories of ascent, and looking down
On all that had looked down on us."
—Tennyson.

Mountain climbing in Canada dates from only a quarter of a century ago, while mountaineering as a sport or pastime is less than half a century old, even in Switzerland or India, among the Alps or the Himalayas.

The penetration of our British Columbian and Albertan ranges by the Canadian Pacific Railway in 1886 opened the way for the alpinist, when, for the first time, the vast solitudes of Rockies and Selkirks, of Gold and Cascade Ranges, were made accessible to others than the surveyor or explorer, the hunter or the gold-seeker.

The story of the first ascent of giant mountains is always thrilling. The honour of this pioneer alpine work in Canada belongs, one is glad to record, to Canadians, if the climbs undertaken in the pursuit of official duties be included, as they certainly should. If, however, the credit is kept for only those who climb as a pastime, then the honour will fall to Swiss, English and American alpinists, whose highly creditable feats will be mentioned later.

It is the intention of the writer to deal with the Rocky Mountains alone in this article, leaving the exploits in the Selkirks for later treatment.

The conquering of the summits of

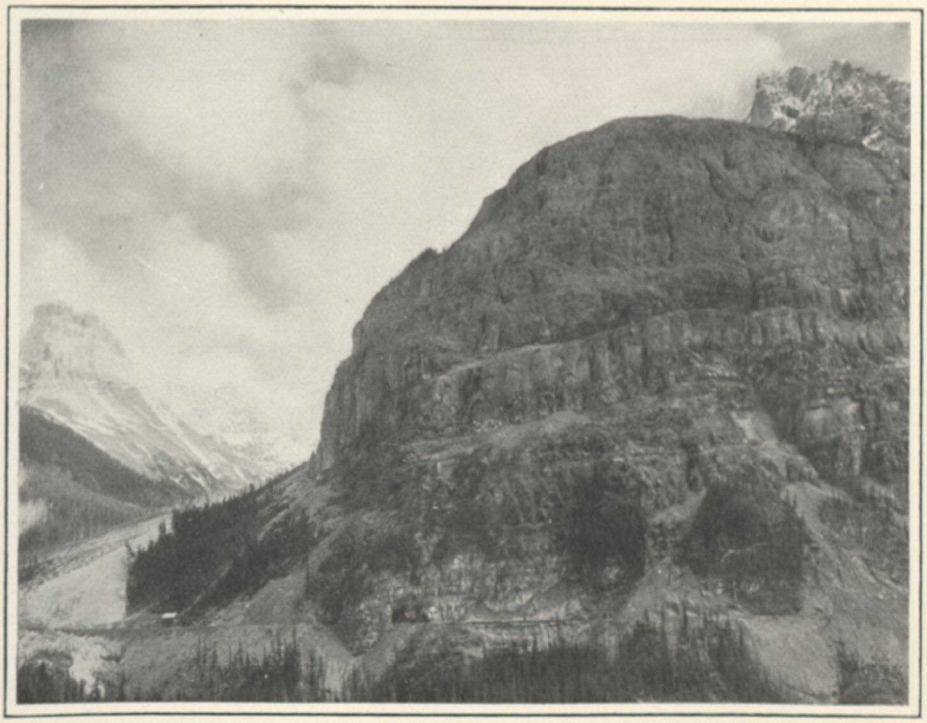
FINAL PEAK IN THE ASCENT OF MOUNT STEPHEN

CASCADE MOUNTAIN AND LAKE

the Rockies began with the ascent of Mount Stephen on September 9th, 1887, by Mr. J. J. McArthur, a member of the Canadian Topographical Survey, accompanied by "Tom" Wilson, a well-known mountaineer now resident in Banff. It must be remembered that this and similar tasks were performed under special difficulties, and without the assistance of expert Swiss guides or the guidance of blazed trails as is now possible. They had, moreover, to carry heavy supplies as they made their way into the interior valleys, and heavier instruments had to be taken to the summits for the purpose of their topographical work.

Mr. McArthur, therefore, has the honour of being the first to set foot on the roof of the great Cordillerean Range; the first to stand on the King of the Rockies, as Mount Stephen is known. Hidden away in an unattractive looking Government blue book is the interesting story of the climb:

"Started at 4.30 on September 9, 1887. The slope leading to the top of the blade-like ridge was very steep and covered with a slaty debris, which carried us back at every step. Any attempt to sit down resulted in being carried with an avalanche of shale a considerable distance before we could arrest ourselves. Viewing the sharp, broken declivities up which we would have to climb before we should reach the turret-shaped cliffs at the top, we began to realise the dangers and difficulties of the task. Perpendicular walls often rose before us, the only possible way up which lay through sharp V-shaped gorges broken by short precipices. We had to keep close together and exercise great care, as the displacing of one stone caused a perfect avalanche of rock and gravel. Reaching the base of the turret, we started up another gorge. Progress at times was not much greater than on a



SHOULDER OF MOUNT STEPHEN—CATHEDRAL PEAK IN THE DISTANCE, LEFT HAND

treadmill, as the sliding gravel set in motion by our feet poured with a continuous roar over the precipices below. At last a perpendicular wall, several hundred feet high, rose before us. Inscribed on the rock were three names and the date, September 6, 1886 (representing the highest point then attained).

"Foot by foot we made our way, cutting steps as we ascended, and in time reached the ledge of rock and looked down the perilous slope. A slip on the glare surface meant death, and how we were to get down again caused us no little anxiety. Crawling along dangerous ledges and up steep narrow gorges, we groped our way. At length we reached the top of what we had judged from below to be the highest point of the mountain. But another wall arose several hundred feet higher. We moved along to a slanting rift, up which we clambered, sometimes dependent for a hold on the first joints of our fingers. After a perilous climb of about a hundred feet we arrived at a débris-covered slope leading to the top of the ridge. It was like a much-broken wall, in some places not more than three feet wide. It required all our nerve to crawl about the eighth of a mile on the top of one of these half-balanced masses to the highest point on the mountain, 6,385 feet above the railway track.

"The air was perfectly still, but the smoke, finally reaching our level from the valleys, made the earth beneath appear like the surface of an ocean, the peaks of the surrounding mountains resembling islands, or rather immense icebergs. We erected a cairn. Descending, we backed down to the edge of the rift up which we had made our way, and with our faces to the rock, and studying every move, at times clinging with the fingers to the shallow crevices and searching for

VICTORIA MOUNTAIN AND GLACIER, LAKE LOUISE

toe-holds, we gradually worked our way down."

One of Mr. McArthur's reports of this period contains a suggestive paragraph that his work of a single year covered more than four hundred square miles, during which he established thirteen triangulation and twenty camera stations which, with the setting of signals, involved the climbing of thirty-eight mountains ranging from 7,000 to over 10,000 feet above the sea. Truly that is a record that deserves to be resurrected from a Government archive!

The climbing work of other Canadians deserves mention, such as that of W. S. Drewry, Otto J. Klotz and Arthur O. Wheeler, all connected with the Canadian Topographical Survey. Mr. Wheeler has, during the pursuit of his official duties, ascended over one hundred peaks in Rockies and Selkirks, and is still adding to the record. A few years ago three Torontonians—Professor A. P. Coleman, of Toronto University, his brother L. Q. Coleman, and L. B. Stewart, covered a distance of two hundred miles from a base around the sources of the Athabaska River, mostly through entirely unmapped territory. Among the mountains climbed by the trio, eight were over 9,000 feet and three over 10,000, while four passes of over 7,000 feet were negotiated.

Another peak ascended by Mr. McArthur and his assistants was Cascade Mountain at the head of the Canmore Valley. A hoary old monster of rock is the Cascade, bearing on its surface the scars and creases of aeons of time. It was first climbed in 1886, the effort being attended with considerable labour and discomfort, not to speak of danger, as there was still a great quantity of snow on the mountains, and snowslides were of frequent occurrence. Achieving the summit, Mr. McArthur recorded his opinion that

PARADISE VALLEY, NEAR LAGGAN. MOUNT SHEOL ON THE RIGHT, MOUNT TEMPLE ON THE LEFT

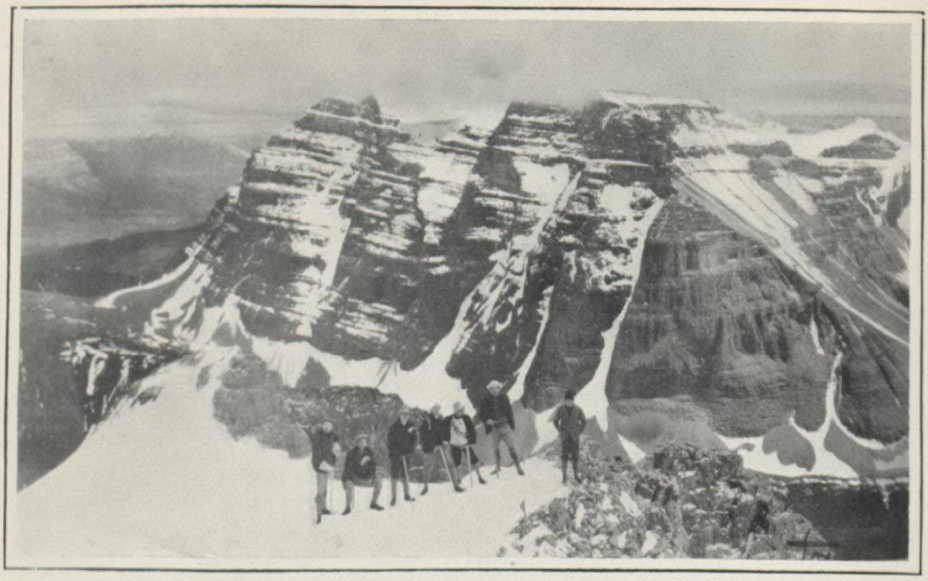
therefrom is to be found one of the finest and most extensive views in the Rockies, embracing the Bow River and the Cascade, Spray and Simpson Valleys.

On another occasion the weather conditions on the Cascade were very unfavourable. Flying snow clouds frequently obscured the landscape and compelled the surveyors to remain for hours half frozen on the summit.

A near neighbour of the Cascade is Castle Mountain. On one of the ascents made by the McArthur party, they were overtaken by a tremendous rain and snow storm, which lasted for several days. One section of the party was compelled to camp in eighteen inches of snow, with plenty more still coming down. Only a few weeks before they had been snowed in for nine days on the Great Divide. Others of the staff were similarly snow-bound for four days, being unable to procure stones for signal building as the top of the mountain was a solid mass of ice. Experiences such as these well illustrate the hardships involved and the dangers overcome by these plucky Canadian mountaineers in the pursuit of their professional calling.

Mr. J. H. Scattergood, of Philadelphia, is among those who early climbed Mount Stephen, a record of which is found in the visitors' book kept at the Field hotel:

"With weather misty and damp, though promising, we left Mount Stephen House at 5.45 a.m. A good trail leads through the wood, with an easy rise, and this continues on the steep ridge of a great mound of earth resembling a moraine in shape, until the lower edges of fossil-bearing strata are reached. These continue for perhaps 1,000 feet in altitude, and excellent trilobites and other fossils, clearly defined, can be found at every hand. A little farther up, a prospector's lode for copper ore was passed. Following



THE SUMMIT OF MOUNT ABERDEEN, WITH MOUNT TEMPLE IN THE BACKGROUND

the great western ridge, the small horizontal part about two-thirds of the way up was reached at 8.05. Up to this point the climb had been over loose slate and had been very tiresome, so that the change to larger stones which here occurs was very acceptable, although the latter had been covered slightly with recent snows. This stair-like climb over rocks large and small continues until the first columns which form the summit are reached. These are at an altitude of 9,470 feet, and our time at them was 9.45. At this point the course becomes much steeper, and leads up slightly to the right and between two small lines of columns, until a level bit is reached at an altitude of 9,750 feet. Here we were greatly disgusted to see the weather turn into a snow storm. It was very cold, but as the summit was only about 600 feet higher, we decided to go on. The rope was here put on. From this point the climb changed its nature altogether. Instead of the easy though tiresome slopes of the mountain, an altogether unexpected series of steep climbs on rocks became necessary, which not only added interest to the climb, but made very great care necessary, particularly with the bad weather conditions and previous deep snow. Skirting to the right, a steep snow couloir was reached where, the snow turning to ice, it became necessary to leave it and go around, first under and then on top of a short but sharp *arete*, which led to the top of the couloir

"A way was then found straight up a rock face for perhaps seventy-five feet. This is the hardest bit of climbing on the mountain, though it is not so difficult as it looks. With the intense cold and driving snow, and with all the rocks completely hidden under two feet of snow, we found it necessary to again edge to the right until we reached the summit, at 1.40 p.m., at an altitude of 1,350 feet by the barometer. The final climb of only six hundred feet in altitude had required almost three hours. At the summit we found a large cairn and a flag pole bearing a much torn Canadian flag.

"Inasmuch as there was absolutely no view owing to the storm, and we

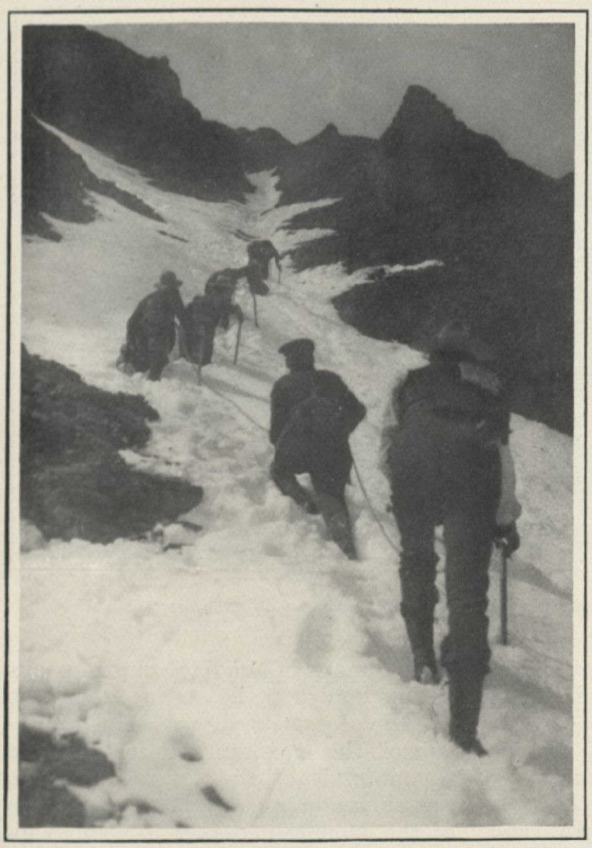
THE GREAT SNOW CROWN ON THE SUMMIT OF MOUNT VICE-PRESIDENT

were masses of ice and suffering severely, the descent was started almost immediately. We followed our upward course exactly. The descent from this point was made easier by the fall of snow during the day, so that we came rapidly down and reached the hotel again at 5.50. Total time, 12 hours, 5 minutes."

Cathedral Peak is Mount Stephen's nearest neighbour on the south-east—a gigantic mass of bare rocks whose perpendicular cliffs overawe the beholder when viewed from the base. Mr. Scattergood attempted its ascent on September 15, 1900, but met with failure. Almost carried off his feet by the blinding snow, he scaled a treacherous looking glacier to a height of 9,675 feet, but here further progress was utterly impossible, for an absolutely vertical cliff rose to a height of seventy-five feet on each side. Thus thwarted, though near the summit, the climber and his guide were forced to descend defeated.

In the same month of the same year, Cathedral Peak was successfully negotiated by Rev. James Outram, an intrepid Scotch alpinist, who has since added many Canadian virgin peaks to his honour roll. Apart from the wonderful extent, beauty and grandeur of the panorama unfolded from the summit of the Cathedral crags, the character and fantastic formation of the mountain makes it a most interesting study as well as an object of exquisite beauty from all points of approach.

On August 26th, 1901, Mr. Outram again climbed Cathedral Peak with Klucker and Bossonary as his Swiss guides. "We left the hotel at Field," he writes in the record, "at 5.25 a.m. and walked up the railway track for about three-and-a-half miles, ascending 500 feet, and moved up the slopes under the crags at 6.30. We gained a ridge at an elevation above Field of 3,000 feet at 8 o'clock, and after a brief halt proceeded to traverse the slopes of loose rocks and débris, which are worse on this mountain than on any other I have seen even in this crumbling limestone district. Across rugged ribs of rock and stony gullies we made our wearisome way, passing the couloir ascended by Scattergood in his attempt on the crags,



A SNOW GULLY ON MOUNT ABERDEEN. THE AUTHOR OF THIS ARTICLE IS THE SECOND IN LINE FROM THIS END

till we reached a long steep couloir immediately north of the huge cliffs of the main peak. From here we had a straight up-climb by snow and ice with occasional detours on to the rocks on either side to the col between the crags and the main summit. Thence easy snow *aretes* led to the summit, at an altitude of 10,100 feet. Here we remained two hours, enjoying the fine panorama, and at 1.10 descended nearly to the col and then went down the glacier on the north-west under the wall of the ridge that projects between the Wapta and Cataract valleys above Hector. Forty minutes sufficed to bring us to the base, and in fifty minutes more we had passed the woods and gained the O'Hara Lake trail, arriving at Hector station at 3.30. This opens up four routes to the centre of Cathedral Mountain, from any of which the main peaks of the crags may be ascended."

Mr. Outram also devoted his attention to neighbouring peaks in the central range of the Rockies, ascending Mount Vaux, 10,570 feet high, and Mount Chancellor, with its dark cliffs and pyramidal summit towering a mile above the Kicking Horse River. The climber was overtaken by a severe storm on the Chancellor, the thunder reverberating with magnificent effect from peak to peak. Just at sunset it cleared, and a wonderful vision of Mount Goodsir was vouchsafed. The storm had powdered all the cliffs with fresh snow and the rosy tints from the dying sun on cloud, rock, snow and glacier were enchanting in their beauty.

But Mr. Outram's master effort was the conquering of lordly Mount Assiniboine—the Matterhorn of Canada—on September 3rd, 1901. A brief recital is entered by the climber in the Field log book:

"Chr. Hasler, Chr. Bohren and I went by train to Banff on August 30 and were met there by W. Peyto, our outfitter, and J. Sinclair, with horses, etc. On August 31, at 1.45 p.m., our four pack horses, led by Peyto and driven by Sinclair, started, the guides and I following on foot. We went up Healy Creek and camped at 6.30, near the foot of the last lateral valley before the head of the Simpson Pass. Next day, by Peyto's energy and skill, we did a huge day's work of over thirty miles, crossing ridges over 7,000 feet high and with much timber work and climbing to the lake side at the north base of Mount Assiniboine.

"Next day we started on our climb, passing around to the south-west *arete* by the two cols north-west and west of the mountain. We were then enveloped for the day in mist and sleet, but got up to a pinnacle on the south-east ridge about 11,000 feet high. On September 3, in good weather, we got off at 6.10, reaching the north-west col —9,000 feet—at 7.55, the west col—9,500 feet—at 8.45, the south-west arete—9,500 feet—at 9.20. We then climbed up the south-west arete to the base of the big cliff belt—10,700 feet —and turned to the left gap between the September 2 pinnacle and the main peak, ascending ledges, gullies and cracks to the south *arete*, 11,500 feet, at 12.10, and the summit, 11,800 feet, at 12.35.

"The summit is a twin one, snow-covered and much corniced. Descent by north arete and face—the most difficult bit of work yet undertaken in Canada. Steep insecure broken rocks and very steep icy slopes for 2,000 feet, 2.20 to 6.10 p.m. Then easier rocks to glacier and so to camp at 7.45. A splendid traverse. Returned to Banff on the 4th and Field on the 5th, next morning. A snow storm on the night of the 3rd closed the peak for the season."

Though so modestly recorded, the ascent of Assiniboine still stands as one of the great mountaineering feats in Canada. One would scarcely gather from this unadorned tale that the pyramidal top of Assiniboine was before this regarded as inaccessible, that two of its sides are nearly perpendicular, one being a sheer precipice of 600 feet, and that the upper part of the pyramid is partly glare ice and partly loose limestone rock. The record does not state that a slip meant certain death, with a sheer fall of hundreds of feet, nor that the intrepid hunter of hills descended the peak on its northern and perpendicular side—a daring task that called for two hours or over for the first thousand feet.

Mount Goodsir, which is visible to the traveller soon after leaving Field west-bound, remained unconquered until 1894, when Professor Parker, of Columbia University, and Professor C. E. Fay, of Tufts College, Mass., accomplished the difficult task. Its peak is very bald and blunt, abrupt and rough, icy at times and at others so loftily inaccessible as to discourage any but the most persistent. Speaking of the ascent, Professor Parker said:

"Mount Goodsir is almost perpendicular and it is no wonder that it had been declared impossible of ascent. In one place we went up over a very narrow ridge—an *arete* in the language of mountaineers. It had an edge like a knife, and when we had surmounted it we landed at a cornice of snow. This *arete* was only a foot wide, and on both sides were chasms thousands of feet deep . A mis-step would have meant death. I had, I believe, the two best guides in the world. One of them, Christian Kauffman, boasts, and it is no vain boast, either, that he never makes a step he is not sure of. He tries every place that he proposes to step before he really trusts his weight to it. The real dangers in mountain climbing are the breaking away of the rock or projection by which one is climbing, or the possibility of being carried away by an avalanche, or of being hit by some stone or fragment of ice that has become dislodged or detached from a cliff perhaps thousands of feet over one's head.

"But to return to Goodsir. In places all that saved us was the compact strength of the snow. We were roped together, of course, and after reaching the cornice to which I have referred, it was necessary to ascend this for 300 feet only to reach the face of a cliff 100 feet high and almost perfectly perpendicular. A ledge two or three inches wide would have been a luxury here. We had to climb by means of little projections of stone, possibly an inch out from the main rock, and since we had to, we did it. It is unbelievable the things a man

can do when he has to. And having overcome that difficulty, we were confronted with a worse one — another ridge of snow and rock similar to the one we had encountered lower down. In this case the edge was not more than two inches wide, but we must either go over it or own that Goodsir had beaten us. It was the point at which previous parties had turned back, the point beyond which the peak was declared impassable. No human being had ventured beyond it.

"But I had not come so far to be beaten—to give up the struggle simply because others had done so before me. I thought that with a clear head and steady nerves I could go over it. And over it I went. It required the most careful movements and the utmost nicety in balancing, but it was finally past, and at the farther end was the summit — Mount Goodsir was conquered at last. I was looking down on a sea of peaks, blue and white, gleaming and glistening in their snows, and draped with ever-changing clouds, fleecy and ethereal as gauze draperies. It was a sight never to be forgotten, one which fully repaid me for all the dangers I had faced to see it. It was the finest view in all British America."

Professors Parker and Fay achieved two other notable victories in the Rockies in the ascent of Hungabee (the Indian term for "Chieftain"), which encloses Paradise valley on the west, and Deltaform, one of the Ten Peaks on the range of that name.

"The peak of the Chieftain's cap is as precipitous as that of the Matterhorn," says Prof. Parker. "The first part of the journey was very steep and we were getting along finely when suddenly we came on a vertical cliff in the solid rock, what mountaineers call a 'chimney.' This is one of the most dangerous obstructions that a mountain-climber can meet. This one was only a little over two feet wide, and more than 100 feet high. The only way to get up it was by bracing our feet on the inside walls and working slowly upward. As there was nothing to cling to it was not exactly an easy job, but by care and hard work we finally reached the top and found ourselves on a steep slope covered with a thin layer of snow. And this was almost as bad as the chimney.

"It extended for about six hundred feet and we had to crawl up it, only to find ourselves at the base of the last cone, 300 feet from the summit, and a split about three feet wide on the rock which must be crossed. That split came near being our undoing. We could not jump it, because there was practically nothing on the other side to land on—nothing but a ledge of rock about an inch wide. So we had to slowly lift ourselves over, and for the third time during the ascent we were in a position of fearful danger, danger beyond any that a mountain-climber takes as a matter of course, and which goes to make up much of the fascination of climbing. But at 11 o'clock in the forenoon we succeeded in reaching the summit of the great Hungabee. The 'Chieftain' who had reared his head unconquered for so many ages was now beneath my feet.

"Next I decided to have a try at Deltaform, another great mountain which had baffled all who tried it. As much as Goodsir was beyond all my previous experience, and Hungabee was beyond Goodsir, Deltaform was difficult beyond Hungabee.

"For hundreds of feet we had to climb straight into the air, with scarcely a place where we could get foothold of any sort. Every device whereby a mountain tries to maintain its exclusiveness was in Deltaform's *repertoire*. Every possible obstacle warned us back. Chimneys, crevasses, traverses, vertical cliffs and solid ice were all in my path and all had to be surmounted. It took me twenty-one hours, and they were twenty-one hours of mighty strenuous work. Every minute I was undergoing tremendous exertions and facing terrible dangers. The mountain is

11,200 feet high, and we were on its bleak sides all night. It took me four hours to climb the last 100 feet to the summit. And for all of the last 4,000 feet I was overcoming the greatest difficulties, and at any minute a false step would have meant death to all three of us. It was the hardest mountain I have ever climbed.

"No climb ever made in Switzerland can compare with it. Climbing the Matterhorn is like walking up a stairway in comparison. It was the toughest climb, too, I ever made, but if there is a tougher, I, of course, hope to make it some day. But it is quite tough enough.

"I decided to next round off the season with Mount Biddle, another mountain deemed 'inaccessible.' It is almost perpendicular near the top, but after what I had been through it was a picnic. Of course, it was harder than any of the Alps. The Swiss Alps are child's play compared with those mountains in British Columbia and Alberta which I have just conquered.

"While I have only described my ascents, the descents are always infinitely more dangerous than the ascents. Of course, I always went down the same way I had gone up, but going down those pinnacles and cliffs was very much the harder proposition. It was impossible to see where to place the feet, and yet if they had been placed wrongly it would have been instant death not merely to the man making the mis-step, but to the others who were roped to him as well Every minute is full of danger. For instance, on the day down Hungabee —when we reached the 'chimney,' which I have described in telling of the ascent—an avalanche was sweeping down on us, and we had only just gotten out of its path when it struck. It isn't pleasant to think how close death passed us by."

The Lake Louise district has been the scene of some notable climbing conquests. In 1897 Mount Victoria—"the big snow mountain above the lake of little fishes," according to the poetic interpretation of the Indian—was climbed by Charles E. Fay, J. N. Collie, Arthur Michael and a Swiss guide, Peter Surbach. Many travellers have gazed upon this mighty snow sheathed mass of rock dominating Lake Louise and constituting the vertebræ of the continent and the Rockies.

Walter D. Wilcox, author of "Camping in the Canadian Rockies," was a pioneer alpinist in this delectable region. Hazel Peak and Mount Temple were ascended by him on two successive days, the first peak being 10,370 feet above the sea, and Mount Temple considerably more. The latter, while one of the most inspiring, is yet one of the most forbidding in the great cluster of summits that marks this winderful region. There are seven or eight peaks within a radius of six miles, each over 10,000 feet high! Two attempts were made by Mr. Wilcox on the great Temple. At 10,000 feet he came suddenly to a vertical wall of rock about 400 feet high, and actually leaning over in many places. Never in his life had he been so impressed with the stern and desolate side of nature. All was gloomy, cold and monotonous in colour. Three thousand feet below, a small lake was still bound fast in the iron jaws of winter. Inert, inanimate nature seemed to hold perpetual rule in an everlasting winter where man rarely ventures. Finally the venturesome climber in this weird domain of silence reached the exalted throne of the mountain, and in honour of the event many a hearty cheer rent the thin air from the little party of three, for they were standing where no man had ever stood before, and probably at the highest altitude yet reached in North America north of the United States boundary.

It will thus be seen that many of the higher peaks of the Rockies, mostly contiguous to the railway, have been climbed by Canadian, Scotch, United States and Swiss mountain-

eers. A fresh stimulus to this king of pastimes, as its devotees would fain term it, has been given by the organisation of the Alpine Club of Canada. Its first camp, held in July of 1906 in the Yoho region, was described in *The Canadian Magazine* for July, 1907.

During the summer of 1907 the camp was held in Paradise Valley, when an even larger number entered the ranks of the qualified by climbing Mounts Temple and Aberdeen, while, in 1908, the camp was held in Rogers' Pass of the Selkirks. The 1909 camp will be held in July at Lake O'Hara.

One of the many commendable objects of this, the youngest alpine club in the world, is to make known to Canadians the great heritage of hills they possess in the Rocky Mountains, and, in making it known, to encourage mountain climbing as one of the most exhilarating and uplifting of pastimes.

THE SNOW-BIRDS

(Les Oiseaux Blancs)

FROM THE FRENCH OF LOUIS FRÉCHETTE

By JOHN BOYD

When 'neath the wintry skies
The snow-clad valley lies,
When ever-green arise
The stately pines on high,
When from their branches tossed,
Dissolving in the sun,
Fast falls the silvery frost;
When April seems to stray
From out its destined way—
  From spring to us they come,
  These messengers so gay!

Far from softer rests,
In more benignant climes—
Where sun of summer shines;
Where, hid by silken moss,
Untouched by snow or frost,
Lie hidden other nests—
You wing your speedy flight
To shores as bleak as night.
  May sends you on your ways
  To tell of happier days!

When seen, your silken wing,
Oh, little birds, you bring
Peace to the mournful soul;
Away the dark clouds roll;
The heart is stirred with joy,
With joy without alloy;
  From God, sweet birds, you bring
  The hope of gladsome spring.

  From the cold and the snow,
  From tempest and flood,
  May God in His love
  His protection bestow,
    Little birds!

EUPHEMISMS

BY F. BLAKE CROFTON

THE tendency of mankind to soften repellent ideas by pleasant or playful terms is as wide-spread as the tendency to veil physical ugliness. Death, "the King of Terrors," the bug-bear of all mortals save philosophers and devotees, is described in many soothing terms and phrases. The restfulness of death is suggested in such synonyms as "falling asleep," and "entering into one's rest." The idea that to die is to join a vast and goodly company is conveyed in the expression "going over to the majority." In some phrases dying is represented as a mere change of scene; the dead are the "departed" or the "deceased," which means the same. On the principle of whistling to keep one's courage up, death is spoken of, in flippant slang, as "passing in one's checks" or "going to Davy Jones' locker." "Kicking the bucket" can hardly be called a euphemism, for the "bucket" in this phrase meant the cross beam to which the feet of slaughtered pigs were tied. Archbishop Sandys, when in danger of being executed (Froude's England, 6, 27) expressed his fears that he and his friends would be "made deacons of" —a deacon's crown being usually shorn. Among criminals hanging is spoken lightly of as being "stretched" or as "a dance upon nothing."

A number of euphemisms are employed to gloze over immoralities. Certain women have been called *petites dames, bona robas, filles de joie*. Incontinence is sometimes miscalled gallantry or even love—an idea that is embodied in the word "*paramour*." The French are much given to this kind of euphemism. It is one of their pleasant ways of making "vice itself lose half its evil by losing all its grossness,"—to use the pretty but questionable phrase of Burke. "Frisky," "fast," flirtatious," are often mildly applied to persons deserving harsher epithets. Conversations now are "risky" that fifty years ago would have been taboo. The American squeamishness that substituted a "limb" for a "leg" and condemned the innocent use of words because in other connections they might convey an improper meaning, appears to be dying out. Of persons addicted to such finical euphemisms one may well say "*Honi soit qui mal y pense*." Another variety of squeamishness very inaccurately substitutes "Hades" for "Hell," which the translators of the Bible have the bad taste to use invariably in its proper place. Certain euphemisms, of course, are originated and required by a regard for decency.

The repulsiveness of insobriety is cloaked by soothing epithets, such as "mellow," "merry," "jolly screwed," "primed," "tight." Sometimes a "worshipper of Bacchus" is called "maudlin," a term which originally implied a likeness to the Weeping Magdalene; sometimes he is said to be "as drunk as a lord," a left-handed compliment to the nobility that formerly was fairly well deserved. Some seductive names are given to intoxicants: "*parfait amour*," "Cream of the valley" (gin), "White satin"

(gin), "mountain dew," "*liebfraumilch*," "benedictine." Indeed some liqueurs have names that might commend them to unwary teetotallers, such as "*crême de rose*," "*cacao*," "*café*," "*thé*." An American barkeeper in London some years ago, not content with the various mixed drinks invented by his countrymen, added several more to his printed list. Among these were several alluring and imaginative names, such as "Ladies' Blush" and "Bloom of the Morning." Of "*eau de vie*" (water of life), as a name for brandy, Archbishop Trench observed that the untutored Indian with truer instinct called it "fire-water." With equally true insight the treater sometimes uses the formula "Nominate your poison," and the treated party occasionally remarks, as he raises his glass, "Here goes another nail in my coffin!" To speak of taking a drink as "taking a smile" is, however, more seductive and better for the trade. A very effective euphemism has, however, been adopted by prohibitionists. They call themselves "temperance" folk, and speak of their propaganda as a "temperance" movement, although, if it were practicable, it would render temperance in drink impossible.

The slang of law-breakers, amateur and professional, naturally contains numerous euphemisms. The "hopper" was one of their playful ways of designating the dreaded treadmill. Pilferers share Pistol's contempt for the word "steal" and prefer "prig," "pinch," "bag," "crib," "nick," "bone," "scoop," "nab," and several other synonyms. The French playfully call thieves "*chevaliers d' industrie*," as we call them "the light-fingered gentry." "Palm-oil" is a term once in vogue to designate money discreetly placed in the palm of the hand, as a bribe or an "inducement." Corrupt politicians try to disguise the criminality of robbing the public by inventing new names for this form of fraud. These terms are usually short-lived, owing to the disrepute they speedily acquire. The pickings or "perquisites" of heelers or bosses are not called thefts; they are "graft" or "boodle" or "rakes off." Those who venture to expose them are denounced in language that is far from euphemistic; they are branded as muck-rakers or defamers of their country. Mediæval poisoners used an "inheritance powder," a "*poudre de succession*" they called it, in the interest of impatient heirs. Death was not caused by his drugs, said an Italian poisoner; it was only "assisted" *(aiutata)*. Before parting with the criminals, we may note the polite expression of the police in making an arrest—they gently inform the culprit that he is "wanted," and to save him from unnecessary exertion they sometimes place a pair of pleasantly-named "bracelets" upon his wrists.

Men have lost fortunes in so-called "play" and inflicted tortures on animals in so-called "sport." But if such euphemisms are to be deprecated, others are harmless or commendable. "*Hotel Dieu*" is a pretty name for a hospital and "*mont-de-piété*" for a pawnbroker's shop. Relations who are frequently unpopular are politely called by the French "*belle mère*" and "*beau-frère*." Skunk fur is known in trade as "Alaska sable" and a similar subterfuge is adopted to overcome the unreasonable prejudice against dog-fish as a food. An unattractive personal perfume has been euphemistically styled "*bouquet d' Afrique*." The parlance of the prize-ring used to abound in picturesque euphemisms, such as sending a boxer "on a visit to his mother," or "tapping his claret." Disguised or contracted oaths, which have been dealt with elsewhere by the present writer, are part of the "homage paid by vice to virtue." Their apparent object is to retain the efficacy of the undisguised oath as a safety valve, while evading its guiltiness.

While nowadays we employ euphemism chiefly to veil moral or

material ugliness and to lull the qualms of inconvenient consciences, the Greeks, who gave us the term, used the figure from a different motive. They thought it inauspicious to apply harsh epithets to malignant beings or to unlucky things. Thus they sought to soothe the wrath of the Furies by styling them the Eumenides (the kindly ones), and they tried to avert ill-boding phenomena appearing on their left by substituting *euonumos* (of good report) for their ordinary synonym for "left." For kákos (bad) they sometimes used *heteros* (other). A trace of the same superstition among our own forefathers is seen in their calling whimsical and often mischievous elves the "fairies" or "good-folk." It is flippancy or scepticism, rather than any hope of propitiating him, that makes people use complimentary names for the Devil, such as "His Satanic Majesty," "Old Nick" or "The Old Gentleman."

An extension of the euphemistic principle in certain directions might be desirable. The language of some people shows a tendency to glory in their shame and to shock others. And this counter tendency is not confined to the slang of hoodlums or the scurrilities of political and sectarian controversy. One set of *mauvais sujets* in London styled themselves the "Hell-fire Club;" another in Paris called themselves "*roués*," at a time when the word meant persons deserving to be broken on the wheel. More than one corps has dubbed itself "The Devil's Own." To die is sometimes coarsely called "to croak." With shocking playfulness, cruel instruments of torture were nicknamed "The Maiden" and "The Scavenger's Daughter." It will be remembered that the redoubtable *Major Hannibal Chollop* in "Martin Chuzzlewit," used to call his bowie-knife "Ripper," in pleasant allusion to its efficiency in "ventilating the stomach of an adversary."

WOULDST THOU BE FAIRER?

By E. M. YEOMAN

Wouldst thou be fairer set in pomp of thrones,
  Thy form adorned with wealth of cunning lands:
Purple from Chios, decked with Indian stones
  Graven for thee by deft Egyptian hands;
Thy brown head crowned with gold the savage sifts
  From desert sands, where the dread Gryphin dwells;
Thy fondling hands enriched with odorous gifts
  Of Arab perfumes pent in Red Sea shells?

Ah, no!—the sage resolving secret things
  Shall find his answer in simplicity.
Our fairest skies are clear, our sweetest springs.
  Ev'n so, my heart finds all its quest in thee,—
Loftily simple, ev'n as now thou stand'st,
  In woodland guise, thy blue gaze on the west,
A lily-flower in thy fondling hand,
  A rose of Canada upon thy breast.

THE POET OF THE LAURENTIANS

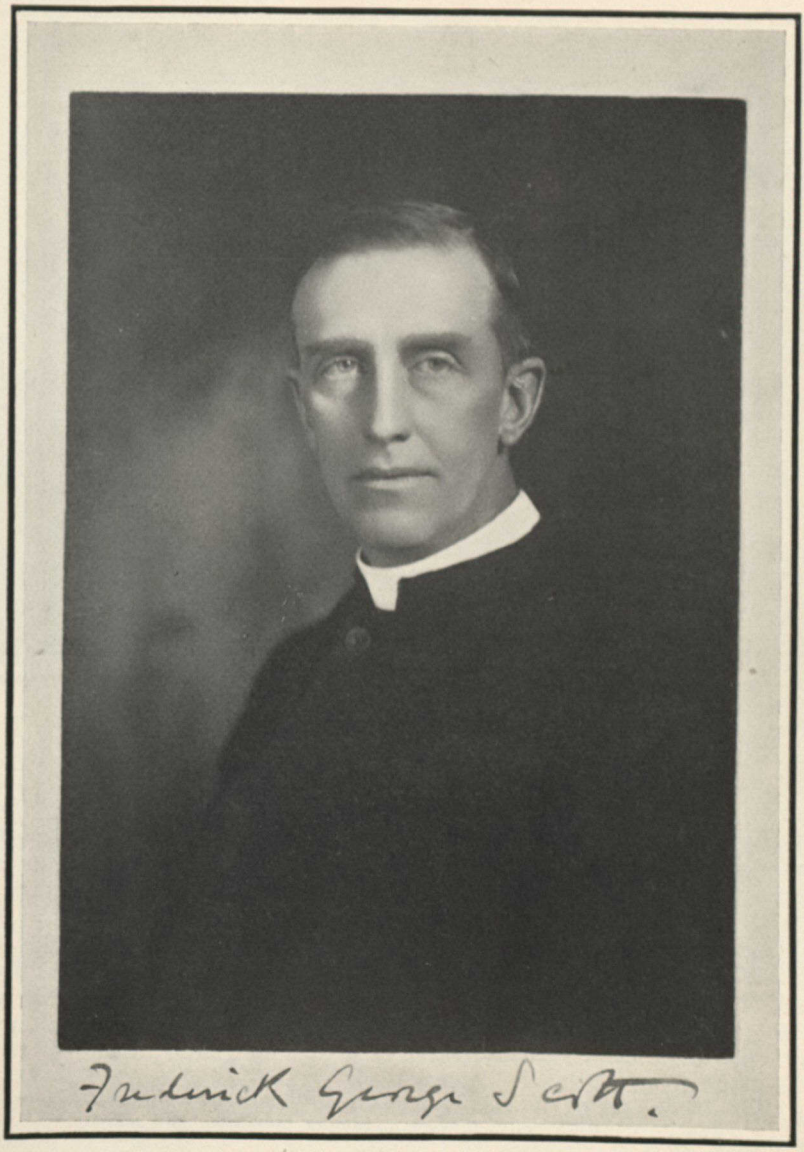
BY MELVIN O. HAMMOND

"LET me write a nation's songs and I care not who makes its laws," someone has written. The utterance was not by a Canadian, though well it might have been, for the work of song writing has yet largely to be done. The French-Canadians have many simple folk songs, sung to weird fascinating music, but the English-speaking peoples are only finding their national consciousness and realising the need of national songs after having used and misused those brought from the old land by their forefathers. While the respective advocates of "O Canada" and "The Maple Leaf" are contending for supremacy with the masses of the people, let us look for a little at the work of a man whose poetic candle has been burning with a fitful ray, now dim, now brilliant, with the passion of patriotism or of tenderness. The man is Frederick George Scott, Canon and rector of St. Matthew's Church, Quebec, a writer who might fittingly be termed the Poet of the Laurentians.

Mr. Scott's work has been before the people of Canada for upwards of twenty years, first in a modest, thin volume entitled "The Soul's Quest," since increased by three or four other thin books of poetry and two others containing dramas. His range of subjects has steadily developed, but through it all there is a note of tenderness and human sympathy. As a clergyman, it is but natural that he should be a lover of his fellow-men, and this is one of the pronounced features of all his work. From an interpreter of biblical story and Norwegian lore, Mr Scott has evolved into a poet who sings of the natural beauties of the Laurentians and an exponent of British Imperialism. His Imperialism is not so easily explained as his love of nature. For his enthusiasm for the mountains he needs go no farther than his own verandah. His northern windows look upon the St. Charles valley and the Laurentians beyond in all their ever-changing charm and magnificence. In winter their white grandeur would be monotonous but for the shifting purples of the cloud shadows. In spring the pale green waxes to the deep and varied tones of the June luxuriance. Over the kingdom of undulating forest the very clouds drive their chariots in summer, and in autumn a procession of prismatic splendour moves across the hillsides until lost in the dust and ashes of November.

Over these intervening acres marched in deadly strife the armies of Wolfe and Montcalm, upon whose trenches the pedestrian may yet stumble as he fares to Montmorency. To the other side of the poet's abiding place stands the rock of Cape Diamond, with its ever-inspiring flag unfurled from the King's bastion, and beyond, the Plains of Abraham, the scene of the last great struggle between French and English for Canada.

Here then are the two main influences upon Mr. Scott's poetry, the Imperialism which comes from a full



heart, though living amid people largely of an alien race and tongue, and the love of the Laurentians, whose majesty and changefulness are hourly thrust upon his vision, and whose paths are penetrated from time to time with the zest of a school-boy after butterflies. To these may be added the influence of biblical and other historical researches, and lastly the influence which comes from the everyday contact of a sympathetic heart with the rich and poor, the proud and the humble, the strong and the weak of the clergyman's world.

It is not intended here to review Mr. Scott's verse. The volumes speak for themselves. A rapid glance at some of his characteristic poems may be of service. "Samson" and "Thor"

THE VALLEY OF THE ST. CHARLES AND THE LAURENTIAN HILLS, LOOKING OUT FROM THE POET'S GARDEN AT QUEBEC CITY

are two of the more lengthy selections in the volume entitled "My Lattice and Other Poems," and are, generally speaking, of one type. "Samson" is a graphical portrayal of a biblical story of Samson's imprisonment, while "Thor" is a highly imaginative poem describing the falling of the god of thunder under the spell of the moon-lady. Each possesses undoubted strength, the latter ranking among the best of the imaginative verse of Canada. "A Dream of the Prehistoric' is one of the most frequently quoted of Mr. Scott's poems. It is an instructive suggestion of the world and its inhabitants in prehistoric times and of the accomplishment of man during his occupation. Other examples of Mr. Scott's imaginative verse are "Natura Victrix" and "The Frenzy of Prometheus." Such titles as these have in his recent volumes, however, given place to more popular subjects, indicating an inspiration from world-vision rather than the contents of an ample library. Among his tender human poems have been "Love Slighted," "Van Elsen," "The Cripple," "Lost Love," "Buried Love," and "Little Friend's Grave." "Buried Love" is a delightful fancy in which Love is pictured as living all winter in a house of snow, weeping—

"For the little maid that sleeps—
Sleeps beneath the snow.

And when spring shall come again
And the warm winds blow,
Tears have made his sight so dim
That the world will seem to him
Buried still in snow."

The influence of his surroundings is seen in a number of Mr. Scott's most charming verses. "My Lattice" speaks in tones of delicate fancy of the wonder world of the unpeopled north beyond the St. Charles. "A Nocturne" is a richly imaginative

"THE POET OF THE LAURENTIANS," IN THE GARDEN WITH A BELOVED COMPANION

sketch of a scene on a stormy night in an empty French-Canadian church, where in a swaying building shadows dance across the floor from the light of an oil lamp, making an uncanny congregation to listen to the storm king's voice. "The Unnamed Lake," while lacking perhaps the touch of tender intimacy of Drummond's "Little Lac Grenier," describes a familiar feature of the Laurentian country with touching simplicity and realism. "The Storm" is a graphic glimpse of the terror inspired by one of nature's outbursts in the northern hills. Here is the first verse:

"O grip the earth, ye forest trees,
Grip well the earth to-night,
The Storm-God rides across the seas
To greet the morning light."

The note of tenderness follows in "The River," a composition of haunting beauty. The first verse reads:

"Why hurry, little river,
Why hurry to the sea?
There is nothing there to do
But to sink into the blue
And all forgotten be.
There is nothing on that shore
But the tides for evermore,
And the faint and far-off line
Where the winds across the brine
For ever, ever roam
And never find a home."

Finally, for the purpose of these citations and quotations there is "The Laurentians," in which the poet's thoughts move in slow and dignified majesty reflective of the mountains themselves:

"These mountains reign alone, they do not share
The transitory life of woods and storms;
Wrapped in the deep solemnity of dreams,
They drain the sunshine of the upper air.
Beneath their peaks, the huge clouds, here and there,
Take counsel of the wind, which all night screams
Through grey burnt forests where the moonlight beams
On hidden lakes, and rocks worn smooth and bare.

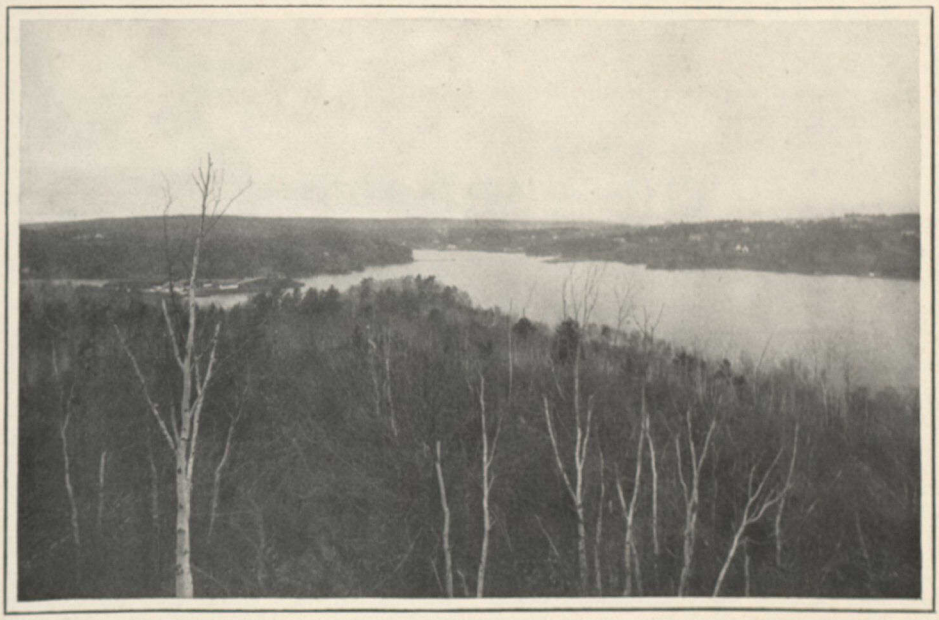
These mountains once, throned in some primal sea,
Shook half the world with thunder, and the sun
Pierced not the gloom that clung about their crest;
Now with sealed lips, toilers from toil set free,
Unvexed by fate, the part they played being done,
They watch and wait in venerable rest."

In his last volume of verse, "The Hymn of Empire and Other Poems," issued two years ago, Mr. Scott made his first pronounced stand as a poet of Imperialism. "A Hymn of Empire," fervent beyond the thoughts of many native Britons, is probably the strongest example. Another example is "The Return of the Troops" (from South Africa), a voice from Canada rebuking the pro-Boers of England. Mr. Scott's last published work was a mystery play, "The Key of Life," issued a year ago, giving in dramatic form the events of the birth of Christ. Throughout Mr. Scott's work, in fact, there is a recurring religious note.

His most conspicuous poem in the last couple of years was "Canada: An Ode," read at the Royal Society meeting at Quebec during the Tercentenary celebration. In this Mr. Scott strikes his highest note of patriotism. The circumstances of its production, as narrated by Mr. Scott to the writer, are interesting. Part of it was written during the winter and then laid aside. On showing it to a friend, Mr. Scott was urged to complete it. The matter was neglected until one night a clerical call took the rector of St. Matthew's across the river to Levis. Here it was again shown that extraordinary conditions cannot restrain the operation of the magical muse. "I felt something coming," said Mr. Scott in describing the incident, "and while I was on the ferry boat, sitting between two stout French women who were talking in their own tongue across my lap, several of the lines came to me. I wrote them down, fearful otherwise of their flight. Then on the way up the street in Levis, in the darkness of night, more of the lines came to me and I stopped here and there under the street lamps and wrote them down."

If Mr. Scott had never written any verse he would still be famed for his personality. To meet him is to know him at once for a poet or at all events a man of high artistic gifts. He has a kindly, impulsive temperament. His clerical duties in a populous parish are heavy, and the calls upon his time are without number and often unreasonable. Surrounded by an interesting family, some of them approaching manhood, he is a typical active, nervous, thoughtful Canadian.

Mr. Scott spends much time in his garden in summer. It is an extensive plot for a city residence, and from any point of it he commands a magnificent view of the St. Charles valley. With his faithful dog, he sits in a shady bower, retreats behind his lattice, wanders among the fruit trees, or plays croquet with his sons. When he is recalled to his more routine duties he is probably prompted to say, as he said to the present writer, under the irritation of a worldly trifle, "Purgatory for me will be five hundred years of catching trains and two thousand years of remembering names."



The Northwest Arm, Halifax

NORTHWEST ARM

By

LILIAN VAUX MacKINNON

Into the shelter of the quiet land
  A restless arm of ocean is outflung,
And straightway are its heaving waters calmed
  The placid shores and leafy glades among.

Beyond the harbour, sea-fogs, and the moan
  Of storms, and billows white with foaming crest;
Within, the guardian shores look kindly down
  With benediction of unbroken rest.

Yet sea-gulls push their white-winged passage through,
  Such charméd waters cannot hold them long:
Out to the ocean's tempests must they go;
  Only the blast can lure souls that are strong.

The mirrored water meets the heaving deep,
  The green-clad slopes merge into shoreless space,
'Tis mighty powers alone such stillness keep;
  An ocean's fullness thunders in its place!

THE CARD-HOUSE

BY E. S. KEMP ROBINSON

"YOU can't come in," called out Helena's voice as I opened the door of the smoking room.

I stopped obediently, and stood where I was, in the doorway, wishing rather that our hostess could have chosen someone else to perform this particular errand. I am always delighted to be of service to her, as she knows, but all the same I could not help feeling that I was not quite welcome here, even as her messenger. Inside the room were two card tables set a yard or so apart, and by one of these, on a chair, stood Helena, and by the other young John Mowbray, the son of the house, likewise on a chair, and they were each in the act of adding a storey to a pagoda of cards already about three feet high, with which they had been amusing themselves together all the time since luncheon—the afternoon being soaking wet. On my appearance they stopped. The building operations had evidently reached too critical a stage to be carried on amid interruptions, and, as I did not go away, very slowly and cautiously Helena turned round to see who it was.

"Oh, it's only you, is it?" she said fairly kindly. "Well, stand just where you are, and don't breathe for a minute. Now, Mr. Mowbray!"

Then followed a dead silence, while the tenth storey was added to each of the pagodas; Helena's with apparent ease, but young John made a terrible business of his, seeming nervous and excited out of all proportion to the importance of such a competition, and every moment I expected to see his castle come down with a run. However, he managed somehow, and then they both stood upright and turned to me, ready to hear the explanation I doubtless had to offer for my intrusion on their privacy.

"I've come to fetch you to tea," I said, wondering rather impatiently why a servant could not have been sent. "Mrs. Mowbray says, if you want any you must come at once, as they're going to have some music."

"Oh, bother!" said Helena from her chair. "We really can't come just now. I don't want any tea." Then she added, seeing, perhaps, an expression of surprise I could not quite conceal: "It's a bet. Mr. Mowbray betted me six pairs of gloves he could build a higher card-house than I could."

"Did he?" I said. "You'll lose, John. Why, you nearly had them down last time. I hope you got her to give you pretty substantial odds, did you?"

John did not answer, and did not appear to have noticed my question. His manner was decidedly the reverse of genial, and I thought he was a little childish and unreasonable, as he had heard me say I had been sent for them, and he might have known that I should not have come of my own accord. I turned to Helena, and somewhat to my surprise I saw her climbing down from her chair.

"We may as well have some tea after all," she said, without looking at either of us. "We can finish after-

wards. Nobody will come in here for a little. Be careful how you get down."

She did not appear to have heard either; and, without being particularly curious about the matter, I repeated my question to her, more, perhaps, because it is slightly irritating not to be answered when one speaks than for any other reason.

"Did you bet him level?" I asked. "If so, I think it was rather sharp practice. I'd give him four to one, and be glad of the chance, on what I've seen of your form."

She gave a little laugh.

"No—not exactly level," she said, passing by me quickly, without looking up. "Mind and not bang the door."

It was, of course, their bet and not mine, and if they did not want to tell me the terms of it I was the last person in the world to display impertinent curiosity; even though, glancing a moment at Helena, I fancied her colour was a little brighter than usual; and furthermore, when we reached the drawing-room door, instead of coming in with us, she turned suddenly and ran away up the staircase, saying something about getting a handkerchief. All this was just a little tantalising, but still, it was no affair of mine, and, after wondering a moment what all the mystery was about, I dismissed the matter from my mind; and, as I do not much care for music, I thought I would go out on to the verandah, the smoking-room being denied to me, and have a pipe until it was over; or perhaps the rain would stop, and I could get out and stretch my legs before dinner was ready.

There were several chairs out there, and, quite by chance, I seated myself on one just outside one of the smoking-room windows. I did not notice this until I had made myself comfortable and was in the act of lighting up, when something moving inside the room caught the corner of my eye and made me look in. I stopped, match in hand, and for the life of me I could not help watching. It was Helena. I could see her perfectly plainly. Her face was flushed and her lips parted, and there was a frightened, guilty look in her eyes that sent a cold shiver all down my back. She came swiftly across the room to one of the card tables, gave one glance backwards towards the door, listened a moment, and then, before I could move a muscle, she stretched out her hand and deliberately pulled away the bottom story of the pagoda which stood on it. I saw her start and shrink back as the cards came rustling and flapping down, and then in a moment she had glided out of the room like a ghost, and noiselessly closed the door.

I lit my pipe mechanically, feeling a little dazed and shaken; rather as though something had exploded suddenly under my nose. Surely this was going rather far. I had heard much of the lack of what is called the sporting instinct in women, and had even, at certain times and in certain company, said myself, half jokingly, things that implied a minimum of confidence in the honesty and uprightness of the sex, as these qualities are understood by us. But that was about women in general, and I had certainly never dreamed that Helena, whom I had known ever since she was a little baby, could have actually done a thing like this for the sake of a paltry six pairs of gloves, or, indeed, for the sake of anything in the world. I could hardly believe it, though I had seen it with my own eyes. It was all so carefully planned, too. It was not even as though she had yielded to a moment's temptation—found herself in the room with the table at her elbow and nobody about, and this horrible idea suddenly occurring to her—though that would have been bad enough in all conscience. But she had deliberately invented an excuse for going upstairs until we were out of the way, come back to the room with a fixed purpose,

and carried it out with every appearance of conscious guilt.

I am very fond, indeed, of Helena, but I could not disguise from myself that this was sailing rather near the wind; and, indeed, that she had done something which, if publicly known, would give rise to a good deal of disagreeable comment, woman or no woman. It was really rather serious. I wondered very much whether I ought to speak to her about it, and get myself disliked till the end of my days, as I certainly should do. But perhaps, after all, that was really rather more than could be required of me.

I was thinking about this when, for some reason or other, I remembered the scene in the smoking-room when I had interrupted them. I had it before my eyes very vividly; Helena on this side, John on that, building their card-castles like a pair of great, contented children. Then, after a little, a most astonishing fact asserted itself. It was some seconds before I could quite grasp it, and convince myself that I was not confusing things somehow. But it was quite correct. John had been on that side, Helena on this. They had stood thus and no otherwise. And now Helena —I leaned back in my chair, and really I could not help chuckling a little, though perhaps it was not, strictly speaking, a laughing matter. Still it certainly had its humorous side. It was her own castle, and not John's, that Helena had destroyed.

There could be no doubt about this. I went over it all carefully in my mind, and turned and looked in at the window again, to make quite certain how the room lay. There was certainly no mistake about the facts. Only, as I sat there smoking, I could not for the life of me understand quite how Helena could have made such a stupid blunder. I supposed she was in such a fluster that she scarcely knew what she was doing. Still, the tables stood just as she had left them. One would have thought that it was impossible she should lose her head so completely at the last moment, after laying all her plans with such coolness and skill. I could not understand it. The more one thought about it, the less likely it seemed. Was it possible that Helena was unwilling to accept gloves from young John, and, foreseeing that she would win in the ordinary course, had resorted to this trick to ensure her own defeat, on that account? Somehow I did not think so. And yet what other conceivable reason could she have for wanting to lose?

I had read a good deal in books about the extraordinary complexity of the feminine character, and the strange motives by which women and girls are said to be actuated, and I tried now to recall what I had learned in this way to se if it would help me. But it certainly did nothing of the sort. And then, while I was beginning to flounder hopelessly among all sorts of impossible nonsense, and rapidly growing stupid, I heard, almost as in a dream, a murmur of voices coming from the room behind me. One of them was Helena's. "The bet's off—of course," she was saying. "You haven't won fairly. Someone's been in—Mr. Mowbray! Oh, no, no! you mustn't! If you do I'll never speak to you again, as long as I live!"

But then I made an effort, and pulled myself together, realising that this was no dream, and that I had better be going. I got up very quietly from my chair, and went along to the end of the verandah and down into the garden, the rain having almost stopped. Because betting debts are debts of honour and must be paid, as everyone knows. Still, I wonder rather what Helena will say when I ask her how it was she came to lose.

FIRST ENGLISHWOMEN IN LETTERS

BY IDA BURWASH

READING down the list of English writers, it is not till the fifteenth century that a woman's name appears—the name of Juliana, Prioress of Sopwell, author of "The Booke of Hunting," "The Art of Hawking," and "The Lawes of Armes," is the first.

During the sixteenth century woman kept her counsel secretly. Through the Reformation days she lived intensely—brilliantly and dramatically in the days of Queen Elizabeth, too disturbed or too absorbed under stress of the live spirit of the Renaissance to think of anything but living. It was a time in which her pen was practically unused. Uncommunicative she remained till the close of the seventeenth century, when two women-writers appear contemporaneously. One by birth a laugher, the other by circumstance a mourner, they form a striking contrast; the one, a dashing, careless actress and playwriter, the other, a gentle, religious, titled lady early widowed by a cruel stroke. England's daughters both, their laughter and tears echo the clashing of claims during England's stormiest period—the days of the sombre Roundhead and jovial Cavalier. Susanna Centlivre seemed to breathe the breath of reaction from the day of her birth. Soul-sick of the perverse Puritan, who with the smooth satisfaction with which he had locked up the theatre doors would have trampled the glory of Shakespeare himself if he could, down goes her laugh and her scorn of him on the yellow page of her old printed plays! Saint or sinner, she tosses him off with the same reckless abandon with which she married and buried her various husbands and squandered her short span of years. Her "Simon Pure" is the broadest of caricatures, no doubt, but with a seasoning of truth that must have stung, the *Hypocrite* stands unmasked.

Under control, this keen sense of the comic in the ludicrous shifts of a frail humanity would have been a rare gift. But her license has spoiled it for modern taste; it is well to remember, however, that these were the times when English society was but a blemish more or less. Excess is the natural outcome of unnatural restraint, and in the days of the Restoration its flaunting and lawless spirit seemed to flare up afresh in the comic drama.

Then as now, success was sweet to the artist soul. Then as now, life meant clothes and food and shelter. Clever play-writing meant ease of living, and the sudden relief from restraint made gaiety "go" with the mass of the people. The temptation might well have tested a steadier nature; for the woman of then knew nothing of education as known by the woman of to-day. All in all, when the time is considered, this first appearing of woman in print stands on its merit fairly.

Curiously, the year of this playwriter's death marks the death of the Lady Rachel Russel—whose "Letters" reveal the profound and secret

development of the germ of the Puritan genius in the heart of a gentle woman — that steadfast look beyond the deeps, the courage that could stay itself upon the fact that her martyred husband, whose greatest fault was his faultlessness, had died "with the fortitude of a Christian," faithful to God and Country.

Largely personal in quality, letters admit of but little criticism. Much of their interest lies in the character of the writer so naïvely written between the lines; and unconsciously as a flower breathes its fragrance on the wind do the letters of the Lady Rachel breathe through their sadness the sweetness and native endurance of her long-widowed soul.

But with the eighteenth century there comes a change of atmosphere. At its opening, the Lady Mary Montagu leads off brilliantly with her famous correspondence. Both in England, as abroad, letter-writing was the accomplishment of the women of that day. Music and Art being still to them untrodden regions, letter-writing proved a wholesome means of self-expression. The name of Madame de Sévigné will last with the lasting of French literature. The delicate sparkle of her wit, her grace and personality are charms as powerful to-day as they were two hundred years ago. On the other hand, Lady Mary's correspondence reveals the writer's larger soul and greater vigour. There are curious coincidences in the lives of these two writers. Both were left motherless in infancy. Both were educated out of the common way of women. The Abbé de Livry, "*le bien bon*," as she fondly calls him, took careful charge of Madame de Sévigné's training. The Bishop Burnet, Bishop of Salisbury, superintended Lady Mary's "classics." Both women were beautiful in person and both were faithful wives, though neither found her husband exactly satisfactory. Both, too, were exceptional mothers and each had two children—in each case a son and a daughter — both sons disreputable, both daughters exemplary. Each also reflected her surroundings: the one leaving memorable pictures of the dull-hued interiors of the Courts of the first Georges, the other, of the brilliant pageantry of Louis Quatorze. The literary tone of the France of Madame de Sévigné was greatly in advance of Lady Mary's England. Among her intimates were Corneille, Racine, Molière and La Fontaine, each a shining star in a galaxy of brilliant writers. Her letters are said to give a truer history of the gorgeous Louis than any that have been written. They reveal a mother-love unsurpassed in devotion and a poet's sympathy with nature in their fresh pictures of country scenes. Varied and *spirituelle*, they are written with a charming naturalness that puts the Frenchwoman's native seal of fitness of manner to her matter.

Lady Mary's more direct and stronger personality handled her pen with greater firmness. Her stroke was the satirist's rather than the humourist's more gentle-healing touch. The keen edge of her wit jagged more than one of her friendships; while in character and intellect she reached so far beyond her age as to touch here and there the aims and struggles of the women of to-day. She described carefully what she saw. She wrote as she felt and thought and not as the conventionality of the day would have her think. Her very wit, keen to note what would have slipped by duller minds unseen, threw into greater prominence the vices and follies of her time. She was not without her faults, faults of style as faults of character, yet through all alike, her failings as her efforts, there breathes a quality of greatness, the birthright of all natures born to love and live the truth. Quite apart from letters, she remains a benefactor to her race; for it was entirely owing to her efforts that inoculation was introduced into England.

But it is as letter-writer, by pecu-

liar excellence, that she is cherished by all true lovers of the English tongue. Her pen, wit and interests were versatile as her surroundings. Not only were her pen and ink portraits of the first Georges and their favourites faithful to details, but they indicate in just the clever lining of the satirist that touch of the burlesque attaching to the early Hanoverian in England. Equally clever and amusing are her sketches of Continental customs, yet in the novelty of these experiences her judgment did not fail. She upheld her position as ambassadress with dignity and brilliancy.

It was then, when plunged into the splendour of the East, that the artist in the woman really awoke. Her glowing fancy caught at once the soft dark beauty of the Oriental women. She described them as she saw them — reclining in the gorgeousness of their apartments or against the glory of their gardens amid the music and the sparkle of their silver fountains. With ready interest and active mind she identified herself with these Turkish women. Disguised in "ferigee and asmack" she wandered the streets of Constantinople at her own sweet will, delightedly alive to all its picturesque variety—mosque and minaret, bazaar and bath, palaces and people. Yet mindful of her husband's dignity, she could be magnificent upon occasion. Dressed in a splendid Turkish costume of rose and silver, white and gold, dazzling in flowing caftan and velvet talpac studded and strewn with blazing jewels, she visited the Turkish ladies in the privacy of their apartments. But, if prejudiced, her criticism melted before the perfect grace of the Sultana Fatima as she arose in stately beauty to receive her English guest, "putting her hand to her heart with a sweetness full of majesty that no court breeding could ever give."

Returning home by way of Greece, every scene embodied a poetical idea; the poetry of nature heightened by the poetry of classic story. But it is in her later correspondence that we have the best of Lady Mary—less of imagery, perhaps, but more of character. She was compelled by ill-health to spend her old age in Italy. It was but natural, then, as time went on, that the old riot of wit and fancy should give place to riper judgment and philosophy. But to the last her inborn humour was irrepressible. She was fast going blind, and could no longer see to read by candle-light. Yet she could feel the drollery of her own situation as she taught the three old priests, her only neighbours, to play "whist" with her to enliven her evenings. Even yet, as we turn the yellow pages of these letters, scenes and events of every day, flashed through her bright intelligence, live in a constant play of light and shade before us—her old castle at Louvere, bought for a song, and her delight in it; the freedom of her outdoor life; the success of her farming ventures; her dairy, poultry, bees, and silkworms, and her delight at her success in doubling her capital; her summer camp in the old farm-house, with its floor strewn with rushes: its chimney covered with moss and green branches, blooming flowers set about in the great earthenware pots so artistically fashioned by the Italian peasants! Cardinals, princes, nobles, peasants march across her pages in fascinating procession. Then come criticisms of contemporary writers—Richardson, Fielding, Bolingbroke — jotted down with every arrival of new books from England. Finally, as the loneliness of age increases, her sympathy for sorrow, with her thoughts on serious subjects, rises more often to the surface, but always interspersed with her ever vigorous theories of the education and broader destiny of women. Words do not fade. These published letters still reflect their worth and wit, and to her credit, be it said, both as woman and as writer, Lady Mary was rarely guilty of a tiresome line or halting sentence.

Going as coming, the eighteenth century was destined to be disting-

uished by a woman and a Montagu. If saluting it ushered in the lively Lady Mary, with its fading breath it speeded the departing Mrs. Montagu, a personage more famous as the founder of the "Blue Stocking Club" than for her essay on "Shakespeare" or her smartly-written letters. Rather oddly, though they bore the same name, there was no relationship between these two writers.

Elizabeth Montagu inherited her father's witty and sarcastic temper, also his love of social pleasures. She was a woman all alive. According to her own description, her letters show her "fond of gadding"—a fighter with the "Church Militant" when shut up in Canterbury to escape an epidemic; a fury with her brother, because "when he had sold all his law at the sessions he packed up his salable eloquence and carried it back to Lincoln's Inn instead of going to the assize ball with her"; a lover of experience, when "purely for her country's good" she rushed off to the races; finally, a wild disturber of the peace, when, playing cards at Bath, she mimicked the antics of ridiculous fine ladies, and so on, without end, till in the face of such a flow of nonsense it is hard to reconcile the reckless, mad-cap girl with the dignified and well-bred little lady as she appears in middle life.

Such a character, made up of fitful lights and shadows, is not easy to define. But whatever end she had in view, she succeeded in attracting to her house in London a remarkable society, one that included in its circle the foremost scholars and critics of the day. For all alike, writers, orators and artists were delighted by the freshness of a wit that could charm without wounding and amuse without offense.

Her over-rated essay holds no authority to-day. Though her letters were original models of refinement in their choice of English, it is much more indirectly, by her influence in fostering a literary taste that Mrs. Montagu remains a figure in the history of letters. It was no slight task to gather up the scattered threads of thought, to develop a sense of the responsibility and unity of art by bringing the writers and thinkers of her day into stimulating contact with each other; and, like the French *Salon* of an earlier date, so often confused with the pedantries of "*Les Précieuses*," the Blue-Stocking Club has been much misrepresented. These sister circles were as different in tone as their leaders were in character. The famous *Salon* held its sway in the classic chambers of the stately Marquise de Rambouillet, her lovely daughters on her right, on her left, "La Lionne," striking and radiant in the glory of her tawny hair. To leave the silvery atmosphere of this famous "*Chambre Bleue*" for the house on Portman Square where the English "Blues" are gathered suggests a sudden drop from the realms of the ethereal to the region of the grotesque.

Let us glance a moment at the odd assembly. The fragile hostess is a gracious little image. At her elbow learned Johnson rolls out his ponderosities; while Garrick, opposite, prime-favourite of his hostess, banters the Doctor; Stillingfleet, at careless ease, leans back, little dreaming that the fame of his unclerical blue stockings shall outlive his great *origines*. Delightful Burke is there, fresh from the House, the last *bon-mot* at the end of his silver tongue. There is Horace Walpole, languid and fastidious, enduring "Holy Hannah" and that "fountain of perpetual flow," Mrs. Thrale. Brilliant Mrs. Boscawen is discussing music with the poet Beattie, her gallant Admiral devoted to fluttering Miss Burney, while gay Lord Lyttleton directs a volley of successive shocks up and down the moral spine of upright Mrs. Chapone. Clever Mrs. Garrick is seated *tête-à-tête* with mild Sir Joshua, fighting shy of Mrs. Carter, who, in the intervals of taking snuff, is quoting Greek to fussy Dr. Burney. How clear in the eyes of time they stand, with all their oddities,

their whimsicalities! The Blue-Stocking Club will never die.

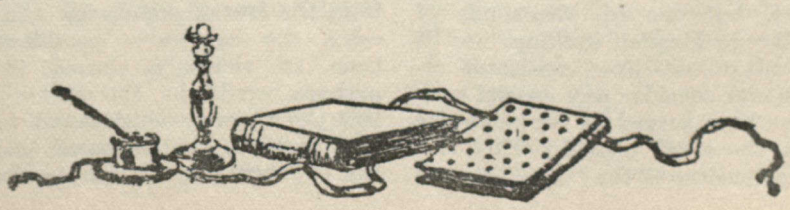
Was that the intention of its founder? Did the shrewd mind behind the blue eyes of the hostess realise that life as influence, continues? Did she feel the force of character behind the frothing periods of Johnson, the heart of all humanity in Garrick, the courage of conviction in the careless Bishop, and the forming of a shapeless policy in Burke grown to-day to an imperial brotherhood? Did she guess at "Holy Hannah's" effort to individualise, and revel in the freshness of outlook beneath the wordiness of Burney, that wordiness that makes it so hard for a modern to conceive how *Evelina* could so "rivet" Burke and Reynolds as to keep them up all night to the end of the last chapter?

If her woman's touch was quick to feel the great pulse of this underbreathing, with its pleasurable stimulus to her own heart and intellect, it was her woman's gift perhaps to reflect that inspiration by putting the best in each in contact with the best in all. Whether or not she was conscious of an ideal so far-reaching, or whether she was simply pleased to draw about her the brightest and most charming people of her day, Mrs. Montagu remains distinguished as the most attractive Englishwoman of her time. Neither titled nor exceptionally rich, she was the one woman able to draw to her receptions in the interest of books and letters the most notable society of London—a society of varying stripes and colours, many of whose members loved the gossip of their clubs and the excitement of quadrille.

At the beginning of the century, woman's place is fixed in brief by Lady Mary Montagu in a letter to Bishop Burnet. With apology for touching on the larger questions of State and Church, she writes: "My sex is usually forbid studies of this nature, and folly reckoned so much our sphere that we are sooner pardoned any excess of that than the least pretension to reading or good sense. We are permitted no books but such as tend to the weakening and effeminating of the mind. Our natural defects are every way indulged, and it is looked upon as in a degree criminal to improve our reason and fancy, *if we have any*. We are taught to place our art in adorning our outward forms, even to extravagancy, while our minds are entirely neglected. This custom, so long established and so industriously upheld, makes it even ridiculous to go out of the common road and forces one to find as many excuses for it as if it were a thing altogether criminal not to play the fool in concert with other women."

But as the century develops it lifts upon its apex Mrs. Montagu supreme as leader of society, controlling with subtle insight new forces of thought and feeling shaping themselves to new expressions. For the Drama now is superseded by the Novel. Then oddly as the century goes out, comes little hesitating Fanny Burney to purify this upstart novel, as Jeremy Collier the irate had just purified the drama.

Old Jeremy did well when bestriding the clouds he spat forth "his whirlwind of fire and pepper." But little Fanny did better for by the soft showering of her humour, "not only," writes Macaulay, "did Miss Burney take away the reproach on a delightful species of composition but vindicated the right of her sex to an equal share in the fair and noble province of letters."



By

F. A. ACLAND

IT might have been supposed that a question so purely scholastic and philological as whether or not the "u" should be retained in "honour" and words with a similar termination afforded little ground for the development of angry words and recriminations. But we must remember that one of the fiercest and most dangerous controversies of history, one that almost threatened the life of the early Christian Church, turned on the shadowy difference between the Himoousions and the Homoiousions, and it may chance that in this question of English spelling lie the seeds of a storm that will similarly some day shake the world of Anglo-Saxondom to its foundation. It says little, meanwhile, for our amenities in Canada that the suggestion cannot be made that it may be on the whole better to adhere to the system pursued in the parent country without raising angry protests that such a proposal is an indignity to Canada and betokens the worst type of "colonial servility."

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We can, as a matter of fact, all spell as we please and there has been so far no hint of tyranny on the part of Great Britain towards us on the subject. The "u" in honour, etc., is, however, but one of thousands of anomalies in English spelling, and it is difficult to see how consistent reformers can consider any special purpose has been served by dropping the "u" in the word named. The "h" is just as useless as the "u," if we admit that the "u," is useless; but as a matter of fact a phonetic spelling—and if reformers aim at anything this or nothing must be their ideal—would rather omit the second "o" and make it "onur." The fact is the task of reshaping the English language the world over is too prodigious to be worth entering upon, much less to get angry over, while so many problems more vital to our welfare and peace of mind remain unsolved. Perhaps when real trouble on the subject is threatened the safest plan will be to refer the whole matter to the Hague tribunal, and have a Dutchman settle it.

*

President Roosevelt is going out of office amid a storm of imprecations. His famous "secret service" message to Congress has perhaps been the act which has done most to provoke direct conflict between himself and Congress, and it must be admitted that his suggestion that Congressmen dared not run the risk of being investigated—and so would not vote the secret service appropriation—contains a peculiarly bitter sting. Presumably he spoke by the book, and counted the cost. A president who will not again run for office has little to fear from the loss of popularity. In some cases the aggressive president has been so viciously abused, insulted perhaps would be the better word, that the majority which is still faithful to him came to his rescue and had the objectionable utterances removed

from the records of the House. Senator Bacon, attacking Mr. Roosevelt in the Senate, declared "Had the King of England sent such a communication to the Commons he might not have lost his crown, but he would certainly have been superseded by a regent." Such comparisons are useless, of course; the President in the possessor of a thousand privileges which have long since been taken from the British Sovereign. A more effective response, meanwhile, to the President's startling charge is the appointment of a committee to investigate the whole subject.

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A strenuous message from the President in another case has been productive of some apparent benefit and comparatively little hostile criticism, that, namely, in the case of the anti-Japanese legislation which the State of California has been proposing to enact. President Roosevelt's letter showed that as a result of the action which Japan has voluntarily taken to restrict the emigration of her people to the United States there came during the six months ending October 31 last fewer Japanese into the United States than left it, so that the number of Japanese in the country is actually decreasing. The State legislation proposed aimed at segregating Oriental children in separate schools, hiving the Oriental population in towns and cities, and barring Orientals from the directorate of California companies. The State authorities have taken President Roosevelt's advice, or have at least acted in accordance with it, and the Governor has held the bills up for the present, also expressing his conviction that no anti-Japanese legislation will be enacted during the present session of the legislature.

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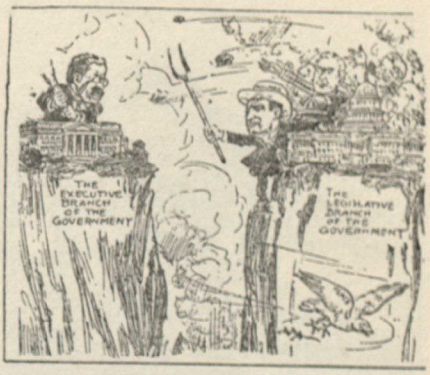
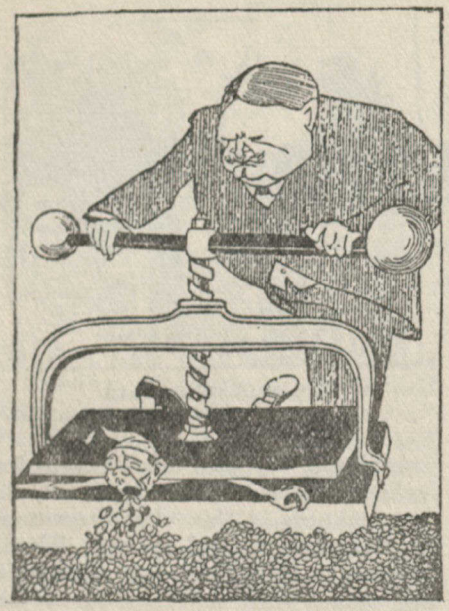
The situation discussed by the President, however, and the curiously ineffective methods provided by the



THE WIDENING CHASM
—The Chicago *Inter-Ocean*

Constitution of the United States for dealing with it demonstrate once more the weakness in this vital respect of the American federal system. Washington has no power over California and cannot veto any measure which California may choose to pass dealing with what may be termed their internal affairs. "The people of California presumably know much better than he (President Roosevelt)," says the New York *Commercial*, "what is good for California and Californians." Foolish or precipitate legislation on the part of California might well bring direct calamity on the United States, for whatever might be the final outcome there can be no doubt that a war between the United States and Japan would bring incalculable disaster to the United States. Such a war may at the moment appear to be a contingency so remote that it should not be regarded, but Japan will not continually tolerate rude thrusts at her national dignity, and she is in a peculiarly fortunate position for taking offensive action as against the United States. Congressman Hobson, who made some bubble reputation during the war with Spain, may talk wildly when he publicly airs his conviction of the certainty of war coming speedily between the United States and Japan, but it is likely that the subject is receiving more serious consideration from the United States execu-



GERMANY'S REAL PERIL

Prosperous yet tax-ridden, the German Empire seems likely to contract a case of chronic "shortness." —*Pasquino* (Turin)

tive than the world at large supposes. Of one thing at least we may be well assured. We are at the beginning only of the whole vast problem of the relations between the eastern races and the white races. It is the Anglo-Saxon nations that must first grapple with it, as it has fallen to them to grapple with other world issues, and there is no aspect of the subject that does not deserve the closest study and scrutiny, especially here in Canada where the Pacific links up directly with these untold millions of the East, who hold in their hands the destiny of the world.

*

A French journal contains an article from the pen of a recent traveller in Canada, declaring that Canada is being rapidly Americanised. He dwells particularly on the similarity of newspapers and hotels on the two sides of the border and on other such trifles—he might have added trains and cabs, and did, in fact, instance cigars—as if nationality was made up of such matters. He did not apparently go very deep down into the life of the Canadian people, or he would have found radical differences in the attitude of the two peoples respectively on such supremely important questions as divorce, lynch law, etc., not to speak of the vital line of cleavage caused by Canada's enthusiastic acceptance of her position as one of the free nations of the Empire. The French visitor comments particularly on the stream of American migration to Canada, and it is no doubt true that in externals, in western Canada especially, where Americans have done so much to develop the Dominion, there is practically an identity between the two people; but a little below the surface, and away from the purely material aspect of things, Canadians and Americans have developed quite independent and separate habits of thought and ambitions and ideals that have often but little in common with each other, while as for the Americans who are coming—and are heartily welcomed—into Canada in such numbers, these are being converted with a wonderful rapidity into citizens of Canada and loyal subjects of the British Crown.

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It is not less British, but more British, we are likely to become if our leading men have the influence one might expect. Sir James Whitney, Premier by an overwhelming majority of the Province of Ontario, publicly expressed his convictions the other day that Canada has not in the past shown a proper appreciation of the benefits of its connection with the motherland, and that it is going to do better in this respect in the future. "The only return we make," said Sir James, "is to pay the salary of our Governor-General, and if this continues we shall grow narrow and forget our thankfulness to the mother country for the protection we receive. . . . The British Empire will dissolve

if we do not unanimously agree to make sacrifices, and the longer these are delayed the worse it is going to become." Such remarks touch the fringe only, of course, of the complex question of inter-imperial relations, but they will not be without value in shaping the frame of mind in which at no distant date the people of Canada must face a duty which is becoming yearly more pressing.

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The difficulties encountered in approaching the subject are tremendous. Hardly two opinions offered concerning it agree. The special menace at the moment, for instance, real or imaginary, is still the possibility of a German *coup* on Britain, a contingency which many distinguished men in that country believe to be very real and imminent, and one that can be averted only by incessant watchfulness and increasing strength on the part of Britain. The Montreal *Star*, heartily concurring in the suggestion that Canada should do more than she is doing in the matter of imperial defence, suggests that we should prepare "a really effective army corps, which might, were the motherland threatened with invasion, be swiftly transported thither to help man her sea coasts." The crux of the situation is that in the event of a German descent on England there would be no preliminary threatening, any further than we see and hear at the present time. The thing would be done in a flash or it would not be done at all. An army corps which would have to be carried over from the Dominion would be useless in such a case. Against a sudden invasion England must be protected by the ships around her shores and the men within her borders.

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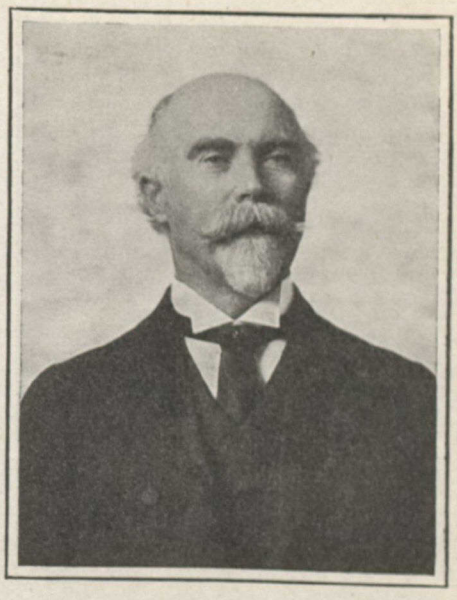
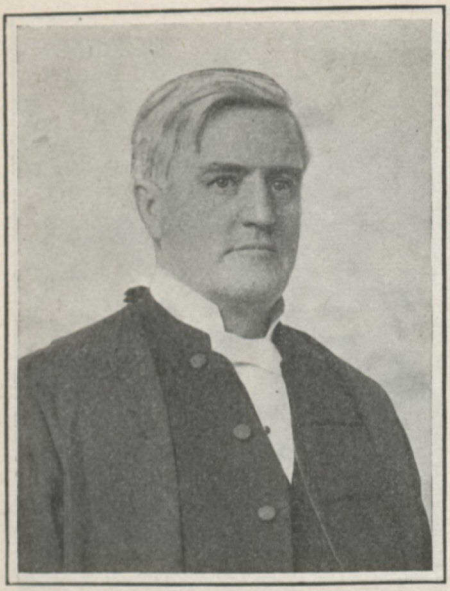
The *Star* says enthusiastically that "the spectacle of troops pouring into the British Isles from Canada would have a splendid moral effect on the



HON. SENATOR KERR, THE NEW SPEAKER OF THE DOMINION SENATE

continent of Europe"; but such a spectacle could not be seen once German troops had evaded British ships and overwhelmed British troops, and if it came then to a mere count of heads it must be remembered that Germany's population vastly outnumbers that of Great Britain and Canada and that her trained soldiers are as ten to one compared with what Britain and Canada could unitedly put in the field. As to Canada sending men to take part with Britain in a continental war, one would not care to say it could never be necessary or desirable, but such a possibility is too remote, too directly in opposition to the general Canadian outlook, to enter into present day calculations. It is on her navy that Great Britain must depend most of all for her defence, and Canada must find some way either of assisting the mother country to bear the crushing financial burden of the great sea armaments that protect the Empire in guarding Britain, or of affording otherwise, and it may be elsewhere, a substantial relief to the imperial responsibilities of the people



HON. CHARLES MARCIL, M.P., THE NEW SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

of the United Kingdom. It may not be possible to do immediately all that should be done, and it will be urged by many that we have already made a beginning. But we must not delay too long deciding where our duty lies. The old Latin maxim that he pays twice who pays quickly was never truer than in the matter of imperial responsibilities. It is what we do now that will count.

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The new Dominion Parliament—the eleventh since Confederation—is fairly started, its first considerable act after the election of a Speaker being to recognise the justice of the grievance long urged by the civil service that the salaries of the service have not kept pace with the increased cost of living. The subject was a difficult one to deal with, but the justice of the claim was obvious. Salaries and wages in practically every profession and every class of labour had risen more or less in sympathy with the increased cost of living before the turn of the civil servant came. It would have been unjust to the great body of officials to whom is entrusted the administration of the affairs of a prosperous and growing country had their claims been longer neglected.

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As to the new Speakers, Hon. J. K. Kerr of the Senate and Hon. Charles Marcil of the Commons, they are gentlemen of dignity and character, unlikely to allow the standard of debate or procedure in either house to be lowered. Mr. Marcil had had a long experience as Deputy-Speaker and his election was generally expected. As an orator in two tongues he has a brilliant reputation throughout Canada. The incident of election was the occasion of some reference by the Premier to the British practice of retaining a Speaker from Parliament to Parliament regardless of his former party predilections. There is much to be said in favour of such a system from the point of view of higher politics, and it works well in Great Britain, but it is perhaps asking almost too much of a younger and more democratic community like Canada that one party should leave so dignified and influential an office in the hands of its opponents. The British ministry newly coming into office finds an immense field of rich patronage at its disposition at home and abroad, all to be used more or less for its party friends. The Dominion Government has comparatively little in the way of well paid offices to bestow and the two parties are not likely soon to agree to take each other's Speakers.

At Five O'clock

BY JEAN GRAHAM

Jasper's Song

By Marjorie L. C. Pickthall

Who goes down through the slim green sallows,
Soon, so soon?
Dawn is hard on the heels of the moon,
But never a lily the day-star knows
Is white, so white as the one who goes
Armed and shod where the hyacinths darken.
Then hark, oh, harken!
And rouse the moths from the deep rose-mallows,
Call the wild hares down from the fallows,
Gather the silk of the young sea-poppies, the bloom of the thistle, the bells of the foam,
Bind them all with a brown owl's feather,
Snare the winds in a golden tether,
Chase the clouds from the gipsy's weather, and follow, O follow the white spring home.

Who goes past with the wind that chilled us,
Late, so late?
Fortune leans on the farmer's gate,
Watching the red sun low in the south,
With a plume in his cap and a rose at his mouth;
But oh, for the folks who were free and merry
There's never so much as a red rose-berry.
But old earth's warm as the wine that filled us,
And the fox and the little gray mouse shall build us
Walls of the sweet green gloom of the cedar, a roof of bracken, a curtain of whin,
One more rouse ere the bowl reposes
Low in the dust of our lost red roses,
One more song ere the cold night closes, and welcome, O welcome the dark death in.

—*Metropolitan Magazine.*

My Lady's Shoes

"WHY," asked an inquiring merchant, "are women so sensitive about the size of shoes? Most men will boldly ask for tens and upwards, with no sign of humiliation, but a woman will blush over fives and look mortified to death over sixes. Why should she be so anxious to disguise the fact that she has comfortable-sized feet?"

This is one of the feminine caprices which make existence more interesting. "Cinderella" and a host of lesser tales bear witness to the convention that a heroine has tiny feet. Of course, a man like Mr. George Bernard Shaw, who simply revels in saying and doing the disagreeable thing, would be quite capable of presenting to the public a heroine in drama or novel who would wear seven-and-a-half-shoes — common-sense make at that—and think nothing of it. But most of us are given to prevarication about gloves and shoes and will squeeze toes and fingers unmercifully in the effort to appear daintily shod and gloved. We will resort to all excuses to make plain that "we can usually wear three" and it must be the weather that has caused the foot to assume the dimensions of fours.

The novelists must bear a share of the blame, for they have encouraged this gentle vanity for centuries. Every woman is at heart an Oriental in the matter of believing in small extremities, and, if the truth were known,

many a Western maiden has suffered torture at her first large ball, just because she *would* insist on white satin slippers two sizes too small.

*

A Russian Actress

AN English writer who has travelled in many lands declares that the Russian women are the most clever and also the most charming women in the world. Cleverness and charm are by no means always associated. So far as man is concerned, it has often been said that he dislikes a clever woman. "Pedantic" would perhaps be a better word for the unlikable sort of woman, for a really clever dame never lets a man think that she knows quite as much as he does. But to return to the Russian woman, who has a better claim than the Canadian to be called "Our Lady of the Snows!" If one may judge from the artists who come across to many-dollared America, to reap the reward of their toil and endeavour, the Russian has that mysterious possession called "temperament" to a degree which bewilders and delights the more prosaic people who have more freedom than poetry.

Madame Nazimova who comes to Canada this winter has won a high place and lovers of drama are affected deeply by this unbeautiful yet wonderful artist. No one would dream of calling her "pretty" but her appeal to the intellect and imagination made the girlish attractiveness of Miss Ethel Barrymore and the easy vivacity of Miss Hilda Spong seem an ordinary affair. Madame Nazimova has the mental alertness of the Slavonic genius and the dramatic fire which is seldom lighted in a happy country. Her acting of the rôles of the Ibsen heroines is the most intelligent Canada has seen. Where Miss Nance O'Neil ranted and Mrs. Fiske declaimed, the Russian woman lived the parts of restless womanhood. Her *Hedda Gabler* comes nearer being a conceivable woman than any other interpretation of that tempestuous lady, whose demise is so eminently satisfactory. Amidst the commonplaceness of modern musical comedy, with which Canadian audiences are provided, the genius of the Russian woman shines like a rare jewel.

*

A Peculiar Criticism

WHEN a woman writes a book, paints a picture or sings an aria, there is no necessity for the critic of the performance to interpolate a reference to the sex of the performer. This is generally recognised in journalistic circles to-day, but it will probably be the twenty-first century before "good, for a woman" or "a remarkable achievement considering the sex of the artist" disappears from the critical column.

Miss Agnes Laut is a Canadian writer whose half-dozen books, beginning with "Lords of the North," have provided both instruction and entertainment for all who are interested in fiction with historic flavour or history with a dash of picturesque colour. In "Pathfinders of the West," Miss Laut told us many things of Radisson which we had not learned from the school-book called history, by courtesy. Her latest work, "The Conquest of the Great Northwest," I have not read and, therefore, I am not going to rush in where archivists might fear to tread.

However, whether one has read Miss Laut's book or not, there is a protest to be made against the "preamble" to Mr. Arthur Hawkes' criticism, entitled: "The Strange Case of Miss Agnes Laut and David Thompson," which was published in *The Canadian Courier*. This critical article, of more than three thousand words in length, concerns itself chiefly with Miss Laut's chapter headed "David Thompson." Of Mr. Hawkes' criticism, no one unacquainted with Western exploration can have a word to say. The unsophisticated reader

might be led to wonder whether the article is a criticism of Miss Laut's "The Conquest of the Great Northwest" or an advertisement of Mr. J. B. Tyrrell's forthcoming volume. If Miss Laut has blundered, it is well that her readers should be informed of the fact. Such criticism is not only legitimate but welcome. But for the three preliminary paragraphs of the article there can be no excuse. They are a mawkinsh discourse, opening "Can women write history? Of course they can and do."

Mr. Hawkes preambles along in this wise:

"I have never known a woman writer who wished allowances to be made for her work, because of its feminine origin. The literary crown is sexless. If one's views are of the slightest interest it may be superfluous to say that in every field in which a woman may care to work, I would accord her the utmost welcome and liberty. It has always seemed to me absurd for a man who is eternally a debtor to his mother for any strength of mind or body, to wish to limit the activities of his mother's sex in any noble pursuit."

Now, is not that "awfully decent, you know," of Mr. Hawkes! He is positively willing for women to do more than wash dishes and scrub floors, and he would like the dear things to know it, even if he is under the painful necessity of proceeding to tear up a chapter of a book written by a woman. Why, in the name of all that is consistent, should a critic indulge in three paragraphs of deprecatory remarks about the sex of a writer before coming to the real matter of discussion? Can he not see that he is guilty of the very offence he professes to condemn? If a woman writer does not desire especial consideration, so far as her literary work is concerned, why should a reviewer halt for the space of forty lines to explain this attitude and his respect for it? Mr. Hawkes' regard for his maternal parent is a credit to the gentleman but really has nothing whatever to do with his opinion of the reliability of "The Conquest of the Great Northwest."

LADY VIOLET ELLIOT

Third daughter of Lord Minto, whose marriage to Lord Charles Fitzmaurice, second son of Lord Lansdowne took place in India recently. Lady Violet Elliot is the youngest of Lord Minto's three daughters, and is twenty this year. Her second sister, Lady Ruby, married Viscount Errington last year. Her eldest sister, Lady Eileen is uumarried. Lord Charles Fitzmaurice is thirty-five this year, and is the second of Lord Lansdowne's two sons. His elder brother, the Earl of Kerry, was married four years ago.

This condescending prefix to literary, musical or dramatic criticism has become wearisome to all women who regard their work with any degree of seriousness. Miss Laut may have taken an honest interest in Mr. Hawkes' review of a section of her work, but she could hardly have been edified by the "nice-little-girl" preliminary remarks. This casual protest is uttered against that class of patronising reviewers, not against consistent criticism. It would not be well to say in haste that all men are offenders in this matter, for one has only to reflect on how differently Mr. J. Castell Hopkins or Dr. Colquhoun would have treated such alleged blunders to realise that Buffon's brief saying as to style is profoundly true.

*

The Cheap Craze

TWO women were passing a bargain counter, piled high with blocks of pink and green soap. On the utmost

pinnacle was a placard proclaiming the low price to which these tempting cakes had been reduced.

"I believe I'll get half-a-dozen cakes," said one woman, pausing before the glistening pile.

"Cheap soap!" exclaimed the other in horror, "I'd as soon buy a cheap tooth-brush."

"Perhaps I'd better not, after all," dubiously replied the would-be purchaser, "I don't know anything about the brand. But a bargain of that kind always makes me feel as if it were wicked not to take advantage of it."

The bargain fiend has been satirised none too severely by the modern censor. The sight of decently-dressed women tearing frantically at bits of lace or ribbon which have been "marked down," jostling, pushing and scrambling, to get closer to the coveted dry goods, is not an edifying spectacle, yet it may be seen almost any day in the large shops of Canadian cities. The powers which arrange for these sales are fully aware of human weakness and trade upon that element which, so the late Mr. P. T. Barnum declared, "loves to be fooled."

That true economy is sometimes served by the cheap sale is not to be denied; but the majority of such announcements are merely to catch the unwary, who think nothing of quality and everything of the mystical figures of $1.99 or $4.59. Verily, the modern shop-keeper has found "9" a figure to conjure with. The bargain fiend is utterly incapable of understanding that ninety-nine is only one less than one hundred, and she buys all manner of unnecessary articles because, forsooth, they have fallen so low as forty-nine cents, when any child can see that they would be dear at thirty-five.

There are certain things which may be bought cheap without serious loss to the buyer, but soap and shoes are not in the catalogue, while, as for books—but the being who will exult over buying a cheaply-bound book deserves a constant diet of Laura Jean Libbey.

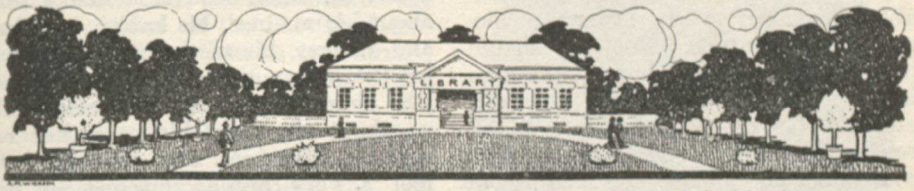
*

The Beauty Specialist

THE "beauty specialist" is an expression applied to the person who advertises that he or she will remove all blemishes from the complexion, will give a glow to the cheeks, a cherry tinge to the lips and a wonderful lustre to the eyes—will, in fact, make the confiding customer a thing of beauty and joyful forever—to vary the line by the late Mr. Keats. These advertisements are thickly strewn in the daily papers and the popular magazines, while they fairly run riot in those harmless publications intended to be read in the domestic circle Probably the beauty specialist is of ancient lineage. The appeal is so frequently made to women that one would not be at all surprised to learn that the serpent whispered to Eve that the apple would bestow beauty as well as knowledge. Most men are too busy to consult the beauty specialist and regard the pretensions of such "artists" with doubtful eye.

As loveliness is a rare sight, it must be concluded that most of these specialists fail to "beautify." Their defrauded customers are usually willing to suffer in secret, rather than experience the humiliation of making public their search for physical perfection. Occasionally one of the disappointed majority is too angry to shrink from the ridicule of the vulgar, and the public is delighted with a lawsuit in which there is a startling revelation of the prices charged by these Venus-makers.

Most of these ingredients turn out to be fairly harmless, merely perfumed mutton fat or something equally familiar. But the victim is hardly repaid for all her trouble and vexation of spirit when she discovers that the beauty specialist has merely been putting up in fancy boxes or hand-painted china jars, such salves and creams as grandmother used half a century ago.



The WAY of LETTERS

FOR some time it has been felt by leading educationists, particularly in Ontario, that the work of the schools might be well supplemented by historical reading that would be accurate and inspiring, and yet not be so involved as to make it difficult of comprehension by juveniles. As a result, a most praiseworthy publishing venture has been made by William Briggs, under the auspices of the Ontario Library Association, and we now have the first volume of the "Canadian Heroes Series." This volume is entitled "The Story of Isaac Brock," and it was written expressly for the series by Walter R. Nursey. The author, without dwarfing his style or belittling the subject, has kept before him the fact that his book will be placed in the hands of boys and girls, and he has therefore presented the outstanding incidents in the life of the hero of Queenston in a simple yet vivid and comprehensive style. It is difficult for a writer on a subject of this kind to refrain from glorifying war and the bearing of arms, but Mr. Nursey has written with moderation and generally with creditable judgment. No other book offers to young readers in a manner so intelligible to them the story of Brock's life and the meaning of the War of 1812. It should make excellent supplementary reading in the schools, and it should also be in the school libraries. As a Canadian production in every respect, it is worthy of genuine praise. It contains illustrations from photographs, old drawings and prints, and original paintings by C. W. Jefferys, C. M. Manly and Fergus Kyle. Six of them are reproduced by the tri-colour process, an expense that is not often incurred in the making of a book to sell at less than a dollar a volume. The binding is cloth, tastefully decorated, with a tri-colour insert. One of the most interesting of the illustrations is the reproduction of a photograph of the coat worn by Brock at the Battle of Queenston. The hole made by the bullet that ended the hero's life is plainly discernible. The publisher announces that "Tecumseh," by Mr. Norman Gird, of Sarnia, will be the next of the series. The idea of this series was brilliantly conceived, and this first volume has been carried out with distinction. (Toronto: William Briggs. Cloth, 85 cents).

*

Ralph Connor as Biographer

Many readers and admirers of Ralph Connor's novels will feel that, although "Black Rock," "The Sky Pilot" and the others that followed met with phenomenal success, it remained for "The Life of James Robertson" to show Rev. Dr. Charles W.

Gordon at his best. This life of the late Superintendent of Presbyterian Missions in the Northwest has been handled in the manner that its importance and opportunities demanded, and as a result we have a very valuable contribution to Canadian biographical literature. Not only should it be of intense interest to churchmen, but it should prove to have a broadening and sympathising effect on all readers, for the life of that stalwart man of God means the history of much of the Northwest mission work, particularly in connection with the Presbyterian Church. The keynote of Robertson's career is given near the beginning of the book, where the author describes how, when James was about sixteen, a problem that had given some trouble at the college in Edinburgh was sent down to the master at Dull, where James lived.

"If any of them can solve it," said the master, "it will be Robertson."

Robertson took it home and "fell upon it." He did not retire with the rest of the family, but when the father came in next morning James rose with the solution of the problem in his hands. In after years it required a man of that type to establish and superintend the great mission fields of the Northwest, and James Robertson was that man. But few of his stamp can be found in any calling. (Toronto: The Westminster Company).

*

DR. DRUMMOND'S LAST WORK

The last literary work of the late Dr. William Henry Drummond appears in a volume of moderate size entitled "The Great Fight." Besides his last work, the volume contains a number of poems and sketches that had not been published before in book form, and what is of even more interest, there is a most intimate and delightful introduction by the author's widow, May Harvey Drummond. The introduction is partly biographical, but it is mostly a character sketch. Mrs. Drummond throws many a side-light on one of the most lovable of men, and, having read her words, one could scarcely help having a largely increased interest in the "Poet of the Habitant." It is good enough to read about the inner side of a man's life, about his manner, his habits, his likes and dislikes, his methods of work and his love of country, but when the one who shared his lot as help-meet tells us about the courtship, a rather romantic courtship, too, we begin to feel a very human interest in the poet. Mrs. Drummond records that when, as a young woman, she and her father were guests at the Laurentian Club, they were induced to stay over Sunday. Of this visit she writes:

"In a journal which I kept during the trip, under date of 'Sunday, Sept. 18th, there is this entry:: 'Introduced to our unknown friend, Dr. Drummond.' Here was another and very tangible object in the way of our departure, and it being impossible to refuse the earnest request of this man to whom we owed so much, we stayed yet another day, the afternoon of which I spent fishing under the guidance of the no longer 'unknown' friend. The far-reaching events of that day were thus tersely though all unconsciously summed up in my little diary: 'Went to Trout Lake fishing —caught my first 'big fish.' "

We are told that the poems and sketches in the volume are printed just as they were found, without the finishing touches that the author might have bestowed had he himself been sending them for publication. Some are connected with Dr. Drummond's experiences at Kerr Lake, in the Cobalt district, where he died; some are in the well-known French-Canadian dialect, while others are written to or about his own people, the Irish. (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Toronto: The Musson Book Company. Cloth, $1.25).

*

IMPRESSIONS OF THE HOLY LAND

Dr. Henry Van Dyke, writing in the preface of his delightful volume,

"Out-of-Doors in the Holy Land," says that before going to Palestine he had always had a foreboding that there he would be disappointed, that the anticipation would prove to have been greater than the realisation. He had feared that all the cherished fancies and pictures that he had formed would crumble, and therefore it was with some uncertainty that he at last decided to go and see for himself. But he was not disappointed, and his desire, notwithstanding the uncertainty, "to live for a little while in the country of Jesus, hoping to learn more of the meaning of His life in the land where it was spent and lost and forever saved," was justified. He writes on a land of unique and wonderful fascination with all the polish and skill of a master artist, as well as with the deep religious feeling necessary in order to come into sympathy with the subject. (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company).

MR. ROBERT SERVICE, WHOSE NEW BOOK OF POEMS, TO BE ISSUED SOON, IS ENTITLED "THE BALLADS OF A CHEECHACHO."

*

Criticism of the U.S.A.

Mr. John Graham Brooks has printed a book—"As Others See Us"—in which he endeavours to trace the progress of the United States in the criticisms passed upon it by visitors from other lands, and particularly by English visitors, the progress being, of course, especially in matters of social intercourse. The matter is one that would really have been taken for granted. It is natural that there should be more of culture, refinement and leisure, particularly in the Eastern States, than when those states were still largely in the making, and it is reasonable that the change should be reflected in the criticisms passed by visitors. Mr. Brooks has collected, however, a valuable array of quotations and has no difficulty in convincing us that however substantial the ground for unfavourable criticism that may have existed half or three-quarters of a century ago, many of the criticisms passed were shallow and foolish. Whether the American people were to be excused for betraying such a degree of feeling as they frequently exhibited over the books produced by European travellers is another question. They allowed themselves, for instance, to be greatly exercised by the comments of a Captain Basil Hall who visited the United States in 1827-8, and who declared among other things that there was trouble ahead for the United States as to manners and morals because its population contained no class which could spend money with grace and distinction. It may be that a Captain Hall would even to-day maintain such a proposition, but his view would not greatly trouble the people of the United States. Mr. Brooks has produced an agreeable book, however, and many of his own comments are pertinent and searching. (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada).

*

Against Catholic Invasion

Mr. Joseph Hocking is a novelist who does not often surprise his public.

His books are frankly anti-Roman Catholic; so consistently so, that one may well put him down as a man who believes that he has a mission. In "The Soul of Dominic Wildthorne" the problem of Catholic aggression is treated with regard to its bearings upon the Church of England and is, therefore, in its controversial aspect, of more interest to the mother country, where the Church is by law established. Mr. Hocking evidently believes that Romanism is making swift inroads with the High Church party in England—a state of things which he views with serious apprehension. *Dominic Wildthorne* is, in all but ordination, a Roman Catholic priest, though he has taken the vows of the Church of England. The book traces his gradual awakening to the falsity of his position. (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company. Cloth, $1.50).

*

LANDSCAPE PAINTING

Frederick East, the well-known English landscape painter, is the author of an elaborately illustrated volume entitled "Landscape Painting." The object of the work is to show the importance of landscape painting and to assist students in a practical manner to grasp the essentials of composition. It contains reproductions in colours of paintings by Mr. East, and there are reproductions of various impressions of certain scenes as taken at different times and under different conditions. (London and Toronto: Cassell and Company).

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MORLEY'S MASTERPIECE

The publication of the "Letters of Queen Victoria" in a popular edition at a low price is followed in similar form by that masterpiece of biography, Morley's "Life of Gladstone." It comes in two volumes, instead of three, as in the original edition; the volumes are smaller in size, but in other respects the editions are the same, except, of course, that the three volumes contain heavier paper. The text is the same, unabridged, and there are reproductions of portraits of both Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone. (London: Edward Lloyd, Limited. Cloth, two volumes, 5s.).

*

HUMOUR AMONG SEA-FOLK

The quaint flavour of fishing-ports and seafaring people that has so well distinguished the short stories of W. W. Jacobs rests with abundance in "Salthaven," a recent novel by this popular author. "Salthaven" provides plenty of rollicking fun and humorous dialogue. The characters depicted are odd and full of interest and their love-making could scarcely be called conventional. The son of the head of a firm of shipowners falls in love with the daughter of the chief clerk in the firm's office, and it is around that situation that the plot is woven. (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company).

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NOTES

—A second edition of "Recollections of the War of 1812," by William Dunlop, has been published. Good first-hand knowledge of great events of history is always of exceptional value, and Dr. Dunlop's has the added quality of freshness and spirit. The introduction, by Dr. A. H. U. Colquhoun, Deputy Minister of Education, gives a brief sketch of the author, who as "Tiger" Dunlop, was a well-known character in the days of the "Huron Tract." (Toronto: The Historical Publishing Company).

—The second book in the "Canadian Hero Series," from the presses of William Briggs, is entitled "Tecumseh." The author is Mr. Norman Gird, of Sarnia.

—William Briggs announces an important book for Canadians, which will be entitled "The Memoirs of Lord Haliburton." The author is J. B. Atley. Lord Haliburton was a son of Judge Haliburton, author of "The Clockmaker."

Within The Sanctum

IT is a remarkable fact indeed that the novice or the person who labours without artistic instinct or aptitude to attain something in the realm of art almost invariably dislikes being led out from the meshes into which an over-fanciful enthusiasm has misguided, dislikes even to learn the prosaic lesson that a knowledge of the proper purposes and functions of tools and materials in any art or craft is of much more importance than the doubtful quest in ethereal regions after those uncertain, evasive, almost evanescent qualities that are cherished in the disguise of *Soul* and *Truth*. Doubtless to put *Soul* into work is a very gratifying accomplishment, but unfortunately some of us seem to be more soulful than soul-stirring. To glow with rapture at the birth of an *Idea* is a pardonable symptom, but unless the person who glows is trained and capable the result from an artistic standpoint will be a lamentable failure. Transmission of this quality, *Soul* (or, as painters sometimes say, *Spirit* or *Feeling*), is brought about spontaneously, and no amount of *Soul* or *Spirit* or *Feeling* will avail anything unless it is supported by the fundamental principles of the art in hand.

To letters this applies just as much as to any other branch of art. It applies with particular significance right here in Canada, because, after all is said and done, if *Truth* must come out, we have a good percentage of novices. We have also in the ranks of our writers many who have little or no artistic instinct or aptitude, whose writings reach the public simply because the authors are able to insure the publishers against loss. Books are published in Canada, especially books of verse, that should never be printed. But there is amelioration in the fact that our Canadian publishers are not alone in this respect. Worse offenders can be found in Boston and New York, and to them some of our determined poets have had to resort. Nevertheless, we have by no means a clean slate in Canada, for frequently we find books of verse by persons who have had more commerce with the muse of finance than with the muse of poetry. We should not infer, however, that every book published at the author's own expense is an indication of unworthiness. Nor should we infer a reflection of discredit on the publisher. Some of the greatest literary successes have been results of publication on the full responsibility of the authors, but that does not alter the fact that some of our publishers degrade their imprints by permitting them to be placed on books that should never go to press. Thus the average of our literature is lowered simply because there is not in connection with all of our publishing houses a standard sufficiently rigid to keep out the writer who has more money than ability.

So we come again to the subject of literature itself in Canada. We have admitted doubt as to the possession of a national literature. Some critics profess uncertainty regarding a Canadian literature of any kind; some even go so far as to declare that we have none at all. Mr. Arnold Haultain has quite properly admitted that he does not know whether we have any or not. He has made an honest admission, commendably so,

but he perilously near places himself on the positive side by citing as an example of dignified current poetry, and in connection with citations from Swinburne and Milton, a poem entitled "At Midnight," by Virna Sheard, which appeared first in *The Canadian Magazine*. We should not overlook the fact that Mr. Haultain comes from a very severe and exacting school. We know of none severer or more exacting. He is also a very keen critic. Long ago he reached the stage of keenness in criticism of his own work, and but for that he might now be regarded as a prolific writer. Unfortunately his is the practice of but few.

The opinion that we have no literature at all is scarcely worth considering; it is not even intelligent. For we *have* a literature, a very creditable and improving literature; but when it comes to its standing as a national endowment we must reiterate our inability to judge. We do not even possess the right or privilege of judging. We may feel sure that one or another poem or story or essay is as good as anything of the kind being produced in the English language, but just whether or not it will live and attain national importance and significance we cannot say. We may think that it will, but what seems great to us may be merely local or transient. Many persons who are falsely patriotic in their feelings towards Canadian literature resent this attitude, and they seem to think that *The Canadian Magazine* is the last place in which a confession of this kind should be made. But, in all good faith, we think that it is the very first place in which it should be made. To assume that we have a national literature, and to hold fast to that assumption, may give an impression of patriotism, but it is false patriotism, an evil that should never be condoned. Good literature cannot be national simply because of its goodness. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" may not only be false as to fact but it may be bad writing. Nevertheless, whether we like it or not, it is a contribution to the national literature of the United States, simply because it has been cherished and perpetuated by the people. Milton's "Paradise Lost" was by no means as great in literature in its author's day as it is now, because then the great mass of the people were unable to read it. Nor had it lived through centuries and gained in comparison with most of what had been written before or has been written since. One might as well say that stock in some manufactory was worth just as much a year ago at ten dollars a share as it is to-day at fifty dollars. In inverse ratio, Marconi's invention is a great boon to humanity now, but ten years hence it may be discarded to give place for something as yet beyond our comprehension. The reaper was a long step in advance of the cradle and the scythe, but is it now a national implement? And so we must regard literature: as something whose greatness in either a lasting or national way only time and posterity can establish.

But to give assurance that real current literature is making in Canada, we need not be confined to one poem or one author, and perhaps it will not be regarded as egotistical of us to reprint the following from *The Canadian Magazine* of December, 1907:

THE VISION

By Virna Sheard.

Long had she knelt at the Madonna's shrine,
Within the empty chapel, cold and gray;
Telling her beads, while grief with marring line
And bitter tear stole all her youth away.

Outcast was she from what Life holdeth dear,
Banished from joy that other souls might win;
And from the dark beyond she turned with fear,
Being so branded by the mark of sin.

Yet when at last she raised her troubled face,
Haunted by sorrow, whitened by alarms;
Mary leaned down from out the pictured place,
And laid the little Christ within her arms.

Rosy and warm she held Him to her heart,
She — the abandoned one — the thing apart.

Heretofore we have said something about art in literature and the improvement in this respect among Canadian writers. Mrs. Isabel Ecclestone MacKay provides a good instance of this in a poem contributed to a recent number of *Harper's*. It is a most artful piece of work. It tells a whole life story, not so much by what is said as by what is left unsaid or merely suggested. Read it:

THE WAY TO WAIT.

O, whether by the lonesome road that lies across the lea,
Or whether by the hill that stoops, rock-shadowed to the sea,
Or by a sail that blows from far, my love returns to me!

No fear is hidden in my heart to make my face less fair,
No tear is hidden in my eye to dim the brightness there—
I wear upon my cheek the rose a happy bride should wear.

For should he come not by the road, and come not by the hill,
And come not by the far seaway, yet come he surely will—
Close all the roads of all the world, love's road is open still.

My heart is light with singing (though they pity me my fate
And drop their merry voices as they pass my garden gate),
For love that finds a way to come can find a way to wait!

There is abundance of other good material to choose from in a rapid survey of recent Canadian poetry and there is temptation to go on quoting, but the following poem by George Herbert Clarke, taken from *The Canadian Magazine*, is well worth repetition:

THE LAST LULLABY.

The shepherd moon mothers her shining sheep,—
The little stars that cluster close and deep;
And soon they sleep.

The flower's wings are folded to her breast:
She hears a whisper from the darkling west;—
How pure her rest!

Dim droop the drowsing birds upon the trees;
The boughs are still as they: no unquiet breeze
Troubles their ease.

The far and lonely waters feel the spell,
Whose monotones sound slowly out, and tell
Their sway and swell.

All nature is asleep and dreaming dreams
Aglow with wonder that on waking seems
But broken gleams.

So let my spirit sleep the sleep of death:
Close, eyes; be idle, hands; and silent, breath!
Wait what It saith!

Marjorie L. C. Pickthall's recent contribution to *The Metropolitan Magazine* is an example of rich colouring and exquisite imagery. It may be found at the beginning of the department "At Five O'clock" in this number.

It would be folly to attempt to consider here the writings that have already passed into more enduring form, but when we think of the possibility of a national literature we might perhaps be excused for feeling that we already have in Canada much that should help in the realisation of what we cannot safely forecast but what we fervently hope the future generations will enjoy.

The Editor

What Others are Laughing at

Dust

A sign hung in a conspicuous place in a store in Lawrence:

"Man is made of dust. Dust settles. Are you a man?" — Boston *Record*.

*

He Knew

"Doctor," said the convalescent, smiling weakly, "you may send in your bill any day now."

"Tut, tut!" replied the M.D., silencing his patient with a wave of his hand. "You're not strong enough yet."—*Leslie's Weekly*.

VICAR OF POPPLETON. "I hear you have been over at Ippleton Church the last two Sundays, Bates. How would you like if your cattle strayed into somebody else's field?"

BATES. "I shouldn't object, if so be the pasture was better!"

A Bit of Nature

Boss—"When you told that new clerk that he'd have to hump himself if he expected to hold his job, how did he take it?"

Department Manager—"He got his back up right away."—Chicago *Tribune*.

*

Possibly the hold-up man takes to the highways in order to raise sufficient coin to enable his wife to take to the buyways.—Montreal *Star*.

*

Man is ninety per cent. water. In many unhappy instances the other ten per cent. is Scotch.

A Saskatchewan Anglican called a Methodist a liar. The joint opinion of these interesting citizens on a Baptist might be worth printing.—Toronto *News*.

*

A Toledo woman wants a divorce because her husband won't kiss her. We reserve judgment until we see the lady.—Montreal *Star*.

*

An English Slip

A little story which has just found its way across the Atlantic from an English country house tells of the recent slip made by a new and nervous butler in serving his master, a duke, at the luncheon table. Quiet, respectful, and assiduous, he proffered a dish with the insinuating query: "Cold grace, your grouse?" The slip is so obviously natural that doubtless the tale is true.—*Christian Guardian*.

THE CANNON ROARED

While campaigning in his home state, Speaker Cannon was once inveigled into visiting the public schools of a town where he was billed to speak.

In one of the lower grades, an ambitious teacher called upon a youthful Demosthenes to entertain the distinguished visitor with an exhibition of amateur oratory. The selection attempted was Byron's "Battle of Waterloo," and just as the boy reached the end of the first paragraph, Speaker Cannon suddenly gave vent to a violent sneeze.

"'But, hush! hark!'" declaimed the youngster — "'a deep sound strikes like a rising knell! Did ye hear it?'"

The visitors smiled, and a moment later the second sneeze—which the Speaker was vainly trying to hold back—came with increased violence. "But hark (bawled the boy)—"that

heavy sound breaks in once more,
And nearer, clearer, deadier than before!
Arm! arm! it is the cannon's opening roar!"

This was too much, and the laugh that broke from the party swelled to a roar when "Uncle Jos" chuckled: "Put up your weapons, children; I won't shoot any more."—*Success.*

*

HIS AFFLICTION

A teacher had told a class of juven- the pupils that Milton the poet was blind. The next day she asked if any of them could remember what Milton's great affliction was. "Yes'm," replied on little fellow, "he was a poet."—*Universalist Leader.*

*

THE TRUTH

"See here. That horse you sold me runs away, kicks, bites, strikes, and tries to tear down the stable at night. You told me that if I got him once I wouldn't part with him for $1,000."

"Well, you won't."—*Lutheran Observer.*

A MISTY NIGHT

"Where am I?"
"Sixth Avenue."
"Ah mean, what town?" —*Life*

NOT THE POINT

He—"If you refuse me I shall blow out my brains."

She—"Impossible."

He—"Maybe you don't believe I have a pistol."

She—"Oh, I dare say you have the pistol, all right."—Philadelphia *Record.*

*

NOT MUTUAL

Father—"I cannot give you my daughter, my dear sir, I am mighty particular in such things."

Suitor—"Oh, pshaw! Now I am not in the least so."—*Meggendorfer Blaetter* (Munich).

*

A COMPROMISE

Corpulent Suitor (on his knees)—"If you will not accept my offer, at least help me up." — *Meggendorfer Blaetter.*

The Merry Muse

TOO WISE

I wouldn't want to be so wise
I'd always know the truth from lies.
Ah, no, my friend, I tell you flat
I wouldn't be as wise as that.

I met a man the other day,
He grasped my hand, then dashed away—
"I liked that thing you wrote," said he,
"'Twas something that appealed to me."

He hurried on when this he'd said;
He didn't say just what he'd read.
I'd not have been so pleased, you see,
If I had *known* he'd lied to me.

James P. Haverson.

*

WHY HE DOESN'T

I so admire fair Phyllis
My love I would rehearse,
And ask her if she'd take me
For better or for worse.

But when I read the papers
I'm scared almost to death,
For butter's thirty-eight now,
It takes away my breath.

I'd like to ask fair Phyllis
To share my humble lot,
But eggs are thirty-six now,
I'd really better not.

I wish to wed sweet Phyllis,
But then there is the rent,
I know I can't afford it yet—
A handsome fire-proof tent.

So I refrain from asking
And merely sigh and sigh;
I'd like to marry Phyllis,
But prices are so high.

J. G.

SAVING THE COUNTRY

The Patriot in fervid tone
Spoke of the Sounding Seas
Which lave This Canada of Ours,
And bear our export cheese.

Then of the Lakes he said a word,
Commendatory too,
He asked, if they should disappear,
What would the yachtsmen do?

"I see," the patriot declared,
"The Mountains clad with pine,
The silver in its native lair,
The gentle wildcat mine."

"Hear, hear!" the worthy chairman said,
His bosom swelled with pride,
For, though an honest man, he sold
Some stocks upon the side.

The Patriot thereby was stirred
To wider, higher flights.
He spoke about the Western Plains,
Also the Northern Lights.

The Cattle on a Thousand Hills
Came in his peroration,
And lastly he demanded votes
To save this noble nation.

He said: "Defeat me not, my friends,
Nor lay me on the shelf—
I want to save this glorious land,
To save it—for myself.

J. Edgar Middleton.

*

WHERE IT ENDS

The quality of mercy
Is not strained;
But durn the sinner anyhow who swiped my old umbrella
When it rained.

Evening Sun.

How to Avoid Taking a Chill Or Catching Cold

Before going out, get thoroughly warmed and fortified by drinking a hot cup of BOVRIL. This feeds the whole body, and not only prevents you from getting chilled, but gives real warmth and comfort.

A cup of hot BOVRIL is therefore, the very best thing to take before snowshoeing, travelling, driving, shopping, etc.

It is a perfect safeguard against chills and prevents the feeling of over-fatigue or exhaustion.

Before exposure, to take a stimulant, such as spirits, tea, cocoa, etc., which warm you for ten minutes or so, is dangerous.

Not because it warms, but because it stimulates without feeding you, and this stimulation passes off quickly and leaves your vitality depressed.

You can get a hot cup of BOVRIL at any high-class cafe or confectioners, but it's really best to keep it in the house. You will find the 1-lb. bottle very economical.

GOLD MEDAL

FOR

Ale and Porter

AWARDED

JOHN LABATT

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1904

ONLY MEDAL FOR ALE IN CANADA

Something New

Huyler's

"Cobalt Nuggets"

Like all Huyler's Candies

Pure Delicious

"Toronto Chocolate Creams" "Dominion Chocolates"
The package everybody wants
"My Favorites"
Best Chocolates in the world.
In the most Artistic boxes ever made.

Boxes contain only Chocolates with Nut Centers
When near our Store an Ice Cream or Hot Chocolate will refresh you

Our Candies made on the premises.

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You Can Strike More Blows in a Day With a Tack Hammer Than With a Sledge

and on exactly the same principle the operator can write more words in a day with a Monarch than with an ordinary heavy-working machine.

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Light Touch

the greatest advance in typewriter construction since visible writing, means increased efficiency and greater output per machine, reducing the cost of typewriting to the employer.

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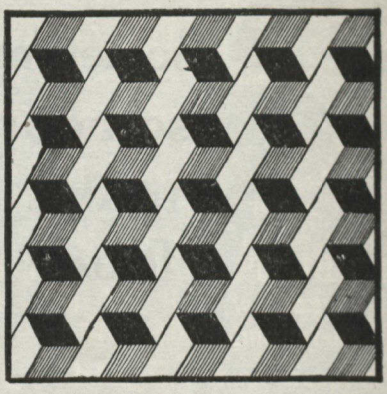

UP OR DOWN?

Don't be too sure. Look at the blocks—from every side. Things change sometimes. For instance—an old abused typewriter revives wonderfully when thoroughly cleaned and oiled with 3 in One. It quits rattling and starts working smoothly, surely and rapidly. 3 in One preserves the bearings preventing unnecessary wear and tear. Removes dirt and gum caused by inferior oil. cleans the typefaces perfectly—prevents rust on all metal parts. Try it at our expense. Write today for generous sample bottle and typewriter circular.

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· PLAYER PIANO ·

ESTABLISHED 1840

CAN BE PLAYED IN THE ORDINARY WAY ON THE KEY-BOARD, AND ALSO BY INSERTING A ROLL OF MUSIC. BRINGS WITHIN THE REACH OF EVERY PERSON—EVEN THOSE WHO CANNOT PLAY THE PIANO—THE WORLD'S FINEST MUSIC, AND TAKES THE PLACE OF THE SILENT PIANOS IN MANY HOMES.

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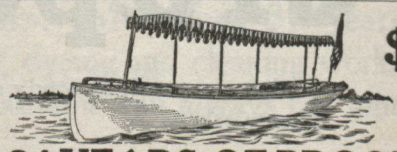

$75.00 up

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and a perfect record for reliable performance and superior build is behind Pierce Motors. They are all that good motors should be. Equally dependable are

PIERCE Motor Boats

—noiseless, speedy, safe and strong. We guarantee them to give full satisfaction and will repair or furnish to replace free within 3 years from date of purchase any part that should prove defective..

Write for Book showing different sizes, prices, etc., and telling about Pierce supremacy. Don't buy a Motor Boat or Motor till you hear from the pioneer builders of Gasoline Motors.

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SHIRTS

are made to fit every man—be he very thin or be he very stout. If you are out of the ordinary, one way or the other, you can find your fit in a Cluett Shirt. **$2.00** and up.

Sold only under the CLUETT label. An interesting booklet, "Today's Shirt," sent free.
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Man in the Making

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

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

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

Your dealer has it in air-tight tins, 2-lb., 4 lb., 10-lb. and 20-lb. tin.

The Edwardsburg Starch Co., Limited

ESTABLISHED 1858

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OFFICES:
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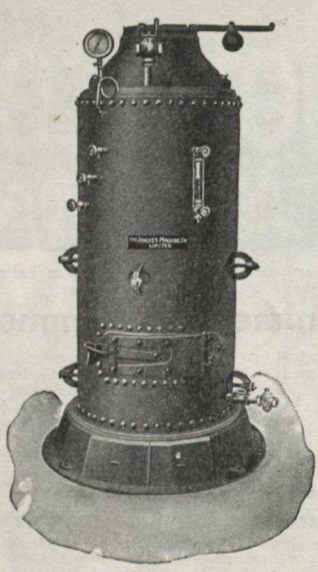

¶ We illustrate herewith our standard Vertical Type Power Boiler, with mountings as regularly furnished.

¶ We build them in all sizes from 4 to 60 h.p. Larger sizes built to order.

¶ Material and workmanship throughout are of the highest class, thus ensuring long and satisfactory service.

¶ With large facilities we are in a position to make prompt shipments of single boilers or of carloads.

¶ Our Bulletin K No. 103 contains full particulars. May we send you a copy?

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Limited

Sherbrooke, St. Catherines, Cobalt
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Works:
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"61"
FLOOR
VARNISH

No matter how hard the children romp and play, they can't injure the finish of **"61"** Floor Varnish. It is mar-proof and fire-proof.

"Shows Only the Reflection"

Send for Free Sample Panel
coated with "**61**"—stamp on it, hammer it, you may dent the wood, but you can't crack the varnish.

"61" is made for floors only. Send for booklet on "Floor Finishing."

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FACTORIES IN 7 CITIES

The Original and only Genuine

Beware of Imitations Sold on the Merits of

MINARD'S LINIMENT

Doubtless you have heard sound-reproducing instruments; perhaps you have had it in mind to buy one; maybe you are uncertain which make to buy; but

Have you heard

The EDISON PHONOGRAPH

TRADE MARK
Thomas A Edison

play an Amberol Record?

You can do this at the store of any Edison dealer. When you go, note the longer playing time of Amberol Records (playing twice as long as the standard Edison Records), note the Amberol selections, not found on any other record of any kind; note also the reproducing point of the Edison Phonograph that never wears out and never needs changing; the motor, that runs as silently and as evenly as an electric device, and the special horn, so shaped that it gathers every note or spoken word and brings it out with startling fidelity. It is these exclusive features, vital to perfect work, that should claim your attention.

Ask your dealer or write us for catalogues of Edison Phonographs and Records.

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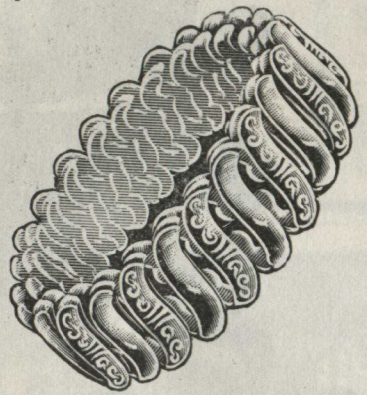
The Edison Business Phonograph enables the stenographer to get out twice as many letters.

"The Rivals"

Three Bracelets of Wonderful Value at the Price

OUR Jewellery Department is winning a reputation among jewellery manufacturers for its power to handle quantity. We order by the hundred where they are accustomed to receive orders for single dozens or half doxens. If, by taking a thousand pieces we can bring the cost down to a startling minimum, we are never afraid to do so, our output is so large, our new store gives us such splendid facilities for showing Jewellery lo advantage.

We have a good instance of the way we do things in these expansion Bracelets. Bought in the usual way these goods sell as high as **$7.50** apiece.



CM1

CM2

CM3

We Offer Half a Thousand of Them at $1.95

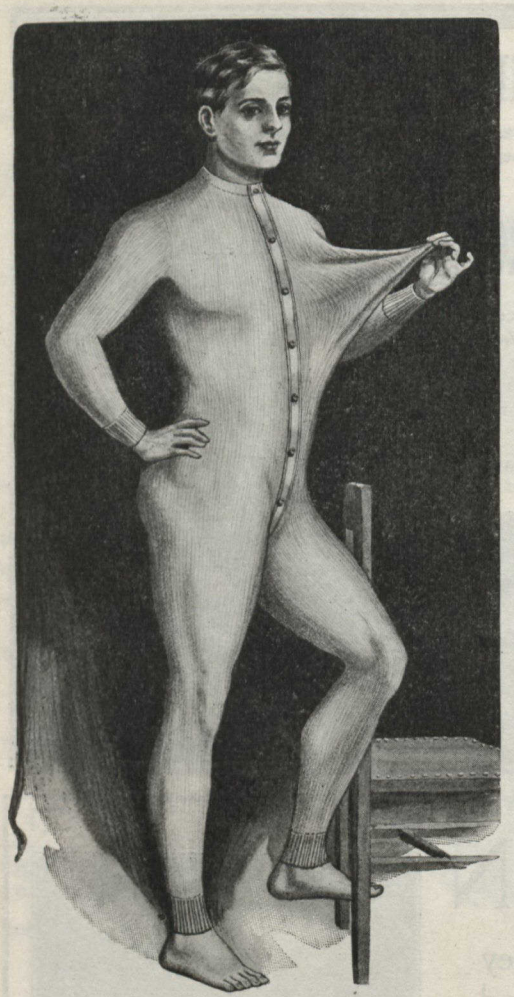
500 14 karat gold-filled expansion Bracelets (1½ to 9 inches), smooth on the wrist, will not get out of order, guaranteed to give satisfaction or your money back.

Regular value, plain, as cut CM1, $4.50. Regular value, amethyst, as cut CM2, $5.50. Regular value, signet top, as cut CM3, $7.00.

Your Choice, CM1, CM2 or CM3, all at one price, $1.95

Write or call to-day, as there will be a heavy demand.

ADDRESS ORDERS TO .... THE ROBERT **SIMPSON** COMPANY, LIMITED TORONTO, CANADA



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can only be secured by wearing Underwear that *fits* perfectly. Perfect fit can only be ensured by absolute elasticity. *Elasticity* is the great feature of ELLIS SPRING NEEDLE RIBBED UNDERWEAR, this being ensured by the Spring Needle process of manufacture, which we control for Canada.

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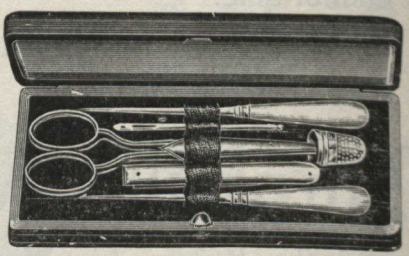
when buying cutlery be it a carver, knives, scissors, etc., always ask for "Rodgers" and look for the above trademark.

Such precautions will ensure you obtaining the best cutlery that is or can be made.



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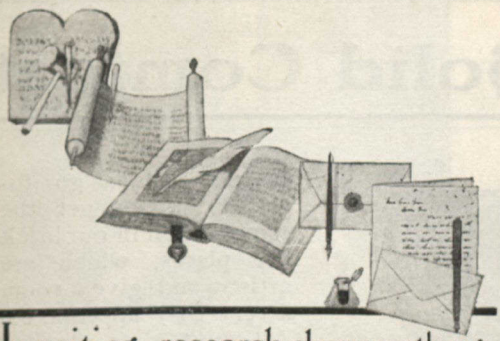
SHEFFIELD, - ENGLAND



In writing, research shows nothing earlier than letters cut in stone by the Phoenicians; investigation shows nothing later and farther advanced than that afforded by the

Smith Premier Typewriter

Model 10
Column Finder
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Visible Writing
Back Spacer and
many other features
The Smith Premier Typewriter Co. Inc.
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DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM OR MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER

Purifies as well as **Beautifies the Skin** No other cosmetic will do it.

REMOVES Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rash, and Skin diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test of 60 years; no other has, and is so harmless, we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. The distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the *haut-ton* (a patient)—"*As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the Skin preparations.*"

For sale by all druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers.

GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL TOILET POWDER

For infants and adults. Exquisitely perfumed. Relieves Skin troubles, cures Sunburn and renders an excellent complexion. **PRICE 25 CENTS BY MAIL.**

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Removes superfluous Hair **Price $1.00 by Mail**

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Works automatically, making a perfect cigarette with any kind of tobacco or papers in a few seconds. Weighs one ounce and fills the vest-pocket. AGENTS AND DEALERS. You can make $250 monthly profit selling 1,000 of these machines, others are doing it. Send for terms.

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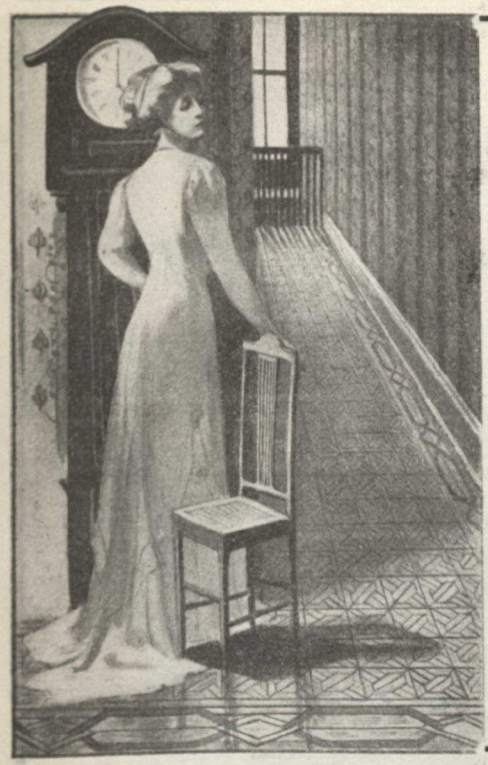

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has become so general they are almost regarded as a necessity. And if properly regarded they are a necessity for any complete house. Their cleanliness, solidity and handsome appearance are universally acknowledged.

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The "Evangeline" Art Boxes

A delicious assortment of Creams, Nougatines, Caramels, Fruits and Nuts. ½, 1 2, 3 and 5 pounds. Full weight in every box.

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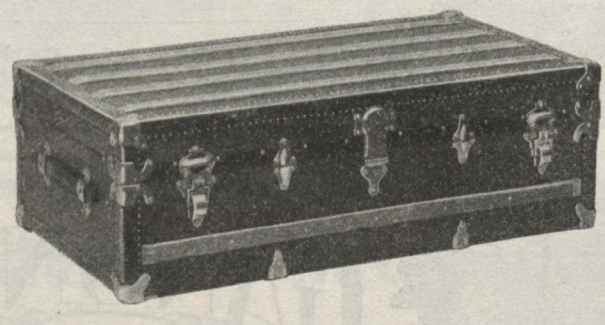

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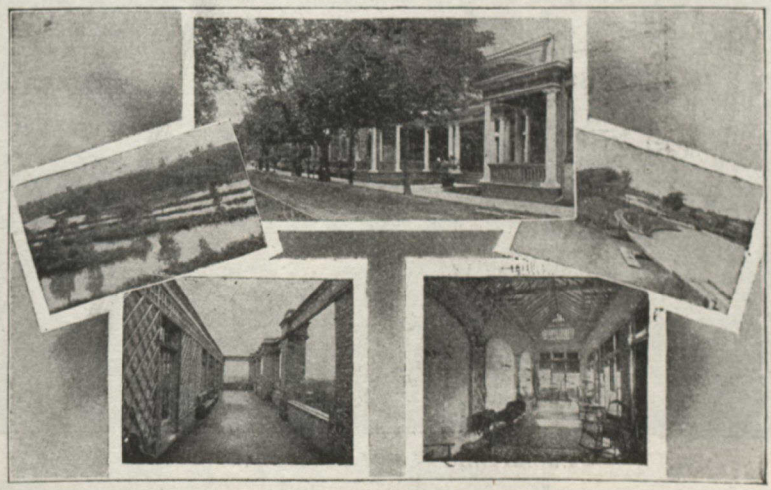
For Rheumatism and kindred diseases and for all forms of Nervous Trouble.



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Avoid the expense of a trip South. Try instead the tonic influence of

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Apply The Welland, St. Catharines, Ont.

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Leaves Montreal 12.00 Noon
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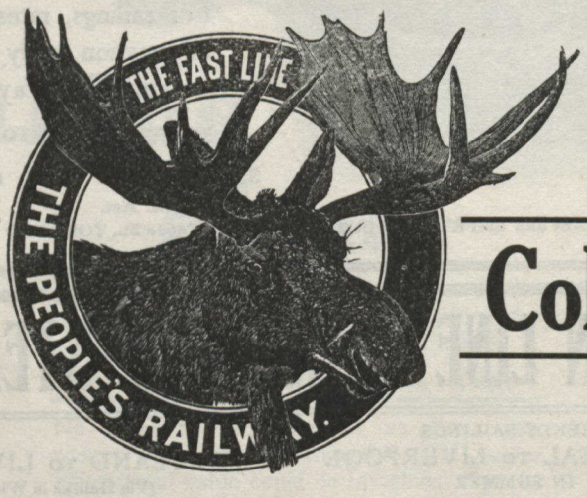

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For Reservations, Tickets, Time-Tables, etc., apply to

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Artists!

Beware of cheap color if yon want a lasting, durable picture. Your time is valuable. Use it only with standard colors for Canvas and Paper.

Winsor & Newton's Oil and Water Colors are the only standard and they are cheaper than cheap colors because they go farther and are more beautiful.

A. Ramsay & Son Co., Montreal

Wholesale Agents for Winsor & Newton's Colors

IF I WERE A QUEEN

I would eat gelatine,
And I'd order it home
by the car lot,
By the Cross of St.
George,
But I'd stuff and I'd gorge
Of the kind that they sell

"LADY CHARLOTTE"

THE FULL LUXURY OF THE BATH

is only attained when it is perfumed with

The Genuine

Murray & Lanman's FLORIDA WATER

Used in the bath it is delightfully cooling and invigorating, and the relief it affords from the depressing heat of Summer is truly remarkable.

BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES!

Recreation is essential to every Professional and Business man.

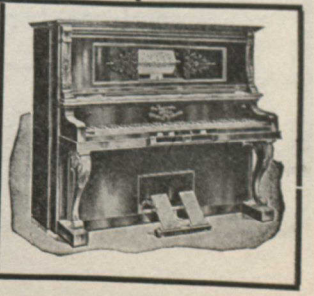
Few things will divert the mind from daily cares more quickly than Music.

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

The Autonola

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

Send for free Booklet C to the makers.



The BELL PIANO & ORGAN CO., LIMITED GUELPH, ONT.

TORONTO LONDON, ENG. OTTAWA

OGILVIE'S

ROYAL HOUSEHOLD FLOUR

OGILVIE'S ROYAL HOUSEHOLD

Twenty-five years ago it was difficult to sell spring wheat flour for pastry at any price.

People didn't want it—they were using soft, winter wheat flour, and saw no reason for changing.

But hard wheat flour was persistently pushed and prejudice has been overcome. The women tried it, succeeded with it and appreciated it.—To-day hard wheat flour is the favorite for pastry as well as for bread.

The flour that is doing the most for the reputation of hard wheat flour is the brand known as

Ogilvie's Royal Household

Is This Fair?

Certain Proof Will Be Made That Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets Cure Stomach Trouble

THIS EXPERIMENT FREE.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are made to give to the system, through the digestive tract and the stomach, the necessary chemicals not only to digest food, but to enrich the fluids of the body so that it may no longer suffer from dyspepsia or other stomach trouble.

We will send you a quantity of these tablets free, so that their power to cure may be proven to you.

Thousands upon thousands of people are using these tablets for the aid and cure of every known stomach disease. Know what you put into your stomach, and use discretion in doing so.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets contain fruit and vegetable essences, the pure concentrated tincture of Hydrastis, Golden Seal, which tone up and strengthen the mucous lining of the stomach, and increase the flow of gastric and other digestive juices; Lactose (extracted from milk), Nux, to strengthen the nerves controlling the action of the stomach and to cure nervous dyspepsia; pure Ascetic Pepsin of the highest digestive power and approved by the United States Pharmacopœia.

One of the ablest professors of the University of Michigan recently stated that this Pepsin was the only aceptic pepsin he had found that was absolutely pure—free from all animal impurities; Bismuth, to absorb gases and prevent fermentation. They are deliciously flavoured with concentrated Jamaica Ginger—in itself a well known stomach tonic.

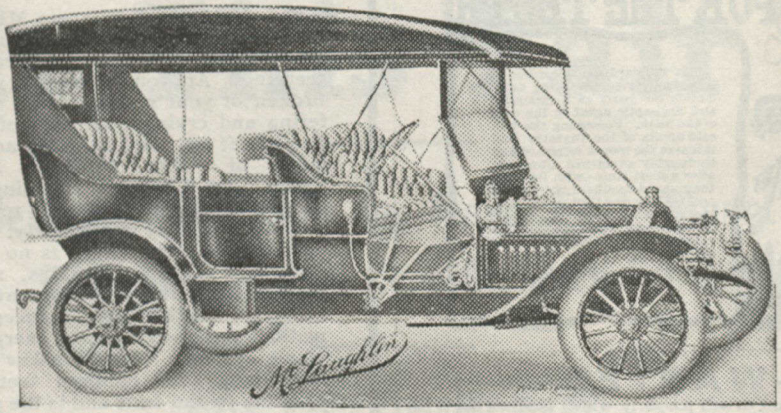
Liquid medicines lose their strength the longer they are kept, through evaporation, fermentation and chemical changes, hence Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are recognised as the only true and logical manner of preserving the ingredients given above in their fullest strength.

If you really doubt the power of these tablets, take this advertisement to a druggist and ask his opinion of the formula.

It is due your stomach to give it the ingredients necessary to stop its trouble. It costs nothing to try. You know what you are taking, and the fame of these tablets prove their value. All druggists sell them. Price, 50 cents. Send us your name and address and we will send you a trial package by mail free. Address F. A. Stuart Company, 150 Stuart Building, Marshall, Mich.

McLaughlin-Buick Automobiles

The handsomest and most efficient Touring Car on the market for 1909

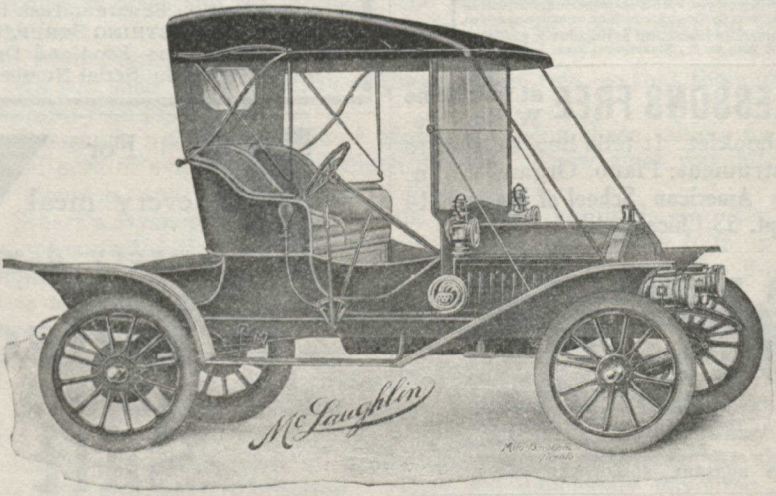


In justice to yourself you cannot afford to purchase a Car until you have thoroughly examined our line.

Model 7—50 Horse Power Seven Passenger Touring Car, $3,000
(Top and wind shield extra)

Simple
Swift
Silent

Book of Testimonials on application.



One of our most popular models.

If interested send for Catalogue.

Model 10—18-22 Horse Power Runabout, $1,100
(Top and wind shield extra)

We quote as follows from one of many satisfied owners of McLaughlin-Buick Automobiles:

KINGSTON, ONT., Nov. 21st, 1908

MESSRS. MCLAUGHLIN MOTOR CAR CO., LIMITED, Oshawa, Ont.,

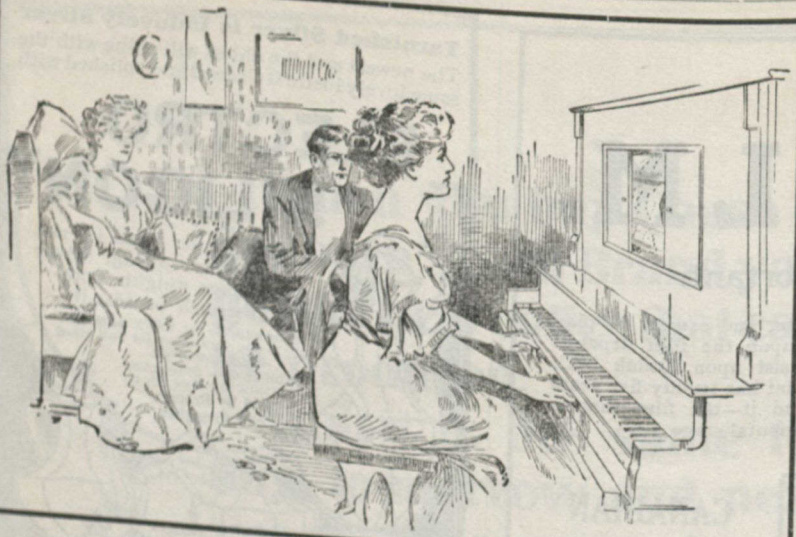
Dear Sirs,—For efficient service, durability, and for low cost of maintenance, your Model 10 cannot be beaten. I am obliged to admit that your predictions regarding this car have been more than fulfilled. This is my fourth automobile, and I think I can safely say that the **Model 10 is as near perfection** for runabout purposes as any car in America at the same cost. It has already covered over 4,000 miles, and it is in practically as good condition to-day as when I purchased it. My repair bill has been less than $5.00 for the entire season, and the running expenses of the car much less than I expected.

Yours truly, (Signed) W. J. FAIR.

McLaughlin Carriage Co., Limited, Oshawa, Ont.

Branches: St. John, N.B., Montreal, Que., Toronto, Ont., Hamilton, Ont., Winnipeg, Man., and Calgary, Alta.

TORONTO ADDRESS: 111 King Street East; after April 1st, Corner Church and Richmond Streets.



Are You a lover of music?
Undoubtedly.

Are Your musical longings unsatisfied?
Most probably.

Then, you should acquaint yourself with the infinite possibi ities of

The Gourlay-Angelus

The Piano *anyone* can play *Artististically*

THIS wonderful instrument is rapidly changing the musical conditions outlined above. In it will be found the complete and *immediate* gratification of all musical desires.

Technique—the one stumbling block in the way of universal ability to play—is at ouce supplied, complete and perfect, by the Gourlay-Angelus.

Musical expression is under the absolute control of the performer. The voicing of one's own ideals of interpretation is therefore simple and easy. This is made possible by the Phrasing Lever, the Melodant, the Melody Buttons, the Diaphragm Pneumatics.

The Angelus is the only Piano Player possessing these vital features. The Gourlay-Angelus is the *only* piano containing the genuine Angelus Player.

You can now have this wonderful instrument on very easy terms or we will make you a liberal allowance on your present piano and take it in exchange. But whether or not you are ready to purchase you should make it a point to hear this instrument at your first opportunity. Come in to-day and play it yourself. No obligation.

GOURLAY, WINTER & LEEMING,

188 Yonge Street, Toronto

Two Million Dollars *for a* Bakery

That's a big price to pay for a bakery—you could build one for a few hundred—but you couldn't bake eight million Shredded Wheat Biscuits in it every week, and they wouldn't be so pure, clean and wholesome as the biscuits that are baked in our two million dollar sunlit bakery.

SHREDDED WHEAT on a cold day gives natural warmth in a natural way. Contains more nutriment than meat or eggs, is more easily digested and costs much less. Not a mushy porridge, but a breakfast biscuit, crisp, nourishing and appetizing.

Shredded Wheat is made in two forms, BREAKFAST BISCUIT and TRISCUIT TOAST. For breakfast, heat the Biscuit in oven to restore crispness and pour hot milk over it, adding a little cream and salt to suit the taste. It is also delicious in combination with grape fruit or other fresh or preserved fruits. Shredded Wheat is the whole wheat steam-cooked, shredded and twice baked, and is made in the cleanest, most hygienic food factory in the world. Our new illustrated cook book is sent free for the asking.

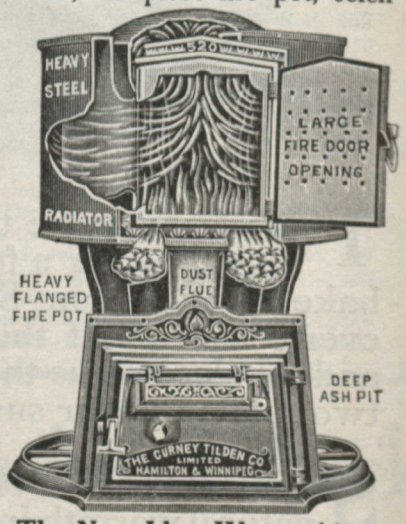
THE ONLY "BREAKFAST FOOD" MADE IN BISCUIT FORM.

THE CANADIAN SHREDDED WHEAT CO., LIMITED, NIAGARA FALLS, ONT.
Toronto Office: 49 Wellington Street East.

1402

Repairs and After Cost

PROBABLY the largest item of repair expense in maintaining a furnace is the matter of firepot repairs. Every few years the firepot in an ordinary furnace is liable to burn out, and in a large percentage of cases it does burn out. Not so with the New Idea—It is a solid, substantial, one-piece fire pot, scientifically made with heavy flanges that strengthen the pot and increase radiation. Actual tests of various types of firepots years ago convinced us that this was an exceptionally durable construction, and experience has shown that we were right.



The New Idea Warm Air Furnace

During the past twelve years we have made and sold thousands of New Idea Furnaces and the average number of firepots repaired or replaced during that time has been less than two per year, and where we have investigated the reason for even these being required, we have invariably found very bad misuse or abuse in some form or another.

We have always claimed and the above **actual facts prove** that the New Idea has the **longest lasting firepot** made. Do not be misled by flowery talks and pretty pictures circulated by the makers of cheap furnaces; endeavor to get the actual records and you will find it hard to discover another firepot that will show a record that the makers would publish.

And that isn't all—**The rest of the New Idea is equally good and durable.**

MADE IN TWO STYLES AND SIX SIZES,
EACH WITH OR WITHOUT WATER HEATER

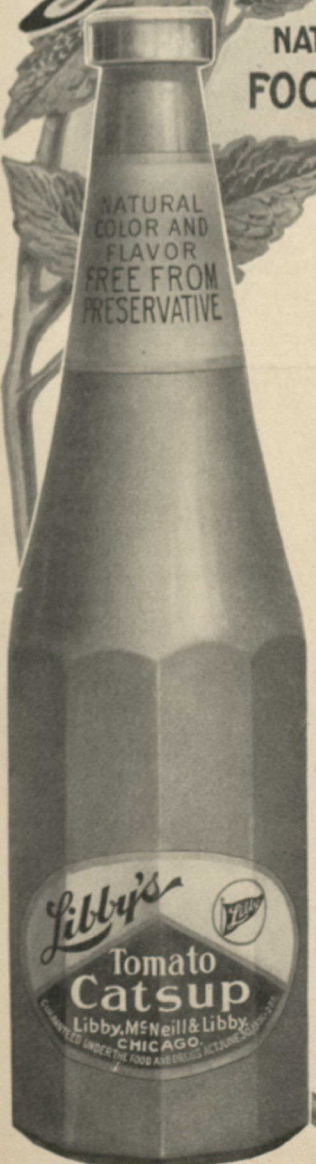
The Gurney, Tilden Co., Ltd.

Montreal Hamilton Vancouver

Western Branch: Tilden, Gurney & Co., Limited, Winnipeg

Libby's

NATURAL FLAVOR
FOOD PRODUCTS



Why you should buy Libby's Catsup

Because:—It has the proper spicy appetizing flavor—not too sweet—not too tart—just right.

Because:—This flavor never varies from bottle to bottle.

Because:—In making Libby's Catsup nothing is used but the most luscious tomatoes, granulated sugar, the best vinegar and pure spices.

Because:—In Libby's white enameled kitchen absolute cleanliness prevails everywhere, and purity is guaranteed by Libby.

Ask your grocer for—

Libby's Chili Sauce — **Libby's Olives**
Libby's Mixed Pickles — **Libby's Chow Chow**
Libby's Imported Olive Oil — **Libby's Salad Dressing**
Libby's Preserves, Jellies, Jams and Fruit Butters

You can always rely on the goodness of Libby's Natural Flavor food products. It is wise to keep a supply in the house.

Send for a copy of "Good Things to Eat," our 84-page book, giving many delicious recipes.

Libby, McNeill & Libby
Chicago

Libby's Food Products comply with all Food Laws.