

THE  
CANADIAN  
MAGAZINE

Vol. 27 No. 3

JULY  
1906

The Alps  
*Illustrated*

The Rockies  
*Illustrated*

New Zealand  
*Illustrated*

Current Events at Home  
and Abroad

25 Cents

ONTARIO PUBLISHING CO. LIMITED  
TORONTO ✕ ✕ ✕ CANADA

You cannot possibly have  
a better Cocoa than

# Epps's Cocoa

An admirable food of the  
Finest Quality and Flavour.

# Epps's Cocoa

You will find it the  
very Cocoa you want.



## St. Denis Hotel

Broadway and Eleventh Street  
NEW YORK

European Plan — Convenient Location

WILLIAM TAYLOR & SON

The Convenient Location, Tasteful Appointment, Reasonable Charges, Courteous Attendance, and Cuisine of Exceptional Excellence are Characteristic of this Hotel, and have secured and Retained for it a patronage of the Highest Order.

NATURAL

# ENO'S

HEALTH-GIVING

# FRUIT

REFRESHING

# SALT

INVIGORATING



## GOOD BAKING

Every housewife in Canada is interested in making good cake, biscuit, etc., — and why not?

Pure food is the foundation of good health.

## Magic Baking Powder

MAKES PURE FOOD.



Use only food products that are produced  
in clean factories.



## A GREAT DISCOVERY

Every new user of Pears' Soap makes the discovery that no other soap can be found so delightful and effective to use and that PEARS' is *matchless for the complexion*

OF ALL SCENTED SOAPS PEARS' OTTO OF ROSE IS THE BEST.  
"All rights secured."

# THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOLUME XXVII.

No. 3

CONTENTS, JULY, 1906

Alpine Climbing . . . . .	FRONTISPIECE
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH	
Climbing the Chamonix Aiguilles . . . . .	GEORGE D. ABRAHAM . . . . . 195
WITH SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHS	
A Canadian Olympionikos, Poem . . . . .	A KENNEDY MANN . . . . . 203
WITH PHOTOGRAPH OF SHERRING AND DRAWING	
Loma and Insa, Story . . . . .	DONALD A. FRASER . . . . . 206
Golden Day, Poem . . . . .	H. REMBE . . . . . 207
Canadian Celebrities . . . . .	STUART CALAIS. . . . . 208
NO. 70—PROFESSOR GEORGE M. WRONG	
The Depot-Giants, Story . . . . .	WALTER CORNISH . . . . . 210
The Hours of the Ox, Story . . . . .	J. GORDON SMITH . . . . . 215
ILLUSTRATED BY LEWIS GRANT	
A Nova Scotia Cock Fight, Sketch . . . . .	A. F. THOMSON . . . . . 219
Fascination of the Uttermost South . . . . .	C. REGINALD FORD . . . . . 221
A Fisherwoman in the Rockies . . . . .	JULIA W. HENSHAW . . . . . 226
PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR	
In the Geyser-Land . . . . .	BEATRICE GRIMSHAW . . . . . 232
WITH SPECIAL ILLUSTRATIONS	
A Toast, Poem . . . . .	A. J. McDOUGALL . . . . . 241
The Lost Earl of Ellan, Story . . . . .	MRS. CAMPBELL PRAED . . . . . 242
When the Dominion was Young . . . . .	J. E. B. McCREADY . . . . . 252
THIRD OF SIX HISTORICAL SKETCHES	
Wistful, Poem . . . . .	MURIEL A. ARMSTRONG . . . . . 255
Governor Lawrence and the Acadians . . . . .	JUDGE A. W. SAVARY . . . . . 256
A Montmorency Adventure, Story . . . . .	GEORGE STEWART . . . . . 259
Current Events Abroad . . . . .	JOHN A. EWAN . . . . . 266
Woman's Sphere . . . . .	JEAN GRAHAM . . . . . 270
People and Affairs . . . . .	JOHN A. COOPER . . . . . 275
About New Books . . . . .	. . . . . 279
Idle Moments . . . . .	. . . . . 283
Oddities and Curiosities . . . . .	. . . . . 285
Canada for the Canadians . . . . .	. . . . . 287

\$2.50 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE. SINGLE COPIES, 25 CENTS.

Letters containing subscriptions should be registered and should be addressed to THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE, 15 Wellington Street East, Toronto. European Office: 173 Fleet Street, London, E.C.

Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada, in the year one thousand nine hundred and six, by the Ontario Publishing Co. (Limited), at the Department of Agriculture. All rights reserved.

RESOLVED  
 THAT I NEVER ENJOYED  
 MYSELF SO MUCH IN ALL MY  
 LIFE AS WHEN I WAS IN  
 THE HOTEL CECIL.  
 I WAS NEVER SO HAPPY  
 AND COMFORTABLE.  
 IT IS WORTH COMING TO  
 ENGLAND TO STOP IN  
 THE CECIL  
 BUSTER BROWN



*To Mr. Karl Sailer  
 with many thanks for his kindness  
 R. F. Outeville*

AGENTS FOR  
 LEA & PERRINS'

WORCESTERSHIRE  
 SAUCE

# CROSSE & BLACKWELL'S

LIMITED



BY SPECIAL WARRANT PURVEYORS TO THE KING AND  
 EMPEROR OF INDIA

## CELEBRATED OILMAN'S STORES

IT HAS NO EQUAL  
**FOR KEEPING**  
 THE SKIN  
 SOFT,  
 SMOOTH,  
**AND WHITE.**

"The Queen of Toilet Preparations"

BEETHAM'S  
*Regd*  
**Sarola**

SOOTHING AND REFRESHING.

Sole Makers:

**M. BEETHAM & SON, Cheltenham, England.**

It entirely Removes and  
 Prevents all

**ROUGHNESS,  
 REDNESS,  
 IRRITATION,  
 CHAPS, Etc.**

INVALUABLE  
 for Preserving  
 THE SKIN  
 AND COMPLEXION  
 from the effects of  
 the SUN, WINDS  
 and HARD WATER.

AT ALL SEASONS

ASK YOUR CHEMIST FOR IT, AND ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTE.

# Midsummer Number

---

THE August CANADIAN MAGAZINE will be suited to the midsummer season—filled with light, breezy and attractive material. For one month, encyclopædic and philosophical articles are barred.

*The Centenary of Juarez* is a page of romance from Mexican history. Juarez has a claim to be regarded as the greatest American (not United Stateser) of the nineteenth century.

*La Chasse-Galerie*, by M. B. Parent, describes one of the peculiar religious legends of the Province of Quebec, explaining how people travel long distances in the air.

*A Coon Hunt*, by F. J. Blanchard, will draw gentle smiles over the faces of those who have ever had similar experiences.

*The Women of Spanish-America*, by G. M. L. Brown, gives a bright description of the women in the seventeen Spanish-speaking republics of the New World. This article will be profusely illustrated.

*Coals of Fire*, a story of Cacouna, by the late Kate Westlake Yeigh, author of "A Specimen Spinster." A somewhat humorous love-story.

*The Exhibition Habit*, by Norman Patterson, with special pen-and-ink sketches by Fergus Kyle, printed with tint effect. This will be one of the features of the issue.

*Uncle Basker's Heirs*, a story by Theodore Roberts, with illustrations by John Hamm. The scenes are laid in Newfoundland; in fact, it is a fishing story.

*The Treasure of Ternoise*, by S. Frances Harrison, author of "The Forest of Bourg Marie," is a Normandy tale of high quality. Short stories from Mrs. Harrison's pen are rare and this one should be welcomed by the large body of Canadians who have felt the charm which lies in both her prose and her poetry.

*Bridging the St. Lawrence* is an article which will commence with the Victoria Tubular Bridge and will give the history of these interesting bridges. Of course, none of them has meant so much to Canada as the first, which was undertaken and completed seven years before Confederation.

---

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE  
TORONTO, CANADA

TO ANY ADDRESS IN GREAT BRITAIN, IRELAND AND MOST OF THE COLONIES THE  
SUBSCRIPTION PRICE IS TWO DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS A YEAR POSTPAID

# GRAND HOTEL, LONDON



Overlooking Trafalgar Square, the finest position in London. Well known to many Canadians for comfort and excellent management. Close to Royal Palaces, Westminster Abbey, Houses of Parliament, and fashionable centres. Orchestra. Luxurious suites of rooms with private bathrooms attached.

Proprietors:

**GORDON HOTELS LIMITED**

For Illustrated Booklet giving full particulars of Tariff, etc., apply to the Ontario Publishing Co., Limited, Toronto, Canada.

## Advice to Tourists

**T**RAVELLERS to Great Britain should take a bank draft on London, which may be cashed at the Hotel office or deposited directly in the bank. The hotel clerk will keep the money in his safe and hand out the money in small quantities as the owner desires. For short visits this is preferable to periodical calls on the bank necessitating a journey. Some travellers prefer a book of express orders, and these seem to be growing in popularity.

It is well to arrange carefully for a cable code and a mail address before leaving home. These little points seem insignificant until a man gets 3,000 miles from home. A hotel is not the best place in the world to have mail addressed to, unless you are stopping there some time. A private address with some private friend is better. The Allan office in Liverpool is very careful, and the High Commissioner's office is also good.

The hotel staff should be consulted by all novices as to cab fares, excursion routes, and any general point in travelling. These men know their business and will give reliable advice. For Continental travel the novice should consult an agency which has branches on the Continent for his first trip. Here passports, baggage, customs, foreign customs and a number of smaller items come into consideration.

The traveller who meets with disappointments and delays is the one who neglects his preparations and is afraid to ask experience for advice. Experience will be found in friends, in professionals, railway officials and in guide-books. Each kind has its uses.



THE BANK OF ENGLAND AND THE ROYAL EXCHANGE  
This is the heart of the ancient "City"

**KINGSLEY HOTEL** (NEAR THE BRITISH MUSEUM)  
HART STREET, BLOOMSBURY SQUARE, LONDON  
**THACKERAY HOTEL** (OPPOSITE THE BRITISH MUSEUM)  
GREAT RUSSELL STREET, LONDON

THESE well-appointed and commodious TEMPERANCE HOTELS will, it is believed, meet the requirements, at moderate charges, of those who desire all the conveniences and advantages of the larger modern Licensed Hotels. These Hotels have Passenger Lifts, Electric Light throughout, Bathrooms on every floor, spacious Dining, Drawing, Writing, Reading, Billiard and Smoking Rooms. Heated throughout.

FIREPROOF FLOORS      PERFECT SANITATION      TELEPHONES      NIGHT PORTERS

**BEDROOMS FROM 2/6 TO 5/6**

Inclusive Charge for Bedroom, Attendance, Table d'Hote, Breakfast and Dinner, from 8/6 to 10/6 per day  
Kingsley Hotel, "Hookcraft, London"      Telegraphic Addresses      Thackeray Hotel, "Thackeray, London."

For Illustrated Booklet, giving full particulars of Tariff, etc., apply to the Ontario Publishing Co., Ltd., Toronto, Canada.

"RETAINED WHEN ALL OTHER FOODS ARE REJECTED"  
LONDON, MED. RECORD.

**BENGER'S**  
FOR INFANTS, CONVALESCENTS AND **FOOD**  
THE AGED.

Benger's Food can be obtained through most wholesale druggists and leading drug stores.





# THE HOTEL RUSSELL

## LONDON, ENGLAND

**E**VERY environment that goes to make the life of the visitor congenial. Ideal location for the tourist visitor. Within easy reach of all the places of amusement, public buildings, in the very centre of the town, close to the leading railway termini and British museums. On high ground, overlooking the well-wooded grounds, verdant lawns, and carefully tended gardens of the historic Russell Square, ensuring composure at night amid quiet surroundings and bracing air. Internally arranged on the American plan, with a magnificent garden in the centre of the house, on which all public compartments converge. This garden during the season is the rendezvous of the Canadian in London and scene of brilliant functions and social gatherings. The bedroom accommodations at the Hotel Russell are luxurious in the extreme, without equal in Europe. Charges, as with the whole group of the renowned Frederick Hotels, are extremely moderate.

Full Information and Tariffs from the Ontario Publishing Co., Limited, 15 Wellington Street E., Toronto.

### OTHER HOTELS OF THE FAMOUS FREDERICK GROUP COMPRISE

**THE HOTEL MAJESTIC AT HARROGATE**—The leading hotel at this the most fashionable of English Spas, annually becoming more popular with the Canadian visitor.

**THE HOTEL BURLINGTON, DOVER**—The finest hotel on the Dover-Calais route to Paris, and commanding a position overlooking the whole sweep of Dover Bay.

**HOTEL GREAT CENTRAL**—London's most magnificent terminus hotel, in conjunction with the Great Central Railway, the direct route to Stratford-on-Avon, the Penna County, Sulgrave Manor, the ancestral home of the Washingtons; Nottingham, the centre of the Dukeries; Manchester, and other great commercial centres of the North.

**THE ROYAL PAVILION HOTEL AT FOLKESTONE**—On the main route from London to Paris, adjoining the harbor landing stage.

**THE HOTEL METROPOLE AT WHITBY**—Well known as the Harrogate "after cure resort" Hotel.

**THE SACKVILLE HOTEL AT BEXHILL**—The most elegant hotel at the daintiest watering place on the South coast.



THE WEST STRAND AND CHARING CROSS STATION (RIGHT)

This is a view looking east towards Fleet Street which is really a continuation of the Strand. The Strand has been considerably widened in recent years. Three centuries ago it was bordered by Palaces. The last one to disappear, Northumberland House, remained until 1874. Somerset House farther east is the only one remaining

J. M. BARRIE

In "My Lady Nicotine," page  
17, says:—

If there is one man in London who knows tobaccos, it is myself. There is only one mixture in London deserving the adjective superb. I will not say where it is to be got, for the result would certainly be that many foolish men would smoke more than ever; but I never knew anything to compare to it. It is *deliciously mild yet full of fragrance, and it never burns the tongue*. If you try it once you smoke it ever afterwards. It clears the brain and soothes the temper. When I went away for a holiday anywhere I took as much of that exquisite health-giving mixture as I thought would last me the whole time, but I always ran out of it. Then I telegraphed to London for more, and was miserable until it arrived. How I tore the lid off the canister. That is a tobacco to live for.

SOLE MANUFACTURERS

CARRERAS, Ltd., LONDON, ENGLAND  
Canadian Depot—232 MCGILL STREET, MONTREAL  
O. A. CLARK, Manager



By jove Barrie is right!  
"CRAVEN" is Arcadia,  
"deliciously mild yet full  
of fragrance and never  
burns the tongue."

# PEACH'S LACE CURTAINS

SEND YOUR ADDRESS for PEACH'S 1906 ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE & BUYER'S GUIDE; it puts you into immediate touch with the world's greatest Lace Centre, and shows you just how to buy direct at factory prices. Saves you dollars and gives you the best.

**DIRECT FROM THE LOOMS.**

LACES, LACE CURTAINS, LINENS, HOSIERY, LADIES' AND GENTS' CLOTHING

## Popular Parcel, \$6.30, Postage Free

Five pairs of Curtains made specially for this parcel. Ecru if desired. Sent separately as follows:

1 pair superb Drawing-room Curtains, 4 yds. long, 2 yds. wide, post free .....	\$2 45
2 pairs handsome Dining-room Curtains, 3½ yds. long, 60 ins. wide, post free .....	2 95
2 pairs choice Bedroom Curtains, 3 yds. long, 43 ins. wide, post free .....	1 70
	<hr/>
	\$7 10

The 5 pairs if sent in one lot, \$6.30, post free, well packed in oilcloth, direct to your address in Canada.

Customers throughout the Empire testify to the value and reliability. Send for our Great Catalogue. Tells you all about LACE CURTAINS, MUSLINS, FURNISHING DRAPERIES, HOUSEHOLD LINENS, HOSIERY, DRESS MATERIALS, BOOTS and SHOES, etc. You will be astonished at our prices and delighted with this handsome book. We put the best materials and workmanship into our goods.

Our 49 years' reputation is our guarantee. Prize Medals, Toronto, 1892; Chicago, 1893. Established 1857.

Price Lists may be obtained from the office of this magazine; apply at once.

**SAML. PEACH & SONS**

The Looms, Box 664, NOTTINGHAM, ENGLAND



Egerton Burnett's  
Royal Sergees



These Old Country Quality Sergees, Tweeds, specially tailored clothes, are solid, honest values at fair prices. Great value, particularly, is our Royal Serge, made in many weights and every color serge can be dyed.

We sell pretty much every fabric made for men's or women's wear, and make to your measure at these prices: Ladies' Costumes from \$6.40; Skirts from \$2.45; Girls' Dresses from \$2.20; Men's Suits from \$8.90; Boys' Suits from \$2.60, etc.

A new idea is the Pic-nic Rug (washable) in gay art colors, 48 x 66 inches, 95c.

May we send you post free samples, measurement forms, and illustrated price list?

**EGERTON BURNETT, Limited**  
R. W. Warehouse, Wollington, Somerset, England

## PICTURE POST CARDS

In sets of 6 cards, beautifully printed in colours.

"North American Indians," 6d.; "Life in the British Navy," in 4 sets, 6d. each; "Sacred Art," 1s.; "World's Composers," 1s.; "Royal Colonels," 6d.; "International Courtship," 6d.; "Children Studies," 6d.; "Flowers," 6d.; "National Art," 6d.; "Motoring," 6d.; "English Actresses," 6d.; "Types of English Beauty," 6d., 1s. and 2s.; "Liners," 6d.; "Battleships," 6d.

## STANDARD ATHLETIC BOOKS

"Strength, and How to Obtain It," with two Charts for Men, Women and Children. Contains "How to Exercise," "Exercises for Women," 2s. 6d.

"Body Building; or, Man in the Making," including six sets of exercises for Indigestion, Developing the Arms and Shoulders, Development of the Chest, Constipation, etc., 1s. **Both by SANDOW.**

"Quickness, and How to Increase It," being an aid to the acquirement of agility, 1s.; and "Breathing for Health, Athletics and Braintwork," 1s. **By EUSTACE MILES, M.A. (Five years Tennis Champion.)**

**Military Text Books and Manuals,** revised to date on almost every subject, kept in stock; from 6d. to 10s. 6d.

**Toronto, Canada:—SMITH & TODD, 21 Richmond St. W., or  
London, England:—GALE & POLDEN, Ltd., 2 Amen Corner,  
Paternoster Row, E.C.**



LONDON—PICCADILLY CIRCUS

Where four or more streets meet in the busy portion of the city, the corners are pushed back and the space thus gained is called a "circus"

EE  EE

# Steedman's

SOOTHING

## Powders

Relieve FEVERISH HEAT.  
Prevent FITS, CONVULSIONS, etc.  
Preserve a healthy state of the constitution  
during the period of

### TEETHING.

Please observe the EE in STEEDMAN.

EE **WALWORTH,** EE  
SURREY,  
ENGLAND. EE

## THE CANADIAN GAZETTE

A Weekly Journal of Information and Comment  
upon Matters of Use and Interest to those  
concerned in Canada, Canadian Emi-  
gration and Canadian Investments

Edited by **THOMAS SKINNER**

Compiler and Editor of "The Stock Exchange  
Year-Book," "The Directory of Directors," &c.

**EVERY THURSDAY PRICE THREEPENCE**

EDITORIAL AND ADVERTISEMENT OFFICES:

**1 ROYAL EXCHANGE BUILDINGS, LONDON**

SUBSCRIPTIONS—For Canada and the Con-  
tinent, the charge, including postage, is 4d. per  
Copy, 4s. 6d. for Three Months, 9s. for Six  
Months, and 18s. for Twelve Months.

# ST. ERMINS HOTEL

ST. JAMES' PARK, LONDON, S.W.

SOCIAL HEADQUARTERS OF THE MOTOR UNION

Single  
Bedrooms  
from 5/-  
Double  
from 8/-  
Large and small  
Suites with  
Private Baths.



Breakfast 3/-  
Luncheon 3/-  
Dinner 4/-

Inclusive terms  
on application.

Situated in a quiet position between Charing Cross and Victoria Stations and a few minutes' walk of Westminster Abbey and the Houses of Parliament.      Telegrams:—"Erminites, London"

## IF YOU ARE REQUIRING CLOTHES

You should order them from London and thereby obtain  
THE BEST QUALITY AT THE MOST MODERATE PRICES.

## JOHN J. M. BULT

Frock and Dress Coat Specialist,  
Has one of the Largest Assortments in London of  
TWEEDS, CHEVIOTS, FLANNELS,  
SERGES, OVERCOATINGS

and will be glad if you will Write for Patterns and Self-measurement Forms.

### SOME SPECIALTIES

Frock Coat and Vest from - \$15.35  
Dress Suit (Silk Lined) - - 20.50  
Lounge Suit - - - 12.15  
Norfolk and Knickers - - 14.60

A Register is kept of all Customers' Measures.

140 FENCHURCH STREET  
LONDON, ENGLAND  
CASH TAILOR

## TO COLOUR TRY ALEXANDRE'S GREY HAIR SHADEINE

LONDON MADE

Trial Bottle  
12½c.



Trade Mark,  
Copyright

SHADEINE colors grey or faded hair BLONDE, LIGHT or DARK BROWN, BLACK, AUBURN and GOLDEN. Contains no lead, silver, mercury or sulphur. Absolutely harmless. Guaranteed not to burn or produce an unnatural tint; is permanent, washable and free from grease. Medical certificate enclosed. Large bottle, 85c. Trial bottle, 12½c. Of all chemists, and Messrs. T. EATON CO., Limited, Yonge St., Toronto. L. ALEXANDRE, 58 Westbourne Grove, London W., England.

## The G. W. W. Lantern Slides

have been declared by the greatest Lantern Expert in the country to be

"THE BEST IN THIS WORLD."

There is nothing like them in the market either for quality or the extent of the series, which contains many thousand views of England, Scotland, Ireland and the Continent. Lists free on application to the sole makers

## WILSON BROS.

LOCH HEAD HOUSE, ABERDEEN, SCOTLAND.



ST. PAUL'S, AS SEEN FROM THE SOUTH SIDE OF THE RIVER

Note the freight scows which are much used for transporting merchandise up and down the river, from and to the docks which are to the east



Home Comforts, Cleanliness  
and Quiet

## WILD'S FIRST CLASS TEMPERANCE HOTELS

30-40 LUDGATE HILL, LONDON, ENG.

CENTRALLY SITUATED FOR CITY  
AND WEST END TRAINS

ALSO AT 70 & 71 EUSTON SQUARE

CLOSE TO EUSTON, MIDLAND, AND  
G.N.R. STATIONS

# SULPHOLINE LOTION

The Famous Skin Fluid  
English.....

ERUPTIONS, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES  
Disappear in a few Days

There is scarcely any eruption but will yield to SULPHOLINE in a few days, and commence to fade away. Ordinary Pimples, Redness, Blotches, Scurf, Roughness, vanish as if by magic, whilst old, enduring Skin Disorders, however deeply rooted, SULPHOLINE successfully attacks. It destroys the animalculæ which mostly causes these unsightly, irritable, painful affections, and produces a clear, smooth, supple, healthy skin. Bottles of SULPHOLINE sold everywhere in Canada.

Wholesale Agents, **LYMAN BROS., Toronto**

GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY

# BLAIR'S GOUT PILLS

The late Sir Samuel Baker said: Blair's Pills have rendered me immense service."

Mr. R. McClelland, Queensland, writes: "Once people try your Pills they will take no other medicine for Rheumatism. I consider they are worth a pound a box."

LYMAN, SONS & Co., Montreal and Toronto.  
All Druggists and Stores, 40c. and \$1.00 a box.

# PICTURE POST CARDS

**PLAIN OR COLOURED, from Customers' Photographs.**

Printed by recently improved processes  
in moderate quantities  
at reasonable prices  
with promptitude

Post Cards printed by us get the benefit of Rebate of Duty in Canada.  
Samples and full particulars on receipt of business card.

**G. W. WILSON & CO.**

2 ST. SWITHIN STREET, ABERDEEN, SCOTLAND.

**Next-of-Kin and Heirs Wanted**  
*A FORTUNE MAY AWAIT YOU.*

**UNCLAIMED MONEY.**

**£100,000,000** IN CHANCERY  
AND ELSEWHERE

Every man and woman should buy DOUGAL'S Complete Index Register to Next-of-Kin, &c., containing nearly 500 pages, which gives valuable information regarding Money in Chancery and elsewhere. Price 73 Cents, Post Free.

F. H. DOUGAL & CO. undertake Searches and Enquiries of any description in all parts of the World. No Agents.

**F. H. DOUGAL & CO.,** Law Agents. Established 1844  
453 Strand, London, Eng. *Over 60 Years' Reputation.*

Mention this magazine.

# BRAND'S ESSENCE OF BEEF FOR INVALIDS

INVALUABLE IN ALL CASES OF  
EXHAUSTION AND ENFEEBLED  
DIGESTION

Recommended by the Medical  
Profession Throughout the World.

**Agent, H. HUBBARD**

27 COMMON ST., MONTREAL, P.Q.

# TO MOTHERS

Children Teething have all their  
troubles relieved by taking the  
Celebrated

# DOCTOR STEDMAN'S

# TEETHING POWDERS

BE SURE  AND SEE

Absolutely Free from Morphia  
or Opium, hence

# SAFEST AND BEST

OF ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES

125 NEW NORTH ROAD, LONDON, ENGLAND

# Oakey's

SILVERSMITHS' SOAP

For Cleaning Plate

# Oakey's

EMERY CLOTH

Glass Paper, Flint Paper

# Oakey's

"WELLINGTON" KNIFE POLISH

Best for Cleaning and Polishing Cutlery

# Oakey's

"WELLINGTON" BLACK LEAD

Best for Stoves, etc.

OAKEY'S GOODS SOLD EVERYWHERE.

Wellington Mills, London, Eng., S.E.

REPRESENTATIVE IN CANADA

**JOHN FORMAN,**

644 Craig Street,

MONTREAL.

\* \* \* \* \*

## FREE TO PICTURE LOVERS



"WEDDED"  
From the painting by  
Lord Leighton, P.R.A.

Illustrated Fine  
Art Catalogue  
of Engravings,  
Photogravures,  
Etchings, &c.  
(published at 21s.  
each and up-  
wards, and UN-  
OBTAINABLE  
ELSEWHERE,  
now offered from  
2s. 6d. each), sent  
post free on  
application to  
any part of the  
world on receipt  
of request men-  
tioning *Can-  
adian Magazine*.

Address The Secretary:

**OXFORD FINE ART GALLERIES**  
Artistic Photographic Co., Ltd.  
90 and 92 OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W. Est. 1880

A happy, healthy  
child has a natural  
appetite for sweets.  
Be sure the sweets are  
pure and wholesome.  
A favourite sweet of  
the merry children of  
merry England is

**Callard & Bowser's  
Butter-Scotch.**

The "Lancet" says:—  
"Really wholesome  
confectionery."

TRADE  
  
W. ARK.

MANUFACTORY, LONDON,

# The Boy's Own Paper The Girl's Own Paper

These two splendid monthlies are of the highest standard of juvenile magazine literature. They appeal chiefly to the young people of school age. The best writers of boys' and girls' stories contribute to their pages and every issue is beautifully illustrated. They are full of good stories of school and home-life, adventure, travel, besides containing articles of a useful character—the kind in which boys and girls delight. Subscribe now. New volume begins in November.

**Price for each, ten cents per copy, \$1.20 per year.**

**Warwick Bros. & Rutter, Limited**  
CANADIAN PUBLISHERS, ————— TORONTO



CANADIAN COPYRIGHT EDITION

# KID MCGHIE

By S. R. CROCKETT

Author of "The Cherry Ribband," "The Lilac Sunbonnet," etc.

This is the story of the evolution of the boy, Kid McGhie, from the lowest stratum of sinful, degraded slum life to an honest, Christian manhood. It is written in S. R. Crockett's popular style. In the United States this book is published under the title "Fishers of Men."

Cloth only, \$1.25

A New Canadian Novel

## ON COMMON GROUND

By SYDNEY H. PRESTON

Author of "The Abandoned Farmer."

"ON COMMON GROUND" shows the humor and charm of Sydney H. Preston's earlier works, but his new book contains a longer story, and it is marked by a prominent love interest. It centres about a gentle bachelor, who, in the pursuit of happiness, retires to a small farm where he raises chickens and obtains his heart's desire in an unforeseen way. The book is decidedly humorous.

Cloth only, \$1.25

Guy Thorne's latest Book

## MADE IN HIS IMAGE

Other books by this Author are

"When It Was Dark," and "A Lost Cause."

"MADE IN HIS IMAGE," Guy Thorne's new book, deals with the struggles of two Oxford graduates for the amelioration of the human race. Hazel believes in the incarnation and sees everything in the light of it, while Bosanquet is the high-minded sceptic. The strong dramatic scenes make the book a vivid and engrossing one.

Cloth only, \$1.25.

## The Voyage of the Arrow

By T. JENKINS HAINS

Author of "The Black Barque."

This is another of T. Jenkins Hains' inimitable sea stories, in which piracy, storm and shipwreck are cleverly intermingled with vivid and picturesque descriptions of life at sea.

Paper, 75c.; Cloth, \$1.25.

## HENRY NORTHCOTE

By J. C. SNAITH

Author of "Broke of Covenden."

Like "Broke of Covenden," "Henry Northcote" is replete with novel situations which make it decidedly interesting and amusing.

Paper, 75c.; Cloth, \$1.25.

A Charming Novel

## LOVEDAY

By MRS. L. T. MEADE

Loveday is a character finely conceived and firmly drawn, with all the light and shade that fascinate the interest and hold the imagination in thrall. The story of Loveday and her husband Alan, who come through sorrow into joy, from a land of clouds into one of sunshine, is such as to add very justly to Mrs. Meade's fame. Colored frontispiece by Mr. Horrell.

Cloth only, \$1.25.

## A Diplomatic Adventure

By DR. S. WEIR MITCHELL

An interesting story of adventure, where tragedy hovers around an amusing tale of comic nature. There is in its pages what is rare, now-a-days, material to provoke a good, honest laugh.

Frontispiece by Relyea. Cloth only, \$1.00.

---

# THE COPP, CLARK COMPANY, Limited

---

 PUBLISHERS, TORONTO
 

---

# Canadian Life and Resources

THE CANADIAN NATIONAL MAGAZINE

Shows month by month a picture of the life of the Canadian people as well as the boundless resources of our country.



**We are willing to send you a  
3 months sub- 10 Cents  
scription for -**

We make this special offer for a limited time, because we are sanguine that when once this beautiful magazine has been read by you such an interest will be aroused that you will become a regular subscriber. If at the end of three months you do not wish to continue, just say so by sending us a postal asking us to discontinue. If you do like it and want to receive it every month send 75c for the remaining nine months of the year.

N.B.—The covers alone are worth a dollar. During the past five months a large half-tone reproduction of one of the famous paintings by Paul Wickson representing striking scenes in Western life, has been given on the cover. There are still four pictures in this series which will appear during the next few months. We will send the back numbers of 1906 for ten cents per copy.

**Resources Publishing Co., Ltd.  
Board of Trade Building, MONTREAL**

**SOME SPECIAL FEATURES.**

**The Story of the Month**—A short and pithy record on the first page of the principal events of the past month.

An illustrated article showing one of the **many varied resources** of the Dominion.

Short articles **About People** and **About Places** of general interest to Canadians and those interested in Canada.

**The Trend of the Market**—A diagram page giving the fluctuations of the stocks and shares of the leading Canadian companies month by month.

**Financial Review**—This powerful feature wherein the balance sheets of the great Canadian companies have been impartially discussed is carried on by the able writer who has made this feature of **CANADIAN LIFE AND RESOURCES** widely read in commercial and financial circles.

**The Books of the Month**—Short, popular reviews of the leading Canadian publications, with illustrations.

A series of brief, brightly written articles upon the history of the country, a page headed **Beautiful Canada**, in which the beautiful (1) homes, (2) public buildings, (3) parks, (4) statues etc., are shown, thus giving the world an idea of the wealth, comfort and artistic ability of Canada.

A page devoted to **Travel, Sports and Games**.

A series of **Short Stories** by leading Canadian writers.

**Our Point of View** in which the editor expresses these independent observations on current Canadian events which are one of the most prominent features in this national magazine.

**CUT OUT AND MAIL**  
Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_

I enclose 10c in acceptance of your offer for a Three Months subscription, after which time I will either send you 75c for the remaining nine months or write you to stop the magazine. Stamps accepted.

**THE  
Bishop Strachan School**

(WYKEHAM HALL)

**College Street, Toronto**

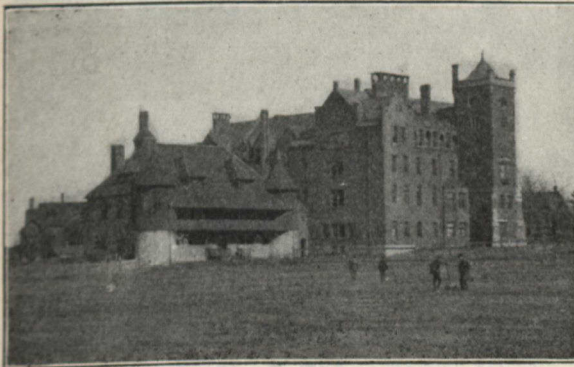
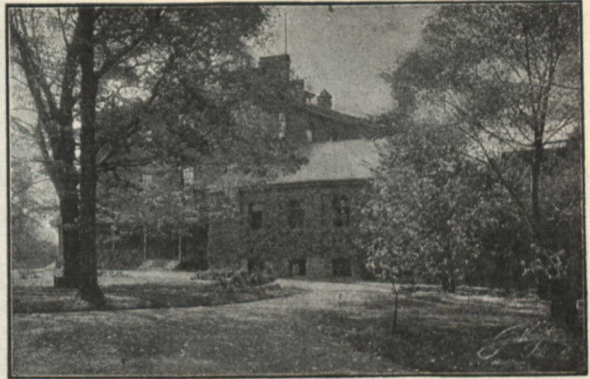
THIRTY-NINTH YEAR

A CHURCH SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

FULL MATRICULATION COURSE  
KINDERGARTEN

For Calendar apply to

**MISS ACRES, Lady Principal.**



**Trinity College  
School**

PORT HOPE, ONTARIO

**Residential School for Boys**

Founded 1865

For Calendar and all particulars apply to

**REV. OSWALD RIGBY**

M.A., (St. John's College, Cambridge), LL.D.

**HEAD MASTER**

**THE  
QUESTION**

With your present knowledge and attainments and with your present prospects for advancement, do you expect a bright, successful and satisfactory future? If you answer YES, all well and good; if you cannot, what of it? Of what value to the world and of what value to themselves are men and women without a future? If you are just starting in life, start right, and a successful future is sure to follow. If you have already started but not in the right route, change to-day. Success in life consists in doing something that everybody cannot do; in learning to do something for which there is a great demand, and in learning to do it unusually well. We have helped thousands on the way to bright and successful futures—we are helping them all the time.

Select your course, cut out this coupon and mail it to us to-day.

Address

**CORRESPONDENCE DEPARTMENT**

**Central Business College, Toronto, Ont.**

Please send me full particulars concerning the course or courses opposite which I have marked X

French	Arithmetic	Bookkeeping and Business Forms
German	Algebra	Stenography
English Literature	Euclid	Elementary English
English Grammar	Trigonometry	Chartered Accountancy
Composition	Physics	Illustrating
History	Chemistry	Commercial Specialists
Geography	Botany	Photography
Latin	Zoology	Business Correspondence
Greek	Advertising	Penmanship

Name ..... Address .....



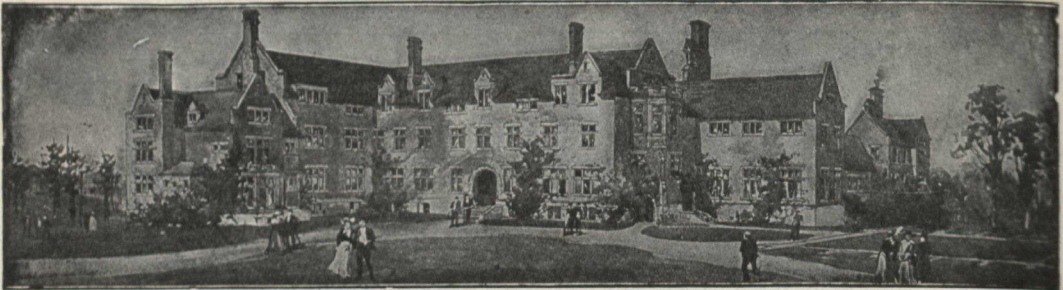
## Toronto Conservatory of Music

FALL TERM OPENS SEPTEMBER 4th

Highest Artistic Standards, Diplomas, Scholarships, Free Advantages

Send for Illustrated Calendar.

EDWARD FISHER, Mus. Doc., Musical Director



UPPER SCHOOL BUILDING

**RIDLEY COLLEGE, ST. CATHARINES, ONT.** Upper School—Boys prepared for the Universities and for business. Lower School—A fine new building, under charge of H. G. Williams, Esq., B.A., Vice-Principal. For Calendar, etc., apply to **REV. J. O. MILLER, M.A., Principal**

## Havergal College

TORONTO

**PRINCIPAL—MISS KNOX**, University of Oxford, first-class Cambridge University Diploma in teaching.

Assisted by three Heads of Departments: House—Miss Edgar, B.A., University of Toronto; Junior House and School—Miss Wood, B.A., London, England; Day School—Miss Jones, L.L.A., St. Andrew's, and by a staff of twenty-two resident Mistresses, mostly graduates of English or Canadian universities, and by thirty visiting teachers and masters.

Pupils are prepared for matriculation of the University of Toronto, for the Havergal Diploma, and for the examinations in music of the Conservatory and the Toronto College

of Music, and in art of "The Royal Drawing Society," London, England.

The College offers exceptional conversational advantages in French under a resident French Mistress, assisted by six resident specialists in modern languages.

Particular attention is given to physical training by two graduates of the Boston Normal School of Physical Culture, who reside in the College, and give individual care to the pupils.

Large grounds adjoin the College and afford ample space for tennis, basket ball, cricket, etc., in summer, and for hockey upon a full-sized rink in winter.

The Junior School has its own staff and is entirely separate from the Upper School. The Curriculum includes, among other subjects, elementary courses in Cookery, Wood Carving, Basket Weaving and Domestic Science.

French is taught in the Kindergarten, and is continued by a graduated course throughout the Junior School.

For information apply to the Bursar.



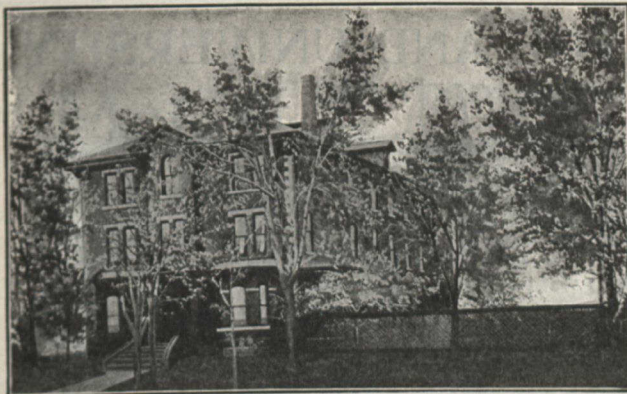
COLLEGE BUILDINGS FROM THE SOUTH

## ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE

Residential and Day School for Boys

TORONTO

◆ Upper and Lower School. Separate Junior Residence. Boys prepared for Universities, Royal Military College and Business. **Rev. D. Bruce Macdonald, M.A., Principal**



# Glen Mawr

651 SPADINA AVENUE, TORONTO

A Residential and Day School for Girls

Thorough in all its departments. Gives careful individual attention, and the best physical, mental, and moral training.

Offers great advantages in Music, Art, and Languages. Native French, and German teachers.

Large staff of experienced residential and visiting Professors and Teachers.

Pupils are prepared for the Universities, and for the Music and Singing Examinations of Toronto University, the Toronto Conservatory of Music, and the Toronto College of Music.

For Prospectus and full information apply to

MISS VEALS,  
Lady Principal.

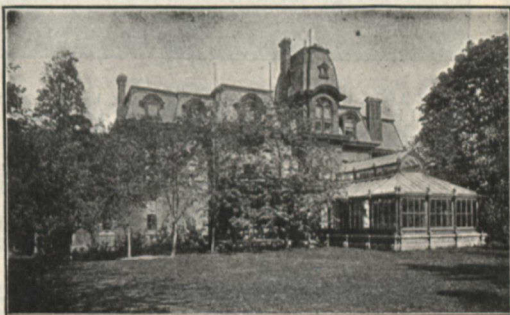
# BRANKSOME HALL

A RESIDENTIAL AND  
DAY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

102 Bloor St. East, Toronto

Under the joint management of MISS SCOTT, formerly principal of Girls' Department of the Provincial Model School, Toronto, and MISS MERRICK, formerly of Kingston.

For Circular, apply to Miss Scott.



# WESTBOURNE SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

340 Bloor Street West  
TORONTO, CAN.

A residential and day school, well appointed, well managed and convenient. Students prepared for University and Departmental Examinations. Specialists in each department. Affiliated with the Toronto Conservatory of Music. Dr. Edward Fisher, Musical Director; F. McGillivray Knowles, R.C.A., Art Director. For announcement and information, address the Principals,

MISS M. CURRETTE, B.A.  
MISS S. E. DALLAS, Mus. Bac.

# BISHOP BETHUNE COLLEGE

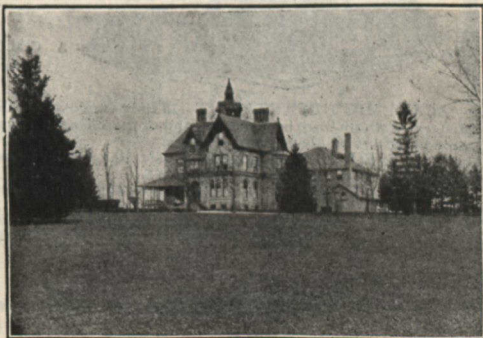
OSHAWA, ONT.

Visitor, the Lord Bishop of Toronto

Preparation for the University      Young Children also Received

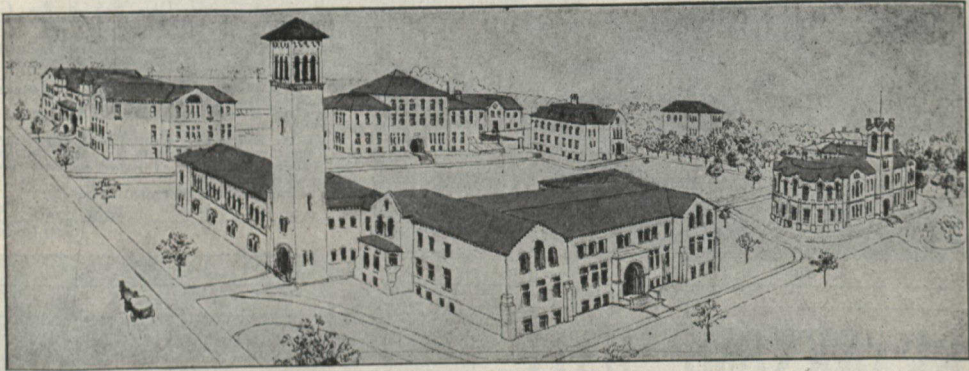
For Terms and Particulars apply to the SISTER in CHARGE, or to

THE SISTERS OF ST. JOHN THE DIVINE  
Major Street, Toronto



# QUEEN'S COLLEGE AND UNIVERSITY

## KINGSTON, ONTARIO



THE ARTS COURSE of this University, leading to the degrees of B.A. and M.A., D.Sc. and Ph.D., embraces Classical Literature, Modern and Oriental Languages, English History, Mental and Moral Philosophy, Political Science, Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry, Mineralogy, Geology, Botany and Animal Biology. This course can be taken without attendance.

THE LAW COURSE leads to the degree of LL.B.

THE THEOLOGICAL COURSE leads to the degree of B.D.

THE MEDICAL COURSE leads to the degree of M.D. and C.M.

THE SCIENCE COURSE leads to the degree of B.Sc.

THE ARTS AND LAW COURSES can be taken without attendance.

For Calendar and further information, apply to the Registrar, **GEO. Y. CHOWN, Kingston, Ont.**

# SCHOOL OF MINING

## A COLLEGE OF APPLIED SCIENCE

Affiliated to Queen's University

KINGSTON, ONT.

THE FOLLOWING COURSES ARE OFFERED

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p><b>I. Four Years' Course for Degree of B.Sc.</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>a. Mining Engineering.</li> <li>b. Chemistry and Mineralogy.</li> <li>c. Mineralogy and Geology.</li> <li>d. Chemical Engineering.</li> </ul> | <p><b>II. Three Years' Course for Diploma.</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>e. Civil Engineering.</li> <li>f. Mechanical Engineering.</li> <li>g. Electrical Engineering.</li> <li>h. Biology and Public Health.</li> </ul> |
|--|---|

For Calendar of the School and further information, apply to the Secretary, School of Mining, Kingston, Ontario



# ST. MARGARET'S COLLEGE

## TORONTO, ONTARIO

A COLLEGIATE SCHOOL FOR GIRLS AMID EXCEPTIONALLY FINE SURROUNDINGS

ACADEMIC DEPARTMENT—13 fully employed qualified teachers, of whom 9 are in residence, and of these 3 are European trained teachers of Modern Languages.

28 VISITING TEACHERS—Music 19, Art 3, Physical Culture 3, Elocution 1, Domestic Science 2.

DAILY ATTENDANCE 140, of whom 45 are in residence; classes average 12 each.

PREPARATION FOR THE UNIVERSITY a specialty; extended course for those not contemplating a university education.

ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET FREE TO ANY ADDRESS

MRS. GEORGE DICKSON, Lady Principal

CLASS-ROOMS built specially for the work. There are also 18 sound-proof piano rooms and a large Assembly Hall.

LARGE LAWNS for games and recreation. Full-sized out-door skating rink in winter.

RESIDENCE distinct in its management from the school. Specialists in every department.

RECORD—1904-05: 6 at Toronto University; 3 at Trinity; 2 at McGill; 22 passed examination in Music at Toronto University and 4 at Conservatory of Music winning 9 1st and 6 2nd class honors.

GEORGE DICKSON, M.A., Director  
(Late Principal Upper Canada College, Toronto)

# McGILL UNIVERSITY

## MONTREAL

**T**HE Curriculum comprises courses in Arts, Applied Science (Civil, Mechanical, Electrical and Mining Engineering, Railways—theory and practice, Metallurgy, Practical Chemistry, and Architecture), Law and Medicine.

The courses in Arts, Applied Science, and Law are open to Partial Students without Matriculation.

Matriculation Examinations preliminary to the various courses of study are held annually at Montreal and at local centres in June, and at Montreal in September.

A number of First Year Entrance Exhibitions in Arts, ranging from \$100 to \$300 in value, are offered for competition in June, and a number of Second Year Entrance Exhibitions, and Third Year Scholarships, tenable for two years, are offered for competition in September.

Residential accommodation may be obtained in Strathcona Hall. The diningroom and restaurant service of the McGill Union provides meals for 400 students.

Particulars of Examinations and copies of the Calendar containing full information, may be obtained on application to

**THE REGISTRAR, MCGILL UNIVERSITY, MONTREAL, QUE.**

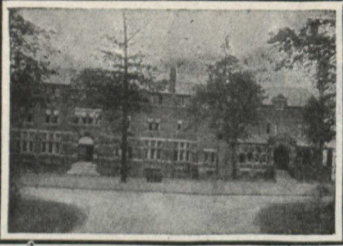
# Royal Victoria College

## MONTREAL

**R**ESIDENTIAL hall for the women students of McGill University. Situated on Sherbrooke Street, in close proximity to the University buildings and laboratories. Students of the College are admitted to the courses in Arts of McGill University on identical terms with men, but mainly in separate classes. In addition to the lectures given by the Professors and Lecturers of the University, students are assisted by resident tutors. Gymnasium, skating-rink, tennis-courts, etc. Scholarships and Exhibitions awarded annually. Instruction in all branches of music in the McGill Conservatorium of Music.

FOR FURTHER PARTICULARS, ADDRESS

**THE WARDEN, ROYAL VICTORIA COLLEGE, MONTREAL, QUE.**



PREPARATORY SCHOOL

Senior School and Preparatory School for beginners.

These Schools are in separate buildings with every modern equipment upon beautiful grounds, 50 acres in extent and 300 feet above the level of Lake Ontario.

Resident pupils are provided with every care and comfort. Individual attention for every boy.

The number of day pupils taken is limited.

Courses for University, Royal Military College and Business. Every facility for the cultivation of sports and athletics.

Six Entrance Scholarships of \$75 each, and six of \$30 each; three scholarships in each class being for sons of old pupils.

The College will re-open for the Autumn Term on Wednesday, September 12th, 1906, at 10 a.m. Examinations for entrance scholarships, Saturday, September 15th, 1906.

Successes last year: 4 University scholarships; 10 first-class honors; 46 passes; 3 passes into Royal Military College.

For Calendar and all other information address



MAIN SCHOOL

# UPPER CANADA COLLEGE

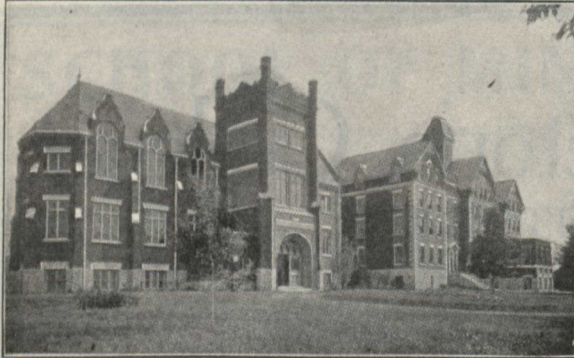
TORONTO, ONT.

Founded in 1829

Principal: Henry W. Auden, M.A.  
Cambridge

Late Sixth Form Master at Fettes College, Edinburgh.

THE BURSAR, UPPER CANADA COLLEGE, TORONTO, ONTARIO



## ALBERT COLLEGE

BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO

343 students enrolled during college year 1905-06. *Largest enrolment in the history of the college.* Attendance more than doubled in 15 years.

Graduation courses, under full staff of specialists, in: Book-keeping, Shorthand, Telegraphy, Elocution, Physical Culture and Domestic Science.

Conservatory and University Examinations in all departments of Music.

Special attention given to Matriculation and Teachers' Courses.

New Pipe Organ, Domestic Science Rooms and Art Gallery recently added. Two-story Gymnasium with shower-baths. Large Athletic Grounds. Building heated with steam and lighted by electricity.

For calendar or room, address **PRINCIPAL DYER, D.D.**

### A PRACTICAL EDUCATION

— AT THE —

**NORTHERN**  
*Business College*

OWEN SOUND, ONT.

will double your earning power. It only requires a few months at this Institution to complete a thorough practical Business Course or a Shorthand and Typewriting Course and fit you for a remunerative position.

Students admitted at any time. Full particulars at any time free.

**C. A. FLEMING, Principal**

## Canada Press Bureau

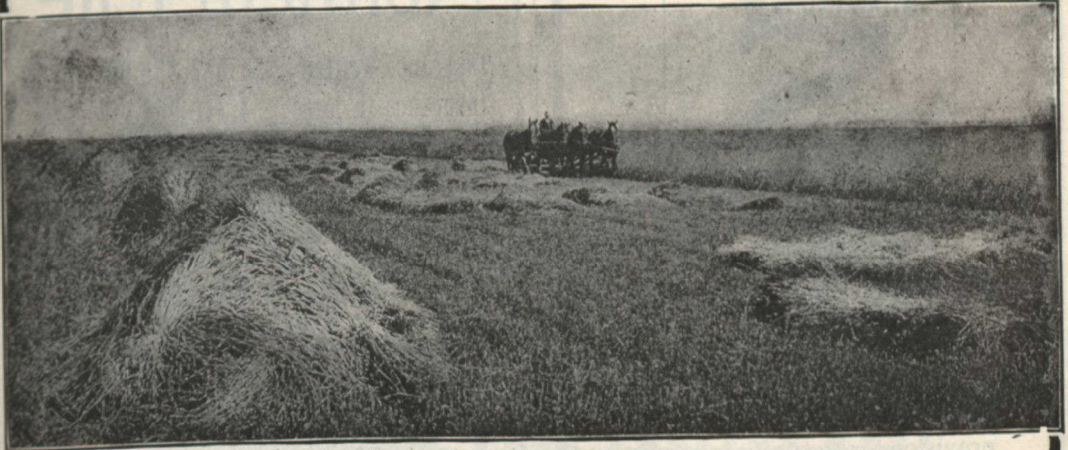
Supplies newspaper clippings containing personal references, or on any subject.

If interested in what papers say of you or of things that concern you write for terms.

Dundas Street and Market Lane - London, Canada



# WESTERN CANADA



PRODUCES THE MOST REMARKABLE YIELDS  
OF

## GRAIN, ROOTS AND VEGETABLES

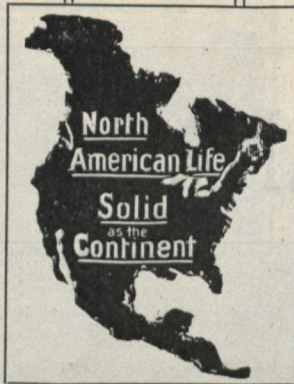
Write for information about free  
grants of land for settlers, to

THE SUPERINTENDENT OF IMMIGRATION  
OTTAWA - CANADA

OR TO THE

CANADIAN COMMISSIONER OF IMMIGRATION

11-12 CHARING CROSS - LONDON, W.C., ENGLAND



## LIFE AND MONEY

and our attitude toward them—in the present and for the future—are subjects for careful thought. The wise expenditure of one's income—the judicious investment of a part of it as a provision for the declining years of life—require the exercise of the best judgment.

As a means for providing for this period of life—and at the same time of protecting dependents from possible want—there is nothing which will so surely serve this purpose as a policy of endowment insurance—in a strong Canadian Company such as the

## NORTH AMERICAN LIFE

Policies issued on the non-participating system—at rates as low as consistent with safety; a definite contract to pay—with no uncertainty.

**HOME OFFICE: TORONTO, ONT.**

J. L. BLAIKIE - - - President  
L. GOLDMAN, A.I.A., F.C.A., Man. Director  
W. B. TAYLOR, B.A., LL.B., - Secretary

1905

Another Successful Year

FOR THE

## Northern Life

Insurance written . . . . .	\$1,383,385.00	<sup>GAINS</sup> 7%
Insurance in force . . . . .	4,710,554.00	14%
Premium income . . . . .	151,440.51	16%
Interest income . . . . .	23,278.21	9%
Total assets . . . . .	588,344.73	21%
" Government reserve		
as security for Policyholders	394,269.91	27%

To Agents who can Produce Business  
Good Contracts will be Given

JOHN MILNE, Managing Director  
LONDON, ONTARIO

## THE BEST FORM OF INVESTMENT

for a Life Company's funds is agreed to be in first mortgage on approved real estate.

This view has always been taken by the Great-West Life Assurance Company. So thoroughly has it been justified that never has a single dollar of principal or interest been lost on investments.

Nor has this security been obtained at the sacrifice of profit. An average of over 7% is earned on all investments, permitting low rates for insurance and high profits to Policyholders.

Ask for rates at YOUR OWN age.

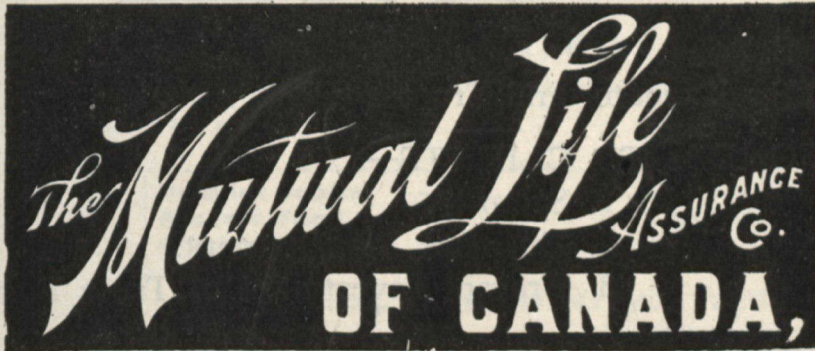
**THE GREAT-WEST LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY**

HEAD OFFICE, WINNIPEG

# A Talk With Young Men

Assuming that you are 25 years old, in 20 years you will be 45. By that age statistics prove that 97 per cent. of men have lost all they ever made.

If there are only three chances in 100 that you will amass a competence, you cannot afford to do without life insurance.



issues all safe styles of policies. If you are 35 a 20 payment life guaranteed option policy for \$10,000 will cost you \$366.00 a year. At the end of 20 years your policy will be worth in cash \$7,930.00 or \$13,770 in paid-up insurance. These are not estimated results—they are guarantees.

Should you die during the 20 years we will pay your wife or heirs \$10,000 in cash.

Even the few who have made life a pronounced success carry heavy lines of life insurance and find it a good investment.

In any case it is the mark of wisdom to insure your life while your health permits, and in a Company which knows how to look after your interests.

As a purely mutual Company we have no other interests than those of our policyholders.

## HEAD OFFICE, WATERLOO, ONT.

ROBERT MELVIN,  
President  
GEO. WEGENAST, Manager

A. HOSKIN  
HON. JUSTICE BRITTON, } Vice-Presidents

W. H. RIDDELL, Secretary

# NATIONAL TRUST COMPANY LIMITED.

18-22 KING ST.E. TORONTO.

CAPITAL \$1,000,000 RESERVE \$400,000  
ASSETS UNDER ADMINISTRATION \$9,400,000

ACTS AS—

Executor and Trustee under Will.

AFFORDS ITS CLIENTS—

1. Security.
2. Business Management.
3. Prompt Investment of Trust Funds.

## THE METROPOLITAN BANK

Capital paid up,	-	-	\$1,000,000
Reserve Fund,	-	-	\$1,000,000
Undivided Profits,	-	-	\$ 133,133

### • DIRECTORS

S. J. MOORE, Esq., President  
HIS HONOR W. MORTIMER CLARK, K.C.  
JOHN FIRSTBROOK, Esq.

D. E. THOMSON, K.C., Vice-President  
THOMAS BRADSHAW, Esq.  
JAMES RYRIE, Esq.

**HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO**

**W. D. ROSS, General Manager**

**GENERAL BANKING  
BUSINESS**

**SAVINGS DEPARTMENT  
AT ALL BRANCHES**

# Legal Investment

EXECUTORS and TRUSTEES should protect themselves by investing Trust Funds only in such securities as the

## 4% Bonds

issued in sums of \$100 and upwards by the

### CANADA PERMANENT MORTGAGE CORPORATION

TORONTO STREET - - - TORONTO, ONTARIO

Paid-up Capital	- - - -	\$ 6,000,000.00
Reserve Fund	- - - -	2,200,000.00
Investments	- - - -	25,241,114.55

THEY ARE A LEGAL INVESTMENT FOR TRUST FUNDS

## SUMMER STATIONERY AND OFFICE SUPPLIES

Complete Stock—New lines constantly being added

**MEMO BOOKS** Every useful size. Largest line made in Canada.

**FOUNTAIN PENS** Paul E. Wirt—Strathcona A. A. Waterman.

**WRITING TABLETS** Large range of best papers.

**CORRESPONDENCE STATIONERY** Newest sizes and shapes.

**CANADA'S LARGEST ACCOUNT BOOK MAKERS** We can supply practically every need from stock. Special patterns made to order.

## BROWN BROS., LIMITED

Manufacturing and Importing Stationers,

51-53 WELLINGTON STREET WEST, TORONTO

## THE London Life Insurance Company

LONDON, CANADA

HOLDS

No Speculative Securities

EARNs

A High Rate of Interest

ON ITS INVESTMENTS

(5.73% IN 1905). PAYS

Profits Equal to Estimates

Get full particulars from any Agent of the Company or write direct to the Head Office

# Bank of Hamilton

HEAD OFFICE, HAMILTON

HON. WILLIAM GIBSON . . . . . President  
 J. TURNBULL . . . . . General Manager

Paid-Up Capital. . . . . \$ 2,500,000  
 Reserve. . . . . 2,500,000  
 Total Assets. . . . . 29,000,000

**Branches:**

- |                   |                    |                     |                    |
|-------------------|--------------------|---------------------|--------------------|
| Abernethy, Sask.  | Fordwich           | Manitou, Man.       | Ripley             |
| Alton             | Georgetown         | Melfort, Sask.      | Roland, Man.       |
| Atwood            | Gladstone, Man.    | Miami, Man.         | Saskatoon, Sask.   |
| Battleford, Sask. | Gorrie             | Midland             | Simcoe             |
| Beausville        | Grimsby            | Milton              | Southampton        |
| Berlin            | Hagersville        | Minnedosa, Man.     | Stonewall, Man.    |
| Blyth             | Hamilton           | Mitchell            | Swan Lake, Man.    |
| Bradwardine, M.   | " Barton St.       | Moorefield.         | Teeswater          |
| Brandon, Man.     | " Deering Br.      | Moose Jaw, Sask.    | Toronto—           |
| Brantford         | " East End         | Morden, Man.        | College & Ossing'n |
| Carberry, Man.    | " West End         | Niagara Falls       | Queen & Spadina    |
| Carman, Man.      | Hamiota, Man.      | Niagara Falls South | Toronto Junction   |
| Chesley           | Indian Head, Sask. | Orangeville         | Vancouver, B.C.    |
| Delhi             | Jarvis             | Owen Sound          | Wincham            |
| Dundas            | Kamloops, B.C.     | Palmerston          | Winkler, Man.      |
| Dundas            | Kenton, Man.       | Pilot Mound, Man.   | Winnipeg, Man.     |
| Dunnville         | Killarney, Man.    | Plum Coulee, Man.   | Winnipeg, Man.—    |
| Ethel             | Listowel           | Port Elgin          | Grain Exchange     |
| Fernie, B.C.      | Lucknow            | Port Rowan          | Wroxeter           |

Correspondents in Great Britain—The National Provincial Bank of England, Limited.

Correspondents in United States.—New York—Hanover National Bank and Fourth National Bank Boston—International Trust Co. Buffalo—Marine National Bank. Chicago—Continental National Bank and First National Bank. Detroit—Old Detroit National Bank. Kansas City—National Bank of Commerce. Philadelphia—Merchants National Bank. St. Louis—Third National Bank. San Francisco—Crocker-Woolworth National Bank. Pittsburg—Mellon National Bank.

Collections effected in all parts of Canada promptly and cheaply Savings Banks at all offices.

Correspondence Solicited

## DEBENTURES

ISSUED BEARING INTEREST AT THE RATE OF

**4%**

ISSUED FOR \$100 AND UP PAYABLE ON 60 DAYS' NOTICE Authorized by Special Act as

**TRUSTEE INVESTMENT**

**CENTRAL CANADA**

LOAN AND SAVINGS COMPANY  
 26 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO

# THE FEDERAL LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY

HEAD OFFICE  
 HAMILTON, CANADA

Capital and Assets - - - - \$3,293,913 93  
 Paid to Policyholders in 1905 - - - 236,425 35  
 Assurance written in 1905 - - - 3,329,537 08

Most Desirable Policy Contracts

DAVID DEXTER  
 President and Managing Director

# NO PERSON

whose life is worth anything can afford to be without life insurance.

---

A life insurance policy is a friend which will never fail you. It is payable when your family is most in need.

---

No better contract can be secured than the Accumulation Policy issued by the Confederation Life.

---

This policy furnishes the maximum of protection at the minimum of cost. It is free from conditions and contains clear and definite guarantees.

---

A letter to the Head Office, Toronto, or to any of the Association's Agents will bring you full and interesting information which it will be greatly to your advantage to have.

---

---

## CONFEDERATION LIFE

ASSOCIATION

HEAD OFFICE, - TORONTO

# Educational Contest Lists

DESTROYED BY FIRE

## Contest Extended to July 31st, 1906

Messrs. Armour Limited, Toronto, regret to advise all who have so kindly forwarded lists of names as per conditions of their Educational Contest, that their building, with its entire contents, was destroyed by fire on the evening of March 19th, and all records of lists they have received, as well as all lists were destroyed, and we ask that all who had sent in lists previous to this time, mail us duplicates. No metal caps required with duplicate lists. To make up for time lost by the fire, and to give all competitors a fair and equal chance, we have consented to extend the Educational Contest until July 31st, 1906.

We offer \$200.00 in gold to those sending in the largest lists of correct words made from the twelve different letters used in spelling the four words

## Armour's Extract of Beef

- \$100.00 in gold will be given as the first prize.
- \$25.00 in gold will be given as the second prize.
- \$10.00 in gold will be given as the third prize.
- \$5.00 in gold will be given to each of the next five.
- \$2.00 will be given to each of the next twenty.

### CONDITIONS

Use only the following twelve letters: A-R-M-O-U-S E-X-T-C F-B. No letter to appear in the same word twice.

Only such words may be used as are found in Webster's International Dictionary.

No proper names, foreign words or names of persons, towns or places are to be used.

Words spelled the same, but having different meanings may be used but once.

All contestants must attach to their lists a metal cap taken from a jar of "Armour's Extract of Beef." Failure to do this puts the list out of competition.

The names of the winners of these prizes will be determined by judges, whom we shall appoint.

Write only on one side of the paper. After making out your list, state the number of words it contains, with your full name and address at the top of each piece of paper, and mark on the outside of the envelope "Educational Contest Department," and mail to our address as below.

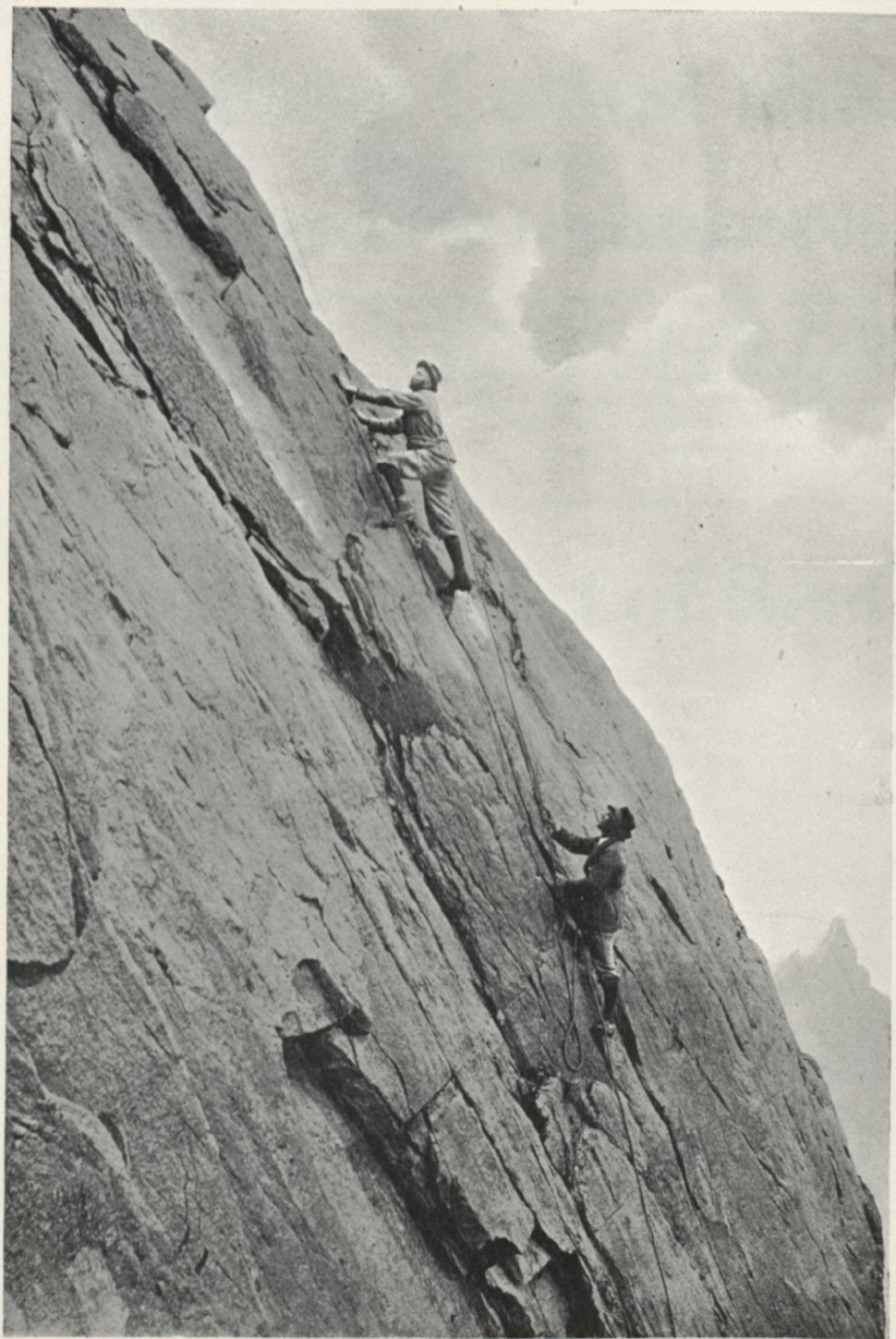
**Armour's Extract of Beef** is sold by all druggists and grocers. If yours cannot or will not supply you, a small jar will be mailed you, post paid, on receipt of 25 cents in cash or stamps.

---

**ARMOUR LIMITED, 77 Front Street E., TORONTO**







**ALPINE CLIMBING**

The Lower Slabs on the Aiguille Charmoz

# THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

VOL. XXVII

TORONTO, JULY, 1906

No. 3

## Climbing the Chamonix Aiguilles

Some Difficult Ascents in the Shadow of Mount Blanc

By GEORGE D. ABRAHAM, *Member of the English Climbers' Club and the Swiss and Italian Alpine Clubs*



IN one of the early editions of Murray's "Guide to Switzerland" it was said that few people had ascended the mountains, and those who had were chiefly of unsound mind. Ideas have changed since then, for nowadays mountain-climbing is rapidly becoming one of the most popular sports, and no longer involves an imputation of insanity. Some of the accompanying illustrations may raise doubts in the minds of many readers, but a visit in the season to one of the great climbing centres, such as Chamonix, will prove that the mountaineer is an ordinary healthy-minded mortal and scarcely lacking in intelligence.

The village of Chamonix is beautifully situated in the narrow pine-clad valley of that name, with rocky aiguilles towering on either side, and Mont Blanc, wearing its crown of everlasting snow, rising far above its many neighbours of more striking aspect.

Were one standing in Chamonix at the door of the famous Hotel Couffet from midnight to 10 a.m., one would see all grades of parties starting on their various expeditions. From 12 to 3 a.m. would be seen groups of two or three climbers with guides stealing quietly into the night, bound for Mont Blanc, or more likely for one of the Aiguilles. These men have coils of Alpine Club rope round their shoulders, and carry ice-axes in their hands. These are the real mountaineers, who have a genuine love of the hills and take mountain-climbing seriously, thinking and talking of it to the

exclusion of all other sports. Then from 3 to 5 a.m. would be seen a somewhat different set of men, who come downstairs with an expression of mixed boredom and sleepiness on their countenances. These are also accompanied by guides, and it is their ambition to achieve such feats as the traverse of the Mer de Glace to the "Jardin," or to ascend Mont Blanc as far as the Grand Mulets Cabane. They are clad in ill-fitting clothes and heavy boots, and have long alpenstocks in their hands. Their faces are all smeared with vaseline and powder, a general air of discomfort pervading their whole being. These are mountaineers *a la* Baedeker, and only their pride, or maybe some rash bet made with a friend, hinders them from slipping back to bed. Then from 5 to 9 come various tourists, in some cases without a guide, bound for the Brévent, Montanvert, and the Mauvais Pas, Flégère, or other of the shorter excursions. To such, mountaineering is only indulged in for the pleasurable views it affords. Several are mounted on mules, intending to go to the height of their ambition on mule back, and walk down by another route. Doubtless theirs is a very pleasurable lot. They have no midnight starts or hard grinding uphill by lantern light, nor scarcely do they risk falling into crevasses or having to sleep out on a narrow ledge of rock, or even on their mules, through bad weather.

But it is the real mountaineers who essay the conquest of the more difficult Aiguilles. These high pinacles push their rocky crests through the everlasting



THE TOPMOST PINNACLE ON THE AIGUILLE DE L'M

snows to heights varying from 11,000 ft. to 13,000 ft., and their ascents are generally considered the hardest climbs in Europe.

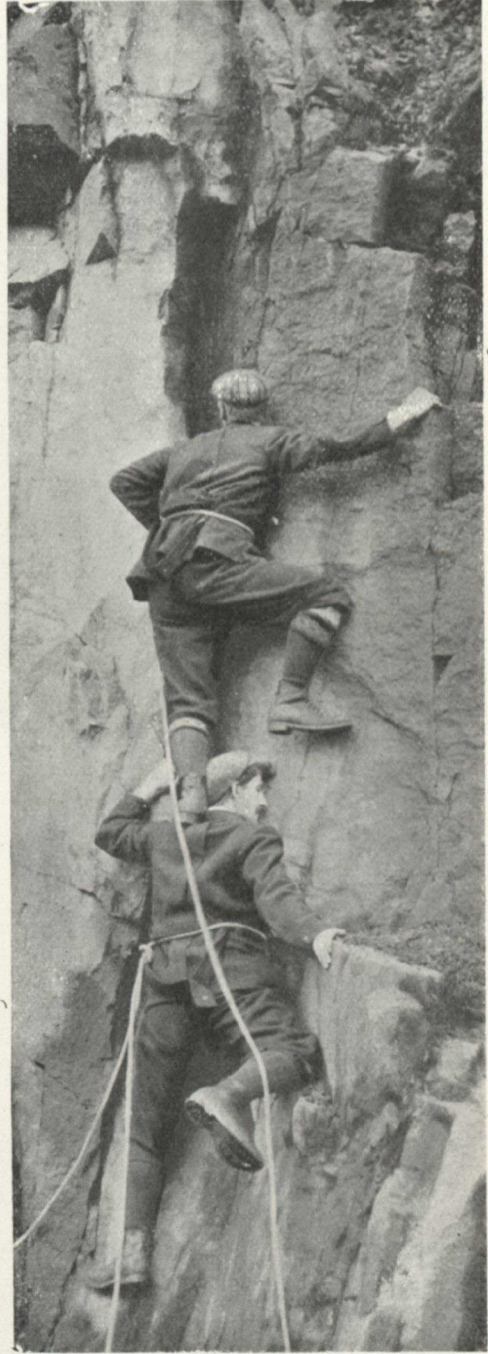
It is an excellent training to walk up Mont Blanc before tackling such peaks, specially if the snow and the weather are in good condition. Under the opposite circumstances, when at every step one sinks almost to one's waist in the soft snow, and the storm sweeps over its tremendous snowfields, blotting out all landmarks, the "Great White Mountain" is best left alone, for then it adds to its long list of victims.

We made the ascent early one June, the day after such a storm, and passed a large party of guides carrying down two travellers and a guide who had lost their way and slipped down a long ice-slope until a wide crevasse, which stretched across their course, kindly stopped further progress to destruction. Had the crevasse proved to be as deep as several

we encountered next day on the Grand Plateau near the summit, they must have perished. Luckily it was only about twenty feet deep, and a great bank of newly-fallen snow seemed to have been providentially placed for their reception at the bottom. As it was, the guide had his right leg broken, and of his two companions one had a broken collar-bone and the other suffered from general shock. Our party all felt the effects of fatigue and slight mountain-sickness, due to the rarity of the air on the higher part of the mountain, but after a day's rest we were ready for more serious climbing.

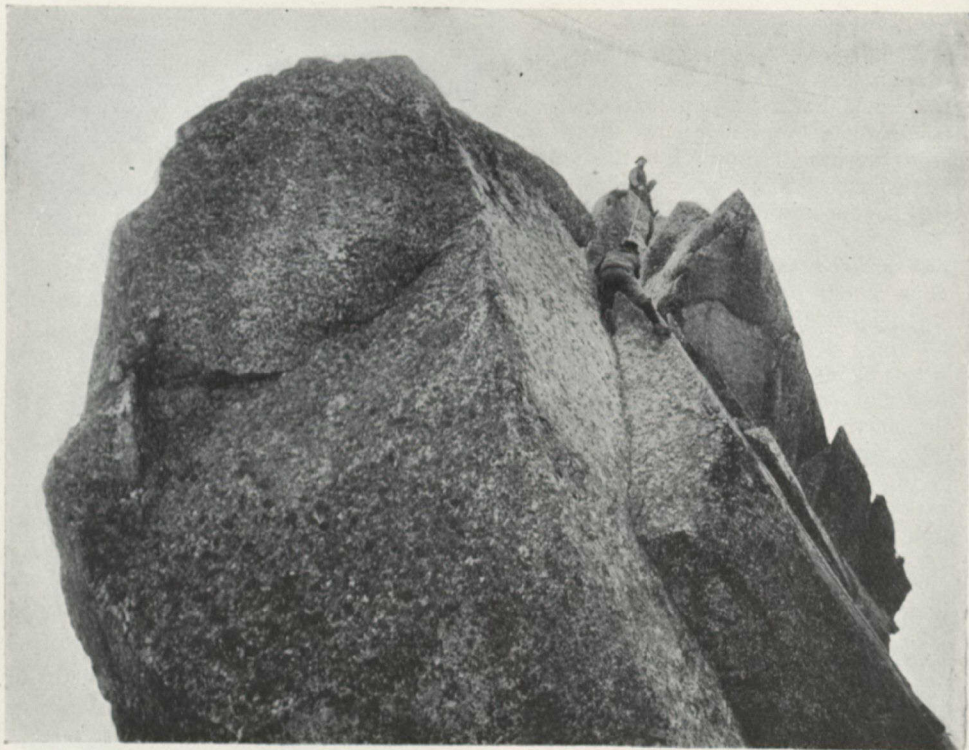
The Aiguille de l'M was our introductory rock peak, and the illustration on page 199 shows two figures ascending the difficult crack in the last tower which forms the actual summit. This crack grows very narrow higher up, and there was very little support for one's weight, except by jamming the left knee into the innermost recesses of the crack, which

was coated with ice. It was a very sensational place, for with this slight support the climber had to wriggle up the crack, and if he had had time to contemplate the view, he would have seen a straight drop of a thousand feet to the rocks below. The summit was so uncomfortably sharp that only one person at a time could have the pleasure of sitting on it. At any rate, none of our party seemed anxious to stand up in the slight breeze that was blowing, so we hurried down the ridge by an easier route. All went well until we had passed all serious difficulty. The day was far spent, so to save time we had unroped and were descending the big snow couloir to the glacier. Our porter, carrying our photographic apparatus in a rucksack on his back, was coming down a short distance behind us. We had gained a small ledge of rock at the side of the couloir, when a startled exclamation from my brother and a burst of *patois* from the porter caused us to look round. First we saw an ice-axe come whizzing past, followed immediately by the porter lying on his back with arms and legs all asprawl, shooting down the steep, hard snow at a terrible speed. We were powerless to help him, and could only stand and gaze until he crashed with a most sickening thud into the rocks on the wall of the couloir, then ricocheted across to the other side and straight on down again. He was abruptly brought up by some small rocks jutting through the snow near the edge of a vertical drop over a buttress of about forty feet. He lay as he had fallen, with one leg doubled up under him, and made no answer to our shouts. It took us several minutes to make our way down to him. He lay quite still until we turned him over, and we felt relieved to find him still breathing, and, though covered with cuts and bruises, we failed to find any broken bones. After dosing him with brandy he recovered consciousness, and soon got on his feet again. He was badly shaken, but we found, when we took our camera from his ruck-



GIVING A SHOULDER

sack, that it was stove right in, and this probably saved his life when he crashed



THE LAST SLAB AND SUMMIT OF THE AIGUILLE CHARMOZ

into the side of the couloir. We had engaged this rash and thoughtless young porter for a fortnight, so next morning, when he limped to our hotel and told us that his mother wanted him at home for a few days, we were delighted, and extolled the wisdom of his fond parent.

Our next expedition was an attempt on the Aiguille de Grépon, which is probably the most difficult peak in the Alps. The illustration "An Awkward Crack" conveys a capital idea of much of the climbing to be encountered there. Above where the leading figure is seen there is a narrow ledge, upon which it is possible to stand for a short rest before tackling the dangerous and almost vertical ridge which stretches up to the lower peak. We found the ascent of the crack a stiff problem, on account of its steepness and icy condition. The Grépon abounds in situations of that kind, but in no part of the climb is there quite such a sensational position as the one illustrated. The precipice continues almost perpendicu-

larly downwards from here for three thousand feet or more to a small glacier above the Mer de Glace. When we reached this point, only about five hundred feet below the summit, the wind suddenly arose and a dense snow-cloud rolled up from the glacier as from a tremendous cauldron. Our leading guide then remembered that he had a wife and family in Chamonix, eight thousand feet below, and expressed a disinclination to depart this life in pieces. We quite appreciated his arguments, and, as the storm increased, the descent of the rocks to the Glacier Nantillon gave us many anxious moments. After some exciting adventures due to avalanches, which at frequent intervals came thundering down the crags on each side of us, we reached the hotel at Montanvert, rather more than five thousand feet above Chamonix. Here we stayed for several days, using it as a centre for other excursions.

The Grépon was first ascended by the late Mr. A. F. Mummery, who was lost



CLIMBING THE LAST TOWER ON THE AIGUILLE DE L'M



AN AWKWARD CRACK ON THE GRÉPON

in 1895 amongst the Himalayas. There is a remarkably difficult crack on the ordinary route which the guides now call the Cheminée Mummery, and of which an amusing story was told to me in Chamonix last autumn.

to independent action by prods with an ice-axe, he relapsed into a state of semi-unconsciousness. It took the guides over three hours to get him and themselves out of their predicament by descending, so for that day the route up

An extremely stout German climber of untold wealth had engaged six Chamonix guides to take him over the Grépon. As each guide expects for this course the sum of £12, it will be readily understood that wealth is an important part of the climber's equipment, though it is very possible that in this case there was a reduction for quantity. By dint of tremendous exertion, aided by cognac, the guides got their charge as far as the Cheminée, and four of them mounted to its summit. Then the stout amateur essayed the ascent, and assisted by two guides, who shoved from below, and the four others hauling with the rope from above, they got him nearly half-way up, and into the narrow part of the crack. Here the brave German of untold wealth became hopelessly jammed, for the harder they hauled from above the tighter he stuck, and though those below made gallant efforts to rouse him



the Grépon was effectually blocked and one party at least had to give up the attempt on that account.

The Aiguille de Charmoz is the next peak to the Grépon, and affords magnificent sport. We started for it from Montanvert one fine morning at 1 a.m., with the stars glittering from a cloudless sky in that sharp, clear way which in the Alps usually promises perfect weather. It was very dark, but by the light given by our two small lanterns, and the flickering flashes of fine-weather lightning, which ever and anon lit up the mountain side, we made good progress to the glacier. Light clouds came up with the sunrise, and as we trudged steadily upwards, we had glimpses through the mist of snow-tipped summits, flushed with the dawn, and towering far above us. Ere long the glacier steepened, and great towers of ice loomed threateningly in front, as if ready to fall on us as soon as we came within range. A low cry of "Attention!" from our guide warned us of danger, and carefully but speedily we crossed below their shadows to gain some rocks, which rise in the middle of the glacier. Up these we scrambled, and reached the glacier again above the dangerous portion.

On we went through intricate systems of crevasses, up icy couloirs and snow-covered rocks, where ice-axes were indispensable, until the final ridge was reached. At one point our guide was almost de-



THE AIGUILLE DE GRÉPON FROM THE CHARMOZ

(The two white crosses at the left mark the Cheminée Mummery)

feated by the overhanging rocks, but by mounting on the shoulders of the second climber, he was able to grasp a large hand-hold and draw himself up into a secure corner. The last climber had to be hauled up this part. He did not enjoy the sensation of dangling in mid-air, with nothing but a thin Alpine rope to prevent a sudden and uninterrupted descent to the glacier a thousand feet below. Some enjoyable climbing over dry and easy rock slabs up the ridge landed us on the top, just as the last wisps of morning mist disappeared, and we basked in glorious sunshine.

Few Alpine summits can equal the Charmoz as a viewpoint, for it stands in the centre of an imposing array of rocky



THE UPPER ROCKS OF THE AIGUILLE CHARMOZ

aiguilles, with Mont Blanc rising proudly above them all. But we dared not stay long amid such scenes, for the snow was melting in the sun, and avalanches and

other dangers await the lingering climber. The summit rocks were soon left far above us, and in the great couloir between the Charmoz and the Grépon we had to use great care on the steep, loose snow. Eventually we reached the glacier, and racing as hard as possible below the overhanging ice pinnacles, we were soon jödelling to friends who had watched part of the climb through the large telescope at the Montanvert.

Succeeding days saw us engaged on the Aiguille de Blaitière, the Dent du Requin, the Aiguille du Tacul, and the Aiguille du Moine (twice). Nothing unusual happened on any of these, excepting during our second ascent of the latter peak.

Whilst taking a photograph near the top, one of us had the narrowest escape from a terrible accident that I have ever seen. The culprit, whose name it would be kindest not to mention, had unroped and traversed out with me on the steep, but comparatively easy, ledges on the left side of the ridge, to secure a

photograph of the others whilst negotiating the difficult arête. My companion helped me with the camera, and after testing a large mass of rock, he stood

on it, and steadied my foot with one hand, whilst with the other he held a leg of the camera-stand. I was just about to make the exposure, when an ominous grating sound came directly from below, and I felt a sharp tug at my boot. A quick glance downwards showed my companion starting to slide down the steeply-inclined face of the precipice, on the mass of rock which had given way beneath him. Trained by long experience of peril and sudden danger, he seemed instantly to realise his position, and just before the rock darted down a thousand feet into space, he grabbed a firm hand-

hold which was luckily within reach. He was left dangling over this tremendous cliff suspended by one hand, and we had some anxious moments, until we saw him, with admirable presence of mind, gain a secure hold for his feet. He soon scrambled up to my level again, none the worse for his impromptu ride, but looking considerably scared and very pale. He was much annoyed with himself for an accident on such an easy place, and, being an experienced mountaineer, the injury to his pride seemed to weigh more with him than the danger through which he had gone.

## A Canadian Olympionikos

(A Canadian writer, evidently deeply stirred by the victory of Sherring in the Olympic Games, sends us the following effusion:—*Editor.*)

ATHENS, May, 1906.

### I

BEHOLD the ghosts of Leonidas the Spartan,  
Thersippos, Philip, and Miltiades  
Pausing pensively several leagues from Athens.  
Beside the road on grassy crest there lay  
A youth—a fair-haired youth, smiling, asleep,  
Whose daily custom 'twas to pace the storied course  
'TwiXt Marathon and Athens for practice sake,  
To teach his supple limbs the secrets of the ground.  
For lo! the hour of th' Olympic Games approached,  
And out of all the contests none were of more fame  
Than the fleet errand from Marathon to the Stadion.

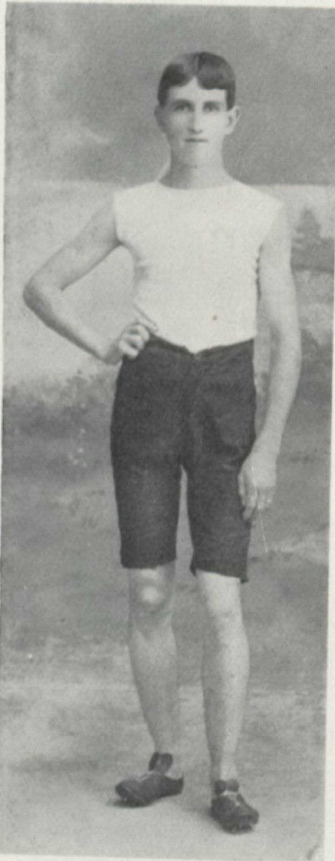
### II

Seeing the youth asleep the Attic spectres paused  
And gazed upon him: Then "No Greek, 'tis clear,"  
Murmured Leonidas, and, "No Persian," Philip said;  
"I never saw his like. Perchance some Scythian wild  
Or Northern stranger, since 'tis as I hear  
The games of Hellas are to all the world  
Open and free. But surely this barbaric youth  
Is over vain to hope to wrest the prize.  
Whence comes he here, and why?" Whereat  
The shade of Philip touched the sleeping form.  
The youth sat up and rubbed his eyes and said  
"All right! Two cars for Smithville Junction, and  
A Standard Oil for Cobourg—and—but where am I?  
Excuse me, sir—ah, yes, I know—it's my mistake,

I thought I was across the seas again  
In my own Western country on the Grand Trunk Line."

## III

Grave looked Leonidas. Likewise did Philip stare  
And eke in wonder did upraise his palms.  
"Whence come you, boy? Tell us your name.  
Are you of Thrace or Italy? Your mien is strange."  
Then spake the fair-haired youth to all and said:



SHERRING

"I am a Canadian from  
Hamilton, Ont.  
By name Bill Sherring, and  
of humble birth,  
Whose sires did cross some  
seas not on your maps,  
Ten times the length of Greece,  
and ten times that.  
I am a brakeman on the  
Grand Trunk line,  
And for a livelihood shunt  
midnight cars upon  
Inferior tracks to depots semi-  
proximate,  
Cars filled with sardines and  
molasses, dry goods and  
implements  
Employed by agriculturists in  
occidental parts.  
My presence here on Attic  
ground I can explain  
In lightning phrase. We boast  
good public schools,  
And while at school I read  
with kindling eye  
Of Olympia, the verdant vale  
of Elis,  
Of triumphs, trophies, and of  
olive wreaths,  
And wondered whether Spar-  
tans and Athenians  
And Elians and Borotians  
were really better men,  
Especially at sprinting, than  
our champions

Of Hamilton's Athletic Club. I often ran myself,  
And was at it no slouch. I ran from Oshawa  
To Whitby, a *διδυλος* as you would say,  
And eke a *δολιχος* and won it every time!

## IV

Then did it gladden me to hear one morn,  
When I was munching sandwiches in the caboose,  
And glancing at the *Globe*, that these Olympic games  
Had been revived. That they were due again,

In several months. So then and there I vowed  
 I'd straightway steam to classic Greece, and pit  
 My Western prowess against the Greeks and all  
 The other races there to meet. I timed  
 My pace from Galt to Guelph, full seven leagues.  
 It took me but an hour. Then to myself said I,  
 'Olympian Zeus, I'll win!' Forthwith my scanty hoard  
 I drew from out the bank (the Standard Bank) and sailed  
 For Greece. And here am I, behold me, gents,  
 Bill Sherring, brakeman on the Grand Trunk line."

## V

No word the spectres of the heroes spake  
 But smiled on Sherring, who to sleep returned,



Preferring much the open Attic sky,  
 To the vivacious mattresses of the caravanserai.

## VI

'Twas run at last—the race from Marathon,  
 And sorely dazed and weary in his limbs,  
 Sherring, the olive-decked Olympionikos  
 Sank, the while the Stadion was all tumult,  
 Sank once more in slumbers and did dream  
 Again of Leonidas and also of Miltiades,  
 Inextricably mixed up with Tomkins his conductor,  
 With couplings, waybills and long-delayed down-freights,  
 And Sadie Hopper, of Niagara, whose pies and doughnuts  
 Excelled the *mets* of the Athenian boots,  
 Yea, of all hotels and pastrycooks of Hellas.

A. Kennedy Mann

# Loma and Insa

## A Vancouver Island Indian Legend

By DONALD A. FRASER



ONCE upon a time there were two Indian maidens, named Loma and Insa. Loma was a trifle older than Insa, but they were great friends and inseparable companions. Neither could remember the time when she had not known the other. All their tasks were done together; picking berries in the woods, gathering clams on the sea-shore, cleaning salmon or making baskets, these two would always be found near each other.

At length the time arrived when their fathers began talking about choosing husbands for them from among the braves of the tribe, and the thought filled the heart of each girl with sorrow, for they knew that then their happy friendship would have to end.

"I would rather have you than ten husbands," cried Insa.

"I only wish I were a man and then I would marry you," replied Loma, throwing her arms around her friend's neck.

One day they were out in the forest gathering berries when night came on. They tried to find their way back to the village, but soon discovered that they were lost. This did not frighten them at all, as there were no wild animals about, and they knew they could easily find their way when the sun rose the next morning. So they sought a soft, mossy bed beneath a large-spreading fir tree, and lay down to sleep.

The stars were shining brightly in the sky; the girls could see them winking and blinking through the branches of the trees.

"How pretty the stars are!" cried Loma. "Oh, if I could have a husband as beautiful as a star, I would not mind getting married, would you, Insa?"

"Not if I could be near you," her friend answered.

"I wish that big red star were my husband."

"Do you? Why, I would rather have that one over there, that shines with a green light."

Talking on like this for a time, they at length fell asleep locked in each other's arms.

Suddenly they were awakened by voices calling them by name. Up they started in alarm. Before them stood two of the most beautiful men they had ever seen. With faces as white as their pure white robes, and hair golden and shining like the light of the stars, the men appeared to the girls like a celestial vision.

"Who are you?" cried the maidens together.

"We are the star-husbands you were wishing for," was the reply. "We heard you wishing and have come for you. Away up in the sky is the beautiful Star-land where we dwell. If you will come with us we will try to make you happy. Will you come?"

Loma and Insa, at first frightened at their unusual appearance, were soon quite charmed with their fair looks and gentle manners. So Loma, with a little hesitation, answered:

"We will go if you promise not to separate us."

"We promise. In Star-land you will live quite near each other, so you can still be friends."

Then the girls agreed to go. So each of the men took one of them in his arms, and bidding her keep her eyes closed until she was told to open them, they flew straight up into the starry skies.

After a while they alighted on firm ground, and Loma and Insa were bidden to open their eyes. They found themselves in a beautiful country very much like their own on the earth; soil, green grass, and a large forest of cedar trees, just like those near their own home. The people and the houses were different, however, the former being fair and

shining like their husbands, and the latter large and built of white stone.

At first the girls were delighted with everything they saw; but after a short time they began to grow homesick. The Star people always held aloof, and looked askance at these dark-skinned maidens. By-and-bye even their husbands seemed to tire of them.

As they were roaming through the cedar forest one day, Loma said to Insa, "I am going to look over the edge of this cliff."

"Take care," cried her companion, "or you will fall over. It seems very steep."

Loma, however, lay flat down on the ground and drew herself towards the edge. What a sight met her eyes! Away below she saw her old home and all the surrounding country spread out like a map.

"Oh, Insa!" she cried, "this is the edge of the Star-land. I can see our home down there. How I wish I were there!"

"So do I," sobbed Insa, as she crept to the cliff's edge and peered over.

"But how can we ever get there?" asked Loma. "I am sure our husbands would be angry if we were to speak about going back."

Insa thought awhile, then suddenly exclaimed: "I have an idea. Let us come here every day and twist a long rope of the cedar bark. We can tie one end of it to a tree, and let the other end over the cliff till it reaches the ground, then we can slip down it."

The plan was approved by Loma, and at once they commenced their task. They broke off cedar branches, and taking the inner, fibrous bark, twisted it into a good, strong rope. Then day after day they came again, whenever they could get a chance, until at last they had a great coil of the rope ready; enough, as they thought, to reach the earth.

Everything, at length, was ready. Tying one end of their long rope around the trunk of a large cedar, they dropped the other over the edge of the cliff, paying it out carefully, yard by yard, till they felt it strike the ground. Then they prepared to descend.

Loma went first, and when she was well started, Insa followed. Thus, one after the other, they climbed down slowly, till at last, with hands torn and bleeding, they reached the earth.

To make sure that no one should descend after them, they set fire to the rope.

Their friends were delighted to welcome them back, and listened with open eyes, ears and mouths to the story of their adventures.

By-and-bye they were married to two brave Indians who were just as great friends as their wives. So Loma and Insa saw each other frequently, and were happy and contented.

"It seems strange," said Insa to Loma, one day, "that we should have gone to the stars in search of happiness, when all the time it was awaiting us at home."

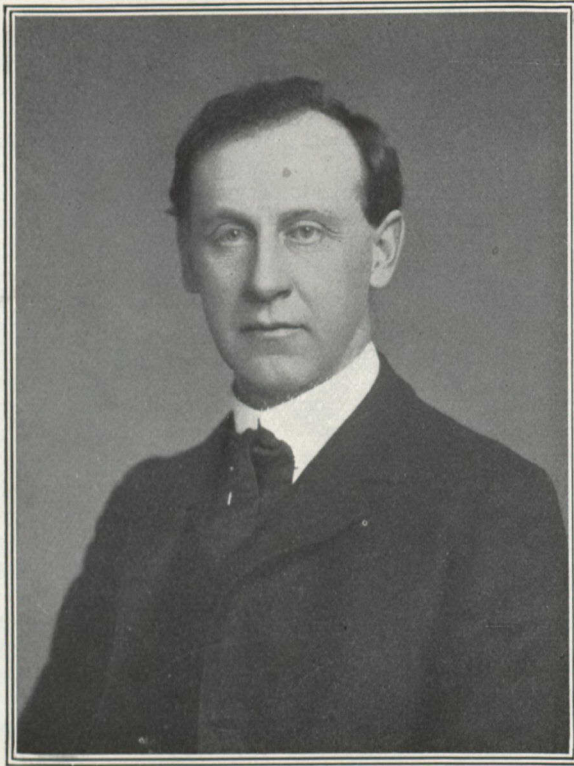
## Golden Day

BY H. REMBE

CHEER up, my heart! Fresh morning comes;  
I see the golden crown of day;  
Its beams enlighten now the tombs  
Of night, and shadows fly away.

Flee, sleep, dark kinsman thou to death;  
Flee, too, afflicting dreams of night!  
Farewell, my resting-place, I bathe  
My soul in morn's dew cool and bright.

Rise, happy morn; rise, golden day;  
Take wings of brightness, and ascend;  
Destroy all gloom, in glory sway,  
And guide me, weak, by thy strong hand.



PROFESSOR GEORGE M. WRONG

## Canadian Celebrities

No. 70—PROFESSOR GEORGE M. WRONG



HERE are to-day, and probably have been ever since the old Egyptians walked beneath the glimpses of the moon, and the Athenians practised dialectic in the green groves of their academy, two sorts of professors. On the one hand there is the type represented, for instance, by the late Principal Grant of Queen's—practical, public-spirited, with a horizon not bounded by things academic. And on the other hand there is the type represented by the immortal, but unpronounceable German professor who spent the flower of his days in a study of *'ava* with the genitive—the type that Browning sings the

praises of in his poem, "A Grammarian's Funeral":

"He settled *Hob's* business—let it be!—  
Properly based *Oun*—  
Gave us the doctrine of the enclitic *De*,  
Dead from the waist down."

Professor George M. Wrong, needless to say, belongs to the first of these types, the type of the professor who is alive and alert to the things of to-day. There is nothing about him of the pedant and the pundit, or of the mere historical specialist and dry-as-dust antiquarian. If one may be permitted to go so far afield for a simile, he is not unlike the type of the English Oxford graduate in politics, the man who takes a catholic



interest in scholarship and literature and public affairs. The son-in-law of the Hon. Edward Blake, his interest in the public questions of the day is profound; and though his position as a professor in the Provincial University prohibits his having any avowed politics, there are few men who observe closer than he does the course of public events.

It is by the volumes of biography and history that he has published that Professor Wrong is best known outside Canada. His recent "Life of Lord Elgin," which met with a flattering reception in the English press, and his very successful history, "The British Nation," have gained for him an international reputation. His first book was "The Crusade of 1383," published in 1892. Latterly he has published a number of historical textbooks and has edited some miscellaneous historical publications, such as "The Letter of a French Inhabitant of Louisbourg in 1745," which he edited and translated in 1897. A very important work which he has carried out for the last nine or ten years, in conjunction with Mr. H. H. Langton, the University of Toronto Librarian, has been the annual publication of a "Review of Historical Publications relating to Canada," which a prominent Canadian historiographer once characterised as "a publication of national importance." It is an evidence of the high position that Professor Wrong has won for himself in his department that he is an associate editor of the new "Encyclopedia Americana." And what he has already accomplished is only an earnest of what he will accomplish.

It is somewhat startling to record that when, on the death of his predecessor, Sir Daniel Wilson, Professor Wrong was appointed to the Chair of History and Ethnology in the University of Toronto, a veritable cataclysm took place in that venerable institution. On the ground that Professor Wrong owed his appointment to the fact that he was the son-in-law of the Chancellor, *The Varsity*, which is the newspaper of the undergraduate body, protested editorially against the appointment in terms that even now are charged with heat and acrimony; the

editor of *The Varsity*, the late Mr. J. A. Tucker, was expelled from the institution for his editorials; the students went out on strike in a body; the Professor of Latin and one lecturer resigned because of sympathy with the students; and probably Professor Wrong was as unpopular a man as there was around the university. But the whirligig of Time has brought its revenges. Professor Wrong has bravely lived down that unpopularity, and now there is perhaps no more popular professor in the faculty of Arts. His lectures to his students are racy and entertaining to a degree unusual with lectures, partly owing to a delightful sense of humour, which is continually appearing in them, and partly owing to his occasional lapses into the vernacular, which delight the soul of the average undergraduate. He never hesitates to refer to the morning newspaper, and to draw an analogy or a contrast in his lectures between the condition of things to-day and the condition of things in times past; and indeed, often his lectures are as striking a commentary on the Twentieth Century as they are on the Twelfth. There are more than a few of his former students who regard as among the most treasured of their books the worn note-books in which in a fugitive hand the lectures of the Professor of History were caught and held.

A monument of Professor Wrong's interest in his students is the Historical Club of the University of Toronto, which he founded a couple of years ago, and which is assuredly unique among university societies. Instead of meeting, like the typical departmental society, in the afternoon in a dim and stuffy class-room, it meets in the evening around at some of the best houses in Toronto. The membership is open to men of any faculty, and the subjects discussed are of live and present-day interest. The result is that where the other departmental societies are moribund or defunct, Professor Wrong's Club is prosperous and flourishing. *Ex uno disce omnia.*

Professor Wrong, though of English extraction, is a Canadian born and bred. He was born at Grovesend, Ont., on the 25th of June, 1860. Educated at


University College, Toronto, he took his B.A. degree in 1883, and his M.A. degree in 1896. After pursuing his theological studies at Wycliffe College, Toronto, he was ordained to the Anglican ministry. After ordination he was Dean of Residence in Wycliffe College and lecturer in Church History. A little later he spent some time at both Berlin and Oxford, studying history. In September, 1886, he married the daughter of the Hon. Edward Blake, K.C., M.P. In October, 1892, he was appointed lecturer in History in Toronto University, on the death of Sir Daniel Wilson. In 1894, he was appointed Professor of History and Ethnology, and has occupied that chair up till the present. Since 1894, his life has been quiet and un-

eventful. He has continued to be active in church work, and frequently occupies the pulpit in one of the Anglican churches in Toronto. Every Sunday afternoon he teaches a large Bible Class of workmen in North Toronto, in connection with a mission of St. Paul's Anglican Church, and exercises also a benevolent personal surveillance over these men, a surveillance that sometimes extends further than his left hand knows. For a number of years he has spent his summer holidays down among the French-Canadian peasants of the St. Lawrence, where he does a good deal of his writing. Like most other professors, he plays golf, and unlike most other professors, he plays it well.

*Stuart Calais*

## The Depot-Giants

By WALTER CORNISH

" O, sir; you will pay every nickel."

The clerk of the camp launched the verdict with a studied disrespect for Hank's feelings.

"And listen to me," he added, with an arctic unpleasantness. "When you have finished your disreputable address you will perhaps remember that you hold an official permit to pick up your paper and quit."

Whereupon Mr. Sawyer once more glared volcanic fires, and hurled out a fresh throatful of originalities. The pith of his speech was unmistakably coarse.

"Not for any low-down coon of a blank nib-pusher shall I lift a blankety leg."

The clerk carefully wiped his pen on a shred of blue serge, and got up from his chair. It was a nuisance; but the sands of argument had obviously run clean out. For quite twenty minutes he had wasted the company's valuable time in an attempt to satisfy this person that the official monthly deduction of fifty

cents for mail-delivery was not an imposition and a fraud. More than that! This individual in the filthy shirt had, at hiring time, haggled for thirty-four dollars a month for chopping; and, despite the foreman's unbusinesslike concession, he had perseveringly hunted for trouble ever since. It was plainly a quest that did not deserve disappointment.

"Hank Sawyer."

The clerk's square jaw pushed out two sharp, ugly corners.

"On the edge of that desk, Hank Sawyer, lies your pay-order. In my own judgment, it is three times too long a price for a man who has been flying off the handle ever since he came. By golly, you're a waster—"

"Wot the Gawd d'ye think I'm—"

"And if you was my man, Hank Sawyer, I'd chase you through the bush as far as—"

"Yah!"—the hard-faced lout was fast losing his temper—"Yah! You couldn't ketch a—"

"Listen, you! In this corner my

policeman is waiting for his breakfast. Buller!"

A massive St. Bernard rose from the shadow behind the stove, and bared his teeth expectantly.

"That's the dog. Here's the paper. Say, which'll you take? Smart!"

The little man's heavy jaw poked out another quarter-inch, and his hands knotted into fists. For a moment the big shantyman hesitated. Then, with a deep-chested snarl of passion, he sprang at his tantaliser's throat.

Thus, by some weird process never properly explained, Mr. Sawyer suddenly found his head banged hard against the wooden door, whilst two painful rows of teeth sank into his leg. He had not completed his gasp of astonishment when his pock-marked nose collided nastily with the frozen track outside the office.

"Buller!"

The dog ceased to worry the fallen man, and trotted obediently through the log-framed doorway. His tail had scarcely vanished when the door closed with a whisk. A key was turned, and the clerk got down on his knees to smooth out the wrinkles in the goatskin rug.

Mr. James Norton had a passion for neatness. Barring whiskey, he loved the neat in all things. The very click of his regular, white teeth and the tight junction of his straight lips conveyed a voiceless eloquence. Neatness oozed out of the man. It glazed the collar of spotless celluloid, and played geometrical parlour games round his plaid tie. It buttoned his black-cloth gaiters and arranged a thin gold chain from vest pocket to vest pocket with startling exactitude. By it, his dark-brown hair was plastered carefully on either side of a sacred belt-line; and his hands were manicured by the same spirit which had driven even rows of nails round the office walls, to be festooned with nightshirts, guns, towels, clothing, calendars, hanging shelves of stable medicines, and all the orthodox etceteras of a central depot office.

Each of the leather-backed volumes drawn up in line on the worm-eaten desk shelf wore a little paper label on its forehead, and declared itself, with red-ink

emphasis, to be "The.....Book of the Diamond Lumber Company of Ontario."

To the man who neglects to grasp the importance of this statement, must also be proclaimed the impressive truth that every verse and chapter of these sacred records was given under the direct inspiration of Mr. James Norton, whose present mission in life it was to trace the temporary fortunes of some eighty gentlemen at Briggs', sixty-two men at Mc-Flint's, and fifty-one hulking scoundrels at the Depot.

Why the boys at Central Camp should at all times include the biggest blackguards in the township of Stanley, was a problem that made Mr. Norton's head ache. But as it was in the beginning so it had ever been. No man who once entered the low range of wooden buildings sprawling along the waterline of the Red Chalk River ever came away with his morality unscratched or his former beauty entire. Some of him was missing.

In Tim Callahan's case, for example, it was a substantial piece of the left ear. Good-natured Epher Tribe mourned the loss of a fresh complexion. Mick Misk left behind him five New Year resolutions and a little toe chopped off during the course of a heated argument with an axeman. The moonlike eyes of Tommy Tangletoes were surrounded by dark indications of a stormy night. And so on. In one way or another, every man bore the impress of the Depot's individuality; and was proud of it—though pride is a weak word for the air of royal swagger with which the shantymen managed to convey to the nervous settlers of Stanley the righteous belief that they were the hardest, wickedest and most lawless gang south of the Red Hills.

And what the camp lacked in ways of rascality was amply supplied in the person of the foreman. Hank Sawyer was the foreman. He was to the fore in anything from fantan to blood-letting.

It is perfectly true that the company had put in another miserable little slab of a man whom it pleased them to recognise as foreman in the pay-list.

Nevertheless, the roost was ruled by Hank, who crowed mightily over the

fact, and poured as much fiery spirits down the throat of the flabby overseer as it suited him to do.

Truly, the governing executive was in a bad fix at the Depot. Nothing seemed to produce any permanent benefit. Not even personal visits of inspection from partners of the firm. Nor periodical changes of clerks or foremen. Nor even fresh relays of men. There was something in the atmosphere—the old traditional curse handed down from gang to gang. That the men valiantly tried to live down their evil reputation was a tribute to their heroism. In an age which cares so little about the past that it actually encores any loud-voiced breaker of respectable images, this fidelity to precedent seems touching.

And it was in the middle of this delicate situation that Mr. James Norton had resolved to have a crisis.

It was a painful crisis. It hurt all day, and raged like a fever towards night, when the teams and men trooped from the darkening bush to the place of flickering lights.

Then a profound astonishment fell on every soul. "Wild Hank" had not gone for his monthly drunk to Dorville. There he lay, in a bunk, with his face turned to the wall.

Was he sick?

"No! — ! — ! . . . ! ! !"

He belched out a flood of oaths whose diction was appalling. In fact, Mr. Dave Simmons, who was a connoisseur on the subject, opined that the reply "might easily have set an icicle on fire."

It certainly was very, very strange that neither tender enquiries nor offers of beverage would tempt Hank to reveal the seat of his distress. Point-blank he refused to come out into the lamplight. He just lay prostrate, and droned out his blood-curdling music.

The gang of bulky giants squatted round the edges of the two-decker bunks, and anxiously chewed round the riddle.

It was a solemn occasion. Every disorder from colic to rheumatism was gravely discussed. Every man had noticed symptoms of illness in the behaviour of Hank during the past few days. Every mind had nursed premonitions of the

evil which had come upon their daring leader.

Just as they were tossing a quarter as to who should ride to Dorville for the doctor, the tously head of the foreman's eldest son bobbed into the glare.

Round his celestial nose puckered a lively grin.

"Yah; who broke Hank Sawyer's nose?"

The ogres gasped, and looked in each other's eyes.

"I seed 'im do it. Outside the office. Yah!"

The proprietor of the piping voice lapsed back through the doorway, and got out of the range of possible retribution.

A faint and far-off "Yah" was heard amid a breathless silence.

Then every man jumped in his moccasins; for, with an unearthly crash, the subject of their thoughts jumped down from his bunk to reveal a bruised and battered face that might have frightened any average child into convulsions.

The rhetorical speeches which followed were of too acid a quality for ordinary steel pens.

Suffice it to say, that a council of war was immediately convened, and, after a great deal of argument, in which the more impetuous spirits were with difficulty restrained from a frontal attack on the clerk's citadel, they finally agreed to a stratagem which might have done honour to a Talleyrand.

## II

The new clerk was in a placid mood.

A storm was coming; and a preliminary calm was good for the nerves. So he lit a small cigar. It was from England; and the customs officer's greasy fingers had not spoiled it.

Through the delicious blue spirals of smoke he studied the first brutish face. Yes, there was a blizzard en route.

He picked up the wet pen, and prepared to register.

"What d'ye want?"

"Five plugs," was the sulky answer.

"How?"

"Three chewin' and two smokin'."

Mr. Norton made the entry, and

taking his keys from his pocket, unlocked the "van." This was a huge store cupboard standing at the side of the desk, bearing a striking resemblance to an amateur photographer's dark room. Indeed, Mr. Norton, having a taste for the fine arts, often used it for that purpose.

From its shelves he now pulled sweaters, mitts, shoe packs, medicines, rubbers, and other necessities. The price of each article was duly marked off against every customer's account. Then out the men tramped, after securing their mail.

On this particular evening there was, for the first time in remembrance, not a single jest made at the clerk's expense. In the eyes of two or three there were even sparkles of admiring interest. But the majority were grim,—black—hostile. Yet no regrettable incident occurred. Mr. Norton grew thoughtful. It was a peculiar happening that nothing should have happened. He must think it over. Carefully he locked all the doors and set out for a healthy walk.

The path was full of darkness and wind. The tall birches creaked and swayed like great white sails. Unknown animals stirred in the undergrowth. The air was damp and unpleasant; and the wet patches on the ground made the clerk feel glad that he had been shrewd enough to don his tall rubbers.

He was even better pleased with his foresight, when he overheard some fragmentary words just before he turned the second bend in the road.

"That'll fix 'im."

It was the vindictive voice of Mr. Sawyer.

"You bet."

That was the squeak of Matt Avery the Incapable.

"Give us a clear coast," went on Hank, "and we'll have the little bantam in the penitentiary. Hand 'em over now. The duplicate keys, I mean. Then when he goes down to McFlint's I'll clear half the van; and you can put the walking boss up to examining the stock on Thursday. Hand 'em over."

"But there's the dog," came the doubtful reply.

"D—n the dog. It'll go with Norton, won't it? Hand 'em over."

But the foreman still hesitated. He was weak-kneed even in his villainy.

"But the —"

"Hand 'em over." The phrase was plainly a threat.

There was a sharp jangle of keys; and the clerk, who, during this time, had stood rigidly fixed to the ground, felt that it was time to move. Cautiously he tiptoed away, and then rapidly made back to the camp.

In a flash he had seen through the whole contemptible scheme. Of the existence of the duplicate keys he had never dreamed. What a nest of devils he was in! His mind was quickly resolved on a plan of action.

So after he had chained up Buller in the stable for the night, he went and had a little chat with the cook. Offhandedly he mentioned that he was wanted at McFlint's right away, and would be gone for the night. The curious awkwardness with which the cook received the news betrayed his complicity in the plot; and Mr. Norton had an awful wrestle with himself. The temptation to dip that man's head in his own soup was so powerful that he simply turned round and fled—to McFlint's.

Through the blackness he raced, first down a log road, then over the ice. It was a weird sort of journey. The dim shores of the river melted into big stretches of forest which swept in dark ridges up to the roof of the night, making a valley of such vast proportions that the wind roared like a titanic waterfall to find so grand a place.

And in the middle of the melting ice, the tiny mannikin fought the blast, praying that his feet might not stumble into one of the numerous holes cut for illicit fishing. But round the end of the valley, the wind was less strong; and the balance of the journey became quite easy.

It was a relief, however, to see Mr. Simon Steyne, the walking boss, sitting comfortably in front of the McFlint office stove, though it was not so pleasant to have to explain his errand at an hour usually devoted to closing the eyes. Mr. Steyne showed signs of drowsiness, and

was therefore inclined to be sceptical. The whole story sounded too improbable, too theatrical, too much like an instalment of a cheap serial.

"Oh, darn the van!"

The clerk stiffly pointed out that it would hardly be possible to darn or otherwise mend the hole that would certainly be made in the company's stores.

"Somebody will be responsible," he concluded, with a rude emphasis which plainly meant "It won't be me."

"Oh, go to the —"

"With pleasure," interrupted the cool voice.

The man with the face of a bully bit his lip. This new kid was a mustard pickle. There was no help for it.

With a longing glance at the warm stove he grumbly rose, and started out on the wretched trip of investigation. His surly opinion was that it was all a tom-fool farce. This idea he repeated with many interesting variations all the way. Nor did he depart from that view when, after sitting in the cold darkness of the Depot office over half an hour, they were unrewarded by any sign of the conspirators.

"Hush, fool!"

The faint creaking of a door was heard. Then low voices and shuffling feet came near the office. The clerk scuttled behind the truck-bed and hugged his revolver tight. Simon Steyne sat in his narrow cell listening with amazement.

Sure enough, the door was being unlocked; and a gleam of light showed that someone was entering the room.

The robbers were in excellent spirits.

"O! O!" chuckled Mr. Sawyer. "Won't the prig be sorry for his cowardly scrap?"

The glowing answer came from his friends: "Not 'alf."

"Where's the key, Hank?"

"Here, my son. Hold the light."

A flare of light burst through the

chinks of the van, and the key turned. The door swung open.

"Here's the —"

"Well?"

A cry of dismay escaped the lips of the five men as the walking boss stepped out from the cupboard. He sneeringly watched their confusion.

"Well?"

The word was like a grain of pepper to Hank.


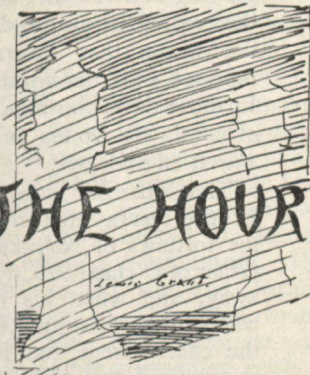
With an oath that was half a yell he snatched at a weapon hanging near the window. Crack went the clerk's revolver; and Mr. Sawyer was seen staring with a ghastly look of fear and pain at a damaged thumb. It was smashed above the first joint into a ragged pulp. The trigger automatically clicked for the next shot at the same moment in which Mr. Norton darted a swift glance at the other men. But the rebellion had ended.

Next morning, Hank Sawyer, the flabby foreman, and several others were discovered to be missing from the camp. Unfortunately it was not the only discovery made.

When Jim Norton went to the stable with Buller's breakfast, he found the dog lying with glazed eyes and stiffened form close by a piece of poisoned beef. With a sudden disturbance in his throat he realised that every victory is ticketed with a price.

At the risk of overweighting this scrap of history with excessive comment, we cannot resist pointing out a signal example of the truth that a man's opinions must necessarily be moulded by his masters. It is that, right from that time, the crafty walking boss began to drop fulsome compliments as to the clerical management of the Red Chalk River camps; a shrewd policy which reaped its reward in after years, when little Jim Norton had climbed the last rough flight of steps leading to the lumberman's throne.





# "THE HOURS OF THE OX"

BY J. GORDON SMITH.



IN the Street of the Geisha—a narrow street of unpainted and picturesque houses with sliding doors, paper-panelled, and with paper lanterns, aglow with mellow light, fronting every residence, each lantern bearing the honourable name of the dwelling it fronted—lived O Haru San, the dainty Miss Chrysanthemum, a pretty maid whose coal-black eyes flashed between tilted eyelashes and whose raven-black hair, so neatly coiffured in double pompadours, ever glistened with fragrant oil. The House of the Stork which stands midway from either end of that lantern-lit lane—you will recognise it by the carvings over the porch—was known throughout the city because O Haru San lived there; and the other geisha, whose life, like hers, was to amuse, were not jealous of her fame. No one could be jealous of O Haru San—at least so the old "Neisan," the old woman with blackened teeth who "mothered" a score of singing girls, has told me. She was liked by all, but now the koto and the samisen are silent in the Street of the Geisha, the voices of the singers are unheard beyond the house fronts, a striking difference from other days when the twang of the samisen and the tinkling of the koto was heard even until "the hours of the ox": those quiet hours of early morn when only the watchmen with their clanking truncheons are abroad. Now, the geisha are sad because O Haru San is dead.

When the house coolies shouted "O Hayo" (honourable good morning), and

ran along the verandahs noisily sliding the shutters aside to let in the morning sunlight, the "shoji" of O Haru San was not pushed aside as on other days. Her pretty head was not stretched out to return the greeting as usual. She lay on her "futami" with still hands clasped tight on a photograph, and a wisp of black hair—the photograph and hair of a soldier who had given his life for his country in the fierce fight at Nanshan. The dainty O Haru San could no longer answer greetings. She was dead. Her life's blood stained the clean matting, flooding from the soaked pillow to the "shoji," whose paper panels hid the verandah beyond and the garden below it. An open wound at her throat and a blood-covered knife on the floor told their own tale. The photograph she held told more. This is why the old "Neisan" took it from the still brown hands before the sworded policemen came to ask questions—hard and cruel questions. The answers noted in their little books, they went away leaving the geisha of the House of the Stork alone with their dead. The geisha knew what the policemen did not know, that the unfortunate Miss Chrysanthemum had taken her life because Yamamura the soldier was dead overseas. They believed the geisha had gone to join her soldier lover in that mystic plane where the shades journey in search of the eternal peace of Nirvana.

It is a sad story, that of Yamamura and O Haru San. Once the little maid had lived in a house which stretched for yards and yards in a beautiful wisteria garden at Shinagawa. Before she was born the



"Together they had stood on the curved bridges"

white-walled "nagaya" which enclosed the villa had housed her father's retainers, two-sworded Samurai, who fought their master's battles and upheld his honour within the land. But this was before the evil days came, and a dwindling fortune saw the "nagaya" emptied before her mother died. Yet O Haru San was content; she and her father were sufficiently blessed with riches to live in comfort, if not in keeping with the old-style lavishness. And O Haru San was in love, which gave contentment. Often in her happy girlhood days she had stood with the trailing wisteria—its pale blue blossoms beautiful in the night light—falling on her shoulders from the bamboo frame overhead; and, as the moonlight filtered through the flowery screen, the youthful Yamamura from the neighbouring villa had stood with her, feeding the goldfishes which swarmed in the little lake before them. Together they had stood on the curved bridges, the semi-circular platforms over the necks of the ponds, watching the

glowing lanterns that swung in the evening breeze, and saying the words that lovers have repeated since the world began. In those days, the happy days of youth, the young man had vowed eternal love.

Time changes many things. In the years that followed, the fortunes of Nobukata, the father of O Haru San, dwindled away, and when his remains were buried at Aoyama, beneath the cherry trees, the relatives apprenticed the orphaned girl, then budding into womanhood, to the old woman in the House of the Stork in the Street of the Geisha. There, when he returned from the school to which his father had sent him, Yamamura found his childhood's sweetheart, and they sat together on cushions spread on a mat-covered floor between four paper-panelled walls, whose little squares of paper were like frosted glass, while O Haru San twanged the three-stringed samisen and with her shrill

voice sang the old-time love songs her lover liked:

*"I have been here before,  
But when or how I cannot tell;  
I know the grass beyond the door,  
The sweet keen smell,  
The sighing sound, the lights along the  
shore.*

*You have been mine before,  
How long ago I may not know;  
But just when at that swallow's soar  
Your neck turned so,  
Some veil did fall—I knew it all of yore."*

So she sang, and they were happy. Yet when they heard the singing of O Kaka San from an adjoining room both sat silent, for the song she sang was of a broken string, the omen of coming separation:

*"There!—oh, what shall we do?  
Pledged for a double existence,—*



*And, now as we sit together,  
The string of the samisen snaps”!*

As O Kaka San sang beyond the “shoji” the lovers were brooding—the snapping string told of divided lives. But it could not be. Some day Yamamura would exchange pillows with her, and carry her off to a garden where wisteria grew and iris bloomed at the edge of a pond where goldfish swam. He had promised to do so; and because of that promise O Haru San found life pleasant. She rode away at night in the train of her companion geisha, with the mushroom-like hat of the “kuru-maya” bobbing before her as he ran, dragging her in his little two-wheeled jinrikishka, to places she did not know, where she danced the quaint cherry dance, the fan dance, and all the old ceremonial dances; and she sang and danced gracefully before rich merchants and others who gave banquets; she performed at many celebrations, even that at the Nobles Club, when Marshal Oyama and his staff made merry. But all the while she thought of Yamamura.

One day the geisha told her tales of a Miss Flower Bud—O Kohana San—and of her affection for Yamamura. Gradually the germ grew and the canker of jealousy ate into the heart of Miss Chrysanthemum. She doubted, and questioned her lover; chided him for his less frequent visits. He denied, however,

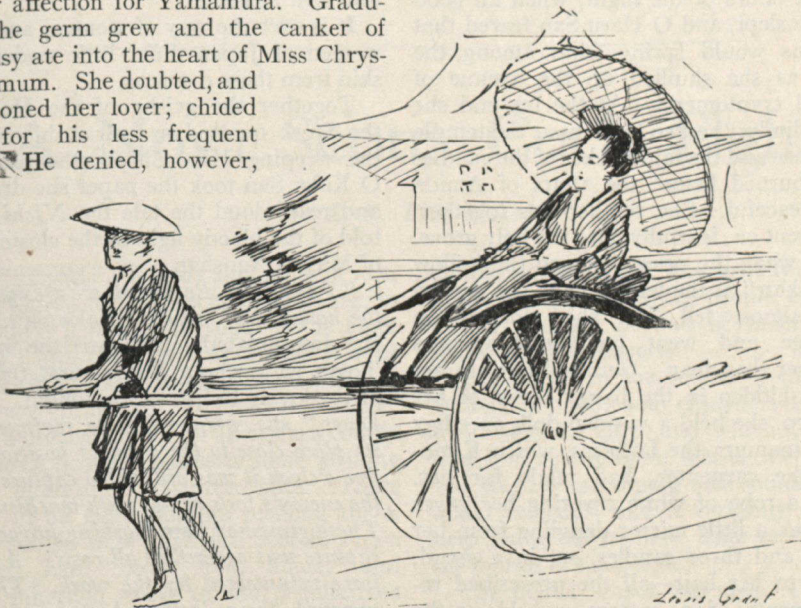
that another shared the affection he gave her.

“Can one see the moon when the sun shines?” he said; and O Haru San was happy again.

Yet, the suspicion remained, and when Yamamura was called to the colours, to join the “Dai Ichi Rentai”—the First Regiment—and to go to fight overseas, it had been increased because of the tales the geisha told her.

And that night the “string of her samisen snapped.”

Two days later the First Regiment entrained at Shinbashi for the front. Standing in the crowd, her brightest “haori” and gayest “obi” about her, her pretty face profusely powdered, contrasting with the dull red of her bamboo-framed umbrella of oiled paper, O Haru San watched the soldiers march by. There was bustle and trampling all about her, but O Haru San was more interested in the young girl who learned over the balustrading of a verandah opposite throwing flowers on the crowds below. The bugles sounded loud, and the people were tip-toeing on their stilted “geta” to see the passing regiment. Loud were the shouts of



*Lewis Grant*

“She rode away at night . . . to places she did not know”

"banzai." The soldiers were imposing in their warlike array. Their heavy coats were tightly rolled and fastened about their knapsacks, and boots, canteens and all the impedimenta, brightly burnished, were loaded on their backs, packed neatly. The roads were muddy, rain was falling, but the soldiers plodded on and the people cheered them on their way.

"Banzai," shouted O Haru San with those about her; but like his comrades, Yamamura the corporal passed on silently, not noticing the geisha who had shouted so shrilly "Ten Thousand Years." Yet, he looked up at the girl on the balcony, and waved his hand to her, smiling as he did so; and she threw a spray of plum blossoms down toward him. O Haru San saw all these things, and she shuffled out of the crowd with a heavy heart to weep at her home in the Street of the Geisha.

As the days passed, the tales the other geisha told her of the fair Miss Flower Bud, daughter of the silk-seller of Kyobashi-cho, made her sadder and sadder. Hardly a day passed but saw her weeping.

In a corner of her room stood a samisen with a broken string.

It was the "hours of the ox," the darkest, stillest hours of the night, when all good people slept, and O Haru San feared that demons would spring from among the trees as she shuffled up the avenue of sacred cryptomeria. At the far end she saw, dimly, the two lanterns at the temple entrance and the faint flicker of the candles that burned before the altars of Amida the Peaceful. She set her lips together, and went on, fearfully, into the holy grove. Once when the priest boomed the hollow "kan-kan" at the temple gate, she gasped and almost fell, but she plucked up courage and went on. Jealousy was stronger than fear. Clutched tight in her hand, hidden in the baggy sleeve of her kimono, she held a wooden doll, an effigy of Yamamura the faithless, which Kimochi, the carpenter, had made for her. With a robe of white covering her gayer kimono, a little mirror dangling from her neck, and three candles, set in a stand, fitted to her hair—all the proscribed requirements of a custom as old as the age-worn and moss-grown lanterns—

she had made her way in the quietness of early morning, after the custom of forsaken maidens, to the Temple of Amida. With a hammer and nails brought from the carpenter shop she fastened the image she brought to the sacred cryptomeria. There, on her knees, she prayed that the gods might slay the fickle Yamamura, who had smiled at the maiden who leaned from a verandah as the soldiers marched by. Then O Haru San gathered up her belongings and stole away. The next night she would go again and drive more nails in the sacred tree, until, to save the holy cryptomeria from further desecration, the messenger of the gods—the monkey who travels in space as fast as the shooting stars—would strike Yamamura dead.

A few days later the geisha was told that her former lover was dead. Then a flood of remorse drowned all other passions. As she read the tragic tale of the fight at Nanshan in the *Nichi-Nichi* the "Neisan" brought her, and learned that her one-time lover was among the killed, she wept bitterly. She sorely regretted that she had gone in "the hours of the ox," after the custom of abandoned maidens, to mar the sacred trees so that the gods might slay him. Now she would have him live again.

It is ever the way of women, and these women of Japan differ little under their skin from those overseas.

Together the geisha of the House of the Stork quatted on their cushions about the weeping Miss Chrysanthemum, and O Kaka San took the paper she dropped, and read aloud the tale the *Nichi-Nichi* told of the bloody fight in the closing days of May at Nanshan.

"*The First Regiment was exposed to the hottest fire,*" read O Kaka San, 'and,' she interpolated, 'they are the men of Tokio with whom Yamamura, the lover of the lovely O Haru San, fought.' "*For hours,*" she went on, "*the regiment held its place close to the enemy's position. At five o'clock it was ordered to capture one of the enemy's forts armed with machine guns. These guns had been working havoc; their capture was ordered at all costs. A picked force volunteered for the work. The men removed their leather boots and placed sandals on their feet. They advanced*

calmly, going forward in the face of an awful fire, but when they reached the wire entanglements, not more than two hundred yards from the guns, none stood. All had been shot down."

"Corporal Yamamura was among the brave men; he died a glorious death," said the old "Obasan." "Should not O Haru San be proud?"

But O Haru San was weeping bitterly; she was thinking of how she had stolen out in the still "hours of the ox" to pray for the soldier's death.

..... "Colonel Ohara determined to take the fort," read O Kaka San. "The Third Regiment sent men, and more than one hundred were shot down. Further advance seemed impossible, but Colonel Ohara was determined to take the place. The Rising Sun standard was advanced in front of the regiment. The colonel drew his sword and shouted from the van to

encourage his men, and again the assault commenced. Within a hundred yards of the guns the flagstaff was shattered and the flag fell. Ensign Isawa was wounded, and the colonel standing behind the standard was also hit. Lieutenant Okamura brought a bandage, but was shot dead as he opened the package. All the officers and men near the wire entanglements were either killed or wounded, and of the whole First Regiment only one non-commissioned officer escaped unharmed. The standard had to be borne by a man from the ranks—he was so proud—until it was planted on the enemy's fortress at seven o'clock that night."

"If I had a lover who fought there I would be happy, very happy," said O Kaka San.

Yet, O Haru San wept; sobbing bitterly long after the sympathetic "Neisan" had tucked the bed-clothes about her. In the morning they found her dead.



## A Nova Scotia Cock Fight

By A. F. THOMSON



FIFTY years ago, more or less, the log school building in which the youth of the Back Settlement were wont to meet during the winter months was of very primitive architectural style. The Settlement itself, in an eastern county of Nova Scotia, possessed some striking and interesting characteristics. There were in all eight families residing there. The people were Highland Scotch, whose fathers had "come from home," and they inherited many of the peculiarities and usages of the old land, so dear to the Scotchman's heart. Gaelic was the

mother tongue and was usually spoken in the homes, though the people, especially the younger portion of them, could speak English fluently.

The pupils in the school of the Back Settlement once a year enjoyed a diversion which did not then, and which does not now, find a place in the school calendar. It was scarcely in keeping with sound educational methods, and it certainly did not help refine the æsthetic taste or improve the morals of the people.

The Lenten season was near. The time had come when the well-fed birds in the neighbouring barns should be brought

together in the cockpit. There were no policemen and no officers of the S.P.C.A. nosing around in search of things which might be interesting to those people. Shortly after the school was opened on the morning of a certain day the sporting fraternity began to assemble—and the sporting fraternity of the Back Settlement on one day in the year included the children, parents and grandparents. There was John McDonald, who came from the Highlands of Scotland many years ago. He was the patriarch of the vale. He numbered his years in the nineties; but he was hale and hearty, straight and stately in all his movements, full of life and good-will for his fellow-men. There was his son John, four of whose children were enrolled as pupils of the school. There was Lauchlin Cameron, who claimed as his brother a distinguished church dignitary. There was Roderick McGillivray, now somewhat stooped and unsteady in his gait, but whose eyes flashed with fire at the mention of some of the stirring events of his life on his native heath. He always regarded the Land of the Heather as his home. There were Hamish McIsaac, and Hugh McIntosh, and all the stalwarts of the glen and of the hillsides, attired in their Sunday garments, now bent on fun and frolic. Yes, here they all are in this log cabin ready to share in a sport which had amused their ancestors in other days. The long benches are moved back under the desks and the fathers and children are ranged around the room. A more kind, genial, jovial and generous group of men could not be found anywhere. The thought of unkindness or cruelty had not suggested itself to their minds. Had not their ancestors indulged in this sport? Why then should not the children follow their example? Old customs die hard. This, however, was the last cock fight in the Back Settlement. Unconsciously the minds and morals of these people had been undergoing a change. They came somehow to feel that it was not in keeping with their Highland Scotch dignity to indulge in this old Athenian sport. They must put away childish things.

But all the same that was an exciting day in the old log school-house. Eagerly

the spectators watched Donald John as he let his bird go. "Gosh, man, that's a fine fellow!" exclaimed the patriarch. Then Hamish McIsaac let go his bird, that armed with long, sharp spurs strutted out, flapped his wings and lustily crowed defiance at his antagonist.

"Eh, man, ther's more than her match!" cried old Malcolm.

"Yes," responded Lauchie, "she's a fine rooster that; she'll gie a good account of herself, whatever."

"Rooster?" indignantly retorted Hamish, "this isn't a rooster fight; this is a cock fight."

"I'll bet saxpence on the red bird," cried John Lauchie.

"Och, laddie, none o' your betting here—this is none o' your gambling dens," protested the patriarch.

For a time the birds were shy of each other; but after some crowing and much fencing the fight began. Fearlessly and furiously they strike at each other. Beak and spur do their terrible work. Round and round the ring they go, nimbly jumping and fiercely pecking. Feathers fly and the blood flows, and the excitement grows. The battle thickens. Again and again the combatants, now with slower steps, rush at each other, seemingly inspired by the shouts and exclamations of the spectators. At length Donald's bird drives the foe from the field and is declared to be the "victor." Then two fresh birds are let go and another battle ensues, accompanied with similar excitement and suffering. All the birds having entered the arena and fought their way to glory or defeat, the victorious birds in each battle are compelled to fight again with each other. The bird that wins the most victories is called "the main bird." He carries off the honours of the day and his owner receives the congratulations of the spectators. But this was not the end of the fun and frolic.

In compliance with a long established custom the "owner of the main bird" was expected to have "a pay ball" at his home that night, charging "half-a-crown a couple." At the appointed hour the guests began to arrive and in due time the home of Donald McDonald was comfortably filled with the youth and

beauty, and the wit and wisdom of the Back Settlement, with a number of persons from the neighbouring settlements. "Hugh the Fiddler" and "Sandy the Piper" were there. Lauchie Dougal with his best girl, Hamish McIsaac with his Kirsty; yes, John McGregor and all other beaux and belles had come to share in the fun and to make love. The music was loud and merry, and to the old familiar tunes of "Mary McDonald," "Lord McDonald's Reel," "Bonny Prince Charlie," and other airs dear to the Scotchman's heart the dance went on fast and furious till "the wee sma' hour of the morn."

How strangely grotesque such scenes would be regarded by us in these days of so-called modern refinement! Yet those

were happy days. Those were a happy and contented people. In their own way they enjoyed life. They were ignorant of many of the vices that disgrace and degrade the society of to-day. They knew nothing of the business troubles and the stress and strain which, in our times, so frequently mar the peace and comfort of the home and bring on premature old age and death. Some of the pupils of that school have attained to positions of honour and responsibility. They have made themselves known in law, in medicine and theology. They have all been worthy citizens of our country and not one of them has brought discredit upon himself, or dishonour upon his home, or the Back Settlement.

## The Fascination of the Uttermost South

By C. REGINALD FORD, a Member of the National  
*Antarctic Expedition, 1901-4*



ALL who have studied the history of polar exploration must have been struck with the fact that men who have once entered the polar regions frequently do so again and again.

The unknown has always possessed a fascination for the people of maritime nations, but to the stay-at-home reader, who is impressed with the discomfort, hardship, and grave perils encountered by polar explorers it seems that one such experience should be sufficient. It appears almost incredible that one who has endured such things should desire to repeat his experience. The lives, however, of Franklin, the Rosses, and, to come to more recent times, of Nansen, Peary, and others, demonstrate that men will and do enter the ice-bound regions surrounding the north pole time after time notwithstanding every hardship and danger.

The love of adventure inherent in men of northern blood accounts in some measure for this eagerness to take part

in wresting from Nature the secrets of her icy fastnesses in the far north; but this is not all. Undoubtedly those regions have a fascination for and cast a spell over those who have once crossed their threshold.

Our day is proving that the south holds a spell no less potent. Borchgrevink was twice in the Antarctic, and both Mr. Bernacchi and Captain Colbeck, who took part in the recent National Antarctic Expedition, had been with Borchgrevink in the "Southern Cross" Expedition.

What is this spell? Can we account for this fascination which impels men to risk their lives again and again?

Perhaps the unparalleled beauty and picturesqueness and the awe-inspiring magnitude of the wondrous polar scenery explains it in some measure.

On first entering the pack-ice which surrounds and guards the southern pole you receive an impression which no other spectacle in Nature can give. I know nothing to which I can compare the

scene. It is unlike anything ever seen in other latitudes. You find yourself in a sea of ice in which snow-white blocks have taken the place of waves. Stretching away on all sides is one vast field of glistening white, rising and falling in gentle undulations with the movement of the ocean. It is so beautiful, so wonderful and so strange that one is loth to leave the upper deck and lose sight of it. As the ship slowly and laboriously forces her way through the narrow channels of this frozen labyrinth, there is a constant noise of crushing and grinding of ice against the stout timbers of the vessel's side.

From the crow's nest there is a wide outlook. In this swaying barrel there is an officer who searches out the lanes of water between the floes and gives the helmsman the instructions necessary for him to steer the ship through them.

Equally wonderful and beautiful are the huge icebergs. These mighty masses—fit sentinels to that region where Nature is seen in her sternest mood—sometimes lose their fierce and forbidding aspect and become objects of beauty and admiration. Sometimes the sea wears the sides of the bergs into huge caverns. The sea gains the interior of these caverns through natural arches carved out by the action of the water and delicately painted with prismatic tints. Snow-white sea-birds dart in and out and lend additional charm to these fairy-like palaces of ice.

At sunset the pack-ice and icebergs are steeped in dyes the most exquisite imaginable—richer and yet more tender and more delicate than those of Tyre. But Nature is too austere in these regions to often delight the traveller with such scenes and soon the gathering clouds and rising sea remind him that the icebergs are a source of great danger and as wide a berth as possible is given them. They are a constant peril to ships within the antarctic regions. The almost continual fog increases this danger. Frequently the sound of the sea as it dashes furiously against their sides is the only warning of their presence. Often is the pipe "All hands on deck" heard on board of a ship sailing amongst these floating giants, when sail has to be hurriedly shortened and

course altered to bear away from one berg, only perhaps to get into unpleasantly close proximity to another. Frequent, too, are the escapes from being crushed between two such monsters.

The antarctic land has a majesty not to be described in words. There is something unutterably grand in these vast ranges of snow-covered mountains rising precipitously from the sea to great heights, with peak after peak piercing the highest clouds.

To the west of the *Discovery's* winter quarters was a magnificent range of mountains—now named the Royal Society Range. Their chaste, snow-clad slopes and peaks were a daily source of pleasure to us, but towards the approach of our long antarctic night they presented a superb picture, which it were futile to attempt to describe in cold black and white. The fading day steeped those lovely hills in a myriad tender hues, and every lofty peak seemed to swim in a rosy vapour, whilst here and there upon some point, which from its altitude or angle caught the direct rays of the sinking sun, there blazed a flame as of living fire.

At our winter quarters, in about 78° s. lat., the sun did not rise above the horizon for four months. A night of four months' duration! This constant darkness is one of the most trying of the severities of the antarctic. This dreary time is made more dreary by the frequent blizzards. When one is blowing it is impossible for anyone to leave the ship except to cling along a rope to the meteorological station or other place which it is absolutely necessary to visit despite the weather.

Life on board the ship during the winter was not all a picnic, as can be imagined. Much discomfort and much real hardship is the daily experience. But it is not of that I would write now. My purpose is to describe the other side of the picture. The hardships have a compensation.

Sometimes there is a spell of fine, clear weather. Then it is that the true spirit of the polar world is revealed and can be understood. Imagine what it would be like for us to take a walk or a ski-run over the frozen sea on a bright, calm day in the winter. To the north and east,

standing alone—majestic in their isolation—were the two volcanoes Erebus and Terror, the former always having a plume of smoke and steam streaming away from its crater. To the south, bound only by the horizon, lay the plain of the Great Ice Barrier—a vast and dreary frozen Sahara—an endless vision of white. In the west, their dark cliffs standing sharply out against their slopes of white, were the mighty hills of the Royal Society range, rearing their lofty peaks, capped with everlasting snow, far into the deep blue vault of the sky, out of which shone myriads of stars with a brilliancy and lustre unequalled in other climes. Pre-eminent among all the constellation shone overhead the Southern Cross. It can easily be imagined how weird and ghostlike the glorious pageantry of volcanoes, hills and plain appeared when illumed only by the pale, romantic light of the moon and stars.

Lying at the very foot of a snow-covered mountain of fire was the *Discovery*, looking strangely beautiful and phantomlike—her masts and yards and every rope of her network of rigging sharply outlined in glistening white.

Most strange of all was the great silence—an endless and fathomless quiet. Nature seems dead—it is indeed the silence of the grave. We speak of an "overwhelming silence" and of "silence which can be heard," but I doubt if anyone has any conception of how silence can overwhelm or how it can make itself heard until they have been in polar regions. The nearest approximation to it is the open sea on a calm day, or the Australian bush in the breathless evening air; but neither the ocean nor the bush has this overwhelming sense of the utter absence of life or motion. You stand still and listen—you strain your ears, but nothing responds; you are in a region of emptiness—in the centre of an awful stillness—void of all life; there is no footfall of living animal—no leaf to rustle—no chirp of a cicada—no lap of a gently curling wave, or cry of a sea-bird—nothing to break the immensity of the silence. I say "immensity" because the silence seems to have ceased to be negative and to have become capable of measurement,

capable of being felt and seen and heard. It becomes overwhelming, you grasp your ski-stick, plant it in the snow and move ahead, but you involuntarily start at the sound made by the ski as you commence to glide over the snow. But the sound breaks the silence and relieves the ears which have become oppressed as with a great and reverberating sound.

You continue to glide smoothly along enjoying the solitude. I know the poet makes Alexander Selkirk say:

"O solitude, where are the charms  
That sages have seen in thy face?  
Better dwell in the midst of alarms  
Than reign in this horrible place."

He was quite alone on an unknown island, however, and was despairing of ever seeing the face or hearing the voice of his fellow-men again; but we, although we had a continent to ourselves (even the seals and the penguins went north to warmer climes during the winter), were forty in number and never considered the possibility of not returning home. So we were in a better condition for enjoying the charms of solitude—and there certainly is a charm to it. We could say (with apologies to the poet for the adaptation):

"Ah! then there is freedom and joy and pride,  
Alone over the frozen snow to glide!  
Away, away from the dwellings of men;  
Away, away in the wilderness vast,  
Where the foot of man hath never passed."

To add to the beauties of the polar night there are occasional displays of that beautiful magnetic phenomenon, the Aurora Australis, when some part of the heavens is illuminated by pale and fairylike arcs or rays and streamers of light. Palpitating and scintillating, vanishing and reappearing, constantly changing form—beautiful, curious or grotesque—they are a delight to the eyes and the mind.

Sometimes, too, were weird mock-moons and suns—ghostlike mirages and other strange phenomena seen only in polar regions.

Yet, although the beauties of the pack-ice and the icebergs, the grandeur of the ice-covered lands, the glories of the sun-rises and sunsets, and of the auroral displays, the mystic silence of the antarctic

night all contribute something to the fascination which the polar world holds for those who once brave its pathless realms, this is not all. There is an undefinable something in the place itself and in the life led by the explorers which sympathises with some ancestral touch of savagery in human nature despite its years of civilisation.

There is a rugged, savage grandeur and massiveness about everything in the antarctic which appeals to this primitive instinct. Here you are in touch with the deepest and grandest elements in Nature, and feel that "though man is distant, God is near." You are able to thoroughly understand how the men of old worshipped God in the sun and the hills, the moon and the stars. Never did I realise this as I did when I, with several others, stood on the summit of a hill and there watched the sun make his first appearance above the horizon after his long, long absence. The rising sun was heralded by wavy wisps of "wind-swept clouds, decked in prismatic hue." Then the darkness was driven back by the tender, glimmering rays of pink and gold until at last came the golden orb, rising slowly and majestically, only showing us in that first day a part of his burning disc, then again as slowly disappearing below the horizon. But this short sight which was given us was an earnest of the longer and yet more glorious appearance he was to make day by day until he sank no more for four months—four months of continual, health-giving sunshine.

All these things—these evidences of the great and unknown forces of Nature and of her untold glories at the farthestmost ends of the earth, some of which I have attempted to describe, with the free,

semi-savage life led by the explorer, are part of the fascination of the uttermost south.

When leaving winter quarters, sailing northwards to our southern home, we saw the land which we knew so well bathed in the unutterable glories of an antarctic sunset. From our small poop I looked long to the south as the familiar landmarks receded in the distance and I remember remarking to a companion how sorry I was that, in all probability, I should never again see that beautiful land. This in spite of the fact that only three days previously the loss of the *Discovery* with all hands seemed inevitable.

In the joy of homecoming and return to the blessings and comforts of civilisation this regret was quite forgotten for a few months. For some time now, however, the hardships and perils have, to me, lost their sharpness and only appear as the shadows of a bright and pleasant picture.

When I see a snow-capped peak, when I hear a noise resembling that made by the scraping of the ice against the *Discovery's* side or by the crushing of the snow under my feet, when I read of travels in polar regions, at once my mind conjures up visions of the far south and an almost irresistible longing arises in my heart to again be on board a ship forcing her way through the resisting pack or to be again gliding over the frozen sea, alone with the hills and stars, in that silent region of desolation and frost and yet of mysterious and fascinating beauty.

It is the call of the south which I hear.

Since this article was written it is announced in the press that M. Henri Arctowski, the Belgian antarctic explorer, is planning another attack on the south pole.

---

## Forbearance

By JEAN BLEWETT

PUT self behind, turn tender eyes,  
 Keep back the words that hurt and sting;  
 We learn, when sorrow makes us wise,  
 Forbearance is the grandest thing.





A PRETTY FALLS IN PORCUPINE CREEK

## A Fisherwoman in the Rockies

By *JULIA W. HENSHAW*

"Come bring to me my limber gad  
I've fish'd wi' mony a year,  
An' let me hae my weel-worn creel  
An' a' my fishing gear."



F a truth angling takes one to some of the most beautiful spots in British Columbia; and at the best times of the year. In August and September, when the rivers have recovered from the melting of the snows, and resumed their normal size, and the lakes (whose still waters lie sentinelled by the Emerald Range) teem with trout, Field is so surrounded by exquisite associations, so sunsteeped and filled with Nature's gracious loveliness, that the heart of the angler who sojourns beneath the shadow of Mount Stephen is each day refreshed by the beauty of the eternal "out-of-doors."

The usual question which suggests itself to the waking mind of every angler,

"What sort of weather is it?" is uncalled for in British Columbia, where summer days are fine and warm, and there is ever sweetness in the air. Nevertheless it behooves the ardent fisherwoman to hasten betimes if she would fain take a good catch of trout, as before sunrise, when the mountain streams are rippled by the tender, slender fingers of the willow-wands as they sway in the wind that stirs before the dawn, and the quiet pools reflect the soft grey clouds that fill the sky—then is the grandest time of all to fish.

Like a flash from a world of pure delight these thoughts crowd across my mind as, rod in hand, and creel on shoulder, I start in the early morning for Porcupine Creek, a trouting stream I have known and loved of old.

Dear reader, do not mistake, I am no expert; I cannot tell of scientific ways to take a trout, nor yet discourse in correct

piscatorial phraseology of baits, and tackle, and methods, as certain learned followers of Izaak Walton do. For me the joy to fish is all-sufficient. It is as an atmosphere enveloping body and spirit, I breathe, I feel, I know it—but I do not comprehend. Can words express a day's pleasure? More easily may we speak of grief and terror, sin and disappointment. Of a day's fishing what is there to tell? Nothing! Not because there is nothing to tell, but because there is so much that can never be told. Only the heart of the angler knoweth its own joy.

My way from the Chalet to Porcupine Creek lies round the southern end of Emerald Lake, where a brown ribbon-like trail curls about the base of tall trees. Underfoot the soil is soft, and loose, and powdered with decaying wood. Overhead there is wild rejoicing amongst the pine tops at the laughter of the wind; while beneath, in the sweet and solemn woods, where belts of close-set ruddy boles barely admit of a pathway, the hush is, strange to say, almost breathless, as if Nature were sound asleep.

No ray of sunlight, no call-note of bird, no chirrup of insect or hum of bee breaks the tension; even the stately Gallardias have turned in their slumbers and laid their gorgeous heads upon the dewy earth-pillow. On either side the fern fronds are curled up in dreams, like big query marks (?) as if to say—"Why awoken so early? It is not yet the dawn."

Presently, leaving the lake shore, the trail leads over the small shoulder of Mount Burgess, zigzagging up the steep, rocky slope, and across a bank of avalanche shale. At every step a shower of stones rattles down into the abyss below, necessitating cat-like caution and a wary outlook for loose boulders. This past, the rugged path suddenly dips down into the dark tangle of the forest. Dewy cobwebs, unseen in the dim light, break across my face; the dry fir cones crunch beneath my feet, the pungent smell of the balsams rises on every side as I hasten on, half-afraid at the breathless silence of these grey-green woods—so still, so majestic, so vast. In my haste I trip over a fibrous root. The shock is a relief; it snaps the strain. At that instant, with a heart-

bound of joy, I hear the ripple of the stream.

A little accurate knowledge of the habits of the Rocky Mountain trout is very useful to the angler in these regions. By far the best time to fish the rivers and brooks is before sunrise, or on a dull afternoon after four o'clock, when the trout will take a Coachman, or Grey Palmer, and sometimes show a greedy preference for a grasshopper.

In the larger lakes, such as Emerald Lake and Lake Louise, the evening catch is generally the largest and with fair luck and a Coch-y-bonddhu, the angler may, in a couple of hours, land 10 or 12 lbs. of trout to his rod. These lake trout run from  $\frac{3}{4}$  to 8 lbs., and give splendid sport, while the trout in the streams weigh from 1 lb. to 5 lbs. and are particularly gamy to play. Rainbow and other trout are very plentiful in the Kicking Horse River, some miles below the Otter Tail Mountains, a pleasant expedition from the Chalet at Field; in fact, in whichever direction you wend your steps—north to the Yoho valley, with its wonderful Takakkaw Falls, that leap down the precipice twelve hundred feet high at a single bound, and are the loftiest falls in America; south across the great naked shoulders of the Otter Trail bluffs; east to the foot of Cathedral Crags, or west where the Van Horne Range towers to heaven—it is always the same good sport.

Strong, rocky streams, full of unexpected shallows and deep pools, and here and there good sheltering stones, teach the wise angler to keep in constant touch with her fly without interfering with its motion in the swift current. On the placid surface of Emerald Lake it is otherwise; there a movement must be given to the hand, but in the mountain creeks it is better to hold your rod perfectly steady and let the fly float down and sweep around with the turns and swirls of the water.

Presently a bit of the stream catches my eye, and stirs every pulse. A wide, rippling shallow, just above a good pool, with the water knee-deep running tumultuously along its bouldered bed. Bushes of wild rhododendron covered with creamy flowers, and blue-leaved high bush

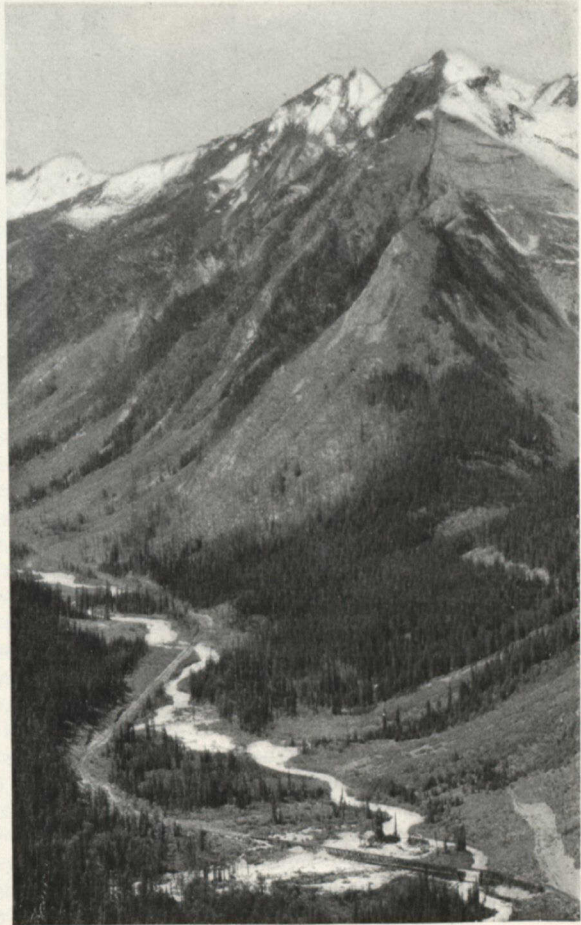
barberry overhang the banks, and where the latter narrow in, twenty yards below, tall silver-stemmed poplars crowd close to the edge, sheltering the deeper water, the home of those trout that are caught in such shallows as the one I promptly begin to fish.

Walking very slowly up the creek, now ruffled by the breeze which is strengthening to greet the dawn, I run out a short line, and commence casting my fly, a well-favoured Greenwell's Glory, with all the delicate precision of which I am capable. This fly is dressed of feathers taken from the blackbird's wing, the body being formed of Coch-y-bonddhu hackles, and, with the exception of a March Brown, I have not found any more successful at Field.

The ripple rendering me invisible, almost every throw is rewarded by a rise, or the basketing of a fish. Of a truth the sport is grand! In an hour thirteen trout varying from  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. to 2 lbs. lie in my creel.

Suddenly there comes a terrific tug at my line, and in an instant I am on the alert, for who does not know the excitement of hooking an unexpectedly large fish on a small rod and light tackle? For fifteen minutes I play him, up stream, down stream, reeling in and running out, my attention never for a second relaxed, for experience in the shape of losing many a fine fish has taught me in the past that keen, steady interest and self-control—not dogged patience—will alone eventually win the day and land the biggest trout. In another five minutes I have him on the bank, a speckled beauty of some 3 lbs. odd.

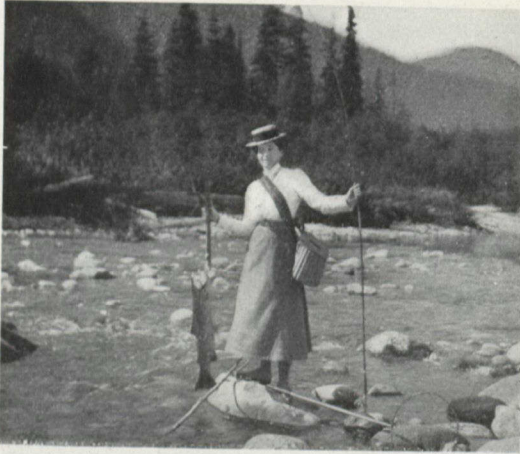
It is commonly asserted that angling is but an idle way of passing the time, and that while hunting, climbing, and riding, by the exertion they entail, tend to



A FISHING STREAM IN THE ROCKIES

strengthen the frame, fishing contributes but little to the physical improvement of woman. Let any one who holds such opinions fish for a day in a Rocky Mountain stream that has a bed filled with large, slippery boulders; let her step, spring, and scramble from one to the other for a few hours, encumbered with her rod and a well-filled creel; let her, in addition, walk some distance to and from the river, and, after playing half a dozen gamy trout, I think she will change her mind!

My fishing was first learned, many years ago, amongst the Swiss trout at Andermatt, where my father, the keenest of north country anglers, took me one summer for a month's sport; and together



THE AUTHOR WITH A 12¼ LB. RAINBOW TROUT  
CAUGHT WITH ROD AND LINE

we thrashed every likely stream on the slopes of St. Gothard, the Furca Reuss, and the Ober Alp Reuss, often basketing as many as a dozen fish apiece in the hour. These Swiss trout are shorter in length and deeper in body than any I have ever seen; when taken out of the river they feel icy cold, and are as hard as stone, and when cooked the flesh is pink like salmon and has an exquisite flavour. They weigh up to 5 lbs.

Later, I visited the banks of the Coquet, in Northumberland, the most famous trout fishing river in England, and here my father endeavoured to teach me some of that fine art of angling of which he was himself a past master.

"I will sing of the Coquet, the dearest of themes,  
The haunt of the fisher, the first of a'  
streams;  
There's nane like the Coquet in a' the  
King's land  
From the white cliffs of Dover to North  
Britain's strand."

The memory of those halcyon May days is with me still, when we found "a wale o' trouts in Coquet," whose waters "to the soft green woods all day sang a quiet tune."

Suddenly the sun has shot up above the crenulated mountain tops, and a flood of golden glory rolls like a mighty sea down the giant bluffs, bringing into notice the curious streaks of white and yellow that

scar their mottled sides, and showing up in bold relief the deep-cut fissures where indigo shadows nestle densely dark. Between green fir trees, the wide-spreading glaciers cling with sparkling fingers to the upper slopes, their merciless ice-spurs still wreathed with the mists of night; some of the high-up shooting peaks wear soft cloud collars; others stretch out jagged arms to heaven; and tucked down between the rocky crags lie the immense névés, reflecting every sunbeam. Fifty great mountain monarchs draw the dazzling snow-cloaks about their naked shoulders with superb hauteur, and hold erect their stately, ice-crowned heads, as they stand knee-deep in balsam-pine, tamarac, and spruce,

and turn their stony faces to gaze down upon the ardent angler fishing eight thousand feet below.

No words can paint the beauty of the sunrise in the heart of the Rocky Mountains. Across the sheen-like surface of the lakes the hemlocks throw reflections perfect as themselves; in the fern-dressed canyons exquisite lights touch bud and blade with instinct life; the sun-steeped slopes of the valleys glow gay with yellow arnica, scarlet painter's brush, wild white geraniums, vetches, and purple wind-flowers; the call-note of the red tanager comes from the quiet wood; an impertinent flicker, with a crimson tuft on his head, says "Preep-preep" as he perches close by; s-zip, s-zip zee-e-e-e sing the grasshoppers, until the thicket fairly quivers with their shrill cries; white and tortoiseshell butterflies flitter out into the glory of the morning; there is a stirring in the hearts of the trees; all Nature is awake at last to greet that miracle—the Dawn.

Gone are the soft grey-greens of morning twilight, gone the breathless silence of the forest, the cold, forbidding aspect of the bluffs. The trees hold up their leafy petticoats in the breeze and dance with glee, for the wind has set all the Campanula-bells ringing out a merry tune. The sky is blue like a flawless turquoise in the golden setting of the sun;



THREE STAGES IN THE LANDING OF A BIG TROUT

gaiety, light, and life are pulsing in earth and air, for heaven bends so near that it barter greetings with the world.

These are the joys of the angler in British Columbia, even of the fisherwoman, for Nature never betrays the heart that loves her, and unto such wisdom even the foolish may apply their souls.

As the trout are taking so well I determine to continue fishing as long as the morning breeze blowing up stream favours the proper hang of the fly; so keeping as much as possible in the shade of the bushes, I make my way northwards and display my Greenwell's Glory enticingly over every likely lurking-place. Nor am I disappointed, for after a quarter of an hour's industrious thrashing, the line tightens again, the sporadic splash, splash, sounds now on the right, now on the left—I have hooked a big rainbow!

The old thrill vibrates up my wrist and communicates itself in some mysterious manner to my brain, and away goes the line spinning merrily out in a way which sends my finger automatically to the reel. "That rainbow must be a five pounder!" I gasp aloud in my excitement, for the fish, with a potent rush, is making down stream at lightning speed. With all possible caution I play him. Occasionally a brown head and shoulders appear, only to disappear, for the current is strong, and the weakness of my skill great. By this time my feelings are those of downright fear, for I know that my fish is a

big prize. Another rush—will it be purposeless, or of deliberate intent to gain a safe bed of weeds? For any fish of this size is master of fine gut for a few seconds after being hooked.

The rainbow fights desperately—but then, so do I. Hither and thither—now I have drawn him up a little way, only to encounter another mad rush. Oh! the hairbreadth escapes! But the rod is arching still, and the fish pauses apparently exhausted. I gather my wits and strength together—my arms are trembling violently from the unaccustomed strain. Another rush—this time shorter—a few mad plunges—will my nerve hold out—Ah! he is flopping breathless on the surface, and by his length he must surely weigh at least six pounds! He has turned on his side. Oh! ecstatic moment! He is safe in the landing net, and, well, *après cela le déluge*—I sit down on the bank and indulge in a ridiculous feminine burst of tears!

It is lovely to be a heroine and catch a big rainbow trout, but it is very hard to be heroic when once the prize is safe!

Presently, having sufficiently recovered to take up my rod again, I turn once more to the stream, which here begins to run between rocky walls, so steep, and topped with such thick underbrush that it is impossible to cast from the bank. There is nothing for it but to take to the bed of the creek, and spring from stone to stone as best I can, for to-day I am guiltless of "waders" and the water runs three and

four feet deep. Fortunately the boulders are, for the most part, large and flat enough to afford a good footing.

But somehow luck has flown. In vain I display my choicest flies, trying successively a March Brown and a Coachman; all seems useless.

Perhaps it is owing to the influence of the brilliant sunshine, which is now penetrating every nook and cranny; perhaps it is because of the sweet, curative influences Nature sheds so lavishly around us, or because that like the poet Hovey, I say in my heart:

"I am sick of four walls and a ceiling,  
I have need of the sky,  
I have business with the grass."

but involuntarily my attention wanders from my idle line to the busy woods.

Overhead the tangled branches of the tamaracs entwine, the giant fir trees stand like a brotherhood, powerful and solemn. See the white, feathery plumes of the spiræa, scarlet-tipped as if dipped in blood, the fallen logs mossed over and wreathed with the vine of the northern Twin flower, whose delicate pinkish blossoms gem the long green tendrils. Farther away grow the red-berried Kinnikinnik bushes, the tobacco plant of the native Indian; Shooting Stars, cardinal, mauve, and white, cluster at their roots, as if seeking shelter from the onslaught of the clover blossom army, that marches up the valley and sets its camp on every knoll.

An inquisitive whiskey-jack (a sort of jay) perches nearby, and swings himself into an ecstasy on the bough of a wild cherry tree. "Quit, Quit," he flutes impertinently, as if to say: "What business have you here? These woods are mine." "Chif-chef-chef-chif-chef," comes a rapid cry from the opposite bank. I do not move. It is the purple-breasted finch. This bird loves the mountain recesses; he is a happy recluse. I remained immovable as the stone upon which I stand; my fly, unheeded, shirls down stream with the current; the trout are for the moment of no account. I hold my breath and listen, and my reward is not long withheld. The finch lifts up his tiny head and pours out a song so wondrously beautiful, so full of love and the

joy of summer, that to hear it opens the very gate of heaven.

I am dazed with the tender melody, my senses are drugged by the cloying odour of the sap that pulses in every green-growing plant. Nature is so dramatically strong in the Rocky Mountains. Go there but once, to the Gates of God; open your soul to it all, breathe of it, think of it, dream of it, pure and sweet and wholesome, and you will realize the transcendent virtue of the Great Worth While. Do I bore you—forgive—Nature has crept into my heart, and left no room for other reasoning.

A sharp tug and my thoughts come back with a start, to my rod. Another bite, but this time only a small trout, I fancy, and I make a "strike" so hard that the fish falls off, and my line flies up into the air and gets hopelessly entangled in a hemlock tree. This is most annoying, positively distressing, for here am I alone, three miles from the Chalet and help, and the hemlock has not a branch within six feet of the ground. To add to my chagrin, a storm, one of those swift visitations in mountainous regions, suddenly blows up from the south, dark clouds sail furiously across the sky, the plaintive hum of insects in the grass dies at the sudden pattering of rain-drops on dry leaves, a squirrel runs across the fallen logs at my feet, and with a whisk of his tail disappears up into the shelter of some tree. The whiskey-jack has flown away, the song of the finch is stilled, and then an awful hush descends upon the forest, the listening hush that precedes the crash of heaven's artillery.

There is no more time for temporising now. With a few imperative tugs I break the line free, and leave my Coachman to its fate among the branches. Already my clothes are sopping and drag about my ankles, and my creel feels like a ton-weight, yet there is no alternative but to struggle on and reach the chalet with all possible speed.

Have you ever walked through the forest primeval while the elements waged a barbarous battle above, and the harp-string runs of the rain made tearful melody? One is curiously open to Nature's



"Some of the high up-shooting peaks wore soft cloud-collars"

influences at such moments. How the roar of the storm appeals, the forked lightning cleaving the blackness of the clouds sends a shiver through one's limbs, and as the mountain-tops fling back the challenge of the thunder, the pathos of the rain-song is heartrending as the cry of a mother over her dead child!

Lunch, of which we partake in the dining-hall of the Chalet—a room adorned with many sporting trophies, and a wide, hospitable hearth where pine logs crackle cheerfully on chilly evenings—proves a most acceptable feast to-day. The restorative powers of dry clothes and a good meal are prodigious!

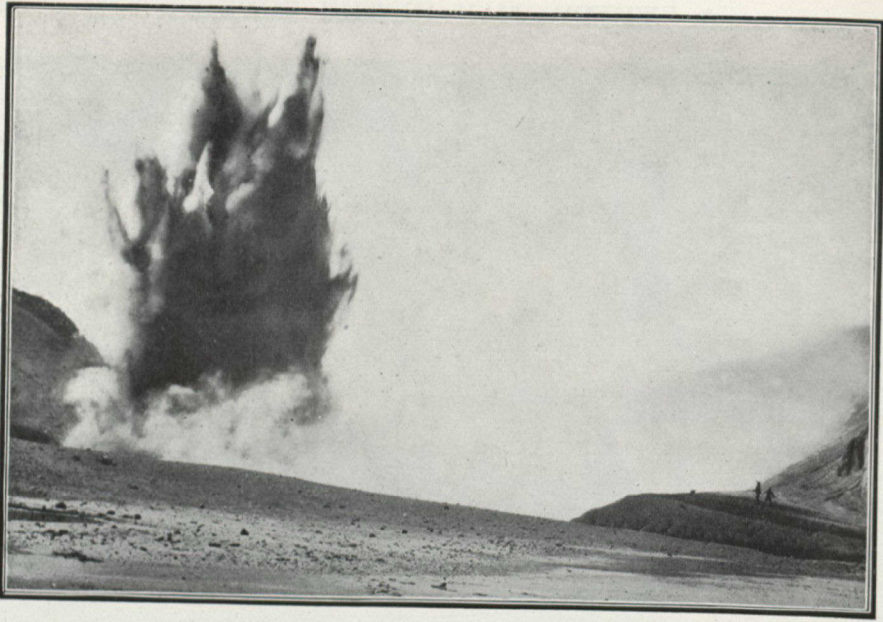
Of course I have to give an account of

my morning's sport, and oh! the pride with which I exhibit the big Rainbow! He tips the scale at  $6\frac{1}{4}$  lbs., as is carefully ascertained by the Professor, a funny old gentleman whom nobody has ever seen without his green Tyrolese hat. The popular belief at Field is that he sleeps in it.

"Very goot, very goot," he chuckles delightedly; "you haf done well, my dear young lady," and the envious glances of the other guests offer incense to my pride.

There is one lovely thing about being a woman, and therefore of little account in the angling world, when you *do* make a good catch, great is your meed of praise!





NEW ZEALAND—WAIMANGU GEYSER IN ERUPTION

"The greatest geyser in the whole world"

## In the Geyser-Land

By BEATRICE GRIMSHAW

### I

FROM HEAVEN TO HADES

**R**ED roofs and white verandahs; straight sandy streets of immense width, planted with green trees, and spindling away into unnaturally bright blue distances; omnibuses, phaetons, motor-cars, and four-in-hands passing at long intervals towards the shining lakes that lie beside the town; puffs of white steam rising up among green gardens and open fields; a ring of amethyst coloured hills surrounding the whole bright scene, bathed in such a white, pure, crystalline sun as never shines on misty England. That is Rotorua, a half-day's journey from Auckland, and the centre of the wonderful Geyser Region of New Zealand.

Everyone now-a-days knows that New Zealand possesses wonderful geysers, but

not quite everybody knows what a geyser is; and certainly very few are aware of the extraordinary richness and variety of the geyser country. Geysers are intermittent fountains of boiling water, in height from a couple of feet up to fifteen hundred—the enormous altitude reached by Waimangu the Terrible, greatest geyser of the whole world. They consist of a shaft reaching down from the surface of the earth to deep, very highly heated reservoirs of steam and boiling water below; and (usually) of a siliceous basin surrounding the shaft-opening, and full of hot water. Some geysers open in the centre of a cone of siliceous sinter, built up by the deposits from the water, and have no basin.

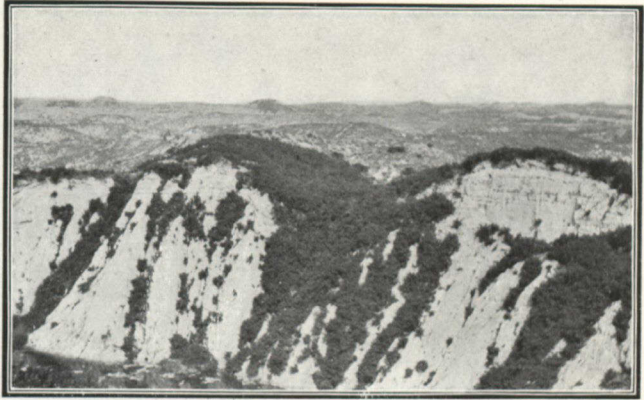
The periodic explosions of active geysers are due to the following facts—water under heavy pressure requires a much higher temperature to boil than water free from pressure. While the water high up in the geyser pipe may be a little under



212 degrees, that in the lower levels may be standing at fifty or sixty degrees higher, and only kept from expanding into steam by the weight of the column above it. If anything lessens that weight or increases the temperature of the lower water, this latter will explode into steam, and drive the upper waters high into air with the force of its exit from the shaft. This, briefly, is the theory of geyser action.

The geyser country of New Zealand—covering a district of many hundred square miles—is one of the world's great miracles. In nearly all this area, the traveller is never out of sight of white puffs of steam that rise strangely among green trees and quiet valleys, and speak with eloquent breath of the unquiet regions lying just below. The Maoris cook all their food over "fumaroles," or steam-holes, and do their washing and bathing in hot lakes and ponds. Boiling mudholes abound; strangely and beautifully coloured earths streak the mountain sides for miles, and hot lakes of startling colours—blue, green, pink, yellow—can be found in many places.

Rotorua itself, the great focus of the healing forces of nature in the geyser



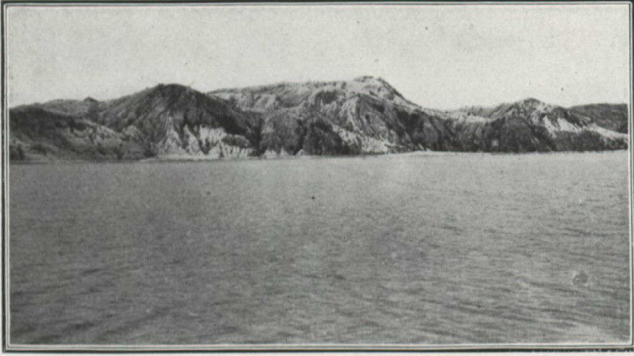
SIDES OF A CRATER NEAR WIAMANGU GEYSER,  
HOT AT BOTTOM

district, is simply a crust over a mass of hot springs, charged with various minerals. Three feet under earth you will find hot water in nearly any part of the town. There are hundreds of hot springs in the neighbourhood that have never been analysed. Of the many that are in use in the government sanatorium, the "Priest's Water" and "Rachel Water" are the most famous. The former cures rheumatism, gout, and blood diseases, while "Rachel" makes her patrons "beautiful for ever" by curing all forms of skin trouble and bestowing a lovely complexion, not to speak of the remarkable effects of the spring on nervous affections. There are also wonderful hot swimming baths, much patronised by the casual tourist; baths of hot volcanic mud, and baths of hot sulphur vapour rising direct from the burning caverns under the earth.

But for people who are in good health, it is the "sights" of Rotorua that are the chief attractions, and these are very many. One of the loveliest, and a welcome change from the countless hot water springs, is Hamurana, surely the most beautiful river source in the world. It



CRATER, MOUNT TARAWERA



LAKE TARAWERA—ASH-COVERED SHORES

is reached by a journey across one of the lakes in a steamer. All the way the great lake ripples purest turquoise under a high, clear, cloudless sky; green islands rise bright and cool from its shining surface; sharply peaked and shadowed mountains, on the distant shores, stand out in strange hues of crystalline hyacinth unknown to our northern climes. By-and-by the little steamer leaves us on a green-wooded shore, and we take boat up a fairy river to a region of enchanted beauty. Blossoming trees line the sun-steeped banks; the water is of the strangest jewel-colours, jade-green, clear molten sapphire, silver, emerald, and transparent as a great highway of rock crystal. Enormous trout, weighing up to twenty pounds, rush from under our keel; grass-green and rose-red water weeds quiver far beneath the oar. Wild fuchsias, wild cherries, loaded with scarlet fruit; snowy-flowered tea tree, arum lilies, yellow broom, and pink dog roses, hang out over the water. But a few hundred yards and the big, lovely river comes to a sudden end, walled in by blossoming bushes, and apparently cut short in the strangest of *cul-de-sacs*. In reality it is the source we have reached; here the whole Hamurana stream springs full-grown from the earth. A great rift in the bed of the glassy river is visible, where the water wells up under our keel in wavering masses of amber, aquamarine, and deep blue, shot with glancing arrows of prismatic light. Five million gallons are poured forth from this deep, cold cavern every twenty-four hours—each

drop as clear as a diamond, and as pure. The force of the upspringing stream is so great that pennies can be thrown in from the boat without sinking to the bottom of the cavern—the water sends them back, and casts them out into the shallows about the edge of the rift. Sometimes a small silver coin will slip down into the depths, and lie glittering many fathoms

below, magnified conspicuously by the transparent water. The Maori natives, who are marvellous divers, have tried time and again to reach this tempting store of treasure; but no man can stem the uprushing torrent of water, and if the coins were gold, they would be as safe as they are now from being possessed by human hands. The most determined suicide could not drown himself in the Hamurana River source, for the stream about the source is shallow, and the cavern water itself would not permit him to sink, however willing he might be.

The Valley of Tikitere, some ten miles from Rotorua, is the greatest contrast that could possibly be conceived to Hamurana's enchanted loveliness. Enchanted, indeed, this valley also might be, but by a spell of evil. It is simply the nearest possible approach to the familiar conception of hell. A stretch of white siliceous soil, streaked here and there with the blood-coloured stains of hematite, or the livid yellow of sulphur, is pitted all over with lakes, pools, and small, deep pot-holes of boiling mud, sometimes thick, sometimes thin, but always scalding, bubbling, spiriting and threatening. Chief of all horrors is the well-named lake—"Gates of Hell." Standing upon a bank of white earth, that is warm under foot, and seamed with steaming cracks, one looks down upon a ghastly hell-hole of a seething cauldron, slimy black in colour, and veiled with stinging mists that only now and then lift all sufficiently to show the hideous surface of the lake. The foul



UMBRELLA BUTTRESSES OF THE LOST PINK TERRACES OF NEW ZEALAND

broth of which it is composed bubbles and lifts ceaselessly, now and then rising into ominous heights and waves that seem about to break upon the banks above. The heat reaches our faces, as we stand half-stifled on the pathway. Just beside us a large pool of bubbling mud, which stands constantly at 212 deg. Fahrenheit—ordinary boiling point—seems almost cool in comparison. Little wonder that is so, for the “Gates of Hell” is largely composed of sulphuric acid, and its surface temperature is 232°.

Beyond lies a perfect wilderness of boiling mud-holes of every kind. Here there is a pond of mud as thick as porridge, there one fluid as cream. Here the deadly, scalding surface lies innocently smooth and unrippled; there, it leaps and thunders like a young volcano in action. At one corner we come suddenly upon an ugly black archway, leading to no inviting interior; nothing can be seen within, but the loud gurglings and chokings of the seething depths inside restrain any desire

for closer observation. “The Heavenly Twins,” derisively so named, are two boiling mud-holes not a foot apart, but quite unconnected; one boils the thickest of brews, while its twin concocts the thinnest.

One must follow the guide closely and carefully about these ghastly wonders. One step off the pathway, and a horrible death awaits the careless walker. Even the path itself is only cool and solid on the outside skin. The guide stops now and then to dig his stick into the whitey-brown earth for a couple of inches, and turn up a clod all glittering on the underside with fresh crystals of sulphur. This underside is so hot that one can hardly touch it with the unprotected hand.

From one deep mud-hole of a comparatively reasonable temperature, mud is taken out for medical uses. It is wonderfully effective as a bath for soothing pain and curing sleeplessness. Further on, on safe ground, one can see a hot waterfall about twenty feet high, in temperature



GATEWAY OF A MAORI PAH (FORTIFIED VILLAGE)

about a hundred degrees, which is used as a douche bath by invalids of many kinds with remarkable results.

On the edges of the valley, I see for the first time in detail exactly how the "fum-  
arole," or steam blow-hole, is used for cooking purposes. Over the opening of a small manageable blow-hole, an inch or two across, is placed a box without a bottom. The food to be cooked is placed in the box either in a pot, or wrapped in leaves. The lid is then put on, and covered with clay. In an hour or so the meat or stew is done to a turn; and even if left too long it cannot be burned. One blow-hole in constant use by the Maoris is not steam at all, but hot sulphur vapour, which deposits a crust of sulphur on everything it touches. This does not trouble the Maori, however; he eats his food quite contentedly with a strong sulphurous flavour added to its natural taste, and says it does him good. Certainly, the natives living about Tikitere are unusually strong and hearty in appearance, and never troubled with any kind of illness.

## II

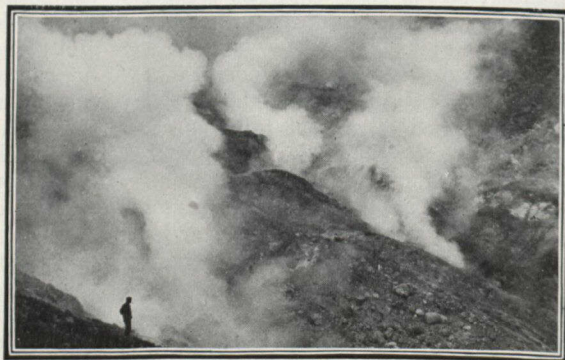
### THROUGH THE TRACK OF THE GREAT ERUPTION

Everyone of middle age remembers vividly the impression created all over the world in 1886 by the eruption of the great volcano

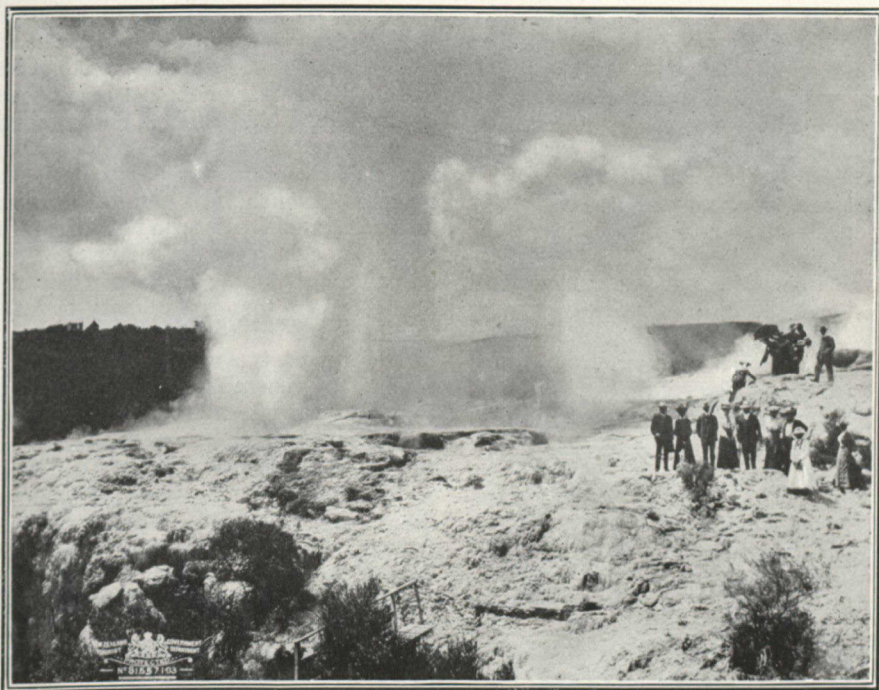
Tarawera, and the destruction of New Zealand's most cherished natural wonder — the peerless Pink and White Terraces of Rotomahana. Countless marvels have been left, and one new one that far outstrips the terraces in sheer wonder and magnificence — Waimangu, the greatest geyser in the world — but New Zealand still laments her beautiful terraces, and shows the spot where they lie deep, buried

under ninety feet of volcanic debris, as though pointing out the grave of something loved and lost.

A day of wonderful interest is that spent in seeing the track of the great eruption. Leaving Rotorua early in the morning I saw, as the coach wound up the hilly road outside the town, many traces of that awful night and day of darkness, thunder, and terror, eighteen years ago. Although Rotorua is fifteen miles or more from the site of the terraces, the sky was dark all the day of the eruption, and only three or four miles from the town, black volcanic dust fell so thickly as to leave a stratum several inches thick over the country. This is clearly visible in the cuttings at the side of the road, where the black stratum can be seen underlying the more recent layer of ordinary soil. Where the great coach-road to Rotomahana once



KETETAHI SULPHUR SPRINGS—TONGARIRO



NEW ZEALAND—GEYSERS AT WHAKAREWAREWA

ran, a chasm some sixty feet deep scars the mountain side, caused by the fearful rush of water that took place down the road-track. An earthquake crack, thirty feet deep, runs close to the road for a long distance. All the way up to the buried village of Wairoa similar traces can be seen. But before the village is reached, two gems of scenic loveliness are passed—the Blue and Green lakes, lying side by side, each enclosed by steep, rugged hills reflected clearly on its glassy surface. One is of the strangest, most delicate Sevres blue—a colour not depending on any reflection from above, for I saw it on a grey and cloudy day—the other is a bright verdigris green. “Chemicals in the water” is the very vague reason given by inhabitants of the district for these remarkable beauties of colour.

I must note here that in no case have I succeeded in obtaining any satisfactory reason for the remarkable blues and greens so common in both the cold and hot waters of the thermal district. The Waikato River—a great cold stream, full of im-

mense trout; Taupo Lake (cold); the coloured lakes of Wairakei and Waiotapu (hot); Hamurana Springs (cold), and many others, display these remarkable tints, under every sky, and in every depth of water. Varying reasons are given, but none seem satisfactory. The beauty of the colouring is, at all events, certain, and the cause may safely be left to geologists.

Wairoa Village is now a green, silent waste of young forest and rich grass, broken only by the ruins of the old hotel that stood there before the eruption, and by a few scattered traces of other human occupation—a fragment of wall, the rusty skeleton of an iron bedstead, lying in a gully; the half-ruined remains of a shattered buggy. In 1886 it occupied the place now held by Rotorua, and was visited by numbers of tourists, all anxious to see the terraces, which lay not far away at the other end of the chain of lakes now united in one, and called Rotomahana. On the day of the eruption, the roof of the hotel was broken in by red-hot falling

stones and mud, and eleven people were killed. Some, who escaped, ran out and took refuge in a native "warry" or hut, which, strange to say, remained uninjured. Over a hundred people in all—mostly Maoris—were killed by the eruption, which destroyed millions of acres of good land, swept away several native villages and utterly altered the face of the whole country.

Lake Tarawera, which must be crossed to see the site of the lost terraces, lies under the shadow of the great volcanic cone of Tarawera, 8,000 feet high, from which much of the molten rock and burning ashes came. It is as lovely, in its own strange way, as the famous lakes of Italy and Switzerland. The water is intensely blue, and the high hills closing it in are of a colour unknown to most other scenery in the world—a strange pale, barren grey, so nearly white as to be slightly suggestive of snow. Like snow, too, is the distribution of this coloured matter; it lies thick on the crests and projections of the hills, and is streaked thinly down the sides. It is ash—volcanic ash, cast out by the surrounding craters on that fatal night of June, 1886, and lying unchanged on the hills about the lake ever since. Tarawera itself towers above the lake, grim and dark and ominous; a mountain not yet tamed by any means, and still hot, though not molten, in the interior of the cone.

Up a great earthquake chasm, among deep volcanic craters that were formed at the time of the eruption, we climb towards the Great Geyser. These craters are for the most part still in a more or less heated state, though grass and ferns grow in the interior of nearly all, and no apprehension is felt as to future outbursts. One has a hot mud pool at the bottom; a second spits steam from many cracks and blow-holes; a third, the largest of all, erupted slightly in August, 1904, and threw a quantity of hot mud and stones out over the top.

Waimangu Geyser itself, which is really more a volcano than a geyser, is supposed to have been formed at the time of the eruption. It did not, however, commence its present activity until 1900, when an enormously high "shot" was seen by one or two explorers camping in the neighbour-

hood, and the source at once investigated. It became apparent that New Zealand, in the place of the lost terraces, had acquired the largest and most magnificent geyser in the whole world. The exchange is by no means a bad one. Waimangu attracts hundreds of travellers to the pretty little hotel planted on a cliff not far from the crater; and those who have been fortunate enough to see the geyser play, one and all utterly lose themselves in attempting to express the extraordinary majesty, wonder and terror of the sight.

The geyser is somewhat irregular in action, but generally plays every day or so. The water in the huge basin heaves and lifts, then an enormous cloud of steam rushes up, and then a column of black water, charged with mud and stones, flings itself upward in repeated leaps or "shots" through the steam, to an almost incredible height—at times, as high as 1,500 feet. More than a quarter of a mile in sheer height is Waimangu's biggest "shot." On such occasions, the sky is darkened by the tremendous spread of the leaping waters, the earth trembles with the concussion, and the watching spectators, perched high above the crater by the shelter hut, feel as though the Last Day itself were falling, unprepared, upon them.

In the summer of 1903, two girls and a guide were killed during the explosion of the geyser. The girls had been repeatedly warned, even entreated, not to stand near the crater, as it was momentarily expected to "play"; but they hovered close by the verge, anxious to secure a photograph. Without warning, Waimangu suddenly rose and hurled itself bodily skyward out of its bed. The enormous backfall of the boiling water caught and swept away the luckless three, and they were carried down the outflow valley in the flood that succeeds every eruption. When found, the bodies were terribly mutilated, and stripped of all clothing. The mother of the girls, standing higher up, saw the whole terrible disaster, and had to be forcibly held back from rushing into the crater, in a wild effort to save her children. Since that melancholy day, the geyser basin has been railed off in such a manner that no one can approach near enough to incur the

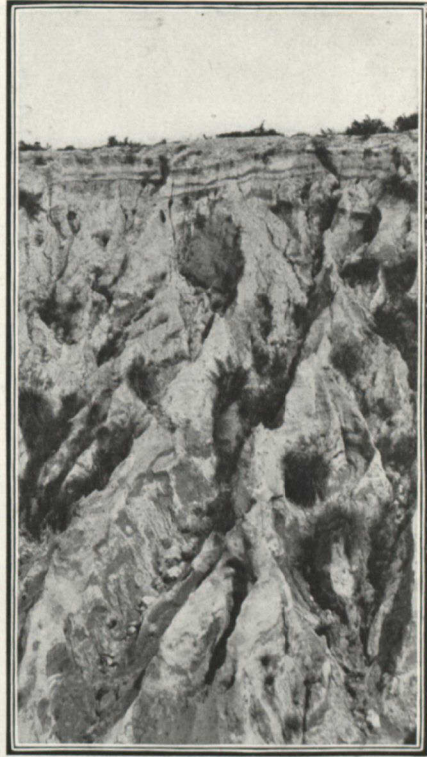
slightest danger. Warbrick, the head guide of the district, was present, and nearly lost his life in a daring attempt to save the girls and the guide, who was his own brother. He rushed into the midst of the falling stones and water, to try and drag the luckless victims back, but was too late to save them, and narrowly escaped being carried away himself.

### III

#### THE GEYSERS OF ROTORUA

One of the great charms of the geyser country about Rotorua is its absolute unlikeness to anything that can be found on the other side of the line. To the much-travelled wanderer, nearly all famous show-places, after a time, show a distressing similarity. The two or three leading types of peasant to be found on the continent of Europe grow familiar by-and-by. Guiseppe of Italy is not very novel to the traveller who still remembers Ignairo of Spain; German Wilhelm recalls Dutch Jan; Belgian Françoise is sister to French Mathilde. As for the "sights"—well, one waterfall is very like another, and lakes and ruined castles pall, taken in bulk. Even if the traveller wanders farther away he does not find much in Egypt, India, or Japan, that has not been greatly spoiled for him beforehand by the countless descriptions he has heard and read ever since childhood. It seems almost as though the illimitable flood of sightseers, past and present, rushing through all the famous beauty-spots of the Old World, had washed away something of their charm. Nothing that the tourist can feel or say has not been felt and said in the same way a million times already. It almost seems as if the air about such places were drained dry of the ozone of fresh delight which every lovely and wonderful spot should give, leaving only an atmosphere of feeling that is stale and used-up in the last degree.

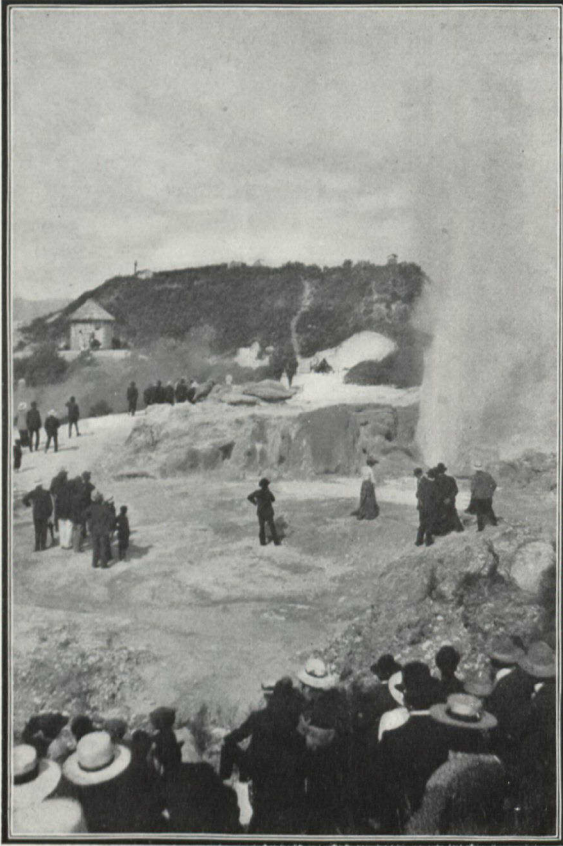
New Zealand's "sights," however, are (to vary the metaphor) new gems in a new setting. Not even the most experienced traveller can look on the wonders of the thermal region with an eye dulled and indifferent by other experiences, since there is hardly anything similar the whole world



MUD CLIFF, SHOWING DEPTH OF MATTER  
EJECTED, EIGHT MILES FROM  
MOUNT TARAWERA

over. And the setting of the gems—the strange, unfamiliar country, oddly reversed seasons, and wild brown Maori folk taking the place of European peasantry, is perhaps the greatest charm of all.

When one strolls out along the country roads near the town it is an adventure to meet a party of wild-eyed, brown-faced men and women, galloping madly up and down hill on their rough brown "brumbies" (wild horses, broken in)—both sexes alike wrapped in heavy blankets, and sitting astride. Wandering about on a bicycle, it pleasantly increases the "go-abroady" feeling that most travellers welcome, to come upon a woman taking a fat fowl out of the steam-hole cooker that Nature has provided just at the door of her thatched roof, reed-built "warry," and to stop and talk for an interesting quarter of an hour with a barefooted, half-clad savage who speaks English as good



WAIROA PLAYING—"ALMOST DONE"

as one's own, reads the daily papers, and has his opinions on Mr. Seddon's fiscal policy. The Maori guides and hangers-on about the best known sights are naturally more or less spoiled by the visitors. But the real Maori, of whom one gets an occasional sight, even about such a civilised town as Rotorua, is attractive enough to make one fully understand the remarkable regard that most New Zealanders have for their native friends. Dignity, pride, and the manners of an exiled royalty are his natural heritage. His mind is as keen as the white man's, though perhaps somewhat narrower in scope; he has vivid sense of humour, strange feelings about honour and faithfulness, the courage of a bull-dog, and the reckless daring of an Irish dragoon. Worth knowing, and well worth liking when known, are the

brown men and women of North New Zealand.

Whakarewarewa, a couple of miles outside the town of Rotorua, has a very interesting model of a typical Maori fortified "pah," lately completed by the Government. The large spaces of glass enclosed by the fort is guarded by high earth breastworks and a deep ditch. Beyond the ditch is an open wooden paling, apparently more for ornament than use, on which are placed at intervals carved wooden figures of a threatening and terrifying character. All of them are native work, but of modern date.

The geysers of Whakarewarewa are merry and famous. The most famous of all was the great twin geyser Waikite, whose double throat opens at the top of a high terraced cone built up of siliceous sinter, deposited by the geyser water during long ages of action. Waikite has ceased to play since 1886, when the railway from Auckland to Rotorua was completed. On the day when the line was opened for traffic, the geyser ceased playing, and its fountains have never ascended since.

Wairoa (Maori, "Long Water") is now the lion of Whakarewarewa. It plays very seldom of its own accord, but on special occasions the local authorities permit it to be dosed with soap, which always produces an eruption. A geyser constantly physicked in this manner often gives up playing altogether in the end; so careful restrictions hedge round the operations, in the case of Wairoa. It is first necessary to procure consent from the Government Tourist Department in Wellington, and then to arrange a day and give notice to the town. The Government authorities in Wellington were kind enough to send an order to Rotorua to have Wairoa soaped for me during my stay; and I took advantage of the



opportunity to enjoy the novel sensation of starting the geyser myself. On a Sunday afternoon of December, 1904, all Rotorua assembled in a black crowd at "Whaka" to see Wairoa play. Rows of cameras were placed upon the hillocks commanding the spot; bets were freely made about the height and quality of the coming performance, and everyone scuffled politely for a front place when the ceremony began. The caretaker of the grounds and the head guide solemnly removed the wooden cover (pierced to allow the escape of steam) which is padlocked over the geyser's stony lips, and handed me a bag containing three bars of soap, cut up into small pieces. I stood on the edge of the geyser mouth, looking down a great black well, full of steam, and rumbling with deep, groaning murmurs from below, until the guide gave the word, and then emptied the bag down Wairoa's throat. Almost immediately, white lather began to form in the depths of the well, and rose rapidly to the verge. The guide now ordered me away from the geyser; for, although Wairoa generally takes some minutes to play after being soaped, one

can never be absolutely certain that it will not respond with inconvenient swiftness. I went back to a neighbouring hillock from which an excellent view could be obtained, and waited with the eager crowd. Every now and then a small rush of water lifted over the geyser rim, and once or twice the fountain seemed about to start; but it was not until seventeen minutes after I had put in the soap that Wairoa choked, gurgled, and finally broke into a roar like a ten thousand ton liner throwing off steam. In another instant, still roaring, the geyser shot up silvery white water, dissolving at the top, full 140 feet above ground, into a crest of delicate steamy feathers all sparkling in the sun. The display lasted about a couple of minutes, and then sank gradually away; but for long afterwards, Wairoa mumbled and grumbled and frothed at the mouth, not settling down into quiet for at least an hour.

Only a slight sketch of New Zealand's wonderful thermal district is possible in a single article like the present. Very much is necessarily passed over rapidly, and very much more altogether omitted.

## A Toast

BY A. J. MCDUGALL

HERE'S to the jolly sandboy  
 In his bathing suit of blue;  
 Here's to the dancing brown eyes,  
 And the hair of burnished hue;  
 Here's to the rosy dimples,  
 And the teeth of gleaming pearl;  
 Here's to the cheeks, twin petals,  
 A challenge to every girl;  
 Here's to the chubby darling  
 With his limbs of childish grace;  
 Here's to the baby sweetness,  
 And the merry laughing face;  
 Here's to the dimpled elbows  
 And the wrists that dimple, too;  
 Here's to our latest treasure,—  
 Our sandboy that's coming two.

# The Lost Earl of Ellan

A Story of Australian Life

By MRS. CAMPBELL PRAED, author of "My Australian Girlhood," "Fugitive Anne," "Nyria," etc., etc.

## CHAPTER XIII

### FLASH SAM COGITATES



In an inspired moment, the outcome of a fortuitous concatenation of circumstances, Flash Sam conceived a daring plot, for which considerable ability and prompt and energetic action were needed in order to bring it to a successful issue. Sam had always credited himself with the possession of these qualities and upon being "all there" when sharp wits were required. His cunning and quickness to grasp opportunity, as well as a certain imaginative and constructive power, would, with education, have made him a first-class criminal and had, as it was, carried him through many a complicated fraud. On the present occasion, however, he seemed to have lost some of his wonted courage and decision, for instead of forthwith setting about his task, he vacillated and lingered at Thursday Island, making different plans of operation and starting on none of them.

The scheme, as yet embryonic, had come to him when, acting on his usual principle of snatching information that might possibly turn out valuable, he had read over Brian Cordeaux' shoulder the telegram announcing Lord Ellan's death and that of his son, and mentioning James Wolfe Cordeaux as the next heir. It was natural that he should connect the two first names with Gentleman James, as according to the custom of the Diggings Wolfe was commonly called, and he recalled at the moment several small incidents suggesting Wolfe's aristocratic ancestry which corroborated his new-formed opinion. He pondered the matter during his walk through the settlement, where he improved his mind further on the question of the Ellan heirship, and

congratulated himself on the instinct of self-preservation that had kept him from disclosing Wolfe's name to the officer of the *Clytie*. Later, there had been intention as well as accident in his overhearing the conversation between Surgeon Blair and the Lieutenant, and his proposal to Cordeaux was the outcome of the knowledge he thus gained.

In the idea which, as Sam put it to himself, had "shot into his head clear as a streak of forked lightning straight out of heaven," Sam saw the means not only of making a fresh start in the South Seas, but also of escaping from a terror that for the last three months had sat heavily upon him. The terror was of a kind which hitherto in the course of a varied career of wickedness he had contrived to avoid.

Every kind of mining swindle that is practised by a rogue without capital was familiar to Flash Sam. He had done time for horse-breaking; he knew what hard labour in gaol meant; he had bailed up unoffending travellers; had assisted at an abortive attempt to stick up a gold escort; he had robbed and cheated in all possible ways; had "lambled down" many an unfortunate digger and shearer when he kept a shanty. And his doctored grog was responsible for the untimely end of more than one individual whom he had sent into the bush in a state of D.T. But up till three months ago he had kept himself clear of murder. Men who are villains in all other respects will stop short of taking, with their own hands, the life of a fellow white man. Blacks don't matter. They would have no compunction about selling poisonous grog. They would desert a mate on the track, or leave a companion without a waterbag to certain death in desert country. But such an one would hesitate, nevertheless, at putting a knife into a man with intent to kill, unless the man were fool enough to place himself

right in the way, and it was a case of he or the other taking the consequences. That was how it had been when Flash Sam, after stealing old Dave's nugget, found himself tracked back to his hut in Coolibah Gully, Yellaroi Range, and discovered in the act of hiding his spoil by old Dave's mate, Ratty Bill. There had been only one method of silencing Ratty Bill and Flash Sam had taken it.

Nobody knew. If the thought of dead Ratty Bill came, as it often did, between Flash Sam and his food and drink and sleep, he tried to comfort himself with this assurance, no one *could* know for certain. The only other person who had known was dead, too—dead of thirst in the bush, and long ere this had become food for carrion birds. Not *much* probability of that body being found. Its bones lay off the track to any station—in dry country where no cattle ran. There wasn't the least likelihood, especially in this drought—of a stock rider having come across a dying or dead man. And as far as that went, Sam told himself that his conscience was clear. It was not to have been expected that he would throw away his own life for no purpose. Thus Sam was wont to discuss with himself and to dismiss the episode. But he could not so easily dismiss the episode of Ratty Bill, though he told himself likewise that the chances were ten to one that Ratty Bill's body would not have been discovered either. And if it had been, the chances were again ten to one against its being recognised. And nobody would think of Ratty Bill. It would naturally be supposed that he had stolen a march on the rest and gone on Hogan's rush. For it had been decided by a few miners lingering on their claims that Coolibah Gully was to be abandoned. The reef had turned out no good, scarcely a windlass was working over the deserted shafts. A report had come that Hogan's party of prospectors, thirty miles along the range, were on "gold," and those diggers who had horses were riding off posthaste to the ground. Most likely by now Coolibah Gully was absolutely deserted.

And he had covered the deed cleverly, though, like many a criminal who prides himself upon his smartness, he had been

just a little too smart in one direction, and not smart enough in another. He had made one mistake; he had forgotten one extremely important precaution, and it was the remembrance of this oversight that stood to Flash Sam for conscience, rousing all his superstitious fear, and calling up Ratty Bill's accusing spectre, which would depart only under the whip of strong drink. Flash Sam drank steadily at the bars on Thursday Island, and in the privacy of his room at the boarding-house, where now Wolfe also was lodged. The drink, however, set his nerves shaking and prevented him from thinking logically. This was the cause of his vacillation. He could not keep the various threads of his enterprise distinct in his fuddled brain. He had a nervous shrinking from making a move hastily, lest he should find it a false one and fraught with danger to himself.

Besides, there was the chance, apparently a good one, that Wolfe might die of his fever, in which case, he, Sam, could manage the affair and secure the reward without trouble or risk. If Wolfe got better and he had to take a definite step, Sam felt that he must go to Coolibah Gully in order to make sure of his own position, and to find out what had become of the other two diggers besides Flinders Dick, Wolfe, and Harry the Blower, who, with himself, had taken part in the free fight in his shanty upon that accursed evening. Accursed it was, in all the oaths of Flash Sam's vocabulary, which was sufficiently copious, for since that evening nothing had prospered with Sam. Old Dave's nugget, the freak product of the Gully, and a sort of tantalising will-o'-the-wisp to the discouraged diggers, had brought him evil luck. It wasn't such a particularly big nugget, but it had been heavy enough to hump after he had lost his horse from eating poison bush. And then to have it stolen on the other side of Cooktown by a Chinaman with whom he had camped, a bland, innocent-looking Chinky! That was gall and wormwood to Sam. He who boasted that no white man had ever bested him, except a sergeant of police and Bully Galbraith, had been "had" ignominiously by a Chinaman. The sting was in the fact that he did not

dare lay information with the police or use legitimate means for bringing the Chinaman to justice, lest old Dave should hear of it and wreak the vengeance of the law upon Sam himself.

His intention was to denounce Wolfe as the murderer of Harry the Blower. It would be simple enough for him to swear, and to get the other two men who were in his shanty at the time to swear, that Wolfe's tomahawk had been thrown at Harry of deliberate purpose. Easy also to prove malignant motive, for not even Flinders Dick—assuming that Dick would defend his mate—could deny the bad blood there had been between Gentleman James and Harry the Blower, and the threats Wolfe had uttered in his anger at being accused by Harry of cheating at cards. On that particular evening, all the men with the exception perhaps of Flash Sam himself, whom exceptional circumstances had sobered, were very much the worse for liquor, and not one of them could have been positive as to what he saw or did not see. The two outside witnesses in question were pals of Sam's and open to persuasion, even though Flinders Dick should maintain the theory of accident. Thus the balance of evidence would be on the side of murder. And if the case should come up for trial at the forthcoming assizes the sentence was a foregone conclusion. A certain Judge Flannigan, now on the northern circuit, was well known to be averse to sentencing for manslaughter, and had openly given his opinion that a conviction for murder was the only thing to put a check on the number of brawls on remote diggings—brawls that too frequently ended in homicide.

Flash Sam's queer code of morals made allowance for such deviations from strict justice. He had small scruples about getting Wolfe condemned to death on shaky evidence, though he would have shrunk from the idea of directly killing by poison or other means, which, nevertheless, in Wolfe's precarious state of health might not have been readily discoverable. As a matter of fact, however, it would not have been so easy for him to poison Wolfe, for the hospital doctor to whom Surgeon Blair appealed had, on

the strength of the subscription got up on board the *Clytie*, provided a nurse, who, if not well qualified professionally, was at least honest and assiduous in her attentions. She kept Flash Sam out of the sick man's room, only employing him on outside errands, and these, Flash Sam being anxious to earn the £5 note promised him, did his best to perform. He was in very low water just now, and bitterly regretted not having tried to get some money out of Brian towards the expenses of enquiry. He felt that he had bungled the affair at that point, and was angry at his own lack of sharpness.

Sam was considering as carefully as incipient delirium tremens permitted, whether he should try to wheedle Surgeon Blair's £5 note out of the doctor to whom it had been entrusted for him, and start immediately for Coolibah Gully. His object in this would be to set his mind at rest concerning that oversight alluded to, which might seriously imperil his own safety were he at once to make the charge against Wolfe. Or, he thought, would it be wiser to take a pearling job near at hand, trusting for profit to the chance of speculation and thus hang about the settlement until Wolfe should have passed through the crisis of his illness, and should either die or recover his senses and be on the road to recovery. One of the two things must happen soon, but even if Wolfe should shortly take a turn for the better, the nurse had said it must be a fortnight or three weeks before he could get on his legs again. That would give Flash Sam time to accomplish his journey and ascertain what his own position and risk might be in delivering Wolfe up to justice. He had almost determined on the latter course as the safest at the time of his recognition by Mr. Galbraith.

The result of this meeting has been told. Flinders Dick was the digger person of whom Susan had spoken to Patsy as having accosted Flash Sam with the enquiry whether he knew anything about *his* mate.

Flash Sam's wits were not so bemused by drink as to have lost their cunning. He scented danger at once in the appearance of Flinders Dick, if it were only the spoiling of his game with "Bully

Galbraith," should Flinders Dick make indiscreet revelations in the squatter's hearing.

He gave his furtive, sideway glance at Flinders Dick, who, like Flash Sam himself, was a blend of bushman and digger, in the usual cotton shirt, dirty moleskins and shabby felt hat with the brim pulled down and a wisp of a puggaree dropping behind. He was lean, big-boned, loose-jointed, his face tanned to the brown of a half-caste, with a short, coarse beard, and stubby moustache; teeth blackened by much smoking, and a break across the bridge of the nose. It looked as though Flinders Dick's might lay rather in his fists than in his brain.

"Hello! old man. What yer doing here?" said Flash Sam in cheerful voice and welcoming manner, that seemed to puzzle the other, whose tone had been slightly belligerent. . . "Hello!"

"Hello!" repeated Flinders Dick, with a puzzled expression in his eyes, which somewhat resembled those of a mild-tempered retriever. "Hello!" he said again. "Wh-What —" But before he could proceed Flash Sam stepped quickly away from the neighbourhood of Mr. Galbraith, and taking Flinders Dick by the shoulder pushed him along to the further end of the bar where there was a door opening on to the verandah.

"What's yours, mate?" asked Sam with affected geniality and called the barman, who brought drinks. Flash Sam raised his glass. "Here's luck!" and Flinders Dick responded mechanically.

"Here's luck!" and both men drank, which suspended conversation for a minute. Then Flinders Dick began in a more friendly tone, "I say ne-ow—do you know anything about my old mate?" he said in his drawling twang.

"What mate air ye talkin' about?" returned Flash Sam in a distant, casual way, taking up his empty tumbler and eyeing it abstractedly. "Dry weather, ain't it? . . . Have another go, old man?"

"Naw, it's my turn to shout ne-ow," drawled Flinders Dick, and signalling to the barman, he took a crumpled bank note from his trousers pocket and planked it on the counter. The barman assiduously produced two or three bottles and

recommended a particular mixture. Flash Sam helped himself; so did Flinders Dick.

"We've got to cut along presently," said Flash Sam to the barman. "You kin bring me my tally," and he winked meaningly, and glanced sideways at Flinders Dick, adding to the barman, "You needn't jump the counter arter me another time jest for a dashed tanner."

The barman seemed to understand the reference, for he winked also, and taking down a slate from a nail held it face outward to Flash Sam with a dirty finger marking the score. Flash Sam nodded; the barman took the note and brought back two very small coins in exchange. Flinders Dick stared at them reflectively, then looked at Flash Sam, who burst into a shaky laugh.

"See! . . . Eh? *Had*, old man! A cove has allers got *ter have* or *ter be had* in this 'ere blessed world, as yer should have found out by this time. You've been *had* this turn, sonny. Next turn yer can *have* me. That's it now, ain't it?"

"Ye—es. That's so, ne-ow," repeated Flinders Dick, stolidly pocketing the coins.

"Seems yer in luck," pursued Flash Sam. "No good in getting yer dander up, Dick. And yer allers had a soft heart for a pal that was cleaned out."

A gleam of slow wrath shone in Flinders Dick's gentle eyes, suggesting that though not easily roused there was a reserve of spirit behind.

"I should have thought," said he with sing-song asperity, "that the price of old Dave's nugget would have kept you in drinks for a bit."

Flash Sam swallowed an imprecation, and jerked his head violently in the effort. "Good for you, softy! But I ain't so sharp in my wits as I used ter be. Where's the joke over old Dave's nugget?"

"I suppose you never heard that old Dave found the only blessed nugget as ever there was to be found in Coolibah Gully; and you never heard neither that somebody had hooked it with old Dave's nugget from where he'd made a plant at the back of his tent," rejoined Flinders Dick sarcastically.

"And a damned lot o' useless graft that bloomin' nugget of old Dave gev us,"

retorted Flash Sam with a deeply injured air. "Who'd ha' ever stripped for alluvial on Coolibah if it hadn't been for old Dave's dashed nugget. See! It's my belief the Almighty fluked that nugget there by accident—or else a purpose to bamboozle a camp o' diggers." Sam paused and took another nip. Then he enquired casually if any of the old set were on Coolibah now.

"The whole bloomin' lot jacked up and cut the gully," replied Flinders Dick, "as soon as they heard Hogan's party had raised the colour higher up on the Yellaroi. Old Dave's turned hatter, fossicking by himself the other side of the range. Seems he's gone a bit off his chump since Ratty Bill disappeared."

Flash Sam's hand shook visibly as he held his glass suspended for a minute and gazed in a wild sort of way through the opposite wall as it were, seeming to see something fearsome beyond it.

"I say you'd better go slow, or you'll be having the jim-jams," said Flinders Dick warningly. "A bit ratty yourself, eh?"

Flash Sam pulled himself together and took a draught of rum.

"Be blowed to you! So — so — Ratty Bill — disappeared?"

"Same time as Dave's nugget. But Dave swears it wasn't Ratty Bill as took it. He lays that on to you, Flashy, and I tell you it won't be safe for you to camp with old Dave all alone in the Bush. Take my tip and keep clear of him."

Flash Sam, infuriated—though Flinders Dick did not know the exact cause of his wrath—poured out a torrent of profanity, ending with a recommendation that old Dave should come along and ask for his nugget. Did he—Flash Sam—look as though he'd just had the handling of a nugget?"

Flinders Dick owned that he did not, and was about to make and renew his enquiries after his own mate, but Flash Sam took him by the arm again.

"You come along and we'll moon round and have a yarn," he said amiably. "This ain't no place for a quiet smoke and yabber. We shan't be able to hear ourselves speak in a minute with all this mob crowding in."

He pointed to a company of pearlers that had surged up to the bar and were clamouring for attention.

"See that chap with the rings in his ears?" continued Flash Sam. "My oath, I wish I was him. He dropped on a pearl the other day that he got £80 for. My word! there's more money in pearling than there is in digging any day. That's the graft I mean to go in fer. Look at Hal Aisbet now," and while he diverted Dick's attention with dazzling stories of the wealth going begging at the bottom of the straits, Flash Sam got the newcomer out of the hotel through the door on to the verandah. He hurried him along an unfinished white road with verandahed shanties and bungalows on either side, that straggled across a green bend of the shore, picturesque with tropic trees and clumps of palms. More unfinished roads went up from it at right angles towards a low hill covered with scrubby growth, at the foot of which some humbler tenements were scattered. One of these was an hotel of the roughest sort, with a fenced-in patch behind called by courtesy a tea-garden, where were a few tables made of planks nailed across stumps and some dilapidated chairs. Flash Sam walked straight through the bar, the back verandah of which gave on to the apology for a garden and, steering his way among various prostrate bodies stretched along the boards in a state of inebriation, settled himself and Flinders Dick at one of the tables. Here he lit his pipe and called once more for drinks.

## CHAPTER XIV

### A COUNCIL OF WAR

PRESENTLY Flinders Dick returned stolidly to the charge.

"I say! I've come up here to look arter my old mate. What I want to find out is, did he go down in the *Quetta*? Somehow I can't believe he did."

"How do you know he was in the *Quetta*?" asked Sam, temporising to gain time in order that he might see round the situation before committing himself.

"Why he told me when he left me on the Yellaroi that he was going to catch her

and that I should hear from him from Thursday Island. I'd have known if he hadn't caught her—unless he was knocked down by fever. I thought he was sickening for it. But I can't get no track of him anyways."

"Well, if he did take the *Quetta*, it's more than like he went down in her, and was chawed up by sharks same as the rest o' 'em," replied Sam, brutally.

"Dry up with your sharks," said Flinders Dick, a shake of emotion in his twangy drawl. "I ain't going to think of my mate eaten up by them devils. I've got it fixed in me that he's alive."

"It 'ud be a wonder," observed Sam impartially.

"How am I to find out?" asked Flinders Dick. "You're up to the tricks of this place; you kin tell me."

"I dunno. You'd better go to the company's office."

"I've been there," answered Flinders Dick. "His name's not in the lists, but they told me that there might have been a bit of a muddle over some of the second-class and steerage passengers that had got in at the last intermediate port. All I could get hold of was that the *Clytie's* boat had picked up three men. Two of 'em they know about, but the other one don't seem to be accounted for. The *Clytie's* gone to New Guinea, and there's no getting at her. Ne-ow it strikes me that man might have been my mate. I was casting about what to do when I came across you, and I know my mate was looking out for you, so perhaps you can tell what has become of him, and if that chap was him or not."

Flash Sam took a long pull at his pipe before answering. Sooner or later, he reflected, Flinders Dick was certain to find out Wolfe's whereabouts, and there did not seem to be any particular harm in his doing so. It might be possible to turn Flinders Dick into a watch dog on Wolfe, while he himself took a trip up country. Flinders Dick was reckoned a bit of a softy and likely to swallow any tale he was told. Habitual caution, however, made Sam hesitate.

"It's a curious thing," he said, "but it just happens that I was in the *Clytie* boat when she took those men aboard her."

Flinders Dick leaned forward excitedly. "Why the blazes, then—why—you *must* know if one of 'em was my old mate."

"What old mate?" asked Flash Sam, still affecting ignorance.

"You know my mate, Jem Wolfe—Gentleman James—that was working with me on Coolibah Gully."

Flash Sam took his pipe out of his mouth, examined the bowl as if to ascertain what was wrong with it, and said in a slow, almost unconcerned, manner:

"The cove what did for Harry the Blower?"

Flinders Dick paled under his tan.

"Did for?" he repeated stammeringly, and added in an eager whisper, "Did Harry the Blower die?"

"Hadn't you heerd that?" asked Sam, putting his pipe back into his mouth again.

"No, I hadn't. It's what I've been wanting to find out—it's what Jem was coming up to see you for. He's had it on his mind awful—writing to me all the time to get him news. And as I heerd you was up here pearly, I told him he'd better make tracks for Thursday Island and catch you afore the fleet went out."

"Who told you I was up here?" asked Flash Sam sharply.

"One of them chaps that was in the row, Wall-eyed Bill. I come across him when I went after Hogan's party, him and the other cove, old Never Despair."

"Where's Wall-eyed Bill and Never Despair now?" asked Flash Sam interestedly.

"I heerd they went prospecting along Yellaroi Range," said Flinders Dick. "I lost sight of all that dashed Coolibah crowd when Hogan's show bust up. And I wasn't sorry; they was too rowdy for me. I went back Palmer way for a bit; then I went mates with a chap called Lean Peter, and we started fossicking on quite a different lay."

"Any show?" asked Sam.

Flinders Dick controlled a satisfied grin, which was not lost on his companion, and answered with assumed indifference, "Pretty fair. We've got on to a blow. Can't tell you, though, how it's going to turn out. I've got a month's exemption from the Warder and I've put up my

flags, so I'm safe from being 'jumped.' But I say," and Flinders Dick's face became anxious again, "you hain't told me if that chap that was picked up was really Jem Wolfe."

"Yes, it was—though at first you couldn't have told yerself that it was him. You never seed such a sight as he was when he come out of the water. His own mother wouldn't ha' knowed him."

"Where is he now?" cried Dick. "I'll be off straight away and see after him."

"You needn't be in a hurry. He's down with a fever and right off his nanny, and don't know nobody."

"Who's taking care of him? Is he at the hospital? Poor old Jem!"

"They was chock full at the hospital. But he's got a sort of nurse that was lookin' after him. She's a bit of a Tartar—won't let yer see much of him. I done all I could though in the way of gettin' things and smoothin' the boarding-house people. I passed me word to the doctor of the *Clytie* that I'd keep me eye on him and I gev up a job a purpose to look arter him. Hadn't it ha' been fer me, your mate wouldn't be where he is. Didn't give me credit for havin' sach a feelin' heart, eh—did yer, Dick?"

Flinders Dick appeared somewhat taken aback by this new aspect of Flash Sam's character and became faintly apologetic.

"Of course, on the Diggin's it's you and your mate, and nobody else counts," he began. "And, besides—why you know it was that darned snake-juice of yours that done the mischief."

"I never asked you to swig my grog, nor to play cards in my shanty neither," grumbled Flash Sam. Then he changed to a whining tone. "Howsoever, I ain't going to get up any more rows. Maybe I've seen my mistake and started on a clean sheet. Maybe I've had it in my mind to make up to one of yer a bit. I've bin a brother to yer mate and you kin tell him so. Yer kin tell him not to worry himself because Harry the Blower's kicked the bucket, for he was a bad hat, and not much loss to anybody."

"But . . . but he was your mate," said the disconcerted Dick.

Sam chuckled evilly, and his bleary eyes fixed themselves with cunning solemnity on Flinders Dick, as he replied with fatherly tolerance:

"Yer a bit of a softy, Dick—got old-fashioned notions that yer mother must ha' taught yer, about mates and them sort of things. Tell yer, I had a mother *onst*; and I was a bit of a softy meself, *onst*. Shouldn't wonder if I wasn't gettin' back to me second childhood—See! . . . eh?" Sam had acquired a nervous manner of punctuating his remarks with "See! . . . eh?" and of shaking his head like a person afflicted with St. Vitus dance. That was when he had for some time been spreeing on the quiet. "That's what I allers like about you, Dick," he went on. "But mother's milk most often turns sour on the Diggings. Never mind, sonny, yer a mate as a cove might get fond of, and Harry the Blower warn't. That's the difference—eh?"

Sam spat against the stem of a palm and missed it, then added conversationally: "What did yer do that night when yer cleared out so smart from Coolibah?"

"Rolled up swag and took a cross track coastways. Awful dry spell o' country that! If we hadn't had the luck to spot a waterhole, my word! I dunno what we should have done. We'd only got one little waterbag that had been strapped on to Jem's saddle, and I had to leave him that. He would have come back and stood the show, but I didn't see no good in his running the chance of swinging for what had been a accident."

"Accident!" repeated Sam, with meaning intonation. "Could yer take your Bible oath now as it *was* an accident?"

Dick looked up startled, tilted his hat forward and pushed it back again.

"Why—well. Yes. Why, of course, you know it was."

"I don't know nothin'. I'm askin' ter know," said Sam.

"Why, you know, my mate told me the top of the tomahawk swung off and hit Harry on the head and knocked him down—my word! it was just as if he'd been a bullock that was pithed!"

"Could yer swear in a court that you had seen that tomahawk swing off and



that it weren't aimed at Harry?" persisted Flash Sam.

A look of slow horror came into Flinders Dick's stolid countenance.

"What—what d'ye mean?"

"I aint' meanin' nothin' but what I say. Suppose it come before a judge and jury—a judge like Flannigan—See! . . . Eh? Sort of judge that don't believe in them accidents—and you was had up to give evidence; yer'd have to say what yer'd seen, not what yer mate told yer."

Flinders Dick put his two rough hands to his forehead as if he were trying to recall the scene. Presently he removed them and stared bewilderedly at his questioner.

"By gosh, I dunno. . . Come to think of it, I dunno as I *could* swear anything. Come to think of it I don't b'lieve I ever seed the tomahawk fly at all. I don't remember nothin' except that those other two chaps made the devil of a hullabaloo, and I thought they was on to Jem. 'Twas you shouted out Harry was killed, and we'd best be off. . . We all got too much drink aboard—that's the truth. 'Twarn't till I was sobered down that I could think it out, and then I reckoned the rest of you would look after Harry, and perhaps it wasn't as bad as you'd made out. Anyway, I didn't want to give the show away by going back straight and stirring up the row, and perhaps getting information laid and the P.M. coming down on us. So I did a bit of fossicking just then. But I began to be uneasy when I heard afterwards that somebody had been buried in Mick's old hole."

"Wha. . . What?" cried Sam hoarsely, leaning forward, his head shaking.

"Who said anybody had been buried in Mick's shaft?" he cried.

"'Twur one of the Cassidys—Californian Joe—him as was on the next gully to Coolibah. I come across him on the Palmer and we got talking about Coolibah. 'Twur he told me about old Dave's nugget and how old Dave was mad over it. And he didn't believe neither that Ratty Bill had nabbed it. He said he thought Ratty Bill had got the drink craze and didn't dare let on to old Dave, but sloped off to the Dead Finish Shanty, and got finished himself."

"But what—what did he say about

anybody being buried in Mick's shaft?" repeated Sam, in a trembling voice.

Flinders Dick bent forward too, his elbows on the table and his chin on his hands. A suspicious gleam shone in his troubled, dog-like eyes. He suggested a faithful hound on the alert. Flash Sam drew back to avoid his gaze.

"I've got me reasons for wantin' ter know," he said with an air of bravado. "You'll hear 'em byme-by, I dessay. What was Cassidy's yarn?"

"Well, it didn't come to much," replied Flinders Dick, still steadily watching Flash Sam. "Cassidy only said a black boy had come to him with some story about a chap who'd been hit with a tomahawk. He was a Herbert River black, and Cassidy didn't understand the lingo. But the black told him there were 'plenty feller crow all about old Mick's shaft'—and you know what that means. Anyway it was disappointment for the crows. I don't know if it was poor Harry the Blower that was buried in Mick's old shaft, but whoever conducted the funeral might have put down a spadeful or two of mudlock, and given the chap a decent grave. You might have seen to that, Flashy."

"Was—was that all? Did—did Cassidy go himself and look?" asked Flash Sam.

"No, he didn't. He said he guessed he hadn't got no call to worry round on undertakers' business and that he wasn't so fond of the police as to do their work for them. He said he didn't see as he could have done any good either way."

There was a brief silence, during which Flash Sam relit his pipe which had gone out, and pushed his seat back against the trunk of the palm while he watched Flinders Dick uneasily. The younger man knocked the ashes out of his own pipe in a thoughtful manner.

"Then, I kin take it," he said, "that Harry the Blower's dead, and that you put him into Mick's hole and said nothing to nobody about it. Seems uncommon kind of you, Sam, not to have given notice of his death."

"And ha' got us all into quod and your mate under the gallows most like," returned Sam. "I reckon Cassidy was in

the right. There's no good to be got from stirrin' up dead bones. Harry wurn't the furst dead un I've done parson over to save pals from awkward questionin'."

Again Flinders Dick felt surprised at this show of benevolence on Sam's part, though the explanation he had given was sufficiently obvious.

"Well, I expect, old man, you wasn't any more particularly set on meeting the police than Cassidy was," he answered. "Nor yet Wall-eyed Bill and Never Despair neither."

"They didn't gev 'emselves a chance," growled Sam. "The whole lot of yer were mean skrunks. Those two coves were keen after Hogan's rush, and they got their horses saddled outside and just upped and went."

"What I'm thinking about is Harry the Blower's people," said Flinders Dick, sentimentally. "He might have had a mother and a sister maybe that'll be wondering they don't hear from him. It's pretty rough on them."

"Don't you trouble yerself, softy. Harry the Blower's a good riddance to his people. I know that much. . . Now just drop it and don't ask me no more bloomin' questions, for I ain't goin' to answer 'em."

"I wish to God me and my mate had never seen you nor Harry the Blower, nor Coolibah neither," cried Flinders Dick passionately. "I'm not pretending to be cut up over Harry being dead. I've seen a man go down in a fight before, and coves on the Diggings don't seem to think of life anyway, your own or other chaps'. Here to-day and gone to-morrer. Dropped from a windlass with the rope breaking, or speared by a black, or dyin' under a gum tree with an empty waterbag—it ain't much odds how it's done in the long run, and anyone of us might ha' been wiped out same as Harry the Blower was. But what sticks into me is that my own mate should ha' done it—as white a man as ever I come across in this blarsted colony. If it weren't that I'm on the lay of gold I'd up stick and yank it . . . and if it weren't for Jem who I'd go to hell for."

"Didn't I say you was a bloomin' milky!" put in Flash Sam contemptuously. "Now drop it—drop it all, carn't yer? I tell yer what I want yer to do. You've

got to stop here and shepherd your blessed mate while I do a business that's waitin' for me up country."

"Is your business up where Harry the Blower is buried?" asked Flinders Dick, sharply, fixing his dog-look on Flash Sam. "Are you wantin' to cover tracks or to get at Wall-eyed Bill and Never Despair and see what they'd be able to swear to if they was put to it?"

"What the——is that to you?" cried Flash Sam, losing control of himself and giving vent to a burst of foul language. He made one or two unguarded remarks that were not lost on Flinders Dick, who, if he had the dog-like qualities of honesty and fidelity, had in him something of the sleuth hound as well. When Sam had finished he said quietly:

"It's a great deal to me if my mate is going to be concerned in it. I ain't such a softy as you seem to think, Sam. Look here! What was you driving at when you said that about my perhaps havin' to swear in court? Is there any chance of the police gettin' on to Jem about that dashed business?"

Sam sobered at once, and Flinders Dick saw that he was afraid of having spoken too freely. He put on the surly whine with which he was wont to cloak his most crafty purposes.

"Supposin' there was a damned good chance that I knew of, and that I was tryin' fer me own sake to prevent 'em findin' out who's buried in Mick's old shaft?" he said. "You hit the nail on the head, sonny, when you reckoned that I didn't want to have more nor a bowin' acquaintance with Hangin' Flannigan and the Crown Prosecutor. It ain't to everybody I'd say as much as that, but you ain't the chap as 'ud ever round on a pal. Now you kin see that I'd rather not be givin' a picnic party at Coolibah with Wall-eyed Bill and Never Despair helpin' to invite me guests."

"Oh—I see," said Flinders Dick in his unembarrassed drawl. "You ain't quite sure what they mightn't be willing to swear to—goin' a bit further back, so to speak."

"That's about it, sonny. They aren't to be depended on—either o' them two, and they allers had a down on Gentleman

James. See! . . . eh? Now, supposin' that Wall-eyed Bill and Never Despair was trying fer a reward from Harry's people. See! . . . eh?"

"You said just now, Harry's people would think him a good riddance," put in Flinders Dick.

"Smart ye are, sonny! So I did; and so they would. But there's a bit o' property in the case. They can't lay claim to it while there's an uncertainty. . . and, see! . . . eh? once they was to start on a plain track there's no tellin' what mischief 'ud come of it. Well, see! Supposin' Wall-eyed Bill and Never Despair, too, was to get an inklin' of who Harry the Blower's people wur. . . ."

"Who are they?" interrupted Flinders Dick. "Not much chop, I bet. Nobody ever asks a cove on the Diggings what he is, and where he comes from, but you can tell—ne-ow you wouldn't need to be told that Gentleman James had been one of the real sort, but as for Harry the Blower. . . Well, I reckon his people are a jumped up lot."

Flash Sam chuckled enigmatically. "You ain't a goin' to tempt a chap ter gev away his pore dead mate's show. That wouldn't be your line, softy. Harry was a blower and no mistake—blowed about his ridin' and his boxin', and his card-playin', and the yield from his prospects, and Lord knows what besides. There's no denyin' he was the most almighty liar as ever swung a pick, but he never blowed about his people. See! And I passed my word to pore Harry that I'd not peach on where he came from, and I allers keeps my word unless I've good cause to do otherways."

"How did them two chaps find out, then?"

"I never said they'd found out. I said they might have an inklin'. Their game

'ud be to get me into their show and try fer a reward."

It struck Flinders Dick that there was a slight discrepancy between Flash Sam's apparent knowledge of Wall-eyed Bill's and Never Despair's motives, and his previous questions as to their whereabouts. But he said nothing.

Flash Sam continued: "If you was 'on gold,' it 'ud be no harm for you to square 'em; I could manage that all right, so long as you and me come to an understanding. See! . . . eh?"

Flinders Dick laughed. "I see you're at your old game, Flashy, but I'll stand in if it's to keep things quiet for my mate. I don't mind tellin' you now that I *am* 'on gold,' fair on it. I believe we've struck it rich this time. Anyway I'm willin' to hand you over a slice of my luck, if you settle things all right for Jem."

Flash Sam's face beamed.

"Right you are, sonny. It's a bargain. I believe I'll roll up swag and be off quick as I can. I shall have to buy a moke at Cooktown. You might lend me a few quid to start with."

Flinders Dick took a roll of dirty notes out of his pocket and handed a small bundle to Sam. Some further confabulation followed, in which Flinders Dick engaged to keep Wolfe at Thursday Island and wait Sam's return, and Sam engaged to come back well before Flinders Dick's month of exemption had run out. The most unshakable confidence in the integrity of each was professed on both sides, and Flash Sam then pioneered Dick by back ways to a disreputable looking bungalow standing in a cleared patch by the beach on the outskirts of the settlement which he informed him was Gentleman James' present abode. Refusing to go in himself, he left Flinders Dick to find his mate.

TO BE CONTINUED



# When the Dominion Was Young

The Third of Six Historical Sketches

By J. E. B. McCREADY



IN the debate on the Address in the first session of the First Parliament there was something of the usual aftermath of a general election, but the prominent question was that of Confederation and the means by which it had been carried in the Eastern Provinces. George Brown had been defeated in South Ontario. A. T. Galt, disgruntled over the distribution of Confederation honours, had broken with his leader, retired from the post of Finance Minister, and had publicly pledged his utmost effort "to break down the power of Sir John Macdonald in Canada." There were running through the debate echoes of these events, and of earlier debates in the old Canadian Parliament, criticisms of the B.N.A. Act, and questionings as to the real status of the Dominion. Why had the draft of the Act as first printed creating the Kingdom of Canada been changed to read the Dominion of Canada? Why was the word Dominion rendered Puissance in the French version? Was Canada a power, greater or lesser, in the accepted meaning of that term? Or a nation, as the words of Lord Monck's Speech from the Throne had called it? Was Confederation a half-way house to Independence? Was such a union as had been formed, a source of strength after the manner of the much hackneyed bundle of sticks, bound together, or a source of weakness, as in the case of more joints added to a fishing rod? (The latter was Joe Rymal's illustration.) Such were some of the minor questionings and criticisms in and out of Parliament. Above them all rose the question of peril to the new state from Nova Scotia being legislated into the union against the wishes of her people, who were now almost in open revolt.

From opposite political standpoints, as from opposite sides of the Chamber,

Howe and Tupper engaged the forces of their oratory and logic in this great controversy. It was the last of a long series of conflicts begun many years before between these foremost of the many able and eloquent sons of Nova Scotia. When young Tupper, then a mere stripling, made his first appearance on the Cumberland hustings against the great Nova Scotian leader, then in his prime, Mr. Howe remarked to a friend, "That boy will give us trouble yet." The words had proved prophetic. The trouble which began that day continued till it saw Howe first driven from Cumberland to Hants, and afterward from political life, taking refuge in an imperial appointment, while the Cumberland boy reigned in his stead. But the old man could not forget his quarter century of political triumphs. The Confederation movement gave him the opportunity for which he had long waited, and returning in 1866, like Napoleon from Elba, he called his generals about him, harangued the people, his army, and on that memorable day in June, 1867, when throughout the Province the battle raged from Yarmouth to Cape North, he routed the usurper and annihilated his forces. They came to Ottawa, Tupper, the sole survivor of his shattered band, his comrades politically slain and his hopes destroyed; while on the other side sat the victor, Howe, with his followers, the Savarys, the Killams, the Macdonalds, Campbells, Chipmans, ranked beside and behind him.

Here, a thousand miles from where they first met, in the hall of the National Parliament, and under such unequal circumstances they were now about to renew the encounter. And here was noble audience. Here were the elected deputies of the people from the east, the west and the centre of the Dominion. Here, on privileged seats, sat sons of the noblemen of England, officers in her

armies, whose glittering medals told of victories won in the four quarters of the world. From the galleries, looking down into this splendid arena were the rank, fashion and intelligence of the capital and other Canadian cities. It was known that Howe was to speak for the first time in the new Parliament, and all had an intense interest to hear this orator of the seaside, the great repealer, the O'Connell of the Dominion.

A thrill of sensation that was half alarm ran through the assembly as Howe strode out into the open space before his desk, struck an imperious attitude, and slowly swept his glance around the chamber and galleries. It seemed as if another Samson were making ready to grasp with mighty hands the pillars of our national fabric and overwhelm it in ruin. The next moment he broke the strained and breathless silence and collapsed the anxieties of the company with a little joke about tight boots! It was the step from the sublime to the ridiculous. But he quickly grew serious again as he began to draw the contrast between the Nova Scotia that had been—prosperous, free and glorious, her ships carrying the British flag from their native ports to every sea—and the Nova Scotia now betrayed, prostrate, bleeding, her liberties gone, her treasury rifled and her sons and daughters “sold for eighty cents a head—the price of a sheepskin.” He shook his clenched hand at the ministerial benches, and it seemed that blood alone could quell his vengeance. Then another joke. And then a vivid picture of the utter hopelessness of any scheme of Canadian nationality—a narrow margin of fifty miles of inhabited or habitable country between the great Republic and the eternal snows. He saw in the Northwest only the possibility of Canadian scalp-locks decorating the tepees of innumerable savages, and in the Act of Union an atrocious usurpation, bearing upon its face the brand of indelible sin.

Mr. Howe had been applauded throughout his speech at frequent intervals, and the cheering redoubled when he sat down, but the demonstration was mainly limited to the Nova Scotia contingent and a scattering few from New Brunswick. There

was a louder burst of cheering from the ministerial benches when Tupper sprang to his feet, like some Canadian Danton, whose motto was “audacity, audacity, always audacity.” What cared he that he stood alone among the representatives of his Province? What cared he for the loss of one battle where the campaign was already assured? As Blucher, defeated at Ligny, thrown under his horse while the enemy's cavalry had charged resistless over his prostrate form, turned up at Waterloo to face again the old enemy, and share the glories and triumphs of that glorious day, so stood the man of Cumberland now, dauntless, bold, defiant, confident in himself.

His reply was addressed to an appreciative audience. There were few more than a score of anti-Unionists in the Chamber, and he readily proved that Howe himself had been a Unionist. He thundered out quotation after quotation of eloquent passages which Howe had uttered in earlier years in favour of union, and closed with one of Howe's own perorations, in which he had told the Nova Scotian people that if they refused to join in union they would deserve to be pitchforked beyond the Rocky Mountains. It was indeed a crushing rejoinder under which Howe sat shrinking and pale, shading his brow with his hand, as if to shut out the vision of the past. Tumultuous applause rewarded the victor in the rhetorical duel.

How alike and how different were these two new lights that suddenly blazed forth in the Canadian Parliament House! The younger had evidently unconsciously copied from the elder some tricks of phrase, of movement and gesture. “I have no hesitation in saying,” was common to both. And each had the trick from time to time of seizing his coat by the lapels, lifting it up, and throwing it back to leave the neck more free. But the contrast in age, in vigour, in the energy and fire of utterance was great. Howe was the more engaging, graceful, ornate and picturesque; Tupper the more impetuous, forceful and resolute. I recall that the cold-blooded critics of the press gallery, among whom I sat, pronounced the older man “stagey,” and the younger “wordy,” but old Canada

was then a little too critical of the men from the East. Both East and West have learned many things since then.

When on a following evening McGee arose, there was a hush of silence, almost painful in the full House and galleries. The pages clustered on the steps of the Speaker's dais and sat with folded hands. They knew that under the spell of oratory the House would not have need of their services. McGee was a little lame and in physical pain. He rose with the assistance of a cane, and stood with one knee resting on his chair. But the lameness was physical, not mental. His voice was melody, his tones earnest, his phrases ornate and captivating. Beginning with a compliment to the newly-elected Speaker and a graceful reference to Ottawa, the capital of the Sovereign's choice, and where they had met in obedience to her summons, he thrilled us with a scene in which he depicted the good Queen herself thus addressing the new Parliament:

"Gentlemen of the four united provinces! I transfer to your charge and keeping all those parts of North America which remained faithful to the King, my grandfather, after the secession of our other American possessions. I transfer to your charge and keeping a vast territory which the kings, my predecessors, have clung to with a determined resolution for three centuries; for the possession of which we seven times went to war with powerful rivals; which cost us to retain and defend many thousands of lives and many millions of treasure. This territory, so eagerly explored, so ardently coveted, so bravely contested with gallant competitors, I now, in the name of my people and by the advice of my Parliament, transfer to you and to yours, to have and to hold, to make or to mar, to build up or to break down!"

Having thus splendidly rallied our patriotism, while the Chamber rang with plaudits, he proceeded to reply to Howe, the bold invader of the sanctity of the Union compact:

"No such stain must be allowed to rest upon the fair fame of this great transaction. No such false version of the facts shall be allowed to go forth uncontradicted into general and permanent circulation, and I stand here prepared to maintain the allegations in the Address, that not only as to its substance, but as to the mode of its preparation and passage into law, this British

America Act is a glorious and most timely charter, for which we all have cause to be thankful. . . I stand up to maintain that all its provisions were honestly meant and fairly meant towards every province, and I deny that in any degree our union owes its establishment to intrigue, or corruption, or coercion."

He did not omit to remind Howe of his former advocacy of the Union:

"If he says that he did not mean what he said at Halifax in 1864, and after the Charlottetown conference was called, or at Port Robinson in 1862, when I stood at his side, what we all thought he meant, what was corrected for the press by a hand which he only could control, and what he received without explanation our congratulations on having said, I can only say I regret it, I deeply regret it.

Who would grieve if such an one there be;  
Who would not blush if Atticus were he!

"But when he goes further, when he attempts to lay rude hands upon the work of so many able and patriotic men, steadily prosecuted through several years; when he ventures to asperse the motives of our colleagues in this work and to discredit the work itself, it is necessary that some Unionist who knows all the facts should rise before the close of this debate to vindicate both the work and the workmen."

Later he dealt with those whom he charged had in the Maritime constituencies made appeals to Irish prejudices, by forced parallels between this union and that of 1801 between Great Britain and Ireland. He apparently meant this passage for Timothy Warren Anglin:

"Sir, some months ago, a truly great man on his election as Lord Rector of the University of Edinburgh, in speaking of the abuses of high intelligence, was driven to ask, could there be a sadder spectacle than an eloquent man speaking that which is untrue? I turn to those gentlemen who were guilty of misleading their Irish friends into hostility to this union, and I ask them in all earnestness for what purpose do they suppose did the Giver of all good gifts endow them with their superior intelligence above the mass of men? On what tenure do you hold those powers of persuasion by tongue and pen? What are the obligations of the intelligent to the unintelligent among countrymen and fellow-citizens? Is it to trade on their prejudices, or to withstand them? Is it to tell the truth or pass off falsehood for truth?"

When he had disposed of the opponents of the union, the orator rose again to the

higher plane on which his classic diction found its best expression:

"I will go further," he said, "than the fitness of the time, the constitutionality and circumspection of the change and the excellence of the Act. What is it to establish such a second government in America? It is, in my opinion, to provide all men with an opportunity of comparison and a means of choice between two systems, the British representative system of free government and the American or democratic system. It is to give the third generation of the nineteenth century an opportunity to observe the institutions of our common ancestors adapted to our Canadian circumstances, side by side with the institutions of Anglo-American invention in the last years of the last century. It is to put side by side in this new arena, filled with eager spectators, the masterpieces of Alfred and Edward the First, of Bacon, Somers, and Chatham, with the masterpieces of Washington, Hamilton, Madison, Jefferson and Marshall. It is to compare an ancient text of freedom, enriched with the commentaries of Hall, Burke, Mansfield and Mackintosh, with a modern text elucidated by Webster, Storey and Calhoun. They have no cause to be ashamed of their political progenitors; neither have we, and with all possible admiration for the age that produced the American Constitution and the illustrious men that adopted it, I hope we live in a better century than they did. This century as compared with the eighteenth may be called a religious century. There is no Bolingbroke now possible to patronise Providence; no Voltaire to argue that Christ was a charmist; no Leichtenburg to anticipate the time when the belief in God would be a nursery tale. The sceptical method of Descartes is not, thank God! the philosophical Gospel of the age. Franklin and Jefferson were professed sceptics, and the philosophy

of doubt, breaking off all traditions and pretending that each man should start afresh on his own consciousness, acknowledging nothing he could not prove, was too congenial to the epoch and its work, not to be acquiesced in by the majority. Rationalism lies at the basis of republicanism; faith and reverence have prepared the deeper and better foundations of our form of Government. And until faith and reverence shall fail from our hearts or those of our children, I have no fear that this constitution will fail."

It was a great speech, in several respects the greatest I was permitted to listen to while in attendance upon seventeen of the earlier sessions of Parliament. Especially was it a historic vindication of the great work of Confederation and of the workmen who framed it, and this at a crisis when that work was in peril. A strong sense of that peril ran through the entire speech, even down to the eloquent peroration:

"The honourable member for Hants (Mr. Howe) told us the other night that he would not take back anything he had said as to the extent of the provinces. He leaves us unabridged our square miles and I trust he will leave us what is more essential, the faith of our people in their own future, the faith of every man Canadian in Canada and of every province in its sister province. This faith wrongs no one, it menaces no one, it burthens no one, it dishonours no one. And as it was said of old that faith moves mountains, so I venture reverently to express my belief that if the difficulties of our future were (which I cannot yet see) as high as the peaks of Ætna, of Tolima or Illimani, yet the pure faith of an united people would be all sufficient to overcome and triumph over all such difficulties."

TO BE CONTINUED

## Wistful

BY MURIEL ALBERTA ARMSTRONG

A GOLDEN halo wraps the dream of yesterday  
As through the gilded portals of the past,  
In blissful retrospection we behold  
The vanished pleasures—all too sweet to last.

To-day is but a world of sunless mist;  
Each sombre hour creeps softly to a close;  
But, ah! the glory of the coming dawn,  
To-morrow's world is all *couleur de rose*.

# Governor Lawrence and the Acadians

A Review

By JUDGE A. W. SAVARY



THE paper on Governor Lawrence by Mr. James S. McDonald, published in Vol. XII of the Transactions of the Nova Scotia Historical Society, seems to call for a few observations from me. He says on page 36, speaking of the deportation of the Acadians: "Removal had been counselled in 1719, thirty-five years before, but for reasons of state it had been deferred." Now, with all respect, surely this is not historical. By the treaty of Utrecht in 1713 all the Acadians who did not care to take the oath of allegiance to the British Crown were granted the liberty of leaving the country with their effects within a specified time, which was extended by Queen Anne in a promise made by her to the King of France for a consideration needless to mention here; but the English authorities in Nova Scotia, "for reasons of state," distinctly violated this solemn agreement, "coolly setting at naught both the Treaty of Utrecht and the letter of the Queen." I am quoting from Parkman's *Half Century of Conflict*, Vol. I, page 188, *et seq.*, the "reasons of state" being that their presence in the country, unwilling as it was, and despotically and perfidiously enforced, prevented the Indians harassing the English, and secured for the fort and garrison at Annapolis Royal a supply of materials and provisions. As often as the Acadians were called on to take the oath of allegiance they invoked the terms of the treaty which permitted them to leave, and so often was the treaty violated by the English authorities in the Province, compelling them to remain. At length, Governor Phillips, evidently appreciating the disgrace of such measures, and understanding the absolute treaty rights of the Acadians, compromised with them by substituting

for the unconditional oath of allegiance one which bound them to fidelity, but exempted them from bearing arms against the French and Indians. Every time they were called on to take the unqualified oath without the alternative of removing from the Province, there was a distinct and flagrant violation, "for reasons of state," of faith and honour pledged by the British Government and Queen. Let any one read the remarks of Judge Morris, published in Vol. II of the Transactions of the same Society, especially on page 160, and the pitiful story told on page 149 of that volume, and he will surely see that the confiscation, destruction and dispersion of 1755, its robbery, arson and homicide, constituted a widely different affair from the "removal contemplated in 1719." It is stated in the paper under review that "in most cases they found friends and help," and "their sufferings were greatly exaggerated." The fact is that they were, "in most cases," cast helpless among hereditary enemies of their race and religion, whose hostility had been aggravated by generations of war and persecution. Imagine a family in affluent circumstances; their possessions suddenly wrenched from them, the husband and father put down on the coast of North Carolina, the wife and mother, and perhaps infant children, landed in Boston; of the grown-up members of the household, some disembarked at New York, some shipped for the coasts of Europe, perhaps to be drowned on the way; all the survivors utterly destitute, among alien people of a different language, in utter ignorance of each other's whereabouts, at a time when communication between places comparatively contiguous was difficult and rare even to the ordinary citizen, and it is impossible for a humane person to conceive how their suffering



could be exaggerated.\* It was a part of Lawrence's inhuman orders that the grown-up men should be embarked first, and the women and children later, so that, as Brooke Watson wrote to Doctor Brown, "some families (at Baie Verte and Beau-séjour) were divided and sent to different parts of the globe." At every port of embarkation the same instructions applied. Many families were thus separated never to be re-united, and never knew one another's fate. Can imagination fix any measure to the anguish of their sufferings? On page 45 of the volume the author of the paper says: "Lawrence deserves the thanks of all British subjects for his decision in carrying out at such a crisis in our history the orders of his Sovereign's advisers." Where are those orders to be found? They certainly have escaped discovery by our most acute and industrious antiquarians.

The truth is that "his Sovereign's advisers" had sanctioned no such measure as that for which he thus commends Governor Lawrence. It is, on the contrary, evident that Lawrence carefully abstained from disclosing his full plan to his masters in London. It would be inconsistent with the whole scope and tenor of their despatches, and with the tradi-

\*Those who were sent to the West Indies soon perished miserably from the effects of the climate. Governor Belcher, Lawrence's successor, and one of his Council at the time of the first deportation in 1755, continued the policy of his former chief, and after the capitulation of Canada in 1760, when Acadians who had escaped to or been re-united in that colony came and tendered submission, asking to be allowed to take the necessary oaths and settle in the Province, he imprisoned and deported them again, and Governor Wilmot, who succeeded him, proposed to ship them all to the West Indies, where they would die and be out of the way like their predecessors there. They professed to believe that it would be unsafe to allow French "Papists" to settle in the colony, even in time of peace. And yet after an experience of one hundred and forty years, and in the clearer light of the present era, there are still Christians who contend that these proceedings were all quite right and proper. I confess that as a Nova Scotian I cannot contemplate any of them without a sense of burning shame. The proscription of this inoffensive and helpless people continued till 1767, four years after the Treaty of Paris.

tional policy of England towards conquered people to suppose they would have approved of it if he had. When he reported to the Lords of Trade that he had ordered Moncton to drive out the Acadians at the Isthmus (of which they disapproved), he was actually taking steps to prevent the departure of this ill-fated people. (I refer to his letter, Akins' Archives, page 243; their reply, page 278-280, and Morris' letter mentioned above).

It would be interesting to know where the author of the paper got authority for the statement that Edward How was murdered by a French Acadian disguised as an Indian. There were plenty of Indians to do it without disguise. It is a bold and flat contradiction to every contemporary of the event who mentioned the subject in any letter or other document that has come down to us. The conception is entirely original with this imaginative writer, for no historian has ever hinted at it that I am aware of. Parkman says an Indian disguised as a French officer lured How by a white flag to within range of a party of Indians lying in ambush to shoot him. I have heard of "making history." The statement I quote is fabricating it with a vengeance.

The paper abounds in references to "Le Loutre and his Acadians," the "Savages and Acadians," the "Indians and Acadians." It would also be interesting to know from what villages these Acadian followers of Le Loutre were drawn, and how the people of Pisiqid, Minas, Annapolis and Pouboncoup could be held responsible for their actions. If Le Loutre had any French followers with his Indians they came from beyond the peninsula, from territory still claimed and occupied by France. Even on the border this fanatical missionary was obliged to send Indians to burn the neighbouring Acadian village in order to force its inhabitants into Fort Beau-séjour and on the French side of the line. No writer of history has claimed that Le Loutre attracted to his banner any number of those who could be called Acadians and had taken the oath of fidelity to King George. When in 1749 eleven reprobates of Pisiqid had joined a party of Indians

in an attack on the fort of Captain Handfield, a reputable Acadian laid prompt information before the Governor and caused a warrant to be issued for their arrest (Akins, page 177.) If the author be correct in his unqualified and wholesale assertions it is marvellous that Caulfield, Mascarene, Hopson and other civil and military commanders in their reports to the Home Governments had nothing but words of approval for the conduct of the Acadian population in time of war, as well as of peace. Mascarene reports that without their assistance in putting the Fort of Annapolis Royal in repair, and supplying provisions down to the day before the attack in 1744, its successful defence would have been impossible, and Lawrence himself before he had disarmed\* them affirms his belief that in the event of war breaking out nothing would induce the great body of the Acadians to take up arms on either side. If the author of the paper be right, these men were all wrong, and in not permitting these treacherous and pestilent neighbours to depart the country, the governors were not only violating a treaty made doubly solemn by the personal promise of the Queen, but failed in their duty to their masters as well. For, notwithstanding all their testimonies to the contrary, the writer of the paper on page 43 makes the astounding statement that there was not for forty years a fight between the British on the one side, and the French and Indians on the other, that the Acadians were not found taking part with the enemies of Britain, while the great body of these, though not appearing openly in arms, contributed information and furnished supplies. If we believe this, we must presume that the letter to Captain De Ganne from the French at Minas, on page 135 of the Archives, is a forgery.

Again he says: "A French force" was

\*Lawrence had ordered the Acadians to deliver up all firearms in their possession, which under a respectful protest they did, with a submissiveness that showed the innocence of their intentions, while rendering themselves powerless to do the English any harm in case of war if so disposed. Soon afterwards all their boats were seized, so that they could not escape in families to go wherever they pleased.

encamped for weeks within this Province, and no Acadian would carry the news to the English garrison at Annapolis." If there is here an allusion to De Ramesay's army at Beauséjour, the garrison at Annapolis knew all about it, and if he means that the French commander's sudden march and surprise of Colonel Noble at Minas might have been averted by information from the Acadians, he directly contradicts Noble's surviving fellow-officers, who reported that the Acadians warned that unfortunate officer of the probability of an attack on him, which they inferred from the communications being cut off, but he deemed it impossible at that season and took no heed (Murdoch, Vol. II, page 186). Plenty of instances are to be found in the Archives and in history of timely and valuable information to the English by the Acadians; and while a few straggling Acadians on the fatal occasion referred to joined the French at Tata-magouche and Pisiquid, and some young men of the village were forcibly impressed to conduct the French to the officers' quarters, the French commander complained that the unwilling guides led them astray. Mascarene puts the whole number of the Acadians who yielded to the threats and persuasions of the French at this period as not over twenty, and at the close of the war the British sent £10,000 to be distributed among the Acadians at Grand Pré in recognition of their fidelity, and to recompense them for their losses during the war; the last war between England and France before that foul blot upon our country's honour and humanity, the deportation and dispersion of the Acadians. If we believe the author of the paper, we must conclude that Mascarene by most atrocious falsehoods duped the British Government into this signal act of grateful generosity.

More assertions of however amiable and sincere a man, unsupported by or in conflict with authority, should not be mistaken for a contribution to history; nor can my personal esteem for the author impel me to suppress my sense of the discredit the Nova Scotia Historical Society has incurred in giving its imprimatur to a paper containing statements such as those I have selected for comment.

# A Montmorency Adventure\*

By GEORGE STEWART, D.C.L.



THE *Trent* affair brought to Canada a goodly number of soldiers, representing almost every arm of the Imperial service. These were Guardsmen who had fought in the Crimea, resplendent in gay uniforms and sparkling with medals, Highlanders who had won their insignia of bravery on the hills of India; and artillerymen who had sustained British prowess and valour in many a sharp engagement. Of soldiers of the line, there were two crack regiments whose drums and standards told of valiant deeds; and, perhaps more famous than they all, was a smart corps of Rifles, whose pleasant lot was cast in the ancient and picturesque capital town of Quebec. The brilliant scarlet uniforms of the Fusiliers and Guards caught always the eye, but somehow or other it was the sombre riflemen who captured the most hearts.

In that regiment of Rifles there were some splendid fellows, and it was not long before they began to play sad havoc with the affections of fair young Canadian maidenhood. Lieutenant Jack Bellson and Charlie Black, who had lately joined, were inseparable companions. They were up to everything, and seemed ready always for the day and its events. Thought of the morrow never entered their heads. They were soldiers, and attention to orders was their only care. To them the world was very fascinating and, as they hadn't a responsibility to bother them, they made the most of what some of their comrades were wont to describe as their exile.

Life in Quebec, however, was no torture or trial to Bellson and Black. When off duty they played a pretty stiff game of racquets, danced, flirted, skated, and shot down steep, glittering slides in fleet toboggans with the best of their fellows. No two men were more in request in the ballroom, and their cards were always full before the first dance was called. The

Rifles, at the time of our story, were commanded by Colonel Hall, a bluff veteran of sixty, to whom, however, promotion had come slowly! All under him loved him, for he was a manly man, and to the younger officers he behaved like an indulgent father. If he had a favourite, it was Black. If he had two favourites, they were, undoubtedly, Black and Bellson.

Quebec, always gay in the winter-time, has never been as gay as it was during the period of its occupancy by the troops. The soldiers mingled freely with the citizens, and many were the interchanges of civilities between both. Picnics to Montmorency, drives to Lorette, outdoor parties to the Seven Steps, and sleighing excursions in all directions, were the order of the day and night. They afforded an agreeable change to the festivities of the city, which, for the most part, took the form of a dinner or a dance.

It was on the occasion of one of these drives to Montmorency that Jack Bellson lost his heart. He had often been to the Falls, which in winter are even more strikingly beautiful than in summer, and his was ever the first toboggan to attempt the feat of riding down the hazardous cone. On this crisp, frosty day, a party of twenty sleighs wended their way through the lovely village of Beauport. The roads were in capital condition. The spirits of the young people were high, and the merry shout and the musical jingle of sleigh-bells brought to the door of every French cottage the amused face of Marie or Josephine, who, after seeing the last cariole shoot swiftly by, returned to her indoor avocations with just the slightest little sigh in her heart. Bellson's sleigh led the party. He usually drove a spanking tandem team, but this time he contented himself with a pair of greys. With him sat the daughter of a retired town major, whose sparkling black eyes and almost olive complexion told the story of her Canadian origin. Many thought that Jack had serious intentions towards

\*Dr. Stewart sent this MS. to THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE a few days before his death in March last.—Editor.

Maud Drayson. He liked the girl well enough, though to be sure she was a sad flirt. During the last three or four years she had regularly transferred her allegiance from the line to the Guards, and when the Rifles came, she, nothing loth, took up promptly with them.

Maud Drayson was just the woman to turn the head of any young fellow of susceptible nature. She was always full of life, bright in her sayings, and the admirable evenness of her temper made her a favourite in the lively circle which she adorned. Men said she was difficult to please, but those who knew her well were sure to say that when the right man came along it would be all up with Miss Maud, who would surrender without a moment's hesitation. Not that she held herself cheaply; on the contrary, she rather prided herself, did this charming young person of twenty-three, that in the matrimonial market the most valuable prize which could be drawn would be her own, dear, delightful self. Everybody envied Jack when he and Maud Drayson danced together, or drove, or skated together. They made a handsome couple, and it was the idea in everyone's mind that one day, not very far off either, Jack would lead the great prize to the altar.

Jack himself, however, declared that he was not a marrying man, and that while he found the society of Miss Drayson very delicious indeed, she was, really—and this he said to his intimates only—not his particular style. But, notwithstanding all this, she was ever his first choice when a dance or a drive was proposed. The young people seemed to be understanding each other pretty well, at all events. In the same sleigh sat Wilkins of the Artillery—a massive, heavily-bearded fellow, an athlete of magnificent proportions, and his *fiancée*, the beautiful La Tulippe girl, with whose conversation, however, there is little need to concern ourselves. All told, this particular sleighing and tobogganing party consisted of between fifty and sixty persons, the greater number, of course, belonging to the gentler sex. This party was the second of a series, and, after nine miles of sleighing, it was the intention of the company to devote a couple of hours

to the exhilarating pastime of sliding or, as it is termed in other parts of Canada, coasting. Then, after a hot supper, the drive home would be made by the soft light of the silver moon; fitting time, indeed, for the pledging of the faiths of man and woman smitten by the tender passion.

Jack Bellson blew a blast from his tin trumpet as he drove briskly into the courtyard of the Montmorency Arms, and, tossing the reins to his servant, gaily sprang down and helped his fair charge to alight. One after the other, the carioles and cutters flew into the yard, and in the course of ten or fifteen minutes the whole party were indoors. A blazing log, resting on andirons which crossed the ocean with the Duke of Kent, illumined the quaint old hearthstone, and sent a rich glow through the room. The ladies enjoyed a biscuit with their mulled port, while the gentlemen partook of something stronger in the cosy coffee-room on the ground floor. Meanwhile all was activity in the yard on the right of the inn, where a steep toboggan slide stood in readiness for the afternoon's pleasure. The structure was in splendid condition, ice and snow being well packed, and seeming to invite all to make the swift descent. Little time was lost in preparation, and the tobogganers were soon observed climbing the narrow pathway to the summit of the slide, and dragging behind them their fleet toboggans. Bellson with three ladies led and, shouting joyously, he madly plunged down the long and glittering incline. He was followed in quick succession by the others. Those who steered wildly got a bath in the snow for their pains, but the skilful conductors brought their precious burdens safely to the end of the journey without mishap. The time passed so pleasantly away that it was not until young Wilkins looked at his watch, that it was found that in less than three-quarters of an hour more, supper would be ready. Bellson proposed that the party should cross the road in the meantime and try a slide from the top of the cone at the foot of Montmorency Falls. The suggestion was no sooner made than it was acted upon, for the true tobogganer scorns danger, and is never so happy as when his sport is extra-hazardous. The

Falls on this day bore out well the truthfulness of their ancient title, *la vache*, and as the cone, formed by the spray, reared its head, the sight presented was a very pretty one indeed. All members of the party had not come to the Falls, for the wooden slide had fascinations of its own which some could not withstand. Nor would all those who had come attempt the dashing feat. Miss Drayson decided to look on, and her decision had its effect on the other ladies. Six of the gentlemen climbed the cone with their toboggans and sleds. Black offered to steer, but Bellson would not hear of it. There was some excitement as the toboggans were adjusted, and when the three coursers clattered down the side of the miniature mountain, the spectators below held their breaths. And well they might, for the height was full seventy feet. Bellson and Black were the first to leave the top. They were overconfident, perhaps, of their skill. Certainly, they did not notice the hollow in the cone about halfway down the steep! They came with a rush, and when the indentation was reached, the frail bark gave a great spring in the air, and came down with a crash, smitten in twain, on the other side. Black rolled down the cone, and save a bruise or two was unharmed. Bellson, on the contrary, fell with such force that his arm was broken, and his left foot, bending under his body, sustained a severe and painful wrench. He dropped over on his side and lay in a state of unconsciousness for several minutes. Gentle hands lifted him up and conveyed him to a friendly farmhouse hard by, where the matron and her husband received him with sorrow on their faces. The best room was given him, and by the time that he was placed in bed the surgeon of the Rifles, who had been sent for by one of the party, arrived, and in a very few moments pronounced his patient seriously injured. On no account could he be removed to town. He must stay where he was for at least two or three weeks, arm and foot requiring care and nursing. He dressed his young friend's wounds, gave him a stimulant, and ordered him to go to sleep. Then the old doctor took Pierre Lemieux aside, and told him who

his guest was, and asked him to take care of him, and suitable remuneration would follow.

The wounded man was not long in adopting the advice of the surgeon. He was very tired, his injuries pained him, and the stimulant he had swallowed made him drowsy. Almost instantly he fell asleep, and dreamed of all sorts of things. The sleighing party partook of supper with a very bad heart, and soon afterwards the drive home was undertaken. Black sat by the side of Miss Drayson, but neither felt like talking. Even the sleigh-bells tinkled sadly on the way, and Charlie made the drive home in quicker time than it had ever been made before.

Meanwhile, matters went along very well with the sufferer. After a somewhat restless night, he awoke with the sun, and the first sight which met his eyes as he looked towards the open doorway was the figure of a young girl of about eighteen years of age. She was tall and erect, graceful in form, though rather slender, and while her face was dark she had the loveliest pair of blue eyes in her head that Bellson, in all his travels, had ever seen—at least he thought so. Her features were clean cut and regular. As a model for a sculptor, she might have made a small fortune. Her hair, which hung in ringlets down her back, was coal black. When the lovely vision spoke, her voice, to Bellson's entranced ears, sounded like sweetest music. In purest French, she asked him if he had rested well, and would he partake of coffee and hot rolls. Coffee, Bellson said he would drink, but he did not care, just then, to eat anything. The doctor arrived soon, and when he and his patient were alone, the first words he uttered were, "I say, Jack, old man, that's a deuced pretty girl, that eldest daughter of old Lemieux; Josephine, I think."

"Was that Josephine who has just left us?"

"Yes."

"Well, I do think she is pretty, and, by Jove, she's good too, so thoughtful, so considerate."

"You would hardly take her for the child of a wood-chopper, would you, Jack?"

"No, but in this country you do not

have to probe very deep before you find blood as gentle as any that flows. I'll wager a sovereign now that that girl has Normandy blood in her veins, aye, and blood of the purest too. But, say, Doctor, when are you going to get me out of this? I am anxious to get back to quarters."

"Oh you will have to be patient; injuries like yours cannot be healed in a day. It takes time. Besides, here you won't be bothered with visitors. Some of our fellows will be out to see you every day, but none of them will stay long; I have advised them on that score. I have brought you out some books, a bundle of newspapers, an invitation to a dance at the widow's to-morrow night—of course, you will cut that; a card to Madame Granger's beauty show on Friday, and a note to meet the Dashwoods at dinner at the Chief Justice's. Your letters—three or four of them—are tied up with the invitations. Now, good-bye, old fellow. Porridge for breakfast, no whiskey beyond the allowance I make you, and eat a light dinner, and we will have you out again in a fortnight, or I resign my position in the corps."

And then the old surgeon, wrapping his great coat tightly about him, bade adieu to his friend and to Josephine, who opened the door for him, and jumping into his cariole dashed rapidly away in the direction of the town.

Bellson, after all, was not sorry to be left alone. He lay back in the bed and wondered if he really would be all right again in a couple of weeks. Was the doctor chaffing him? His arm pained him a good deal, and fractures do not heal quickly always. It was just like the old surgeon to make light of the accident, and to say a cheerful thing or two about it. But, in his own mind, he felt that when a fortnight passed he would still be with the Lemieux's. As matters turned out, he was not wrong. Instead of two weeks he spent half a dozen weeks, and during all that time, Josephine nursed and consoled him. He soon learned to watch for her coming. She was very patient, and never tired doing comforting things for him. She cooked his food, mixed his drinks, and talked to him in that winsome way which went straight to his heart. Often his eyes kindled with

pleasure at her animation, and he soon found that she had more than good looks to commend her. Gentle in manner, she had one of those voices which instantly soothe, and Bellson was not long in discovering that her presence gave him a peculiar joy. He began, at last, to realise that he was not insensible to her charms, and though he had visitors enough from town—Miss Drayson had called three times—somehow he was always glad when they left. He was in the mood to be easily bored, but all trace of irritation passed from him when the threshold of the door was crossed by the daughter of the house. He fancied that she might care for him, but he felt sure that it was not yet time to speak; and so the days slipped by, and the hour of his going away was drawing near before he ventured on the word which might mean so much to both of them. But all this time, if Bellson and Josephine had been careful to conceal their love, there were keen eyes looking at the scenes in the little drama which was being so unconsciously played.

The doctor soon noticed the marked way in which the young people regarded each other, and once or twice he thought he noticed the beam of love dancing in their eyes. Bellson said nothing to him on the subject, and he said nothing to Bellson, but he kept his own counsel for a while. After a visit to the farmhouse, however, on one particularly stormy afternoon, he resolved on confiding his suspicions to the colonel. Hall listened with great attention, for he was, in a measure, responsible for the young fellow, and he knew how Bellson's uncle, Sir Geoffrey, would view the projected alliance. Marriage with the daughter of a Canadian wood-cutter was decidedly out of the question. He would go out himself and see how matters stood, and if they had gone far, he was determined to write home to the old baronet and tell him to get his nephew recalled on one pretext or another, and exchanged into another regiment. Accordingly, he drove out the next day, and had a long and not very comforting interview with the young subaltern. He found, for Bellson confessed it, that he really did love the girl, though, as yet, he had not spoken a word to her on the subject.

"Will you abandon the idea?" asked the colonel, with feeling in his voice. Well, no; Bellson thought that if he could get the girl's consent he would marry her—for he had been hit badly—and risk the consequences. In vain the colonel spoke of Sir Geoffrey. In vain he stamped his foot, and characterised the act as the folly of a madman. Bellson was firm in his stand, and told the colonel plainly that he would speak to Josephine that very night. The colonel was a wise man, and he thought a moment and then withdrew. On his way out he encountered the girl, and calling her to him said: "Lieutenant Bellson will have to leave here to-morrow. He says that to-night he intends speaking to you on a subject which is always interesting to young women. I hope that you will behave sensibly and honestly in this matter. Of course, you know you can never become his wife. He is an officer and the heir to a baronetcy. He must marry a lady of his own class."

A quick, hot flush, crimson red, mantled the cheek of Josephine, who was stung to the heart by the bitter words. She said in a low voice, and her accents trembled as she spoke, that she understood full well the meaning of the old soldier; she would be sensible and honest.

After he had gone she went to her room. There she gave vent to her feelings, and she never knew till then, when he appeared to be passing away from her altogether, how much she really loved him. He was not for her. He must wed a lady who moved in his own aristocratic circle. The thought nearly drove her mad. Her heart, she felt, was breaking. She had never dreamed that it would come to this. They had glided so easily into each other's affections that she had never thought that class would step in between them and mar the happiness of both, two kindred souls. She could not understand why this cruel barrier should rise up and separate them from each other. The whole thing was incomprehensible to her, but she knew her duty, hard though it was, and while the colonel's words stung, they seemed so true that she felt bound to act on them should Bellson speak to her and declare his passion. And so he was going away on the morrow! She had not heard of that.

Would he come out to see her soon again? Ought she to allow him to meet her after what would pass when next she saw him? The more she thought of it the more she felt that she ought to obey the injunction of the colonel, who, doubtless, had spoken with authority. It would cost her a terrible pang, but she would go through the ordeal, cruel as it was. At last relief came to her in tears, and when she grew calm again she went down stairs and busied herself with household duties until it was time for the evening meal.

Bellson had made up his mind to leave on the morrow, but before going he determined to speak to Josephine, reveal his love for her, and learn his fate. Entering the sitting-room he sat down by the fire and tried to read; but he could take no interest in the page before him, and he laid the book aside and stared mechanically at vacancy. He must have sat in his chair half an hour when the door opened and Josephine walked in, scarcely looking one way or the other, but intent on finding a place to rest. Almost together his eyes and her's met; both blushed violently, and he rose and, taking her by the hand, gently led her to the sofa, where they both sat down. He had not spoken a word, but her fluttering heart told her that now he would speak. He began in a low voice to thank her for all that she had done for him during the days of his illness and convalescence. Her kindly acts he never could forget. On the morrow he was going away, but before departing from her father's hospitable roof, he had something to say for her ear alone. And then taking the maiden in his arms and folding her to his breast, he told her that he loved her and asked her to be his wife. The fair girl was too proud and happy to speak.

Mistaking the cause of her silence, he again implored her to say the word which would make him the happiest man in the world. Disengaging herself from his embrace, she said in broken accents, mingled with tears, that though she reciprocated his love, she could never be his. A barrier had arisen between them, and she had only discovered it that very day, when, alas! it was too late. Bellson's cheek paled as he heard this. Had another stepped in between him and his love, or had the

maiden given her heart to an earlier swain? He was not left long in suspense. Josephine was not a disingenuous girl. She had none of the artifices of her sex. Though she felt that she ought to act on the advice of the old colonel, she did not see that it was necessary to hide from her lover the true cause of her conduct. She thereupon told him everything that had passed at the interview which had taken place that day. She told him all, and she never for one moment showed that her pride was touched. She felt—and this she could not conceal despite her efforts—that in declining to give her hand to Bellson, she was giving up everything that she prized in the world. He listened, at first with amazement, then with indignation, that any one should have dared to interfere in his private affairs, and finally with pain, for somehow this young, inexperienced, timid girl impressed him with the notion that she would fulfil the obligation Colonel Hall had imposed upon her. He was not mistaken. Over and over again, she admitted that she loved him and that she would marry no one else, but that marriage with him was now out of the question. With a heavy heart Bellson left the room and climbed the stairs to his own apartment. He paced up and down with nervous, excited steps. Ever and anon he would pause in his walk and give vent to his anger or mortification.

He did not blame the girl, whose own heart he knew was bleeding sorely. But he did blame the colonel, and he blamed more than everything else that inexorable law of society, which he knew his uncle respected more than any other rule which governs life. There was no help for it. He must go and trust to time to have his wounds healed. Oh! how he wished for a war to break out so that he might find relief in the cares and trials of an active campaign! What could he do now? What was life to him? Could he again mingle in gay society? And Miss Drayson, too, and those Armstrong girls, whose designing mamma made so much of him, how could he meet them? At a glance they would discover his secret. How could he meet the fellows at his quarters? The thought was maddening to the high-spirited young soldier. But what else

could he do but face his position? That night he ate nothing. Busy with his thoughts, he could not sleep but tossed uneasily on his fevered pillow. In the morning he drank a cup of coffee, and saying good-bye to his hosts—Josephine not presenting herself, and he hadn't the heart to ask for her—he drove off to the city. He was received with open arms by his comrades, but he said very little to them. He did not feel as well as he expected; he said the long drive had chilled him. Would the fellows excuse him? He must go to his rooms. He left the apartment and sought his chamber.

Five weeks afterwards he was joined at mess by the colonel, who came in wearing a serious face and holding in his hand an open letter. He was very grave, and Bellson's heart misgave him as he wondered what it was which had happened. His own griefs were enough for him, and he hoped that the colonel's troubles, whatever they were, might not refer to him, in even the remotest way.

"My dear boy," began Hall, "you are ordered home. I have just received this letter," and so saying he handed over the sheet of paper to Bellson, who took it absent-mindedly. True enough, he must leave for England by the next steamer, which left Halifax on the coming Saturday. He had three days in which to prepare himself, but to a soldier three hours were enough.

And now he was filled with a strange emotion. He was glad of the chance to cut Quebec and the Falls, and a certain farmhouse and the associations they called up. But then, how could he leave Josephine? He did not know then that this recall, which had been presented to him with so much gravity by Colonel Hall, was the result of a deeply-laid plot. Hall, like the judicious commander that he was, knew that the only remedy for Bellson's infatuation was separation. He promptly dispatched a letter to his lieutenant's uncle, giving him his ideas of what was going on, and begging Sir Geoffrey to lose no time in using his influence at the Horse Guards to get his nephew ordered home, where under the avuncular eye, a proper matrimonial alliance for the young man might be made.



There was Lady Alice St. John, she would be a good match for the heir of one of the oldest and richest baronetcies in the kingdom. Sir Geoffrey lost no time we may suppose, but his letter reached Quebec long after Bellson had declared his passion. Matters between the two young hearts had gone on more briskly than even Colonel Hall had at first supposed, and he thought that he had acted exceedingly early.

Bellson told the colonel he was ready. The next day he drove out to Montmorency and begged an interview with Josephine. She was lying down, her mother said, but she would call her. When she did appear, the colour had fled from her cheeks, and her lustrous eyes showed that much weeping had done its work with them. She received Bellson with a sad smile, and then the two sat down and he told her that in a day or so he was going to England, and he asked her to give him one ray of hope before he left. It would encourage him to live, he said. They talked together for full two hours, and when he left his face beamed with triumph, while the roses nestled in her cheeks again, and a bar of a tender love song escaped her lips.

Three years passed away. Josephine Lemieux was still the sunbeam in her father's home. War had not broken out, and the troops were returning to England. The Guards, the Rifles and the Artillery had changed about a good deal since Colonel Hall commanded the old "Sixtieth." His regiment had been ordered

abroad. Bellson had never rejoined it. He left the service after arriving at his uncle's house. At first he wrote pretty regularly to Josephine; but after a while this regularity ceased, and his letters grew infrequent. She never doubted him, though the gossips of the village said, with significant shrugs of the shoulders, that she would never see her cavalier again.

The *cure* said little, but in his heart he felt sure that one day Josephine Lemieux would become a *religieuse*. As a Sister how much good she could do, she of the gentle heart and kindly manner! From such as she the convents are annually recruited. Josephine's friends shrewdly exchanged glances when they met. But all through the crisis Josephine preserved her even temper, and if she suffered much from heart anguish, or from any other cause, no one knew it, for she made no outward sign and kept her secret well.

One day, however, there was a stir in the little village. It was a lovely autumn day, and the leaves of the maple were just beginning to turn. Along the road, mounted on a mettlesome steed, there dashed a tall and handsome stranger. He drew up at the door of Pierre Lemieux's house, and sprang from his saddle with an air of evident impatience. Before he could knock at the door it flew open and Josephine, radiant with smiles, took her lover's hands in hers.

"I have come for you, darling," cried Bellson; "we will be married at once."

"And your uncle?"—she broke.

"He died three weeks ago. I am his heir, and you will be my lady."

---

## The Dandelion's Message

BY W. A. CLARKE

LEST men who delve for gold forget

The best in life is free as air,

The golden, smiling dandelion

Blooms richly, freely, everywhere.



# Current Events Abroad.

HAD the attempt to kill Alfonso and his bride succeeded a feeling of horror would have thrilled the civilised world. The nations witnessed the romance of the young pair with that mingling of approval and jocosity which is inevitable when love-making takes place under the eye of the special correspondent. But the young king's infatuation and the lady's frank and innocent acceptance of his devotion made a pretty scene for the world to look at. Had it been suddenly changed to a tragic death, the public horror would have known no bounds. As it was, however, the assassin's missile snuffed out the lives of twenty people doubtless just as avid of life as the young king and queen. Of course we can understand the processes of reasoning of the assassin no more than we can understand those of the occupant of the padded cell. The killing of any other Spanish gentleman would probably do just as much to bring the monarchy to an end as the killing of Alfonso. The young king's death would precipitate, in all probability, dynastic complications, which might find their expression in civil war. While Alfonso lives Spain has a reasonable assurance of the continuance of peace. It would puzzle the misguided wretch who perpetrated this hideous crime to say what possible good his detestable deed could do, any more than the murderer of President McKinley could point out a single foreseen consequence of that most purposelessly wicked murder.

But we are face to face with these conditions. Modern explosives put in the hands of any madman a destructive capable of multiple murder that can be carried and hurled with the ease of a cricket ball. Precautions against it are almost futile. All that is needed is a lunatic careless of his own life furnished with the

necessary devastating missile. When subsequently captured, the Madrid assassin was found to be a man of apparent refinement and intelligence. A matter worthy of note is that these plots cannot be carried on without money. Who supplies the funds that enable the anarchist to live, to move about from place to place all over the globe, to secure rooms in the proper places, and do, in fact, whatever seems to be needed to carry on his campaign of murder? Capital and anarchy would seem to be the antipodes of each other, but it requires some capital to promote anarchy.

Mr. Bryan, who is making a world tour, is again being mentioned as the Democratic candidate for the Presidency. The Democratic conventions of six States recently held have expressed their preference for him. Democrats to whom his sixteen-to-one campaign was so distasteful that it drove them into the opposite camp, now regard his candidature with approval. They are taking it for granted that he has repented of his free-silver sins. But has he? or will he confess that he has seen the error of his ways? He may decide to ignore it altogether as a thing that is dead and buried, and need be referred to no more.

Would he be a dangerous candidate? What one feels about President Roosevelt is that he is raising issues and causing discontents that he will not be on hand to lead and guide when the talking campaign is on. He will not be a candidate, and his occupancy of the Chief Magistrate's chair debars him from taking any part whatever in the contest. Who will lead and keep within the fold the discontented whom Theodore's muck-raking has disquieted and alarmed? Bryan is the natural leader of the dissatisfied and rebellious, and if the wave of

disillusionment that is now rolling high in the United States does not break before the fall of 1908, Bryan will be a dangerous candidate, and made dangerous by the reforming zeal of the strenuous President.

The death of "Dick" Seddon, as his New Zealand admirers were fond of calling him, removes from the field one of the most thorough-going Imperialists which our times have seen. He had just concluded a tour of the Australian States, during the progress of which he preached the practical Imperial doctrine that purchases of commodities from nations other than the mother country or the colonies was a good way to help the foreigner to maintain formidable navies, which in a future day might imperil antipodean independence. Since the jubilee Mr. Seddon had become progressively more convinced of the necessity for tightening the bonds of the Empire. He was prepared to adopt the most extreme measures to achieve desirable ends. His chief object, however, in visiting Australia was to advocate the establishment of better trade relations between his colony and the Australian Federation. To what extent he succeeded has not yet appeared.

Difference of situation undoubtedly affects the view of the various colonies on



#### A BIT OF A BREEZE

C.-B. (Organ Grinder, to Independent Labour Party): "Ain't you a-goin' to join in with your friend, Miss?"

I.L.P.: "Not me! She ain't my class!"—*Punch*.

Imperial questions. While it is difficult to arouse interest in Canada on the question of the maintenance of a strong navy, in Australia and New Zealand it is a question of first-class importance. These colonies live along their coast lines, and a hostile fleet gaining the ascendant for even a short time in those antipodean waters, could effect a great deal of damage. Contributions to the navy are, therefore, not regarded as objectionable in the antipodes. Coastal defence, too, is a live topic for discussion and legislation. New Zealand has been contributing £40,000 annually towards the



HE DARES NOT LET OUT THE ROPE

—Binghamton Press

The Czar and his advisers seem determined to retain their special privileges.

maintenance of the Imperial navy, and it is expected at the approaching session of Parliament that the sum will be increased to £100,000. An annual contribution of \$500,000 from a colony of less than 800,000 people is an unmistakable testimony to the vital interest which these colonies of the southern cross take in the matter of naval defence. There is great interest, too, in the allocation of islands in the south seas. The presence of France in the New Hebrides and of the Germans at Samoa is regarded with unconcealed dislike at Sydney and Melbourne, as well as at Wellington.

But it was as the chief of a State which was practically given up to sociological experiment, that Mr. Seddon commanded the interested attention of the world. His qualifications as a statesman consisted mainly in his rough force of character, the simplicity of his political philosophy, and his freedom from the bondage of historic or economic teaching. His attitude towards sociological questions is well illustrated by the measures taken to

avoid the conflicts between capital and labour. He was not the author of the New Zealand legislation on that subject, but he gave it his full assent and undeviating adherence. With him to recognise that the war between capital and labour was a pernicious thing, was to suggest at once that it be prohibited by law. While more deeply instructed economists and sociologists would see insurmountable barriers in the way, it was his belief that anything that was desirable in the State was attainable by statute. The old, crude trade disputes, therefore, were abolished by compelling the disputants to submit their differences to arbitration, the decision of the court being binding on both sides whether they were willing parties to the arbitration or not. The

same emancipation from received ideas of men's relations to each other in society was shown in every direction, and the world has been breathlessly watching the outcome of the experiments. No explosion has yet occurred, and those who expected one are now explaining that New Zealand's isolation in the southern seas exempts her to some extent from the operation of universal economic law. Richard Seddon was a democrat for whom history, received opinions and venerable names or institutions had no terrors.

The British King is credited with being very busy at the moment patching up an understanding between his people and the Russian court. He is represented as feeling a great pity for the plight in which his nephew has been overwhelmed for the past two years, and is disposed to relieve him of anxiety as to foreign affairs at least, by arriving at an understanding of the aims of the two countries wherever those aims would tend to come into conflict. An article in the *Novoe Vremya* of a recent date attracted a good

deal of attention. It pointed out that Russia and Great Britain had been friends and allies in other times, and might well be so again. A careful perusal of the article is not at all reassuring, however. The burden of it is that there might be a rapprochement between the two countries, provided Great Britain would smile benevolently on most of the projects of aggrandisement with which the name of Russia is connected. The only thing that is left out is aggressions in the far East. Japan appears to have completely cured the big Empire of that obsession. In regard to other schemes of expansion, the article might be interpreted as saying: "The aims which we have failed to achieve by bullying and threats we will endeavour now to get by an understanding with Britain." What the latter is to get out of it does not appear at the time of writing.

The possibility of such an understanding, however, is sufficient to occasion some little uneasiness in Berlin. Wilhelm met Francis Joseph at Vienna during this month, and it has been represented that it was a somewhat embarrassing visit. The fact is, however, that Austria was the only power that espoused the German cause before the Algeciras conference. Italy has not yet recovered her composure over the Emperor's injudicious letter to Count Goluchowski. Even the German newspapers admit that it contained expressions "liable to be misinterpreted." The Kaiser probably feels that he can afford to be injudicious. A judicious letter would not attract half the attention that the Kruger despatch or the Goluchowski note did. Does Wilhelm enjoy notoriety?



#### NOT IN THEIR CLASS

THE BUNCH: "Let's snub him, boys, he ain't no financier."—*Toronto News*.

The proposal of James J. Hill to build a transcontinental railway through Canada without government aid marks a new era in railway building in Canada. The cartoonist represents Mr. Hill as being snubbed by the C.P.R., C.N.R. and G.T.R., the pioneer roads, each of which were state-aided. Mr. Hill's advent may be an influence in favour of reciprocity.

Although Count Witte has gone into retirement, he has not lost his interest in public affairs. He is travelling, and, writing back to a friend in Russia, he is inclined to take a most gloomy view of the situation of affairs. He expressed his regret that the authorities are not taking the present opportunity of coming to a happy understanding with the nation. The Russian Government in throwing away its chance of appeasing Parliament rendered a conflict certain within a short time. The letter proves that M. Witte's difficulties were occasioned by the reactionaries who would not let him have that understanding with the nation which is so much required. Rather than be put in a false position he retired. The Czar and his advisers have had to have recourse to the services of M. Witte at critical moments before. They may have to again.

*John A. Ewan*

# WOMAN'S SPHERE



WITH a ripple of leaves and a tinkle of streams,  
The full world rolls in a rhythm of praise;  
And the winds are one with the clouds and beams—  
Midsummer days! Midsummer days!  
The dusk grows vast, in a purple haze,  
While the West from a rapture of sunset rights,  
Faint stars their exquisite lamps upraise—  
Midsummer nights! O, midsummer nights!

—W. E. Henley

## UNSPOILED CANADA

EGYPT had several plagues in ancient times, and even the Land of the Nile is not unafflicted by the modern plague of advertising, for we have lately been informed that the pyramids have been pasted with bills declaring the unexcelled quality of Somebody's Soap. Canada has been much freer from this modern disfigurement than the United States, but she can boast no longer of her comparatively unadvertised scenery. From Fundy to the Pacific the beautiful spots of the country are being marred by signs that declare the merits of pills, shoes, whiskey, chewing-tobacco and other commodities in which the public is supposed to be interested. There is no legal remedy for this vulgar and distressing misuse of our fields and hills, but there is some hope of educating and enlightening public sentiment, so that such desecration shall become less common.

One of the prettiest curves in Ontario is that of Hamilton Bay, which the traveller from the east or west once leaned from the car window to admire. But its loveliness is utterly marred, though we may hope the spoiling is not forever. On a small cape that juts into the western curve of the bay, a huge bottle rears its ugly

head bearing an advertisement of a certain beef-essence. When I first saw the monstrosity, I vowed that I should neither touch nor taste the decoction again, and to my great satisfaction I discovered that many Hamilton women are so indignant with the powers that perpetrate such offences that they have taken similar vows. Between Toronto and Hamilton there are said to be more than one hundred advertising placards and boards which make the hour's run between the two cities a drearier experience than reading the columns of a cheap magazine.

In the west the same deadly work is going on, and the most picturesque spots along the great rivers and among the mountains are being plastered with all the blatant vulgarities that the cunning of the advertising fiend can devise. In a recent number of *New York Life*, Miss Agnes Repplier deplored the condition of the country between the large United States cities, owing to the ravages of unlovely advertising. We are rapidly coming to the same sad state and unless the people begin to protest against the spoliation, Canada will soon be a mere background for the glaring posters which are the crudest form of modern fiction.

## THE OTHER SIDE

MR. UPTON SINCLAIR has created more than a sensation by his novel, "The Jungle." He has forced an investigation and aroused President Roosevelt himself to an interest in the awful doings of Packingtown, Chicago. There is, however, nothing of the cheaply sensational about this book of revelations, and it is far from the theatrical thunder which distinguished Mr. Thomas Lawson's

dissertations on crookedness in copper. Anyone who can read the story of these slaves in a strange land without becoming fairly sick with horror must be unblest, or uncursed, with an imagination. The author, in spite of certain crudities of style, has a grim strength that is compelling and almost painful. The story belongs to French or Russian genius, rather than to the Anglo-Saxon. And the worst of it all is that the conditions described are only too truthfully depicted.

But towards the close of the book there are "reflective" paragraphs that take on a hysterical tinge. For instance, the writer becomes quite tearful about the unemployed girls and women in Chicago and makes dark references to the lake as the only refuge for those who can find no place where they may work and be fed. What rubbish such talk is in a country where a host of weary housewives are calling out for domestic help and are willing to give good prices for mediocre assistance! Whatever may be the industrial conditions in England, there is no sense in deploring the condition of unemployed women on this continent. It may be said that some of these housewives do not treat servants with any consideration or kindness. While that may be true in some cases, most American women are too anxious to secure help to fail in ordinary provision for the comfort of a maid. There are hundreds, nay thousands, of households on this continent where employment and all decent surroundings await in vain those who are too lazy or too desirous of a large city's sensations to "stoop" to domestic service. Wherefore, Mr. Sinclair need not wax pathetic over the women in Chicago who have no work. If they really desire to toil and spin the opportunity will not be denied them, and it will be no degrading toil at that. The truth is that such women as he refers to would rather starve in Chicago than go into the clean country beyond and find respectable work. Sympathy and eloquence expended on such people are worse than wasted.

In a Chicago magazine, a short story by Elliott Flower gives the other side. A sincere philanthropist goes to a judge who

has retired and has bought a fruit farm, and the former endeavours to obtain from the judge assistance for the unemployed in the city. Then the latter arises in righteous expostulation and shows that he has been crippled and thwarted in his work by the very class he is asked to aid.

He said: "I sent to the city for men; I advertised in the city papers; I applied to employment agents; but it was always the same story: many men were seeking work, but it was work in the city that they wanted, and the farm had no attractions for them. I read of destitution, of appeals to the charitable; of the deserving poor who could not get work—and these unemployed were taking from me every year the little profit of my farm. . . . Nearly a quarter of my original purchase has gone at a sacrifice, even as the farm came to me; more than a quarter of what is left has been abandoned and will soon follow; an orchard has gone to practical ruin; a large berry patch has become waste land; the margin of cash I had has disappeared; my wife works as no woman should have to work at her age; and only the most rigid economy enables us to exist at all. This, briefly, is my ledger account against the unemployed of the city."

The judge then offered through Bullard, the philanthropist, to give employment to a family from the city, but the latter knitted his brow and thoughtfully reviewed the proposition.

"I think it doubtful," he said.

"And the unemployed of the city are crying for help," commented the judge, bitterly.

We cannot be too grateful to Mr. Sinclair for exposing the conditions of Packingtown and shocking decent citizens into active protest. But when his novel ends in a blaze of socialistic rhetoric, when he talks with a tremolo about the unemployed girls in the great cities, we feel inclined to yawn in weary unbelief. By the way, an author of his literary pretensions ought to know better than to use that tiresome Yankee revival of "have gotten," an archaism that is no more good modern English than "washen" or "baken." He concludes his novel with a wild confusion of "shall" and "will," which is no un-

usual blunder for a writer on this side of the Atlantic.

#### A FORGOTTEN PRINCESS

NOW that Princess Ena, in spite of anarchist bombs, is safely Queen Victoria, the interest in princesses is somewhat on the wane. But in the columns of the *Monthly Review* there is found the story of a little princess whose pathetic life forms an interesting page in royal annals. She was a daughter of the most unfortunate of the Stuarts, Charles I, and was born in 1635, fourteen years before her father's execution. Of the five daughters of that ill-fated king, only two reached womanhood; Mary, who became the wife of the Prince of Orange, and who was the mother of William III, and Henrietta who was born in Exeter in 1644, on the eve of her mother's flight, and who was afterwards Duchess of Orleans, and herself the mother of queens. There is a miniature in Windsor Castle of the forgotten Princess Elizabeth, which "gives her a broad forehead, fine eyes, rather melancholy but full of character and spirit; a small, well-shaped mouth, and a delicate chin."

After the trouble between Parliament and king became acute, the younger children of the sovereign were regarded with jealous eye by the former and an edict against association with all but those who were willing to accept the solemn league and covenant required the dismissal of every one whose sympathies were royalist. A few days before his execution Charles was allowed to see Elizabeth and her brother Henry, and there remains the girl's affecting account of the interview. Her grief at her father's fate was so overwhelming that her life was despaired of. The two children were transferred from guardian to guardian, and were finally given into the care of Colonel Sydenham, Governor of the Isle of Wight. At Carisbrook Castle, her father's last residence, the Princess Elizabeth died in September, 1649, and was buried in the church of St. Thomas at Newport. "Here the body would probably have remained in utter obscurity and oblivion had not Queen Victoria erected

a memorial to the forgotten princess as 'a token of respect for her virtues and sympathy for her misfortunes'."

"Baron Marochetti has at last rendered a fitting tribute by carving an effigy worthy to rank with those at Worcester and Ashbourne—a child asleep and at rest; her cheek presses an open book; the Bible, which tradition alleges was the gift of her father and lay upon her pillow when she died."

#### THE SANDWICH SEASON

THE days of the picnic have come again and the small boy rejoices in the prospect of games and races, not to mention lemonade and caramel cake. It is easy to become cynical concerning the picnic, for we have all had melancholy experiences when the salt made the custard pie and lemon tarts unpalatable, and the sandwiches were soaked with cold tea. "Go to a picnic," said one man scornfully, "not I. It's a case of knees in your mouth and flies." But there is no reason, granting that the weather powers are kind, why a picnic should not be an agreeable break in the week's monotony, and the modern aids to an outing make it far less of a tax upon the housewife than it used to be. The light wooden dishes, the metal drinking cup, the tissue paper serviettes make the "lunch-basket" no longer a burden to be avoided by the small boy.

But in no article of food has the ingenuity of modern providing manifested itself so amazingly as in the sandwich. In the days of our childhood there were the ham and tongue varieties, and it was thought a dangerous innovation when salmon was wedged between the slices of bread. But the variety went on until we found ourselves devouring nasturtiums, leaves and flowers, and pretending to enjoy them. The secret of the picnic is the sandwich, which should be thin and of several sorts. Tarts are a vain and doubtful good, as they have a cheerful way of upsetting and smearing everything within reach, and they are also fatally attractive to ants and other picnic insects. Cake is a safer commodity and fruit is not to be left at home. But the





THE ORATORY, BROMPTON ROAD, LONDON, ENGLAND

Showing, to the left, the statue to Cardinal Newman. The Oratory is the second best Roman Catholic edifice in London

sandwich is the staff of the picnic, and is essentially a summer joy, for the beribboned variety that we have at teas in the winter afternoons is a mere apology for the genuine article, which should be associated with the breeze from the lake, the scent of the pines and the gladness of a day "beyond the city."

#### THE VICTORIAN WOMAN

MRS. FREDERIC HARRISON, writing in *The Nineteenth Century and After*, says: "It is now the fashion to speak slightly of the Victorian woman. It is an unmannerly fashion; for these women were our mothers and our grandmothers, and what we distinguished beings are to-day they have made us.

"She had a delightful reserve, the maiden of the middle eighteenth hundreds, though she may have appeared at first sight obvious enough, discharging her little household duties with a pretty precision and a happy pride. The care of a household, the spending of money, the household budget, the education of children, the training of young servants, were considered high social duties, to which the wise woman would bring all her skill and courage.

"The writer has heard it said of women belonging to an older generation that they had never been known to propose an entertainment for themselves. It would yet be wholly untrue to suggest that they were dull in their lives or lethargic in intelligence. 'I find myself very good company,' said one old lady. 'I do not pay myself the ill compliment to suggest that I could be bored with myself.' She kept a diary of the old-fashioned sort, not so much to chronicle events as to have a daily record of her life, her moods, her growth, her shortcomings and failings. It was full of shrewd humour and observation, with pathetic touches, as when, in complaining of failing health, she says: 'Am getting to be too fond of sitting in easy chairs; mem.—to cure myself of this.' Dear, delightful old lady, where shall we find your like?"

Jean Graham

#### A CANADIAN GIRL IN NEW YORK

ONE of the things which brings delight to the heart of the music-loving Canadian girl when she finds herself settled in New York is the opportunity to hear good music. In a single week she may attend a Philharmonic concert,

Young People's Symphony, New York Symphony, Boston Symphony, and numberless recitals, while the Campanaries and Yvetti Guilberts perform on the Metropolitan stage for her benefit. Europe has been scoured by eager managers, and prima donnas and celebrated virtuosi charm her with their power. She may sit and dream through "Aida," or be carried backward through the centuries by the gorgeous pageantry of "The Queen of Sheba." Or, being of a practical turn of mind, the different musicians which she hears will set her philosophising. Why should all the popular musicians bear foreign names? Is it true that the "spirit of American life is too utterly commercial and lacks the artistic sensitiveness of the Latin nations?" The list of American composers is very short, and in that list there are few who are really American. There is, for instance, Charles Martin Loeffler, an Alsatian by birth, whose tendencies are extremely German; Louis Victor Saar, who is typically German; Rubin Goldmark, an Oriental, and Mr. MacDowell, who is of Scotch parentage, to mention a few American composers. Is it that in music Americans have no individualism—no standards of their own—that it is necessary for John Martin to be announced as Giovanni Martini, if his debut in the musical world is to be a success.

Long ago, when the country was young, the youthful Longfellows and Whittiers wrote of nightingales and blue Italian skies, but one day they realised that there were song birds close at hand, though they were not nightingales, and beautiful skies overhead, though they were not Italian skies, and thereafter they sang of themes about them, and so created an American literature. And in some such way American music will be created. Theodore Thomas saw clearly the mistake Americans were making, and during all his musical career strove to teach his countrymen that it is better to stand upon one's own feet, than to make one's self the slave of foreign theories. Following in his footsteps for the musical education of the masses is Franz X. Arens, founder and conductor of the People's Symphony Orchestra. Though a foreigner by birth,

he has made his home in America since his eleventh year, and he believes that the time is now ripe for a real development of American music out of American genius; that it should be no longer necessary to send every talented boy or girl to Paris or Berlin to form their first musical impressions. It has been his aim, therefore, to create for the students of New York a musical atmosphere which they go abroad to find.

For this purpose he conceived the idea of giving concerts at reduced rates for students. The programmes are made up of the most severely classical music. One of the characteristics of the concerts is the remarkably clear and interesting descriptions which Mr. Arens gives of the composition to be performed. Perhaps he will tell of the "Flying Dutchman," who was rescued from his curse by the sacrifice of a woman's love. Or explain how in the "Faust Symphony," by means of musical treatment, this character is presented as harassed by doubt and despair; how in the second movement a melody is introduced designed to give expression to the gentle grace of Gretchen's character. In the third movement Mephistopheles appears; mighty trombone sounds are heard through discordant hell-music; while in the last, when the infernal diabolical spirit has risen to its most brilliant power, there appears, as if soaring aloft, the main theme of the Gretchen music in virgin beauty, and the power of the demon is shattered and sinks back into nothingness. Through these explanations the listener, though his knowledge of the composition is slight, is enabled to follow the theme understandingly.

The first of these concerts was given five years ago in Cooper Union Hall, but so great has their popularity grown that it is now necessary to give them in different sections of the city, at Carnegie Hall, Grand Central Palace and Cooper Union. The interest and enthusiasm which they have awakened, represent not only an artistic triumph for the founder, but a development among the masses, of a taste for classical music which in time will leave a perceptible impress on the national music life.

S. E. A.

# PEOPLE AND AFFAIRS.

## IMPERIAL PROGRESS

THE progress of the British Empire pleases and interests us all—but only when it is properly labelled. Call it British progress and we acquiesce pleasantly; label it progress of the Empire and we at once exhibit pride; distinguish it as imperialism and we are intellectually non-committal; call it Chamberlainism and we mingle derisive and congratulatory cheers. Peculiar as it may seem, there can be no denial of these statements. We are as touchy on these phrases as a man with rheumatism. In fact, we are delightfully childlike.

After all, what matters the word they use? Even if they label it Chamberlainism, why should we who are Liberals shudder? When Mr. Chamberlain passes away, the Empire and the flag will remain. Some say the term imperialism has a sinister aspect. Yet this is only because a few people have read features into British imperialism which it does not and should not contain. The progress of the mother country and the colonies—the development of Great Britain and the Dominions over Seas—the onward march of the British peoples—*Civis Britannicus sum*—the glory of the British Empire—what difference? It is not the word but the thing itself which is important.

Approve it or not as you may, imperialism is using its wings these days. Following the example of Canada in previous years, nearly 27,600 schools throughout the King's domains celebrated "Empire Day" this year, partly in honour of Queen Victoria, mainly in honour of the great Empire which she saw constructed. It must be a great source of satisfaction to men like Lord Meath who have fathered an unpopular cause, to find that the younger element in the greatest Empire of modern history have thrown technicalities to the winds and have frankly, fully and unre-

servedly avowed themselves proud of the British Confederacy. The men who opposed Imperial Federation scorned it out of court, but their opinions have been in turn trampled under foot by the growing multitude of imperialists who are not necessarily strict federationists.

Empire Day found its slowest appreciation in the British Isles, but this year has seen the end of the opposition. Empire Day is now an institution. If it is kept free of guns and gunpowder, it is likely to be permanent.

## THE LIBERALS AND IMPERIALISM

IT is curious to a colonial to note the reasons for the slowness of Great Britain in taking up imperialism. I am not sure that I am able to give all the reasons or that any person can. Sentiment as well as reason has played a part, and sentiment is often unreasonable.

One writer puts it this way: \*"It is not so long since the word 'imperialist' was to the Liberal party in Great Britain the bitterest reproach that could be launched against a politician. . . . The plain and simple fact is that the Liberal party, the Whigs and the bourgeoisie, is and always has been out of sympathy with both the colonies and India, and has never for a single moment as much as attempted to realise their overwhelming importance. . . In the days of its power the Liberal party in Great Britain, both by word and deed, did its best to detach the colonies from the Empire as a useless encumbrance."

It might also be said of the Tory party at times that it shared this prejudice. Yet, since 1895, the Tories have been frankly and avowedly imperial. The Liberals, however, have been more tenacious of their original position, and many of them are still anti-imperial. This

\*The Baronage and the Senate.

is as true of the Scotch Liberals as of the English Liberals.

A few weeks ago, there appeared in *Punch* a cartoon\* representing Madame Britannia's empty Imperial School "For Little Radicals." It was a rebuke to Winston Churchill's meddling in Natal. He should, said *Punch* in effect, be studying the subject "Our Colonies and How to Keep Them." Yet there are signs of a change in the Liberal attitude. The Liberal party is growing more imperialistic in its tendencies. Lord Elgin is an imperialist of the best kind, and others might be mentioned. The historic Liberal attitude is vanishing before the rising colonial sun, the growth of inter-empire trade, the undying influence of Cecil Rhodes and Rudyard Kipling, and—may I be permitted to say it without being snowballed—the wonderful persistency and personality of the small body of imperialists owning the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain as their chief. The day is fast approaching when the only difference between the two historic parties in Great Britain on this question will be one of method.

#### INVESTIGATIONS AND REFORM

THE air is full of investigations and revelations. In spite of an attempt to stop the movement, it is gaining rather than losing force. The novelist has joined the magazine contributor, and the end is not in sight. From the insurance companies and the railways, the interest has passed to the meat packers, and thence to foods generally.

The average citizen of to-day is wondering if this is an extraordinarily wicked age, that so many lids must be lifted and so many smells investigated. The historian would probably say that such things are periodical; they precede every era of reform. The abolition of slavery and the reform of European prisons were preceded by much writing and private investigation and agitation. Later Charles Dickens and Charles Reade wrote novels in which they portrayed and criticised the social conditions of the day, thus paving the

way for reforms in prison life, in public schools, in private lunatic asylums, and in the merchant shipping service. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is said to have been an important instrument in arousing anti-slavery sentiment in the United States. Besant's "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," Whiteing's "No. 5, John Street," and numerous novels of like character have aided in bringing the British public to a realisation of unfair social conditions. In addition to novels there have been reports from hundreds of Royal Commissions in Great Britain and the colonies which have paved the way for reforms.

The investigations of to-day differ less in character than in form from the corresponding heart-searchings of previous generations. Reformers need not fear that the day will soon come when there will be little for them to do. Human progress is slow and all great reforms are the result of national travail. Each generation is confronted with new problems, and each solution is reached only after much experiment and discussion. Looking abroad over the nations, we find each struggling with its particular set of problems. In Europe and Asia the problems are mainly political; in Great Britain, the United States and Canada, they are more commercial, though we are not without our political problems.

The lesson of a broad survey is that there is much work to do and that the reformers of any particular country should not be discouraged by the appearance of fresh problems nor appalled by a recognition of the improbability of bringing the world but an inch or two nearer perfection.

#### PUBLIC SCHOOLS

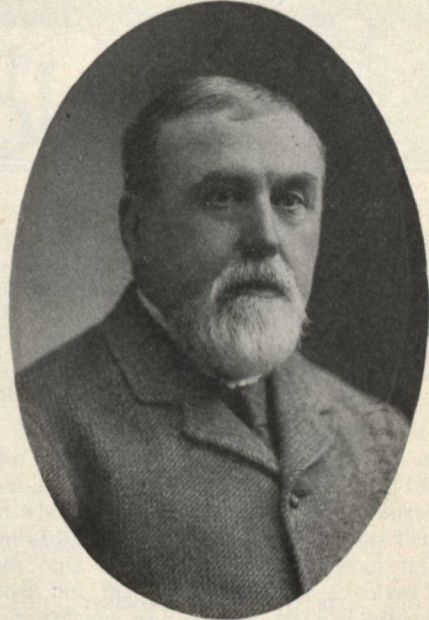
NEARLY every province finds difficulty in getting and retaining good public school teachers. The Protestant Committee of the Council of Public Instruction in the Province of Quebec has 861 elementary schools under its control, out of which number three hundred are taught by young girls who have no certificate. An extra tax is proposed in order to raise salaries.

Manitoba and British Columbia are

\*See June Canadian Magazine, p. 172.



A. H. U. COLQUHOUN, LL.D.  
Deputy Minister of Education



JOHN SEATH, M.A.  
Superintendent of Education

TWO RECENT ONTARIO APPOINTMENTS

forced into high expenditures to maintain their public schools—the average cost of a pupil in attendance being over \$30. In the other provinces the cost runs from \$14.40 in Prince Edward Island and Ontario Roman Catholic schools to \$19.51 in Ontario public schools. Probably no province has less effective public school education than Quebec where the average cost is about \$15.40.

No general rule or deduction can be made, but it seems almost certain that no province can maintain efficient public schools at an average cost per pupil in attendance of less than \$25. Only the western provinces attain that limit. The other provinces, it may therefore be assumed, are starving their public schools.

Ontario, which has always been considered liberal in its educational expenditures, proposes a vast increase for 1907. The salaries of all rural teachers are to be increased by an act passed this year. This act places a limit below which no school section may go. Only sections where the assessed value of the taxable

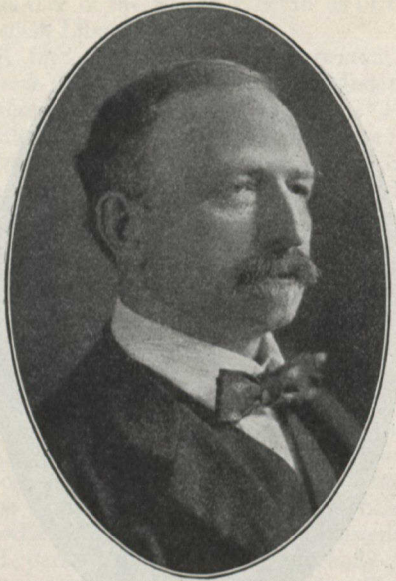
school property is less than \$30,000 is exempt.

The details of the plan are comprehensive and cannot be given here. The effect is the important point. Taking West Huron as a typical example, the following figures from a local paper will be found to be informing:

"In West Huron there are twenty-four rural school sections with an assessment of \$200,000 or over, which, under the regulations as above outlined, must pay a salary of \$500 in 1907; twenty-six sections assessed between \$150,000 and \$200,000, which must pay \$450; thirty-seven sections assessed between \$100,000 and \$150,000, which must pay \$400, and nine sections assessed between \$50,000 and \$100,000, which must pay \$350. Nine assistant teachers in the inspectorate will receive at least \$300 each.

"This means, for the 105 rural school teachers in the inspectorate, aggregate minimum salaries of \$44,350. This is a considerable increase over the salaries now paid, which amount to \$37,740. The average increase to the 105 teachers will be nearly \$63, even if the minimum is not exceeded in any instance."

This Ontario plan should commend itself to the educationists and the parents



SIR THOMAS SHAUGHNESSY  
President of the Canadian Pacific Railway and  
Steamship Company

of other provinces. The rich man provides his children with special private schools; the poor man should have the very best that the state can in justice maintain. The adequate salary is the first step towards school efficiency.

#### QUEBEC AND THE C.P.R.

AT the banquet to Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, president of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, at Quebec on May 19th, the reasons why that city was chosen as the western terminus of the Canadian-British steamship service were given quite frankly. Sir Thomas pointed out that the channel between Quebec and Montreal was in an unsatisfactory condition, and it was thought best not to attempt to bring such large vessels as the *Empresses* to Montreal. It was true that this meant 175 miles of a railway haul for freight instead of a water haul, but the saving in fuel, insurance, terminal charges and time somewhat counterbalanced the train charges.

Sir Thomas recalled that in May, 1856, just fifty years before, the first mail steamer under the first contract with the

Allans arrived at Quebec, and to the Allans he attributed much of the progress that has been made in that half century. It was a generous compliment to a rival in trade.

Sir Thomas expressed his pride in the new steamers put on by his own company, but he did not believe that they marked high tide in the St. Lawrence service. He apparently looks forward to even larger and speedier boats as the Canadian route becomes more developed and more popular. To accomplish this the waterway from the ocean must be adequately buoyed and lighted. Much has been done; much remains to be done. The traffic from Western Canada must find an outlet to the sea, and the efficiency of Canadian routes and harbours will determine what proportion shall go out by United States routes. In this question, the banks, the vessel owners, the railways, the commission men and working people are all interested. It is the most important question of the day.

Then Sir Thomas quietly hinted that all this rivalry among the Canadian Atlantic ports was nonsense. "There is business enough for all of them and to spare. Get the ports ready, fit them up according to modern ideas. . . The business will come."

There was one point on which Sir Thomas did not touch. There have been millions of dollars wasted on the St. Lawrence in the last twenty-five years. There should be a St. Lawrence Commission to see that all money voted for the improvement of that route, harbours and canals, was properly expended. Neither the civil service nor the Quebec politicians can be trusted to do that. It is disheartening to see the interests of Quebec and Montreal so badly served as they have been in the past by men posing as statesmen and patriots, who were nothing more than adventurers. This is truer of Quebec than any other province, because of the peculiar character of the French-Canadian—with whom oratory and position and nationality are more potent than a highly disinterested form of public service. In fact, they seldom distinguish between public and party service.

*John A. Cooper*

# About New Books.

## IMMORTALITY

THE administrators of the Ingersoll fund at Harvard University, which provides for an annual lecture on the "Immortality of Man," have been subjected to somewhat hostile criticism lately on account of their choice of lecturers, says "*Current Literature*." Dr. William Osler, the distinguished physician, who spoke on "Science and Immortality" two years ago, assumed an agnostic attitude; and the latest lecturer, Dr. Wilhelm Ostwald, Professor of Physical Chemistry at the University of Leipzig, has handled the subject, "Individuality and Immortality,"\* in the same spirit. He refuses to affirm personal immortality. The only real immortality, he argues, is that we achieve when we leave an impress upon the life and work of the world. He goes further, and says: "Death is not only not an evil, but it is a necessary factor in the existence of the race. And looking into my own mind with all the frankness and subjectiveness which I can apply to this most personal question, I find no horror connected with the idea of my own death."

The only lasting kind of life that the lecturer is able to discover in the realm of experience is that "quite independent of individual life or death," to wit, the more or less limited effectiveness of the work a man has accomplished. He says:

"How long it will remain effective is entirely dependent on the degree to which the work has suited the wants of the race. Work of no value to these wants will be wiped out as soon as possible, while useful work will be retained so long as it is seen to be useful. The examples I have given show how very long the influence of a great and useful worker may persist, but there is no doubt that by this very influence the individuality of his work disappears, however slowly. It becomes more and more a part of the general mental equipment of his clan, his nation,

his race. It will then exist as long as these exist, no longer as a distinct idea or work of art, but as a common possession. Here again the general law of diffusion already met with is at work, and duration and individuality are linked as are reciprocal numbers; the one increases as the other diminishes."

Instead of feeling that we sweep away the foundation of all our ethics when we banish the idea of a personal future life in which vice shall be punished and virtue rewarded, Professor Ostwald thinks that not only is ethics possible without this idea, but that "this condition involves a very refined and exalted state of ethical development." "The more each individual is filled with the consciousness that he belongs to the great collective organism of humanity, the less will he be able to separate his own aims and interests from those of humanity. A reconciliation between duty to the race and personal happiness is the result, as well as an unmistakable standard by which to judge our own actions and those of our fellow-men." He concludes:

"In fact, we find the interests of humanity in the very centre of our ethical consciousness. To frighten people into ethical action by threatening them with eternal punishment is a poor and inefficacious way of influencing them. The natural way is to develop a consciousness of the all-pervading relation between the several individuals which make up humanity, and this to such a degree that the corresponding actions become not only a duty but a habit, and at last an instinct, directing all our doings quite spontaneously for the interest of humanity. And every mental and moral advance which we make for ourselves by our constant efforts at self-education will be at the same time a gain for humanity, since it will be transmitted to our children, our friends, and our pupils, and will be to them easier than it was to us, according to the general law of memory. Beside the fact of inherited taint, there exists the fact of inherited perfection, and every advance which we, by the sweat of our brows, may succeed in making

towards our perfection, is so much gain for our children and our children's children forever. I must confess that I can think of no grander perspective of immortality than this."



#### PREACHER AUTHORS

THE new life of "Wesley"\* and "A Parson's Ponderings"† attract attention simultaneously, though there are no points of resemblance except that the author of each is a minister of the Gospel.

John Wesley is fortunate in finding such a biographer as Dr. Fitchett. The sub-title, "A Study in Spiritual Forces," sounds the keynote of the book, and at the same time explains the attraction. An imperialist is likely to feel the appeal of Wesley and his work, for has he not founded a spiritual empire within the empire? Methodism is a spiritual force on an imperial scale. Its spread has been wonderful, and Wesley's spiritual genius and his skill as an organiser are directly responsible. Oh! the pity of it, that the mother church did not seize and use this great movement which began within her own borders, and was largely owing to the richness of its spiritual cradle! But Providence has decreed it otherwise, and we can only rejoice at the success of a movement which has never forgotten that its origin was found in an Evangelical revival. This voluminous study deals first with the making of the man, then with the making of a saint; next with the quickening of a nation, then with the evolution of a church, and finally with the personal characteristics of its hero. Perhaps panegyric is better than a too critical estimate, when we are dealing with a character like Wesley's. In any case the author never forgets that the spirit of God was the chiefest factor in a movement of which the end is not yet. This book is likely to have many readers and it deserves them.

Everything that Canon Low writes is bright and clever, and in this volume of

\*Wesley and His Century, by W. H. Fitchett, B.A., LL.D., President of the Methodist Church in Australasia and author of "How England Saved the Empire." Toronto: William Briggs.

†A Parson's Ponderings, by G. J. Low, D.D. Toronto: William Briggs.

musings he is at his best. It is pleasant to notice that he cannot away with the Revised Version. It jars his nerves and makes him "mad," like "some atrocious variation thrust into some beloved old tune." It is not that he is not "modern." On the contrary, with science and criticism Canon Low is in full sympathy. We are not so sure that we agree that the state had better drop the Bible from the public schools. We see no reason for this. Canon Low is also very amusing at times, especially when he scratches his head over the problem as to whom he is to preach to on Sunday, for the modern congregation is a conglomeration of heterogeneity. The "wise men from the east" is a very pretty adaptation of an old legend in which we find Buddha, Confucius and Zoroaster introduced as the leading dramatis personæ. But enough. Here are words witty and wise—and otherwise, but quite enough of wisdom to furnish forth a light banquet which will give no reader indigestion. The volume is prettily dedicated to Sir Sandford Fleming, who will find it versatile, scholarly and patriotic.



C. E.

#### MONEY AND CURRENCY

PROFESSOR JOHNSON'S discussion of Money,\* while dealing with the various theoretical aspects of the question, is written with an eye to American conditions. The fact that 1896, and its "cross of gold" hysteria, has passed away, is well emphasised in the scientific eclecticism of Professor Johnson's treatment. The extreme arguments on either side of the vexed question of bimetallism are examined. It is recognised that there is considerable force in the contention that, for a time, the apparent depreciation of silver was really an appreciation of gold. The theoretic arguments in favour of international bimetallism are recognised as tenable. At the same time the extreme vagaries of the pro-silver adherents are subjected to trenchant criticism. He recognises that the argument in favour of bimetallism

\*Money and Currency, Joseph French Johnson. Ginn & Co., Boston: 1905. Pp. viii and 398.



from the standpoint of its staying effect on falling prices has passed away; for the rapid increase of gold since 1900 now necessitates attention being turned to the consideration of "how to guard against the influence of rising prices."

The most important parts of the book are those concerned with credit and prices. The influx of gold since 1900 has caused an upward movement of prices. The credit mechanism, as it exists in modern industrial countries, has enabled each gold dollar to support a portion of a credit edifice. Credit, by lessening the demand for money, has enabled prices to be kept at a higher level.

While in the United States and England the inelastic nature of the banking system makes the question of gold shipments of prime importance, in Canada and France, the author holds, the elastic systems of banking make the effects of international gold movements of minor importance. The reason for this is to be found in an adequate system of representative, or as the author terms it, "credit" money. Under an ideal credit money system the supply of credit automatically adjusts itself to variations in the need for a medium of exchange. When properly issued, credit money should not cause prices to rise; it should simply prevent a fall in price, for it should be put forth only in response to a need for currency. This need he, in opposition to some of the apologists for the American banking system, holds is not to be met by the use of "deposit currency."

While the book is only incidentally concerned with banking, the author finds it necessary, in suggesting concrete reforms in the monetary system of the United States, to speak of banking. He is of those who desire the government to go out of the banking business. He criticises the banking system of the United States because of the lack of ease in its methods of redemption, while he holds that the advantages of the elastic credit currency possessed by the Canadian banking system, should be adopted in the United States.

The book is a treatise dealing in an

interesting and illuminating manner with the accepted divisions of the subject matter. The most fruitful parts of the discussion are, however, those concerned with the relation of gold and credit to prices. Here the analysis is thorough and the reasoning clear. While, in the sections where illustrative matter is cited, the experiences of various peoples are passed in review, these are incidental to the study of American conditions. But while the book is thus directed to conditions as they exist in the United States, the book has a wider value, for the United States has insisted in trying over the old-time experiments, and the defects in its policy bring out the old-time mistakes in a new setting.

S. J. McLean.

38

#### SAMANTHA AND OTHERS

THERE is a certain class of people who like to have their religion and philosophy given them in dialect. When the first commandment is read to them in the ordinary and proper Anglo-Saxon they fail to see its literary force; but if Samantha\* or some other rather clever person will just say, "Sol. Smith, he wuz a-worshippin' his farm and his money and left no room in his flinty old heart for God," they are satisfied. Josh Billings set the fashion for this continent, if I am not mistaken, and he has had many imitators. Homely and epigrammatic sayings of all grades seem to find a quick popularity. The "Irish" humour of the comic papers is mostly of this class. The semi-religious novels are full of rather tawdry sentimentality and cheap wisdom in gaudy dress. Some of the characters created to spill this milk-and-water wisdom over the community have been rather attractive—David Harum and Mrs. Wiggs, for example—but it is doubtful if such intellectual food produces real manhood and womanhood.

It must be admitted, of course, that the world is composed of many classes,

\*Samantha vs. Josiah: The Story of a Borrowed Automobile and What Came of It, by Marietta Holley. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Co.

and that each class demands a certain kind of literature. That so many people will read Josh Billings, does not surprise one, because he was a genuine humorist; but that so many will read "Samantha's" weak utterances is not so pleasant. People should have humorous reading occasionally, but there should be some discretion in the choice of it. All humour is not elevating, nor are all books worth while. Sam Slick was a humorist and a thinker, but few Canadians have ever heard of him; the University professors and High School teachers don't know him and cannot quote from his books. The blind are leading the blind, and most of them spend much time in the ditch.

Sydney H. Preston's "On Common Ground"\* is one of the most humorous books ever written by a Canadian. Perhaps it is not quite as good as Mrs. Yeigh's "A Specimen Spinster," but it is delightfully light. These two volumes are of a much higher rank than Samantha's new book, partly because Samantha is written out. Moreover, these two authors are Canadian and deal with life more or less from the Canadian viewpoint. There is not quite so much philosophy in Mr. Preston's book as in Mrs. Yeigh's, but that would hardly be considered a fault. If "On Common Ground" has a weakness it lies in the narrowness of the theme. Mrs. Biggs is a sterling character with a head and heart full of knowledge about men and women. Her remarks do not read like those in the almanacs; on the contrary, they are bright, humorous and natural. Mr. Preston is to be congratulated on the general excellence of this his second attempt to produce a volume of dignified literary entertainment.



#### AMATEUR ESSAYS

IF one were to judge all the essays and articles that appear in book form or in periodicals by absolute standards, many of them would fall short in regard to technique or form. Nevertheless most of these contributions to current thought are both important and influential. W. Frank Hatheway, of St. John, N.B., has

\*On Common Ground, by Sydney H. Preston. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

given the public a volume entitled "Canadian Nationality, The Cry of Labour, and Other Essays,"\* and, with this explanation, they may be highly recommended. The author believes in a high type of citizenship and aims to do what he can in forming it in Canada. He brings a frank, forceful bundle of ideas to bear upon the problems with which he deals. There is no mistaking his point of view. He lays bare the hypocrisies and selfishness of modern economic society with a dashing, clear-cut style of expression which must be effective with his readers. The literary form and the logical sequence of ideas is not always present, but this may be pardoned because of the other virtues which his work possesses. Every citizen-student of affairs may gain much by a perusal of these pages.



#### BRITISH NOTES

Sara Jeannette Duncan's "Set in Authority" is a recent addition to Constable's Colonial Library. A new novel by Marie Corelli is to be published in the same series during the summer.

Conan Doyle's "Sir Nigel" will appear in Bell's Colonial Library in the autumn.

A new volume of Vernon Nott's verses will be issued shortly by Greening & Co. It is entitled "Summer Days." Mr. Nott is one of the few Canadian verse writers to find an English publisher in recent years.

Those who have a taste for soliloquies and ponderings will find "From a College Window," by A. C. Bensen, a well-recommended book. It is issued by Smith, Elder & Co.

Chatto & Windus will publish "The Lost Earl of Ellan," by Mrs. Campbell Præd, which is now running as a serial in THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

Duckworth & Co. have just published "The Scottish School of Painting," by William D. McKay, R.S.A., librarian to the Royal Scottish Academy. It is quarto size, with 48 illustrations, price 7s. 6d.

\*Canadian Nationality, by W. F. Hatheway. Toronto: William Briggs.



# Idle Moments.

## MANITOBA REMINISCENCES

WHEN I first landed in Winnipeg, I was quite green. In fact, I was what is known as an English "tender-foot." The Winnipeg of those days was quite different from the busy and beautiful city of to-day.

I asked a man on the street if he could direct me to a hotel. He looked at me and then pointed to the immigrant shed. I made no reply, but being hungry, like a good Englishman thought of my dinner. I noticed a big tent on the main street, with a sign which read, "Meals at all hours," so I thought I would take it in. However, I concluded that they had taken me in before I got out again. I was surprised to be charged 75c. for a ten cent meal.

As my means were rather limited, I hied me to the immigrant shed that had been pointed out to me. There I got a good clean board to sleep on for ten cents per night. There were no restrictions as to eating; you could eat when you felt like it, providing that you had anything to eat.

After staying there a short time a grizzly-looking farmer came along, who wanted to hire me, as he said I was a likely looking man. I had not been accustomed to farming, but being in need of employment, thought I would go with him; consequently, I threw my luggage, which was not cumbersome, into the waggon, and started for the farm. We lumbered along for miles and miles, passing sod shanties and boarded huts, which I afterwards learned were farm houses.

At last we reached our destination. We pulled up with a "whoa," and with several sharp barks from a mongrel pup. That was the most comical looking pup I ever saw; it had one ear up and the other down, as if it were wondering where its future home would be, up or down. Before I had been there two days, I concluded that it ought to be "down."

After helping, or rather hindering, the man to unhitch his team, he suggested that we would go to the house and have something to eat. I felt very hungry, and according to the size of the house, I began to wonder if he thought I was capable of eating it. However, we had a fairly good meal inside, which consisted of one room—the house I mean—which served as dining-room, kitchen, bedroom, and parlour combined.

After supper we went to the "barn," which looked like a straw heap. After feeding the horses, and "fixing" things up in general, I began to wonder where I would sleep. The boss said I could sleep in the granary, in the oat bin, which I did. I slept very comfortably, except that I dreamed that I was a horse, and was trying to break into a granary. This awakened me up, and I found that I was choking myself trying to swallow a mouthful of oats.

The next morning being Sunday, the farmer did not get up very early. So I got up and went to the stable to attend to the horses. When I got there I found one of the horses loose; it had broken the halter. I had often heard of halters, but I did not know what they were used for. The other horse which had had a rope around its neck, had somehow got it about its feet, so I concluded that that was the way they tied up horses. I fastened the halter around one of the legs of the other horse the best I could, fed them, and left.

After awhile the boss came out and asked me how the horses got into the wheat field. I had to confess that I did not know, as they were tied up safely when I left them. There they were, however, quietly grazing on the wheat as if they had all the right in the world to do so.

After we had secured the horses again, the boss said he would show me how to milk the cows. I watched the operation for some time, and thought I could do it all right. It was quite awhile afterwards that I undertook to milk those cows. It



### LUNCHEON HOUR CONFIDENCES

"Such a nice young man took me out to dinner last night—such a well-mannered-man. D'you know, when the coffee come and 'e'd poured it in 'is saucer, instead of blowing on it like a common person, 'e fanned it with 'is 'at!"—London *Punch*.

was on the Queen's Birthday. The boss and the mistress had gone to the celebration at Winnipeg. They said they would not be home until late, and consequently left me to do everything. Well, I started to milk those cows, but I never finished them. I couldn't remember which was the right side to milk on, so I thought I would milk half on one side and half on the other. I noticed, however, that they kicked the bucket oftener while I was on the other side.

The next thing I undertook was to do some "breaking." That is what the westerners call the first turning of the sod, I made a great success at that job, for which I got a great "blessing" from the boss. He said I was a good "breaker," but no ploughman, as I had succeeded in

breaking the whiffletrees, the harness, and also the plough. Then, being provoked at my non-success, I tried to break the horses' heads; which I might have done had not the boss interfered, swearing that he would break my neck if I did not break and run; which I did.

Rambler.

### COMMENT FROM "PUNCH"

IN the debate on the Budget Mr. Balfour warned the House of the dangers of the reduction of expenditure on our armed forces at the cost of that national efficiency which we have never had.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie, speaking at Ottawa last week, declared that Sir Wilfrid Laurier was one of the five greatest men in the world. He did not name the other three.

According to *The Morning Post*, the start of the Marathon Race took place at Marathon at three p.m. on May 1. "The winner," it goes on, "arrived at Athens two months ago. He ran splendidly, and finished as fresh as paint." This is, of course, easily a record, beating the previous best by two months, two hours and fifty-eight minutes. After reading of it we do not wonder that the winner is uncertain whether his name is *Herring* or *Sherring*.

### SCENE—Village School

VICAR'S WIFE: Now can any of you children tell me of *another* ark?

BRIGHT CHILD: 'Ark the 'Erald Angels Sing?

### A LEGAL FICTION

A solicitor in a provincial town, who openly prided himself on his knowledge of the law, was one day proceeding to the local court with several ponderous law books under his arm, when he met a friend.

"Why, P——," exclaimed the latter, pointing to the books, "I thought you carried all that stuff in your head."

"I do," quickly replied the lawyer, with a knowing wink; "these are for the judges."  
—Selected.

# ODDITIES & CURIOSITIES



## SHAGANAPPI



IN the days when the buffalo roamed over the prairies of the Canadian North-West, the Indians and half-breeds made use of the skins for every conceivable purpose. Various prepared, these skins served, among other things, for tepee walls, pemican bags, moccasins, rope and string, and when put on "green" and dried on, they made excellent tires for the wooden wheels of the "Red River carts," which were constructed entirely of wood and of buffalo raw-hide without so much as a single iron nail.

"Shaganappi" was a corruption of a Cree word signifying a rope, and from the general use of the raw-hide for lines or ropes, the name came to stand for the skin itself.

Soon after the country had been taken over from the Hudson's Bay Company by the Dominion Government and opened to white settlers, two missionaries and a doctor happened to locate in the new Territories at a point some four hundred miles north of Montana, and not far from the Forks of the Saskatchewan.



One evening the three friends chanced to meet in a primitive log-house. As "tenderfeet" from older Canada, they were discussing the extraordinary uses to which Shaganappi was put by the plainsmen.

After a pause in the conversation, the doctor remarked: "I guess I'll write a poem on Shaganappi."

"You can't do it," put in the younger parson.

"Bet you I can!" retorted the man of drugs.

"Who's to be judge?" asked the doubter.

"Stop, boys," said the older preacher, "I have a scheme. We three will write some verses on Shaganappi and send them to the editor of *The Saskatchewan Herald* and ask him to publish the set he thinks best."

"Agreed!" said the others.

Now, the enterprising editor of *The Saskatchewan Herald*, the pioneer paper of the North-West, issued every second or third week as news might accumulate, was, nevertheless, a cautious man.

Instead of publishing the "poem" which he considered to be the most meritorious, he printed the three, and thus escaped the lasting enmity of *two* of the scribblers if he did not gain the unalloyed friendship and support of the *three*.

The only one of the compositions available at the time of this present writing is here given with a few emendations.

N.B.—The words in italics suggest some of the uses of Shaganappi.

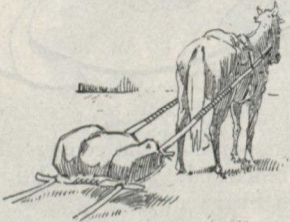
### THE PRIZELESS POEM ON SHAGANAPPI

I rode upon North-western plains,  
To turn my losses into gains,



And all I got me for my pains  
Was *Shaganappi*.

My Indian guide, a man of lore,  
Of hostile scalps he had a score;  
*Bound to his belt, behind, before,*  
With *Shaganappi*.



My Broncho, from Montana's wild,  
Was yet as gentle as a child;  
With *lariat* about him piled  
Of *Shaganappi*.

My cattle tugged, they could not race,  
Held firmly in the *three-ply trace*;  
Which, tho' *untanned*, was no disgrace  
To *Shaganappi*.

My ox-cart, tho' 'twas only deal,  
Was celebrated for its wheel,  
With *tire tough*, not built of steel,  
But *Shaganappi*.

To cross a flood I made a *raft*  
Of carts and *skins* both fore and aft;  
It was a *bully*, tippy *craft*  
In *Shaganappi*.

There followed me a Husky\* dog,  
As lively as "The Jumping Frog,"  
When he had *fed*†—well, like a hog,  
On *Shaganappi*.

Some Indians wished to trade one day.  
I asked them what they had for *pay*;  
They answered, in their stoic way,  
"Ugh! *Shaganappi*!"



"I came into your *raw-hide tent*,  
On *money-making* fully bent;  
I tell you, I don't care a cent  
For *Shaganappi*."

\*Eskimo.

†Eskimo train-dogs have been known to devour their raw-hide harness.

With roving bands I soon fell in;  
They could not trade, or fur, or "tin,"  
Or anything, save *Buff'lo-skin*,  
Or *Shaganappi*.

To Winnipeg I hied me back;  
I gave the Great North-West the sack;  
It yieldeth naught for toil or rack  
Save *Shaganappi*.

Which is a gross libel upon the most  
promising country on the face of the earth.

*The Chaplain*

#### QUEENS TALLER THAN KINGS

THERE is hardly a king in Christendom to-day whose wife does not overtop him by a head.

King Edward is quite six inches shorter than Queen Alexandra.

The Czar is overtopped a full head by the Czarina.

Kaiser Wilhelm is of the medium height, but the German Empress is tall, and that is why the proud Kaiser will never consent to be photographed beside his wife, unless she sits while he stands.

The King of Italy, short and squat, hardly comes up to the shoulders of the tall, athletic Queen Helena.

The King of Portugal, though fatter, is less tall than his Queen.

Even the Prince of Wales is shorter a good four inches than the Princess.

The young King of Spain is several inches shorter than his new bride.

The Queen of Denmark towers above her royal spouse.—*New York Press*.

#### THE "BREECHES BIBLE"

THE "Breeches Bible" was published in 1560, and is so called from its use of the word "breeches" in Gen. iii, 7, where our version has, "They sewed fig-leaves together and made themselves aprons." This Bible was the result of the labours of English exiles at Geneva, and is known as the first Genevan version. It was dedicated to Queen Elizabeth, but was never sanctioned by royal authority, by Parliament, or even by Convocation, for public use in churches; yet for three-quarters of a century it was the household Bible of England.

# CANADA FOR THE CANADIANS.

A Department For —  
Business Men.

## THE ATLANTIC PASSAGE

IT is not more than five years ago that a Canadian would almost unclass himself socially if he went to England by a Canadian steamer. New York must be the sailing point for all people with a social standing and a bank account. Only labouring people, ministers, students, artists and those with a "pass" sailed from Montreal or Quebec. Yet in five years we have changed all that.

To-day, there are four steamers running from the St. Lawrence to Liverpool which are equal in comfort to any steamers in the world of equal tonnage—12,000 to 14,500. Two of these, the Allan Liners *Victorian* and *Virginian*, are turbiners, while the two Canadian Pacific Liners, the *Empress of Ireland* and the *Empress of Britain*, have the latest type of reciprocating engines. Each of these vessels can average seventeen knots, and can cover the distance between Quebec and Liverpool in seven days. If the stops at Rimouski and Moville were cut out, the trip could be made in good weather in six days. The *Virginian* has made 432 knots in 24 hours, and the *Empress of Britain* on her first trip accomplished 452 knots. As the total distance is 2,810 knots, it will be seen that six days of favourable work should bring the vessel from one harbour to the other. With such a service as this it is not surprising that Canadians should be rapidly coming to the point where they do not think of going via New York between May and October. Eastern province people also use these steamers in the winter months from St. John or Halifax, and it is just possible this fashion will extend to Western Canada in the near future.

The reasons for this revolution are

several. The boats are larger and more commodious. The St. Lawrence channel has been improved by dredging and better lighting. The European trade of Canada is increasing, and European travel is developing fast. Canada is getting big, and every time she adds an inch to her stature, she grows less dependent on the United States.



## PATRONAGE

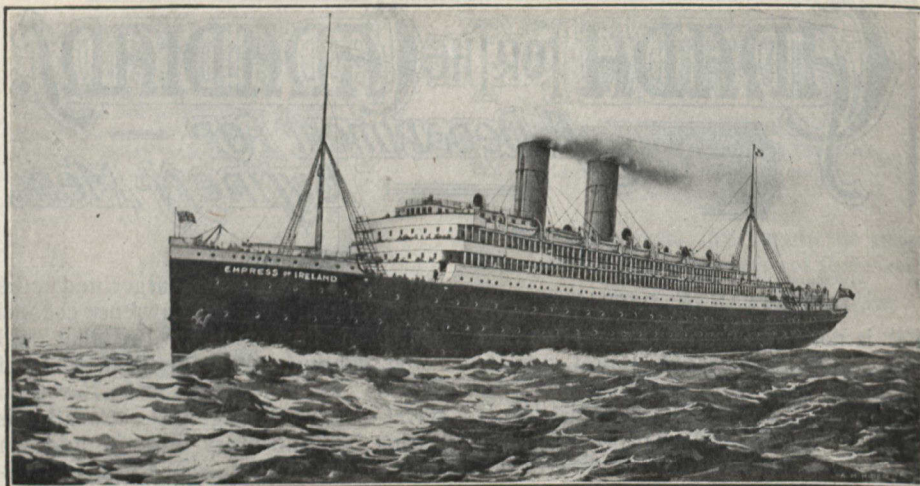
MR. HENRY DALBY, lately editor of the *Montreal Star* and general organiser for the Conservative party in the Province of Quebec, writes on Patronage in "The Argus," as follows:

"There can be no doubt that the patronage system is responsible for many of the evils that beset public administrations, whether legislative, municipal or public utilities.

"When a member of Parliament, an alderman, or a joint stock company director, can secure jobs for his poor relations for the asking, the service rendered by these same relations is apt to be of the poorest and the organisation is likely to be very much over-manned.

"These facts were realised many years ago in England where, through the patronage system, the civil service had fallen into very bad repute and the necessity for drastic reforms was as apparent as urgent.

"The remedy applied was as simple as it was thorough. A civil service commission was appointed and a civil service examination provided. Members of Parliament not only had no power then to nominate or recommend candidates, but the act provided that should any member be so uninformed or indiscreet as to venture to recommend or ask for the appointment of a candidate, that fact would compel the commission to at once



CANADIAN PACIFIC LINER "EMPRESS OF IRELAND," QUEBEC TO LIVERPOOL

remove the candidate's name from the list and make it necessary for him to begin again at the bottom.

"And there were no exceptions made either. Even the Premier of England was powerless to secure the appointment of a third-class clerk. And that is the system that prevails in the English civil service to-day."



#### A TELEGRAPH INSTANCE

THE Laurier Government built a telegraph line to Dawson, in the Yukon. When it was ready for business, Mr. Hosmer, of the C.P.R. Telegraphs, offered to lease it and pay 4 per cent. on the cost as rental. The Government would not agree to this. It wanted to work the line itself and con-

trol the patronage. It appears to be a fairly good line. In 1900-01 it earned \$108,272, with an outlay of \$84,536, and there was a credit to the good of \$23,736. Somebody must have seen that this was not a profitable state of affairs for those who belong to a party for what there is in it. The line was intercolonialised. In 1901-02 the earnings had gone down to \$93,283, and the expenditure was up to \$130,220. There was a deficit of \$36,937. There has been a deficit every year since. Last year the revenue was \$115,878, and the expenditure \$227,824. It cost \$111,942 more to work the line than it earned. This money the country loses, as well as the \$30,000 or \$40,000 a year a solvent contractor was willing to pay for the lease of the property.—*Montreal Gazette.*

## DO YOU CARE?

A Civil Service Reform League is required to stimulate legislation for the elimination of patronage. If you would join such a league put your name on a post card and mail to "Civil Service," CANADIAN MAGAZINE, Toronto. This will entail no obligation, pecuniary or otherwise, but it will show that you are one of a thousand who care.



# Should Canada Beat the World in Making Cloth?

By ALFRED WOOD



FROM Ottawa a talented young man who was travelling in the Pullman smoker towards Montreal, entertained a party of parliamentarians on the greater possibilities for Canada and Canadians.

Among other things he advanced the theory that should an export tax be put on grain and the resulting income be given as a bonus to the exporters of flour, this country would in time be the greatest producer of live stock in the world.

"Bran would be as cheap as in the days of yore, and every farmer would be feeding and fattening cattle for export. We could thus be sending the finished product to the foreign markets, and reap the benefit of every earned dollar!" he exclaimed.

That young man had the enthusiasm and confidence which is an important factor in the remarkable growth of Canada. "Departmental officers may revel in wrongdoings; Government employees may squander part of the millions being spent in the immigration propaganda; ministers may come into office and shortly retire with riches"—but with the spirit of strenuous endeavour in Young Canada these petty follies will be punished, and there will be no pause in the onward march of progress.

A few years ago, a group of Canadian woollen men applied to the Government for increased protection. In an editorial an Ottawa newspaper told the woollen men some plain truths. They were not prosperous because they had entered a merger, a trust, a combine. They smothered the competition which makes for creative effort, for progress and prosperity. Their

legitimate profits had been eaten up by a middleman—the selling agent who exacted a large profit. The middleman in this case was named, and his amassed wealth was known to the business world.

Some of the mills had to close down—but it was bad business management and not a lack of protection which brought about their downfall.

"Make your Canadian cloth known to the public. Make the cloth as good as you can make it, and stand behind the worthiness of textile and colour. No man can say that the Canadian artisan is not the equal of the best in the world. This was the gist of the advice given to the cloth-making deputation.

The Semi-ready Company, of Montreal, did not have any woollen millions, but they are the largest buyers in Canada of high-priced serges and worsteds. For years they had been importing all their black and blue serges.

At this time they conceived the idea of having a real good serge made in Canada. They took a sample of the serge made by Sir Titus Palt to the best mill in Canada. They offered the highest price that had ever been paid in Canada for the production of a serge like it, and guaranteed to take all the woollen mill could make.

This marked the birth of the famous "Blunoz" Canadian serge. When the British makers of worsteds and serges saw it they admitted defeat. "We can't beat that," they said, "but we can still sell you all the finer worsteds you use." And the "Blunoz" serge marks the birth of a new era in the woollen trade of Canada.

The Semi-ready Company proudly proclaimed the Canadian parentage of the new serge. In the trademark the words "Blunoz-Canadian" appear in bold relief.

President Mercer, of Semi-ready, Limited, formerly one of the foremost merchant tailors of Canada, and perhaps the best informed designer in America, says that the mill has never yet been able to keep up with their demand for "Blunoz" serge. "We use every yard they make in semi-ready tailoring, and have never had a yard to sell to the retail trade. We control the copyright, patents and manufacture. The cloth is costing us nearly half as much again as when we first made it, because of the increased cost of wool, and the fact that we have bettered it in many ways. Even the fast dye for so long the secret of the English and Scotch weavers has been discovered, and we are able to guarantee both the texture and colour as lasting."

This demonstration of the position taken by the newspaper editor after a study of the conditions is conclusive. The young men of Canada prefer the "Made-in-Canada" articles. They are proud of their country's

product, and their pride is enhanced by real worthiness in industrial art.

A shoe factory in Montreal is exporting shoes to Trinidad, to New Zealand and to Australia, and there is no reason why the Canadian woollen mills should not export cloth of such high quality as "Blunoz" serge. It would command the highest prices in foreign markets.

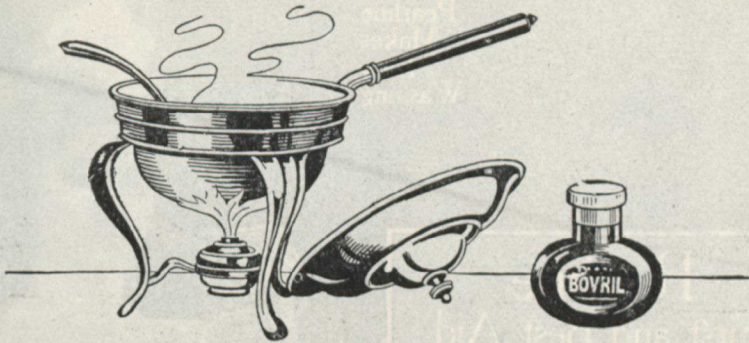
More than all their other exclusive cloths has the Blunoz contributed to the building up of the semi-ready tailoring business. A new company recently bought out the splendidly equipped tailor shops in Montreal and all the patent rights of the founders of semi-ready tailoring. It was recently announced that in the last two years there had been established twenty-four new semi-ready wardrobes, an average of one a month.

There are now fifty-six exclusive agencies in the Dominion of Canada alone. Only about six good towns are as yet unrepresented in the list recently published.

And this surely proves that there is hope for Canada to beat the world in making cloth and fine clothing.



THIS IS THE TRADEMARK OF "BLUNOZ," AND AN ENGLISH WOOLLEN MAN SAID RECENTLY THAT IT WAS WORTH HALF A MILLION DOLLARS



## BOVRIL in the Chafing Dish

**BOVRIL** is the greatest adjunct to chafing dish cookery. It adds a piquant, delicious flavor to all vegetable, fish, game and meat dishes.

**BOVRIL** gives a high nutritive value to everything in which it is used, as eight pounds of prime beef is concentrated in four ounces of

# BOVRIL

## The Ideal Beverage



A Pale Ale, palatable, full of the virtues of malt and hops, and in sparkling condition, is the ideal beverage.



And when chemists announce its purity and judges its merits, one needs look no further.

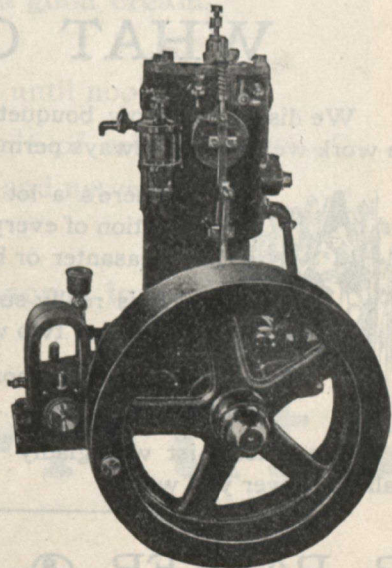


ASK FOR

# Labatt's

(LONDON)

## THE RIGHT GAS ENGINE



Send for Our Catalog of Engines and Boats.

**THE ADAMS LAUNCH AND ENGINE MFG. CO.**  
PENETANG, ONT.

Pearline  
is  
Modern  
Soap

Pearline  
Makes  
Easy  
Washing

Pearline  
First and Best Aid  
to WOMEN who MUST do  
Washing and Cleaning



Pearline  
is  
Kind  
to  
Women

Pearline  
is  
Kind  
to  
Fabrics

## WHAT OTHERS SAY

We dislike to throw bouquets at ourselves, yet a certain amount of pride in work well done is always permissible.



There's a lot of satisfaction in work like ours. For the renovation of every article that goes through our hands makes life pleasanter or home brighter for somebody.

It is really surprising how the dyeing of a pair of portieres and a rug or two will add to the attractiveness of a room.

It is still more surprising to find how cheaply the work may be done.

Our Price List will gladly be sent on application, and our wagon will call whenever you wish.

**R. PARKER & CO. DYERS AND CLEANERS TORONTO**

Branch Stores and Agencies in all the leading cities and towns of Canada

# Hot Weather Comfort

You can feel "fit as a lord"—8 to 10 degrees cooler, and enjoy any kind of weather on the following breakfast, luncheon, or supper, suggested by a famous food expert:

**Some Fruit, preferably cooked,  
Saucer of Grape-Nuts, with good rich cream.  
Soft-boiled Eggs,  
Some hard, crisp Toast,  
Cup of Postum, made according to directions and served  
with a little sugar and good cream.**

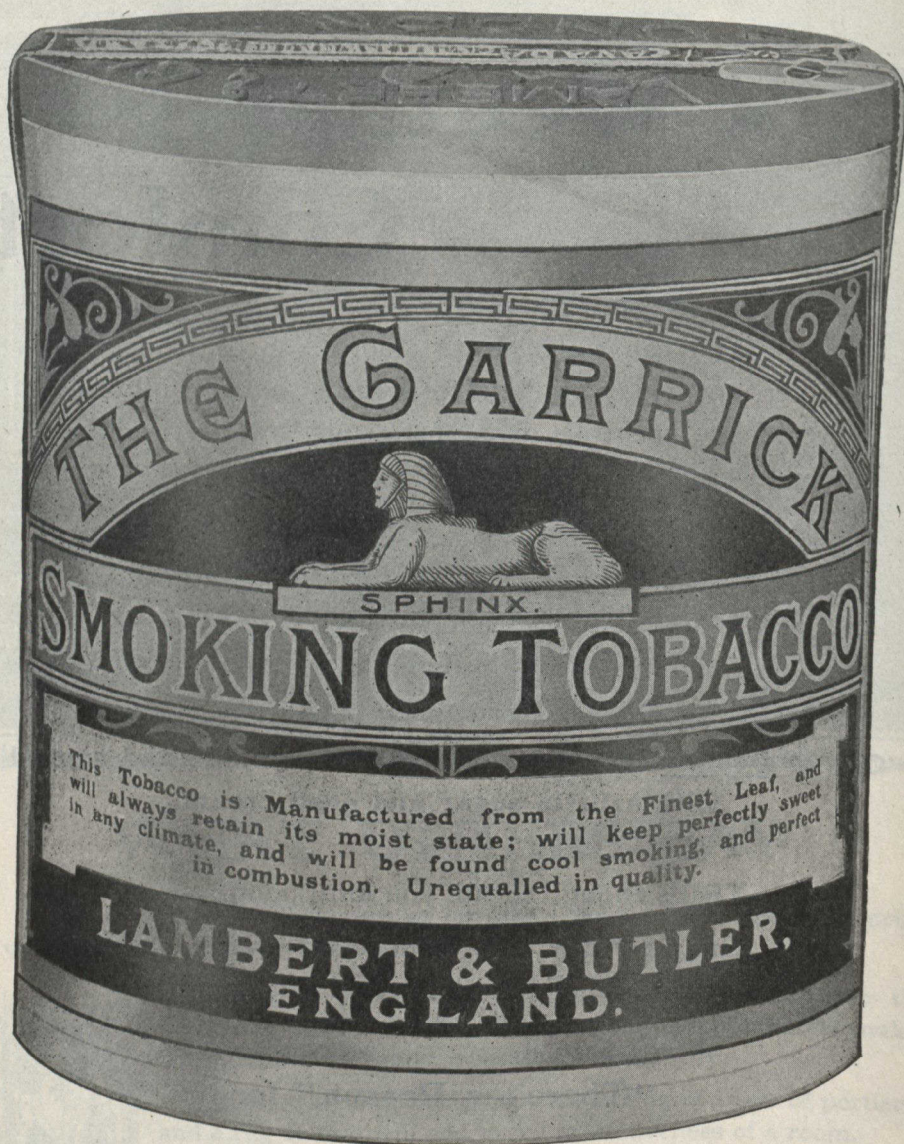
That's enough to run you until noon.

**Grape-Nuts** food is made of selected parts of the grains that rebuild the brain and nerve centres.

**"There's a Reason" for**

# Grape-Nuts

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



The Finest English Tobacco Made

Packed in Air-tight Sealed Tins

\$3.00 per Pound

# Hot Weather Desserts

By CHARLES B. KNOX



HOT WEATHER eatables bother housekeepers more to prepare than cold, for in cold weather we naturally crave something heavy and warm, while in summer we want to keep our blood as cool as possible. When it comes to luncheon, a clear soup, an entree, and a cold dessert are about all the stomach will stand. Housekeepers usually have the greatest difficulty in providing the cold dessert, but those who use Knox's Gelatine avoid all this trouble and worry. There are so many ways in which it can be used to make delicious and palatable desserts—Bavarian creams, sherbets, puddings, jellies, etc. A Knox's Gelatine dessert can be made in the cool of the morning and you do not have to spend at least an hour in preparing a pie or pudding and then keep your fire burning in order to bake it. The dessert can be made in ten minutes and if set directly on ice or in cool running water it will be ready to serve in an hour's time. There is no work attached to it and a child can make it as easily as a grown person.



For dinner, did you ever try a salad in jelly? It is very simple to make, using Knox's Gelatine, Tomatoes and Lettuce, and when it comes on the table, no matter how warm you are or how small your appetite, it looks so nice that you are bound to try it, and it tastes even better than it looks.

Some people cannot eat Strawberries, as the acid affects the stomach and gives them hives. A fruit jelly made from Knox's Gelatine and fresh strawberries will cause no hives and you can enjoy the fruit. Try it! There are also a great many people who cannot drink Coffee. It disagrees with them. Do you know that the daintiest stomach in the land can digest a coffee jelly made with Knox's Gelatine? This gives one the benefit of a dessert and after dinner coffee in one with no ill effects.

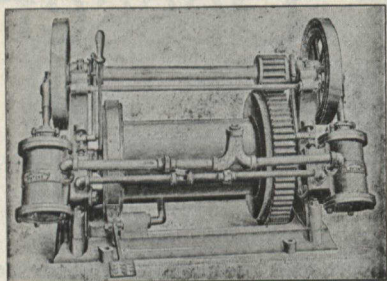
My booklet, "Dainty Desserts for Dainty People" contains many choice recipes. You should get it at once.

**FREE** For the name and address of your grocer I will send my recipe book, "Dainty Desserts for Dainty People." If he doesn't sell Knox's Gelatine send me 4c. in stamps and I will send you a full pint package. IF YOU WOULD LIKE A COPY OF THE HANDSOME PAINTING, "THE FIRST LESSON," DROP ME A POSTAL CARD FOR FULL INFORMATION HOW TO GET IT.

## CHARLES B. KNOX

77 KNOX AVENUE, JOHNSTOWN, NEW YORK.

Also manufacturer of the celebrated SPIM Soap (25c.), and SPIM Ointment-Cream (50c.)  
Send for my Free "Watch the Baby" Booklet. It gives full information regarding the SPIM goods and also explains my \$500 Prize Baby Contest.



☐ For Underground Mine Work, Coal Derricks, Steam Lighters, Ice Houses, or for light hoisting work of any description, our 5 x 5 Special Hoisting Engine is unequalled.

☐ It is a substantial, compactly built machine, taking up a minimum of floor space, 2' x 3' 6", weighing only 1,200 lbs., and will hoist 1,400 lbs. at rate of 100 ft. per minute.

☐ It is built with friction drum and fitted with foot brake.

☐ All parts are interchangeable and are kept in stock so that repairs can be obtained with a minimum delay.

☐ This hoist is extremely popular with large mining concerns and thousands are in use all over the Dominion.

☐ Write for descriptive Bulletin.

## THE JENCKES MACHINE CO.

Limited

Executive Office:

50 LANSDOWNE STREET  
SHERBROOKE, QUE.

Plants:

SHERBROOKE, - QUE.  
ST. CATHARINES, ONT.

Sales Offices:

TORONTO HALIFAX ROSSLAND VANCOUVER

There is no other salt  
for table use that can  
compare with

## Windsor SALT

It is absolutely pure—  
never cakes—and is  
always the same.

**INDIGESTION  
CONQUERED BY K.D.C.**  
IT RESTORES THE STOMACH  
TO HEALTHY ACTION AND TONES WHOLE SYSTEM.

THE  
SMOOTHNESS AND STRENGTH  
OF



*Corticelli*

MAKE IT THE  
DRESSMAKER'S  
FAVORITE  
SPOOL SILK



Priestley's  
Latest  
Creation  
for Spring



WOOL  
CHIFFON  
CLOTHS

in all the  
leading shades



FOR SALE AT ALL THE  
BEST DRY GOODS STORES

# THE BROADWAY-VENDOME



BROADWAY AND 41st STREET, NEW YORK

EUROPEAN PLAN. ABSOLUTELY FIRE PROOF  
A FIRST-CLASS HOTEL AT MODERATE PRICES

Subway Station — One Block. Grand Central  
Station — 5 Minutes' Walk. City Hall — Eight  
Minutes. Lower Section — Eight Minutes

WITHIN TWO BLOCKS OF FIFTEEN PROMINENT THEATRES  
CENTRE OF SHOPPING DISTRICT

Single Rooms, near bath, \$1.50 per Day  
Single Rooms, with bath, \$2.00 per Day

SEND FOR BOOKLET

BROADWAY-VENDOME CO., PROPRIETOR

E. S. CROWELL, General Manager



**Luxury unites with economy, and radiant beauty  
with healthfulness in "Standard" Porcelain  
Enameled Baths and One-Piece Lavatories.**

Each piece of "Standard" Ware is the most beautiful—the most economical and satisfactory for whatever purpose it is designed.

"Standard" Ware adds a distinctive note of good taste to the home—brings the self-gratification of owning the best and the keen satisfaction of lasting service. Its hard, smooth, china-like surface is sanitary perfection, yet underneath is the durability of iron. "Standard" Ware is a modern home necessity—indispensable to the health, comfort and convenience of every family. Its always moderate cost is only true economy when measured by the service test.

Our book "MODERN BATHROOMS" tells you how to plan, buy and arrange your bathroom and illustrates many beautiful and inexpensive rooms, showing the cost of each fixture in detail, together with many hints on decoration, tiling, etc. It is the most complete and beautiful booklet on the subject and contains 100 pages.

**CAUTION:** Every piece of "Standard" Ware bears our "Standard" "Green and Gold" guarantee label, and has our trade-mark "Standard" cast on the outside. Unless the label and trade-mark are on the fixture it is not "Standard" Ware. Refuse substitutes—they are all inferior and will cost you more in the end. The word "Standard" is stamped on all of our nicked fittings; specify them and see that you get the genuine with your bath and lavatory, etc.

Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co., Dept. 41, Pittsburgh, U. S. A.

Offices and Showrooms in New York: "Standard" Building, 35-37 West 31st Street.  
London, England, 22 Holborn Viaduct, E. C.



# A Boy's Breakfast

is more important than a Boy's Books. One helps to build the body, without which there can be no mind. The boy thinks with the gray matter of his brain. This gray matter is built out of the phosphorus in the food he eats. The outer coats of the whole wheat berry are rich in the phosphates, which are discarded in the making of white flour.



In Shredded Whole Wheat you get all the rich, flesh-forming, muscle-making elements stored in the outer coats of the wheat berry made digestible by the shredding process.

Shredded Wheat is the purest, cleanest food made on this continent; contains more nutriment than meat, is more easily digested, is more economical, and hence is an ideal summer food. No "secret process"; our plant is open to the world; over 100,000 visitors last year.

The Biscuit (warmed in oven) is delicious for breakfast with hot or cold milk or cream or for any meal in combination with fruits, creamed vegetables or meats. TRISCUIT is the shredded wheat wafer, used as a Toast with butter, for picnics, excursions, for light lunches on land or on sea. Our Cook Book is sent FREE.

**THE CANADIAN SHREDDED WHEAT COMPANY, LIMITED**  
 NIAGARA FALLS CENTRE, ONT. TORONTO, ONT.



Richest in Color.

Choicest in Design.

Perfect in Taste.

# THE MENZIE LINE WALL PAPERS

**"For Every Room in Every House."**

Ask your dealer to show you the Menzie Line Wall Papers. They are the embodiment of all that is artistic in wall decorations. Be sure you see the name on every roll.

NOT IN ANY COMBINE.

**THE MENZIE WALL PAPER CO., Limited, TORONTO.**

❧ KARN IS KING ❧

## THE ARTISTIC Karn Piano

is an instrument of the highest merit, built in conformity with the demands of critical dealers and the cultured laity.

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE

KARN PIANO AND  
ORGAN CO.

Woodstock, Ont., Canada



## The Difference Between Expert and Unskilful Tea Blending

THE qualities of different teas prove that there is a distinct difference between expert Red Rose blending methods and the usual methods.

Several kinds of teas may be blended, but if unskilfully selected they will not combine to make a perfect blend; they will retain their original individual characteristics with their roughness and harshness emphasized.

Such tea is bitter, poorly flavored in the cup (and there is much of it in bulk and package form on the market.) It emphasizes the result of inexperience, lack of knowledge of combining qualities of different teas, imperfect blending, poor selection, and the hundred and one other causes of poor tea.

But my expert Red Rose blenders select the right grades of strong, rich Indian teas and delicate fragrant Ceylon teas, and produce Red Rose Tea with entirely new characteristics—a tea with that “rich fruity flavor”—a tea so exquisitely different and better than any brand of Ceylon alone, that no one who once tries it ever goes back to Ceylon again.

# Red Rose Tea “is good Tea”

**FREE SAMPLE**—We will send a large sample of Red Rose Tea, by post, free, if you will write and tell us the priced tea you are now using, and whether black or green.

T. H. ESTABROOKS, Head Office: St. John, N.B. Branches: Toronto, Winnipeg



# D. & A.

## CORSETS

### MODEL "CREST" 400

#### Straight Front

This is a patented corset which is unequalled in fit, wear and durability. It is the only corset which **Cannot Break at the Waist Line.** This model, made in drab only, of the nicest coutille, has a 10½ inch clasp, 5 hooks with dips for hose supporter. It is also trimmed with wide high-grade lace, with an insertion of baby ribbon. Sizes 18 to 30. Retail at \$1.25. Extra sizes, 31 to 36, \$1.50

## DEPENDABLE SPEED

THE RESULT OF THE

## GILBRETH SYSTEM

AND THE

## COST-PLUS-A-FIXED-SUM CONTRACT

Dependable speed, the vital essence of present-day building operations, is, of necessity, the result of system and organization. To secure really dependable speed an organization must have been perfected through the test of time. It is only when an organization has been thoroughly trained and its system thoroughly assimilated that the speed promised by that organization becomes a really dependable factor upon which its clients can count absolutely. That the Gilbreth system has withstood the test of time and has assured speed of an absolutely dependable kind has been proved again and again.

We solicit an opportunity of demonstrating to owners, architects and engineers that the dependable speed we can supply in building operations is not secured at the sacrifice of a particle of quality nor at an increased cost.

DOMINION

# ENGINEERING AND CONSTRUCTION CO.

LIMITED

## GENERAL CONTRACTORS

SOVEREIGN BANK BUILDING, MONTREAL



BROUGHT UP ON NEAVE'S FOOD.

# Neave's Food

FOR

*Infants, Invalids  
and the Aged*

"AN EXCELLENT FOOD,  
admirably adapted to the  
wants of infants."

Sir CHAS. A. CAMERON, C.B., M.D.

GOLD MEDAL, Woman's Exhibi-  
tion, London, (Eng.), 1900.

THREE-QUARTERS OF A  
CENTURY'S REPUTATION.

Neave's Food is regularly  
used in the

RUSSIAN IMPERIAL NURSERY

MANUFACTURERS:—JOSIAH R. NEAVE & CO., FORDINGBRIDGE, ENGLAND.

Wholesale Agents:—THE LYMAN BROS. & COMPANY, Limited, Toronto  
and LYMAN, SONS & COMPANY, Montreal.

THE  
STANDARD SILVER CO.  
LIMITED

The Standard of Excellence

is always assured on a piece of silverware when it bears the above trade mark; not only the quality of the goods but the design and workmanship are guaranteed. All first-class jewelry stores in Canada keep these goods in stock.

The Standard Silver Company, Limited, Toronto



# The Best Underwear To-Day

ELLIS SPRING-NEEDLE RIBBED



The Spring Needle that Knits this Underwear

Made on the celebrated Spring Needle Circular Ribbed Machine. The only Underwear in Canada made on this machine.

Cool, elastic, snug, comfortable.

Stretch it—and it springs back into shape at once—no matter how long or hard the strain.

For men and women. Two-piece and Union Suits. The Ellis fabric, knit on the spring needle, makes the only perfect union suit.

Ask your dealer. And write for free booklet with sample of fabric.

The Ellis Mfg. Co., Ltd.  
HAMILTON, ONT.



PURITY OF COLOR AND ABSOLUTE WHITENESS ARE FOUND IN

## ARROW COLLARS

The foreign substances are removed from the fabrics and every thread is shrunk *before cutting*. Each ply of material is exactly like its mate and *will stay so*. No welts disfigure the surface of the collar. Arrow Collars are easily washed and absorb the starch naturally, and the laundry has no terrors for them.

Over 100 styles in exact

### QUARTER SIZES

Send for booklet and dealer's name.

CLUETT, PEABODY & CO.,  
LARGEST MAKERS OF COLLARS AND SHIRTS IN THE WORLD  
471 RIVER STREET, TROY, N. Y.

20 CENTS EACH

3 FOR 50 CENTS





# Tooke BUSINESS SHIRTS

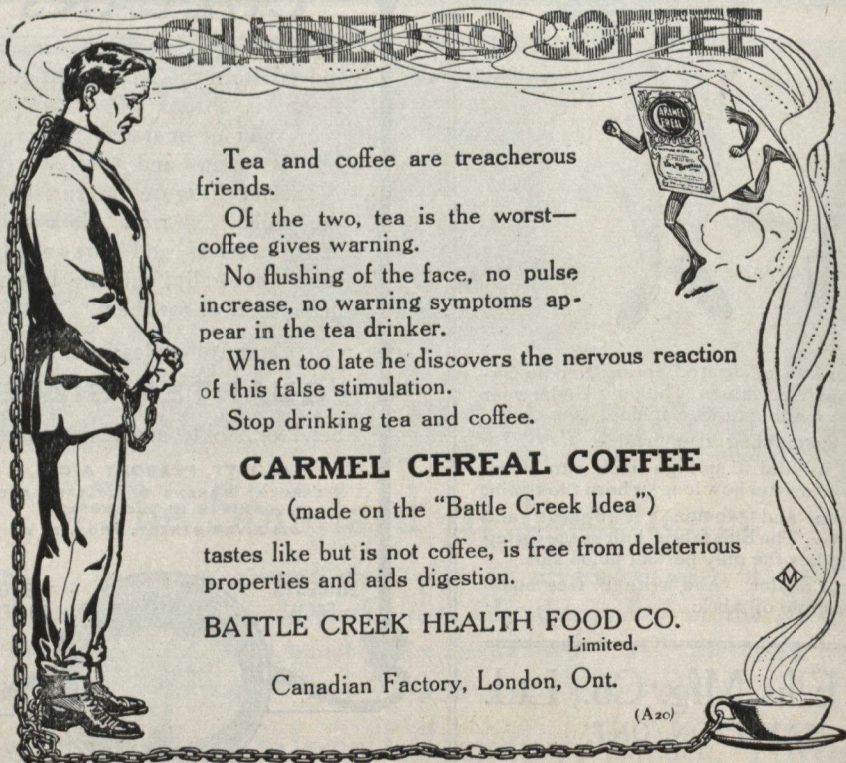
Give an air of confidence and prosperous appearance to the wearer.

The best English Oxfords and finest French Gambries are used, and the patterns are not only exclusive but absolutely fast.

The stitching throughout is straight and uniform. Each operator works on one class of work only; and thus becomes very expert.

Careful dressers for more than a quarter century have always demanded Tooke Shirts.

**TOOKE BROTHERS, Limited,**  
MONTREAL 903



## CHAINED TO COFFEE

Tea and coffee are treacherous friends.

Of the two, tea is the worst—coffee gives warning.

No flushing of the face, no pulse increase, no warning symptoms appear in the tea drinker.

When too late he discovers the nervous reaction of this false stimulation.

Stop drinking tea and coffee.

### CARMEL CEREAL COFFEE

(made on the "Battle Creek Idea")

tastes like but is not coffee, is free from deleterious properties and aids digestion.

**BATTLE CREEK HEALTH FOOD CO.**  
Limited.  
Canadian Factory, London, Ont.

(A2c)

# BOHEMIAN GLASS

RHINE WINES,

PUNCH  
CUPS,

BON  
BONS,  
ETC.



EXCLUSIVE DESIGNS

WEDDING GIFTS A SPECIALTY



WILLIAM JUNOR

88 West King Street, Toronto

## A SKIN OF BEAUTY IS A JOY FOREVER DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM, or MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER

**PURIFIES**  
AS WELL AS  
**Beautifies**  
the Skin  
No other cosmetic  
will do it.



**REMOVES** Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth-Patches, Rash and Skin Diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. On its virtues it has stood the test of 68 years; no other has, and is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. The distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayer said to a lady of the *haut-ton* (a patient):—"As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the skin preparations." One bottle will last six months, using it every day.

**Also Poudre Subtile removes Superfluous hair without injury to the skin.**

FERD. T. HOPKINS, Proprietor, 37 Great Jones St., N.Y. For sale by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers throughout the U.S., Canada and Europe.

Also found in New York City at R. H. Macy's, Stearn's, Ehrich's, Ridley's and other Fancy Goods Dealers. Beware of base imitations. \$1.00 reward for arrest and proof of any one selling the same.

## ELECTRICITY

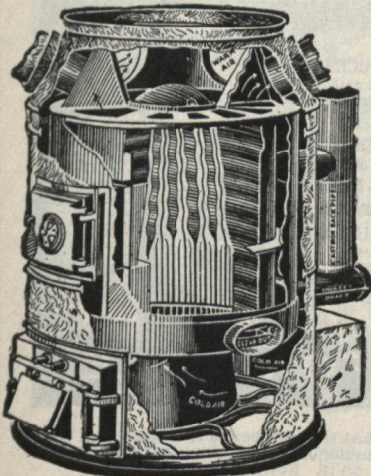


The Bliss Electrical School is the oldest and best school in the world teaching **ELECTRICITY** exclusively. Theoretical and practical course complete

### IN ONE YEAR

Students actually construct Dynamos, Motors and electrical instruments. Graduates hold good positions throughout the world. *Fourteenth* year opens Sept. 26. Apply for Catalog to L. Deaton Bliss, Pres't, Station G, Washington, D. C.

# High-Class Warming and Ventilating FOR HOME—CHURCH—SCHOOL



THE KELSEY SYSTEM is unlike any other but most closely allied to indirect steam or hot water heating.

THE KELSEY SYSTEM furnishes large volumes of fresh, pure, properly warmed air.

THE KELSEY SYSTEM is particularly well adapted to the proper and economical warming and ventilating of large residences, schools, churches, etc., where good ventilation is an important feature.

THE KELSEY SYSTEM is installed under the direction of experienced and competent KELSEY EXPERTS.

30,000 SATISFIED KELSEY USERS

**KELSEY WARM AIR GENERATOR**  
Made in six sizes

Direct Contracts Made

Proper Results Guaranteed

Full Particulars with Plans and Estimates promptly furnished

SOLE MAKERS FOR CANADA  
**THE JAMES SMART MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Ltd.**  
WINNIPEG, MAN. BROCKVILLE, ONT.

# GANONG'S

G.B.



The latest and daintiest arrangement for  
Chocolates

## The "Evangeline" Art Boxes

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

35 Years' Experience

GANONG BROS., LIMITED, ST. STEPHEN, N.B.

ART DEPT CANADIAN MAGAZINE



### IF I WERE A QUEEN

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

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

"LADY CHARLOTTE"

## PIANOS

ALL MAKES ALL PRICES

## ORGANS

\$25.00 UPWARDS

WRITE FOR CATALOGS

ORME & SON, LIMITED

DEPT. 11. OTTAWA

IMPROVED

## INTERNATIONAL

HIGH CANDLE POWER LIGHT

REDUCES  
GAS BILLS  
INCREASES  
LIGHT  
OUTSHINES  
ALL OTHERS  
GIVES A LIGHT  
OF MARVELLOUS  
BRILLIANCY  
AND  
HAS NO  
EQUAL

NEW PATENT  
GAS REGULATOR  
AND BURNER  
BURNS 50% AIR  
10% GAS  
ADJUSTMENT  
NOT AFFECTED BY  
JAR  
SO SIMPLE  
A CHILD CAN  
REGULATE IT  
POSITIVELY  
NO ESCAPE OF GAS  
FROM REGULATOR  
CANNOT  
FLASH BACK  
OR PUFF OUT

**FOR SALE**  
BY ALL DEALERS

See that the box bears this label and that  
the burner has the name "International"  
on it. None genuine without.

CONTROLLED  
CANADA, UNITED STATES AND GREAT BRITAIN

**THE INTERNATIONAL GAS  
APPLIANCE CO., Limited**

535, 537, 539 Queen St. E., Toronto, Can.

# SWINGING OFFICE STAND



Fastens to the side of desk. A splendid place for keeping Type-writer, Books, Card Index Drawers, Vertical Letter File Drawer, or anything that takes up too much of your desk room. Very strongly made—will hold 150 pounds—of quartered cut oak, highly polished,

nicked or oxidized steel rods. Easy to set up—full directions enclosed—and does not mar the desk. Swings out of way when not in use, yet always within arm's reach.

Price complete, \$4.00. Order by Mail.  
A descriptive folder sent upon your request.

**THE OFFICE SPECIALTY MFG. CO. LIMITED**  
MAKERS OF *Card* & *File* FILING SYSTEMS

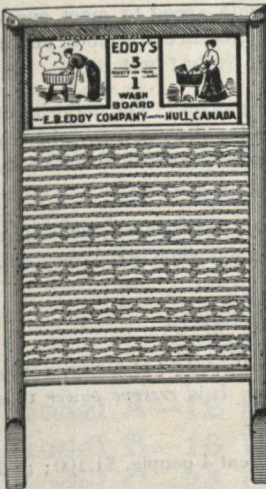
97 WELLINGTON ST. WEST, TORONTO

Branches:—Montreal, Ottawa, Winnipeg, Calgary, Halifax, Vancouver. Factories:—Newmarket.

A  
**FOUNTAIN OF DELIGHT**  
FRAGRANT, REFRESHING  
AND OF  
PERENNIAL SWEETNESS.

THE GENUINE  
**MURRAY & LANMAN'S**  
**FLORIDA WATER**

"THE UNIVERSAL PERFUME"  
FOR THE HANDKERCHIEF,  
TOILET AND BATH.  
BEWARE OF IMITATIONS AND SUBSTITUTES.



Supply your help with  
**EDDY'S WARES**

and make life worth living.  
With a



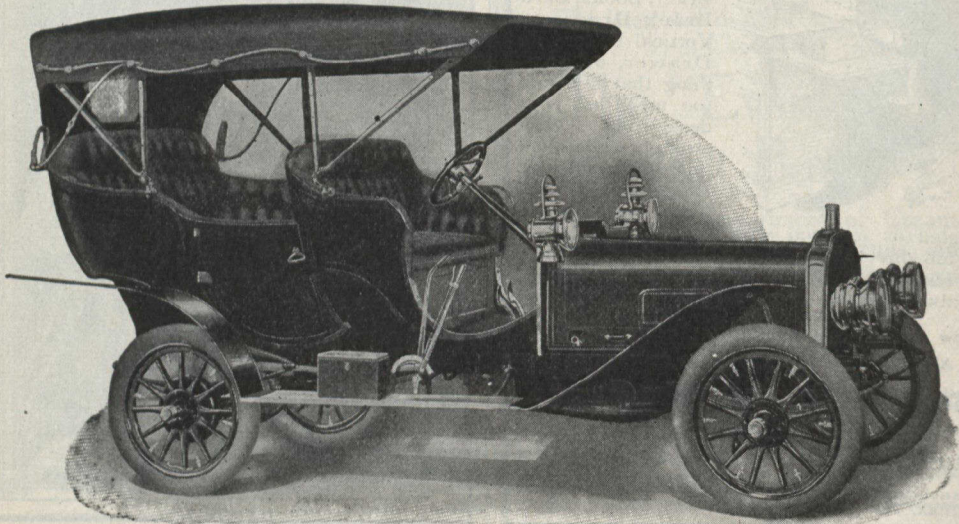
**3 IN 1 WASHBOARD**  
and an **EDDY FIBRE TUB**

washday labor is reduced to a minimum and comfort to the worker is correspondingly enhanced.

See that you are well supplied with

**Eddy's Washboards, Tubs, Pails, etc.**

# THE SIX CYLINDER FORD \$3,200



**MODEL K** is a luxurious touring car with a world of *reserve power*, with speed to meet every requirement, with an engine so simple, so smooth in its operation, that the presence of a motor on the car could almost be questioned.

Its six cylinders solve the problem of "more power"—power for emergencies. The majority of cars will make a good showing on a smooth road or even on a slight grade, but put them where a little extra exertion is necessary and see where they are. They lack *reserve power*, they have only sufficient power for ordinary occasions.

The bank that only has enough cash for its daily requirements falls down in an emergency. The car with only enough power for smooth city streets falls down completely when it strikes a hill, sandy or muddy roads.

*The Ford 6 cylinder car has sufficient RESERVE POWER to meet any emergency.*

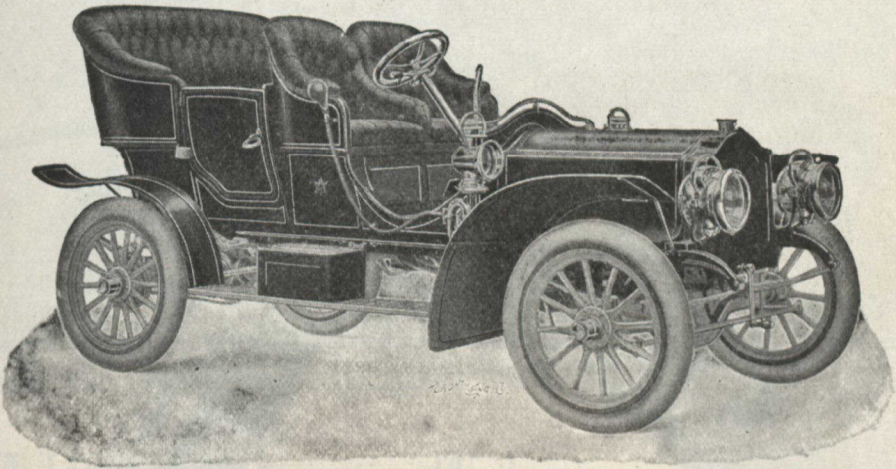
Two of its cylinders alone will give power enough to run along the smooth streets of a city, yet in the country no sand, no hill, no mud, can put the whole six out of business. It is *reserve power* that counts. Write us for full particulars.

We also make two other cars, Model "C," a practical family car, will seat 4 people, \$1,100; and Model "N," the 4 cylinder two passenger runabout, \$650.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE

The Ford Motor Company of Canada, Limited  
WALKERVILLE, ONTARIO

# The Car You See Running



## THE RUSSELL

You see more **RUSSELLS** on the streets than any other car

**Because:**

1. People recognize that they represent the best value in motoring this year and purchase them.
2. After purchase, the owner finds they **keep running** and is out enjoying every available minute.

Get in line with the others—get a **RUSSELL**,  
and enjoy our glorious open air and sunshine.

<b>Model A—12 H.P. Touring Car</b>	- - -	<b>\$1,300</b>
<b>Model B—16 H.P. Touring Car</b>	- - -	<b>\$1,500</b>
<b>Model C—24 H.P. Touring Car (de luxe)</b>	- - -	<b>\$2,500</b>

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE

### Canada Cycle & Motor Co., Limited

General Offices and Works:—TORONTO JUNCTION



The  
Phenomenal Success  
OF THE

# Gourlay Pianos

is not accidental, but the natural result of the realization of a higher ideal in piano quality than ever before recorded in the history of Canadian piano building.

Musicians and all music lovers who are ready to acknowledge superiority have recognized their superlative qualities and voluntarily paid them unstinted praise.

WRITE FOR BOOKLET

If there is no agent in your district, you can buy direct from the factory.

## GOURLAY, WINTER & LEEMING

BRANCHES:

HAMILTON

66 King Street W.

WINNIPEG

279 Donald Street

SARNIA

114 Christina Street N.



HEAD OFFICE

188 Yonge Street

TORONTO



# UPTON'S JAM



**UPTON'S** Home-made Jams  
 Jellies and Orange Marmalade are delicious and absolutely pure

---



---

## MADE IN ONTARIO

---



---

**FARMS** From the best of agricultural land.

**TIMBER** From the largest forests in the world.

**MINERALS** From immense unexplored fields

**POWER** From unequalled waterfalls throughout the province.

FOR INFORMATION WRITE

HON. F. COCHRANE, Minister Lands and Mines, TORONTO, ONT.

# COMPACT GOODS FOR OUTINGS

## Four Requisites:

**MILK**—Sweetened—REINDEER CONDENSED MILK  
Combines the purest milk with the best sugar.

**CREAM**—Unsweetened—JERSEY STERILIZED CREAM  
Is the purest milk evaporated to the consistency of cream, and thoroughly sterilized.

**COFFEE**—REINDEER CONDENSED COFFEE  
Is coffee, milk and sugar combined, ready to use.

**COCOA**—REINDEER CONDENSED COCOA  
Is cocoa, milk and sugar combined, ready to use.

A cup of excellent Coffee or Cocoa is made by simply adding boiling water.

TRURO CONDENSED MILK CO., Limited, TRURO, NOVA SCOTIA

ESTABLISHED 1834

INCORPORATED 1876



TRADE MARK, REGISTERED

WE were "Borderers" until 1834, when we began at Guelph manufacturing Ox Shoes, Wagon Trucks and eventually Democrats, Buggies and Carriages. The reputation of Armstrong work for *light running, easy riding qualities and durability*, combined with *stylish and workmanlike construction*, spread, and the demand grew over Ontario—over Canada—over the Empire and from Foreign Parts, and now

## ARMSTRONG FINE FINISHED CARRIAGES BELT THE GLOBE

BIKE WAGONS    ROAD WAGONS    STANHOPES    CONCORDS  
PHAETONS    SURREYS    MIKADOS    TOP BUGGIES    DEMOCRATS

Catalogue illustrating mailed free on application.

### J. B. ARMSTRONG MFG. CO., LIMITED

Montreal Branch—120 Craig St. West.  
Long Distance Phone, Main 2179.

GUELPH, CANADA  
Long Distance Phone, Bell 42.

ON AND OFF LIKE  
A COAT

A  
*Cluett*  
COAT  
NEGLIGEE SHIRT

Will add to your vacation and traveling comforts. Made of color-fast fabrics, patterns choice and exclusive.

For country, camp or seashore life the CLUETT is the right coat shirt. \$2.00 and more.

**Monarch Shirts at \$1.50**

Send for booklet and name of dealer.

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



LARGEST MAKERS OF COLLARS AND SHIRTS IN THE WORLD



Canada's Only Direct Importers of  
Genuine High-Class  
**ORIENTAL  
RUGS**

Silk and Camel's Hair Persian Antique Rugs in all sizes: **Royal Kirmanshahs, Boukharas, Sines, Tabriz Sarukhs, Ardebils, Golvans, Lahors, Tabriz, Etc.**

**Damascus and East India Brassware, Carved and Inlaid Tabourets, Persian Draperies, Portieres, Hangings, Lanterns, Old Turkish Arms, Etc, Etc.**

We extend a cordial invitation to all those about furnishing their houses to pay us an early visit. Our importations of Persian and Turkish Rugs are the largest and finest in Canada. Estimates given to furnish houses in any style of Oriental Rugs at the most reasonable prices.

☛ All Mail Orders given our most careful attention, and goods sent out on approbation.

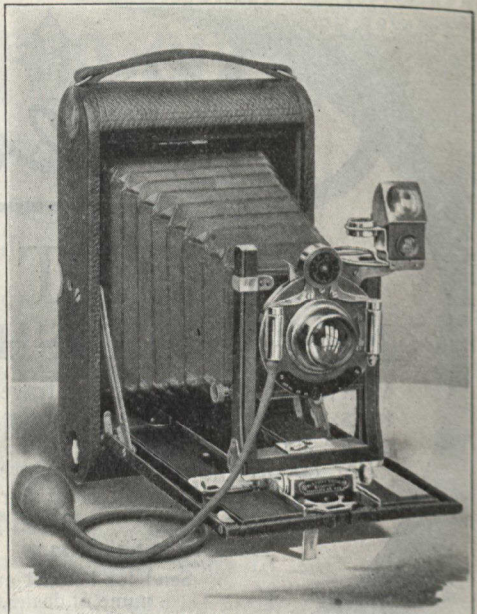
**COURIAN, BABAYAN & CO.**  
40 KING ST. EAST, TORONTO

OPPOSITE KING EDWARD  
HOTEL.



Have you ever noticed the paper bag that forms a lining in every package of **Orange Meat**? The manufacturers of this famous whole wheat food demand extreme cleanliness in the whole process of manufacture, and in order to preserve the nutty flavor so peculiar to **Orange Meat** they have secured a specially prepared mercerized bag for this purpose. The peculiar paper in this bag is manufactured by only one paper mill in America by a secret process, and is guaranteed to preserve its contents from moisture, taint or odor, from contact with any other goods.

The **Orange Meat** Company have spared no expense in order to retain the delicate flavor and delicious taste of **Orange Meat**.



A NEW  
**KODAK**

for pictures

**4 1/4 x 6 1/2 inches**

The new 4A Folding Kodak makes the taking of large pictures a simple matter—it gets away from the conventional sizes yet is as simple to operate as a Pocket Kodak.

In its construction nothing has been neglected. The lenses are of high speed (*f.8*), strictly rectilinear and being of 8 1/2 inch focus insure freedom from distortion. The shutter is the B. & L. Automatic, an equipment having great scope in automatic exposure, yet so simple that the amateur can master its workings after a few minutes' examination.

Equipped with our automatic focusing lock, brilliant reversible finder with hood and spirit level, rising and sliding front and two tripod sockets.

**A Triumph in Camera Making**

Price, \$35.00

**CANADIAN KODAK CO., Limited**

*Kodak Catalogues free at  
the dealers or by mail.*

**Toronto, Can.**



For Vacation Fun and Music You Need an

## IMPROVED EDISON PHONOGRAPH

**T**HE Phonograph solves the problem of music and entertainment in the summer home or camp. Don't fail to make one a member of your vacation party.

No matter where you go, you can transport a veritable theatre with you. Around the camp-fire, on the launch, or at the farm, the Phonograph is ever ready to entertain you with the world's best music. Rainy days yield hours of pleasure.

Evenings can be spent listening to whatever kind of vocal or instrumental music suits your fancy, or the Phonograph will provide music for a two-step on the veranda or a reel on Nature's carpet.

### NEW SERIES OF GRAND OPERA RECORDS

The success of the first series of Edison Grand Opera Records surpassed our most sanguine expectations. The second series of ten is fully equal to if not better than the first. They consist of favorite selections from standard grand opera rendered in French, German, and Italian, by Constantino, Knotte, van Rooy, Scotti, Berti, Dippel, Resky, and Signora Resky. Now on sale at all dealers.

Hear the Edison Phonograph at the dealer's free of charge. Write for Booklet "Home Entertainments With the Edison Phonograph," and name of nearest dealer.

National Phonograph Co., 6 Lakeside Ave., Orange, N. J.  
New York: 31 Union Square

Chicago: 304 Wabash Avenue



TRADE MARK

Thomas A. Edison

# MOTT'S



## CHOCOLATES AND COCOAS

For Sale at all  
First-class Grocery  
Stores in Canada

JOHN P. MOTT  
& CO.

HALIFAX CANADA

Works—Dartmouth, Nova Scotia

Art. Dart. Canadian Magazine.



## “Rodgers” The Best Cutlery

Strong  
Durable  
Keen-Edged

Made from the finest  
Sheffield steel by the  
famous “Rodgers” pro-  
cess, which makes it  
pre-eminently the  
most economical and  
the most satisfactory  
cutlery to use.

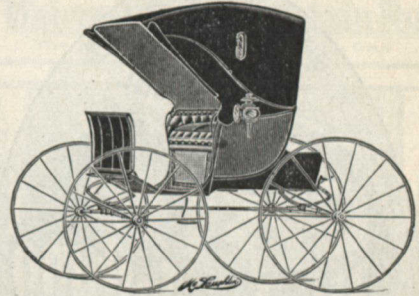
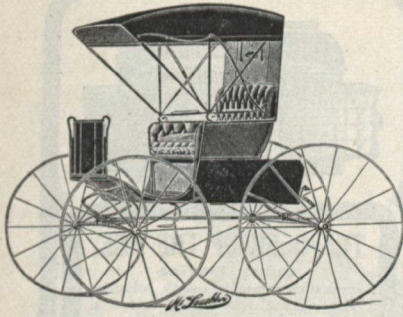
Every piece is thor-  
oughly tested before  
being sent out.

JOSEPH RODGERS & SONS

LIMITED

Cutlery to His Majesty

SHEFFIELD, ENGLAND



# McLaughlin Vehicles

Have an individuality not found in other carriages. They possess the true type, and the best of wearing qualities. Every one sold under a positive guarantee. They are the kind that give their owners comfort, pleasure and freedom from the annoyance of repair bills. They run noiselessly, no rattle. Patent brass and rubber washers a strong feature. Many varieties but all one grade, and that the highest.

OSHAWA, ONT.

WINNIPEG, MAN.

ST. JOHN, N.B.

## "JAEGER"

TRADE MARK



## Pure Wool



United Garments.

### FOR Summer Underwear

The heat of summer is never oppressive to the wearer of "Jaeger" Underwear. Coolness and comfort are assured because the peculiar open nature of the stockinet web lets the skin breathe, keeps the body at an even temperature and allows the excess of moisture to evaporate quickly. "Jaeger" Underwear is made in all sizes for Ladies, Gentlemen and Children.

**The "Jaeger" Golfing Shirt** as illustrated is the ideal negligee shirt. Made of the finest pure wool with fold-back cuffs, in neat designs and appropriate colors. The best shirt for all outdoor games, golf, etc. Obtainable from leading dealers in all principal cities.



**Dr. Jaeger's Sanitary Woollen System Co.**  
LIMITED

2206 St. Catherine St., Montreal

286 Portage Ave., Winnipeg

Write for Catalogue  
No. 2

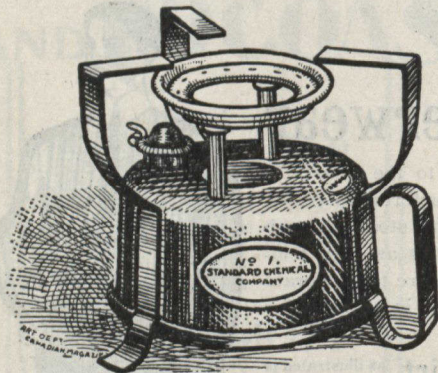


Strictly high-class; soft as velvet; will not irritate the most sensitive skin; made from pure, fine wool; guaranteed absolutely unshrinkable. We replace any that shrink. Made in light gauze, medium and heavy weight. Stocked by all first-class dealers.



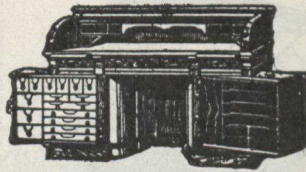
## The Camping Lamp

Suitable for all Summer Resort Cottages  
A Necessity for Campers



FOR PRICES AND PARTICULARS ADDRESS

The Standard Chemical Co.  
OF TORONTO, Limited  
Manning Chambers, TORONTO, CAN.  
OR ANY DRUGGIST OR HARDWARE DEALER



### THE DESK OF THE AGE.

#### Every Device

necessary to make a desk reliable, labor saving, economical, is found in those we manufacture. In material and construction, in finish and utility, in durability and design they lead all other makes. They make an office a better office.

Our Catalogue goes in detail. Canadian Office & School Furniture Co., Limited.

PRESTON, Ontario, Canada.  
Office, School, Church and Lodge Furniture.

## Teaberry

A pure, delicious and antiseptic Dentifrice in a powder form that exercises a decidedly preservative influence on the teeth, as well as keeping them free from all tartaric deposits, germs, etc. The fresh, grateful aroma of the Teaberry leaf is an agreeable finish for your ablutions. "Teaberry" is a favorite Dentifrice of many years' standing—if you once try it you will use no other.

At all druggists, 25c. per bottle.

### FOR THE TEETH.

## POSTAGE STAMPS

We are liberal buyers of Canada and all other British Colonial stamps. An illustrated buying list of Canadian postage stamps sent on receipt of 4c in stamps.

### FOR COLLECTIONS

25 Australian 10c, 5 Malta 10c, 6 Mauritius 10c, 6 Newfoundland 10c, 10 Jamaica 10c, 6 Transvaal 10c, 7 British Guiana 10c, 4 St. Vincent 10c.

### THE ROYAL STAMP ALBUM

The latest and finest album published, including spaces for all King Edward issues. Handsome illustrated booklet free

COLONIAL STAMP CO., 953 E. 53d St., Chicago, U.S.A.

See  
Advertising Page 37  
in This Issue.





**COWAN'S**



Such dainty and delicate  
Confections are

**COWAN'S**

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

PRINT DEPT. CANADIAN MAGAZINE. 03

**Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen**  
The pen with the Clip-Cap

Write Postals Home

**WRITE WHEN YOU WANT TO**

—at Home or in the Office, in the Train or in the Station. Send a postal from a Newsstand and write it in ink with the pen in your pocket. Don't be guilty of scribbling with a pencil under any circumstances. Send souvenir postals, but write them in ink.

**Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen**

will help you to do this conveniently, quickly, readily and in a cleanly way.

**MAY BE PURCHASED ALMOST ANYWHERE.**

L. E. Waterman Co. of Canada, Limited  
136 ST. JAMES ST., MONTREAL



The  
Original  
and  
only  
Genuine

Beware of  
Imitations Sold  
on the Merits  
of

**MINARD'S  
LINIMENT**



DOCUMENTS that leave your possession should be copied. Those to be kept should be in record black.

**The New Tri-Chrome  
Smith Premier Typewriter**

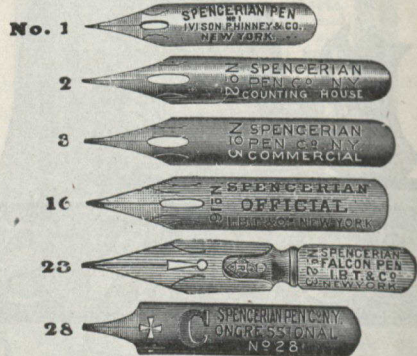
gives you both with one ribbon and one machine. At a touch on a lever it writes purple, black or red.

The possibility of using three colors does not mean that a one or two colored ribbon may not be substituted on the same machine, if desired.

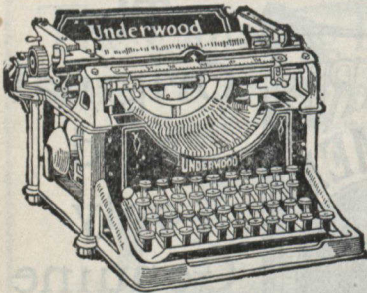
THE SMITH PREMIER TYPEWRITER COMPANY  
Syracuse, N. Y.

# SPENCERIAN STEEL PENS

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



SELECT A PEN FOR YOUR WRITING  
Sold by all Stationers in Canada and United States.  
For Samples apply to the Proprietors,  
SPENCERIAN PEN CO., - - New York City



THE UNDERWOOD

## The Visible

# UNDERWOOD

IS THE BEST TYPEWRITER

Nearly Everybody Knows It. Let Us Convince You.

GET A CATALOGUE

UNITED TYPEWRITER CO., LIMITED

TORONTO, ONTARIO



**Dutch Artists & English Painters**  
use only the celebrated  
**WINSOR & NEWTON'S**  
Oil and Water Colors  
acknowledged by all the standard in  
the art world. Ask your dealer.  
**A. RAMSAY & SON, MONTREAL.**  
Wholesale agents for Canada.



Many years of careful  
study among birds pro-  
duced patent  
**Bird Bread**  
That is why it can be  
relied upon and why there  
is such an enormous  
demand for it. 10c. the  
pkge., 2 large cakes.

Send name of dealer not selling BIRD BREAD apart  
from COTTAM SEED, with 6c. in stamps and get free  
two large cakes. Feed your birds on the Standard (a)

**Cottam Bird Seed**  
Use Cottam Bird Supplies and Remedies. All grocers.  
Advice FREE about Birds. Bird Book 25c. by mail.  
Bart Cottam Co., 64 Dundas St., London, Ont.

**MENNEN'S** Borated  
Talcum  
**TOILET POWDER**



**AT THE SEA SHORE**

Mennen's will give immediate relief from  
prickly heat, chafing, sun-burn and all  
skin troubles. Our absolutely non-refillable  
box is for your protection. For sale every-  
where or by mail 25 cents. Sample free.

**GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.**  
TRY MENNEN'S VIOLET (Borated) TALCUM.



**COLLEGE ANNUALS  
AND  
ANNOUNCEMENTS**

SHOULD BE WELL ILLUSTRATED  
THE BEST EQUIPPED ART AND ENGRAVING  
STAFF IN CANADA IS AT YOUR SERVICE

**TORONTO ENGRAVING  
COMPANY LIMITED**  
92 BAY STREET,  
TORONTO.

**MADE IN CANADA**

ASK FOR  
**Charles Gurd & Co.**  
MONTREAL

**GURD'S**

GINGER ALE

SODA WATER

APPLE NECTAR

CREAM SODA

**AWARDS**

Gold Medal, Paris, 1900

Gold Medal, Ottawa, 1889

Gold Medal, Montreal, 1881

"THE BEST"

**"MAGI" CALEDONIA WATER LEADS**

**Gerhard Heintzman**  
Art Pianos

Louis  
XV Case

The Artistic Piano of Canada is the  
"GERHARD HEINTZMAN"  
New Catalogue mailed free on application  
GERHARD HEINTZMAN, Limited  
97 Yonge St., Toronto      127 King St. East, Hamilton

ART DEPT CANADIAN MAGAZINE



## For Baby's Bath

"Baby's Own" is a wholesome, pure soap, made from refined vegetable oils, specially adapted for the tender skins of babies and young children.

It has not an impure particle in its whole composition—  
but every ingredient is of the purest and best.

Its delicate, foamy lather cleanses, preserves and soothes  
the skin—keeps it free from irritation. No other soap should  
be used in the nursery.

# BABY'S OWN SOAP

ALBERT SOAPS, Limited, MFRS., MONTREAL

# The most delicious drink in the World A Club Cocktail



A scientifically mixed cocktail, aged in wood—that's more delightful and satisfying than any "made by guesswork" cocktail can be. Take a bottle home—and just strain through cracked ice.

There are seven varieties

**G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO.**

Sole Proprietors

New York

Hartford London

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

**LADIES** to work on piecework, \$3.00 per doz. All materials furnished. No canvassing; steady work. Stamped envelope. **BEST MFG. CO., Champlain Bldg., Chicago.**



Motoring Transformations, Parisian Pompadours, Waves, Bangs.

## JULES & CHARLES' GREY HAIR RESTORER

Instantaneous. Now used all over Canada with greatest success. 10 different shades  
1 box \$2.50, 2 boxes \$4.00

MAIL ORDERS PROMPT CATALOGUE FREE

## MAISON JULES & CHARLES HAIR GOODS

May be worn by your most intimate friend, but you will not possibly find it out.



Gents' Toupees from \$10.00 up. Wigs from \$20.00 up  
Manufactured only on the Paris method.

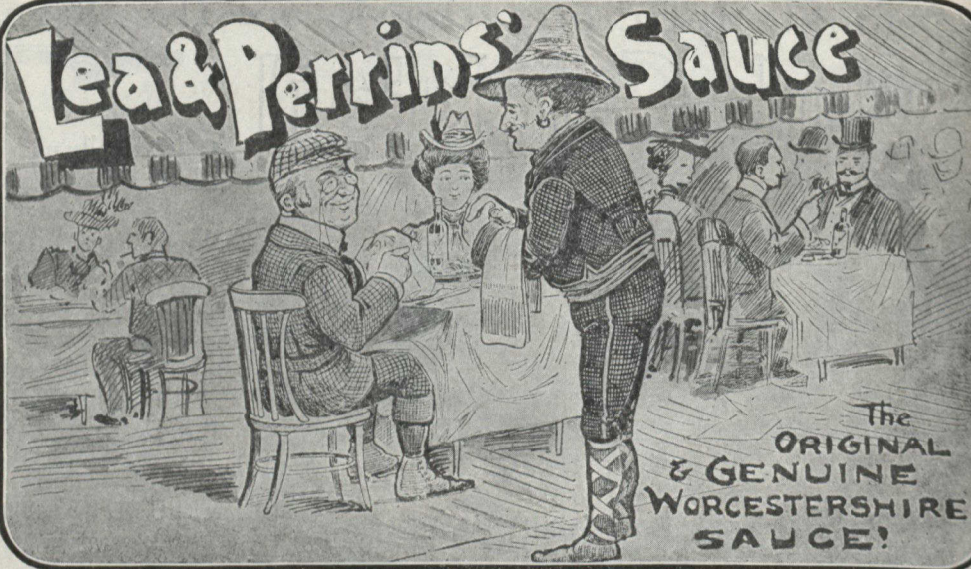
THE FLEXIBLE COIL ORIGNON from \$4.50  
SWITCHES from \$2.00 up



431 YONGE STREET, TORONTO, CAN.

# LUBY'S GIVES NEW LIFE TO THE HAIR

NO MATTER WHERE YOU GO YOU GET



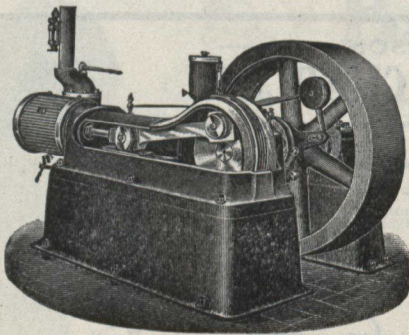
The Nations all from sea to sea,  
 E'en Italy's son and Briton free.  
 May surely on one point agree,  
 And own with amiability,

That meat of all kinds, roast and rare,  
 Will form a dish beyond compare,  
 When nicely mixed as dainty fare,  
 With LEA & PERRINS' Worcestershire!

Look out for the name "LEA & PERRINS'" when you buy this renowned Sauce. All other so-called Worcestershires are imitations—BEWARE OF THEM!

J. M. DOUGLAS & CO., Montreal, Canadian Agents

## Not One Cent for Repairs



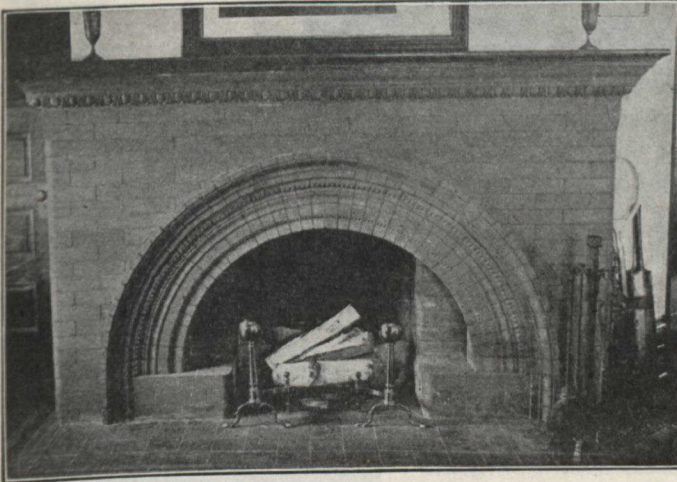
*An experienced engineer has written us as follows:*

"After eighteen months of hard service, the "Robb" engines are in excellent shape, running very smooth and without a bit of vibration. Up to this time they have not cost one cent for repairs, the only expense being steam, oil and packing, and this below the average. Perfect alignment, parts well machined, and good design make the "Robb" the most economical and labor saving engine that has ever come to my notice."

### Robb Engineering Co., Limited, Amherst, N.S.

District Offices { 320 Ossington Avenue, Toronto, William McKay, Manager  
 Bell Telephone Building, Montreal, Watson Jack, Manager  
 355 Carlton St., Winnipeg, J. F. Porter, Manager

**VICHY -**  
**CELESTINS**  
**THE ONLY GENUINE**



Beauty and  
Solid Comfort

Brick Fireplaces  
made from

**Milton  
Brick**

are not only useful but  
are decidedly ornamental  
in a room.

The cost is reasonable.      Send for free catalogue.

**MILTON PRESSED BRICK COMPANY**

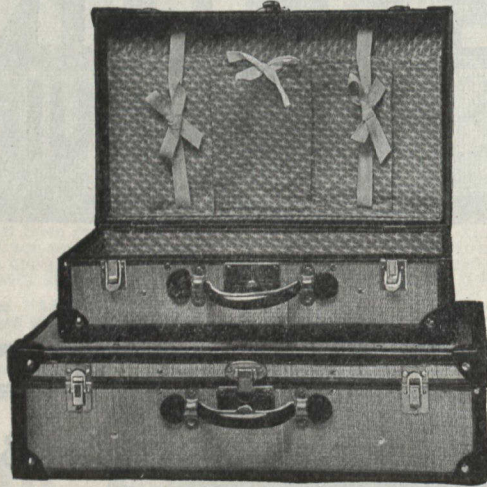
WORKS AND  
HEAD OFFICE MILTON, ONTARIO

LIMITED

FOR THE  
**Summer Vacation**

USE A "JULIAN SALE" LIGHT WEIGHT

**WICKER SUIT CASE**



They are light, handsome and durable. Have Brass locks and bolts and pretty linings. The Case illustrated is bound with leather on every edge. Prices are for

18 inch \$2.75	20 inch \$3.25	22 inch \$3.75
24 inch \$4.25	26 inch \$4.75	

Our special booklet describing five other qualities we make is sent free. We pay express in Ontario.

The **JULIAN SALE**

Leather Goods Company, Limited

105 King Street West, Toronto, Canada





Royal Muskoka Hotel - Lake Rosseau

1000 FEET  
ABOVE  
THE  
SEA

# MUSKOKA



**THE ROYAL MUSKOKA HOTEL**  
 Highlands of Ontario Muskoka Lakes, Canada  
**"The Ideal Summer Resort of America"**  
 LAKES OF BLUE SET WITH ISLES OF EMERALD  
 Canoeing, Bathing, Fishing, beautiful Water Trips,  
 Golf and Tennis.  
 Modern hotel, excellent cuisine, cool verandas and home-  
 like rooms perfumed by the fragrant pines Hay fever unknown  
*Less than a day's journey from principal American  
 cities, via Niagara Falls, Detroit or Chicago.*  
**Handsomely illustrated descriptive matter free**  
 Apply to L. M. BOOMER, Manager  
 23 Toronto Street TORONTO, ONT.



# WABASH



## Comfort on the Wabash

The new and elegant trains on the Wabash are the admiration of travelers; every comfort is provided even to the best hotels, or the most luxurious homes. Nothing is wanting to complete one's happiness; the days and nights pass only too quickly while traveling over the Great Wabash System. For full particulars address J. A. Richardson, District Passenger Agent, North-east corner King and Yonge Streets, Toronto; and St. Thomas, Ontario.

# ALLAN LINE

ROYAL MAIL STEAMERS  
TO LIVERPOOL



DRAWING ROOM—ROYAL MAIL STEAMER VIRGINIAN

**FAST                      ELEGANT                      SAFE                      STEADY**

**T**HE New Triple-Screw Turbine Steamers Victorian and Virginian on their first season have not only reduced the time between England and Canada to 5 days 20 hours (time of passage of S.S. Virginian, Moville to Rimouski), but have won from the travelling public most flattering testimony for their comfort and elegant appointments as well as for their entire freedom from vibration, which boon is secured by the Turbine engines. The bilge or side keels, which is a feature of all the passenger steamers of the Line, reduce the rolling motion to the minimum. 22 separate water-tight compartments insure safety, and the appointments ordinarily only found in hotels of the highest class—Library, Writing Room, Music Room, Smoking Room, all of ample dimensions and replete with chaste decoration. Promenade deck amidships, 200 feet long, 60 feet wide. Rooms en suite, with private bath and toilet, etc.

Rates very moderate. For further particulars apply to any Agent of the Company.

**H. BOURLIER, 77 Yonge St., Toronto                      or                      H. & A. ALLAN, Montreal**

# Canadian Northern Railway

THE Short Line

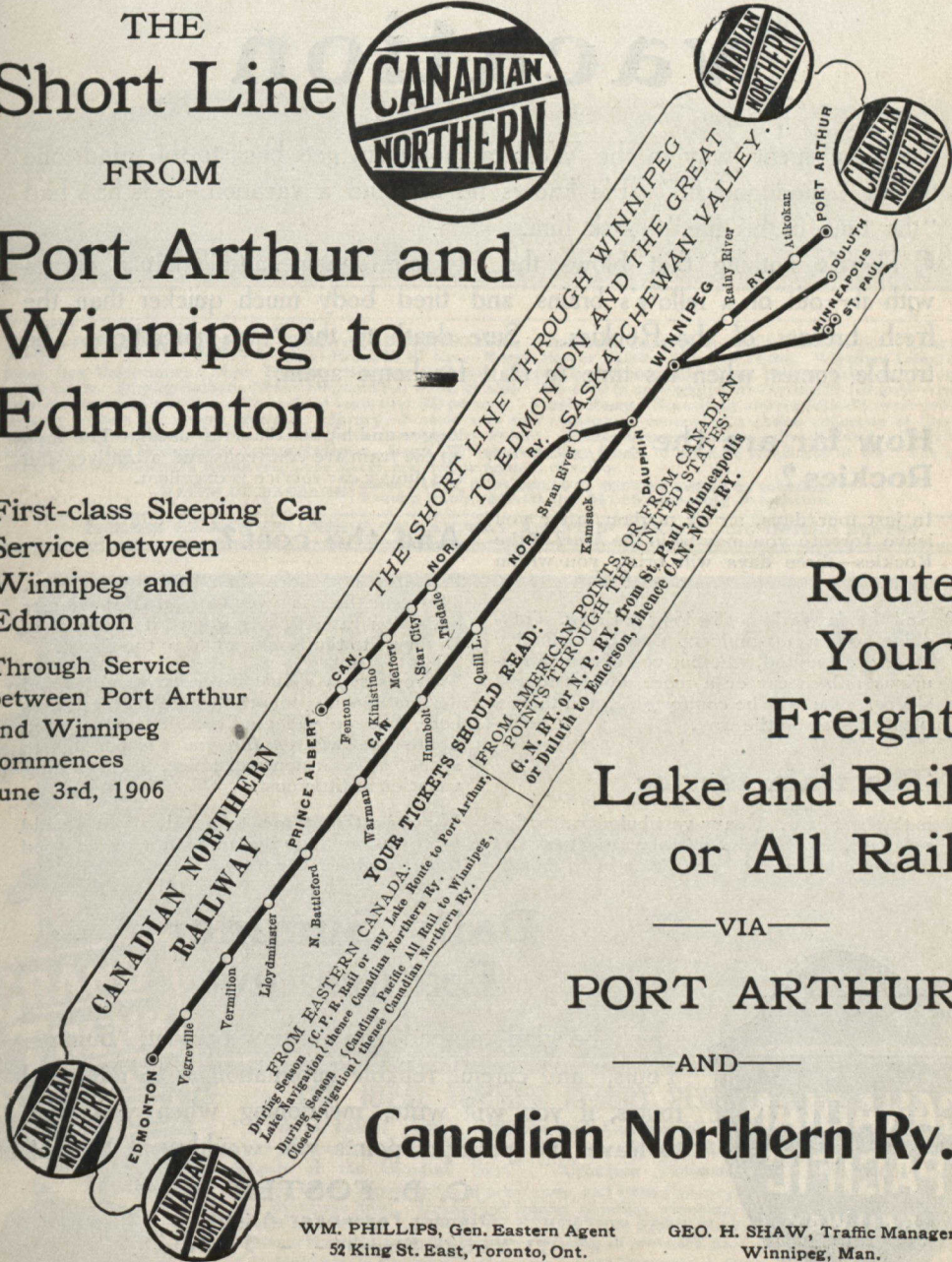
FROM

## Port Arthur and Winnipeg to Edmonton



First-class Sleeping Car Service between Winnipeg and Edmonton

Through Service between Port Arthur and Winnipeg commences June 3rd, 1906



Route  
Your  
Freight  
Lake and Rail  
or All Rail

— VIA —  
PORT ARTHUR

— AND —  
Canadian Northern Ry.

WM. PHILLIPS, Gen. Eastern Agent  
52 King St. East, Toronto, Ont.

GEO. H. SHAW, Traffic Manager  
Winnipeg, Man.

**YOUR TICKETS SHOULD READ:**  
**FROM AMERICAN POINTS THROUGH THE UNITED STATES:**  
 G. N. RY. or N. P. RY. From St. Paul, Minneapolis or Duluth to Emerson, thence CAN. NOR. RY.

**FROM EASTERN CANADA:**  
 During Season (C. P. R. Rail or any Lake Route) to Port Arthur, thence Canadian Northern Ry.  
 During Season (Canadian Pacific All Rail to Winnipeg, thence Canadian Northern Ry.)

# The man whose vacation

has been spent 'way in the Western mountains gets back to the grindstone feeling "good and fit." He knows he has had a vacation—feels he's had "the time of his life." Ask him.

☞ There's nothing that blows the city atmosphere—and what it carries with it—out of a fellow's brains and tired body much quicker than the fresh breezes of the Rockies. Sure death to the "fag" microbe. The trouble comes when it's time to start for home again.

## How far are the Rockies?

In just four days, sir or madam, after you leave Toronto you may be in the *heart* of the Rockies—three days will bring you within sight.

And the days will not be long or tiring. Travelling on a magnificent Canadian Pacific Overland Limited, whether you occupy a luxurious palace car or a more modest tourist sleeper, you will be comfortable, and there's plenty to see on the way.

## The train service

is the best ever. Heavy vestibuled trains, fine new coaches. Sumptuous palace sleepers and comfortable tourist cars, both with berths

longer and higher than the usual. The men on the train are courteous and attentive, and the dining car service is excellent.

## And the cost?

Probably not more than half you imagine. This year there is a very low **daily** summer excursion rate, tickets good till the end of October, to the Rockies and to the Coast.

There is such a vast diversity of routes and destinations it is not practicable to give figures here, but we will gladly mail you facts and figures that will *convince* you it is possible to spend a real, long-distance, sight-seeing vacation at little cost.

**Now is the time** to decide; you should write to-day and take advantage of the good things going in the way of rates.

## Daily Summer Excursions

I will be glad to send you our new booklet, "Summer Tours," and careful, reliable information as to rates and routes, if you will write, mentioning when you wish to leave and principal points you would want to visit.

**C. B. FOSTER**

District Passenger Agent

71 Yonge Street - - Toronto



Can. Pac.  
Railway

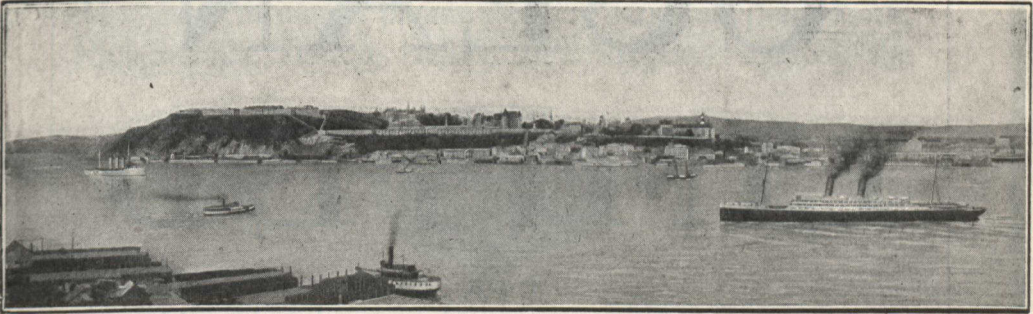
# ROYAL MAIL STEAMSHIPS

Quebec  
Montreal

Company's

EMPRESS OF BRITAIN—EMPRESS OF IRELAND

Liverpool



The "EMPRESSES" Cost over \$2,000,000 each. Finest and Fastest in the Canadian service. Length 570 feet—Breadth 67 feet—Horse Power 18,000—Tonnage 14,500. Wireless Telegraphy. Deep Sea Telephones. New Thermo. Heating Process. Extensive Promenade Deck Space, either in the open or under cover. Dining Saloon—58 feet long and full width of ship. Panelled in mahogany with carving in dull gold—seats upholstered in crimson leather. The saloon seats over 300 persons. Music Room—Beautifully and aesthetically arranged—with its cosy corners and cheery fireplace. Library—Framed with rich mahogany, containing a choice collection of literature. Cafe—Sumptuously appointed. Panelled with waxed Italian walnut. Smoke Rooms—Luxuriously appointed, with verandah adjoining. Ten Watertight Compartments. Deep "V" shaped Bilge Keels to promote steadiness at sea. The steamships take the Southern Route (via Cape Race), adopted on account of safety.

RATES OF PASSAGE { First Cabin, from \$80.00 to \$500 according to location.  
Second Cabin, \$45.00 and \$47.50 according to location.

TICKETS AT ANY STEAMSHIP OR RAILWAY AGENT IN CANADA AND UNITED STATES

## "HIGHLANDS OF ONTARIO" CANADA



**GRAND  
TRUNK  
RAILWAY  
SYSTEM**

### THE IDEAL SUMMER RESORT REGION OF AMERICA

"Muskoka Lakes," Lakes "Simcoe and Couchiching," "Lake of Bays," "Maganet-awan River," "Lake Nipissing and the French River," "Temagami," "30,000 Islands of the Georgian Bay," "Algonquin National Park," "Kawartha Lakes,"

Over 40,000 square miles of lake, river, and island scenery. Many districts 1,000 to 2,000 feet above sea level. Unexcelled fishing, shooting, canoeing, boating and bathing. Hotels to suit all pockets. **ABSOLUTE EXEMPTION FROM HAY FEVER GUARANTEED.** Handsome illustrated descriptive literature containing all particulars, maps, etc., sent free on application.

J. D. McDONALD, DISTRICT PASSENGER AGENT, TORONTO; J. QUINLAN, DISTRICT PASSENGER AGENT, MONTREAL; OR TO

G. T. BELL

General Passenger and Ticket Agent

MONTREAL

# OCEAN LIMITED

VIA

## Intercolonial Railway

Leaves Montreal 7.30 p.m.

(Daily except Saturday)

FOR

QUEBEC, ST. JOHN,  
HALIFAX

Direct connection for

Prince Edward Island.

Leaves Halifax 8.00 a.m.

(Daily except Sunday)

FOR

Quebec and Montreal

Connecting the following  
morning with the Grand  
Trunk's "International  
Limited" for the West.

Through the  
famed  
Matapedia  
Valley  
in daylight.



For further particulars  
write

GENERAL  
PASSENGER  
DEPARTMENT

MONCTON, N.B.

# The Adirondack Mountains

are now about the most central of all the great resorts. They have through Pullman sleeping cars from New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Buffalo and Niagara Falls, via the



A night's ride takes you from any of these places to the centre of the mountains in time for breakfast next morning.

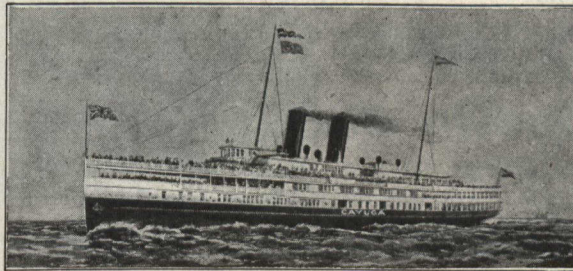
For a copy of "The Adirondack Mountains and How to Reach Them," which is No. 20 of the New York Central Lines "Four-Track Series," containing a fine map of the Adirondack Mountains and adjacent Territory, with useful information in regard to hotels, camps, lakes, rivers, etc., send a two-cent stamp to George H. Daniels, Manager, General Advertising Department, Room 147, Grand Central Station, New York.

C. F. DALY, Passenger Traffic Manager, NEW YORK

# Niagara Navigation Co. LIMITED

## NIAGARA RIVER LINE

6 Trips Daily  
(except  
Sunday)



Write for Free  
Illustrated  
Booklet

# Buffalo—Niagara Falls—Toronto

Via Lower Niagara River and Lake Ontario

B. W. FOLGER, Manager

TORONTO, CANADA

# A Delightful Summer Trip

BETWEEN

Toronto, St. Catharines,  
Niagara Falls and Buffalo

Steamers—GARDEN CITY—LAKESIDE

Niagara, St. Catharines and Toronto Nav. Co.

Leaving Yonge Street Wharf 8 and 11 a.m., 2 and  
5 p.m. daily, except Sunday. Connecting at Port  
Dalhousie with Electric Express Cars.

THE POPULAR ROUTE FOR EXCURSION PARTIES

## NEW STEAMER 1907

FOR FOLDER AND INFORMATION

E. H. PEPPER, Yonge St. Wharf  
Toronto, Ont.

JOHN PAUL, Gen. Pass. Agent  
St. Catharines, Ont.

E. F. SEIXAS, Gen. Manager  
St. Catharines, Ont.

# Dominion Line Steamships

WEEKLY SAILINGS

MONTREAL TO LIVERPOOL  
IN SUMMER

PORTLAND TO LIVERPOOL  
(Via Halifax in Winter)

S. S. "CANADA"

S. S. "KENSINGTON"

S. S. "DOMINION"

S. S. "SOUTHWARK"

S. S. "VANCOUVER"

S. S. "OTTAWA"

The S.S. "CANADA" holds the record of having made the fastest passage between Liverpool and Canada. The S.S. "CANADA" and S.S. "DOMINION" have very fine accommodation for all classes of passengers. Passenger accommodation is situated amidships, electric light and spacious decks.

## To Europe in Comfort At Moderate Rates

Per S. S. "KENSINGTON"    S. S. "SOUTHWARK"    S. S. "VANCOUVER"  
S. S. "OTTAWA" (formerly the White Star Line S. S. "GERMANIC")

To Liverpool, - \$42.50

To London, - \$45.00

AND UPWARDS, ACCORDING TO STEAMER AND BERTH

These Steamers carry only one class of cabin passengers, namely, Second Cabin, to whom will be given the accommodation situated in the best part of the vessel. This accommodation includes Promenade Decks, Smoke Rooms, Ladies' Rooms, etc., all amidships, and meets the requirements of that section of the travelling public, who, while wanting the best the steamer affords, do not care to pay the higher rates demanded for such in the ships having two classes of cabins.

For all information as to rates of passage and sailings, apply to local agents or to

CHAS. A. PIPON,

41 King St. East, TORONTO, ONT.

THE DOMINION LINE,

17 St. Sacrament St., MONTREAL, QUE.



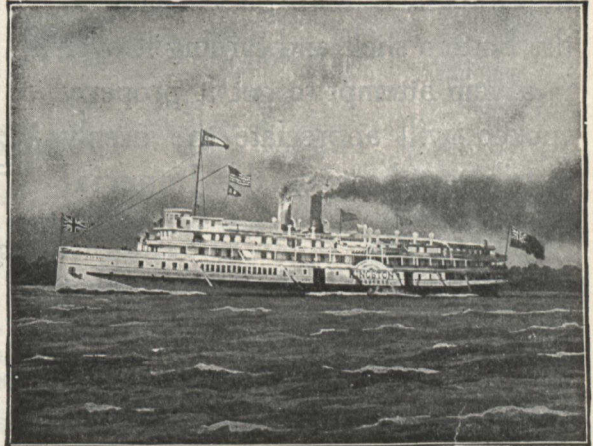
# RICHELIEU AND ONTARIO NAVIGATION COMPANY

AMERICA'S UNRIVALLED SCENIC LINE

Niagara  
to  
the  
Sea

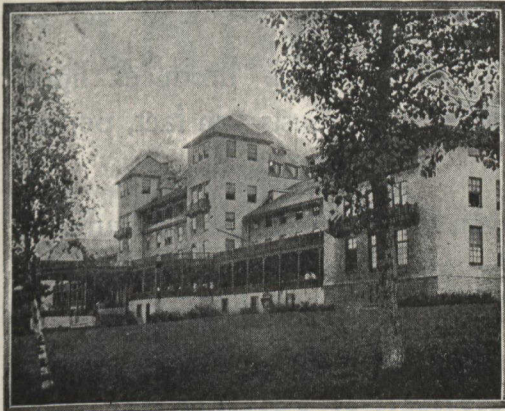
The  
Mag-  
nificent  
New  
Steamers

**"TORONTO"** AND  
**"KINGSTON"**



STEAMER "KINGSTON"

LEAVE TORONTO FOR



MANOIR RICHELIEU, MURRAY BAY, P.Q.

Rochester                      Kingston  
   Clayton

**1,000 Island Ports**

Passing through the Picturesque Scenery of the 1,000 Islands, and making the descent of all the **MARVELLOUS RAPIDS** to

**Montreal  
Quebec**

**Murray Bay and Tadousac**  
thence up the far-famed  
**Saguenay River**

**HOTELS** — MANOR RICHELIEU, Murray Bay, P.Q.  
HOTEL TADOUSAC, Tadousac, P.Q.

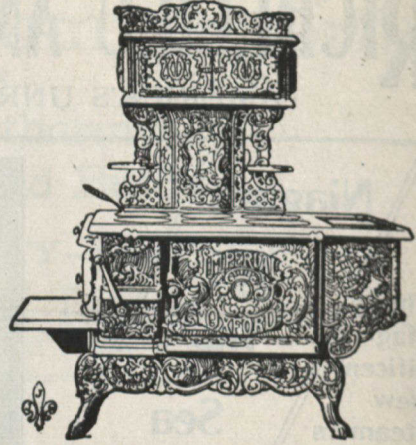
Two charmingly situated summer hotels owned and operated by this Company and up-to-date in every particular

For further particulars apply to

**THOS. HENRY, Traffic Manager, Montreal**

**"We Delight in Giving Information"**

EVERY woman who has stewed and fretted and worried at a hot oven door, shifting a roast to the top shelf and back again to the bottom shelf and turning it over in a vain attempt to get it properly cooked, will appreciate the evenly distributed heat of the Imperial Oxford oven.



This even distribution of heat is secured by our diffusive flue—an exclusive feature of the Imperial Oxford Range. Top and bottom, sides and corners, the temperature of the oven is equal and steady.

## Imperial Oxford Range

The oven of the Imperial Oxford Range produces light, dainty pastry; evenly cooked, tender, juicy roasts—in fact, perfect baking and roasting.

Ask your dealer to explain to you the many exclusive features of the Imperial Oxford Range. If he doesn't handle it, write to us for our booklets and we will let you know the nearest dealer who does.



### THE GURNEY FOUNDRY CO.

Limited

TORONTO HAMILTON MONTREAL

WINNIPEG VANCOUVER

CALGARY

**"Silver Plate that Wears."**

**"1847 Rogers Bros." Salad Sets**

possess the same dainty beauty and excellence of quality so easily distinguishable in all knives, forks, and spoons marked

**"1847 Rogers Bros."**

For over a half century this famous mark has had the same significance on silverware that the seal of the Government has on a gold certificate.

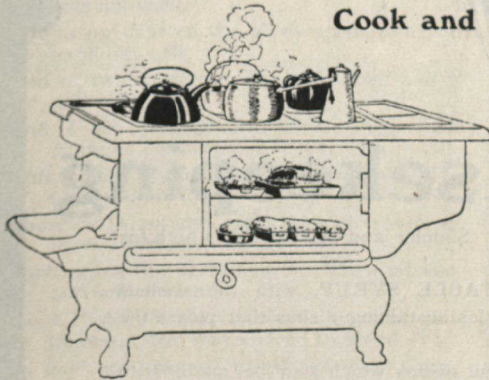
Catalogue No. 053 will prove an invaluable aid in the wise selection of knives, forks, spoons, salad sets, etc. *Mailed free.* Made only by

MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO., HAMILTON, ONT.  
 MERIDEN, CONN. NEW YORK. CHICAGO. SAN FRANCISCO.

*Sold by leading dealers everywhere.*

# PANDORA RANGES

Cook and Bake perfectly at the same time



There is not another range built in which the heat may be regulated so that you can bake in the oven and cook on the top at the same time without spoiling one or the other.

But you can do both equally well at the same time on the Pandora, because its heat is not wasted and is at all times under the simplest, most positive control.

If you do the cooking of your household you can appreciate exactly what this means.

## McClary's

London Toronto Montreal Winnipeg Vancouver  
 St. John Hamilton

# CROWN BRAND



# CORN SYRUP

## Easier Housekeeping

Summer demands easier housekeeping. Simpler and lighter dishes both for the youngsters and "grown ups."

For summer use CROWN BRAND TABLE SYRUP, with the various cereals, in puddings, over porridge, provides sustaining dishes that please the palate and don't overheat the body.

Just think of all the dainty and delightful dishes which can be made with this Golden Table Syrup, with its fine "honey cream" flavour; how it saves trouble and brings variety to every meal. Order some from your dealer to-day.

**THE EDWARDSBURG STARCH CO., Limited**  
ESTABLISHED 1858

Offices: MONTREAL and TORONTO

Works: CARDINAL, ONT.

## THE AUTOCRAT OF THE BREAKFAST TABLE



Now, kindly mark me well, my friends, in what I have to say  
 Anent the coffee of this morn and that of yesterday.  
 That coffee served us yesterday was slaty-gray and flat,  
 And I who know the coffee plant know what is meant by that.  
 The berry grew indifferent from out impoverished soil,  
 Nor had the richness at its roots from which to draw the oil.  
 Or, if a bit of oil were stored, the roasting was not well,  
 And being charred the oil escaped from out each tiny cell.  
 And so 'twas tasteless, flat and tame, and I put in my kick;  
 And I am pleased that Mrs. Brown has changed her brand so quick.  
**This** coffee has a brilliant brown, its body, too, you'll note;  
 Those little bubbles mark the oil—observe them where they float.  
 That means the berry had the best that sun and soil can lend—  
 'Tis CHASE & SANBORN'S growth, you know—a firm that's proud to spend  
 Its time and money on its plants. Care, curing, roasting, too,  
 Are just the best that expert hands, experienced long can do.  
 And when this richness is unlocked by Nature's charm of heat,  
 You have the best that Nature gives—a draught of cheer, complete  
 In every coffee attribute. Thus speaks your Autocrat,  
 And he, you know, was never caught a-talking through his hat.

## The Strip Floor

we sell is made of selected oak inch and three-quarters wide, three-eighths thick, run through a machine which makes it absolutely true and uniform, and when laid is the most perfect plain hardwood floor possible. Ends square, therefore no waste. From this to the most elaborate parquet pattern is our range. Write for catalogue and price list.

Sole agents for Butcher's Boston Polish.

**ELLIOTT & SON**  
 LIMITED  
 79 KING STREET WEST, TORONTO

## BEST ROUTE TO THE NORTHWEST

CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE & ST. PAUL RAILWAY

In going to St. Paul, Minneapolis or the Northwest see that your ticket west of Chicago reads via The Pioneer Limited on the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway—the route over which your letters go. Standard and compartment sleepers with longer, higher and wider berths. Leaves Union Station, Chicago, 6.30 p.m. daily; arrives St. Paul next morning at 7.25 and Minneapolis at 8.00 o'clock.

A. J. TAYLOR, Can. Pass. Agent  
 8 KING STREET EAST  
 TORONTO - - - CANADA

## WE WANT YOU

to know about Mexico and its investment possibilities, and will send you *The Mexican Broker* free for one year upon receipt of your name and address.

WRITE TO-DAY

**MEXICAN BROKERAGE CO.**  
 4a. Limantour 1805, Mexico City. Dept. G.

# NOTICE

*Clark's Canned Meats are certified to be prepared from selected meat ONLY that has been thoroughly inspected.*

*Infinite care is taken to insure absolute PURITY and unimpeachable QUALITY.*

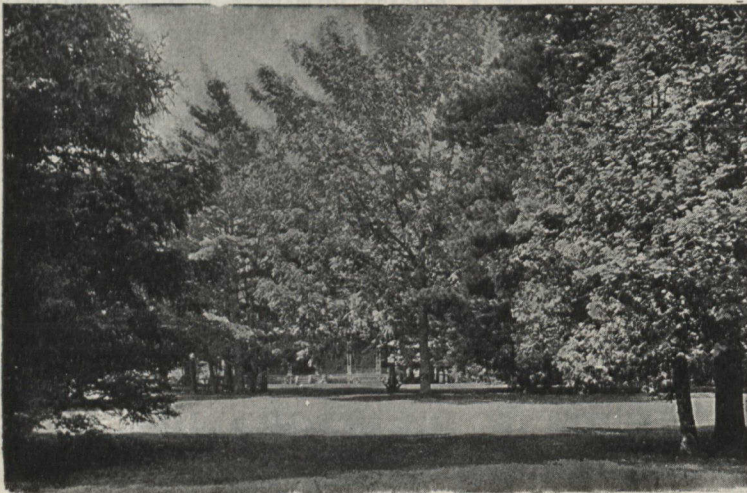
*Every part of the process is under the personal supervision of an expert.*

*And every can is perfectly sterilized.*

*Clark's Canned Meats have "won out" over American canned meats by sheer merit, quality of the best alone could do this.*

**WM. CLARK, Mfr., - MONTREAL**

## LAKEHURST SANITARIUM



IN LAKEHURST GROUNDS

OAKVILLE  
ONTARIO

¶ This Sanitarium, established some eleven years ago for the treatment of Alcoholic and Drug diseases, has had a very successful career, and is now the acknowledged leading institution of its kind in Canada.

¶ The spacious grounds are delightfully situated on Lake Ontario, and the patients freely avail themselves of the facilities for Lawn Tennis, Bowling, Boating and Bathing.

For terms, etc., Address the Manager, LAKEHURST SANITARIUM, Limited, OAKVILLE

FEARMAN'S FAMOUS



STAR  
BRAND  
HAM

THE STANDARD OF  
EPICUREAN TASTE

Cured and sold by us for over fifty years, is unsurpassed for flavor and quality. Try it. Boiled or fried, it will please you.

For Sale by all Leading Grocers.

F. W. FEARMAN CO., Limited  
HAMILTON, ONTARIO



HALL'S

VEGETABLE

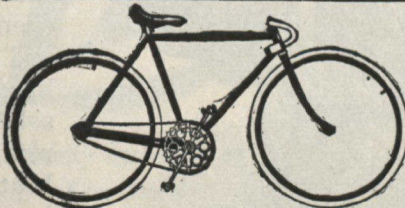
SICILIAN



HAIR RENEWER

Makes a rich and abundant growth of hair. Quickly stops falling hair. Keeps the scalp clean and healthy. An elegant dressing for the hair, making it soft and smooth.

For the whiskers and moustache we make a Dye known as BUCKINGHAM'S DYE. It colors instantly a rich brown or a soft black. R. P. HALL & CO., Nashua, N. H.



**\$30.00** and send to us with **\$1.00**  
State whether you wish Men's or Ladies' Bicycle, height of frame and gear wanted, and we will send you this High Grade 1906 Model Eagle Bicycle by express C.O.D. subject to examination. You can examine it thoroughly at your Express Office and if found perfectly satisfactory exactly as represented A GENUINE EAGLE BICYCLE HIGH GRADE, 1906 MODEL — pay to the Express Agent the balance due —

**\$29.00**—and Express Charges. The Express charges are only 50 to 75 cents for each 500 miles. No extra charge for Ladies' Bicycles. **EVERYONE KNOWS THE EAGLE BICYCLE.** They are Highest Grade wheels made; big favourites with best Bicycle Clubs; the leading wheel with professional riders. Built on honor, flush joints, finest hanger, hubs and bearings, highest grade equipment. Fitted with Dunlop double Tube Tires. Heights of frame—Men's 20, 22 and 24 in.—Ladies' 20 and 22 in.—enamelled Black. WE OFFER splendid chance to a good agent in each town. Send for catalogue and ask for Agents' Discounts. Wheels slightly used. \$6.00 to \$25.00. Secure Agency at once.

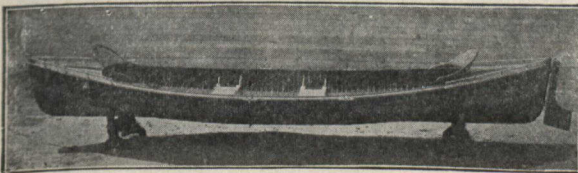
T. W. BOYD & SON, 27 Notre Dame St. West, MONTREAL.

PETERBOROUGH CANOE COMPANY

SEND FOR CATALOGUE

PETERBOROUGH, CANADA

LIMITED



Leading manufacturers of Bass-wood, Cedar and Canvas Canoes; Paddling and Sailing Skiffs and Rowboats. Tents and Camp Furniture. ❀ ❀ ❀

# Souvenir Steel Plate Range



ROYAL SOUVENIR

the **Royal Souvenir Steel Plate Range** the most satisfactory Range on the market to-day.

MANUFACTURED BY

## The Gurney, Tilden Co., Limited

HAMILTON, ONT.

MONTREAL, QUE.

VANCOUVER, B.C.

WESTERN AGENTS

**TILDEN, GURNEY & CO., Limited - Winnipeg, Man.**

If you are thinking of buying a new Range you should see the

## Royal Souvenir Steel Plate Range

When we say **Steel Plate** we mean just that; not thin sheet steel that will warp and buckle, but good **heavy polished steel** that is warranted to keep its shape and last a lifetime. The oven is large and square, lined with asbestos to retain the heat and keep the oven at an even baking temperature, which economises fuel and makes





# Libby's

## Salad Dressing

Is as dainty and pure as any salad dressing you can make in your own home. You can serve it on every kind of salad and makes a delicious, piquant relish on cold meats.

### Libby's (Natural Flavor) Food Products

Brisket Beef  
Ham Loaf

Lunch Tongue  
Boneless Chicken

Veal Loaf  
Cottage Loaf

Ask your dealer for Libby's special pack of table relishes. Libby's Salad Dressing, Libby's Tomato Chutney, Libby's Sweet Relish, Libby's Tomato Catsup and Libby's Pickles and Preserves. Insist upon getting Libby's.

The book, "Good Things to Eat," mailed free. Send five 2c stamps for Libby's Big Atlas of the World.

**Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago**

NEW SCALE WILLIAMS

IS THE PIANO OF THE PERIOD

For particulars and literature explaining, apply to  
THE WILLIAMS PIANO CO., Ltd.  
OSHAWA, ONT.

# ICE POSTUM

(With a dash of lemon)

A Summer Food Drink that is delicious and refreshing, and with the nutritive elements of the field grains.

It feels good to get free from the coffee grip, and it's like a continuous frolic to be perfectly well.

Ten days' trial proves!

**"There's a Reason"**

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

1780 The Leader 1905  
for 125 Years

## Walter Baker & Co.'s Chocolate & Cocoa



Registered,  
U. S. Pat. Off.

It is a perfect food, highly nourishing, easily digested, fitted to repair wasted strength, preserve health and prolong life.

A new and handsomely illustrated Recipe Book sent free.

**Walter Baker & Co., Ltd.**

Established 1780 DORCHESTER, MASS.

45 Highest Awards  
in Europe and America

Branch House, 86 St. Peter St., Montreal, Can.

# WE WANT

you to give "Five Roses" Flour a trial for pastry next baking day. If you do so you will realize that there is no longer any need to buy one flour for bread and another for pastry, as "Five Roses" will give you better satisfaction for either, or both, than any ordinary brands.

**LAKE OF THE WOODS MILLING CO.**

Limited  
MONTREAL, WINNIPEG and KEEWATIN, ONT.

IN ONE BOTTLE.  
REQUIRES  
NO HEATING OR  
MIXING

# Melanyl

Indelible and Harmless  
On any Fabric.  
Try it once and you will  
use no other kind.

Inventors,  
MARKING INK FOR LINEN.  
Green & Weller, Limited LONDON, ENGLAND

WILLIAMS, GREENE & ROME COMPANY, Limited  
BERLIN, CANADA  
MANUFACTURERS

SHIRTS AND COLLARS  
ON

W.G.T.N. Mark

Trade Mark

by druggists at the same price as in the United States, viz: 50 CENTS PER QUART.